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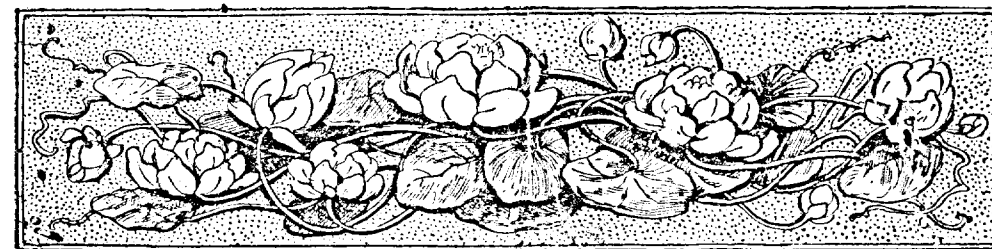
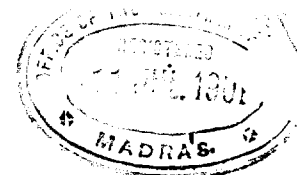


Indian Ladies
Magazine

Vol 1

1901-1902

Madras



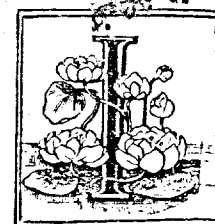
THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.

JULY

1901

INTROD



In launching *The Indian* 2
of Indian Journalism, a few
its aims and objects. It
help advance the cause of
that are at work in India
Britain, have what she has
men have of India.

of education and social de-
alone is an impossibility;
place among civilized nations
they rise or sink together.

In the pages of this
have been let it be evident that
better education is the price
will be strenuously But then marriage
course, receive the same as here may have
actually made b. feels. can be like the
other lines of pro. on Sita, who left all
hood, as represented state kept herself pure.
special feature on this note? Who can
Indian life. The like Damayanti? Who
instant Savitri, whose pure

well, either paren-
the age of coun-
the name of the
Coming to the
Indes for the qu. line even
id & the qu. line even
sent to the qu. line even
ing wife is a to the qu. line even
due, place of the qu. line even
his best aid to the qu. line even
A sweet speaking wife is a child is all right
In solita; a father in addition to their only
A mother in all seasons of her life to be
A rest in passing through time. My little

We see from this description
wife and mother. back the proud mother
look her stage to find her. How happy she
suits, she who is my boy. my bold, beauti-
ful, black-eyed boy. See, how he has forgotten
me all this long time! Ah, no! you remember
your mother? He is running towards me. They
are calling him back, but he wants me. Come
Ramaachandra, come! My sweet child, you are
all in all to me. I do not know much, but I know
there is an inscrutable destiny at work in this world.
Perhaps it was my destiny that I should become a
widow. Why should I try to alter it? Every one
must bear their lot, and I mine. They say that our
actions in our life influence our happiness in
another life. Perhaps this is a punishment for
some sin I had committed in former ages. It may
be. But if I do not marry again, and thus keep
from sin, in the next life I may be a happier
woman. God grant it! In the meanwhile, there is
my dear boy. His care shall be my object in life.

Ah! sweet my child! I live for thee!

women, and interpretative of their inner life. The social, literary and philanthropic work of the women of the West will also be noticed, and special prominence will be given to such work carried on by Indian women. The Magazine will also aim at being useful to Indian wives and mothers; a column will be devoted to domestic matters, such as cookery, needlework, the bringing up of children, etc.

A word may not be out of place here as to the class of readers for whom this Magazine is intended. Though, as yet, the great mass of the women of India are completely uneducated, still a considerable number of the daughters of India are taking advantage of the opportunities afforded them of a liberal English education, some of them even succeeding in winning University honors. The future of the women of India rests largely with this educated class; and more especially with those belonging to it, who, without losing what is distinctly Indian, have come under the best influences of the West. A Magazine which may serve as a bond of union for this influential section of India's women, has long been felt by many to be a desideratum. It is hoped that **The Indian Ladies' Magazine** will afford a medium for the expression of the best thoughts and aspirations of these ladies, and that it will also be the means of developing the literary talent among them, of the existence of which recent year has furnished valuable indications.

We have 'also
rest in everyt'

of European ladies who take a deep practical
women, and some of them are spending their
sisters. The Magazine is intended to reach
bringing them into closer touch with all the manifold
which is being furthered. It is hoped that the
between European ladies and their Indian sisters.
An increasing number of ladies who are deeply
also the Magazine will, we trust, be welcome.
As well; for the emancipation and the

important articles that appear in
H journals. By the adoption
Indian Ladies' Magazine

depend upon the support
 port will not be wanting

Indian Women—Past and Present.



ND I saw," says Heine, "the blue Holy Ganges, the eternally radiant Himalaya, the gigantic banyan forests with their wide leafy avenues; strange dreamy flowers gazed at me with mysterious meaning; golden wondrous birds burst into glad wild song; glittering sunbeams and the sweet silly laugh of apes teased me playfully; and from distant odas came the pious strains of praying priests. We may take this as a description of India—a little too highly coloured perhaps, but in the main true; and yet, when we read of the sublime solitude of those mountainous retreats, of the delightful wildernesses where beautiful flowers abound and where thousands of birds trill forth their glad peans, we cannot help imagining to ourselves that the spirit of the dreamy, placid, metaphysical East seems as it were to brood over the silence—that spirit which Shelley embodies in his "Prometheus Unbound,"

“Asia, thou light of life!
Shadow of beauty unbeheld.”

Such is our India; such is the land which is so richly endowed with wealth, power and beauty, over which nature has showered her bounties with a lavish hand: and yet, instead of progressing in civilization and taking her rank along with other nations, — that she has drawn back, and has fallen into a state of degradation. Perhaps nothing is more striking than the contrast between the degree of civilization in India.

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assigned AN INDIAN EDUCATIONIST.} at this
nation. } never
Indians the amount of attention } What
civilization subject may be looked upon } again?
at that period, accurate indication of } you not,
but, strange to it is evident that } would like
deteriorated and education is } the price
private and } important bearing } father
considerably India. But then } re-marriage

One of these is a theme of which there may have been a Hindu Sorcerer interested in the cause of the one feeling. It can be like the which the relation on the Sita, who left all opposition, in the state kept herself pure, the most two of the Sita's sake? Who can custom was pure faithful even in misfortune. But in the girl like Damayanti? Who constant Savitri, whose pure

and Ramayana—we do not read of child marriages at all. On the other hand we read that great *swayamvaras*, that is immense gatherings of kings, princes, and nobles were held, at which the princess came and chose for herself her partner in life. In fact we read of heroines like Damayanti, wife of king Nala, and Rukmini, wife of Krishna, pining for very love, even as Juliet did, and, in the end, wedding the persons of their choice.

choice.

But, at the present age, such a thing is an impossibility. The girl is left no voice in the matter; for who would expect a child of seven or eight to make her own choice in a matter that will cause her either life-long happiness or life-long misery? It is all managed by the parents, and the boy-bridegroom and the wee bride, nothing of each other until they meet in the marriage pavilion, unless, as it happens so often, they are brought up together as children. If the girl is not married before she attains the age of twelve, her parents are liable to severe penalties if she is ever communicated from society, even of the most trifling kind, which, to a Hindu, is a punishment almost intolerable and unbearable.

Coming to a wife, what a wife holds a man's life! Oh, what a fine passage in the life of the gentleman even!

And what a fine passage in the life of the gentleman? He says it is a fine passage sent to him by a well-educated. But the gentleman's wife is a pleasure to him. In other words, she is a burden to him. His best friend is a child is all right. A sweet speaking wife is a child is all right. In solitude, a father is added to their only mother in all seasons of my learn to death. A rest in passing through my life. My little

We see from this description of the wife and mother, how the proud mother took her station in the world. How happy she suits, she were is my boy,—my bold, beautiful, black-eyed boy. See, how he has forgotten me all this long time! Ah, no! you remember your mother? He is running towards me. They are calling him back, but he wants me. Come, Ramachendra, come! My sweet child, you are all in all to me. I do not know much, but I know there is an inscrutable destiny at work in this world. Perhaps it was my destiny that I should become a widow. Why should I try to alter it? Every one must bear their lot, and I mine. They say that our actions in our life influence our happiness in another life. Perhaps this is a punishment for some sin I had committed in former ages. It may be. But if I do not marry again, and thus keep from sin, in the next life I may be a happier woman. God grant it! In the meanwhile, there is my dear boy. His care shall be my object in life.

"Ah! sweet my child! I live for thee!"

count of the joint-family system all the members of a family live together. We see in a great many cases that the wife is tyrannized over by the mother-in-law. She is jealous of the influence, which the wife—a stranger—may acquire over her son in comparison with herself. Custom and tradition forbid pleasant intercourse between the married couple. Notwithstanding these restraints, we see that the wife often asserts her own right in the family circle; though, on account of the want of education, she is not able to take an interest in her husband's intellectual pursuits, and help him in his work.

As regards widows,—their condition, even the most zealous advocates of orthodox Hindu social will acknowledge, is not enviable. In ancient India widow marriage was not prohibited as it is now. On the other hand we find a distinct prohibition for it in rites, which are prescribed for a widow's performance, before she enters into a second married state again. But now, even this is prohibited; and young widows, sometimes girls of even 10 or under 10 years, are doomed to a perpetual widowhood, whereby their young lives withered, and the opening of the young mind, instead of expanding under the genial warmth and sunshine of a happy marriage, is do bite the dust.

The "Adi Granth" of the Sikhs, who perish in the flames, or are those who live on with a broken heart, considering the position of widows, and applying the latter to the present condition of the Indian widow.

water is chilly. Yet there they stand, up to the chest in the ice-cold water, with dripping garments clinging to their thin aged limbs, visibly shuddering under the shock of the wave, and their lips, blue and pinched and quivering, while they eagerly mutter their invocations. None of them hesitates. Into Gunga they plunge on their arrival, ill or well, sickly or robust, and take the holy liquid up in their small, dark, trembling hands, repeating the sacred names and softly mentioning the sins they would expiate and the beloved souls they plead for. Such religious fervour cannot but evoke our deepest sympathy.

About the social condition of the women of India, at the present time, there is very little to be said. This important half of the human race which exercises such enormous power in other parts of the world, often deciding the fate of empires, occupies in India a very insignificant position. Although they are paid ample respect to, yet they exert no power in politics or in administration as women of old did. We read of kings sitting with their consorts in councils and consulting with the princes and ministers about political and state affairs. But now their only vocation in life seems to be to minister to man's wants and to be household drudges; they are debarred from developing any of those higher mental qualities which would make them more worthy of consideration, and also more capable of playing a useful part in life.

One of the causes of this result—that a man considers woman as a being of lower order than himself—is the want of the spread of education among the women. We may say that it is the chief cause of many evils, although custom and tradition also play a part in the origin of these evils. It is the marriage of girls in their childhood, which makes a girl still more debilitated with household cares and troubles and anxieties of a household, and his wife, who is not able to do any work, which, in turn, will not control and leave the woman to develop of itself. The man in the eyes of the woman is a tyrant and counsellor. The woman has retarded lines with the crown her back and refinement.

As a result of this domestic and social condition, the heroines that live their lives of

faithful devotion, a dignity and elevation of the female character, which surprises us. For instance, there is the sweet, patient Sita, who, with unflinching devotion and unutterable love, was the loyal wife of Rama, although she had innumerable trials and troubles heaped upon her; there is the queenly Damayanti, in whom we have combined all the passion of youthful fervent love, all the wealth of romantic fancy common to the oriental imagination, all the enchantment of ideal grace,—the brilliant beauty, the bright intellect and the dignity befitting the rank of a princess, taking a peculiar hue from the conjugal character, which sheds over all a holy consecrated charm, and which lends an additional attractiveness to the tenderness and pathos of the whole character. And last, but not least, we may mention Savitri, the heroine of a pathetic legend, whose story is the story of "the wonderful triumph of exalted chastity." Thus we see that the freedom which was then granted to women did not prove harmful to them, but on the other hand made them women of such firm character and dignity of conduct, that their names live on in history; and dusky Indian maids relate their stories to each other as they sit in the Indian twilight.

We may look forward to a great future for India, when her women are more thoroughly educated and take their stand as fit companions, in every way, of man; and, when India is drawn into the whirlpool of the "international life of the world," her calm, traditional idiosyncracies will disappear. Her eye will no longer strike you with its dreamy, vacant gaze, but will sparkle with ambition and resolve. She will no longer move with the timid step of helpless conventionalism, but step briskly with an air of assertion and independence.

The Present Condition of Female Education in India.

[BY AN INDIAN EDUCATIONIST.]



If the amount of attention the subject may be looked upon as an accurate indication of its importance, it is evident that the price of female education is a very important bearing on the father of India. But the re-marriage question is a theme of here may have been with those interested in the country, yet one feels that the definite information on the Sita, who left all meagre references to statistics, his sake? Who can drawbacks. Vague and faithful even in misfortune, sufficient data, or how like Damayanti? Who constant Savitri, whose pure

appeals to times stream in the wind, as who affect public of her husband once mourning? such indefinite wailing in pursuit of the where that the education air cattle—(Fig. x, 16) drink everywhere, that girls dly wore a bodice or spirit, ed throughout the countre often embroil. How that the attendance in ge made of ege? advancing at an increasing rate unknow good hus- of our universities regard the-1 wa him. He wives and daughters as a man-d x me, never and enlightenment, and that, for t often unkind reasons, no fresh effort is neede re frankness,— the people towards the promotio so carefully fos- tion. A cheery optimism has under adverse cir- the Indian public being tre, dily confided my string of platitudes and goes after a more im- portance of female educat him, how contemp- that if the public had had p' hopes are dead now, time to time a few stat life. But they might traordinarily slow proper skies. He says he India have made ay to far lands where no genuine interest, it would follow us. Shall I ures, might have it is there in memory to keep section of the nat n! What am I saying? Do

Mr. S. C. S. a woman's husband is her god, tion furnishes can be? Oh, wicked! wicked! of India, the qd him even in thought! and He says he will be kind present of fema well educated. But per- total number of only to please me. In after public institution y become a burden to him. from 241,568 bear that? My child is all right nearly one-hader's people are kind to their only but how. Only, only—he may learn to des- compare, as his people despise me. My little going ay God you never do that!

girls in population of coming back, the proud mother want; that is ten round her. How happy she looks, there is my boy,—my bold, beautiful, black-eyed boy. See, how he has forgotten me all this long time! Ah, no! you remember your mother? He is running towards me. They are calling him back, but he wants me. Come Ramachandra, come! My sweet child, you are all in all to me. I do not know much, but I know there is an inscrutable destiny at work in this world. Perhaps it was my destiny that I should become a widow. Why should I try to alter it? Every one must bear their lot, and I mine. They say that our actions in our life influence our happiness in another life. Perhaps this is a punishment for some sin I had committed in former ages. It may be. But if I do not marry again, and thus keep from sin, in the next life I may be a happier woman. God grant it! In the meanwhile, there is my dear boy. His care shall be my object in life.

"Ah! sweet my child! I live for thee!"



count of the joint-family system all the same stage of a family live together. We see in the middle many cases that the wife is tyrannical, in the middle mother-in-law. She is jealous than 2,399 are in which the wife—a stranger—very stage, the number son in comparison with Bombay, Madras and tradition forbid polygamy in the same stage between the married when we come to the two these restraints, we see the number of girls becomes asserts her own claims some reasonable proportion though, on account of boys. During the past few is not able to restrain stimulus has been given to the intellectual pursuit of women. The progress As regards widow remarriage confined to small, well-marked most zealous advocates Europeans and Eurasians, Native and will acknowledge, and Brahmins. The total India widow marriages, students in Arts Colleges in the as a basis on the other from 45 in 1891-92 to 87, or to be for it in rites, 5-97. Of these, 52 are to be to be for the wife's performance for women, which number married state again. During 35 being in colleges it is prohibited; and young widows are cared for in the Indian of even 10 or under 10 years, candidates afford a perpetual widowhood, whereby India, when they withered, and the opening prove themselves ds, instead of exhortations to qualifications to smth and suns! West. know to what extent

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funds, Government has, been hampered somewhat in its efforts to promote female education. But chiefly by means of grants-in-aid to public institutions, and by the employment of special inspecting agencies for girls' schools, the Government is doing its very best to encourage female education. The total expenditure from Provincial Revenues alone on female education in 1896-97 was over Rs. 7,27,023. Whilst Government and Missionary Societies are doing all they can in the matter, we fear the intelligent and educated section of the native community has not as yet fully realized its responsibility. Not only in the Presidency towns, but also in mofussil stations, if a number of wealthy families were to combine, it would not be difficult to provide for the education of the girls at home after leaving school. The education which our young graduates have received should certainly have taught them that the task of elevating the women of India is more theirs than that of Government or of foreign missionary and other agencies; and yet, even an honest co-operation with external agencies at work in their country is, in many instances wanting, so far as female education is concerned. We are aware that there is a belief current among a certain section of the Indian community that the general education of women will lead to the loosening of social ties, the upheaval of customary ways, and the disturbance of the domestic equilibrium. Some even go further and assert that the little education that Hindu girls have received has stripped them of the graces for which they were remarkable. But those who are interested in the educational progress of the country do make allowance for such prejudices; and their complaints do not refer to the section of the native community which is hampered with such fears. All that they protest against is the apathy and indifference of the intelligent members of the native community, who are ever ready to advocate the cause of female education on the platform, but have practically done nothing to further a cause which they know full well is fraught with the most serious issues to their country. It is true we are in a period of transition, and there must be a slight dislocation before the lessons of modern science are fully learnt and stability is attained. But the educated Indian knows this, and is aware that, in spite of temporary dislocations, a time will come when a more advanced and improved India will be produced, and the people of India will compare favourably with their more favourably situated brethren in the West.

The Vedic Maiden.

[By H. NARAINA RÔW ESQ., B.A., B.L.]

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AN we expect to find anything about women in the Vedas, the very fountain-head of spiritual knowledge in India? Why not? The Vedas were sung by poets, and was there ever a poet who could separate woman from his thoughts? From no other source does the Vedic poet borrow his figures more frequently than from feminine phenomena. Not only was the Dawn a bright, beautiful and blushing maiden in his eyes, but he habitually spoke of even the fingers of the human hand, engaged in squeezing the soma juice, as so many maiden sisters. Verses after verses sometimes appear to describe the movements of a woman while the poet is really describing the extraction of soma juice. But he is not quite so communicative as the latter-day poets of Bharatavarsha, about his conceptions of feminine beauty or duty. He does not tell us of eyes that expanded like lotus flowers, noses that put the champaka to shame, or of teeth that outshone pomegranate seeds. Heaven knows how impressionable some of the Rishis were, but they kept their thoughts about women to themselves, as all decent men ought to. In one place, a woman is addressed as "Dame with lovely hands and arms, and with broad hairplaits" (Rig. x, 86, 8). How many hairplaits this dame had, we do not know; but one brilliant young lady is said to have gloried in no fewer than four of them—('Chatushkarpardayuvathi'—Rajendralal's *Indo-Aryans*, i, 211). Their exact location on the head seems to be involved in obscurity but may perhaps be determined by further research by ladies of the twentieth century. The Vedic maiden was very particular about the culture of her hair. The Atharva states that this comb had a hundred teeth, and when she combed despair by the refusal of the hair to grow again? What had recourse to incantations, some of which are preserved in that Veda—(Cf. vi, 12). You not, She wore garlands and chains of gold would like (47, 15), necklets and bracelets, and the price rings, but what jewels she wore I cannot remember father not clear. A part of her head, however, may have covered by her upper cloth. Compared to them, Surya, one of the most beautiful can be like the Rig Veda, which is characteristic Sita, who left all marriage even at the present day kept herself pure, fringe, the cloth that she wore for his sake? Who can the triply-parted robe of the gods like Damayanti? Who (85, 35). We can see constant Savitri, whose pure

would sometimes stream in the wind, as who
Mugdalani and her husband once mourned her death?
car and drove furiously in pursuit of the wretch
that had lifted their cattle—(Rig. x, 10) drink
The maiden undoubtedly wore a bodice or spirit,
and her garments were often embroidered. How
(Rig. i, 92, 4). They were made of goat's
wool, silk being apparently unknown good hus-
days (Rajendralal). The girl was his. He
always are, fond of perfumes, and for me, never
only added to the sweetness of his often unkind
thieves, and perhaps the Romeo's frankness,—
stealing into a house, would so carefully fos-
there "the women sleeping under adverse cir-
cumstances, or stretched on bed dishfully confided my
their odorous sweets"—(Fons after a more in-
maiden's toilet would not to him, how contempt-
the unguent in her eyes? hopes are dead now,
wrote finer allegory than his life. But they might
heavenly bride, Surya pierces skies. He says he
pillow of her couch, to far lands where no
her eyes, her treasure would follow us. Still I
(Rig. x, 85, 7). But is there in memory to keep
a looking-glass in it! What am I saying? Do
he feared that a woman's husband is her god,
(Rajendralal). Is he? Oh, wicked! wicked!—
women of use to him even in thought!
modesty, many child? He says he will be kind
vessel of my get him well educated. But per-
only for saying so only to please me. In after

The boy may become a burden to him. could I bear that? My child is all right. His father's people are kind to their only child. Only, only—he may learn to despise me, as his people despise me. My little son, pray God you never do that!

'See, they are coming back,' the proud mother with her children round her. How happy she looks! And there is my boy,—my bold, beautiful, black-eyed boy. See, how he has forgotten me all this long time! Ah, no! you remember your mother? He is running towards me. They are calling him back, but he wants me. Come Ramachendra, come! My sweet child, you are all in all to me. I do not know much, but I know there is an inscrutable destiny at work in this world. Perhaps it was my destiny that I should become a widow. Why should I try to alter it? Every one must bear their lot, and I mine. They say that our actions in our life influence our happiness in another life. Perhaps this is a punishment for some sin I had committed in former ages. It may be. But if I do not marry again, and thus keep from sin, in the next life I may be a happier woman. God grant it! In the meanwhile, there is my dear boy. His care shall be my object in life.

" Ah ! sweet my child ! I live for thee ! "

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The "Adi Gran female superstition
this old practice, commended by
those who perish in the blind, men
and considering the positive
and indeed. In the
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I have put him off so often. But he will not wait after to-morrow. And what shall I say to him? I remember, years ago, when my dear father and mother were alive, how happy I used to be! How they used to take care of me! Never did I hear an unkind word. True, I had hard work, for we were a poor family; but what work was not too sweet to do for my dear people! Duty was a pleasure in those days. And what a pleasant time I had, with my father reading to me bits out of the old Hindu poets whom he loved so much—such grand poetry it was too! I would like to read those books again. But I know I shall not be allowed to. Books are not for women, much less for widows! But I would like to be happy again, and he says he will make me as happy as he can. Will it not be beautiful? But—will I be always happy? Perhaps, he may tire of me. He may think I had brought disgrace on him, pulled him down in the world, done him wrong by marrying him, because I was a widow. He seems an impulsive man. Perhaps this is a pure impulsive action of his. He has even told me that we should have trouble were we to take this step. And then the reproach, which would ever be present, of my having done wrong! What would you say, dear mother, if I married again? You are looking down on your child, are you not, from another world? I know you would like me to be happy. But happiness at the price of honour! Certainly not. I remember father used to tell me that there was widow re-marriage among our ancient women. There may have been. But what are we compared to them, those grand heroines? Who can be like the brave, undaunted, yet gentle Sita, who left all to follow her husband and kept herself pure through all difficulties, for his sake? Who can be another Droupadi, so faithful even in misfortune? Who can be now like Damayanti? Who can act the part of the constant Savitri, whose pure

And then, my child? He says he will be kind to him, and get him well educated. But perhaps he is saying so only to please me. In after years, my boy may become a burden to him. And how could I bear that? My child is all right now. His father's people are kind to their only grand-child. Only, only—he may learn to despise me, as his people despise me. My little child, pray God you never do that!

"Ah! sweet my child! I live for thee!"



A South Indian hill-station.

WHAT a change a journey of about fourteen hours makes from the plains of Madras to the heights of the hills? Instead of the sweltering heat and dusty dreariness of the town, here were the cool breezes and the pleasant unexpectedness of hill-scenery; instead of the level plains and the general artificiality of the former, here was the very grandeur of Nature itself; instead of the noise and bustle of the city, here was the "mountain-calm," "that silence, which sinks like dews of balm," and seems to settle like oil upon the troubled sea of a busy life.

Our little mountain home lay nestled on the downward sweep of a large hill. From it we could have three lovely views. On one side, we could command a fine view of the plains, which extended like a many-coloured patchwork of Nature and lay backed by ranges beyond ranges of undulating hills, each rising above the other, till at last they merged into the horizon. On clear days, we could have a glimpse of the Cauvery, which extended like a winding silver thread into the distance. Many were the transformation-scenes enacted before our wondering eyes in this beautiful theatre of Nature. In the early morning, before the sun-light had reached them, the hills would lie, wrapped in varying shades of a lovely, still, deep blue, wearing a mystic, inscrutable look, quite different from the one worn by them in the matter-of-fact glare of day. Suddenly a long gleam of sunshine penetrates the blue, and, stealing softly, in between the hills, kisses the highest peak; and then, one by one, like children jealous of the favour shewn to their more fortunate brothers or sisters, but quickly appeased by receiving their own shares in their turn, the other peaks would all catch the rosy glow; till the hills, with the plains, glowing with their fairy colours of red and green, would lie, laughing and smiling in the glorious light, while now and then the passing clouds would throw a purple shadow on them, all the darker by contrast with the otherwise undimmed brightness. Sometimes the scene would be different. The mists would rise, flecking the hills with white patches, or "descending low their glittering skirts unroll," in long sweeping rolls of dazzling white, all the more dazzling against the background of deep blue. Sometimes a magnificent silvery veil would hang over the plains, completely hiding them in its voluminous white folds, and rolling like a sea of white fire in

the transparent morning air. For a while, this magnificent sight lasts; then, suddenly, when the wind changes its direction, the vapourous mass, begins to roll up the glen and hurry past our house in dense white columns, taking fantastic shapes and circling and dancing in swirling eddies, till the last remaining specks are whirled away, and the hills and plains appear again, looking clean and bright in the morning sun-light and rejoicing in their freedom. Another view, that to the right of us, was a miniature of this. The sweeping bases of the hill were nearer and they rather obscured the plains beyond, but it was here that we often caught lovely reflections of glowing sunsets in varying and splendidly, harmonizing colours.

But the view in front of our house was the best. Before us, towering, inscrutable, rose a lofty mass of rock, its bare outlines softened by clumps of trees and bush-growth, large and evident at the foot, but diminishing into distance and very sparse at the top. On either side, the hill descended in undulating lines to the ground. It looked like a colossal being extending his long arms downward. Across and around ran narrow roads, looking like ridges cutting the hill into unequal parts. The summit of the hill, about the highest in the station, did not narrow into a peak, but formed into a flat platform. On wet days the bare rocks here and there glittered with a slippery shimmer. Altogether it was a grand sight, a lasting monument of nature's might, before which man's power, great as it is, is so insignificant. Once a year a festival is celebrated on the summit. We had the privilege of witnessing it this year. Groups and groups of people labouriously climbed the hill, but as they ascended higher and higher they could hardly be distinguished on the face of the mighty mass of rock. The weird sound of the *tom-tom* came in fitful murmurs to our ears and appeared like the laughter of the mountain, exulting at the helplessness of man, even when trying his best to unravel the grandeur of God's creation, the sublime majesty of the world. Speaking of sound, I must not forget to mention the echo from the hill opposite, which was a striking phenomenon in our mountain home. When we shouted or the dogs barked, a voice from the very heart of the hills seemed to answer us,—so weird and yet so provocative, that it tempted us to rouse it again and again.

Still another scene would appear on moon-light nights. The soft moon would gradually emerge from the clouds, and then, steadying herself in the clear heavens, prepare to go through her usual nightly course. Her rays illumine everything, as the sun had done,—but with what a different result? While he brings to light all irregularities and imperfections, she, with loving fingers, tones down all blemishes,

throwing a sort of weird beauty over everything. The hills, which seemed to tower so ruggedly before us, now lie extended in a tender loveliness, a soft mystery, too deep for words. It is at such times that, as if to compensate for our feeling of nothingness in infinity, out of the "speaking loneliness" of the scene, comes a feeling of peace and a profound sense of God's providence, filling the mind with lofty thoughts and obscuring all that gives pain or sorrow. One feels lifted out of oneself, and human interferences and griefs are as if they had not been. To appreciate mountain-scenery, one must love the mountains.

And then the long walks one can take here! Sometimes we go along lonely roads, where we meet with scarcely a human being,—roads hedged with lovely wild flowers, especially the wild rose, which grows so luxuriantly here that it is scarcely noticed; sometimes we go along footpaths passing through estates of coffee trees with their berries clinging to their shining leaves like green pearls; through fruit-orchards, where the oranges hang like emeralds and balls of gold, with the country-pears forming a curious contrast to them in their dull-green distorted shapes. Now our way lies through fields, with their waving green on either side; now along paths winding up the hill-sides, rugged with stones, or interspersed with green grass. Most of these paths lead to open spaces, where the wind blows fresh and clean, from where we have lovely views of the surrounding country. Here we are, for instance, at a well-known place, where there is one of the best views, consisting of almost all the elements of scenery,—far away extend the hills with their corresponding valleys and the plains lying at their feet; there are patches of tillage; houses nestling snugly among the hills, or clusters of huts snugly ensconced among the surrounding trees; water, in the shape of a clear lake, surrounded on three sides by hills and clumps of trees, with the *gymkhana* grounds extending in front of it; glimpses of white road winding in and out—and all these mingled together in the most picturesque confusion. Then again we are looking at another favourite view: a wide sea of plains, interspersed with hills extending right away to the horizon; almost at our feet extends the straggling village, from which comes up at intervals the musical tinkle of cattle-bells. Near us is a small group of huts, one of them doing duty for a temple, with conical heaps of white stones, which seem to be looked upon as shrines. It is noticeable that where the finest views can be had, there is generally a temple or a shrine, which shows that even the rude rustics are not without their admiration for Nature. To pass on,—there is the waterfall; with its musical mur-

mur, not falling over a very great height it is true, but still very picturesque, with its surrounding wild scenery; trees and shrubs growing above us in wild confusion, large rugged hills surrounding us on every side; and then the water itself tumbling down the precipice. With so many beautiful sights in a single place, with such variety and picturesqueness of scenic effects, to be met with everywhere, surely no one can deny that our India is a beautiful place, no one can refrain from admiring it, not even the foreigners, who do, and with justice, admire their own countries best. Whatever it may be to them, India to us is in itself a continent, a wonderful land of splendour and loveliness, which even the most enthusiastic patriot may well be proud of acknowledging as his motherland.

Love's Bride: A Fancy.

ONCE upon a time, Love, in spite of all his conquests, felt lonely. "Here I have been conquering hearts for others," he said to himself, "but never a one for myself. But now I must pick me out a fair lady to bear me company through this lonely world." So he set about to choose a wife. He tried many means, but all failed to satisfy him. At last he hit upon a plan, in pursuance of which, he caused a huge balance made of delicate gold and gems to be hung from the sky by a golden chain, capable of bearing great weight, and yet so fine and slender as to be hardly seen. And one morning, when the sun shone and the birds sang and the flowers gave out their sweet smell, he invited all his friends to the large plain above which the balance hung, glittering and scintillating with fairy colours in the laughing sun. Then he explained his object. "I want a wife," said he, "and she that is of equal weight to me shall be the chosen one." So he sat down in one of the weighing pans, while the other was held down by fairy attendants of his,—lovely little laughing boys and girls, dressed in rainbow colours. And sitting thus, Love was a fair sight to see, and no one said 'nay' to his proposition, and all the girls laughed and smiled and hung their heads or flung roguish glances at him. But time was passing, and Love was getting impatient. Then, after some reluctant bashfulness on her part, a fair maiden, the fairest there,—a beautiful girl, tall and slender with a rosy dim-

pled face, lovely sparkling eyes, and the sweetest rosebud mouth,—was led out and reluctantly placed in the other pan. Everyone clapped their hands; Love looked pleased and eagerly bent forward, but her side flew up, for she was too light. "Beauty is no match for Love," some one said. "But Wit may be," answered a voice, and a lively girl who had been talking to everyone and walking about everywhere was led out and weighed. She was not so beautiful as Beauty and had sharper features, pleasant, yet with something sarcastic about them. But she was never quiet and was such a lively little body that the balance wavered up and down and nothing could make it steady. Then a ringing joyous laugh was heard. "Let me try," cried a clear young voice, and the sweetest little lady imaginable, all sparkling eyes, and flying robes, ran to the balance; but, as seemed natural,—for she was such a little thing,—she was too light. "Even joy is too light for Love," said a mocking voice; and Coquettishness was about to step forward, when from the other end of the line, a tall grave maiden, with a sad veiled face, was led forward. Love shuddered and hid his face, and "There is Sorrow, Sorrow" went along in trembling whispers. "Oh, I hope, she is not the bride for Love?" Nor was she, for she was a little too heavy. Then Coquettishness, looking round everywhere for admiration, went of her own accord, yet as if she was being forced, and sat down in the pan. But she was so light, that Love came heavily to the ground. There was a loud laugh, and Coquettishness with an angry flaming face hid herself behind. Then came other girls, Seriousness with her grave young face; Ambition with head held high and eyes looking to the sky; Intellect with her clear-cut features; but none balanced Love equally. "All these may be companions for me," sighed Love, "but where is my bride?" At that, an old lady, with a sweet benevolent face, came forward leading by the hand a maiden, almost a little girl, whose face was closely veiled. "Try her," she said to the laughing girls, "try my daughter, Trust. If she cannot suit Love, I do not know who can. I am Good Character, and she is my daughter." Then, Trust, still with her face hidden, was placed in the pan. The balance wavered for a minute, and then settled in mid air, exactly

equal on both sides. There was a loud clapping of hands and many were the inquisitive looks, directed at her. Love looked half frightened, and cried out, "Let me see her face"; and Good Character taking the reluctant Trust by the hand, slowly unveiled her. She stood there, a tall sweet maiden, with a grave face and eyes looking down, the long lashes sweeping the velvet curved smoothness of her lovely cheeks. Love looked disappointed for a moment, but Trust raised her eyes and looked at him with such a look,—shy, tender, half humorous and so wholly true,—that he started and the next moment advanced with a flushing face. "I am well pleased with my Bride," he said, and taking her by the hand advanced to the company and bowed. "Trust is Love's wife," he proclaimed. "Henceforth whoever loves must trust."

Padmini.

My Pet Deer.

[BY AN INDIAN LADY.]

[On reading the following lines from my brother's letter:—"My lovely deer of whose perfections I have so often written, died last night—both bitten by a snake, and I am disconsolate."]

WHY came they not my beauteous pets,
To greet me with the sun?

Why loiter they? The God of day
His course hath long begun.

They've wearied sure alas! of me,
And sought their forest home;
They weighed my care too light against
Freedom at will to roam.

Those lifeless forms that yonder lie
They sure are not my deer,
My peerless pair, whose tender eyes
E'er sought mine without fear.

Though changed alas! those sightless orbs,
The shapely horns I know,—
The antlers' perfect symmetry,—
Ne'er can their beauty go.

'Twas not the archer's arrow swift,
Nor yet the hunter's gun,
That robbed them of their joyous life,
Ere half their race was run.

Too clear alas! the venom'd bite
That spread through each its bale;
Scarce since the snake was curst had man
Such ruin to bewail.

And now I sit in anguish sore,
My matchless deer to mourn,
For they my best loved friends are gone
And I am all forlorn.

TARA.

A Legend of the Himalayas.

[BY MISS BOSE, JULLUNDUR.]

IN the interior of the Himalayas stands a forest-clad hill. Lofty as are the mountains around, this one is still loftier. It is the first to put on its snowy diadem and the last to yield it up to the softer crowning of spring.

On the darkest nights of the year a tongue of red flame quivers on its summit for about the space of a minute, and then disappears. About this apparently inexplicable phenomenon the paharis tell a legend:—About 2,000 years ago, this mountain, which, from base to summit, is now lonely and uninhabited, had its fertile well-watered valleys teeming with busy life. In one of the villages lived a young hunter, who often scaled the steep precipices and rocky gorges, to chase the striped-coated cheetah, or, in colder weather, the rare snow-leopard, the skins of which he would lay as a propitiatory offering at the feet of the village chief, that he might be brought to favour the young hunter's suit for the lovely Indurá, the chief's daughter. But the father was stern and resolute in his denial, and the waiting time was long to the two young lovers. At last when they had alternated between hope and fear for two years, the young man whose name was Indrá, determined to gain all or lose all by appealing for an immediate decision. He waited till the rest of the villagers had left the council-place,—for the chief held a sort of patriarchal court every day,—then humbly approaching him, and making obeisance addressed him thus:—"Father of councillors, great is thy wisdom and justice in all things, thou hast heard our brethren's grievances with a parent's forbearance, hearken now unto me, and accord me the same grace, for my petition is greater than their's, even as our heart's blood is more precious than the limpid waters of yonder stream. Thy daughter is fair, a very jewel among women, and I beseech thee to look with favour on my love for her, which all unworthy as it is of so great a treasure I offer as one offers a casket for some rich gem where it shall be kept from all that may mar or hurt it."

The chief looked on the hunter with an unrelenting eye. "Thy pretensions are great, oh son of the bow and arrow!" he replied coldly, with a tinge of contempt; "if thy love for my daughter stands the test I shall give it, she shall be thine. A son of a brother-chief told me but this morning that a man-slaying tiger had worked fearful destruction among his habitations, killing the women and children, and devouring the cattle. Its lair is in yonder hill which rises like a darkened pall against the sky.

If, on the fourth day from this, thou bringest the wild beast's skin to my dwelling, my daughter shall be thine, but if not, ask not for that which thou art incapable of winning. Go, I have spoken."

"Father of my people, I will strive to obey thy decree, farewell."

As the young man was going homewards, he met Indurá's maid. "Tell thy mistress, I would fain have a few words with her in yon fir copse after the first falling of darkness," he whispered to the faithful attendant. The girl bowed her head in silent acknowledgment of the message, and passed on swiftly lest any should notice the momentary intercourse between them. The short Indian twilight had deepened into darkness, the snowy ranges in the distance had turned from rose-pink to ghastly white, and were just visible through the gathering shadows, when Indrá waiting among the sighing fir trees, saw a dark veiled figure approaching. He ran forward, "my beloved one, thou art come, I knew thou would'st not fail me, but when the time for thy evening ramble is over thou wilt be missed, and I must hasten on to what I wish to tell thee. To-day I again asked thy father's consent to our union, and his answer was,—see'st thou that dark hill?"—Here Indrá broke off abruptly, and, pointing out the mountain to his companion, continued—"A wild beast doth live there, and works havoc far and wide among our countrymen. If on the fourth day from now, I lay it conquered and slain at thy father's threshold, then shalt thou be mine, but if not, then forever I am denied thee." Indrá's large lustrous eyes first looked dismayed, then grew wild with terror. "My Indrá! venture not thy precious life; if we are divided now, yet we live and love beneath the same blue sky, the same girdle of purple hills encircle us, the same sweet flowers waft their fragrance to our souls, making their void less desolate and bare, but if thou becomest a visitant in the pale halls of Death, I know not after how many weary years I shall follow thee, nor how many ages ere my spirit shall find its kindred soul in thine. Harken to me, oh brave heart! and lose not all,—thy dear life and my pale sunlight happiness—in one rash venture." Indrá shook his head. "The prize set before me is too great, I cannot yield thee up, my promised bride. I would not have told thee of thy father's conditions ere I won thee, but, turn not paler my frail flower, if the worst should come, which I thank the gods is not likely,—for these far-spreading mountains hold no surer foot, no truer aim than mine. Thou wilt know, even though none should tell thee, if my eager steps are held in death's icy bound so that I may not come to thee, that not through forgetfulness nor through lack of love do I refrain.

Farewell!" and reverently kissing the hem of her robe, he strode away.

The desire to be alone and unnoticed in her misery was strong upon Indurá. After her lover left her, she ran rather than walked till she gained the solitude of her own apartment. Once there she sat down to think: what could she do to hold her Indrá back from his dangerous quest? Go to her father, throw herself at his feet and implore him to make his conditions less hard? But no, past experience told her he was inexorable, when once his mind was made up. There was no one she could turn to for aid except her gods whom she had been taught to propitiate rather than approach with reverent confidence. Well, she would propitiate them with all she had,—with her life if necessary.

Midnight came on dark and starless. Indurá stole softly out of her room and made her way to a hut nearly at the top of the hill. There she found a priest at his devotions; and too eager to wait, till he had finished, she poured out her tale of woe and plea for help. The man listened to her indifferently. "I have nought to do with such matters as these," he replied apathetically when she had finished; "I can but tell thee that thy prayer and offering must be made to the God of light whose temple thou see'st on this mountain-summit." "What offering shall I make, my father?"—timidly asked the girl. "Between the hours of midnight and dawn, thou must place a lighted torch in that brazen vessel thou see'st on the temple roof, for as many nights as thy hunter is on the mountains." So saying, he turned away. What sympathy could he have—he who had lived for so many calm years above the sorrows of the struggling multitudes below,—with this ardent young heart beating in wild unison to the tempest notes of sorrow and love? For two nights Indurá toiled with weary anxious steps up the steep mountain side, and with eager trembling fingers lit the torch, and placed it in the vessel; then hastened down again, fearful lest her departure should be noticed. The third and last night came on with intense darkness and a howling wind, but the torch must be lit. A life more precious than her own was at stake, and the gods must be interceded for it. Every step she took onward seemed to be contested with the wind, every upward look to make sure of her path met with the buffeting rain and small hail-stones that beat with relentless fury in her face. At last, almost sinking with fatigue, she reached the temple, and proceeded to light the torch. Once, twice, thrice did she try. In vain! The elements seemed bent on baffling her at every turn. At last she succeeded; as she was just putting the brazen funnel on she heard a voice, but too familiar, for its tones dwelt with her night and day. "May the gods reward the kind hand that has kindled

the torch which guides my knife to the tiger's heart." Instinctively she forebore, and tried to shield the flickering flame from the wind by standing in the direction from which it blew, and shading it with her hand. Her efforts succeeded in throwing a blaze of light where a sight met her straining gaze which made her blood run cold. Locked in the tiger's deathly embrace she saw Indrá vainly trying to inflict a mortal wound on the animal. It was useless. After a few moments of a life and death struggle, the tiger exulted with a low growl of triumph over the mangled form of her brave young hunter, while the faltering accents framed his last words: "For thy sake, oh, adored Indurá, even death is sweet, though it is hard to leave the light of thy eye, to perish far from the music of thy step." "Not far, oh my beloved!" cried the girl, letting the torch go, and springing forward to try and wrest his prey from the tiger's envenomed claws; "together will our hitherto parted footsteps make their way to the land of spirits, and the joy that was denied us here, may, in mercy to human misery, be granted us yonder." The dying ear caught the well-known tones, the fast numbing faculties understood; one last fruitless attempt to try and save her from the savage beast which had now turned on her,—a few seconds more, and then the earth yielded up two triumphant souls, which had broken through all barriers, and winged their way in everlasting union to the regions above.

Character Note.

THE AYAH.

MY baby's Ayah is not a bad woman. I confess I was rather troubled when I was engaging her, considering what reports we hear of the wicked conduct of the "troublesome Ayahs;" but allowing for some weaknesses, I am satisfied with her. She is short, sturdy, phlegmatic, very fond of leaning against walls with her hand up to her face. There is no doubt that she has a temper, but it is a comfort she does not show it, except in an increased phlegmaticism. At times, she is so provoking, walking about so slowly and so imperturbably, in spite of the hurry of those about her, that one likes to take her by the shoulders and shake her. But she has her moods. She makes up for her moments of phlegmatic temper by moments of exceeding good humour, taking everything in a good spirit, and laughing and showing her white teeth. She is a middle-aged woman, but at such times she is very jolly. Her dress is the dress of the Tamil woman of the poorer classes, a short *ravikai* (jacket) and a cloth wound round her limbs in graceful folds,

one end of it coming over one shoulder and tucked away in front. It cannot be denied that she is a very neat woman. There is no need for me to remind her, except occasionally, to change her dress. But when I have to tell her about it, she generally comes out with a complaint that she has no clothes, and turns the tables on me by requesting an advance of pay. She is very neat also in keeping the rooms, under her charge, in perfect order and free from dust.

She has one or two weaknesses. For one thing, like all Tamil women, she is very fond of taking coffee, at every hour if possible. Often when I think she is with baby, I hear him calling for Ayah, and calling for her I find she is boiling coffee. It is curious that when she is given coffee mixed with milk, she immediately pours some plain coffee into it, in order to make it black. The stronger the better! Then again she is very fond of trash. In Indian towns, one often finds innumerable little stalls on the road with all kinds of eatables,—generally very flimsy and indigestible, like fried grain of all sorts,—for sale; and Ayah is very fond of buying such things, and it is often that I catch her trying surreptitiously to give them to baby. One has constantly to be on guard with Ayahs! You may tell them as often as you like that they are not to give such things to baby, they will nod their heads in approval; and yet, when you turn away your face, there they are at their old operations. Often I have caught my Ayah at such tricks, and the only regret she expresses is that she is sorry I caught her. No regret for doing wrong at all, only for being caught. Curious! "What harm does it do to baby," she asks, "am I such a wicked woman?" One likes to think of one's servants being like their masters, with the same thoughts and the same souls. But one has to confess to being puzzled at such times. Where are their consciences and their sense of right and wrong? Perhaps it is the surroundings in which they are brought up. You may be as kind as possible to them, and yet you find, except in a few cases, that they invariably consult their own interests before their masters. Their masters, they think, are constantly trying to do them wrong!

But I have said my Ayah is not a bad one, and for this reason; she is fond of baby. She puts up patiently with his foibles, his weaknesses, his imperious demands, his petulant unreasonableness. I have never caught her ill-treating the boy, or murmuring at him. Perhaps you may say she does it when you are not there. But I do not think she does. For baby is very fond of her and is not a bit afraid of her. And we cannot ascribe this fondness to any coercion on her part, for he is too young for that. Ayah is very proud of baby. When in her good moods, she

often recounts to me all his wonderful doings. "He did this, Amma, and he did that." He said this word, and he acted in such a way." It is very amusing to hear her, and very interesting, especially when one happens to have the same weakness for baby as she has. Often, I catch her comparing other babies with her baby. "That baby has a very flat nose, Amma," she one day told me. "Well, our baby has a flatter one," I told her; whereupon she turned away visibly offended. Our baby is not very stout, at present, because he is cutting his teeth, and for this reason, Ayah calls others fat babies, however winsome they may be, "fat piggies." Ayah sometimes has a high sense of duty. She insists on baby taking his full share of food, even when he is not well; and it is amusing though rather trying to see her running after him with the cup and spoon in her hand, trying to force the milk down his throat, when he is least prepared for it. But Ayah is fond of telling lies, especially to baby. Often I have to check her, promising wonderful things, which cannot be fulfilled, to his wondering ears. But perhaps that is the way of everyone with regard to children. Are not fairy stories lies in one sense? But why should she promise to give him "Muttai," when I have forbidden her to give it to him? Perhaps she may want to give it in secret.

Ayah is very fond of gossip. There is nothing exciting going on but she knows all about it and tells everyone about it with a great deal more excitement. Especially is she fond of gossiping with her fellow-servants. Many and many a time have I seen her laughing with them about some matter, in which the words "Ayyah" (Master) "Ammal" (Mistress) occur too suspiciously often. I have no doubt they were laughing at our foibles. Let us hope they do not often do it. It is a good discipline, though humiliating sometimes, to think how we appear to our servants. Often we plume ourselves on our own greatness, but let us not forget that every action of ours is criticised, sometimes with too much frankness, by those whom we would least like to do so.

Review.

"THE WRONGS OF INDIAN WOMANHOOD."

By MRS. MARCUS B. FULLER.*

A melancholy interest attaches to this volume; for the authoress did not live long after its publication, and by her death the cause of Indian womanhood has suffered an irreparable

*"The Wrongs of Indian Womanhood," By Mrs. Marcus B. Fuller, with an Introduction by Ramabai (Oliphant Anderson and Ferrier.)

loss. The object of the work before us is to expose the wrongs under which the women of India labour, and to suggest remedies for them. Mrs. Fuller's personal knowledge of India and the intimate terms on which she had been moving with Indian women,—entering into the closest relations with them,—enable her to speak with authority on the subject she has chosen; and the words of Pundita Ramabai, in the Introduction, give an additional value and significance to this work. There is no attempt at sensationalism though the subject lends itself to sensational writing; but real facts are given in plain, unvarnished language; and, wherever possible, the author refers to the testimony of Indians themselves.

What are the wrongs of Indian womanhood? There is first and foremost Child marriage, which the author considers to be the greatest of woman's wrongs. It leads to much unhappiness, to much physical suffering of the child-wife; it is a great bar to the education of women and their full development; and it is also, naturally the direct cause of much widowhood. In one word, it leads to national degeneracy. It is true child-marriage is not practised by all the castes; but it has become fashionable for the inferior castes to imitate the Brahmins in social matters, and hence the practice is considerably widespread. As regards enforced widowhood, what shall we say? In India the number of widows is 23,000,000, and of this number many are mere children and girls. The late Mr. Chentsal Rao once said:—"I confess it has always been a puzzle to me how a system so inhuman and cruel has found existence in this country among a class of men who have cultivated their feelings of kindness to such a nicety that they dread to kill an ant, or cut open an egg."

Much has been written, and said about the treatment which widows undergo, and there may be some slight exaggeration in the accounts given; but there can be no two opinions as to the need of better treatment of widows as a whole. Mrs. Fuller rightly protests against head shaving, against the ban that is put on the widows for widowhood, and the low social position given to them.

"If a plain dress is considered becoming to a woman as a widow, why should it be of a coarser texture than that of her sisters? Why must she fast and other women not? Why should she not share freely in the comforts and pleasures of the family? Why should she not be allowed a part in the religious portion of any family festivity? Why should widows be made to eat by themselves at weddings and other feasts? Why must they shrink guiltily back as they cross some one's path, for fear of being a bad omen to him? Why should the widow be so often an object of suspicion and solicitude for fear she bring disgrace upon the family? Why should men treat her

as they dare treat no married woman? Would a man be willing to live under such a ban?"

The Zenana system is not so widespread in the Southern and Western Provinces as it is in Bengal and in the North; and all over the country the lower castes have not adopted it, but all the same the system has its drawbacks. As pointed out by Mrs. Fuller it deprives women of outdoor liberty and recreation; it makes a woman constantly conscious of her sex. The confinement limits women's experience of life to a very small horizon and keeps them children.

The custom prevalent in the Marathi country of dedicating young girls (Muralis) to the god Khondoba,—which means training them for a life of sin and shame—is justly denounced by Mrs. Fuller in strong terms. It is the opinion of leading Indian gentlemen in the Western Presidency that Government should interfere to put a stop to this vile practice. The custom of devoting girls to gods and temple service prevail in other parts of India as well. The principle is the same in all,—immorality under the shelter of religion and customs. The Anti-Nautch Movement in Southern India is a step in the right direction.

Infanticide is still not a thing of the past in India; for it is only a few weeks ago that the *Gazette of India* contained the new measures that are to be taken under the Female Infanticide Prevention Act in respect of all Jat residents in the Jullundur District. Mrs. Fuller devotes a chapter to this evil as well.

What should be the position of Government in regard to social reform? This is a vexed question, and it receives full consideration in the work under review. Mrs. Fuller, while admitting that Government has done much, as for example in passing the Female Infanticide Act of 1870, the Suttee Act of 1829, the Widow Re-marriage Act of 1856, and the Age of Consent Act of 1891, still thinks that its aid should be evoked (1) in fixing the marriageable age of girls, as has been done by the Mysore Government; (2) in amending the Act relating to the restitution of conjugal rights so as to make imprisonment impossible; (3) in modifying the forfeiture of property clause in the Widow Re-marriage Act of 1856, so that a widow, in the event of re-marriage, may be able to retain her civil rights; (4) in making flagrant immorality on the part of the husband as a ground for a judicial separation between husband and wife; and (5) in disallowing the adoption of little girls by Nautch girls, and the dedication of girls to gods or temples.

The subject of the remedy for these evils meets with earnest consideration in the hands of Mrs. Fuller. From Government little can be expected in the way of social changes, for the British Government in India is very delicately situated, so far as the social

customs of the people are concerned, which are closely interwoven with religion. Education may do something, but according to the author the real remedy lies in the stimulus arising from a purer and nobler religion. The people of India may not agree to what Mrs. Fuller says as regards the power of Christianity to emancipate the women of India and raise them to a higher level; but they must admit, as a historical fact, that the true elevation of women in the West has been achieved chiefly by Christianity.

Editorial Notes.

The *Times of India*, the leading Anglo-Indian Journal in the Western Presidency, has been turning its attention of late to questions affecting Indian social life; and its example might well be followed by other Anglo-Indian contemporaries; for, as a rule, in their columns, subjects relating to Indian life and thought do not receive the attention they deserve. The editorials in the *Times of India* on "Hindu Social Reform," which appeared in May last, were occasioned by the publication of Mrs. W. B. FULLER's work entitled:—"The Wrongs of Indian Womanhood," which we have noticed elsewhere. The writer of the articles, who seems to be fully acquainted with the history of Social Reform in India, does not seem to take a hopeful view of the movement, and he attributes the present unsatisfactory state of things to several causes. According to this writer one cause of the failure is that "the workers, as a rule, exhibit more haste to immortalize themselves than speed to ensure the permanence of the work of their hands." Yet another cause is the "double life led by many professing reformers." We do not pause to inquire into the validity of these charges; but we think that yet another cause assigned by the writer in the *Times* for the slow progress of social reform is cogent. He thinks that the reformers made a great mistake in putting forward the question of widow-remarriage in the forefront of the programme of Hindu Social Reform. The leaders should have gone to the root of the matter, and should have given female education the first and foremost place in this programme. What the writer says on the subject of the education and training of the women of India is indeed very important and we, therefore, quote his own words here:—

"The problem of Indian Social reform is one for the women of India to solve. To enable them to solve it, all that they need is sufficient general education to realise that the world is not all India nor the world's inhabitants all Hindus. They must be relieved of the

ignorance which presents every existing custom, or practice to them at present as something inevitable, and all deviations from it as not only heterodox but immoral. Next to ignorant empiricism the symptomatic, which is the political method of dealing with social reform, has most retarded its progress. "Remember Michelstown" is a method which even in politics is not the sanest method. In social matters, where not only the opinions but the character of the people are concerned, it is simply demoralising. Women in every country are the repositories of its social life. It is expressly laid down by an ancient Hindu writer of authority and learning that in case of doubt as to what is the right custom to follow, the women of the family should be ultimately consulted. The women of India, as Mrs. Fuller admits, possess an immense influence on the social and domestic life of their communities; and let it be said to their credit that, notwithstanding their want of education they exercise that influence in the interests, on the whole, of good citizenship. By opening up facilities for imparting to them instruction in useful subjects, Government will be doing all that might and should properly do to help the cause of social progress in India. The system of infant marriage will prevent full advantage being taken of such facilities, but that system, after all is said, obtains among a minority of the population, and there can be no stronger incentive to this minority, consisting of the castes accustomed so long to assume a superior status to the rest, to do away with customs tending to obstruct female education, than the sight of the grace, dignity and happiness which under more favourable social customs the education of women will impart to the other castes. Infant marriage is the root of most other social evils, and anything tending to mitigate its prevalence is sure to have a beneficial effect on them also. With the education of women will gradually follow too the elevation of the so-called lower castes, whose chief disability to rise now is their own willing bondage to ancient superstitions."

It is with great interest that we read in the "Nineteenth Century," Mrs. Mahood's article on the "Modesty of English Women." Are English women modest? she asks, and answers

that modesty is not now so conspicuous a feature of woman's nature as it used to be, as seen, for example, in the theatre, where so many exhibitions are made of immodest woman. Certainly, when one reads the accounts of certain dramas acted in the modern British theatre, one feels inclined to hide one's head and turn away in shame. Mrs. Mahood does the same, but before doing so she pauses to settle one of two conclusions. "Either women," she says, "have come to the astonishing conclusion that the drama—in its very essence a picture of human life—has been entirely lifted out of all human life, so that indecency may be

permitted and gazed upon in a theatre, which they would not sanction by their presence, except under compulsion, in any other place. Or else the women and girls of the day are simply immodest and enjoy the indecency of the theatre, knowing it to be indecent." Mrs. Mahood comes to the latter conclusion, but here again she pauses to consider whether modesty is necessarily innate in pure-minded women, or whether it is merely an artificial defence against an impure environment. She leans to the latter alternative, and adds that the greater freedom accorded to women has been greatly abused in many instances. Why do women and girls make themselves so cheap? she asks, and we may ask the question ourselves. Is the answer that "Because they are so cheap," the correct one? Certainly women seem to be in "an enormous majority," in England at least; but that is no reason why, as Mrs. Mahood says, specially the men should be at a premium and the women at a discount. The reason we must seek in society itself, in the ideals of society prevalent everywhere. "The girl is still taught that marriage is her proper sphere," says Mrs. Mahood. "If that is the case in England, how much more so is it in India, where a woman without a husband is recognised as no woman at all, that is to say, as a being who has no right to be treated with the privileges which should be accorded to women. And it is owing to this idea, Mrs. Mahood says, that woman never loses the consciousness of sex, which colours all her ideas; and therefore women, broadly speaking, are only using half their consciousness, the other half which would be common ground between them and men, being stunted or dormant."

So far we have been dealing with Mrs. Mahood's views. She, however, does not advocate a curtailment of the liberty of women, because this liberty has been abused in a few cases. There is a liberty that makes us free, and a liberty that makes us slaves, and the girl who takes liberties with modesty of speech and manner is not more free, but more enslaved than before. This is how a writer enumerates the qualities that go to make up "a fine woman":—"A fine woman must be the very expression of modesty and without the least affectation in her manners. Here, the best rule is always to feel beautifully, and she will act beautifully of course. A fine woman does nothing to excite admiration for that is the way to excite contempt." But, in order to "feel beautifully," women must be placed in an environment where she will be able to develop her best qualities. It has been the custom—it is fortunately not so strict now—to keep Indian women in so strict a seclusion that they knew nothing of the outside world. Such a course, it cannot be denied, is pernicious. There is modesty and

modesty. The woman, who is refined in thought and speech and manner and action, who does not go about desiring admiration; who thinks it no wrong to speak to a man, but does it in such a manner that every look and word of hers betrays her innate innocence and hedges her mind, as with a high wall, to protect her from every look which is not of reverence; who is not afraid to go through the world clothed in the armour of her purity—she is a modest woman, and not the falsely modest woman, who hides her face and edges away from a man as if he were contamination. Such modesty, as modesty is often estimated, is dangerous, for when given freedom, it often runs into a license which a truly modest woman would never think of. We do not see why our Indian women, with greater freedom than they are allowed at present, and with, of course, the safeguards of true religion and the most liberal education, should not become possessed with

"An unborn grace that nothing lacks
Of culture or appliance,
The warmth of genial courtesy
The calm of self-reliance"

and thus fulfil the poet's ideal of

"A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, to command."

Mrs. Steel, the well-known Anglo-Indian Novelist, not long ago raised quite a hornet's nest by her rash criticisms of Anglo-Indian ladies. She spoke of them as being the chief obstacles in the way of better social intercourse between Europeans and Indians; and tried to make out that they did nothing whatever to help in benevolent movements having for their object the well-being of the people of India. This is not the place for us to dwell on the causes that prevent greater cordiality of intercourse between Europeans and Indians. That is a subject which will receive full attention in these columns. But to make Anglo-Indian ladies responsible entirely for this gulf that still separates Indians from Europeans is neither just nor true. Mrs. Steel's strictures have been replied to by several who are more intimately acquainted with the life of Englishwomen in India; and among them is Sir Edwin Arnold, the poet, whose knowledge of the different phases of, not only Anglo-Indian life, but of Indian life in general, is more accurate and trustworthy than that of Mrs. Steel. In a recent contribution, explaining the aims and objects of Lord Curzon's famous Victoria Memorial in Calcutta, he pleads for a corner of the splendid Memorial Hall that is to be erected being reserved for commemorating the women of India, and especially

the Englishwomen. We make no apology for quoting here at length from Sir Edwin Arnold's letter:—"The native Indian chronicles are, full of the mention of famous, beautiful, accomplished, and influential women. It would be easy to enumerate five or six score of such, from the lovely Queen of Shah Jehan, whose tomb in the Taj Mahal, and Aboliya Bai, the noble Marhatta Queen, to native ladies, royal or otherwise, now living, whose characters for generosity, loyalty, or strength of nature maintain the ancient traditions. But I am thinking, side by side with these, whose records would be striking and stately, of that large band of Englishwomen in the Peninsula who, from the times of Job Charnock and the Black Hole to those of Cawnpore and Lucknow, and later down to those of Lady Dufferin and her nursing Sisters, have shared the development of India not less really because modestly and silently. It has been the fashion in novels and magazine sketches to under-rate the high standard more or less generally maintained in our Eastern Empire by the "Mem Sahib," and according to some literary wittlings and sciolists, the principal occupation of our countrywomen in Indian stations has been flirtation and gossip. Yet those who know India best, and notably among them the more intelligent of the natives, are well aware of the immense, the constant, the beneficial, and even blessed influence which has been exercised, generation after generation for the last century, by English ladies in India. Time was when so much could not be said, because the fashion stood for Englishmen to go out alone. The merchant, the writer, the planter, the civilian, the clerk, was not accompanied on the long voyage to Bombay, Madras, or Calcutta by daughter, sister, or even wife. Connections were formed instead of an irregular kind, which, while they had the advantage of keeping the "Sahib lok" in close touch with native feeling and native movements by the intermediary of the dusky mistress, forbade the existence of a correct society. All this was changed when the passage between England and India dwindled down to one of three or four weeks, and then there began the new era which saw in every station models established of the English home and household. The climate was always a difficulty, and countless have been the bitter partings when the wife had to choose between taking her drooping offspring home or remaining with her husband. But the hill-stations helped a little, and the shortened and cheapened transit a great deal more, so that even by the date of the Mutiny in 1857 the land was full of specimens of the English home."

I lived myself at that date under circumstances which made me see how vastly native life profited by the presence in its midst of good and virtuous Englishwomen. Everywhere were to be found such, and the knowledge of their gentle and dutiful existences, although it came chiefly to native hearts by the channel of the domestic servants, wrought extraordinary changes even in the conservative native mind. Examples, of course, there

were of the frivolous and selfish "Mem Sahib," whom flippant writers love to describe. But twenty times oftener the Colonel's daughters and the Major's wife, the dutiful partner of the "Padre Sahib" and the sister of the doctor, were like stars of sweet light in the districts where they dwelled, silently wondered at, and secretly assisting, beyond what they knew themselves and beyond what others knew, the work of Government in India. Perhaps the highest merit of these innumerable cases of gentle influence is that they have left no tangible record. Yet record there must be of many and many a good Englishwoman in India long before you come down to such visible proofs as are afforded by what the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava and her female doctors and nurses have done for the Indian women. I hope a place will be kept in the Victoria Memorial Hall for "souvenirs" of some among these unrenowned but most serviceable assistants of our Indian "Raj." Their own monuments are too frequently seen in the tombstones of the station-cemeteries, which mark how, if their husbands shed blood for India, they also poured forth their tears. Few are the localities in that land where such pathetic mementoes do not present themselves, and if indeed we want good title-deeds for the Sovereignty of the Peninsula it might be found in the noble and precious dust thus mingled with its soil. When the Generals and Governors-General, the statesmen, and great administrators of our Indian Empire are celebrated along with Sultans and Sultanas, Maharajahs and Ranees in the new hall, let not the Englishwomen in India be forgotten.

Woman's Work in India.

MISS CHUCKERBUTTY'S DAUGHTERS OF INDIA ORPHANAGE.



WORK of an indigenous character started and continued by an Indian lady, which deserves to be widely known throughout India, is Miss Chuckerbutty's Daughters of India Orphanage at Allahabad. Miss Chuckerbutty is the first Lady Master of Acts of the Allahabad University; and she has found scope for her consecrated talents in the founding and organization of the Daughters of India Orphanage, an institution which is meeting a much desired want in the North-West Provinces. It is to some extent the counterpart of what Pundita Ramabai is doing in the Bombay Presidency. The institution is chiefly intended for the moral and spiritual training of destitute Indian widows and orphans, and the famine of 1900 has enabled this devoted lady to rescue and help many a poor girl, who would have died of starvation had it not been for this Providential help. Our readers may have some idea of the spirit of self-sacrifice with which the work is being carried on by this young

lady, on reading the following particulars of her visits to famine districts :—

"My mother and I with several helpers visited the famine districts by turns eight times during the past year. We went to different places many miles away from Allahabad. In one direction we travelled 855 miles visiting most of the famine-stricken cities and villages on our way; in another, 679 miles; and in another again, about 700 miles;—sometimes renting a little house and living in a place for a fortnight or a month, at others, passing the night in a country inn, or a traveller's bungalow, at others again, putting up at some friend's whom the Lord raised up for us just then. Then travelling was by no means an easy task. No food worth eating could be had on the way, no porters with strength enough to carry a package weighing even fifty pounds if we happened to have any with us, no safe conveyances to take us from the Railway Station into the country, and in some places not even the broken ones with the half-starved cattle. Sometimes the train stopped suddenly on the way between two stations, and the rumour was, that there was not enough water for the boiler. No water was to be had in the place, and tin cans which had been previously filled with water and put in the brake-van to avoid disaster, were now brought out for the engine and then the train moved slowly on to its destination. Once a waiter at a Railway station was engaged to carry a small box weighing about forty pounds. As soon as the burden was placed on him, he tottered and fell under it and seemed to be fainting. A little water being required for him, a tumbler of it had to be bought for two annas. While in the train young women were in danger of being insulted; while travelling in the bullock-carts, one was in danger of a fall or of being robbed as soon as it became dark, by the starving villagers or the poor city people around. While returning from the famine districts, one was shunned and avoided with disgust by all lookers-on, travellers, and even porters, on account of the dirty rags, filthy habits, horrible sores, and other diseases caused by starvation, of the widows and orphans rescued, and one was covered from head to foot with vermin coming from them. All through the way there was fearful opposition on the part of those living in the country to anything done by any one to benefit the poor.

During these visits Miss Chuckerbutty was able to rescue 309 widows and orphans, 235 of whom were sent away to other institutions and seventy-four were taken into her own home—there being room only for this number. The girls, besides being given an elementary education, are taught and made to work in the fields. The work is supported entirely by voluntary subscriptions, and during the half year ending June 1900 alone, the receipts amounted to Rs. 7,780. Among others, Pundita Ramabai takes a deep personal interest in this work. Altogether it is a brave work, nobly conceived and splendidly carried out by a daughter of

India. Our country-women will be honouring themselves by helping this work.

LADY HARNAM SINGH'S WOMEN'S VICTORIA MEMORIAL.

Several memorials have been started in different parts of India in commemoration of our late noble Queen-Empress, but of all these movements nothing should appeal to us, women of India, with greater force than the Memorial proposed by Lady Harnam Singh of Kapurthala. It is a simple, noble scheme in which all Indian women should take a share. Lady Harnam Singh has had the rare privilege of having known the late Queen personally and is herself an indefatigable worker in the cause of the women of India. It is not much that she wants from Indian women; just a small subscription from each. We give here her letter to Mr. Malabari, and what she says of Bombay is true of Madras as well :—

"Will you kindly lead some people in Bombay to interest themselves in the Indian women's humble efforts to do something to perpetuate the memory of one whose simple, pure and sympathetic life has been appreciated by every woman in India? Spontaneity and individual effort on behalf of the women of India are the only claim that this memorial can put forward. We are all aware of the fact that it is very hard to have to give to three different objects of the same kind. At the same time we must bear in mind that the Indian Women's Memorial was the very first to be mooted, and my little appeal on its behalf the very first to appear in the Calcutta papers. But, of course, as our deliberations and consultations were only within the four walls of the Zenana, and as no gentlemen were in the beginning taken into confidence, it was not given that publicity which it should have now, I think. The result was that we were overshadowed by the grander memorials, and although we have had assurance of the deepest sympathy all over the country, both European and Indian, our funds have naturally not swelled. Our object now is not to expect much from anyone; indeed our original idea was to ask for only a pice, provided we could have organized a system of getting it throughout India. Now that organisation is impossible, and we cannot limit ourselves to one pice; so we ask for anything that one might give. But what we really want is the joining together of women of every Province. I have been disappointed in my appeals to the Bombay ladies, even for their mite; with the exception of Lady Bhalchandra and Miss Padshah and Miss Wacha, no one has responded. Madras, too, has not joined us; but not knowing anyone there I was never able to write out. The Maharaja of Natore, who has been doing a great deal on our behalf, and is now at Ooty with his family, will, I hope, try and do something there. I want you kindly to help us by getting at least some of the leading Bombay ladies, and if possible Madras, to join us. In Bombay

they gave Rs. 10 each; let them give us only one each; we want them to join us, otherwise we cannot call it the Indian Women's National Memorial.

We have not decided upon a form of the memorial. How could we when we are not sure of money and of these two provinces joining us? But I believe, if we do get a sufficient amount of money, we would like to start the training of, say, five Indian girls in each Province as teachers, who would, when trained in the art of household management, sewing and cutting, rearing of children and even cooking, carry on work in the Zenanas. By this I mean that they are to teach young married girls, who cannot attend school, in their own homes. You know, I am sure, that there is no such thing as female education, in its true sense, in India, with the exception, of course, of Christians and Parsis and a few Brahmo ladies in Bengal. Government, no doubt, are doing all they can; but our own social customs will not admit of girls attending school after their marriage and entering purdah, which is from 9 to 12 at the highest. No child of that age can be expected to have finished her education.

India's greatest need is the proper education of our women. What social reform can we expect if the women are not educated and enlightened? What good are all the doctors if the mothers and wives are not able to carry out their instructions? What good are all the scientific sanitary rules if the ladies of our household do not understand the principles of hygiene and the benefits of sanitation? Therefore, something should be done to carry on our girls' education even after they are married or put behind the purdah?"

Things Seen.

RURAL SCENES IN INDIA.



A delightfully dreamy season are the cool months in India. The leaves of the great *tape* rustle cheerily and the wild doves soothe you to your midday nap with their soft cooing note—the sweetest sound in nature—loud at early morning, low at noon, and strong again towards evening, when it finally sinks to rest with the sun. The cattle graze lazily over the greenish-grey pasture land, or sleepily roll their hard-earned cuds on the margin of the *tape*. The ungainly water buffalo wallows sluggishly in the shallow tank yonder beneath the fringe of palmyra and toddy palms. The water fowl sails slowly about the weedy *tampara*, waiting, like the ryot, for the harvest. The smoke of the fires lighted beneath the thatched roofs of the neighbouring village to cook the midday meal, rises irresolute on the still air and

* These descriptive passages are taken from the Anglo-Indian Novel, entitled "More than He Bargained For," by J. Robert Hutchinson (T. Fisher Unwin).

vanishes into nothing, while the weary waiters at the creaking *pykolas* in the gardens near, who have toiled all the morning in the gardens watering their luxuriant crops of chillies and tobacco, cast at it furtive glances between the regular-rising buckets, and long for dinner. Here and there a gorged snake upon a tank bund, or a spiny lizard upon a stone, or a chattering crow upon a tree, basks in the warm sunshine. And the same warm sunshine—not at all too warm, mark you, for mere enjoyment—falls broadly upon all the country side with a soft glow, made softer now by the near approach of evening; for the most perfect day will come to a close..... But the day is done now, and its fiery regent lies low and bleared-eyed on the lazy horizon. The soft evening glory falls broad upon all the land. The dusty banyans, the numerous mango *tapes* and coconut groves dotting the country side, and the low, red range of laterite hills crouching away by the river, flush with pleasure at the prospect of being for a time left to themselves to cool off.

THE COLLECTOR'S BUNGALOW.

A thoroughly delightful place is his bungalow. The long, breezy verandahs; the lofty, cool rooms; the inviting arm and "long" chairs of sizes; the profusion of barefoot servants and bebadged *peons*; the noiseless swing of cool-punkahs and the scent of cooler *cus-cus*, combined with the hospitable popping of corks and clinking of glasses, make one feel as thoroughly at home as mortal can feel on earth. If he is a bachelor, a peculiar sense of freedom pervades the atmosphere of this same bungalow—the constant exponent of indulgence in the soothing cheroot in dining, drawing or bed room, and of wandering *ad libitum* of a morning in cool and negligent *pyjamas* without fear of embarrassing encounters at unexpected moments. If your cheery host is a family man, his domicile is, on the other hand, pre-eminently domestic. Such a sense of quiet peace and content prevails (not inconsistent, mark you, with thirty thousand a year, and the prospect of a life pension), that you are quickly bamboozled with believing matrimony the most blissful of all earthly conditions, whereas, in truth, it is only one of the most blissful. A man who has paid for the privilege of marrying a wife at the figure the Civilian is forced to do, certainly deserves children. And children he usually has; not too many, just enough to make the placid domesticity of his home ripple gently at times; and before one knows quite what he is doing he finds himself, be he the most inveterate old bachelor existent, dandling these same children on his knee, or bouncing them in air with a kink of the elbow as paternal as that of a patriarch."

AN INDIAN EVENING.

THE evening was a magnificent one. The dying light lay soft and warm upon all the higher points of the broad plain. From the east and western points of the horizon long streamers radiated, shooting upward to the zenith in broad arches of colour. Then, just as one heaved a sigh of regret that so lovely an evening had drawn to a close, there sprang up the warm after-glow, when the light from these streamers fell in reflected softness upon all the land, a fairy hush upon the clamour and bustle of day,

preparatory to the advent of silent night. Every thing animate seemed moved by one common impulse to seek rest and shelter. The huge buffaloes, their hard day's work beneath the galling yoke of the cart or plough done, grazed lazily along the roadsides, a naked urchin, with legs projecting on either side, taking his ease upon the back of each. The cattle, done with cropping the sweet grass for that day, trampled wearily down the road from the pasture lands, slowly chewing the cud and tinkling their dull wooden bells. Flocks of stately stepping goats follow; but these, less content than the larger cattle with what the day's feeding has afforded, scent out the most juicy leaves in the wayside hedges—hedges planted by nature and trimmed only by these goats—which they greedily gather from the points of vantage of their long hind-legs. Carts loaded and carts light creak on towards the town, where the cartmen scent fresh greens and savoury curry. Sinevy ryots pass with their light primitive ploughs upon their shoulders. Rows of cooly women go by in Indian file, bearing huge baskets of grass upon their heads, and shyly drawing their scanty cloths over their partly exposed breasts with a timid sidelong roll of the eye towards the passers by. Lithe coolies with *karadies* of vegetables, and other lithe coolies with *karadies* of fish, swing on towards the crowded bazaar; while groups of twos, and threes—mechanics, ryots, sleek Brahmans, and erect pensioners—come from the same bazaar with hands and cloths filled with similar vegetables or fish for the evening curry. Every one is talking, fast, loud, oblivious of the presence of others; telling out the most profound family secrets to his companions in the strictest confidence and a tone of voice loud enough to be heard a good half-mile in the twilight darkness. The great wide paddy birds gather up their long legs from the wet reaches of the adjoining fields and wing their way to the nightly rendezvous, where with much clattering and screeching, they finally settle themselves to rest, as do also the crows. The unwieldy flying foxes swing from their seemingly uncomfortable positions on the branches of the old *pepul* tree, and flap heavily away to their nightly feeding grounds. An owl hoots his waking thoughts from the hollow of a neighbouring tree, and is sleepily reproved by his neighbour over the way for being so soon astir. A solitary jackal howls a wild, frightened howl down by the river bank. He too, with his fellows, the flying-foxes, the bats, and the lean, roving Pariah dogs of the town, is waking up to the fact that another day is gone and another night come.

Indian Cookery.

DEAR EDITOR, (I SHOULD RATHER SAY EDITRESS!)

I am glad you have resolved to devote some space to Indian cookery in the columns of the "Indian Ladies' Magazine." Cookery as an art seems to have received considerable attention in India at all ages; but, unfortunately, much progress has not been made, for the simple reason that, like music, it has always been dealt with empirically and not reduced to writing. It is very necessary that our girls should study cookery as an art. I have read of schools for cookery in England, and of prizes being given for the one who does

best; and though we, in India, are not so advanced as to have cookery institutions, still our girls would do well to learn from their elders, and reduce to writing what they learn.

India is said to be the home of *curries*, but with equal truth it can be said that it is the home of *chutneys*. The variety of chutneys which are made out of the simplest ingredients in Indian households is simply marvellous. Just a little cocoanut and chilly, ground together in a peculiar manner, forms a most delicious chutney. Of course, tamarind enters largely into a large number of chutneys that are made in South India. I give here the recipe for a chutney which goes by the grandiloquent name of *Panchamrutala Chutney* (the chutney of the five nectars) which is really a great treat to have if it is well made.

PANCHAMRUTALA CHUTNEY.

Ingredients.—Gingely seed, tamarind, brown sugar, raw chillies, dry chillies, cummin seed, curry leaf.

Method.—Mix in a little water, a little tamarind (the mixture should be thick), salt and brown sugar to taste. Fry the green chillies well (number according to amount of tamarind used) in a little ghee (clarified butter), and mix them with the above. Then take a little more ghee, fry dry chillies, cummin seed and curry leaf in it, till the chillies are brown, and pour the whole into the prepared chutney, mashing up the chillies well. Roast the gingely seed, (about a tablespoonful), powder it and add to the chutney.

Bengal is supposed to be the great home for chutneys. Would any of your Bengali lady readers give us the benefit of their experiences in chutneys?

In the matter of sweets India can hold its own against any country. The English, we fear, take a great dislike to Indian sweets on account of the ghee, but it all depends on the kind of ghee used. Some of the home-made sweets in which the very best ghee is used would satisfy the taste of even the most fastidious European lady. Of course under the term "sweets" I include all kinds of *Pallaharums*, whether actually sweet or not. Here is a recipe for a simple but tasty *Pallaharum*, called

CHEGODILU.

Ingredients.—Rice flour, dry chillies, cummin seed, raw Bengal gram and ghee.

Method.—Soak the Bengal gram about $\frac{1}{4}$ seer in water for nearly three hours. Grind the chillies, (about three or four) salt and cummin seed (a dessert spoonful), mix with this half of the soaked Bengal gram and the rice flour (about $\frac{1}{4}$ seer), with a little water, and allow the whole to boil till it becomes quite thick, fit to be rolled. Then make thin long rolls, about the length of 6 inches, sprinkle them with the remaining Bengal gram, join the roll-ends so as to form rings, and fry to a rich brown in good ghee.

I have been trying a great variety of Indian curries, and hope to write to you about them soon.

Yours truly,

"AN AMATEUR COOK."



News and Notes.

We are glad to hear that there is a proposal to start a Home for Muhammadan widows in Calcutta.

—It is reported that there were two cases of *Sati* recently in Northern India, of course, unknown to Government authorities.

—At the University examinations held in Calcutta this year, one Brahmo girl, Santa Sarkar, passed the B. A. examination, three passed the F. A. and ten passed the Entrance Examination.

—It may interest our readers to know that all the articles in this issue of *The Indian Ladies' Magazine*, with the exception of two—"The Present Condition of Female Education in India" and "The Vedic Maiden"—have been contributed by Indian ladies.

—That clever lady novelist, Mrs. Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbes") has been entrusted with the task of writing the authorised biography of Lord Beaconsfield. Those who have read her work, entitled, "Robert Orange," are aware how well up the author is in English politics. One of the characters introduced in that novel is D'Israeli himself. Mrs. Craigie is only thirty-three. She was born in America and has lived in England for several years. She became a Roman Catholic in 1894. "The School for Saints" is another of her well-known works.

—Says the *Indian Messenger*:—"The 15th May last was the eighty-first birthday of Miss Florence Nightingale, the famous ministering angel of the Crimean war hardships. She has been now for many years an invalid confined to her own room, and has not been able to take part in any public movement. But her noble heart continues to feel as kindly for the suffering of her fellow-beings as ever. Her example has brought about a mighty change for the best in human history. The hundreds of philanthropic women who have gone to South Africa during the present war to take care of wounded soldiers, British or Boer, are to a large extent inspired by her spirit. The longer we have her in our midst, if only to feel her presence and to admire, the better for humanity."

—There is considerable resemblance between family life in India and in Russia. In the latter country too family life is to some extent patriarchal. In Russia the entire family live together. As each son marries he brings his wife into his father's house, thus adding another worker to the staff. When there are many sons life in the family becomes more complicated as each new sister-in-law adds another element. And—unless all these young women happen to be particularly sweet-tempered—life for the household is not an unmixed pleasure. The rule of precedence is strictly upheld, occasioning instances of wounded pride. The mother-in-law is much feared, and many are the folk songs depicting the hesitation of the girl in leaving her home for her husband's, her dread of his mother and sisters.

—A very large number of Indian ladies are now engaged in the Medical profession in this country and are doing excellent work among their fellow-countrywomen. We are pleased to read of the recognition

of the services of one of these ladies by the Mysore Government. The following note regarding Dr. Miss Rose Govindurajulu appears in the *Mysore Gazette* dated June 20, 1901:

"Miss R. Govindurajulu, M.D., Assistant Surgeon 1st Class to be Civil Surgeon 3rd Class. Pay Rs. 400. (To continue in charge of the Maharani's Hospital, Mysore)."

Miss Govindurajulu, writes a correspondent of the *Madras Mail*, is an Indian Christian lady who, after a distinguished career, as a student in Europe, has rendered valuable services to the State, especially in connection with Her Highness the Maharani's Hospital for women and Gosha ladies at Mysore. Although her promotion has been rather tardy, still it is a matter for congratulation that she is put into a class where her pay rises from Rs. 400 to 600 per mensem without allowances.

—Mrs. Besant, who has been lauding to the skies everything connected with India's past is, we are glad to note, turning her attention to some of the evils of social life in India. She is reported to have spoken as follows regarding the custom of early marriage:

"A boy at the end of his College life is often weak in body, his nervous system is weakened, his brain-power is exhausted and he is a wreck physically when he ought to be in the full flush and vigour of manhood. The pressure of modern education puts a heavy strain upon him and then added to that are the duties of the husband, the responsibility of the father. My brothers, this is not right. It means the ruin of India. You find yourselves old when you ought to be of middle age. Do you not see that the brain does not and cannot bear the tremendous strain put upon it? Do you not see that the stature of Indians is growing less. Where the marriages are the earliest, there the stature is the lowest, and it is getting worse and worse. In some parts of India, the marrying of a baby in the cradle is permitted and this is followed by very early parenthood. Is that a part of India's life as it was meant to be moulded by the great gods who gave their laws through their legislators?"

—Among the women students at Cambridge who have done exceptionally well are two who have, or had, relatives whose names are honoured throughout India. One is a grand-daughter of India's great champion in his day—John Bright; the other is the daughter of Lady Elliott, wife of Sir Charles Elliott, not many years ago Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. This is the record concerning these two ladies. Miss Margaret Clarke, who last year obtained a First Class in the Moral Science Tripos, Part I., being in the Third Division, has this year obtained a Class 2 in Part 2 of that Tripos. She is the daughter of Mr. W. S. Clarke, of Street, Somerset, and grand-daughter of John Bright. She was educated at Southport, and has been at Newnham since 1897. She is the President of the Newnham College Debating Society. Meritorious as the achievements of many may appear, Alice Effie Murray, daughter of Lady Elliott, and who was born in India in October, 1877, attains a standard which few, if any, women or men achieve in their University careers. She first went to the High School, Guernsey, and subsequently to Cheltenham Ladies' College. In 1897 she obtained a First Class in the Historical Tripos, and last year she was in the First Class of the Part 2, while yesterday she passed in the First Class of the Moral Science, Part 2, in which only one man, D. H. Macgregor, of Trinity, obtained a like distinction. This is truly a remarkable performance.

—One of the most successful institutions for girls in India is the Alexandra Native Girls' English Institution of Bombay. It was founded in 1863 by a Parsée Gentleman, the late Mr. Maneekji Cursetji, and was named after the Princess Alexandra of Wales (now the Queen Consort of England) in commemoration of her marriage in that year. At first the progress made was slow, but in course of time it attracted a large number of pupils. Though mainly intended for Parsées a small proportion of Hindu girls are admitted. The progress made during the first ten years was represented by the addition of 59 pupils to the number on the rolls, and ever since the strength has steadily increased year by year, the number on the rolls on 1st April 1901 being 145. It was in 1890 that, for the first time in the annals of the institution, eight students were sent up for the University Entrance Examination, of whom five came off successful. Since then sixty-eight pupils of the institution have appeared for the Matriculation, and of them thirty-four, that is fifty per cent., have passed. It is gratifying to observe that, out of these successful pupils, seven are employed as teachers, and the same number are qualifying themselves for the medical profession, six electing to pursue their studies in the Arts Colleges.

—During the past month two eminent Indian ladies, who played an important part in two of the leading Native States, died. The Senior Rane of Travancore died on the 15th June. Her Highness the late Senior Rane was born on the 23rd July, 1848, and was adopted, along with her sister the late Junior Rane, into the ruling family of Travancore in 1857. The deceased lady was adopted from the Mavelikkay family, which is an off-shoot of the Kolathnad family, from which adoptions used to be made by the ruling family in the past. She was thus the adopted sister of His Highness the Maharajah and married Kerala Varma, C.S.I., Valiya Koil Tampuran, a very respected and learned member of an ancient Travancore family. She could read and write English, but as she had little practice in speaking it, could converse in it only with some difficulty. The order of the Crown of India was conferred on her in the year 1881. Great sympathy will be felt for H. H. the Maharajah in the series of calamities which has befallen him in quick succession in the short space of nine months, and for the two young Ranees who have so early in their lives lost in Her Highness an enlightened and sincere guardian.

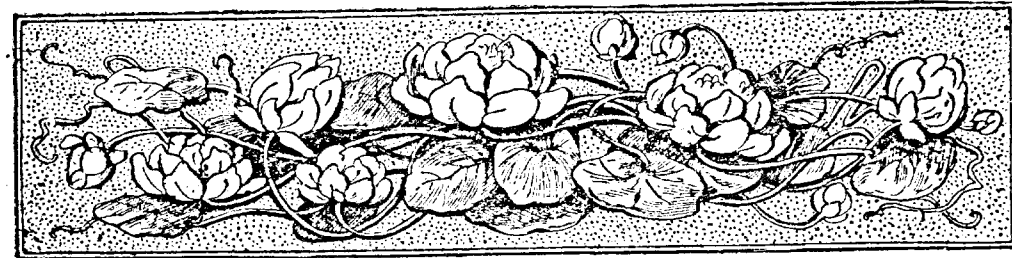
The Begum of Bhopal breathed her last a few days after. This lady played a very important part in the affairs of the State of Bhopal, and the accounts that have appeared of her remind us of olden days in India. A Government of India Resolution speaks thus of the late Begum Sahiba:

During the thirty-three years, for which Her Highness ruled her State, she followed worthily in the footsteps of her illustrious predecessor, Her Highness the Sikandar Begum of Bhopal. She administered her country with marked ability and success. She was distinguished for her liberality and benevolence, and she maintained undimmed the loyal traditions of her House, which has always been conspicuous for its zeal and fidelity to the interests of the Paramount Power. By Her Highness's death, her people have lost a just and considerate ruler, and the British Crown one of its most faithful feudatories.

Selection.

FEMALE INFANTICIDE IN INDIA.

IN an unobtrusive corner of a recent issue of the *Gazette of India* there appears a gruesome notification relating to female infanticide. It reminds us that we still have a good deal to do before we can consider that we have completed the civilisation of this great land. We sometimes hear people speak as though the strong and firm hand of the British Government had brought Indian infanticide to an end, together with *suttee* and other abominations of a bygone day. Would that it were so. But there is still a Female Infanticide Act in operation in this country, and there is still, sometimes, the necessity for putting it into force. Under this Act the Jat population of five villages in the Jullunder District have just been placed under the strictest supervision. The Act provides for careful registration and inspection. It attends to the tracing of the movements of persons who might in any way be tempted to become guilty of the crime which it attempts to prevent, and it arranges for an amount of close oversight and frequent reporting which certainly ought to have the desired effect. The history of every girl that is born is carefully watched and traced under this authority. This is about as far as the law can go, but it does not remove from the minds of the misguided people the inclination to commit the crime, nor does it convince them that the thing is evil and abominable. Our work for such races will not be nearly done until they have come to understand these things. In regard to the destruction of girls, India has a sad and humiliating history. Until the British rule began, practically nothing was done to interfere with the peculiarities of various races in this direction, and at one time it was written that this sacrifice amounted to the almost total annihilation of female life in a number of high caste families. In some Western countries the killing of children has been a sin of the miserably poor and the deeply disgraced: in India it has been the crime of the highest and proudest races and families of the land, as of the Rajputs of Malwa and of Guzerat. There is no sanction in the Hindu *Shastras* for this inhuman crime. There are fables and traditions, as Kaye says, which are sometimes quoted in its favour, but they have no real authority and are opposed to the teaching of the sacred books of the faith. And the Hindu cannot appeal here to the example of his gods any more than to the teachings of his books of wisdom. Various reasons conspired to bring about the commission of this common crime. The reasons were not religious, and no idea of sacrifice was involved. They were purely social and domestic. In the case of the proud Rajputs and others like them the chief considerations were the facts that it was a disgraceful thing to have unmarried daughters of more than a few years old, and that the expense of getting them suitably married was exorbitant. Pride would not admit of any deviation from the rule of great and ruinous expense and so it seemed better that beings of troublesome and expensive as these little children should be at once put out of the world. It must seem strange now-a-days that that part of the dreadful alternative should have found general adoption. The notification of which we first spoke is one of those occasional reminders of an existent barbarism that send a shudder through one's frame. It is strange that at the beginning of the twentieth century, after so many years of British rule, there should still be scope for such an Act and for such a notification. We may well hope to see the day when such survivals of the bad old days will be for ever at an end; and meanwhile we may congratulate the authorities on the unwearied perseverance and magnificent success with which they have pressed reform.—I. D. T.

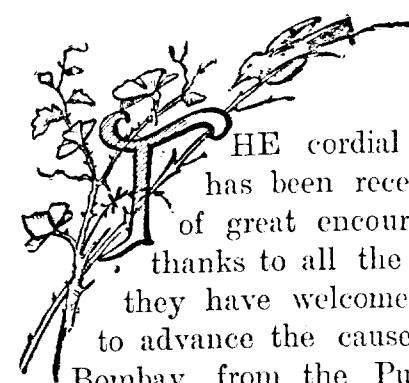


THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

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OURSELVES.

THE cordial sympathy with which our journalistic venture has been received by the Press, throughout India, is a source of great encouragement to us; and we beg to offer our sincere thanks to all the Journals, English and Indian, for the kind way they have welcomed this humble effort on the part of Indian ladies to advance the cause of their own countrywomen. From Bengal and Bombay, from the Punjab and the North-West Provinces, and even from Ceylon and Burmah, we have had the most encouraging messages; whilst, in the Southern Presidency, the reception of this Journal by the Press has been enthusiastic. We are fully conscious of the imperfections of the venture; but, with the generous sympathy and support of the Public and the Press, it will be a pleasing duty on our part to make this Journal more worthy of the noble cause which it has taken in hand to serve. We have also had encouraging messages from individual subscribers from all parts of India, and to them also we beg to offer our grateful thanks. It may interest our readers to know that we have succeeded in securing the co-operation of a number of lady-writers, both in England and in India. Whilst the majority of literary contributions will be by ladies, special articles, such, for example, as the excellent series on "Vedic Women," running in the pages of the Journal now, will be contributed by eminent Indian gentlemen. We need hardly say that we shall be most happy to receive suggestions from our readers regarding the Magazine, and shall try our best to give effect to them in every way.

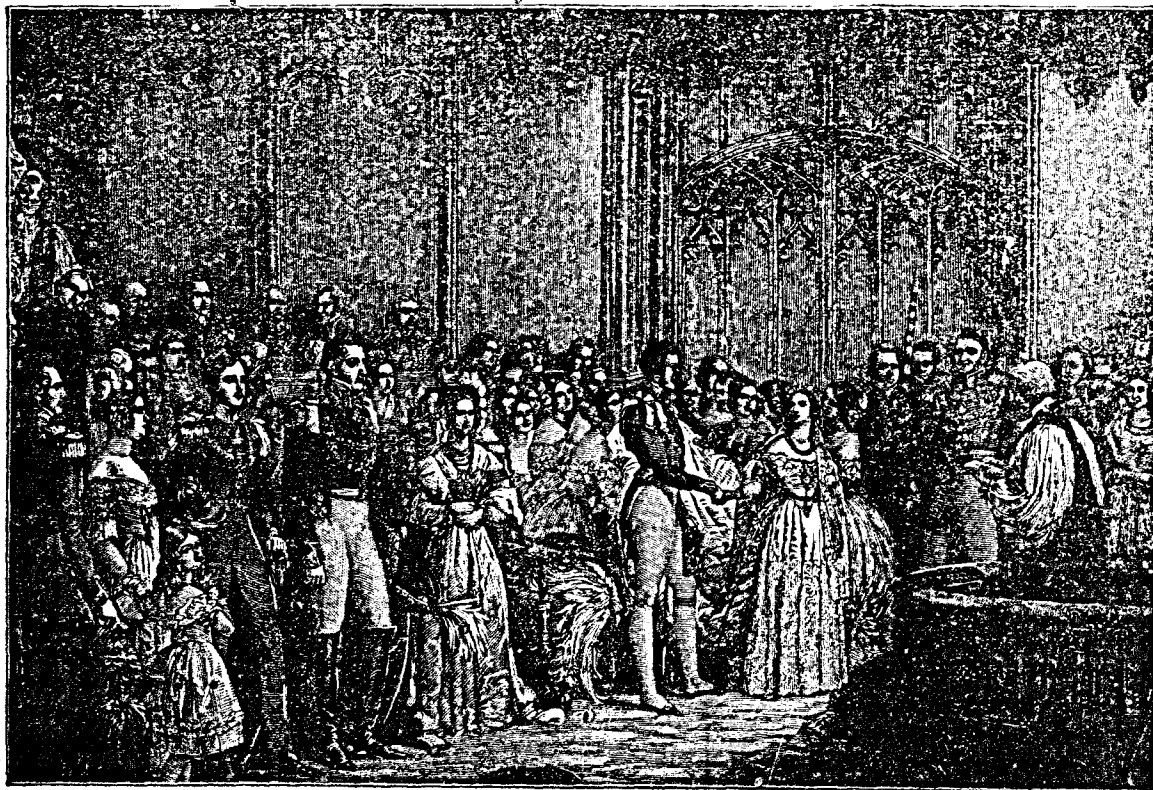
Queen Victoria and Queen Alexandra.

BY no portion of the vast populations that owe their proud allegiance to the British throne was the death of our late Sovereign—the beloved Queen Victoria—received with greater anguish than by the women of India; for, both to the literate and illiterate among them, all that was noblest and greatest in the British *Raj* was inseparably associated with the name and per-

sonality of Victoria the Good. She was to them more than a Queen; for she was the embodiment of all that was pure and noble and majestic that their minds could conceive of. They looked upon her as an essential part of the British system; they almost worshipped her as the very embodiment of Motherhood on the throne. The vast machinery of Government, the wheels of which the people of India see at work in the cities and villages and hamlets, is a great mystery to the

poor ignorant women of India; but the Queen—the beloved Queen—was an ever present reality. Though far away in a strange land, there was not a single woman, who had not formed for herself a definite conception of this Queen among Kings,—the favourite of the gods.

We do not propose to give a life of the Queen, or to narrate the chief events of her reign, or to recount the benefits the Queen rendered to her people. All this has been done over and over again, during the past few months; but, in the pages of this magazine, a few words about her personality will not be out of place; for, after all, it is not



sonality of Victoria the Good. She was to them more than a Queen; for she was the embodiment of all that was pure and noble and majestic that their minds could conceive of. They looked upon her as an essential part of the British system; they almost worshipped her as the very embodiment of Motherhood on the throne. The vast machinery of Government, the wheels of which the people of India see at work in the cities and villages and hamlets, is a great mystery to the

so much the greatness of her reign that is striking as the position which she had won for herself in the hearts of her subjects by her unique and inspiring personality. We all know about her quiet and simple childhood and girlhood, watched over so carefully by a tender and enlightened mother, and from which she emerged the pure and innocent maiden-Queen, child-like in thought, yet old enough to feel her responsibilities. No one can forget what she

said when it was hinted for the first time that she may one day be Queen. "If the honour is great, the responsibility is greater," were her words uttered in all seriousness and earnestness; and nobly has she fulfilled her promise to her people: "I shall steadily protect the rights, and promote, to the utmost of my power, the happiness and welfare, of all classes of my subjects." Nowhere in the history of the world has there been a Sovereign who has made her rule such a sway of moral worth and power. Queen Victoria's personal sympathy with her subjects was something touching, and the mutual understanding between her and them was the outcome of a fervent attachment of a deeply personal nature. Of all her wide dominions, India was her special care. She loved the people of this land with a fondness amounting to indulgent partiality; and the advancement of the cause of the women of India was ever dear to her heart. She—"the most illustrious of the recent monarchs of the world"—has enthroned herself still

more deeply in the hearts of her people by her genuine humanity and the loving tenderness which manifested themselves spontaneously in a thousand little ways. As one writer observes, "Goodness—or, to use the higher word, Godliness—has been the prevailing characteristic of our Good Queen." Her deep piety and sincere love of God, her protecting kindness to the poor, the helpless and the aged, her unfailing sympathy with suffering and sorrow, her horror of all cruelty and unkindness, her deep sense of duty, her touching tenderness which manifested

itself in a marked manner even to her dumb animals, and last, but not least, her true womanliness—are all characteristics, which should endear her especially to her Indian subjects. Great should be the gratitude of every woman for such an example of pure and intense womanliness. Her high ideals of purity and chastity were reflected in her private and public conduct. The Queen has shown us what a woman can do. Great in a sphere of life, which is usually denied to women, she was not wanting in the home duties which should be the chief care and indeed the adornment of every woman. Queen though she was, she showed perfect submission and love to her husband, and her home was an object lesson to the whole Empire. The training and bringing up of her children was as simple and unostentatious as that of an ordinary woman, and in the lives they are leading now they show what tender lessons they must have learnt from their beloved mother and grandmother.

What more shall we say of the noble Queen who has gone behind the veil? Has that noble life no lesson for us Indians? Should we not, women, contemplating this inspiring life, open our hearts to every good and noble influence? And should not this majestic exhibition of feminine sovereignty open the eyes of educated men to the possibilities open to the women of this land, when they are given the opportunities for the development of their minds? Our educated countrymen have been loud in their praises of the Queen, they have grown eloquent over her virtues, her accomplishments, her



mighty achievements; and yet they think it not their duty to help educate their women; for, in their inmost hearts, they accept the cynic's interpretation of women's work as consisting in "suckling fools and chronicle small beer."

But now, to turn to another Royal personality:



Great as has been the popularity of Queen Victoria, we are sure the popularity of Queen Alexandra will be as great. Towards her, all hearts are turning with an affection so real that they welcome her as 'Our Gracious Queen' with not a dissentient voice. Though a stranger to old England, yet, from the moment she stepped on English shores, she won the universal loyalty and devotion of the English people, and, we can

sincerely say, of the Indian people also, for have not Indians and the English identical interests? There is a story told of her when she was a young girl. A number of her friends were asking each other what was the dearest wish of their hearts. When it came to her turn,

Queen Alexandra said *her* wish was that she should be loved. That wish has come true, and every year that has passed has only seemed to deepen the love of the admiring millions of British subjects throughout the whole wide world. It is true she cannot play the same high part as her predecessor; but her influence, as the intimate companion of the King, who has promised to do his best while life lasts, will not be inconsiderable. For years, the highest State duties, which the late Queen could not face, had devolved on the present King and Queen; and now the highest opportunities are theirs to put their experience to the best use. We do not know as much of Queen Alexandra as we do of Queen Victoria; but we do know what a tender heart she has and what a deep and genuine religion underlies her character. She has proved herself, like her great predecessor, a model wife and mother; and we have every hope that she will also prove a model sovereign. Shall we not, women of India, welcome her as sovereign with the words which Tennyson has written?

"Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet,
Scatter the blossoms under her feet!
Break, happy land, into earlier flowers,
Make music, O birds, in the new-budded bowers;
Blazon your mottoes of blessing and prayer:
Welcome her, welcome her, all that is ours!
O joy to the people, and joy to the throne,
Come to us, love us, and make us your own:
We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee—

ALEXANDRA!"

Social Intercourse between European and Indian Ladies.

WE are perfectly aware of the insuperable difficulties in the way of perfect social intercourse between European and Indian ladies, but where there is a will there is a way; and to cultivate friendly relations all that is needed is a little blindness to each other's faults and a generous recognition of each other's services.

There are two sides to the question of social intercourse between European and Indian ladies. First, we must mention the duties that Indians owe to their women, in order to raise them to a position which will render social intercourse possible. There is not the slightest use in commending with the lip a certain reform as beneficial to society; every possible step should be taken to carry it out practically. There are hundreds of our countrymen, who fully recognize the importance of female education, and know full well the conspicuous part it plays in the civilization of the country. They are ready to give, when an opportunity occurs, elaborate lectures on female education, and propose still more elaborate plans for carrying out a scheme of education throughout India; but, when it comes to teaching their own wives, daughters, or sisters, to read or write, their zeal and eloquence seem to vanish. So much then for their applying in practice what they highly applaud in theory. Let this one thing, however, be borne in mind: the spread of education among native females cannot but be fraught with good results, and will tend more to assimilate the character and mode of thought of the Hindu with that which is the outcome of Western civilization than perhaps any other that can be devised. Give Hindu women freedom and a good education; show them that you trust them and think them worthy of being your companions; and they will take their stand by their European sisters in such a way as to command their esteem and regard. What does Ruskin say about women? Shakespeare, he says, "represents them as infallibly faithful and wise counsellors,—incorruptibly just and pure examples,—strong always to sanctify, even when they cannot save. But do

not you see that, to fulfil this, she must—as far as one can use such terms of a human creature—be incapable of error? You have to fill and temper her mind with all knowledge and thoughts, which tend to confirm its natural instincts of justice, and refine its natural tact of love." Education is after all the key to the problem under consideration. So much then for one side of the case.

Now for the other side. In trying to lift our women to a higher level, we naturally expect greater sympathy and support from English ladies resident in India. We do not, and dare not, say that no attempts have been made by English ladies to help their Indian sisters. We do not agree with Mrs. Steel, when she makes disparaging remarks about English women in India, that they are rigidly exclusive and that they are too shallow and frivolous to do much good to any one. There are many noble Englishwomen in India, who most disinterestedly try to help the cause of female progress in our country; and all honour to them. We thank them most sincerely for their invaluable help; but, at the same time, we believe we are right in saying that the number of English ladies in India who really wish to be of some direct use to their benighted Hindu sisters is very insignificant. How many English ladies, other than those who belong to the small and noble band of Zenana workers, to whom India owes so much, try to learn enough of the vernaculars to speak a few words in them? Perhaps this is expecting too much from them; for somehow it seems very difficult for Europeans to learn our vernaculars. But certainly it is much easier for us to learn English. Perhaps it is the want of accent in our vernaculars which enables us to assimilate our tongue to the accent, which is very much present indeed in English; but, whatever it is, the fact is certain. And therefore, one of the chief duties of Indian men to their wives is to teach them English. The Hindu women complain that their domestic duties leave them far too little time for learning. But we cannot help suspecting that, with some exceptions of course, most of them say this to defend their husbands' conduct in neglecting to teach them. How is it that, where the men allow it, so many Indian women find time to take lessons? We hear our Indian men saying that it

is better for the women to learn their vernaculars than a foreign language. It is but right that we should not neglect our own languages; but where the learning of English is fraught with so many advantages, it must be right to learn it also. There is no necessity to learn the grammar, or to learn the language too literally. It would be enough to be able to read, write and speak it sufficiently well to understand and aid the work of men; to read some part at least of that vast body of English literature which is one of the most useful, if not the most useful, of the literatures of the world; and, finally, to begin and keep up that intercourse between themselves and their European sisters which all admit would be so beneficial in every way.

But we were talking of the ways in which English ladies can help the cause of female progress in India. There are easier means of so doing than by learning the vernaculars. English ladies can do much by their sympathy. The very fact, for instance, of an English lady visiting a school will draw scores of young girls to it; and, if the interest taken is lasting, much permanent good will come of it. And then, there are the social gatherings which are getting so much into vogue now, where European and Indian women are brought together. It cannot be denied that these meetings, at first, did not do much good, as the Indian ladies were awkward and out of their depth, as it were, and their European sisters were unable to break through this reserve. But there is more freedom now on both sides, more desire to know something of each other. We are not justified in asking much, knowing as we do the immense gulf that separates the majority of our females from those English ladies who sojourn in our midst. We only want a little more sympathy; we only wish them to take a little more interest in things that concern the welfare of India's women. Her Majesty, the Queen-Empress, by studying the Hindustani language, has shown, in an unmistakeable manner, her great sympathy with her Indian subjects, and this act of hers has been a source of great encouragement to them. In our own Presidency, the noble example set by some ladies is also bearing fruit in various directions. If Englishwomen will be more tolerant of the

ignorance and awkwardness of their Hindu sisters, much good will be done. They must remember that the Indian women have not been subjected to the refinement of centuries, which has had such effect on themselves. At the same time, with the little culture they have had, how refined are most Indian women? How gracefully and with what dignity do they behave when placed in the midst of strange surroundings. Often the simple "rusticity" of these unsophisticated women is far more graceful than the most artistic refinement of society stars! Remembering this, it will not be difficult, in spite of religious and social prejudices, to get at the inner life of the Indian women.

Social intercourse between European and Indian women is but a step in the upward progress of the latter; but it is of great importance. Apart from the advantages which accrue to themselves from such contact, one great advantage is that the more the Indian women are accustomed to the society of their foreign sisters, the better able will they be to help their husbands, brothers, sons. And where such communion is between men and women, there will be true homes; and, as Ruskin says, "The stars only may be over her head; the glowworm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her foot; but home is yet wherever a true wife is; and for a noble woman it stretches far round her, better than ceiled with cedar, or painted with vermillion, shedding its quiet light far, for those who else were homeless—a sacred place, a vestal temple, a temple of the hearth watched over by household gods."

"There's not a place in earth or heaven
 "There's not a task to mankind given,
 "There's not a blessing or a woe,
 "There's not a whispered yes or no,
 "There's not a life, or death, or birth
 "That has a feather's weight of worth
 "Without a woman in it."



Col. Meadows Taylor's "Seeta": A Study.



Of the many books written on Indian life by Europeans, there is none which displays such discriminative reasonableness as the Anglo-Indian novels of Colonel Meadows Taylor—notably his "Seeta." The story of Seeta is a pathetic one set in the midst of an account of the time "which of all others in the history of India is the most absorbing and interesting to the English reader,"—the time of the Indian Mutiny. The story begins with a conspiracy between Azrael Pande, "the prince of Dacoity leaders" and Ram Das, an avaricious Sowcar, to rob and kill a cousin of the latter, Huree Das, who is keeping away the inheritance from him by natural right. Seeta is the wife of Huree Das. She is his guardian angel, who stands by his side and with amazing bravery tries to defend him. Even the bloodthirsty hearts of the robbers are awed for a moment by the "sweet presence" of the woman who throws herself before their spears, pleading for her husband's life. "Give him to me; O give my husband to me as my bridal gift. If you be men, do not refuse a wife and mother's petition." But Huree Das, in spite of her efforts, is killed and Seeta becomes a widow. But the inheritance is spared to her son, by a noble act of hers, which, in the midst of all her troubles, shows that she is not subject to foolish weakness. A year passes; Seeta's home is now with her grandfather—Narendra—and her aunt Ella. According to orthodox Hindu ceremony, she ought to have her head shorn and take away her ornaments. But Seeta has no false modesty in her. "It is not a shaven head or a worse garment that makes a virtuous widow," she says; and she is left to her will, for the girl had developed a strange new determination in her character which made her not the same simple girl as before, to be moulded and influenced as others would. The danger of her falling into "the dull, usual widowhood of Hindu life" is averted by the high spirit within her, and the education which has been allow-

ed her. For Seeta is a pupil of the learned priest, Wannu Bhut; she had read the sacred books and some poems and dramas, and even the priest was often astonished by her ability, which put his own to sharp tests. Her mind is so intelligent and so eager to go forward that the priest often bewails his own rashness in teaching a woman to read. He loves Seeta as his own child, but he refuses to reveal to her the mysteries "which none but a Brahmin should know." Nevertheless Seeta's vivid imagination revels in her books. As Meadows Taylor observes, "she could hear the rushing winds and waters of the poems, watch the glowing skies, and smell the perfume of the beautiful flowers. These were realities, not inventions." We dwell on this part of Seeta's life, because we wish to show how capable a woman's mind is of the utmost cultivation. Seeta's education did not deprive her of her modesty; her every act breathed forth that innate refinement of feeling and modest retirement which is the chief charm of Indian women. Her reading did not make her the less devoted to her household duties. In every phase of her womanly nature, Seeta is perfect. In truth, the "quick intellect of a woman's nature, so difficult to arouse, and so uncontrollable when once awakened," though it may lead her on to thoughts far beyond the scope of her ordinary life, will do no harm to her or to any one else. Only at the beginning, let her be under the wise guidance of a good master, just as Seeta was under the wise guidance of Wannu Bhut, who adopted this principle, in teaching her:—"now she must follow what she gains, and I must lead her to the good, and put the evil of it far from her." Later on, her mind, thus trained and taught, will require no guidance, but its own. It is only "a little knowledge that is a dangerous thing."

But to proceed with our story. About a year after the death of Seeta's husband, his murderers are found and arrested. And it is through this event that the turning-point of Seeta's life is reached. She has to give her testimony. With that absence of false modesty which is so remarkable in her, she decides to go herself before the magistrate, and her people allow her to do this act, for even they recognise the innate modesty of her nature: "It is no disgrace to one

like her." So Seeta goes for the first time before Cyril Brandon. She gives her testimony with such intelligence and with such modesty that everyone in the court admire and respect her. Her beauty and her behaviour, different from that of other women of her class, who, to use the author's words, "are quiet, modest and timid, yet in no degree interesting," attract Brandon. Here is a description of Seeta: "If her features were not exactly regular, they were very sweet and full of expression; her eyes were large and soft, of that clear dark brown which, like a dog's, is always so loving and true. Cyril Brandon had never seen any one so fair or of so tender a tone of colour. Such, he remembered, were many of the lovely women of Titian's pictures—a rich, golden olive, with a bright carnation tint rising under the skin." "What a lovely creature she is, and so modest, yet so firm and dignified!"

The fiat of Seeta's life had gone forth. Henceforth, she is dimly aware that Cyril Brandon is her ideal man, and fate throws the man and woman together. Brandon is called upon to defend the household of Seeta itself from the revengeful attack of Azrael Pande and his dacoits. He is wounded and has to be nursed back to health in Seeta's house. And, is it a wonder, that his attraction for such a woman as Seeta should grow deeper, from a closer acquaintance of her? What an exquisite picture we get of the educated woman? "She read slowly; but in her sweet musical voice the beautiful couplets of the old Hindu poet sounded as he had never heard them before. This was very different from the nasal sing-song tone that Pundits generally use. The intonations of her voice followed the variation of the exquisite story." After a time, Brandon's sojourn in Seeta's house comes to an end. He goes away, but does not forget Seeta. In fact the temptation to call her to him is great. Meadows Taylor writes here: "I think he felt certain that she would come; and perhaps, with the common estimate of Hindu character which too generally prevails, he did not give the girl credit for higher motives of honour and self-respect, which might influence her." But the remembrance of Seeta's purity is in itself one of the considerations which helps him to overcome the temptation: "In Seeta's intercourse

with him, he remembered he had never detected any trace of levity; and he felt that she believed him, as she had told him once, pure and good." After a great deal of uncertainty, he comes to the unique determination to marry the Indian girl, as he writes to his friend, "of his own convictions and sincere love and respect." Cyril and Seeta are married according to the Hindu rites. Cyril knows the marriage is not binding on him; but he makes up his mind later on to marry her according to Christian rites.

Cyril and his Indian wife are very happy. Meadows Taylor thinks the Indian mind can love as passionately as, if not more than, an English one. Cyril is as dear to Seeta as Satyavan is to Savitri, her favourite heroine, and one whom she is never tired of trying to emulate. Cyril is very fond of her and takes great pleasure in inaugurating her entrance into the vast field of European literature. Her mind expands like a flower and she appreciates keenly the passages he reads to her. When they go to Noorpur, where Brandon's headquarters are, Seeta is given a house of her own and a temple where she can keep up her caste and her simple religion. The Anglo-Indian Society of Noorpur is very much against her and criticize her a good bit, but the delinquents do not mind them, more especially as they win the friendship of the Mostyn ladies who rise above the prejudices of their nation. But Grace Mostyn is a lovely English girl, "one who would exactly have suited him," and, in spite of himself, Cyril is beginning to fall in love with her. And though he keeps true to his sweet wife and their mutual esteem has increased, the gulf is beginning to show itself. Brandon's relatives in England also do not approve of his marriage. "She could never take your place as wife here," writes his brother. Seeta's own people too disapprove of her marriage, which they think degrades their caste. She is excommunicated, and separated from her kind grandfather and aunt. But this only makes her cling the closer to Cyril. "Mine more than ever, thou art, my lord and my life," she says to him.

Meanwhile the Mutiny has been slowly brewing and matters are complicated when the Nawab, one of the prominent figures round whom

the commotion gathers, and Azrael Pande, one of the moving spirits of the rebellion, both become enamoured of Seeta's beauty and try to carry her away. Seeta is warned and saved often from their clutches,—twice by two persons who might be her enemies, Buldeo, the follower of Azrael and Peri Buksh, the dancing-girl of the Nawab's court. In all her troubles, she never leaves her husband's side; she even puts on a boy's dress and follows him into battle, making her husband's love for her stronger by her courage. Like Savitri she determines never to leave him. Her constancy and her love cement more firmly the bonds of friendship between her and her English friends, Mrs. Mostyn and Grace, who delight in teaching the Indian girl what they themselves know. It is pleasant to read of their womanly occupations and studies in the midst of the seething turmoil of the mutiny. But Seeta's mission on earth is drawing to an end, and just in time. For, to her amazement and horror, she learns that she is not legally wedded to her husband, nor will he, till she becomes a Christian. She is already a Christian at heart but still clings to her own religion, and just when her gentle mind is tortured by doubts and sorrow, her release comes and in a manner she would most wish for. Like Savitri, she would have given her life for her husband, and she gives it, receiving in her breast the spear which Azrael hurls at him. Seeta dies, but is never forgotten. Brandon founds a school in her memory. He marries Grace and finds his true happiness with her. But Seeta is always remembered. "Sweet is her memory to us," they fancy; and, in the closing words of the novel, we learn that at her altar, "Brahmins offer flowers and sing hymns to-day and many a girl lays a garland there and prays to the sweet spirit, whose death she commemorates."

Seeta is the central character of the novel. Her sweet character, her courage, moral and physical, her intelligence, her nobility of nature, the magnanimous greatness of her heart, the constancy of her love, her sweet humility when she thinks herself unworthy of her husband, the frank responsiveness of her nature, her unselfishness, her simple faith in her religion, her admiration of all that is beautiful and good, her

frank reasonableness, her true modesty, her innate refinement of feeling, her purity of thought,—all are sketched with the loving hand of an admirer. Round her, like the lesser flowers of a garden round the blooming rose, or more appropriately, the chaste lily, are grouped the other characters. The affectionate grandfather, who could so far rise above the prejudices of his race as to allow a woman of his family to be educated; the kindly wise old priest Wannu Bhut; the gentle, motherly aunt Elma; the good-natured Hurree Das; the rugged, faithful Buldeo; the brilliant Peri Buksh, who, in the midst of her own sin, still preserves the remains of a soft, true woman; the fierce, implacable Azrael Pande with his mistaken fanaticism and his mistaken love; the traitorous Ram Das; the perfidious Nawab; the wicked Mama Jumela and other characters,—all are admirably, if lightly, sketched. The English characters are worth notice, chiefly the hero, Cyril Brandon, with his true, honourable, loving nature, and the lovely girl, Grace Mostyn. Colonel Meadows Taylor draws Anglo-Indian life with an impartial hand. Here is a humorous account of the inevitable gossip in Anglo-Indian Society: "I have said she was industrious, but it was after a peculiar fashion. Mrs. Smith set herself to work, steadily and perseveringly, to study her neighbours' affairs. 'Nothing like *The Hills*, you know, my dear; there we used to hear such things.' But it was pleasant at least to find out who got the best joints from the butcher; who had a new bonnet or pattern sent her from England; why Captain Jones had quarrelled with his wife yesterday. Nowhere however was her industry at fault; and in her ayah and sweeper woman, she had indefatigable assistants, who were stimulated to exertion by occasional small presents of one kind or another, and no doubt invented a good deal, at least we may hope so, of the nastiest details." Colonel Meadows Taylor has great admiration for the English official in India, who does his work faithfully. "I wish, I wish heartily," he says, "that there were more men like Cyril Brandon. Such as he had won the highest honours of Indian administration, had been rulers of millions of the people, had led armies and conquered, and still lived as household words in the thoughts and memories of all creeds and

classes. Not such however are the men, who declare India to be 'an infernal hole'; who speak and think contemptuously of its people. Are not these men understood? Surely they are, and despised also!" Other references to Anglo-Indian life, we must leave our readers to find out for themselves, as well as the author's description of scenery and Indian life, many of which are admirable and true to life.

The chief question in "Seeta" is whether mixed marriages between Europeans and Indians are advisable and likely to turn out happy. Meadows Taylor's opinion seems to be that in the end they will not turn out well, and such must be our opinion too. There may be, and are, exceptions. Perhaps, in a future age, when the two nations are better matched and on a more equal level, such marriages can be attempted with impunity. But, at the present time, where one nation considers itself superior to the other, where mixed marriages between the two are looked upon with contempt and cold prejudice on one side, and fear and disapproval on the other,—such experiments cannot be a success. Brandon's marriage to Seeta was condemned on both sides. The Hindus excommunicated the girl; the Europeans, with a few exceptions, and even they hesitating exceptions, would not receive her into society. Even Cyril himself, though he was true and loyal to the end, felt something wanting in his marriage. Philip Mostyn first says, "Indeed, I often think that if there were not our horrible social prejudices against it, many of us would be happier with such a wife as Seeta than with some of our own people. Such a one as that girl would be more interesting, more useful, more easily satisfied." But ever he is sorry for Cyril: "Cyril, poor fellow, will get tired of the monotony of that girl, brilliant and wonderful as she is. He will miss the freshness of an English intellect." "There must be unity of thought to provide married happiness," says Mr. Mostyn. But that girl has too much thought by half. Her thoughts are not his. Are Europeans always superior to Indians? Are not some Indians at least superior to some Europeans? Whatever the answer may be, Colonel Meadows Taylor tries fairly and frankly to make both sides meet. But we cannot help thinking that the death of Seeta before Cyril had

time to get tired of "her monotony," was a contrivance adopted by the author to help out his dilemma. Unable to estimate fully the results of such a union, he seems to have thought it was best for Seeta to die and set her husband free. Certainly there is justness in the view. When Indian women are not educated enough to be proper wives to Indian men, how can they be fit mates for the much more advanced Englishmen? But Seeta was a unique exception, and could not she even satisfy the Englishman?

The Vedic Wife.

[By H. NARRAINA ROW, ESQ., B.A., B.L.]

MARRIAGE was not compulsory in the Vedic age, but the number of old maids was probably very small. The girls were, as a rule, married to the husbands of their choice. The parents of a girl would, for instance, pray: "May Savitar lead and bring to thee the husband whom thy heart desires"—(Ath. ii. 36, 8). The father did not go, horoscope in hand, in search of a husband for his daughter, but she had to wait patiently in her own house, until some one sought her hand—(Ath. xi. 5, 18). If no candidate offered himself for a long time, there was a propitiation of the gods and consultation of oracles—(Ath. ii. 36 and Bloomfield's note thereon). Except that the future husband and wife must have been allowed opportunities to see each other and make up their minds, there does not seem to have been any system of courtship recognised by society; but matches were often arranged through mutual friends, who are described in one place as coming "with forelocks loosened on their brows"—(Ath. vi. 60, 1). Girls without parents must have been put to the necessity of falling on their own resources. "Seeking a husband she hath come, and I came longing for a wife"—confesses a swain (Ath. ii. 30, 5). There was no uniform rule about dowries: sometimes the bride's parents received a consideration from their son-in-law, and sometimes the case was reversed—(Rig. i. 109, 2). The story of the race run by the gods for the hand of

Surya's daughter—(Cf. Rig. i. 116, 17), makes it probable that among men too, at any rate among the fighting classes, competition in feats of arms for the hand of a coveted bride was not unknown, as in the Swayamvaras described in the epics. The twin Asvins won the race and carried away the bride; from which it has been inferred that polyandry must have been a recognised custom in very early times. Great caution is needed in drawing inferences about human institutions from myths about gods, which are sometimes mere allegories. In the days when women captured in war were appropriated by the conquerors—(Rig. viii. 46, 33; 19, 36), a woman brought away as a trophy was perhaps treated differently from an ordinary wedded wife, and compelled to occupy the same place in a household as the Pandavas assigned to Droupadi. Possibly this lady was in reality a prize of war and treated as such, but in the gradual evolution of the story of the Mahabharata, she has attained to the rank of a lady whose very name, uttered every morning, washes away sin. Apart from this instance, no real trace has been found of polyandrous marriages in the Vedic times.* Polygamy, however, was well recognised. It made the wives and the husband alike unhappy. An unfortunate individual, thrown into a narrow well, likens his misery to that of having rival wives on every side—(Rig. i. 105, 8). An unfortunate woman, on the other hand, prays in a paroxysm of jealousy: "Blow thou the rival wife away, and make my husband only mine!" (Rig. x. 145, 2).

In addition to the recognised marriage ritual, which has come down to our own day, there perhaps was a popular custom of tying a bride to a post, as a symbol of steadfast loyalty, and placing her under the hole of a yoke, to symbolise her perfect health, in allusion to the miracle performed by Indra of curing Apala by pulling her through the hole of a yoke—(Ath. xiv. 1, 40). The bridegroom received the bride with affectionate promises. Said he: "I take thy hand in mine for happy fortune, that thou mayst reach old age with me, thy husband. Gods, Aryaman, Bhaga,

* "The precedents quoted in the Mahabharata (Adi-parva, 193, 14—15), of Jatila having married seven Rishis, and of Marisha, having married the ten Prachetasas, are evidently mystical and, hence, inconclusive."

Savitar, Purandhi, have given thee to be my household's mistress"—(Rig. x. 85, 36). He protested how "her fair form hath struck him"—(Ath. xiv. 1, 57), and acknowledged that it would be his special care to cherish her (Ibid, 52). "Youthful maidens, ill-disposed, and ancient women," among his relations and friends were apt to look with jealousy upon the new importation into the family—(Ath. xiv. 2, 29): he took off the edge of the feeling by introducing his wife to them and assuring them apologetically: "Signs of good fortune mark the bride: come all of you and look at her. Wish her prosperity and then return to your homes"—(Rig. x. 85, 33). The bride's parents sent her away with the blessing: "Over thy husband's father and thy husband's mother bear full sway. Over the sister of thy lord, over his brothers rule supreme"—(Rig. x. 85, 46). This was of course a pious wish of the parents, for if a number of young ladies were to be introduced into a family, each charged with a solemn mission to rule their common mother-in-law, the life of a mother-in-law would not be worth living. "Indeed the young bride very often slunk away from the very presence of her august father-in-law"—(Ath. viii. 6, 24). Motherhood added to her importance, and her children loved and venerated her more than they did either the father or the "niggard brother"—(Rig. viii. 1, 6). Friction was inevitable in a joint family, and one of the greatest blessings that could be invoked on a family was: "One-minded with his mother, let the son be loyal to his sire. Let the wife, calm and gentle, speak words sweet as honey to her lord. No brother hate his brother, no sister to sister be unkind. Unanimous, with one intent, speak ye your speech in friendliness"—(Ath. iii. 30, 2-3). The prohibition of the wife eating with her husband (Satapatha, i. 9, 2, 12) was perhaps ancient in origin, though in later times the Southerners disregarded it—(Baudhayana i. 2, 4). But though considered inferior to her husband, and indeed sometimes bluntly, though seriously, called "an animated cornfield"—(Ath. xiv. 2, 11), she was indispensable for the performance of his sacrifices; for, explains the Satapatha, "the wife is one-half of his own self" (v. 2, 1, 10). She assisted in various operations connected with sacrifices, such as the crushing of the Soma

leaves (Rig. i. 28, 3), the grinding of the corn, &c., although in later times some of these duties were transferred to male priests and even to Sudra servants—(Satapatha, i. 1, 4, 13). When she could compose hymns, she could *a fortiori* chant them. Indeed, although in later times, the reciting and understanding of Vedic hymns became difficult, and was treated as a privilege of the Brahmins and of the male sex, at the time of their composition even children must have sung them, just as children may sing modern religious songs now—(Sama Veda, I. 4, 2, 3, 3). Society did not require woman to confine herself to her home, but allowed her to follow her husband in his adventures, emulating the example of Mugdalanī, who once joined her husband in the pursuit of robbers, or of Vishpala who lost her leg in a battle and was provided with an iron substitute by the Asvins.

When her husband died, the widow was allowed to live with his brother—(Rig. x. 40, 2), or to marry a third person—(Ath. ix. 5, 27). There was an ancient custom, according to which she was burnt with the body of her husband—(Ath. xviii. 3, 1), but it had fallen into desuetude among the Vedic Aryans. She laid herself down beside the corpse, but was called away and led homeward—(Rig. x. 18, 8). Society commiserated her lot, and she was supposed to be under the special protection of the Asvins—(Rig. x. 40, 8). The liberty to remarry did not make the wife disloyal. Most women must have been as faithful and noble as Sukanya, who, when the Asvins twitted her with the infirmities of her old husband, administered to the celestials the dignified rebuke—(Satapatha, iv. 1, 5, 9):

To whom my father hath given me, him will I not abandon, as long as he lives.

In the Forest.

DEDICATED TO LALITA.

[BY SAROJINI NAIDU.]

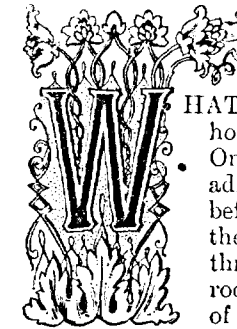
HERE, O my heart, let us burn the dear dreams that are dead;
Here, in this wood, let us fashion a funeral pyre,
Of fallen white petals and leaves that are mellow and red;
Here let us burn them in noon's flaming torches of fire.

We are weary, my heart, we are weary; so long we have borne
The heavy loved burden of dreams that are dead; let us rest,—
Let us scatter their ashes away; for awhile let us mourn;
We will rest, O my heart, till the shadows are gray in the west.

But soon we must rise, O my heart, we must wander again
Into the war of the world and the strife of the throng;
Let us rise, O my heart, let us gather the dreams that remain,
We will conquer the sorrow of life with the sorrow of song.

"A Little Child shall lead them."

[A HINDU STORY.]



WHAT a lovely picture! How homely and yet how picturesque! One cannot but be filled with admiration at the sight presented before us. Well, we shall allow the reader to take a peep with us through the window into the room beyond. There, in a corner of the room, which was half in shadow and half illuminated by a reading lamp, at a table, sat a girl, a fair, comely girl, reading. She seemed to be perfectly absorbed in her book and entirely oblivious of the things around her. Dressed in a light-coloured *Kornat* sari, with a garland of sweet-scented jasmine gleaming white against the dark coils of her hair, with the subdued light bringing out her handsome profile,—the broad brow, the rounded oval of the cheek, the rich curve of the full red lips, and the determined little chin,—she formed a beautiful picture; and, with the mysterious shadow of the half-darkened room about her as a background, you might have imagined her to have but just stepped out of a picture—perhaps one of Ravi Varma's. It was a noble face and one on which there seemed to be stamped truth and candour. But the opening of the front door and the exclamation of a cheery voice, "Sarojani, Sarojani, where are you?" dispelled his illusion and brought the on-looker from the dreamy past back to the living present. Hastily the girl rose, shut up her book and went to attend to her husband, who had but just returned home after a hard day's work; and while she is thus engaged we may without impunity relate to ourselves the story of this couple, who, to all outward seeming, appear so happy.

Ganapati, the husband of this girl,—Sarojani—though a youth but of 24 summers was a rising young Vakil and was fast proceeding on the high road of fame. He was in every way a gentleman and thoroughly educated—not in the narrow sense that is sometimes understood as the meaning of the word, 'education,' that is, attending school, cramming a few subjects and getting through examinations somehow, even though it be but to appear last on the list. He was not only fortunate in having a successful College career, but was a well-read, liberal-minded man, and, what was more, a social reformer; not one of those who talk much and do little, but of a practical turn of mind. He believed in the education of women and he carried it out in practice; to wit:—his wife was thoroughly educated and

accomplished as well. She was well versed in English and Sanskrit, and could beguile many a pleasant hour by her sweet singing and playing on the Veena and the Violin and even the Piano, although over the latter she had not acquired such perfect mastery, which is by some considered to consist in:—

"Fine sleights of hand
And unimagined fingering, shuffling off
The hearer's soul through hurricanes of notes
To a noisy Tophet."

But not to Ganapati alone was the education and accomplishment of Sarojani to be due. Her father, a lonely old widower, had clung to his only daughter in his old age, and had tried to educate her and mould her character according to his ideal of womanhood, which to him was to be obtained from the bygone ages, that ideal, which was embodied in the heroines of old, the gentle Sita and the faithful Savitri. He was her master and tutor in every thing, even in music; for in his palmy days, he had been considered a good musician.

Her character was formed and set upon a firm basis—firmer than she herself was aware of. In particular he had bestowed on her a deep and lasting benefit; for, seeing her extraordinary beauty, and foreseeing the dangers and temptations, into which the possession of such exceptional charms might lead her, he adopted a wise, preventive course, that eased her as it were in armour, proof against all the assailments of flattery. He told the girl quite plainly that she was beautiful; but, at the same time, made her aware that it was common—that she shared it alike with birds, flowers and trees, and all the wonderful objects of nature—moreover, that it was nothing to boast of, being perishable. "Suppose a rose foolish enough to boast of its pretty leaves;" said the father on one occasion; "they all fall to the ground in a short time and become decayed and yellow—it is only the fragrance or the soul of the rose that lasts." Such precepts as these, that might have been wasted on a less sensitive and thoughtful nature, sank deeply into Sarojani's mind. She accepted these not only in theory but in practice, and the result was that she accepted her beauty as she accepted her health, as a mere natural occurrence—no more. She was taught that the three principal virtues of a woman were chastity, humility and obedience,—these were the laws of God, fixed and immutable, which no one dared break without committing grievous and unpardonable sin. So she thought, and, according to her thoughts, she lived. What a strange world there lay before her? A world of intrigue and folly—a world of deceit and falsehood? How would she meet it? So far her life had been through a path of roses

where the beautiful petals had hidden the ugly thorns. She was happy in her home, happy in the security of her husband's love, and there was no restraining influence placed upon her, for Ganapati had come to practise in another town other than his native place, and they two had set up house alone. But from time to time voices from the outside world, not her ideal world, reached her. So-called friends, but who were in themselves jealous of Sarojani's attractive beauty and sweetness of temper, would try to instil poison into her pure mind. Women who were disappointed in their marriages and unhappy in their homes would tell her that happiness was perishable and that she would soon find it so. Wives, who were neglected by their husbands, would tell her that all men were the same, and that she would soon find that to be the case. But, she, poor child, hearing of all these trials and troubles that befell to the lot of other women, who had every right to be as happy herself tried to make herself more worthy of her husband's love, and was amply rewarded; for, day by day, she grew more lovely still in mind and character in her husband's eyes. And we may say that they were an ideal couple, rare indeed to be found in this practical every-day world. But he whom the gods love die young, goes the proverb, and through grief and sorrow Sarojani found it to be only too true.

It was a lovely moonlit night. Thousands of brilliant stars, against the deep dark blue vault of heaven, twinkled bravely, although the moon shed her bright radiance around profusely and made every thing gleam like silver. The hush of night had descended upon the city and every thing was calm and quiet, except for the occasional cry of a night bird or the chirpy noise of the crickets. A cool breeze gently blew over the garden, stealing the sweet fragrance of the newly opened tube-rose and jasmine. Enjoying this gentle zephyr, which was so refreshing after the intolerable heat of the day sat two people talking in the verandah, which led into the garden.

"Well, Sarojani, how have you been spending the day?" asked the husband, in loving tones.

"Oh, much the same as usual! In the little time that baby left me, after attending to his imperious wants, I was just reading the new book that you brought home last night; then a few visitors were ushered in. They rather bored me though with their talk, which consisted of nothing but gossip and scandal, and I would far rather have returned to my book. But, just listen! An amusing incident happened to-day. We know the lady who lives three doors from us. She was just in the middle of a whole list of grievances, of how Rukmini, her daughter, was being badly treated by her mother-in-law, of how her son respected and admired his wife—a very wicked

thing isn't it?—and then she gave me a few particulars about a friend's dress and the jewels that she had made. The conversation was getting very wearying, and I tried to change the subject. But oh! what an indignant stare I got for my efforts! It quite vanquished me; and the old lady relapsed into moody silence for the rest of the visit. I suppose I shall have to go and make my peace with her soon."

"Yes, it is really curious, how, when women get together, they seem to have nothing else to talk of but dress, jewels and scandal."

"Oh, no! you must not make such a sweeping assertion against our sex, like that. It is not fair, is it?" "But see, some of your friends are coming. I shall go in and finish the book, which I was deeply engrossed in, before you came."

So saying she withdrew, for, despite all her free intercourse with her husband, she never appeared before his guests; not because her husband objected, but on account of her own innate modesty and shyness; and it was very rarely that Ganapati could get her to come and see even a very particular and intimate friend of his.

It was fearfully hot. The glare was dazzling, the blue sky was cloudless, there was not even a breath of wind stirring. Ganapati was travelling in a common country cart from his residence to a village, a few miles off, to appear in a case. He had neared the village. Only two miles more,—and this dreadful drive in the intense heat would end. But how contrary to our thoughts do events happen sometimes! Ganapati was expecting to be at his journey's end soon, but he soon found himself to be at the end of life's journey, for, in a few moments, a band of robbers had surrounded his carriage, the driver was gagged and bound, and Ganapati, the bright young lawyer, was murdered in cold blood. A moment before, he had been active, full of life, full of plans for the future, but now,—he lay a murdered corpse. Gone were his golden dreams, shattered were his ideals, and the full pulse that a minute ago had throbbed so tumultuously in his veins, now was for ever, ever still. No loved voice, no baby shout would call him back to life again! But who, who would dare to break this heart-rending news to his gentle wife, waiting at home? It must be told somehow, by some one, and all the light be extinguished from her bright life. No amount of sentiment will undo the sad realities of life in this hard, cruel world.

A week had passed by since the horrible event. Her father had come and was taking her away

to her old home. The train was bearing them swiftly away from what had once been her own happy home: and what about Sarojani? The last few days had been a sort of fevered dream,—a nightmare to her bewildered senses. They told her that her husband had been murdered for revenge, having made some enemies in his professional career. Oh, horrid thought! It was ever present before her like a spectre. It haunted her thoughts, it nearly drove her mad, that her dear kind husband had been murdered, foully and brutally murdered—all, for what?—for the sake of revenge. Close upon this followed another heart-rending scene. Her little one year old darling boy, Ganapati's heir, carried by one of her husband's relations, was the one whose hand had applied the lighted torch to the funeral pile of the loved one. What a revolting idea! The soft baby hand, fit only for kisses and caresses, that it should be put to such a use as this! Cruel custom! Hard tradition! that decreed that of all the people in the world, it should be the son, who should perform that heart-rending office.

Her thoughts from following in this strain now turned to herself. What was she now? A poor despised widow. Her position among women degraded, cast out of society, stamped with the seal of contumely, where is she to turn for consolation and comfort? Where look for love or for sympathy? In one moment the cup of happiness had been dashed from her lips, dashed to the ground, and broken into a thousand fragments.

As these thoughts surged through her brain, she was feverishly wide awake and listening. Her eyeballs ached and burned as though there were fire behind them; gradually her nerves began to be wound up to an extreme tension of excitement. She forgot all her troubles in listening with painful intentness to the rush and roar of the train through the darkness. The lights of passing stations and signal posts gleamed like scattered and flying stars. There was the frequent shriek of the engine whistle—the serpent hiss of the escaping steam. She peered through the window; all was blackness, there seemed to be no earth, no sky, only a sable chaos, through which the train flew like a flame-mouthed demon. Always that rush and roar! Would it never end! She began to feel as if she could bear it no longer. Her brain was reeling owing to the nervous prostration of the last few days. She was feeling extremely weak and light-headed. She felt as if she must escape from that continuous, confusing sound—it maddened her; nothing was easier. She could open the carriage door and get out! Surely she could manage to jump off the step, even though the train were in motion!

Danger! she smiled at that idea. There was no danger; and if there was it did not much matter, nothing unaltered now that she had lost her husband.

She glanced at her father and her aunt, who were in the opposite seat, but they were fast asleep. Her baby whom her aunt was holding had slipped a little from her arms, and lay with his tiny face turned towards Sarojani. It was a pretty creature with soft cheeks, and a sweet little mouth. She looked at it with a vague, wild smile. Again, again that rush and roar surged and stormed in her ears and distracted her mind.

She rose suddenly and seized the handle of the carriage door. Another instant, and she would have sprung to certain death,—when, suddenly, the sleeping baby woke, and opening its soft dark eyes, gazed at her dreamily. She met its glance as one fascinated; almost unconsciously her fingers dropped from the door handle. The little baby still looked at her in dream-like, meditative fashion. She bent lower and lower over the child, with a beating heart; she touched the tiny hand that lay like a softly-curved rose leaf outside its coverlet. With a sigh of elf-like contentment and confidence, the feeble, wee fingers closed and curled round hers, and held her fast. Weak as a silken thread, yet stronger in its persuasive force than a grasp of iron, that soft, light pressure controlled and restrained her. Very gradually the mists of her mind cleared,—the rattling thundering dash of the train grew less dreadful, less monotonous and less painful to her ears. Her bosom heaved convulsively and all suddenly her eyes filled with tears,—merciful tears—which at first welled up slowly and were as hot as fire, but which soon began to fall faster and faster in large bright drops down her pale cheeks. Seeing that her aunt still slept, she took the little one gently into her own arms, and rocked it to and fro with many a sobbing murmur of tenderness. She meanwhile wept on softly, till her tired brain and heart were somewhat relieved of their heavy burden; the entanglement of her thoughts became unravelled, and though, keenly aware of the blank desolation in her life, she determined to live on, for the sake of her child and bring him up in the way which his father would have wished. Meanwhile, the little thing smiled drowsily and soon fell asleep again, all unconscious that its timely look and innocent touch had saved Sarojani's life and reason.

Sundari.



Pundita Ramabai and her Work.



TWENTY years ago the late Sir William Hunter delivered in Edinburgh a course of Lectures on "England's Work in India," and in one of the lectures, where he refers to the intellectual upheaval that is influencing family life in India, he spoke thus of a young Brahmin lady, who was going about delivering lectures in Sanskrit in important Indian cities, and was attracting large, wondering audiences, who almost worshipped her as Saraswati:—

"Last October (1880), while I was writing these pages, an accomplished Brahmin lady was travelling through Bengal with her brother, holding public meetings on the education and emancipation of women. 'They were received everywhere,' says an Indian correspondent, 'with great enthusiasm by the Hindus, who were delighted to hear their holy Sanskrit from a woman's lips. It seemed to them as if Saraswati (the goddess of eloquence) had come down to visit them. Instead of a hot, confined room, we had a long and broad terrace, open to the sky, and with the Ganges flowing at our feet. The meeting was at half-past four in the afternoon, by which time the terrace was shaded from the sun by trees and houses to the westward. At the eastern end of the terrace, a small marble table, with a glass of flowers on it, and some chairs were set, and there Ramabai stood up, facing the west, and addressed her audience. On her right was the Ganges, covered with large broad-sailed boats of a type which has perhaps lasted for 2,000 years. There was little or nothing to remind her or her audience of European civilization. The clear blue sky and the broad river coming sweeping down from the walls of Benares dominated everything else. It was such a place as Buddha might have chosen for addressing his followers.'

This young lady is twenty-two years of age, the daughter of a learned Pundit and public official, slight and girlish-looking, with a fair complexion and light-grey eyes. She is now engaged to be married to a Bengali pleader, an M.A. of the Calcutta University."

The young Sanskrit lady-lecturer was no other than Pundita Ramabai, whose life-history is a perfect romance in itself. Her story has been told over and over again, but a new life of hers by Mrs. Dyer,* more interesting than the rest, because it gives a fuller account of the later phases of her work, affords us occasion to recount her story briefly. And indeed this story, always interesting in itself,—the story of a noble Indian woman and her great work,—will not come amiss in a journal devoted to the interests of Indian women. "Among the *New Women of India*, few, if any," says Mrs. Isabel Sullivan,

* *Pundita Ramabai. The Story of her Life.* By Helen S. Dyer (Morgan and Scott).

who has written such charming biographies of some eminent Indian women, "have greater claims to distinction than the Pundita Ramabai Saraswati, who has proved herself a thinker as well as a heroine, and whose name deserves to be enshrined as a household word in the home of every one of her Indian sisters." Ramabai was born in April 1858. Both her parents were remarkable people. Her learned father, Pundit Anapita Shastri, having been convinced of the beneficial results of the education of women, resolved to educate his own wife Lakshmi Bai, whom he had won as a maiden of 9, for his bride, in a very romantic manner. Seeing that, in his father's home, there would be no chance of accomplishing his object, he took his little wife away to a beautiful forest home, where, one of three children, Ramabai, was born. Ramabai was fortunate in having such a tender and enlightened mother. "It would be scarcely too much to say," says Mrs. Sullivan, "that Ramabai's ideal of educated Hindu womanhood was formed in germ when as a little child she sat on her mother's knee, and looking up into that dear face, felt that to her, her mother was the embodiment of wisdom and tenderness, the best mother in the world." Seeing the grand result of such training, and that by a woman, how one wishes there were more Indian women like Ramabai's mother! What splendid, if silent, work they could do in their homes and in their family circles! But to pass on—while still in her teens, Ramabai knew what suffering was, for her family suffered greatly in the terrible famine of 1876–77. The account which Ramabai herself gives of their sufferings is very pathetic. "At last the day came when we had finished the last grain of rice and nothing but death by starvation remained. Oh the sorrow, the helplessness, the disgrace of the situation!" But it was this very suffering which gave her the tender heart which now seeks to help as much as possible the poor and the helpless. Gradually her people succumbed to their trials till none was left but Ramabai and her brother. They continued their sad pilgrimage till they arrived at Calcutta in 1877, and their advent there proved the turning-point of Ramabai's life. She had been giving lectures wherever she went, advocating the cause of female education and maintaining the right of Hindu girls to be instructed in Sanskrit and their vernaculars before marriage. She had by this time developed into a woman of great scholarship and her advanced views created a great sensation in the city. She knew Marathi, Canarese, Hindustani, Bengali, Sanskrit. Of the last indeed she had such a deep and high knowledge, that as a result of her examination in that language by the Pundits of Calcutta, the distinguished title of Saraswati was publicly conferred

on her. About this time her brother died. Soon after she married an educated Bengali gentleman, but after nineteen months of happy married life he too died, and Ramabai was left alone with a daughter. And this time her loneliness was more desolate, for, owing to her husband having been of an inferior caste to hers, none of her relatives would hold out a helping or a comforting hand to her. But the true greatness of her character now shines out. Not allowing herself to be submerged in selfish sorrow, she

enough to be separated into branches. Its object was the promotion of education among Native women and the discouragement of child-marriage. In 1882, Ramabai with a great deal of boldness and earnestness gave her evidence before the English Education Commission. In her appeal for reform was the prayer that Government would make provision for the study of Medicine by women, to come to the rescue of suffering women in India. This reached the ears of Queen Victoria and bore fruit in many ways;

one of the indirect results being the starting of Lady Dufferin's great movement. It was, after giving her important evidence that Ramabai began to realise her own need of personal training before she could do the work she proposed for herself. After a great deal of hesitation, she at last left India for England in 1883. For a year she stayed in St. Mary's Home, Wantage, learning English, and then went to the Ladies' College at Cheltenham, where, for two years, she acted as Professor of Sanskrit. But before this a great change in her life had taken place.

She with her little daughter, after a great deal of anxious thought, was baptized into the Church of England. Always deeply religious and well versed in the highest forms of her own faith her acceptance of Christianity was not without much struggle and anguish of heart. It was the result of intellectual conviction backed up by her longings for a higher life. The difference which Ramabai herself saw between the good precepts of the Hindu Scriptures and the Religion of Christ she expressed thus:—"While the old Hindu Scriptures have given us some beautiful precepts of loving, the New Dispensation of Christ has given us the grace to carry these principles into practice; and

that makes all the difference in the world. The precepts are like a steam-engine on the track, beautiful and with great possibilities; Christ and his gospel are the steam, the motive power that can make the engine move."

Soon after her conversion in England, which took place in England on September 29th, 1883, she received an invitation to America from her cousin, Mrs. Anandibai Joshi, who had gone there to study Medicine, and accepted it. The result was that her missionary ideals of work took a



felt her heart expanding towards the thousands who were afflicted by like sorrows as, and, greater sorrows than, herself. She began lecturing again but this time in different parts of the country. The cause she advocated was the emancipation of Hindu women, which she supported by quotations from the ancient Hindu Sastras. Especially in the Bombay Presidency was she more cordially well received, and in Poona she found a society of ladies called the *Arya Mahila Samaj*. This society soon grew large

practical shape. The Kindergarten system appealed to her strongly, and with it as basis she composed a series of Marathi text-books for girls. At the same time she wrote her book, "The High Caste Hindu woman," in which she set forth with masterly directness the case of the child-widows of India. With her return to India, in 1889, her work of reform began. On the 11th March she opened her first home for widows, —the Sharada Sadan or "Home of Learning." Early in 1890, this was removed to Poona. New buildings were raised and the home soon became a success. Pundita Ramabai's ideal in education is not a narrow one. She wishes to develop her pupils into useful members of society and not to turn out mere book-worms, and so she trains them to be teachers, house-keepers, nurses, wives and mothers. Most touching is the bond between her and her pupils, the motherly heart and love on one side, and the passionate devotion and gratitude on the other. At first Ramabai conducted the Sharada Sadan on neutral religious lines, but after a time she felt that she would not be true to her deepest convictions of religion, if she did not place before her pupils what she considered to be the *summum bonum* of life. She had a horror of forcing her views on the young minds intrusted to her care, but at the same time she thought it her imperative duty to lay before them Christian truths. This caused a great deal of opposition. But the Pundita was firm. "If God cares for me, I am afraid of nothing!" she said, and kept to her resolution in spite of difficulties and persecutions and calumnies; and to this day the Sharada Sadan stands as a monument of the unflinching heroism of an Indian widow!

The famine of 1897 turned the attention of the Pundita to the helpless and heart-rending condition of women and children, especially of the depressed classes. Her heart went out to them and she resolved to rescue as many of these as possible from the clutches of famine and pestilence, and—worse—of iniquity. She undertook trips to the famine-stricken parts of not only the Bombay Presidency but of the Central Provinces as well. She visited poor houses, relief camps, travelled in jungles and wildernesses, and snatched hundreds and hundreds of widows and girls from the very jaws of death. They were all gathered together at Khedgaon. The public in England, America and India followed with breathless interest this magnificent work of philanthropy of this noble woman and showed their sympathy with it in a practical manner by pouring forth their contributions, large and small, with a view to help the Pundita in this work of rescue and salvation. Those who wish to learn what solid work this single woman has accomplished and

how great her administrative capacity is would do well to visit the "Mukti,"—the home of the rescued girls and women—at Khedgaon. We shall not stop to narrate the kind of training the girls receive in this home. We shall content ourselves with quoting here an account of a visit to this home by Mrs. Dyce:

In January, 1899, my husband and I paid a farewell visit to Khedgaon before leaving India. We found the work going on most satisfactorily, and a number of industries in full swing.

These industries were chiefly of an agricultural nature, preparing food-stuffs for consumption at Mukti and the Sharada Sadan, and thus reducing materially the expenditure of both establishments.

The dairy department provided all the milk, butter, ghee, and dhye, for both institutions. A gift of fifty pounds sent to Ramabai by a lady in England, instead of a legacy, had then recently enabled her to enlarge this department of the work by the purchase of more cows; and while in America the previous year a wealthy American friend had given her some American churns and other improved dairy appliances, including some very nicely contrived cans in which milk was daily sent by rail to Poona. We went to see the cows, a number of which had young calves. Ramabai was then anticipating the increase of this department into a regular business of supplying dairy produce to customers in Poona; but the subsequent famine made it very difficult to maintain the cattle, and all the milk and ghee obtainable were needed to sustain and succour the famine victims.

The deaf and dumb woman was in charge of the churning department, and eagerly displayed to us the superiority of the new churns over the previously employed native methods. This old method consisted of a pole about the size of a broom-handle, with short cross-way bars fixed on the lower end, not unlike a "dolly" used in some parts of England for washing clothes. The pole is swiftly whirled in the pot of milk till the cream comes.

Among the widows rescued from the 1897 famine was one who understood the process of oil-making. Ramabai, prompt to seize opportunities, purchased a second-hand oil mill, and placed her in charge. The mill interested us very much; it was a clumsy looking erection, a heavy upright beam, some cords and pulleys, with another beam placed crosswise; this was attached to the yoke of a small bullock who patiently plodded round and round in a circle with his eyes blinded. A large hundie (cooking pot) stood at the mouth of the mill, and received the oil as it flowed. This had to undergo some process of boiling or purifying before it was ready for use. Several girls were employed, beside the woman in charge, sifting and sorting the grain and preparing it for the mill. Ramabai said this manufacture effected a great saving in expense.

A field of red pepper ready for harvest at this time was employing a troop of women and girls in gathering, sorting, and drying the pods. Another detachment was at work harvesting the jowari crop—a grain used instead of wheat in making bread.

A weaving department with about twelve looms was under the care of a Christian man, who was employed to teach, to a selected number of young women, the art and mystery of weaving sarees (the length of

material which gracefully twisted about the person forms the dress of the Marathi women.) The preparation and spinning of cotton-yarn from the raw material is an adjunct of this industry, and employs as many in proportion as the looms.

Such is a brief and imperfect account of the life and work of a woman who is undoubtedly a heroine in every sense of the term. India should be proud of producing such a noble character, who is as great in her deeds of active benevolence as she is great in her learning. When the history of India comes to be written, there will indeed be a prominent place given in it to this widow woman, who has been so greatly honored by God in the carrying out of some of His purposes in this land!

Miss Marie Corelli on "Sovran Woman."

MISS CORELLI is certainly a character to be reckoned with in the English-speaking world, notwithstanding what her sworn enemies,—the newspaper critics—say about her. Her works are read largely by the English-speaking public throughout the world. Whatever may be the literary and artistic merits of works like "The Master Christian," "The Sorrows of Satan," "Barrabbas" &c., there cannot be any doubt of the fact that they are devoured eagerly by thousands and thousands; and, what is more, they influence the reading public in the formation of their thoughts. Miss Corelli detests the New Woman and holds them up to ridicule, but she has much to say in favour of the Advanced Woman. We have come across a delightful little speech of hers on the "Sovran Woman," in the columns of *THE LADY'S REALM*—a high class English Journal for ladies, which we should like to see more widely known in India. This speech Miss Corelli made at a recent dinner given at the Whitefriars' Club, where she was the guest of the evening. This was the first time we are told that this eminent writer ever addressed a literary gathering in London, and she proved herself as great an orator as she is a writer. One who was present says:—"She spoke in a musical voice, with clear enunciation and graceful gesture; her delivery was faultless from first to last, her remarks being accompanied by loud and continued applause,

which lasted for many minutes after she resumed her seat. In short, Miss Corelli received an enthusiastic ovation." She replied to the toast to "Sovran Woman"—proposed by Dr. Watson, the celebrated author, better known as "Ian Maclaren"—as follows:—

I find myself placed to-night in a rather strange and unique position. It is the first time I have ever spoken at a public dinner. It is equally the first time I have ever had to thank a London club of literary men for any kindness or consideration! The experience is altogether new to me, and I need scarcely say it is as pleasant as it is new.

When I started to come here to-night I thought of Daniel in the lions' den. Daniel knew he was going among lions; so did I. He thought it possible that some of them might bite; so did I. He was agreeably disappointed; so am I. I stand here surrounded by lions, and gentler animals I never met. They have been purring round me softly on either side all the evening, and I find them very agreeable companions. One of them, Dr. Watson, better known to fame as Ian Maclaren, has just "roared an' 'twere any nightingale" in proposing the health of "Sovran Woman." I am sure his eloquence has moved all here present, especially those of my sex, to the profoundest admiration. Speaking for myself personally, I may say that never until to-night have I heard the words "Sovran Woman" pronounced by "Sovran Man." I do not think it can be a very ordinary expression, because the inspired individual who does the book-shop column in the *Daily Express* doesn't know what it means. In alluding to the approach of our present festivities, he said: "Dr. Watson will propose the toast of 'Sovran Woman,'—whatever that may mean." Evidently, therefore, it is an obscure term, not in general use among men.

Myself, I consider it a very pretty phrase; but I should not like to take it too seriously. It seems to me rather like a ballroom compliment. All women are acquainted with the dear old ballroom compliment—the worn and threadbare thing which our partner in the dance whispers to us at the close of the evening, how he never, never, never will forget—which if we are wise, we know means that he forgets all about us the very next morning. Without wishing to be too sceptical, the phrase "Sovran Woman" seems to me something like that—one of those delightful but ephemeral flatteries which "Sovran Man" is prone to use when he wishes to make himself exceptionally agreeable. He says it to-night—but will it hold good to-morrow? Will Dr. Watson, for example, when he is asked to pronounce an opinion on a woman's work, look as bland and amiable as he does now, and breathe

forth a fervent "Sovran Woman!" before proceeding to pass judgment? These are dark and dreadful questions! I will not dwell upon them. At any rate, for to-night our gallant and chivalrous hosts of the Whitefriars have of their own free will paid us those honours which are always our rightful due, and have set us on those thrones which are truly ours to occupy for all time. For "Sovran Woman" is queen of the whole world round, and "Sovran Man" knows it. He pretends he doesn't, but he does!

We hear a great deal nowadays of strife and competition between the sexes, but surely there should be no strife between two halves of a perfect whole. Man is king, as woman is queen, and to do good work in the world the two must rule harmoniously together. One is not greater or less than the other; each has the qualities necessary to make both happy. And men and women are never seen at better advantage than when their total unlikeness to each other is most apparent. An effeminate man is contemptible; a masculine woman is ridiculous. It is not by asserting herself as the equal of man that "Sovran Woman" will best keep her sovereignty; it is rather by emphasising and insisting on the great difference there is between herself and him. Imitation is, we know, the sincerest form of flattery; but to flatter man so much as to try to make ourselves in any way like him is carrying the compliment somewhat too far. We women can be useful workers in the world without sacrificing our chief birth-right—Womanliness. It is not by copying man's dress, his sports, or his customs, that we shall keep and hold our best influence over him. His costume—if the gentlemen will permit me to say so—is really not worth imitating. His sports and his customs are of his nature,—not of ours. No woman ever gains anything by asserting that she is as good as a man. She ought to be so much better that any assertion of the kind is totally unnecessary.

It is generally understood and considered that man objects to that particular movement which is called the "advancement of woman"! If he does so object, the objection is perfectly reasonable and natural. For long centuries of tradition and history in all countries he has been accustomed to make his own laws for his own convenience; and those laws have kept woman in a subordinate position as more or less of a drudge or a toy. It is rather difficult for him now to understand that with better education woman has higher aims, and that instead of crouching at his feet she wishes to walk at his side, the free companion of his thoughts, the inspirer of all good things to him, the defender of his honour, and his most faithful friend on this side Heaven. Surely this is what woman, in the truest sense of womanhood,

means when she clamours for her "rights." She wants the right to help in the work of the world, the right to have a voice in the affairs of life, and that society in which she is compelled to take so great a part;—the right to suggest ways out of difficulty, to bring light out of darkness, and, above all, the right to inspire and encourage man to noble efforts by her own steadfast and bright example. I take it that the sum and substance of woman's ambition when she talks of her advancement in life and work is simply to help "Sovran Man,"—not to help herself so much or nearly so much, as to help the whole work of the world. In arts and letters this must be or should be her chief concern. Rosa Bonheur has filled a court in the palace of art; George Eliot has built a corner of the temple of English literature. Woman can be either a Rosa Bonheur or a George Eliot, without challenging an Edwin Landseer or a Walter Scott. There should be no quarrel. Time is lost and temper wasted in discussing comparisons and equalities. The rewards of art are the same for both sexes. Failure means poverty and contempt; success means the envy of malignant minds. It has always been so, and always will be so to the end of time. No worker in art or literature ever gathered the roses of triumph without the thorns.

We women may be justly proud of the fact that our work in every branch of art and industry is beginning to be a recognised factor in the progress of civilisation, but I think we should be careful that while we gain so much, we do not lose anything. Dr. Watson, in his admirable speech, has gone very much along the old lines concerning the mistakes of woman—for instance, how she "tidies up" a man. May she long continue to do so, for alas! he is by nature a most untidy mortal. He has also touched on her love of dress. Long may she continue to be better dressed than he is! He has also spoken of her love for gossip. I venture to say that I never endured such a babel of gossiping tongues as I once heard while being entertained to luncheon at a men's club, nor have I known many more reputations picked to pieces than on that occasion.

I admit that women are very good at that sort of work, but so are men. It is a case of six of one and half a dozen of the other. And as regards our love, of dress, we really have to thank "Sovran Man" for it. He does not like to see us dressed in his fashion—he complains and strongly disapproves, if anyone of his family should attempt to put on clothes in the least like his. Therefore we have to dress more prettily to please him, and we do it. We generally succeed in pleasing him too! So let us always please him, and try by what we call our "advancement" not to repel him, but rather to doubly attract and

fascinate him. We do not want to be his rivals or combatants; we seek to be his friends and helpers. I am sure that is what all the best women wish. They don't want to be lonely, independent creatures roaming about the world without a man to say a kind word for them. They want to be the friends, the companions of men, and help them in every good cause. And I repeat that we should be careful not to repel "Sovran Man" by our so-called advancement. We should, on the contrary, show him an increased charm of manner, a greater kindness, a greater helpfulness—for every man is our naturally born admirer and worshipper, and it rests entirely with ourselves to keep him so.

Miss Corelli has always refused to be allowed her portrait to appear in public prints, but our readers may be interested in the following "word picture" of hers by an eye witness which appears in *The Lady's Realm*:

"The beautiful authoress wore a lovely 'picture-dress' of ivory satin, the train being embroidered by hand, with a design of lilies worked in gold thread and pearls. A knot of black velvet lilies with diamond centres fastened the bodice on the left shoulder with very original and becoming effect. This exquisite gown was admirably suited to Miss Corelli's *spirituelle* style of beauty. Her abundant hair is of a golden shade, and curls and waves naturally about her head. She has a clear complexion, regular features, and her eyes are a deep blue and full of soul. Her figure is *petite* and perfectly proportioned. She is altogether a most charming personality."

Friendly Chats between Ourselves.



THE HOME.

PUTTING aside the question of the larger and more public duties of woman, all must agree that her first duty is in her home. What Mr. Ruskin says is very true indeed: "A man's work for his own home is to secure its maintenance, progress and defence; the woman's to secure its order, comfort and loveliness." It may sometimes happen that a woman has to look after the maintenance of the house, and certainly she has her rights in that direction; but what she first has to do is to make her home beautiful,

not in outward appearance alone, but, and chiefly, in its inward beauty.

"Was she beautiful?" I said,
That so many hearts were led
To her feet?
Was her mind of rarest kind,
Depth and brilliancy combined,
Thus complete?
"No; not beautiful nor wise
More than thousands whom we prize;
But her smile
Was like sunshine in a room
That before was filled with gloom
All the while."

For good or evil the power of a woman's smile is very great. It is the outward and visible sign of a talent of pleasing, which generally comes instinctively to every woman. Men are very much what women make them. It is one of the duties of women to beautify the world; and the woman, who despises her home duties, no matter how educated she may be, is not a true woman. She may have much theoretical knowledge, but this will not necessarily make her house a "home." On the other hand, a woman with not much education, if she has a true and lovely soul, can be the centre of a beautiful home. How revolting is Tennyson's description of the woman's-rights woman, who does not care for home!—

"Those detestable
That let the bantling scald at home, and brawl
Their rights or wrongs like potherbs in the street."

On the other hand how lovely is the description of a good woman!

"The rights of women, what are they?
The right to labour and to pray,
The right to comfort in distress,
The right, when others blame, to bless."

"Her tribute, loving hearts and true;
Her orders, Faith's broad ribbon blue.
Decked with the cross, and starry Hope
Borne on a shining anchor up."

Does this mean that education unfits a woman for home duties? Not at all. True education, true culture only makes her a truer woman. It is only that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing." But a woman, who despises her home duties, can never be truly educated. "Charity beginneth at home."

"She was so pleasant," it was said of a woman, "that friends used to come first to her in seasons of sorrow and sickness for help and comfort; one soothing touch of her kindly hand worked wonders in the feverish child; a few words let fall from her lips in the ear of a sorrowing sister did much to raise the load of grief that was bowing its victim down. Her husband would come home worn out with the pressure of business, and feeling irritable with the world in general; but when he entered the cosy sitting-room, and saw the blaze of the bright fire, and met the smiling face of this sweet-minded woman, he would succumb in a moment to the soothing influences, which were like balm of Gilead to his sinking spirits. The rough school-boy fled in a rage from the taunts of his companions to find solace in his mother's smiles; the little one, full of grief with his own large trouble, found a haven of rest on her breast." Which woman would not like to be like this? It is such a woman who makes a home, and home is, as Ruskin, the great teacher of life, says: "a sacred place, a vestal temple, a temple of the hearth watched over by household gods, before whose faces none may come, but those whom they can receive with love."

"For at the heart of womanhood
The child's great heart doth lie;
At childhood's heart, the germ of good,
Lies God's simplicity.

So, sister be thy womanhood
A baptism on thy brow,
For something dimly understood
And which thou art not now;

But which within thee, all the time,
Maketh thee what thou art;
Maketh thee long and strive and climb—
The God-life at thy heart."

"Women were designed by their nature, elegance, and softness to endear domestic life to man, to make virtue lovely to children, to spread around them order and grace, and to give to society its highest polish. No attainments can be above beings whose end and aim it is to accomplish purposes at once so elegant and so salutary; every means should be used to invigorate by principle and culture such motive, excellence and grace."—*Fenelon*.

Seriousness: A Fancy.



CONTEMPLATION sat on a hill, —an old, old man, with white beard flowing in the wind, and eyes, mutely raised to heaven. But though he tried to fix his mind on high thoughts as usual, he found it difficult, for ever and anon his thoughts would wander, and his eyes, in spite of themselves, steal a look at the plains dimly visible from where he sat. This was his own domain,—this hill on which Contemplation was sitting, a place of refuge where only beings like himself, who had their thoughts divorced from the things of this world, could come. This was no meeting-place for the lighter spirits of the earth. True, many had tried to climb up the hill—many of his relatives even, but only a few had succeeded; because they had not been able to fit on the shoes of Soberness. Contemplation was not so crabbed or self-centred as to absolutely forbid his sanctum to other people. But perhaps we cannot ascribe his consent to absolute good intentions on his part, for he knew his hill was difficult to climb up; and as it was so slippery and steep none could find foothold on it, except with one help and that was by wearing the shoes of Soberness. A number of these shoes Contemplation had provided and placed at the foot of the hill. But though the shoes were even elastic, it was only a few that they would fit. Then there was one of his aunts, Dame Care, who had besought a refuge. The shoes fitted her, but they were too tight, and she had been forced to return after going up half the way. Another of his cousins, Sorrow, also made the attempt; but the shoes had been too loose for her, and though she tried to struggle on in them, she had to relinquish the attempt. Two of his cousins Experience and Knowledge, satiated with the world, had thought of escaping to the hill of Contemplation for a refuge. But when they came to the foot and gazed at the towering height above them and thought how lonely it would be at the top, they made up their minds not to go there. They had lived in environments too bustling and crowded to be ever satisfied with the quiet comforts Contemplation afforded. Then one man,—Hypocrisy—who claimed to be a distant relative of Contemplation, though the latter repudiated the connection, had attempted the climb. His feet had been so crooked that they would not go into the shoes of Soberness; but Hypocrisy had provided a pair for himself of the exact material of which Soberness was made; but his invention would not answer

and he had to desist; and so on many others had tried and failed.

But Contemplation was not without friends who occasionally paid him visits. There was Wisdom—an old man like himself; there was the Dame Goodness with her children and grandchildren,—the sweet girls, Self-denial, Patience, Sympathy, Sincerity, Gentleness, Simplicity, Peace, and last, but not least, Trust, with her lovely daughters, Faithfulness and Self-sacrifice. A not infrequent visitor at the hill was the angel Love who had chosen Trust for his bride, and shed much brightness on his too sober host. Then Truth came occasionally, and Repentance, who though apparently too young to seek such a sober retreat, often came up the hill. Besides Love, another heavenly visitor often came up, this was Mercy who brought with her many aspirants after a good life, whom she led with her gentle, loving hand over the rugged places. But all these had work elsewhere,—work to do in the world,—which none else could do; and though they loved to be with Contemplation, they were not selfish enough to indulge in their own pleasure.

Contemplation would therefore often have been lonely, were it not for his beloved daughter and constant companion, Seriousness. He had other children besides her; two sons Studiousness and Introspection, and one other daughter Shyness. But Studiousness had married a lady,—Intellect, whose business was a good bit in the world; and Introspection found he could not carry on his work altogether in the house of his father. So both had left him and occupied smaller hills, which their father had made over to them. And Shyness, his youngest daughter, was altogether too shy and retiring to be a companion to her father. She was for ever in the lonely woods which grew on the hill and seldom came out of them. It was Seriousness on whom Contemplation depended for his companionship and happiness. She was a tall, grave maiden, with a face too thoughtful for her years, always quiet and gentle, always content. But latterly, the old father had observed with sorrow signs of restlessness in his beloved daughter. She, who had ever been unwilling to leave him, now seemed to be growing tired of her retreat. Once she began to enquire after the plains below, who lived there, what kind of a place it was and at last she had asked her father whether he could spare her for a while. He had said 'yes,' and Seriousness had gone down to the world. And Contemplation felt lonely. Seriousness came back after a time, but her old quiet life seemed to be broken. She often went down to the plains after her first visit, always appearing abstracted and tired after she came back. And one day she went down and did not return for a

long time. Contemplation waited and watched. A month, two months, six months passed. The father gave up his usual occupation and took to sitting on the edge of the hill, from where he could see all who tried to come up. At last he saw two persons coming slowly up. They seemed to be absorbed in each other. One was—yes, it was—his dear daughter! She was coming back then. Thank God! But she was not alone. Who was the other? They came nearer, and Contemplation saw that it was a young man, tall and slender, whom he had never seen before, who appeared different from his usual run of visitors. His face was beaming with smiles. He was laughing constantly. Who was he? Contemplation felt very troubled, for he had seen no one laughing like that, and he felt sorry his daughter had taken up with such a man. They came nearer and at last stood before him. Seriousness kissed her father, and then with her face bowed and dimpling with smiles, which somehow gave her a beauty she never possessed before, she said, with a blush, "Father! this is Laughter."

"And who is Laughter?" asked he sternly, "and how dare you bring him up? I never allow such visitors here."

"But the shoes fitted him, Father," answered Seriousness, with a confidence she had never shown before, and then there came a pleasant burst of laughter from the young man, and he said, "I am Laughter, sire, the daughter of Content, one of your innumerable cousins. Perhaps you never knew she had a son?" Contemplation looked disapprovingly at the young man, but Laughter's face was so pleasant that in spite of himself he was attracted to him.

"And I am going to marry your daughter, sir," went on the irrepressible young man. "Will you give your consent?" The proposition almost took away the old man's breath, but when Seriousness herself began to coax him shyly, he had to agree. "But how can you, Seriousness, happen to be happy with Laughter?" he asked. "You will never suit each other."

"Yes, we will," answered Laughter, and "yes, we will," chimed in Seriousness. "Seriousness will never be happy by herself. She must have her relaxation. True Seriousness must combine with Laughter, or else she will be like Sorrow, who never brings joy to any one, or Selfishness, who forgets herself in her own interests."

So Seriousness married Laughter, the son of Content, and they were happy ever afterwards. Great was the joy they contrived to bring to the world, and Contemplation forgot himself in their happiness.

Padmini.

The Low-Caste Wife: A Sketch from Life.

PHULMANI is a very nice girl, but unfortunately she belongs to the so-called low-caste—to the *Pariahs*, as those unfortunates are called. But her husband belongs to the *Chetty* caste, which, though it is not of a very high order, yet is counted high, inasmuch as it is far above the *Pariahs*. Phulmani's story is a peculiar one. I do not know much about her father, he seems to have been a nonentity, and moreover committed a great wrong to his wife by running away from her. He seems to have been of "a higher caste" too, and perhaps that is why he thought himself justified in deserting his wife. At any rate he is dead now and that is all we need know about him. But about Phulmani's mother—she is a very good woman and honest, though it cannot be denied that she is dirty and goes about dressed in very dirty clothes, in fact just like those poor women of the *Pariah* order whose appearance and manner justify in some sort their being looked down upon. But this woman, when her husband left her, was so brave and behaved in so plucky a manner, striving to keep herself and her child in an honest life, that she came under the notice of an Anglo-Indian lady. This lady was childless and happened to be without any of the prejudices which make intercourse between the Europeans and the Indians so difficult. Phulmani was a little girl at that time, and a very engaging little girl indeed, with round black eyes and soft black curly hair hanging round her shoulders. With her thumb in her mouth she looked so sweetly at the lady, that the latter made up her mind to adopt her in a way. So Phulmani was brought up by the lady,—whom we may call Mrs. Smith,—not exactly as her own child, but still she was given education above that allotted to her kind. She was taught English, so that even now she speaks it pretty well, dropping her *h's*, it is true, and committing a few other 'excruciating' mistakes,—as I heard a European lady once name these peculiarities. She was taught sewing, plain and fancy; high-class cooking, house-management and other things in a somewhat superior manner. Phulmani grew up to be a big girl, not pretty, but pleasant to look upon, with quiet refined ways which distinguished her appearance. Mrs. Smith thought it high time to settle her in marriage. She looked out a nice young apothecary for her and they were nearly betrothed. But at this moment came on the scene, a young man not very good looking nor attractive, but of a good caste; and partly because of the latter reason, he cast his glamour

on Phulmani and the girl fell under his power; and Mrs. Smith perforce had to marry her to him, though she disapproved of the man. So Phulmani left her comfortable home and lived with her husband, who had become a Christian for her sake—a creditable action, no doubt, but one losing half its credit, owing to often being descanted upon, whenever she and her husband did not agree. Phulmani had been given a good dowry; but as her husband did not much care for work, they were soon reduced to a poverty-stricken condition, especially as they now had two children. And, as luck would have it, many of their belongings were accidentally burnt in a fire.

So Phulmani and her husband live very poorly indeed, sometimes with hardly anything to eat. Phulmani's husband has work of some sort, but he is not a steady man, and somehow or other the money goes. I suspect he often drinks. He is not faithful to his wife, and as Phulmani happens to be of a jealous exacting disposition, their married life is not a happy one. And all this he justifies by saying that he came down from his high estate to her and so must have some relaxations. And Phulmani is pitifully proud of her husband's high-caste and defends him. Some time ago, Phulmani came to me to do ayah's work, stipulating that I do not call her *Ayah*, because she had never done work before. I gave in to her condition, though thinking it rather weak on her part. But she seems to have acted against her husband's wish, for she soon told me that he wished her to work no longer, owing to his good caste, which she was degrading. So Phulmani went back to her poverty. At this time, a good missionary lady was helping her a good deal, but the money she gave—not in little quantities—somehow disappeared. Phulmani told me it was because they had to live in a better condition than most of those around her, because of her husband's caste. One good result of this pride of caste is that Phulmani keeps herself honest and independent, and is ashamed of begging, because she has to keep up to her high estate; but it is very wearying to hear her speak always of the pride of her heart. But, if she does nothing else wrong, she is addicted to one vice, namely, borrowing *ad libitum* by mortgaging all her belongings, and as her husband, on account of being a high caste man, knows many sowcars, she has no difficulty in commanding cash. And now all the little jewels she had are mortgaged, which cannot be redeemed without a good bit of money. We know what Sowcars are with their usurious interest!

Phulmani's husband's parents are alive and were kind to her for some time. But they soon discontinued their attentions, because their son



An Indian Lady's Appreciation.

"The Indian Social Reformer" of Bombay (July 21st) has the following note:—"We are indebted to an Indian lady for the following appreciation of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*:—"It was with keen interest and pleasure that I first read the notice of Mrs. Saththianadhan, of the Madras University, bringing out a monthly journal with the co-operation of others of her own sex, and this feeling must have been doubtless shared by many others, men and women. Since then, the Magazine has come out and one's heart goes out to this excellent undertaking of its energetic promoter, while one prays that the seed may be justified of its fruit. To endeavour to lessen the gulf between the sexes, and bring about that which calls into active and healthy play the intellect and latent faculties of a half of the human race, substituting blessed light for woeful darkness, is surely a worthy task for the noblest of a country's manhood and womanhood, and

would that each and all of us had our part in it, though ever so little! If the educated section alone took that interest in it which the work deserves, there is no need to doubt of its doing well now, and much better hereafter. Think what it means! Light for darkness, joy for sorrow, life for death. For us, women, we have eyes and we see not, ears and we hear not. Knowledge to our eyes, her ample page, rich with the spoils of time, did never unroll. But since this is not inevitable as at one time thought, who strives to combat such a state of things, will not her reward be great? That there may come forth many such, will be the heartfelt prayer of every well-wisher of woman."

(Concluded from page 45.)

did not accede to their proposal, which was that he should leave his wife and children to go their own way, and should again become a Hindu. I am glad to say he refused, and Phulmani told me of this with great pride. But I have my doubts of this matter, for she said that her husband had told her his people had wished themselves to become Christians and had been excommunicated, the result of which was that they were very lonely and wished to have their own son with them. Of course Phulmani cannot also live with them at present, because she is of low caste and they would not like to eat with her. The result of which is that her husband lives with his parents for 6 days in the week, coming back to her only one day. He says it will be all well soon. I hope so!

It was no doubt very good of the man to give up what he prized so much for the sake of his wife; but he has no business to constantly twit her with the loss of his good position. He thinks he is very good to her, but my own opinion is that she is much too good for him, much too refined for his low habits. But it is no use crying over spilt milk, and Phulmani is very proud of her husband's caste and this alone atones in her eyes for a great many of his weaknesses.

What sins will not caste cover in this poor caste-ridden land of ours! I have given doubts about poor Phulmani's future, for how long can even caste maintain concord in a home where the elements are so jarring?



Editorial Notes.

It is astonishing, the progress which women have recently achieved in the handicrafts in European countries. All obstacles, natural and artificial, notwithstanding, the number of women engaged in the handicrafts, and the number of handicrafts in which women engage, increase continually. In the making of embroidery English women are very dexterous,—a late example of their skill being the exquisite worked pall which draped the coffin of our late beloved Queen. Ecclesiastical embroidery, decorative embroidery, lace making, drawn linen work, and other branches all employ a great number of women. It would appear, however, that French women are even better skilled in these handicrafts. From time immemorial Indian women have excelled in certain handicrafts. In embroidery work, silk and gold and silver lace working on velvet and other materials, decorative needlework, drawn linen work, crewel work, lace-making of all kinds, knitting and other things, Indian women are very skilful, especially Mohammedan women. Many women who live in seclusion, those who cannot occupy their spare hours in reading and other such amusements, and those who cannot earn their living in any other way,—all take to such handicrafts; and many are the beautiful articles turned out. Our attention has lately been drawn to the lace-work that is being done in Quilon, in Tinnevely, and in Mission Industrial institutions in general. In spite of the fact that it does not appear to have been indigenous to the country, in spite of its being more costly than the European net lace, the industry has secured for itself a great popularity and a great demand. It would be interesting to learn how the lace is made. Here is an account of it: "A cushion (or as it is commonly termed "pillow") mounted on an oblong piece of plank—the cushion being raised about a foot high on one side and gradually decreasing in its height towards the opposite side where it is only about an inch or two high thus forming a gentle decline, with a small drawer at the higher side, into which the lace as manufactured is rolled and kept clean; a hundred or less number of bobbins made of teak-wood or ebony, or even of an inferior sort of wood; a sheet of small pins and a quantity of thread are all the materials required. Strips of leather about half a yard long and two or more

Women's work in the handicrafts?

inches broad (according to the width of the lace required) are perforated in curious and special ways, and these straps, or, more correctly speaking, these perforations serve as guides to the patterns of the lace that is to be manufactured. The first thing that has to be done is to fix the leather strap on to the cushion firmly by means of eight or ten large pins. The thread is then rolled into the required number of bobbins necessary for the particular pattern of lace to be made. The cushion, which is in a slanting position, is then placed in front of the person and the threads are all fastened at the top of the leather strap. The process of lace-making then goes on by passing the bobbins to and fro and interlacing the thread in a particular manner, the twists and crossings made being fastened to the strap by means of small pins." We should like to see a larger number of handicrafts taught to our Indian women. Jewelling, for example, is a handicraft in which women are sure to excel. Silversmith's works also, in which English women are making progress,—in spite of all opposition,—delicate carving and gilding, hand-weaving, book-binding, glass-staining, pottery-making, especially art-pottery, carpet-making, basket weaving,—in which Indian women of certain classes show a great deal of skill,—all such and more are likely and useful trades for women. There is no reason for women to be ashamed of work. In fact a woman who has learned the usefulness of work,—it may not be in handicrafts, it may be in house-keeping,—a woman who has felt the responsibility arising from the sense of the necessity of working, is likely to make a better mistress of a home than a girl, however charming, who has had nothing to do but indulge her wishes all her life.

Among English educated Bengali ladies, of whom we have a very large number,—chiefly among Brahmos and Indian Christians—Miss Sarola Devi Ghosal, B.A., occupies a prominent place; for her noble work of extending the benefits of education and enlightenment among her countrywomen in well-known, even outside the Bengal Provinces. This lady of light and culture has contributed an excellent article, in English, on the perennial theme of Female education, to the columns of the *Maha Bodhi Journal*; and we are indebted to the *Indian Social Reformer* for the reading of it. At the commencement of the article she puts forward an eloquent plea for the education of India's daughters:

"In every home there is a little daughter, a young sister, a girl-wife;—have you not seen that they too have the power of feeling just like you yourself, your brother, or your son? Are they too not susceptible to the joys and sorrows of this world? Do they not

also like men continually fall a prey to the ills of existence? Do they not also stand in the same need of succour? It seems inconceivably strange to me that the Hindu who recognises the presence of one and the same spirit in both mind and matter, and who acknowledges one and the same law of mercy for man and beast, should in the case of men and women be so blind to the unity underlying their diversity. The modern thinking Hindu will surely admit that Education is that which develops the mental faculties and serves to maintain discipline among them, and that a human being whose mental powers have undergone a thorough discipline is capable of adapting himself or herself to any condition of life, happy or miserable, favourable or unfavourable. In the battle of life women have to encounter as many evils as men. The instincts and impulses enumerated by moral philosophers are found to be possessed as much by one section of humanity as by the other. If then philosophy is solace to the life of a man, is it not the same to that of a woman? If physical science is a store-house of delight with one class, it is certainly the same with the other. An intelligent girl-widow, or a rich man's wife can as profitably spend her time in literary labour as her brother or husband. So far for the individual claims of a woman as a human being.

Apart from these individual claims, so effectively put forward by Miss Ghosal, the needs of Society also, she thinks, demand the proper education of women. The backwardness and helplessness of women stand a great deal in the way of an even flow of domestic life even. The lady-writer refers to the difficulties that Government is experiencing in carrying out proper sanitary arrangements in connection with the plague, as being due chiefly to the ignorance and superstition of the women of the household. Moreover the mother is the best and fittest preceptor of the child up to a certain age; but how can she be this if she is ignorant and superstitious? As for the influence of the wife let Miss Ghosal be allowed to speak herself:

"How often is a husband dragged down to the level of a brute or raised up to a much higher plane of humanity according to the kind of influence his wife is capable of exerting? The ideal held before us by the sages of old is that the highest ambition of a woman should be to serve and satisfy her husband. The wisdom of this instruction cannot be too strongly emphasized. Not to satisfy the lower instincts alone, but to serve to develop and keep alive the higher instincts is the duty of a wife. The Rajput princess who closed her door to the husband, who had fled from the battlefield and thus dishonoured his name and country, served the duties of a true wife by refusing to recognize her husband in the coward. For a nation to be brave and noble and true, its women should be taught to be so first. The earthly rewards and punishments of meritorious or meritorious men are to a great extent in the hands of the womenkind. So that national excellence depends on the culture and discrimination of women. Now-a-days the men of our country are full of patriotic ideas, but unless love for one's country and national feeling be instilled into the hearts of our women too, how can man alone be capable of earnest and sustained action? If the

women of Greece had not been imbued with the love of their country and had not shown themselves ready to sacrifice their wealth of hair—woman's crown of glory—any number of Greek warriors could not have saved the country in its dire necessity."

In a Bengali article the same enthusiastic lady has written as follows:—

"*** We wish to see in our homes true mothers and fathers, not merely progenitors of children. But shall our mothers be Indian mothers, with the inheritance of Sita, Savitri, Khaná, Lilávatí, Gárgi, and Maitreyi in their blood, or shall it be enough for them to be good mothers westernised? Shall our sons and daughters in their childhood seek delight from the beautiful tales of Ramayana and Mahabharata, or shall we be content to see their infant imagination draw nourishment from English fairy tales alone? Shall our fathers instruct their sons in western languages and western civilisation only, or shall they endeavour to make them true sons of India—firm of resolve like Rama, true-hearted like Nanak, brave like Pratap? *** The intrinsic worth of Hindu fathers, mothers and daughters in a Hindu household, is much greater than that of westernized parents and children,—provided they are truly such. It is impossible for any nation to be cosmopolitan, it must have an individuality, of some kind,—and the more national this distinctive element is, the more will be the gain in grace and dignity."

The conclusion Miss Ghosal comes to is, that education amongst women is eminently desirable both for the sake of family happiness and national progress. Our educated brothers, who compass heaven and earth, to get their B. A. and M. A. degrees, of course, admit this theoretically; but with them intellectual conviction begins and ends with mere tall talk and does not manifest itself in conduct. Miss Ghosal has promised to follow up this article with another on the kind of education necessary for Indian girls. We look forward to the appearance of this article also with much interest.

"It may not be generally known," says the *Indian Witness* (Calcutta), "that one of the brightest magazines published in Bengal, is edited by a Bengali lady. The *Bhagoti*, which is printed in Bengali, deals with subjects of current interest. An interesting article on Omar Khayyam appeared a month or two ago. "The Rights of Woman" was the subject of another recent article. Articles on Orissa, Rajputana, and other provinces give most interesting information. It is a great pity that the articles dealing with Indian politics are usually so full of bias and prejudice against the Government. This, however, in the present state of mind of the educated Bengali is, we suppose, to be expected. But, in general, the magazine is a continuous pleasurable surprise. The manner, matter, and plan of the magazine are worthy of all praise, and show the capabilities of Indian womanhood in high-class editorial work."

Things Seen.

THE MARINA.



NO come to the sea-side of an evening, out of the sultry closeness of the town, is a great relief to those who are able to go there. The Marina of X..... is a fine place. The platform promenade extends, in a long straight line, till the eye can scarcely see it. On the other side of it is the white sand, and, beyond that, the tossing waves of the blue sea. At one end of the platform is a band-stand, and on band days, the Marina is a spectacle indeed. Rows and rows of carriages are drawn up to the very edge of the platform,—European and Eurasian Police Officers on horseback and the native ones on foot, marshalling them into long exact lines, the order of which looks very pretty indeed. Grand broughams, landaus and phaetons, dog-carts, palanquin coaches, some of the carriages presenting curious spectacles,—beautiful horses with dilapidated carriages, or handsome carriages with old and worn-out horses, or,—more curious still,—splendid turn-outs, fit to grace a king with men sitting inside in dirty clothes, last but not least the *julkas* with their sweating horses, their drivers sprawling on their seats, are all there, with the bicycles, ridden by Europeans and Indians,—the latter presenting curious anomalies of dress,—racing up and down or dodging between the rows of the vehicles. It is getting the custom for Hindu women to come often to the sea-side; and very often, among the display of European faces, are seen the dusky faces of Indian beauties, peeping from behind the shuttered windows, or, where they are given more freedom, staring boldly and curiously at everyone. There are very few Europeans who sit in their carriages; most of them keep walking up and down, the ladies especially in their smart dresses presenting a gay and pretty appearance. The strains of the band ring out and round the players, the people throng in groups. Now and then we see a pretty spectacle:—little European children in their pretty dresses dancing round and round, keeping step to the music, with their dusky ayahs behind, in white clothes generally and neat oiled heads. Up and down the people walk,—the Europeans and their ladies; Parsi gentlemen and their ladies,—the latter with their graceful *saris* draping their limbs, and little round caps on their heads,—some of them fair enough to pass for Europeans, were it not for their

dress; Indian Christians with the ladies dressed somewhat like the Parsis; a very few Hindu women, chiefly Brahmins, under the escort of their lords, in their bright-coloured *kornata saris* falling about their bare feet. A special feature is the number of students. They go up and down in groups, with books under their arms, their round caps set on the backs of their heads, gesticulating excitedly, and talking in a jargon made up of English and their respective vernaculars. Chiefly conspicuous among them are the Malayalis, with their heavy jaws and square faces. The sands present a bright appearance, dotted here and there with groups of people fond of looking at the sea. It is here chiefly that the Hindu ladies congregate, for here they are not seen by many people. They talk and laugh among themselves, with a freedom denied to them on the platform,—their handsome faces, sometimes fair, sometimes dark, bright with animation, their jewels gleaming in the light. As the evening closes in, a soft glow falls on the land, the carriage lamps are lit, making a pretty sight as they extend in rows down the beach; far away appear the harbour lights, and above them the bright light of the lighthouse, like a stern eye, watching the welfare of the city, increasing and diminishing in radiance as it revolves around. Away in the town gleam more lights, sometimes singly, sometimes in groups, throwing into faint relief the outlines of the buildings they illuminate. The dusk quickly falls, eclipsing the short yet charming twilight; the people seek their carriages, and one by one they go home, leaving the Marina empty and deserted, with the stars shining silently above, and the mysterious sea with its phosphorescent breakers rolling in white lines on the shore, roaring out in wrath and pride, or murmuring in peace and calm.

Indian Cookery.

DEAR EDITRESS!

I am glad to inform you that many are specially interested in your Cookery column, and I trust that many Indian ladies will give their own experiences in Cookery in the pages of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*. I know, as a matter of fact, that more than three have tried to make *Chegodilu* according to my recipe, and one said that she was even going to try the *Chutney*. Of course, I don't know how far they have succeeded.

I am afraid your readers must have thought the *Chutney* I described in the last number was all chillies and nothing else. Here is one which has less chillies, though it can be made just as pungent.

COCOANUT CHUTNEY.

In a little ghee fry four or five red chillies till they are brown, then add a little the seed of the plant known as Fenugreek (*Trigonella Fœnum Græcum*)—by the bye—does this high-sounding name not seem absurd?—I mean what in Telugu we call మొరలు, in Tamil கெஞ்சல்—and after that a little sesamum seed, about a small tea-spoonful of each, and after frying a little, take it off the fire. Have a fresh cocoanut grated and add this to the ghee and its fried contents. Mix them up nicely. If you wish, the cocoanut can be fried in the same ghee for a few minutes. Now add salt and a little tamarind to the mixture and grind it to a soft mass. When the cocoanut is mixed with the fried chillies, etc., a very pungent smell must be given out.

I hope those of your readers who try these recipes will let you know how far they succeed. It is so difficult to get them written out in English,—especially the quantities. But there is no harm in trying, and every one can make their own variations in the central theme! The knack of cooking must be instinctive and the cook, like the poet, must be born and not manufactured. The born cook, with the guidance of the palate and that unknown power, which we may call intuition, will have no difficulty in knowing the quantities of the ingredients.

Here is a vegetable curry, which is peculiar to the East coast:

BRINJAL CURRY.

In about 2 dessert-spoonfuls of ghee fry four or five chillies, a little raw ginger cut into small pieces, a dessert-spoonful of the gram or pulse of the plant *Phaseolus*—another absurdly technical name in English—which we know so familiarly as ముసవచ్చ in Telugu or கஞ்ச in Tamil,—till the whole is brown, but not burnt. Add a little sesamum seed, and after two or three minutes add to the mixture small pieces of about 12 tender brinjals, neatly cut up into thin pieces. You must be careful in cutting this vegetable, as it so soon gets bitter. It must not be hacked with the knife, and as soon as it is cut must be dropped into water. To the brinjals, etc., now add a little water, by proportion add salt, cover it up and let the vegetable boil well. When the water has been absorbed and the curry is not quite dry, it is ready to be dished.

In the same way, the other vegetables can be made into curries.

"AN AMATEUR COOK."



Correspondence.

Lady Ampthill's Women's Memorial to Queen Victoria.

TO THE EDITOR, *Indian Ladies' Magazine*.

DEAR MADAM,

The unique success which has attended the Victoria Memorial Fund initiated by Lady Ampthill bears evidence to two things: (1) the popularity of the object for which the Fund is raised; (2) the high regard and esteem in which "the First Lady" in this Province is held by all classes of people. Whilst the Memorial intended for men has collapsed completely that intended for women has succeeded beyond all expectations. In almost every district successful meetings have been held, and the people have subscribed willingly and, I would add, liberally. I wish to make a single suggestion which I trust will receive the attention of the organisers. I believe the Funds collected are more than what was originally expected and in the original circular, if I remember right, it was stated that the chief—though not the only object of the Fund—was to strengthen the Victoria Gosha Hospital. Having been asked to collect funds I know what the feelings of some of the subscribers are. They do not by any means object to the main object; but it would give greater satisfaction if the poorer and less privileged women of the land are also made to share the benefits of this most successful undertaking. In this unfortunate, caste-ridden land even the law of benevolence is "to him that hath (i.e., that hath caste and all its horrid prejudices much shall be given)"; but nothing will be more in keeping with the life and character of good Queen Victoria, who was above everything else a friend of the poor and the needy than a memorial, in her name, helping not merely the privileged classes, but also the poor, despised, depressed classes and castes. Why not have a dispensary attached to the Gosha Hospital open to women of all classes? I am simply throwing out a suggestion, and if what I write catches the eye of the influential organizers I trust it will receive the attention it deserves. Her Excellency has begun well by evincing a deep and earnest interest in Indian women, and nothing will tend to enshrine her goodness and her large-hearted sympathy in the hearts of Indian women, as her efforts to do something for the poorer and depressed castes and classes—who, through no fault of their own, are shut out from all privileges in this land of cliques and castes.

"A SUBSCRIBER TO THE FUND."

The Maharani's Girls' College, Mysore.

DEAR MADAM,

I am writing to you with a view to bring to the notice of your readers that most excellent institution for higher education of girls in Mysore, known as the Maharani's Girls' College. There has been some correspondence about it in the *Madras Mail*,—regarding the refusal to admit Native Christian girls into this institution. The College has done excellent work, notwithstanding what adverse critics say as to the artificial stimulus given to high-caste girls to continue their studies beyond the primary standard, by means

of large scholarships; but if it is true that Native Christian girls have been refused admission, and that the institution is to continue as merely a source of income to the parents of high-caste girls, who have not learnt to value education for its own sake, then the State should think twice before spending such an enormous amount of money on the up-keep of the College. It was decided once for all by the Education Commission that no State institution should be exclusively for the benefit of one class of the community. The whole question, I am glad to say, is discussed very ably and impartially in *The Indian Social Reformer*,—a paper that cannot be regarded as having a Christian bias. The Editor admits that some weight should be attached to a long-standing prejudice; for, it is said, in defence of the present policy, that "between the Native Christian and the Hindu, especially the Brahmin communities in Mysore, there is a great social gulf fixed, that the admission of Christian girls into the College would mean practically closing it to girls in that community;" but the *Social Reformer* goes on to argue:—

"We have admitted that there is a prejudice against native Christians in the average Hindu mind, and it has been conceded that there may be circumstances where it will not do to affront such a prejudice. But do the circumstances of the Maharani's Girls' College belong to this category? Is the *Mysore Standard* sure that the lucrative scholarships wherewith Brahmin girls are lured on to brighter worlds of thought and fancy will lose their attraction if native Christian girls were to be admitted to the College or High School classes? The prejudice is sentiment; the other is hard cash. And as many of the Brahmin pupils in the higher classes are admittedly kept on by the scholarships, we hesitate to answer the above question with a ready affirmative. We do not object to the scholarships. If girls at first can only be bribed into education, it is the least reprehensible form of bribery one can think of. The Maharani's College is practically a State institution; and though we are of opinion that a State would be justified in placing separate and special educational facilities before classes which cannot be otherwise induced to take advantage of those open to all, such facilities must not precede and must be subordinate to the latter. In other words, a State is bound, first, to provide facilities common to all classes of its subjects in all those directions in which it seeks to encourage special classes. What encouragement should be offered to each class is a question of pure expediency. But this is a matter of principle that educational facilities should be free, equal and open to all, irrespective of race, colour or creed."

When it is remembered that the foremost Ladies' College in India is presided over by a Native Christian lady, and that the most distinguished graduates of that College are Native Christians; and that in South India also the ladies who have distinguished themselves, by securing the highest University honours, are Indian Christians, who in the matter of social position also occupy the highest place, the prejudice against Native Christians in one of the Model Native States which prides itself on tolerance is ridiculous. But I hold no brief for Native Christians. My contention is that a State institution which is maintained from State Funds should not be exclusive, and that is also the view of the *Social Reformer*. We should like to see the subject dealt with in the influential columns of the 'Ladies Magazine' by competent persons.

"A FRIEND OF FEMALE EDUCATION."

A Famous Indian Lady.

MY DEAR EDITOR,

I have perused with much interest and pleasure your valuable Magazine which has appeared for the first time before the public, and I hope that your efforts to secure the object of your laudable undertaking will be crowned with success.

Ever since its first publication, I myself have been thinking of subscribing to the paper my humble quota, but felt diffident, first, because of my natural shyness to appear before the public in print, and, secondly, on account of the difficulty in selecting a subject that would be interesting to my readers.

I have, however, overcome my shyness through the persuasion of my friends; and now venture to write on a subject which I trust will prove equally interesting and instructive to my readers.

At the outset, I may confess that the following sketch, relating to one of the famous women of India, is taken from an article which appeared some time ago in the *Asiatic Quarterly Review*; and I do not therefore claim originality for the matter in the accompanying sketch.

Every reader of the history of India knows that Mulhar Rao (1724—1765), a shepherd by caste, and originally a weaver of blankets by trade, was the individual that conquered and formed into one compact principality the territory known as the dominions of Holkar. In fact, he was the founder of the Holkar Dynasty. He had but one son, Khandi Rao. This Khandi Rao had married Ahyla Bai of the Sindia family, and by her had a son and a daughter. Having died before his father, his son, Mali Rao, ascended the throne on the death of his grand-father, Mulhar Rao, in 1765; but he did not long survive him. Khandi Rao's daughter had been married into another family, and by this act had forfeited her claims to the succession.

Thus the throne being left vacant, the prime minister of the time, in concert with his partisans, devised a scheme of adopting a child distantly related to the family to be proclaimed heir, and of placing the actual administration into his own hands.

When the scheme was ripe, he laid it before Ahyla Bai, who, however, could not brook such an arrangement. "I will not consent to your scheme," she said, "because it is derogatory to the house of Holkar of which I am the legal representative, I disapprove still more of the means you have adopted of carrying through your intrigue. You will find you have failed, and that I am mistress here."

In fact, while the minister had been intriguing, Ahyla Bai had gained the strong support of Mahadaji Sindia, of the Peshwa, and of other Mahratta chieftains. The scheme had therefore entirely failed, and the minister was forced to yield.

Ahyla Bai was now firmly established, but the period was the dark period which intervened between the decay of the Moghul empire and the establishment of the British dominions on its ruins. Then, all was lawlessness and disorder, and might was right.

The first question which naturally forces itself upon ourselves is, how could a woman, at such a period, have maintained her hold on a principality only recently constituted and yielding a revenue of 7,500,000 rupees? But Ahyla Bai was an extraordinary woman

News and Notes.

Dr. Koch's latest theory about Tuberculosis is that the disease is non-communicable except through the sputa.

—We are exceedingly glad to hear that Her Excellency Lady Northcote has begun the study of Hindustani.

—The rumour of a projected marriage between Lord Rosebery and the Duchess of Albany is revived. A Provincial paper says it is believed that the betrothal will be formally announced either, during or immediately after the King's visit to Holyrood.

Arrangements have been made with the *Tamil Zenana Magazine*, the *Indian Christian Intelligencer* (Tamil Weekly, Madras), the *Malayalam Monorama* (Kottayam) and the "*Vidyā Vatālini*" (Ernakulam) for the translation of some of the articles that appear in the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*. The article on "Love's Bride: a Fancy" has appeared in the *Malayalam Monorama* and the "Vedic Maiden" in Tamil in the "*Indian Christian Intelligencer*."

—The native ladies of Bombay have resolved to raise a separate Memorial of their own in honour of the late Mr. Justice Ranade. Mr. Ranade's efforts to raise the status of Indian womanhood are well known; and it was in the fitness of things that the ladies of Bombay should have given public expression to their sense of sorrow at the untimely death of their veteran champion, and resolved to commemorate specifically his services to the cause of woman's progress. The movement, thus initiated by Bombay ladies, may, we trust, win the hearty support of their sisters in other presidencies, including their friends and sympathizers in the ranks of European ladies. By the bye, we note with pleasure the fact that several Hindu ladies took an active part in the proceedings of the meeting in which the above resolution was passed. Incidents like these, though small in themselves, testify to the progress made by Indian ladies, and are sure to create fresh hope and confidence in the mind of many a despairing Social Reformer.

—We are sorry to learn of the death of His Highness the Maharaj-Rana of Dholepore, which melancholy event took place on Saturday morning at Simla, and from pneumonia. The mournful event was quickly followed by another melancholy event which has filled every heart with grief. Her Highness the Maharanee who was ailing for some time on hearing the news of the death of the Maharaja died immediately after. Both the Maharaja and Maharanee were cremated together and the sacred rites were performed by the Maharaj-Kumar who is only eighteen years of age. There is a fear that the Maharanee had committed suicide. A correspondent says that "the suicide of the Maharanee was doubtless prompted by a fear that she would be treated like the Patiala ladies. No sooner was the Maharajah of Patiala's body taken out of the Palace for cremation than these ladies were sent away in covered carriages to the citadel whence they will never emerge except on a bier. They remonstrated but were not heeded." Such is the fate of Noble Widows!

—Says the *Dnyanodaya* (Bombay): The *Jagaddhi-techhu* of Poona waxes very sarcastic in regard to a Hindu wedding, whose entire expense it figures out

possessing great capacity for business, lofty moral principles, a strong sense of justice, great insight into character, a love of right for the sake of right, and a determination under all circumstances to do the right. With these splendid qualities, she was able to maintain her lofty position in a critical time. She selected as her minister and commander-in-chief a man of great capacity and ambition, Tukaji Holkar. This man conducted the affairs of the state for thirty years with great ability and justice—not a single cloud embittering throughout that period his relations with Ahyla Bai.

Much of this was due to his staidness, his probity, his circumspection; but the main merit is to be found in the character of the lady.

She was extremely pious and therefore devoted much of her time to the exercise of the duties of her religion. Yet she found time to attend to all the important affairs of State. Discarding the prevailing custom of seclusion, she transacted business daily, unveiled, in open darbar. "She heard," writes Sir John Malcolm, "every complaint in person, and although she continually referred to Courts of Equity and Justice and to her ministers, for settlement, she was always accessible; and so strong was her sense of duty on all points connected with the administration of justice that she is represented as not only patient but unwearied in the investigation of the most insignificant causes where appeals were made to her decision."

My readers will be interested to know the way in which her daily life was spent.

She used to rise an hour before dawn, say her prayers, and perform the ceremonies usual to pious Hindoos. She then heard read some chapters from the sacred books, distributed alms and gave food, in person, to a number of Brahmans. Her own breakfast was then brought. After the meal she generally took a short repose. At 2 o'clock she appeared in the public darbar, which generally sat for four hours, and again from 9 P.M. to 11 she resumed her duties. Then the day closed.

Her life presented,—to use the language of Sir John Malcolm,—"an extraordinary picture." "A female without vanity, a bigot without intolerance, a mind imbued with the deepest superstition, yet receiving no impressions except what promoted the happiness of those under its influence; a being exercising, in the most active and able manner, despotic power, not merely with sincere humility, but under the severest moral restraint that a strict conscience could impose on human action, and all this combined with the greatest indulgence for the weakness and faults of others."

Ahyla Bai was of middle stature, spare in person with a complexion, which though of dark olive, was clear. She was very cheerful, not easily roused to anger, except when provoked by wickedness or crime.

She died in 1795—her faithful minister, Tukaji Holkar, succeeding her.

Yours truly,

MERCY PALM.

HYDERABAD, DECCAN, }
24th July, 1901. }



to have been six and a half rupees, and required for the ceremony but six and a half minutes! Had the marriage cost six and a half thousand rupees, and days and weeks spent in idle tomtomming and feasting, and the parties concerned gone heavily into debt to meet the expense, it would have been considered the right thing. No doubt that there is such a thing as spending too little on so important an event as a marriage, but there is no question on the other hand as to what the most sensible course is. If sarcasm is to be used let it be on the foolish custom of getting into debt at a marriage. One would naturally suppose that when a man married, he would want to have money to properly care for his wife, that he may minister to her happiness with comforts and luxuries. How utterly foolish to borrow a lot of money, and be forever after a slave of the money lender. Where is the sense of a brilliant show and festivities at a wedding, and then for the rest of life have to keep the money lender fat, instead of the wife happy. We often wonder where the common sense of the Hindu is when he encourages the foolish waste of money on weddings, and the slavery to the money lender for ever afterwards.

—THE RAMABAI ASSOCIATION.—It is known perhaps to many of our readers that the good work which Pandita Ramabai is doing in the Bombay Presidency is almost entirely financed by a few American sympathisers. But the exact form and volume of the support are known perhaps to very few. The sympathisers of the work of Pandita Ramabai have formed themselves into an Association named after her. Their number is not many; but they are thoroughly earnest in their support of the good lady's work. The third annual meeting of the Ramabai Association was held in Boston on the 18th March. The report of the corresponding secretary, Miss A. P. Granger, showed a decided gain among the Ramabai circles. These are now 66 in number. The gain is attributed to the wider knowledge of the work, and confidence in Ramabai's ability, business integrity, and absolute consecration. The treasurer's report shows receipts of \$6,710.57 for the support of Sharada Sadan, \$15,161.47 for the Mukti School, and \$2,526.62 for the general fund. That it appears that the sixty-six members of the Ramabai Association have in one year collected or contributed twenty-five thousand dollars, that is to say, something like seventy-five thousand rupees in aid of Ramabai's work of which they have heard only from a distance. People speak of the relative wealth or poverty of a country. It is not wealth or poverty, but the spirit of helpfulness, of lending one's mite to any good work, which will explain such spectacles as this. The recently-closed Barahnagar Hindu Widows' Home was also largely, perhaps mainly, supported by sympathisers in England. It is pitiable to think how many noble institutions in this country are being shrivelled up for want of aid and encouragement. It is not at all creditable to our country to have to appeal to foreign charity for such little local needs.

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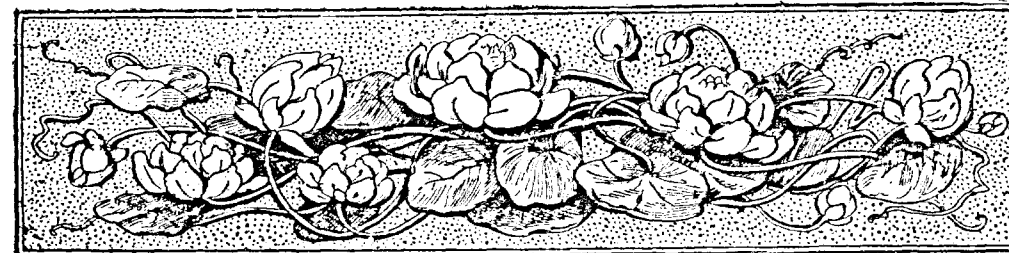
THE INDIAN SOCIAL REFORMER.

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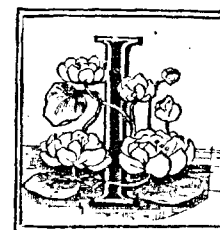
Vol. I.

SEPTEMBER, 1901.

No. 3.

Social Intercourse between European and Indian Ladies.

[I. BY AN ENGLISH LADY.]



WAS very much interested in the article on this subject which appeared in the August number of "*The Indian Ladies' Magazine*." This is a subject on which I have thought a good deal and feel very strongly.

We have for generations made India the country of our adoption, and yet we cannot say now that we really understand its people. Most of us come out here, we perform our official duties and further than our work brings us into contact with the people of this country, beyond this—with a very few exceptions—we do not cultivate Social Intercourse between themselves and ourselves. There are, it is true, many customs of the country which form a barrier in this respect, but this is not an insurmountable one.

As British subjects we belong to one of the greatest Empires the world has ever known. Therefore, according to the Universal laws of give and take, we, who are benefiting by the many advantages accruing to us, advantages which are our birthright as sons and daughters of this Empire, have also heavier and higher

duties to consider. Rudyard Kipling has so ably sung of the "*White Man's Burden*," but the White Woman—has she no burden to bear? The burden of an important duty to perform? A duty towards her Aryan sister? A duty, the importance of which alas! is not sufficiently realised. The law of Compensation teaches us that to those to whom much is given from them much is expected. We English women who have had so many Social advantages and so much intellectual training, what do we give for what we have received as our birthright? We are patriotic, we love our country, we wish her welfare, and we assist her to procure it by works of philanthropy. There is one way in which we can very greatly hinder or help the progress of our Empire in India, it is by our individual life and example. By giving up ourselves to the passing pleasure of the moment, by allowing Society to engross our thoughts altogether, by leading a frivolous aimless life, by these ways more than we know, do we hinder the progress of our Empire. We live out here under the glare of the footlights, for our Indian sisters, though they are mostly excluded from the world's gaze, are still able to watch the life of the white woman in India. They do watch, more than is

generally known, eye and take mental notes as they watch. They find that many of our customs are to them repulsive and incomprehensible because they do not understand our point of view. Their lives are on such totally different lines to ours, that in many ways we are at adverse poles, for we cannot follow each other's line of reasoning.

But if we were to realise that the growth of an Empire does not depend entirely on the efforts of its Government, but quite as much, if not more, on the life and example of each individual, it would give us a broader horizon to our thoughts; we should exert ourselves more, if we realise how much really depends on individual effort. For one thing, I think, we should feel it a duty to do more to promote Social intercourse between ourselves and our Aryan sisters. For by that means only can the many misunderstandings arising often from ignorance, which have formed such a barrier between ourselves, be surmounted. Now that so many Indian men and women have seen the advantages of female education in this country and are educating their children and themselves according, more or less, to Western ideas, is this not the time to step in and give some encouragement, and extend to them a helping hand?

In the Victorian era one of the chief characteristics has been the evolution of Woman in a most marked degree. Women have awakened to

new duties, which has made them better comrades and more truly helpmates, without losing their greatest charm of Womanliness. There are some women, no doubt, who still try to aspire to be as masculine as they can, but this is surely only a temporary phase which time and reason must overcome. Victoria the Good established her immense influence and power, not by exercising a rule of terror and tyranny, but by drawing her subjects to her by bonds of love and loyalty. She has taught us that the surest way of promoting an Empire's growth and welfare was by seeking for the affection and esteem of her subjects.

Our late Queen has ever been to us an ideal in whose footsteps we all would fain tread. If, then, we would follow her example, if we have the good of our Empire at heart,—the welfare of our Indian sisters—then ought we to seek to win the affections of our Indian sisters as fellow-subjects of the 'Great White Queen,' by taking more interest in them, by bringing ourselves more into touch with them. It seems to me, if we were to accomplish this, it would in itself be one of the grandest Victoria Memorials we could raise to Her name and memory. A Memorial not the mere work of hands which time might obliterate, but the work of our mind—of our hearts—which could live through all ages.

In my next I hope to point out some ways and means of helping to solve this problem.

"C. BESLEY."

[II. BY AN INDIAN LADY.]

IT is with great interest that I read your article in the previous number on "Social intercourse between European and Indian ladies," but I hope you will kindly excuse me if I give my opinion about it from the standpoint of an "Indian Lady." I have often heard, and still more often hear, from ardent young reformers and raw platform orators, that the only thing which will elevate Indian women from their present level is better social intercourse with their Western Sisters. It is not so easily done as said. We all know how many difficulties there are in the way which we find almost impossible to overcome. Our manners, our customs and our language are entirely differ-

ent from theirs, so that it is a matter of much difficulty for us to intermingle "heart to heart and mind to mind." We and they have not many feelings in common and our sympathies lie entirely apart. They wonder at us and our want of refinement as they call it, and we wonder at their curious social etiquette, their conventionality and the freedom that they, ladies, enjoy: so that they cannot realize and place themselves in our position, nor we in theirs. The only remedy for this, say the enlightened portion of the Hindu community, is education. But what sort of education do they mean? A mere smattering of English which is forgotten as soon as our girls get out of school, or simply a study of

the Vernaculars? Most of the present day young men neglect their Vernaculars and hardly know anything of their own literature, while they entirely devote themselves to the study of English. Therefore, the women if they wish to share their studies and converse intelligently with them, have to learn English. Instead of simply teaching them to read and write in English, I would suggest that a general all-round education be given them rather than prepare them for some particular examination. In this matter English ladies, if they wish, can do a great deal to help the Indian girls. It is not simply hard study that will make the latter accomplished, but moving in good society and coming into contact with polished refined people. By this I do not mean to say that our Indian women are wanting in grace or refinement. They have an innate delicacy and a sweet modesty which shed a peculiar lustre on their home-life and which make them exquisite in themselves. But this should be cultivated and directed so that they will develop into sweeter, gentler and more pleasing women. Such an education should be given to an Indian lady as will enable her to stand side by side with her husband and brother in the battle of life, and have "the right to help in the work of the world, the right to have a voice in the affairs of life and society, the right to suggest ways out of difficulty, to bring light out of darkness and, above all, the right to inspire and encourage man to noble efforts by her own steadfast and bright example."

I have noticed with regret a few instances of Indian girls, both Hindu and Native Christian, whose chief aim is to imitate the manners of an English girl. Having been kept in seclusion so long, when they are given their freedom, they go to the other extreme. They forget that our society is differently constituted from theirs, and that our ideas about women are entirely different from theirs; hence this affected manner sits ill on them and only makes others shun them. Therefore our girls when they move in English Society must be very careful in choosing with discretion what they should acquire and assimilate. They should only try and acquire and assimilate what will be in accordance with their special powers and needs, and what will

suit their temperaments and the requirements of their intellectual, social and spiritual life. I here quote a sentence out of an Indian lady's letter, with which I heartily agree. Speaking about the special needs of our Indian women, she says:—"I admit that it is necessary that our ideal should be modified, chastened, perfected in a measure by the spirit of the age—but not moulded" Yes! Indian women should not, must not, lose their own personality and individuality.

Turning now to another point, how much do the English ladies know of us and our inner lives and how much do we know about them? Very little. Why? Because we, each of us, create a barrier of caste, creed and social prejudices round us and make ourselves exclusive. The English ladies come out with very curious ideas about India and of its dusky population. The women with whom they are thrown much into contact are their servants—perhaps the ayah and the *thanikarchi* (water-woman)—and are they justified in drawing conclusions from such examples? On our side, we see them spending their time in a round of amusements, which have no attractions for us, and perhaps we get acquainted with them at some social function or other, when each has a bow and a smile for the other, and never see each other again afterwards? Is this social intercourse? I know many Hindu girls so bright and intelligent, such fine examples of an innate refinement of feeling, so graceful in every act, but they are hidden, in the same way, as the sweetest of flowers grow in remote corners and spread their perfume on the desert air. Similarly, many an English home is a shrine of love and happiness. But each is hidden away from the other, so that one cannot form a true estimate of the other's character. The English ladies, if they wish to promote better intercourse with Indian ladies, should try and win their sympathies more and enter more into their pursuits and their mode of life. The Indian girl is very reserved and shy at first, but she is very lovable, and once if she loves will never forsake her friend. Our girls now are ready to meet their English sisters half-way, only the advance must be made. In conclusion, I here quote a passage from an article written by a

distinguished Indian lady of Bengal, which opinion is entirely in accordance with my own :—

"We wish to see in our homes true mothers and fathers, not merely progenitors of children. But shall our mothers be Indian mothers, with the inheritance of Sita, Savitri, Kbanda, Lilavati, Gargi and Maitreyi in their blood, or shall it be enough for them to be good mothers westernized? Shall our sons and daughters in their childhood seek delight from the beautiful tales of Ramayana and Mahabharata, or shall we be content to see their infant imagination draw nourishment from English fairy tales alone? Shall our fathers instruct their sons in Western languages and Western civilization only, or shall they endeavour to make them true sons of India—firm of resolve like Rama, true-hearted like Nanak, brave like Pratap? . . . The intrinsic worth of a Hindu father and mother in a Hindu household is much greater than that of westernised parents and children,—provided they are truly such. It is impossible for any nation to be Cosmopolitan, it must have an individuality of some kind,—and the more national this distinctive element is, the more will be the gain in grace and dignity."

"SUKUMARI."

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*



[BY LADY ARBUTHNOT.]

A series dealing with the histories of eminent women who have lived during the reign of the Queen-Empress would be complete without a mention of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the "princess of poets," as an English writer, himself a poet, has called her. An account of her life will, I think, be interesting to our Sisters in India, even as it is to English-speaking women; for, it will show them how much a delicate sensitive woman, shut up in a sick-room for many years of her life, could do to help other helpless women and children by the exercise of the gift bestowed upon

* This paper was written by Lady Arbuthnot, the wife of Sir Alexander Arbuthnot, the first Director of Public Instruction of the Madras Presidency, for a Tamil book of "Biographies of the great and good women of the Victorian era," which is in the press, and which will be out shortly. The author of the work has very generously placed the original in English at our disposal and we render him our best thanks for his kindness.—Ed.

her, besides enriching the literature of her country with noble poems. Elizabeth Moulton Barrett was born in 1806 in the North of England. Soon afterwards her father built a house on some land that he owned in a beautiful part of the West of England and there Elizabeth's early life was spent. She was always devoted to natural scenery and to flowers; even when she was a little girl she was famed among her brothers and sisters for her skill in growing white roses, and in one of her poems she gives a charming description of beds of flowers on a grassy lawn fashioned in the shape of a man, "a huge giant wrought of spade," with blue flowers for eyes, "staring, winking at the skies." At an early age she began to write verses, completing a long poem in four books, before she was fourteen years of age, of which her father was so proud that he had fifty copies printed. Her health being delicate she was obliged to spend a good deal of her time in-doors, when her favourite occupations were reading and writing. She read everything that came in her way, and shared in her favourite brother Edward's Greek and Latin studies. Elizabeth's grand-mother did not approve of all this reading and writing and used to say she would rather see Elizabeth's needle-work more carefully finished off than hear of all this Greek. Her father, however, encouraged her both in her studies and her writings, and a blind friend of his who was a celebrated Greek scholar gave her a great deal of instruction in that dead language. When she was twenty years old she published a small volume of verse, anonymously, not giving her name to the world, but the poems were not particularly good.

Two years afterwards she lost her mother, who had been in bad health, for some time, and though herself an invalid Elizabeth had to be the chief consoler of her father and the guardian and guide of her seven brothers and sisters. Not long afterwards her father, Mr. Moulton Barrett, lost a good deal of money and in consequence of his diminished income he decided to give up his beautiful home near the Malvern Hills, and to settle in London. An interval of two years was spent in a little sea-side town on the South Coast, and during that time, in 1833, Elizabeth's second volume of poetry was published, and at the end of that time the family removed to London. It must have been a great change to one to whom all natural beauty appealed with the strongest force, to be shut up among endless streets of houses and forced to breathe the smoky atmosphere of London. Elizabeth Barrett's health grew worse and at last she seldom left her room, but she devoted herself more and more to reading and writing poetry, and made several intimate friends, writing letters to them when too ill to see visitors, which with her took

the place of direct conversation. Many of her early poems were published in magazines, and one of them, written at the request of her friend, Miss Mitford, herself a well-known authoress, is called "A Romance of the Ganges." It describes a group of Hindu girls testing the fidelity of their lovers by the old custom of launching a little boat of carved cocoanut shell containing a lighted lamp and a flower, to float down the Ganges :—

"The maidens lean them over
The waters, side by side,
And shun each other's deepening eyes,
And gaze adown the tide;
For each within a little boat
A little lamp hath put,
And heaped for freight some lily's weight
Or scarlet rose half shut.

The river floweth on.

Of shell of cocoa carved
Each little boat is made:
Each carries a lamp, and carries a flower,
And carries a hope unsaid;
And when the boat hath carried the lamp,
Unquenched till out of sight,
The maiden is sure that love will endure;
But love will fail with light.

The river floweth on."

Miss Mitford thus describes the young poetess at the time she first made her acquaintance: "A slight, girlish figure, very delicate, with exquisite hands and feet, a round face with a most noble forehead, a large mouth beautifully formed and full of expression, lips like parted coral, teeth large, regular, and glittering with healthy whiteness, large dark eyes, with such eye-lashes, resting on the cheek when cast down, when turned upwards touching the flexible and expressive eyebrow, a dark complexion, literally as bright as the dark China rose, a profusion of silky, dark curls, and a look of youth and of modesty hardly to be expressed. This, added to the very simple but graceful and costly dress by which all the family are distinguished, is an exact portrait of her."

Elizabeth Barrett continued to write poems, some of a mystical nature like "The Poet's Vow," and some full of simplicity and pathetic tenderness such as the poem entitled "My Doves," referring to a pair of doves recently sent to her from the tropics as a present. When King William IV died in 1837, she wrote a beautiful poem on "The Young Queen," and a week later she published some even finer verses called "Victoria's Tears," one verse of which has often been quoted during the sixty-three years of our Queen-Empress' reign :—

"They decked her courtly halls—
They reined her hundred steeds—
They shouted at her palace gates
'A noble Queen succeeds.'"

Though Elizabeth Barrett still continued her long hours of reading and writing and taught her younger brothers Greek, her health became alarmingly worse and at last her doctor recommended that she should be moved to a milder climate than London, and as she was not strong enough for a long journey she was sent with her favourite brother Edward to Torquay, a pretty town on the south-west coast of England. For some months she hovered between life and death, holding on to life with her slender hands and never ceasing to study and to write poetry, when her strength permitted. She wrote to a dear friend that she "cannot understand the craving for excitement. Mine is for repose. All my favourite passages are those which express and promise peace"; and she gives us an illustration of the passage from the Psalms of David: "He giveth His beloved sleep." She had lately published another volume of poems in which appeared one of her finest writings called "The sleep." I cannot forbear the pleasure of quoting two of its verses :—

"Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward into souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this:
He giveth His beloved—sleep?"

"What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,
The patriot's voice to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown to light the brows?
He giveth His beloved—sleep."

It was during this period of serious illness that Elizabeth Barrett was called upon to suffer another trial. Her brother Edward, who had been her life-long companion and to whom she was tenderly attached, was drowned while sailing in a small yacht, and it was sometime before his body was recovered. For months it seemed as if the invalid sister must sink under the burden of sorrow. "I being weak" as she said, "was struck down as by a bodily blow in a moment, without having time for tears." She could never bear to speak of that time or to write about it even to her most intimate friends, but she expressed her inmost feelings in some verses of great beauty called "Out of the Deep," which were not published till after her own death. As soon as she regained a little strength her one longing was to go home, and after three years' absence, in the late summer of 1841, she returned to London to a new house in Wimpole Street which her father had lately taken, and there she resumed her old life of reading and writing poetry, occasionally receiving visits from an intimate friend. Her long illness and frequent seclusion in a sick room had made her shrink from meeting strangers, though her increasing

reputation as a poet led many people to wish to make her acquaintance. In 1844 she published another collection of poems in which appeared one of the most widely-known and appreciated of her writings—"The Cry of the Children."

At the time at which that poem was written there were no laws in England regulating the work of women and children. A commission had been appointed to enquire into the employment of children in mines and factories, which brought to light a terrible state of things. It was discovered that women and young children were working in mines underground, dragging heavy trucks of coal by chains fastened round their waists along passages so low that they could never walk upright. They never saw daylight, nor had they any chance of education or playtime, and they naturally became terribly degraded and brutalised. Women and children were also at work in factories for fourteen or fifteen hours at a time, again without any chance of education and without any quiet time for rest or amusement. With women working for such long hours, there could be neither comfort nor happiness in the homes, and good men and women exerted themselves to the utmost to persuade Parliament to bring in a Bill regulating the hours during which women and children under fourteen years of age might work, and in time such a bill was passed, and also laws obliging parents to send their children to schools to be properly educated. Women and children were also prohibited from working in coal mines underground, and girls and boys under fourteen were not to be employed in factories. It took many years before these laws were passed, and Elizabeth Barrett was certainly one of those who helped to open the eyes of people who had never given a thought to the sad lives that were being led by helpless women and children. Her poem was read by many persons who might not have otherwise given the matter a thought. It is a noble poem full of tender sympathy with the young creatures who had never known the simple pleasures of childhood. I must give a short extract from it:—

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their
mothers,
And that cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
The young birds are chirping in the nest,
The young fawns are playing with the shadows
The young flowers are blowing toward the west
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the playtime of the others
In the country of the free."

In the next verse the children say they are too tired to run or leap, even if they were given fields to play in. they would only care to lie down and sleep on the soft cool grass:—

"For, all day we drag the burden tiring
Through the coal-dark, underground;
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round."

There is no doubt, as I have said before, that this touching picture of the weary children working all day underground, or watching endless wheels turning in a close factory, helped many people to realise what hardships were being wrought in our free land of England, and thus it came about that laws were passed restricting the long hours and forbidding the employment of women and little children as beasts of burden underground. Elizabeth Barrett's sympathy was also given to the oppressed. At different times of her life her heart was filled with longing to give freedom to the slaves in America and also to see the land of Italy freed from a foreign yoke, and when her heart felt strongly her thoughts welled over and in poetry she wrote burning words which could never be set on one side or forgotten, as they were read and pondered over in various parts of the world.

From 1841 to 1846 Elizabeth Barrett lived her secluded life in a darkened back room in the dull London house. She continued to write poetry, to read endless books, and to correspond with various interesting people, many of them authors like herself. It was through her poems that she became acquainted with her future husband, Robert Browning. He was also a poet; not so well known at that time as Miss Barrett, as his poetry was difficult to understand and his best work was still to come, but he had a large circle of admirers. Miss Barrett had read and much liked his poetry, but owing to her ill-health the two had never met. In a volume of her poems, published in 1844, she mentions various poets, among them Browning, with an allusion to a poem he had lately written. In January 1845 he wrote his first letter to her telling her that a friend had given him her book and praising her "living poetry" with eager appreciation. He added that he had once been to her door with her cousin and great friend, Mr. Kenyon, who had promised to take him in and introduce him, but that she was not then well enough to see any visitors. From that time they wrote frequently to each other, discussing poetry and other matters, and after three or four months Robert Browning obtained permission to call upon her and the visits were often repeated. Letters soon passed daily between them, as they became better known to each other, and it was not long before Robert Browning confessed his great affection and admiration for her. Elizabeth Barrett had been

so long an invalid and had so accustomed herself to the belief that the only great change which could come to her would be through death, that she could not bring herself at first to listen to his proposal. She unselfishly shrank from burdening him with an invalid wife, nor could she believe that an ordinary life of happiness could ever be hers. Her father Mr. Moulton Barrett, who was an austere eccentric man, had also never imagined that she would recover from her state of nervous ill-health or take up the usual duties of life. She was so certain that he would never give his consent that at last they decided, in September, 1846, to get married privately, and this step was accordingly carried out. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Browning left England immediately for a warmer climate. Mr. Barrett never forgave his daughter, he would never see her again in spite of her entreaties, and some years later he sent back all her letters to him unopened. This bitterness on the part of a father to whom she had been most devoted made Elizabeth Barrett Browning take a dislike to her native country, and for the remainder of her life, the two poets, husband and wife, made their home in Italy, only paying occasional visits to England. The new life was a great contrast to the old life as far as Mrs. Browning was concerned; as she wrote in the beginning of 1847 "from the long seclusion in one room to liberty and Italy's sunshine; for a resigned life I take up a happy one."

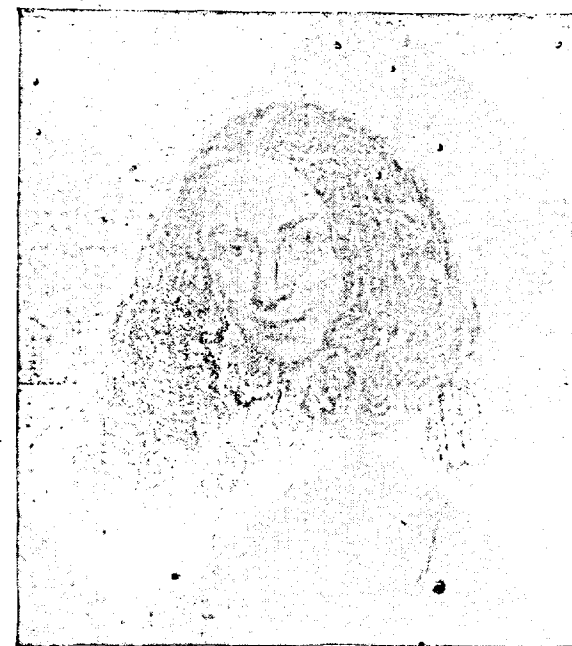
The letters that passed between Robert Browning and his future wife before their marriage were carefully kept, and long after both were dead (1899) they were published in two large books. They are deeply interesting to read and they give us a faithful picture of the two, she at first, so much in the shadow, and he gradually bringing sunshine into her life. It was difficult for a woman so distrustful of herself and so sensitive, who had become, as she said, used to living with her face pressed "so close against the tombstones that there seemed no room even for the tears," to believe at first in the gift of a man's love, so

freely offered to her. She was grateful even to her dog "Flush" for staying in her dull room when he might have gone out in the sunlight. She wrote in one of her early letters to Robert Browning—"You do not know what my life means before you touched it. . . . I who sate here alone but yesterday, so weary of my own being that to take interest in my very poems I had to lift them up by an effort and separate them from myself and cast them out from me into the sunshine where I was not. . . . I was grateful to Flush, for not being tired! I have felt grateful and flattered when he has chosen rather to stay with me all day than to go downstairs. Grateful too, with reason, I have been and am to my own family for not letting me see that I was a burden. And now how am I to feel when you tell me

what you have told me?"—She writes about "Flush" in another letter:—"The only time almost that Flush and I quarrel seriously is when I have a parcel of new books to undo and look at. He likes the un-doing of the parcel, being abundantly curious; but to see me absorbed in what he takes to be admiration of the new books is a different matter, and makes him very jealous. I have two long long ears flapping into my face immediately from the pillow over my head, in serious appeal. Poor Flushie! The point of this fact is, that when I read old books he does not care!"

Mr. and Mrs. Browning made their home in Italy, first in Pisa and then in Florence. She kept up a correspondence with her friends in England but their chief visitors were Italians and Americans. At that time Italy was still struggling to free herself from Austrian bonds and Elizabeth Barrett Browning adopted the national aspirations and fought by every means in her power, especially with her pen, for the freedom and prosperity of Italy. She was greatly moved by their wrongs and by their longing for liberty and as usual her feelings found expression in poetry. In 1849 her happiness was still further increased by the birth of a son.

It is the custom in England for the reigning King or Queen to nominate a poet worthy of the



honour who is called the "Poet Laureate," and in 1850 when the great poet Wordsworth died, a serious suggestion was made in a well-known journal that Mrs. Browning should be appointed laureate. The honour had never been bestowed on a woman, but it was thought that it would be a "graceful compliment to a youthful Queen [Victoria] which would be implied in the recognition of the remarkable literary place taken by women in her reign." Though the suggestion was never carried out it shows in what high estimation Mrs. Browning's poetry was held by competent judges.

The longest and as she called it herself the "most mature" of her works was a poem in nine books, called "Aurora Leigh," begun at Florence in 1853; and finished during a summer-visit to England in 1856. A friend of Mrs. Browning has recorded that at Marseilles on the journey from Italy to England "by some oversight the box was lost in which the manuscript had been packed. In this same box were also carefully put away certain velvet suits and lace collars in which the little son was to make his appearance among his English relatives. Mrs. Browning's chief concern was not for her manuscripts, but for the loss of her little boy's wardrobe." Happily her anxiety was soon at an end as one of her brothers discovered the box hidden away in some cellar at the Custom-House. The poem contains records of her own life. Mr. John Ingram who has written a short biography of Mrs. Browning for the "Eminent Women Series" says:—"A few lines quoted here and there from *Aurora Leigh* cannot portray what the poem is. It is a veritable 'autobiography,' a true record of the inner life—that truest life—of a great and good woman, and no one can expect to find so correct a portraiture of Mrs. Browning in any book as they will in this poem."

Mrs. Browning continued to take the deepest interest in the welfare of Italy. During the uprising of the Italians in 1859 when they were aided by the French, her pen and brain both worked hard for the cause she had so near her heart. Napoleon the Third, Emperor of the French, was one of her heroes and his failure to fulfil his promise to Italy and the overthrow of the hopes he had raised almost killed her. It is said that she never recovered the severe attack of illness occasioned by the news of the Treaty of Villafranca. During 1860, in spite of failing health, she continued to pour forth passionate poems inspired by Italian themes. The last volume, containing nine of these poems, which was published during her life-time came out in that year. A severe cold settled on her lungs and in the autumn of 1860 she was further prostrated with sorrow at the news of her favourite sister's death. Her last winter was

spent in Rome. Mr. and Mrs. Browning and their young son returned to Florence in May 1861. About a week later she contracted another severe cold of a more threatening nature than usual. She appeared to rally and was quite unconscious of any imminent danger, seeing a friend and consoling her little son with the words "I am better dear, much better," only the night before her death. She did not appear to suffer as her husband watched by her bed, her last words were: "It is beautiful."

Elizabeth Barrett Browning is buried in Florence, and the Florentines have placed a marble slab on the house where the happiest years of her life were spent, with the following inscription:—

Here wrote and died

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

who in her woman's heart united

the wisdom of the sage and the eloquence
of the poet;

with her golden verse linking Italy to England.

Grateful Florence placed

This Memorial

A. D. 1861.

The volume entitled "Last Poems," published the year after her death, by her husband, is inscribed by him to "Grateful Florence." It contains translations from Greek sources and some of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's most beautiful poems. Mr. Story, the well-known American Sculptor, an intimate friend of both Mr. and Mrs. Browning has thus described her: "To those who loved Mr. Browning, and to know her was to love her, she was singularly attractive. Here was not the beauty of feature; it was the loftier beauty of expression. Her slight figure seemed hardly large enough to contain the great heart that beat so fervently within, and the soul that expanded more and more as one year gave place to another. It was difficult to believe that such a fairy hand could pen thoughts of such ponderous weight.....Mrs. Browning's character was well-nigh perfect. Patient in long-suffering, she never spoke of herself, except when the subject was forced upon her by others, and then with no complaint. She judged not, saving when great principles were imperilled, and then was ready to sacrifice herself upon the altar of Right.....She was ever ready to accord sympathy to all, taking an earnest interest in the most insignificant and humble.....Thoughtful in the smallest things for others, she seemed to give little thought to herself, and believing in universal goodness, her nature was free from worldly suspicions."

Such was Elizabeth Barrett Browning, poet, wife of Robert Browning, poet, to whom she wrote the most touching of all love-songs:—

"How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

The Hindu Ideal of Womanhood.

[A CRITICISM: BY SRI KRISHNA

SARMA, ESQ.]



IN his introduction to 'Vathsy-
yanasuthram,'—a compila-
tion issued by one Sundararaja
Sarma—Professor Sundara-
raman, M.A. of Kumbakonam,
treats the Indian world to a
lecture on 'The Hindu Ideal
of Womanhood.' The writer
says he has a modest aim in
view, that is of moulding our institutions on
the lines of what are said to have existed in
the palmy days of ancient Aryavartta. But the
Professor fails to indicate the period in the
past that is to supply the materials requisite for
this humble metamorphosis. If the Professor
believes, as he evidently does, that our social
institutions underwent no change during the long
centuries that have gone by, but are transmitted
to us in the same form in which, traditions say,
they prevailed, he is not right in his interpreta-
tion of our social history. The Hindu Ideal of
Womanhood, he says, with Sir George Birdwood,
was to be "perfect mothers and sisters and
daughters, modestly remaining at home rearing
their children." We do not know what authority
the writer has for this convenient generalisa-
tion. But there are facts which show that not
only did Indian women not 'modestly remain
at home,' but did take an active part in intelli-
gent discussions on philosophical questions, on
Soul, on Immortality and other themes sublime.
Vachakneyi is a woman who, in Vedic times, re-
presented the intellectual aristocracy of the fair
sex and devoted her whole life to purely literary
pursuits. It may be inferred from this that
woman's ideal was not only the rearing up of
children or obeying in most cases her lord and

master, but the nourishing up of her intellect
upon the most nutritious food then available,
instead of allowing it to run to seed; and attend-
ing meetings of men, there to discuss the problems
waiting for solution, instead of burying herself
within the four walls of her kitchen rooms. But
the Professor will not allow a full development
of the intellect of our women now, because of the
existence of 'society men' and 'society newspa-
pers,' ignoring the fact that if they had flourished
in the Vedic periods, they would not have failed to
record the movements of the intellectual master-
spirits of the fair sex in those times. After all,
why the learned Professor should be so much
afraid of the innocent records of 'society men'
and 'society newspapers' is not clear. He
himself admits, what is a well-known fact, that
our women are fairly allowed to indulge in free
intercourse with men, and we are not aware of
any stigma attaching to persons who gossip of
the presence of ladies in gatherings of men.
The objection is more sentimental than real.
And to advance this harmless and innocent
diversion of the activities of a few, who might do
better, as a reason against high education to
women, or their receiving University honors,
argues a very narrow view of things indeed.

Emerson says that it is 'woman that makes
the man.' The Professor cordially endorses the
view. But it remains to be explained how a
woman bred, as Sita or Savitri was, in utter
ignorance of modern science, in contemptible
superstition, and in, some respects, not a high
ideal of morality, would rear a man of the twen-
tieth century. It must be admitted even by the
most abject apologist of oriental education and
civilisation, that the intellectual advancement of
Sita or Savitri will not hold a candle to that of
Mrs. Annie Besant or any other highly cultured
English or Indian lady of the present day.
How then can we take Sita or Savitri for ideals?
The purity of their lives, the chastity of their
thoughts, the simplicity of their deeds, their
child-like and innocent behaviour, and their sin-
cere and holy attachment and devotion to their
consorts in happy moments and in times of sore
affliction and trial,—I am the last to underrate.
And it is because I admire these traits in them,
I think the life of a woman in whom these traits
find a happy union with an advancing intellect
of liberal ideas, may serve better the purpose of
an ideal. Indeed, we cannot be sure if a Sita
or Savitri had come back to us in these days,
surrounded as we are by Western influences,
they would have religiously shut themselves up
against the longing sublime and aspiration high
which we, as men, have, and which also makes
us wish that our ladies should hold commune
with the mighty dead and the living great, as
much as we. Women have a right to drink

deep of the perennial and refreshing waters which have been continuously flowing from the dawn of humanity. They have the taste and the thirst required? Why stand against them? Sita and Savitri were models for a time, but they can be no more so under the altered circumstances; and with all their virtues—and they are many—they are not perfect ideals. Our ideal woman must be one who combines with sweetness of temper the subtlety of intellect, and with a good heart a wide knowledge of human affairs. A Sita or Savitri may be to me a loving wife, always pleasing, obeying, caressing and fondling me; she may weep as I weep, may laugh as I laugh; may be a good mother to my children taking much care of their physical development or may cheerfully perform all those menial services which are required of an Indian wife. But she can never be my fit companion, to whom I can unburden my difficulties with a view to obtaining a solution of life's problems, with whom I can have a pleasant and profitable conversation and from whom I can get any intellectual help. Of what avail is it for an intelligent man to be wedded to an intellectual pigmy, unless it be that he should be dragged to her depths?

The Professor shows the cloven foot when he speaks of the ideal for woman to be 'self-denial,' but it is to be noted that this self-denial is different from its accepted significance. The word is used in its more restricted sense and the object for whom a woman ought to deny her own comforts is her husband. And she is to live *only* for him. The more bigoted apostles of self-denial in women required her to be burnt when her husband shuffled off his mortal coil. Hence the institution of *Sati*. And now it shows itself in brutal society enforcing compulsory widowhood on woman. A quotation from Savitri: "I have selected my husband once and I shall never select another,"—is given by the writer as testifying to the spirit of 'self-denial' practised by Vedic women. To the unprejudiced reader it will be apparent that so long as our women do not, as at present, select their husbands *even once*, it is the height of arrogance to force them to foster the same spirit. "Constancy to one husband in life and death," the Vedic maiden had reason to observe; but in these days when the opportunity is not afforded to our women to choose their partners, it is unfair, unjust and cruel to demand 'self-denial,' which is understood as meaning 'self-abnegation.' Apparently the Professor directs his bitter shafts of ridicule against the remarriage of that "thing of impulse and a child of song, just swimming in the sentiment of joy"—all of a sudden labelled a "widow"—and sent into this heartless world to suffer for the ills she knew not of. I shall not be dragged into a controversy on that subject here, for ac-

cording to the quotation, itself 'self-denial' is advocated for those who have had something to do in the selection of their consorts. It would appear that the construction the Professor has put on self-denial is that the wife ought not to hold an opinion different from her husband's; and she ought not to make public such opinions. Perhaps it is to provide against the contingency of a woman having cause to hold opinions at variance with those held by her husband that the Professor sedulously attacks the giving of higher education to women; and places the ideal of an intellectual vacuum like Sita before India's future daughters for their imitation. The Professor does not want to create a healthy womanhood but mild slavery. Woman ought not to receive high education; ought not to form opinions, nor express them; nor mingle in society for that purpose; but be mere pleasure-servers to men, even as Sita or Savitri was. This is the message the Professor wants to deliver, and he delivers it in the name of the Rishis! Oh, ye women of India, it is for you to say if you are going to profit by the message so spontaneously and so gratuitously given you by our Professor in perfect good faith! If you accept, them woe be unto you!

Reply.

[By PROFESSOR R. SUNDARARAMAN, M.A.]

I HAVE been asked by the Editor to say "a few words in reply" to the above criticism of certain views of mine on the subject of "The Hindu Ideal of Womanhood." I have always felt that, in matters like these, controversies rarely produce any practical good and often cause only excitement and irritation to those who join in them and amusement to spectators. Still I will endeavour to make a reply in obedience to the call made on me by the lady Editor and to state my opinion as clearly and briefly as I can.

The civilisation of the West and the civilisation of the East which have now been brought into contact in India are wide as the Poles asunder in all their essential purposes and principles, and educated men in Hindu Society are hopelessly divided on the practical question,—which of them is to be accepted as the goal of our practical activities in the times present and to come. We who are fated to live in these times of transition are placed in the most trying situation possible of having to make our choice between contending tendencies and forces. After passing through a great deal of misdirected, if

not also mischievous, wrangling, men are now clearly learning that the time for action has come and so are dividing into two distinct and even irreconcilable parties,—the party of the West and the party of the East. Under these conditions our views must necessarily diverge, especially on this question of the ideal of womanhood, for the fate and fortune of a society depend primarily on the character and status of its women and on their aims and views regarding life and duty. The party of the East—or the conservative party—holds that Hindu civilisation is, in spite of its present position of political subordination, a great power for the good of mankind and that its ideals and aims, making as they do, for contentment, simplicity of life, silent suffering, and sweet serenity—are, on the whole, of a worthy and ennobling kind and far superior to the aggressiveness, the worldliness, the restlessness, and the hard-heartedness which characterise Western Communities in their dealings with the rest of the human race. If, as we believe firmly, our social life possesses these sterling merits, we do not see why our ideal of womanhood must be abandoned. That ideal has remained the same in all its essential features, in spite of the minor changes—some of them being not at all of a desirable kind—brought on it by the stress of time and circumstance, and in spite also of numerous individual irregularities and violations that may be easily pointed out by those who are hostile to our civilisation. We do not want at present to introduce the changes that our opponents—the party of the West—advocate, because we are convinced that, at this season of transition, conflict, and unrest, any sudden and premature change introduced by our educated men and by men of affluence and influence might unhinge men's minds and unsettle social conditions, in such a way as to make the entire social fabric, beset as it is with numberless trials, pitfalls and dangers, topple over and fall to pieces in the way that Societies in Europe did when they came into conflict with new and aggressive forces. A living writer says:—"The passive strive only to satisfy old wants, and are therefore much stronger in resistance than in offence. The aggressive are insatiate and put forth as much energy to seize what they have not, as to keep what they have." And again:—"The restless, striving, doing Aryan (European) with his personal ambition, his lust for power, his longing to wreak himself, his willingness to turn the world upside down to get the fame, or the fortune, or the woman he wants is under no easy discipline." With our traditions and the discipline of ages tending to make us "stronger in resistance than in offence," we must take care that the very existence of our social fabric is not endangered

by ruining the great conservative social force we have in the unobtrusive modesty and the boundless self-effacement which adorn the character of our womankind and invest them in our eyes with the halo of a loveliness and grace absolutely unsurpassed among the races of the earth.

I will now say a word upon the more particular question whether we can rest satisfied with our old ideal of womanhood, or want a new ideal. My critic says:—"It must be admitted even by the most abject apologist of oriental education and civilisation, that the intellectual advancement of Sita or Savitri will not hold a candle to that of Mrs. Annie Besant or any other highly cultured English or Indian lady, whether in the land of the living or not. How then can we take Sita or Savitri for ideals?" Again, he says:—"A Sita or Savitri may be a loving wife, &c.....But she can never be my fit companion." It can be easily proved that intellectual and scientific attainments of a high order are not wanted to make woman a companionable wife, and cases may be quoted in which they have done more harm than good and have even led to a severance of the bond of matrimony. The "subtlety of intellect" and "wide knowledge of human affairs" for which my critic pants and pants in vain in his present surroundings are not at all wanted for women. Women's proper sphere of duty is the home, and it is quite enough if they have the knowledge and training needed for making the home a temple of purity and peace; and our Aryan women, in all well-ordered Hindu homes, have quite enough of both. Hindu Society contains more Sitas and Savitris than any other, and we do not want women of the type of Mrs. Besant. We do not mind in the least if men of the calibre and stamp of my critic leave our society and its type of womanhood to take care of themselves. That they still stick on like leeches to our society and to their faithful, modest, loving, tender-hearted wives, while constantly reviling it and them, is to me proof positive that there is no greater imposture abroad than the loud-voiced and recreant advocacy of modes and ideals of life which are quite unsuited to the Aryan people of this country by men who evidently do not believe in them.

I do not feel called upon to refer here to my critic's views on other matters as they refer to mere details which logically follow when the ideal of civilisation and womanhood is settled once for all. Moreover, my critic quite forgets that one who, like myself, strongly defends the Hindu and Aryan types of civilisation and womanhood may yet disapprove of some of our minor social customs and regulations, while at the same time holding that, in these times of ferment and unrest, no upholder of social peace and order would be well-advised in impatiently

and impetuously entering on a course of sudden change even in regard to small matters, lest the result of such folly should be to add to the "ills we have" the "ills we know not of."

A visit to the Nilgiris.

[By Miss KRISHNAMAH, B.A.]



HERE is a peculiar charm connected with mountains, so that the mere mention of them fills one with a sort of pleasure and hurries away the imagination to revel in their enchanting beauty and solitude. How the mind seems to respond to their imposing silence and catch something of their exalted grandeur! Besides to one fresh from the hot and dusty plains, how inspiring and invigorating is the fresh mountain air, and how beautiful the thousand and one varying scenes that meet the eye at every turn!

My last trip to the hills is full of pleasant memories and vivid recollections of the various rambles through hill and dale, and the impression left on my mind by the novelty, freshness and beauty of mountain-scenery will never be obliterated. We had left our station in the plains at midday in midsummer. The heat was intense and the dust intolerable as the train whirled along swiftly. The sun in anger seemed to spend its most scorching rays on the fugitives who were fleeing to the cool heights. The sultry night succeeded the hot day. But, early next morning, we soon began to experience a new sensation of pleasantness in the air, and a refreshing cool breeze arose, as the purple and dark mountains loomed into nearer view. The little engine with its tiny carriages crept step by step up the heights, panting and puffing, and emitting clouds of smoke. As we would slowly in and out along the slopes, as the rosy Daphne seemed to linger in the heavens ere she fled before the approach of Apollo, what a variety of transformation scenes opened before our wondering eyes! Here the dark, lowering hills which the sun had not yet touched seemed to frown defiance at us for daring to venture into their own particular sanctums; there the rich and russet slopes kissed into life by the 'Light-giver' seemed in their gay and coquettish beauty to laugh good-naturedly at their less-favoured sisters; further a bare rock towered up against the horizon in solemn grandeur, looking the very personification of silence and solitude; while, filling up all the blanks, softening the ruggedness and adding a charm to the whole, lay in gleaming beauty and repose the rich green

valleys and plains over which hung a transparent veil of thin white mist. These were the plains from which we had escaped but now with such joy. Truly distance lends enchantment to the view! As my thoughts followed the slow departure of dawn, and the rising of the Sun, who was touching nature into beauty with his magic wand, I could not help reflecting on the unalterable sameness of the human life—the monotony and routine of our human life, which never alters in its chief headings—"hunger and labour, seed-time and harvest," joy and sorrow, love and death.

Soon were we in the heart of "the magic circle," soon the delicate waving bamboo was replaced by the dark shimmering leaves of the coffee-plant, and flowers and ferns rare in the plains began to peep from every possible nook and crevice. Every now and then the shrill shriek of the engine sounded weirdly in these mountain solitudes, as we were apprised of the entrance into a tunnel, or stopped at a neat little station with its garden of smiling flowers, which were a source of delight to our eyes, which had dwelt on nothing but parched and grey ground in the plains. Soon, all too soon, our pleasant railway journey came to an end, and we had to proceed to our destination by road for a few miles. As we ascended higher, the dark-green forest of coffee plants yielded to the tiny tea shrub, while in vivid contrast rose the straight tall blue-gum, whose smooth trunks showed white through the green foliage.

What a wealth of vegetation met our eye the moment we left the plains a few miles behind us! The thick groves of trees, the tall cocoanut and areca palms, their leaves glistening in the sunlight, the shrubs and tree-trunks draped over with creepers, the rich valleys with bowers of leafy verdure and masses of dark green foliage, while the sound of gurgling, trickling streams furnished nature's music, and spicy odours of flower and shrub and the fresh aroma of the damp earth came floating on the pure, mountain air;—in the midst of such surroundings we might have well imagined ourselves to have unwittingly entered some secluded abode of the fairies.

Seen from the highest peak in the range, this pretty hill-station seems to lie snugly esconced in a hollow surrounded by a ring of nature's "heaven-built walls." Its neat little villas nestle on the hill-slope, while here and there peep lovely, flower-embowered cottages from sylvan retreats. The proverb goes, "man makes the city," and even here, in the face of the sublime stronghold of nature, man has not desisted. He has made quite a fashionable town, with its broad streets, and its pretty red-brick buildings, with the long row of public and private residences, and all the accessories of life

necessary to meet the impetuous wants of civilization. The Gymkhana grounds stretch away to the distance like a bright green carpet, while situated near by is the lake, with its banks of overhanging trees, which specially form a picturesque group at the spot known as 'willow-bund.' But the most beautiful of all are the Government Botanical gardens where man and nature have worked in unison and made the spot "an object of delight, of pure imagination and love." The lovely lawn that greets the eye on entering the garden, spreading like a carpet as soft and fine as velvet, the rare trees and plants which line the pathways, the pretty arbours and sylvan retreats, the broad walks, the rich vegetation, the hot houses with their rare wealth of flowers in splendid bloom all this, with the background of dreamy blue mountains stretching away into the distance, combine to charm the pedestrian and make him wish to always spend his time amidst such loveliness.

As you wander through the town, or emerge into the open country, what varying scenes of beauty meet the eye at every turn! On a bright sunny day the blue hills seem wreathed over with smiles, while the fleecy white clouds fly before the breeze, just dipping every now and then to lightly touch or envelop, in its clinging folds, a projecting summit or a ridge. On dark gloomy days, when the sun hides itself behind a curtain of dark clouds and thunder is in the air, everything looks solemn and dismal and the grey mountains seem to frown angrily at the change and mutability of man. On moonlit nights, when the Queen of the Night sails serenely through the thousand isles of light that stud the deep vault of heaven,—when all around is wrapped in silence, save for the sounds of some distant waterfall, and all the ruggedness and deformity of the hills is softened and toned down—what ineffable peace steals into our hearts as we watch the wonderful mysteries of nature and feel the Hand of the Creator drawing us nearer to Himself? Again, at nights, when the town lies hushed and quiet on the hill-slopes, and the little twinkling lights glitter like glow-worms, paling before the ethereal transparent whiteness of the moonlight, what strange thoughts stir our hearts. "Voices are calling us to some great effort, to some mighty work. But we do not comprehend their meaning yet, and the hidden echoes within us that would reply are struggling inarticulate and dumb." Thus various indeed and beautiful are the effects of light and shade among these enchanting solitudes and the poetry and sublimity which breathes from their "streams and dells and airy heights" are a proud heritage to imaginative minds.

The beautiful scenery, the flowers in wild profusion that hedge the pathways, the delightful

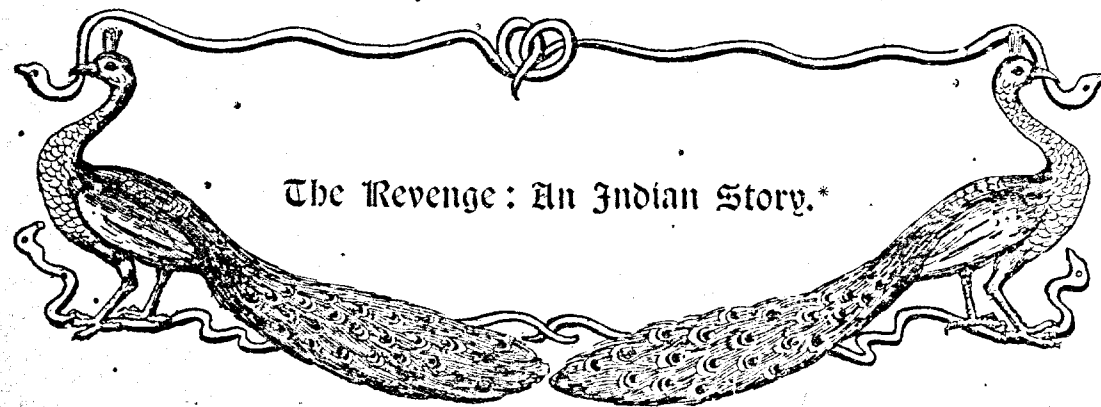
sense of exhilaration which the pure mountain air gives, makes you feel as if you can walk for miles and miles without getting tired. Here and there you see a pretty villa, or, further down, the blue smoke rising from a cottage chimney, implying a cosy fire-side and a happy family circle. Who has not felt himself rewarded after a long and arduous climb by the glorious view which greets his eye? Which man, whose heart has been hardened by years of drudgery or through lack of love in this hard practical world, has not felt the softening touch of nature's beauty when it appeals to his heart, as he sees the delicate mountain flower trembling in the breeze, the glowing moss and the richly tinted lichens, as he beholds the dancing clouds, now whirling tumultuously along the ridges, now passing across the mountains, or sees the grand hills standing in sublime dignity, "untouched by time's rude hand?" As we climbed up the highest peak in the range, by a long and picturesque ascent, and experienced the novel exhilarating sensation of passing through the white curling mist, and then stood panting at the top, what a glorious scene unfolded itself before us!—the vast panorama of hill and dale, the distant plains in their varied beauty, the little towns nestling in the hill-slopes, the thick forests which covered the hill sides, while overhead the clouds assumed a thousand fantastic shapes, "silent as images of eternity," and the mist in its fleecy whiteness hovered over the land like some protecting guardian angel; and the music of running streams and gurgling waterfalls fell with a soothing charm on the ear. All the happiness and prosperity of human lives seemed to dwell there in the bosom of benevolent nature. Beautiful and peaceful was the prospect we looked upon. A very pretty transformation was suddenly effected when a chance sunbeam lit up the whole land and kindled a thousand aerial hues, while the beautiful rainbow from behind a bank of dark clouds seemed to form a triumphal arch over the purple hills. What endless haunts are there in these regions for dreamers and lovers of solitude! What wonderful groupings and colourings for the artist, and what sweet suggestions of the sublime and beautiful to the poet in this realm of surpassing loveliness and grandeur! As we stood on that peak and looked a round life, like the landscape around us, seemed wider, freer and more beautiful—"a rainbow road leading to unknown ends." Through the silvery rents across the sky, as glimpses of sunlight appeared, we seemed to catch a glimpse of "the great hope and grandeur that lies around this little throbbing world and a breath of its scent seemed to be wafted on the wings of the wild mountain wind."

Turning now to the aborigines of these Hills, how simple in their lives and manners, and

how conservative have they kept themselves from the inroads of civilization. You will find their little *munds* on the summit of a hill,—a small group of little huts built air-tight except for an entrance of a cubit and a half square. They are of a fine physique, and all with clear-cut aquiline features and dark, curly hair. The women wear their hair loose, following the tradition of Draupadi, the Pandu Queen, who refused to braid her tresses till she had been avenged of the insults heaped upon her by the Kura princes, and the men have great shaggy beards, which give them a prophet-like air. These rude men of the hills appear stately and dignified, but are quite friendly and social with visitors with whom they chat familiarly. They have a peculiar wordless chant of their own, a sort of melancholy dirge rising and falling in rhythmic cadence, which though amusing by its novelty, yet soon wearies the ear by its endless monotony. Both men and women wind a single sheet, completely covering the body from neck to

ankle, and in this rudy garb they face the fury of the elements. Like the mountains which surround them, and which, in their colossal firmness, are adverse to change and mutability, so the dwellers of these abodes adhere staunchly to their simple customs and habits and live out their lives in blissful ignorance of the advantages and disadvantages afforded by civilization.

But all things have an end, and soon our pleasant stay came to a close and we had to descend from the glorious heights above to the level plains below. The engine quickly hurried us down, the hills vanished into the distance, the plains came into nearer view, the sense of freshness in the air was replaced by the dry heat, and soon our coats and wraps had to be laid aside. At six in the evening, the panting engine set down its burden at the station of M——, where the waiting-rooms were like a furnace, and where in a short time the lovely roses and sweet violets I had brought down with me were "shrivelled into black carbon."



The Revenge: An Indian Story.*

EVERYTHING was ready for the funeral. The procession was about to sally forth. At the head stood the only male relative of the deceased, the elder brother, as chief mourner, with a lighted torch in his hand. Then came the funeral litter, gaily ornamented with flowers, leaves and bright-coloured cloths, in sad contrast to the pale inanimate figure they adorned, pitiful, yet with the silent majesty of death. The face was uncovered, for the dead man left a wife behind, the features were quite composed, retaining yet, with indeed an added majesty, the grand massive features and grave inscrutable expression, which had marked out the

man, as one to be respected, when alive; the hands were clasped together on the bosom in the attitude of prayer. One, looking closer, would have seen that, according to custom, the thumbs were tied together. Around the litter stood the friends of the deceased,—a good number,—for he had been an influential man. They were all, with the chief mourner, dressed very simply with the upper parts of their bodies bare, except for a white cloth thrown over the shoulders, through which, the sacrificial string showed itself. The hair, which only grew on the back of the head—the front being clean-shaven—was gathered in a tight knot behind. They were all of the Chetty caste; in fact their caste showed itself unmistakably in their air or expression, which were those of men who were all their

* This story, written by an Indian lady, is based upon facts supplied to her by a leading Vakil, who was engaged in the law-suit that arose out of the incidents that form the main basis of the story.

lives used to make stringent bargains. From within the house came the pitiful cries and shrill lamentations of women, some of them even then sounding forced and hypocritical. The chief mourner was about to give the signal to depart, when a sudden interruption occurred. There was a commotion in the house—shrill voices raised in expostulation. Suddenly a wild figure burst out—a woman with her hair, unbound from its knot, flying round her face, dressed in the poorest of cloths, her neck, ears and arms bare of jewels, in sad contrast to those of the women who were trying to hold her behind. This woman, whose face was all seamed and lined with tears and anguish, threw herself at the feet of the chief mourner. Incoherent words, which at last seemed to resolve themselves into the words, 'give me an heir, give me an heir,' burst from her lips. The man, with his face white with sorrow or fear,—evidently the latter, for his eyes glanced round furtively and shiftily in the very act—bent forward and tried to lift her up. To the looks and words of consternation around, he answered, "She is mad with grief, poor thing." But the woman would not listen to him. Now her words were clearer. "You must give me the right to adopt an heir, according to custom," she said.

"What if I do not?" he muttered savagely in her ear.

"Then I will tell everyone, how you—"

"Pish! who will believe your word?" was the mocking answer. But the woman had an unexpected defender. The Guroo or family priest, a venerable old figure, who was standing near, came near the chief mourner and spoke in a low voice, so that none else could hear.

"Ram Das," he said, "it is but right you should listen to her. She has the right to demand the power to adopt an heir."

"But I am the heir!" the man whimpered, already cowed.

"Yes, you are the perfidious heir. I know how you deceived the dying man, how you put him off with promises till at last there was no time for the adoption. I know how you tried to get this woman into your power, but when she was too brave to listen to you, you—ah! I see that touches you. Now, will you do what she asks? If not—"

"I will, I will. But let her promise to adopt my son."

"That is her own wish. Yet, I think it is but right she should adopt your son. Whom else has she? What do you say?" turning to the woman.

"Yes, whom else have I?" was the answer.

"Then will you do what she asks, Ram Das?"

"Yes. Let us go."

"Write it down, write it down!" clamoured

the woman. So a few trusty men were called into the house and the agreement drawn up. Then the procession went on. The burning ground was reached. The funeral pyre erected; the corpse placed on it; numerous ceremonies were performed, and the chief mourner as the then heir, after walking round the pyre three times, took a torch and set fire to the four corners of the pyre.

A month after this Ram Das was talking with his wife. His countenance was inflamed with anger and chagrin. "What, do you mean to say," he cried, "that she will not adopt our son?"

"No, she has quite made up her mind to that. There is another boy—"

"I can prevent that; she has promised."

"But there was no written agreement. The priest said she could do as she liked. So—"

"Do as she likes? Do as she likes?" he almost screamed. "Holy Vishnu! what shall I do?"

"It is all your fault! you are so fond of her—"

"Silence, woman. Dare to do say that again, and I will—Fond of her? I hate her! Out of my sight!"

"Yes, you will be glad to get me out of your life, I dare say, so that you may get her in".... muttered the woman, as she left him, but so that he could not hear her.

Left to himself Ram Das sat long with clenched hands and set lips. Often and often such an evil scowl passed over his face,—one might have known they were wicked thoughts that were coursing through his head. At last he rose up, muttering to himself: "It must be by her death. I see no other way. The perverse woman, she must needs go and choose another boy. If she dies, I am heir. If not—bah! and yet, I was fond of her. But to lose such an inheritance, Ah; no!"

That same evening, a little boy was playing in the yard behind the house. The yard was a spacious one. There was an enclosed well on one side and a rather large out-house on the other, like a barn, where the grain was stored. A little beyond the low wall of the yard, a luxurious vegetable garden could be seen, divided into neat plots, long, round and square, each showing a separate growth of vegetable. Here were the slender purple *brinjals* hanging by their stalks, there was the short rough *Beerakai*; there, growing from a creeper climbing over a sort of rough bower, hung the long snake-like *Pottukai*, here there was the bean-like *Chikkudukai*, there the fat round *Gummadikai*, and there the cucumber *Dhosakai*. Beyond the vegetable garden waved green and gold fields of corn with the reapers busy gathering in the harvest. The paddy was so well grown and luxurious that to take off the evil eye, there was exhibited on the outskirts a hideous figure painted in white and stuck on a pole.

In the middle of each field was a rough elevated erection of bamboos, from the top of each of which a little boy, with hooting and shouting, drove away the birds that settled on the ripe corn. The sun was setting and there was a warm glow on the land. The faint voices of men came from the fields and mingled with the rough cawing of crows quarrelling among their roosts in the tall casuarina trees. On the step of the house leading to the yard, Ram Das's wife was sitting watching her son playing.

"And all this, all this he is to lose," she muttered, and that upstart is to get it."

At this moment a slightly older boy than the one in the yard, about 8 years of age, a very handsome little fellow sauntered into the yard. The younger boy ran up to him with eager questions. Suddenly there was a scuffle and a cry. The little boy ran crying up to his mother. "See Anna, see he beat me!" he cried.

"How dare you?" cried the woman in a fury, rushing on the boy and slapping him.

"And how dare you?" cried another woman's voice. "He is my son now. How dare you beat him?" This voice belonged to no other than the widow of Ram Das's brother. She suddenly appeared from behind a wall which closed in one side of the yard. Ram Das's wife was about to answer her with a stinging retort, when suddenly her words were checked by the sight of her husband's form guiltily slinking along behind the wall to the front of the house.

"So he and she are together," she muttered "I thought so, the wretches!"

That night, Ram Das came with a proposal to his wife to which, rather to his surprise, hardened sinner though he was, she acceded to after a very little persuasion. "So you will give it to her, will you not?" were his last words, "and mind you do it secretly, for if we are found out, it will mean death to us."

"Yes, I will give it and rid myself of her," was the murmured rejoinder. "I would not have the heart else, if I were not afraid of her as my rival."

The next evening, there was a sudden death in the house. When Ram Das heard of it, he nearly sank to the ground insensible. He ought to have triumphed, for the dead woman was his sister-in-law and now the inheritance was his. But, instead, he sat in a corner biting his nails. Through all the darkness, his face showed ashen and grey. His wife appeared equally frightened, yet now and again a strange expression crossed her face. It almost appeared as if she were triumphing over the man. And yet once he had charged her with murder.

"You know you did it," he said with a cunning look. "You gave her the poison."

The woman shrank back alarmed, but the next moment her face brightened. "But it was on account of you. If you betray me, I shall tell the priest and he will let out all he knows and".... "No, no. Let us bury her before anyone knows she is dead." The next morning, at 4 o'clock, while it was yet dark, the corpse was carried to the burning-ground and secretly burnt. The police were suspicious and asked him the reason of the hasty burial. Ram Das said that the woman had died of cholera and he was afraid of spreading contagion if he kept her longer. Why even their servant woman had run away afraid! His act had been a public benefit. Upon this his house was disinfected and he was subjected to some inconvenience. But he did not mind it, for now the inheritance was his and his son's. How rich he was, but also how miserable! That "the wages of sin is death" is a true saying. The wages of his sin was the death of his happiness and peace of mind for ever.

A few months have passed since the events last recorded. Ram Das looks much older. His hair has turned grey, though he is still comparatively a young man. His face has an anxious look and his eyes are ever glancing round furtively. He is afraid of being left alone, especially at nights, for he fancies the murdered woman haunts him. And one night his fear comes true. It is night. He has just had his dinner and has come out into the yard to wash his hands. The moon is not out yet and the light of a few stars is scarcely enough to dispel the darkness. Suddenly a pale light shines at the end of the yard, slowly coming nearer. A faint moaning sound makes itself heard. His hair stands on end. A cold wind seems to sweep over him. His legs tremble and he sinks in a heap to the ground. The light is now only a few yards from him, and to his terror-stricken eyes it gradually resolves itself into the shape of a woman—his dead sister-in-law. The moan is changed into her voice. "O God! O God!" groans the wretched man—"How am I punished!"

"Ram Das!" moans the voice. "Murderer as thou art, your sin has found you out. Henceforth I shall haunt you and give you no peace. But there is one remedy. Give up your inheritance to the priest to use for the temple, and the wrath of the gods will be averted. If not, your son will die. I give you ten days' notice." The voice died away and the figure was lost again in light which slowly vanished.

The next day, Ram Das lost much of his fear. It must have been a delusion, he thought. Why should he give up his money? Nothing would happen. But he began counting the days.

It was nearly ten days since he had seen the apparition. Would his son die?

The days passed. The tenth day came round. Ram Das kept an eye on his son the whole day. But in the evening he dozed for half-an-hour. When he awoke, his son was nowhere to be seen. He must be out playing thought the man, and went out to search. But the little boy was nowhere to be seen. Night arrived, but he did not come home. "I shall tell the police to-morrow," he thought. His wife shewed great grief, but a close observer would have seen that it was forced. That same night, the dead woman again appeared to Ram Das. "See, I have kept my word," the voice moaned again. "Beware how you try to trace the boy. He is gone. If you look for him, the police will know of the murder. Give up your inheritance, or your life also will be forfeit."

Still Ram Das refused to give up the inheritance. A few days afterwards, he fell ill of a high fever, which refused to leave him. Soon he was in a dying state. On this his wife, who had been in constant attendance on him, left him one day for a few hours, after which she returned tired and dusty. The next day, the priest, who had long ceased to visit the household, came, followed by a woman closely veiled and a little boy. Ram Das lay in a corner of the room in a low truckle bed, with a hard pillow of straw under his head. His face was cold and clammy with the dews of death. With a start, half guilty, half glad, he recognized the priest. The latter came up to him.

"Ram Das," he said, "I know what has happened. Will you give up your inheritance?"

"Yes, yes, but what is the good? I am dying."

"Never mind. If you do this, in your next life you may be a happier man."

"Yes, I will give it up." The priest made a sign, unseen by the dying man. The strange woman approached and showed her face. Ram Das's eyes fell on her and he gave a shriek.

"The dead woman! The dead woman!" he cried, starting up. "Govinda! Govinda! save me. O Guru, save me from her!"

"No, no, she is not dead," soothingly said the priest.

"Not dead; but I killed her."

"No, no, you did not. Your wife gave the poison. But she found it out in time and escaped and your wife knew it and helped her, because you—"

"Yes, O God, I tried to get my wife poisoned also. That was why I was so much with the other woman, persuading her to the act, and my wife was jealous. God forgive me!" Suddenly a thought seemed to strike him. "But whom did I burn?"

"That was a poor woman, who died that same day, and to whom her people were too poor to give a decent burial. We brought her

in during the night. I told them that you wished, out of charity, to give a burial to some poor person, and wished to do it secretly, so that you may not raise comments."

"Then I am not a murderer? Oh! But my son is dead. God is cruel."

"No, no, he too is here," and the priest drew forward the little boy. Ram Das drew him down to him with a sob of joy.

"Who is to get the inheritance?" he asked with downcast eyes after a while.

"Your son is to get it." Now the widow spoke in a hesitating tone. "I would have adopted him at first, if you had worked me the right way."

"Thank God! Now I can die in peace. But the ghost? Was that too false?"

"Yes! I persuaded your wife to keep my secret, because I had resolved on my plan of revenge. I was the ghost, and—"

"Revenge? Ah yes! It was enough. It is the cause of my death."

The sick man could not rally. He died after a few days, but he died happy—happy that his hands were not burdened with murder, happy that his son after all had the inheritance.

The Education of Hindu Women.

[By R. S. SANKARAN, Esq., B.A.]



THE advancement of women has been for a long time the subject over which philosophers and social reformers have spent much speculation and discussion. In communities where women's social and personal freedom is circumscribed the ideal aimed at is social and personal freedom. But, in communities where absolute social freedom prevails, the end sought is equality of political rights and privileges. Man being physically stronger, and having far less natural calls on his time, has undertaken the functions of bread-winner and protector. Such an arrangement was natural and, in fact, the only possible one, when the conditions of life were hard. Now-a-days, in civilized countries in the West, woman has equally open to her all the departments of physical and mental activity. And she shows herself equally fit. Yet long enjoyment of power has made man believe that he has a prescriptive exclusive right in certain walks of life, especially in politics. Even this citadel has been besieged and has capitulated in certain countries; at least, there is a compromise.

Such is the condition of woman in societies where the relative freedom of the sexes has always

been unlimited, save by moral feelings. In India, woman has had for centuries on centuries, her sphere of activity circumscribed. She is the Mistress of the Home. Outside the Home she has no attachments nor objects of interest. Even as regards religion, her position is one of passive observance. She may not minister to the Deity, nor study the Sacred Books. She is considered of less purity, and she has not spiritual fitness in her own right. It is only as a wife that she can partake in the husband's spiritual endeavours. The authority for this spiritual unfitness of women is, of course, man; and this reminds me of a story. Once upon a time, a lion and a man were friends. One day while out walking together, they came across a figure representing Hercules spurning the lion. "Look there!" said the man, "That proves my claim that man is superior to the lion." "Ah," retorted the lion, "but that figure was made by a man!"

This domestic seclusion is true only of the women of the higher castes. The labouring class has, through necessity, allowed perfect freedom of action to its women. For the woman is nearly as good a wage-earner as the man. In fact, in all serious matters the labouring woman has always the decisive vote. The labourer always appreciates and bows to his woman's subtility. In the higher classes the conditions of life have perpetuated this seclusion of women. The man was able through his learning or prowess to earn a decent income. And so long as the man's earnings alone are sufficient to keep the lazar full, the alternative of the woman becoming a wage-earner will not even be thought of. And even otherwise, the religious prejudice alone will suffice to deny woman her claims to equality. In certain castes there is a total seclusion of women. She does not even attend to the domestic wants. I should attribute this to unhealthy foreign influence; and not consider it a healthy development of that privacy of family life which was one of the characteristics of the primitive Indian village community.

The social condition of woman in India was such at the time of the advent of the British Raj. Then, we were able, for the first time, to see man and woman go about free and yet pure. Thenceforth, the intelligent portion of Indians is striving to attain for the Hindu woman the same social rank which prevails in Christian countries. The British gave us two new ideals:—equality of the sexes, and universal education. Education has before it much less of religious, social and traditional obstacles than Social Equality of sexes. Sir Henry Maine says of the spread of education:—

"In the early days of the Calcutta University, Lord Canning said that 'he hoped

the time was near, when the nobility and upper classes of India would think that their children had not their dues of their rank unless they passed through the course of the University.' Now, there is no doubt that that view involved a mistake. The founders of the University of Calcutta thought to create an aristocratic institution, and in spite of themselves have created a popular institution. The fact is so, and we must accept the fact whatever we may think of it. Now,—after the fact,—now that we are wise by experience—it is not difficult to see that hardly anything else could have occurred. It seems to me utterly idle to expect that, in a virgin field, in a country new to all real knowledge—in a country in which learning, such as it was—being the close monopoly of a hereditary order—in exactly the same position as if it did not exist, or existed at the other end of the world—it seems idle to expect that the love of learning would begin with the wealthy and the powerful. To suppose this is to suppose that those who have no acute spur to exertion would voluntarily encounter that which in its first beginnings is the most distasteful of all exercises. Before you can diffuse education, you must create the sense of the value of it; and it is only when the beauty of the result is seen, when their positive and material importance is seen, and they get to be mingled with all the graces of life, that those who can do without knowledge begin to covet and respect it. There is nothing more certain than that the English Universities in their origin were extremely popular institutions. Even if we could not infer the fact from the crowds which flocked to them, it would be perfectly plain from the pictures of University life preserved in the poetry of Chaucer that the early students of Oxford and Cambridge were the children of the people. And the object of those students was exactly that which is sometimes imputed to our students, as if a censure was intended. It was simply to get on in life; either to enter the Church which was then the only free-field in Europe, or a little later to get into one of the clerical professions that were rising up. But it was the example of the educated classes, the visible effects of education on manners and on material prosperity, and its growing importance in politics which first attracted the nobility."

I have made this extensive quotation, for nothing could better express the present condition and future prospects of Female Education in India. We see that, even as regards males, the higher classes were the last to appreciate the benefits of education. Rich and well-to-do families of the higher classes do not send their girls to school as they need not earn their own bread. Again there is a mistaken but persistent notion

abroad even among educated men, that female education is tantamount to such a familiarity with the English language as will enable them to converse with English Ladies whom they meet as visitors or in parties. As general education in the England of Chaucer's days, and male education in India, so female education in India will spread from the poor.

The Indian woman is of three ranks; the Higher caste, the Lower caste, and Christian. I leave out of count the Mohamedan women, as it is an article of their religion that woman should be in absolute seclusion. The lower castes have found that their girls can procure a decent and respectable livelihood as instructresses in schools and zenanas. And we are having a growing body of hard-working young women, who diffuse knowledge to the daughters of all classes and castes, whose social and religious restrictions forbid their sending their girls to school beyond a certain age. The time is not very far off when we may see nearly every woman of the hitherto despised backward castes raise herself, by virtue of superior education, to a level of social equality with the women of the higher castes. Christianity introduces the social equality of sexes, and in the Native Christian community the men and women are on free visiting terms; and naturally the women like to become the conversational equals of the men. Thus education among the Native Christian women is almost a necessity of existence. Thus we need never preach female education to Native Christians, as they have education as an article of faith, and among their ladies we have some who have taken the highest University Honours. All our apprehension is about the caste ladies; and the caste ladies will take to education only when they fully perceive the respect shown to the intellectual superiority of those women whom they have been brought up to regard as inferiors. Thus, stung to shame, they will enter the schools, and their hitherto dormant inherited intellectual superiority will shine forth, and then they will prove to their sisters that they could maintain their superiority intellectually as well as socially. If left to themselves this end can be attained only very slowly, and after much temporary reaction. But we have the unique advantage of having before us a complete example of the various stages of development in the history of education in other countries. And the male Hindu enjoys intellectual equality

with the European, and thus his sense of the vast difference between the ladies of his house and those of his European acquaintance goads him, as it were, to rush obstacles and attain that progress in a decade which otherwise would take a century. Such hurried progress in politics, we find in Japan. Japan in the last sixty years has undergone all the stages of absolute monarchy, beneficent despotism, an aristocracy and a democracy of the English type. We have thus, in the example of the western nations, a model to follow and definite ends to attain, but with infinitely less labour and time, and without tasting the bitterness of experience. Here, we are striving to procure for women bare social freedom and intellectual development; elsewhere, the women are striving to get political equality! They do not want the help of man. They attain their ends in spite of man!

Education is always a rival of rank and wealth. And education is best given to, and most easily taken by, the poor. So we must educate our poor women, and thus make the rich and high born woman educate herself, for fear she may be knocked down from her social pedestal, by her intellectually superior though socially inferior sister. But no longer socially inferior. Prejudices must give way to reason. And education will show the unreasonableness of most of these prejudices.

How is female education to spread? Male education did not spread until people found that, irrespective of its intrinsic value, education is profitable. Man is compelled to earn, and even the slightest profit is a sufficient inducement. But in the case of women the inducement must be substantially large. And the only agency best able to help is the Government. In the Educational and Postal departments, there is ample scope for the employment of women. We have Lady Assistant Superintendents of Post Offices, in Bombay and Calcutta; and Madras should not be behind hand. The Government should, by its liberal employment of educated Hindu women, show its appreciation of education in women, and the profit of education. If education is to be merely an accomplishment, it is a luxury for the very rich to indulge in. But education is the means whereby the well-being of the masses is to be attained. And to make the masses take to education kindly, a sufficient inducement must be offered. For this Government should come to our aid.



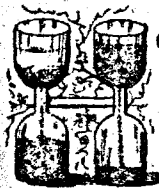


The new hath come and now the old retires:
And so the Past becomes a mountain-coll,
Where, lone, apart, old hermit-memories dwell
In consecrated calm, forgotten, yet,
Of the keen heart that hastens to forget
Old longings in fulfilling new desires.

And now the soul stands in a vague, intense
Expectancy and anguish of suspense
On the dim chamber-threshold. Lo! he sees,
Like a strange, fated bride, as yet unknown,
His timid Future shrinking there alone
Beneath her marriage-veil of mysteries.

"Time is Fleeting."

(A SOLILOQUY.)



OW short is time and how quickly it ebbs! I watch it running like the sands in the hour-glass, and each tick of the watch before me warns me that the end of all things comes apace. Is it not strange how such a small thing as the hand on the face of a watch can make you think and rouse deep echoes through the caves of thought? As late last night I put down the book I had been reading, the little watch filled me with thoughts I had never before sought. There was something in its beat cold and so relentless, that it held my eyes and chained my imagination. I longed to put back time if only for the space of a few short years, and then there came the feeling of helplessness—of remorse for every minute that might have been more usefully spent in the years now past.

The shears of Atropos have marked out the span of life and its quickly ebbing moments are more priceless than gold for their end is already decreed.

Tara.

A Telugu Work by an Indian Lady.



RECENT publication of great interest is a Telugu book by an Indian lady, the title of it being 'Lives of Noble Women,' and the author, Mrs. B. Atchamamba. This book should be received with great pleasure and sympathy, for it shows what an Indian lady can do,

if the opportunities are given her for cultivating her faculties. The gifted authoress is the daughter of the late Dewan of a Zamindar in the Krishna District, and the wife of B. Madhava Row, a sub-divisional officer in the Central Provinces. She is a Brahmin lady of Telugu extraction, and the Telugu which she uses is pure, tasteful and scholarly. Mrs. Atchamamba has brought out this work out of pure love of learning and a sincere desire to benefit her countrywomen. She calls the book 'her child,' and tells an interesting story of how she began to write it. Having lost her only child, when she was in deep grief, her brother happened to quote to her a *Sloka* by the learned Nagogebhattu, in which the poet who is under the same grief apostrophises his books as his children: "Sabhendusekhara (a book) is my son; Mangrisha (a book) is my daughter."

"From that time," says Atchamamba, "though I knew I had not even a small part of the learning of Nagogebhattu, a great longing took possession of me to find the same solace for grief in writing books, as he found his, and from that time I began to put my book together."

The book is dedicated to her husband to whom

she pays a deep tribute of gratitude and affection. "If he had not encouraged me and given me independence, would I have written this book?" she says. She also mentions her brother as having been of great help to her in getting together her materials. Seeing what a little help and encouragement from men to women can do even in this land of backward female education, we cannot but echo what the authoress says: "If the women of our land were helped by their husbands and brothers, our land would soon enough advance in education. Once again, there would be ladies learned in the Vedas like Garge and Maitragi, noble queens like Ahalya and Bhavani, poetesses like Monkā and Molla, and mothers of heroes like Gijabhai and others. If this were so there will be no doubt that, like before, India will be a land deserving to be respected and honoured of all nations." Oh, that her saying would come true!

The book shows great learning and research, for the materials had to be gathered together with great care from different vernaculars, chiefly Hindi and Mahratti. The authoress knows these two languages, thoroughly, as well as Gujarathi, Bengali, and a good deal of Sanskrit and English. This book was published in parts in "Chintamani," the magazine edited by K. Veerasalingam Pundit.

tulu Garu, the great South Indian Reformer. The objects of the authoress in publishing this work are three:—

1. To disprove the general opinion that women are dull and without intelligence and "the dwelling-place of all wickednesses."

"I wish to prove," she says, "that formerly there were women noted for courage, famed for learning, wisdom, fit to reign over nations, the benefactors of their countries, and resplendent with all goodness."



MRS. B. ATCHAMAMBA.

2. To disprove the assertion that education spoils a woman and unfits a woman for home duties. It does them, and consequently their land, good, instead of harm.

3. To provide a book for the edification of the women of India. "I thought it would be better," she says, "instead of inventing novels and stories, to tell our women the true histories of such of their sisters, as were eminent for chastity, benefactresses to their country, and famous for learning."

The authoress does not intend closing her work here. She wishes, when she can get the materials, to write two more volumes of the same kind. The first volume contains the histories of the famous women of the historical period, that is of those who lived within a thousand years of the present time. The second volume will contain the stories of noble women of the Vedic and Puranic periods. The third of English and other foreign women. The authoress asks her readers to excuse all mistakes and inefficiency, and asks for suggestions and for the names and histories of women whom she may have omitted to write about. We wish her every success in her noble self-imposed task, and thank her sincerely for the work she has laid before us. Would there were more of our Indian women who laid themselves to such tasks with such praiseworthy objects. What a great deal can our women do, if only the opportunities are given them? Truly he is right who says: "If we set a proper value on those who contribute to the prosperity of the State, we ought to place in the first rank those who teach children, whose labours influence posterity; and in whose precepts and exertions the welfare of our country in a great measure depends."

In her preface, the authoress mentions the names of some Indian ladies who have done and are doing literary work. It would be very interesting to know of them. A few of these ladies are:

Srimathiharathevi, the editress of the Ladies' Magazine in Hindi, the "Bharatabbagini"; Srimati Sarala Devi, the editress of the "Bharati," the Bengali Ladies' Magazine; Pundita Ramabai, whom we all know well; Kasibai Kamtear, who has written a much-admired book in Marathi, "the history of Anandibai," and who is writing now another book, containing stories which are being published in the monthly magazine called *Vivithagyan Vistharam*; Srimati Rukminibai Sangagiri, who has written a book, containing very useful information about fancy-work; Srimanthu Janikibai, who has composed excellent poetry; Srimati Calugurthu Lakshmi Urisimpamba Garu, who has written a book called *Mahilaklabothini*; Srimati Kotikalapudi Sithamma Garu, who has composed a poem about the history of Lady Jane Grey; Gundu Atchamamba Garu, who has written these books,—"The mar-

riage festival of the king of Kalahasti"; "the worship of Gauri," and "the history of the Rameshwara Pilgrimage."

From time to time we intend translating some of the lives of noble women in this book, for the readers of the "Indian Ladies' Magazine." The book is full of interest and valuable information, which it would be difficult to get, and for which therefore we should be very thankful. We would add that Mrs. Atchamamba's book: "Lives of Noble Women" can be had from Pundit Veerasalingam, Pursewalkum, Madras, for Re. 1.

Baby.

[BY AN INDIAN MOTHER.]

"I've found my bonny babe a nest
On Slumber Tree,
I'll rock you there to rosy rest,
Astore Machree!
Oh, lulla, lo! Sing all the leaves
On Slumber Tree,
Till everything that hurts or grieves
Afar must flee.

I'd put my pretty child to float
Away from me
Within the new moon's silver boat
On Slumber Sea,
And when your starry sail is o'er,
From Slumber Sea
My precious one, you'll stop to shore
On Mother's knee."

—"Lullaby Song" from *Songs of Erin*.



I suppose every mother thinks her baby the dearest little baby in the world. "The love of a parent for a new-born infant," says someone, "is egotism, but it is egotism sublimed. Life takes a new aspect, as a landscape changes at sunrise, and the light of the child shines on every hour that she foresees." Such a feeling, in almost every case, through joy and sorrow, through trouble and happiness, through hope and despair, lasts through life, sometimes under different aspects, often in such a shape as to be given quite a different name, yet in essence the same as that which animates the mother when her child is just put into her hands. What will not a mother sacrifice for her child?

"A life that's full
Of little cares
And doubts and fears
No other shares;
And yet a life
That's glad with good—
The strong pure joy
Of motherhood.

A bright blue sky
Of happiness,
Clouded at times,
Or more or less;
A life that's full
Of power for good—
This is the life.
Of motherhood."

What hopes and fears are the lot of a mother! When her child is happy and joyous, running about with health and high spirits, her thoughts seem to soar to heaven, so full are they of health and happiness too, of bright thoughts and dazzling dreams for the future. But when the child droops in health and spirits, her thoughts too droop lower and lower, so full are they of fear and sad anticipation. The very hopes that were once so bright seem now so full of presumption that they even appear to be the cause of the sorrow, for it is at such times that the proverb comes before the mind: "Pride comes before a fall." A woman, even if she has no education, can find a discipline, full of lessons that she can get nowhere else, in watching her child. What Tennyson says is true: "The bearing and the training of the child is woman's wisdom." What profound truth there is in the Master's saying:—"Unless ye become like little babes ye shall not enter the kingdom of God!" Here is a beautiful poem entitled "Baby Preachers," which we make no apology for quoting in full, and which our readers will appreciate all the more! as coming from the pen of a gifted Indian Lady:

"Tiny hands folded
Tiny eyes closed,
Tiny lips moulded
Sweetly composed.
Tiny hands beating
Full of His love,
Angels are greeting
Them from above.

Baby words rising
Upward to heaven,
Is it surprising
Answers are given?
Tiny feet pattering
Off to each bed,
Angels are scattering
Blessings ahead.

Tiny cheeks dimple
With their glad smiles,
Ah, their talk simple
How it beguiles!
Dear little preachers
Influence me;
Help me sweet teachers
How simple to be."

The responsibility of a mother, how great it is! The impressions of childhood can never be easily effaced, and they are the strongest in a man's or a woman's life; and in the life of a

child it is the mother's influence that is strongest. She it is, who, with her gentle love and gentle force, shapes the earliest thoughts, removes as far as possible the evil in the character and implants the good. May it be given to every mother to be a true mother! Talking of character, what clear-cut traits one notices in children even when they are wee babies! How interesting is the time when they are just beginning to use their legs and tongues, when they are learning new words and getting new ideas! A mother often longs for this time, wishing her child to grow up soon; but when the child keeps growing up, as it must, she longs to have the old time back again, to have the infant again in her arms. How we wish, that, like Darwin, we had kept a biography of our infants, for them and us to look back upon and laugh or cry over!

One must not forget to mention the difference that can be observed between Indian and English babies. The latter, until a much later period, have their features indistinct and without expression. But the features of Indian babies begin very soon to be marked out distinctly. How their black eyes sparkle with expression—they almost look like the eyes of grown-up people, so clear and limpid do they seem with unexpressed thoughts. I suppose this means that Indian character develops much sooner than English character,—too soon perhaps; for the mind that takes long to form is often stronger and steadier than the mind that is made in leaps and bounds, though it may be less versatile and less imaginative.

Here are a few notes from an Indian mother about her child:

"I may be vain and egotistic," she says, "but I do think no other child can ever come up to my little baby. For is there not truth in the Indian proverb: "Even to the crow its young ones are golden?" My baby is such a happy little fellow, always jolly, giving me very little trouble, except when he is ill. He is never still, his little legs are always running about. By the bye, I am forgetting that he has past almost the baby stage; for he is one and a half year old and this is just the time when he is beginning to understand things. It is so interesting to watch him going about from thing to thing, trying to find out what they are made of. His little tricks are so diverting. One evening, we had been out on some business and came home rather late. I was rather afraid that baby may have been wanting me, for, after a while, he gets tired of his ayah—he seems to know she is a stranger to him. But, as soon as we went in, the little fellow slid down from my arms and began dancing about, so prettily, with little unsteady steps, with hands held over his head. It was a new trick he had learnt and

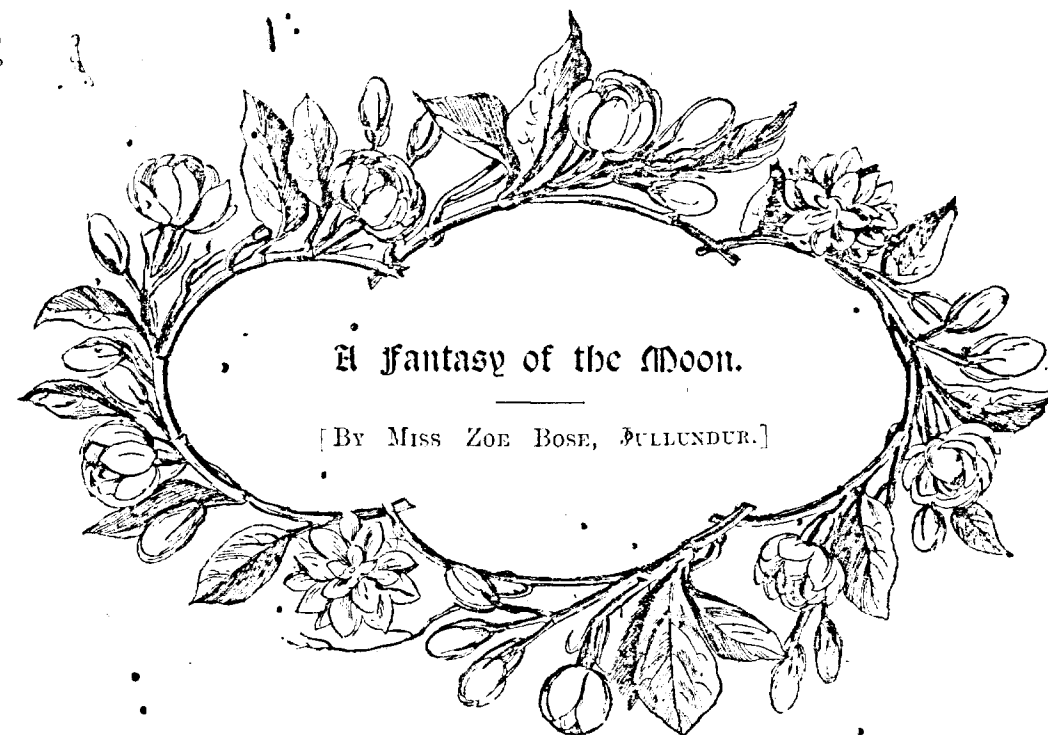
was very anxious to show it off to us. Many are the ways in which he surprises us. Often he comes out with a word, which nobody has ever taught him. He seems to observe what names we give to things and stores them up in his little mind. Once we were having tea in a railway station, suddenly baby walks up to us, holds out his hand, and says 'Bed' for 'Bread,' a word which he had never said before, and which we had never taught him; though he must have heard it unconsciously, as it were, in Association with the actual thing. At another time he heard me asking his father to get a 'jujube' for him; and when he has the sweet in his hand, what does he do, but come out with the word 'jujube,' which we had never taught him. He has his own names for different objects. When we took him first to the sea-shore, he called it *Mayæ*, which is the Tamil word for 'rain.' Talking of the sea reminds me of another trait in his character. He did not object to looking at the sea from a distance, but he was very much afraid if any of us went near it. He was not afraid of being taken to it himself, but he did object to our going there alone, perhaps because he thought there was some unknown danger connected with the foaming, dashing waters. He is in other ways anxious about other people's welfare. We have a parrot which tries to bite. Baby will not allow anyone to put their fingers into its cage. He is a very generous little boy; any dainty, which he is given to eat, he often offers to other people and very seldom refuses to give anything for which he is asked. He seems to be fond of music, for he generally tries to sing some tune when the piano is played. He is very humorous. He is often laughing, sometimes for nothing at all, and, sometimes, when he sees any of us laughing over any matter, he joins us, sometimes forcing himself to laugh. He is very fond of making friends and likes to have strangers in the house. His method of approaching them is to walk round and round them and then hold out his arms to be carried. He is very polite to them too and points with his hand to a seat when they come into the house. He is extremely observant and given to a great deal of imitation; for instance, I have often seen him with his hands firmly held behind him walking behind his father who is generally in the habit of walking up and down when he is thinking. He has the power of generalizing and often gives the name of a single object to the class which it belongs; for instance, he calls everything liquid 'tea.' He can deduce results from their causes. One day he surprised me by saying 'Katu,' the Tamil word for 'wind,' and then asked for 'Mayæ' (rain). It is very interesting to watch children beginning to understand things, and I could give many instances of it, but I

am afraid I shall be thought too egotistic, if I did so.

I think I have been praising my baby too much. I must say that he is often very stupid too; he can point out his nose, mouth, eyes, hands, &c., but cannot, for the life of him, show his ears, though I have often told him where they are. He has got a great deal of self-will and shows a good bit of anger when his will is crossed. I have seen him often throwing any object which he gets to his hand at the person with whom he is angry. He is very sensitive to ridicule and often he has cried for a long time because some one had been laughing at him. I am afraid he is a very shrewd little boy; for instance, I have seen him once or twice fall down purposely, so that I may take pity on him and carry him. The old Adam manifests itself in other ways too. He is getting to be jealous of other children petted by his mother.

What a lot of poetry there is in children! When little infants—a few weeks old—smile in their sleep, one cannot help fancying the legend true that angels are talking to them. What beauty and understanding there is in these smiles! When my baby smiles, with his beautiful black eyes glowing and sparkling, I often have the queer fancy that from the height of his baby innocence he is looking with pity on the frailties of others. And the lovely fancies children have! What can be more poetical and graceful than this childish thought of which some mother told me,—that the stars are the eyes of angels looking through holes in heaven. I wish they were. When one sees the confiding innocence of children, their sweet artless thoughts and actions, how one wishes all could be like a child again, with none of the evil thoughts of the grown-up world. But then the dearly brought experience of life, can one bear to go through it again? No; but to be like a little child, to be able to soothe by its innocent touch the grief of others, as I have seen my child do again and again, to be able to look upon the world with the wondering eyes of adoring infancy, ever finding new beauties in every object, never satiated, seldom unhappy—what is the use of such a wish? It is impossible, as well as selfish and ungrateful, for is not the sorrow of life compensated by joy.

All this comes of saying there is a great deal of poetry in children; but I am afraid there is a good bit of prose too. Here is baby tugging at my sleeve and wanting the pen with which I am writing. This is the third time he has disturbed me, so I think I shall stop writing for the present and play with him."



A Fantasy of the Moon.

[By Miss ZOE BOSE, PULLUNDUR.]

EARTH had decked herself in her spring-time bloom, the flowers bent down to hear the whispered secrets of the streams as it hastened to discharge its burden of song and sigh into the broad breast of the Ocean; mountain and valley, hill and dale slept peacefully beneath the pale light of the moon, when a plaintive wind swept down from its upper world bearing on its pinions these mournful accents:—

"Oh Earth, fair as Creation's Queen, and sorrowful as death and the grave can make thee, once I was fair, nay, fairer than thou, and once I was filled with busy life like thee, but no voice of dirge nor torment ever rose on the perfumed air of my bowers, for far back in the long-buried ages, I reigned in a sorrowless beauty, and a tearless life. The din and clamour of thy feverish day is over and once more let me pour out the tale of my blight and my woe:—

"In the long dead past a maiden strayed from thy shores to mine. One smiling morn she stood beside an inhabitant of this my moon-world. "From whither comest thou, oh lovely maiden?" asked the woman she had approached, "art thou an angel attracted from thy brighter spheres by the loveliness of our sinless world, or art thou a messenger from our guardian spirit?"

"Neither, oh strange unearthly being," replied the maiden. "I come from another sphere than this, from that dim and distant planet called Earth." The woman shrank back:—"Nay hence, come not nigh, I have heard oft of that strange and ghastly place. The dwellers there while they live are attacked by terrors that waste away their strength and vigour, and make their visage pale and wan, and there all things have an awful end. They sleep in icy coldness, and are evermore dead to the voices of their once beloved home."

"Yea, thou art right," was the answer, borne like a music-chime upon the air, "but though Disease and Death ravage it, its fairness equals that of this immortal land." "I marvel, if what thou sayest be true, but thou at least art beautiful enough to be the spirit-goddess of our world. Come, I will take thee to the lord of Luna, he shall command thy fate." She led the maid over hill and dale, till they came in view of the Angel Mount which now rises dark and rugged on my breast, but then was covered with many hued flowers and was melodious, with sweet throated songsters. "This lofty mount is our lord's dwelling-place, oh maiden," said her guide, "and lo! he approaches us; bow thy head for great is the reverence we pay to our King." "Dweller beneath my parent rule, whom hast thou here?" The King asked in wonder—"Is this the goddess of the Angel Mount, or the spirit of the flowers?" "Neither, oh lord of Luna's bowers, she is but a

child of Earth, I found her nigh my dwelling-place, this morn, and brought her to thee for I doubted much what to do with her." "Thou did'st well," the king replied, "her beauty shall make her my queen." "Thou ruler over an immortal land wilt thou make one of short and troubled days thy queen? Away with such thoughts! Luna's maidens are fair in their unshadowed loveliness; gaze into the azure of this earth-child's eyes, and sorrow the forecast of death shalt thou find there." "Begone woman, no forecast of death shall ever prove true in her that is queen over deathlessness, the spirit of our moon-world shall give to this my earth-bride the gift of fadeless beauty and unending days."

"In the soft brightness of a Luna night, the King was offering a libation of perfumes distilled from the rarest flowers over an altar heaped with snowy roses. "Spirit of this favoured land,"—he spoke in a low chanting tone,—“see from deepest vale and highest hill, from laughing fount and darkling stream, I bring thee offering thou dost love the best,—not the golden fruit, from richly laden tree, nor any happy life which thou dost bless with breath, but pure and dewy flowers, breathing untainted incense to thy airy home. One boon, oh spirit blessed! I ask of thee,—breathe over one mortal form, the child of other worlds, the gift of death unknown, and loveliness eternal.” Like the vibration of a harp-string rang the answer through the air: “I blessed thy land with all things bright and beautiful, I have given to thee and to them immortality, that no thought of change may mar thy joy, and now why dost thou wish to know of sorrows, tears, and mortal death? But I grant thy prayer, thy bride shall be immortal, and her beauty shall not fade, yet”—and the voice took a darker tone—“knowest thou the stream that falls from its dizzy height, a cascade of molten silver; in the fair land I have given thee no other stream is like it, for no laughing ray of light doth ever bring one sparkle to its deathly whiteness. Go guard its waters well ere thou wed thy alien bride, for the hour her lips do touch its surface, not she alone, but thou and thy land shall be enwrapped in the icy shroud of death.”

"Oh, Earth! passionate in the love that thrills thy restless pulse, no less passionate was the love that swept the heart of the once calm ruler of this calm land. Despite the brooding shades of danger and of death, the lord of Luna made thy child his bride. But the unchanging smile of my calm heaven shone not on her infancy; not amidst my deathless flowers did her childhood pass into the deeper dream of womanhood, she had tasted, nay, had drunk deep of thy mingled cup of deepened sorrow and rapturous joy, and the foamless draught of a calm unruffled happiness was tasteless to her fevered lips.

"The fatal stream was guarded well and the earth-bride despite her weariness of life and spirit that longed for death could taste not the deliverance she longed for more and more. But a brooding heart has many thoughts, and sorrow plans many devices. It was in the hush of a shadowed night that the earth-queen approached the wood that encircled the stream of Death and there she broke into a song, such as thou alone oh, Earth! canst teach,—a song with thy passion-music and melting sadness, a trembling in every flute-like note. The watch around the stream heard it and stood entranced at its wondrous sweetness; while, with wit and stratagem in her heart, she strayed further and further drawing the spell-ridden sect after her. On and on they went, losing all thought of the deathly waters in their fatal fascination, and not even when the earth-bride drew her footsteps in a circle to reach her longed-for fate did those poor foolish souls know her or her design. The waters now gleamed close, and with a heart wildly beating, but with mind and soul bent on making each accent of her siren voice instinct with sweetness and power, she drew nearer, yet nearer. But one short step from the ghastly goal, but one burst more of that fatal song and the watch rushed forward. "The earth-queen approaches the waters of death!" they called, but alas too late! Already her eager lips had tasted the forbidden draught; already the doom pronounced by the spirit-god was bleaching and blighting all my fairness and joyous life! Ah, beautiful Earth, smiling in the strength of a world's strong prime, as I look upon thee with another light than mine own, I mourn in lonely desolation over my long vanished youth and joy."

A Lecture by Miss Cornelia Sorabji.

MISS Cornelia Sorabji, the distinguished Oxford graduate, who is the first Indian Lady to enter the profession of Law, is now on a visit to England; and a lecture by her, delivered under the auspices of the National Indian Association, with Sir Grant Duff as Chairman, is now before us. Those who have read this lady's contributions to the *Nineteenth Century* know full well how gracefully and effectively she wields the English language; and even apart therefore from the matter of the subject she deals with, the manner of putting it, in itself, is fascinating. But the lecture before us, entitled "Recollections and Reflections," is as interesting on account of its matter as it is attractive for the form in which it is put. The lecture has the appearance of a chatty description of things that have come under her keen observa-

tion; but really it contains shrewd and profound remarks on the present condition of India—intellectual, material, moral and social. She begins by giving a vivid description of a visit to Cutch Maudevi in one of Shepherd's steamers. Here is a striking description of.

A SACRED TOWN IN CUTCH.

Dwarka is one of the four most sacred towns in India, and would make delightful material for any artist, with the sunset lights aglow over stretch of sea and quaint cone-shaped temple. Well do I remember one particular afternoon, when a flame-garbed pilgrim stood saint-in-his-niche wise in a tiny shrine, making just the needed human link between animate and inanimate creation. Dwarkanath is the chief temple in the town—a great gilt erection, very much as man has made it. I liked it least of all the houses of the gods, and fancy it must be modern. But when I ventured to ask a date of my guide—"That was never built," said he, in undisguised contempt of my ignorance; "it dropped from Heaven, as it stands, on a night before the memory of man!"

One morning my ayah came to me with an air of mystery: "A woman has left a bundle in the bedroom tent." "Well! bring it me," said I, "to be touched, that you might return it to her." "Oh! but it is not to be returned," she averred; "she prays that you will keep it." "Bring it, and let it be inspected," said I. And it came—a queer, long bundle, apparently of soiled linen. My curiosity was awake—a baby, perhaps: what should I do with it in this wilderness! Roll after roll of linen and tissue paper did the ayah unwind—ah! poor smothered infant!—to arrive finally at—a bottle of very good Scotch whisky! "Have the woman summoned," said I. "The history of the gift must I know." She came, and, with some circumlocution, told me that long years ago a man from across the seas had been wrecked on their shores. To him they brought the customary gifts of hospitality—firewood, and the best of the produce of the earth. "Hoots!" said he; "I'd give all this for a drop of Scotch whisky!" So the coasting vessel was commissioned to find this strange commodity, and bring a case of it to Dwarka. It arrived after many days, and the stranger got his drop before leaving those shores. But the rest they buried in a secure place, and ever after, if they wished to express gratitude to one from Europe or from British India, would produce a bottle of their best Scotch! My principles and—office (!) forbade my accepting the gift; but I regret to add that we were hopelessly hampered on our next march, because my Portuguese cook and the head chaprassi were as drunk as if they'd "mixed their wines!"

The Giran forest was particularly exciting, because I had been told that the Kathiawar lion would tickle my face with his mane in the early morning. (A story just a bit too clever, for I believe he hath no mane at all!), and that, tumbling out of bed in my tent, I should tread on the tail of a panther. All that did happen was that the monkeys swung from the forest trees, holding on to each other's tails in a way that I should have thought was perilous—to the tails!—and made faces at one, as who should suggest, "we but mimic, we do!"

In the *Nineteenth Century*, not long ago, Miss Sorabji wrote a most powerful story of the famine,

which evidently seemed the result of experience gained at first hand. Here is her account of her visit to the famine districts of Western India:

FAMINE SIGHTS AND SCENES.

Last August I went on a tour in the Panch Mahals—one of the worst famine districts of Western India. I found a winter landscape—trees bare of every shred of green—under a blazing, scorching sun! The desolation of it all is indescribable. The leaves had to feed both man and beast. "You will see worse," said my companion; and soon we came upon stretches of forest—in ashes!

"Does that mean an enemy?" said I. "No," was the reply; "but the hope of an insurance policy." It was impossible to sell the timber in this time of stress so the owner thought he would make his profit by the help of a little tongue like as of fire!

The monsoon had played sad tricks last year: giving good promise first of that which was to come, and then, when the seed was sown and the cattle were bought, flirting with the soil and holding off. Thus it was twice through the rainy season: and oh! the trucks of skeletons which were being carted away! Those were happiest—whether man or beast—who soonest crawled to the poison tree.

Then, too, plague and cholera were rife in many districts; and help often came too late. In one part of the country I know of a single-handed worker who travelled from morn to night distributing the corn which the good ships brought from America. But cholera set in among the people, and he needed medicine as well as food. "Come and help me," said he to a friend. And the friend came at express speed, but in the Bheel country had to be content with the pace of a desert camel. And when they were yet some miles off the camp, a funeral procession met them. The "Sahib" had taken the black sickness himself, and was dead, and his servants had put him on a stretcher and were taking him to the burning ground. His friend stopped them where they stood, and buried his countryman; going on immediately to the sadly interrupted distribution.

Miss Cornelia has a great deal to say about education in India and the material condition of the people, but these are subjects, that do not concern us so very intimately as the social condition of India. The following paragraph is like a concentrated essence, and refers to

INDIA'S PRESENT SOCIAL CONDITION.

In some parts of India we are where we were one hundred and more years ago. Think of the seclusion of women in North and North-West India! Their husbands and brothers come to England, and travel on the Continent; and when they return to their own homes they have their professions, and their games clubs, and their book clubs. They amass money and multiply their possessions; and the wives spoil the children and quarrel over their jewels in the apartments—"on the inside"! "We don't even let them visit their women neighbours," said, exultingly, an advanced Indian gentleman to me. "They have nothing to talk about and occupy themselves with, and they would get to comparing their possessions, and so grow discontented."

And, if so, whose fault is that? I speak to Indians who in England are having every advantage. "Be-

ware of too much good staying in your hands!" Why not reform your own individual households on your return?

The community will ignore you and slight you for a while, no doubt, but it will be well worth the ostracism; and in course of time you will have a community of your own. There is no need to let your women out of their seclusion straightway. Educate them where they are. Seldom have teachers found more apt pupils than await you, I'll warrant.

As things are, the one-sided development seems to me wholly a mistake. Indeed, I begin to wonder whether the exodus to England—considering that to which most men return—is not a hideous error in itself. Brand new patches on old garments never did augment but worsen rents.

I leave the problem with you. What it involves, you know better than I can tell you.

To me, indeed, the most hopeful India is not the India in England, but the India of the fields, and the weaving looms, and the caste system: the vernacular India, which never having crossed the waters, yet does its best to bring enlightenment to an effete civilisation—which conserves the good and the true and the individual, and nevertheless has courage to reach out a hand for the new.

Miss Sorabji's lecture seems to have called forth a great deal of sympathetic criticism, and Sir Grant Duff paid a graceful compliment to the fair lecturer when he said: "It is rare indeed that we have had anything so agreeable and interesting placed before us as has been done this afternoon in so graceful and charming a manner."

Indian Cookery.

DEAR EDITRESS!

I have been favored with the following recipes by an Indian Lady friend of mine, who is quite an expert in these matters. You will see an improvement in these recipes as compared with those given previously, for the quantities are given quite clearly; and I trust this will enable your fair readers to attempt these dishes:—

TWO LUNCHEON DISHES.

One tea cupful of rolong (sujee), 4 dry chillies, 1 dessert spoonful of உருத்திமருப்பு வசம், a little cummin and mustard seeds. Put into a frying pan 2 dessert spoonfuls of ghee, and when boiling add the chillies broken up, when these are frying add the pulse, then when well burned, throw in the cummin and mustard seed, with a few curry leaves, and pour into this a tea cup and a half of water. When the water begins to boil, throw in the rolong and add salt, stirring the whole well; add also a heaped tablespoonful of scraped cocoanut, keep stirring, till the whole is of a soft floury consistency, and dish.

SAUCE FOR THE ABOVE.

Take tamarind, as much as a small lime, well mix with a little salt into three quarter of a tea cupful of water. Strain, and put in a small quantity of green coriander leaves. Put into a pan a tea spoonful of ghee, when boiling throw into it 4 dry chillies broken up. When fried add quarter tea spoonful fenugreek, after this is well browned, throw in a little cummin and

mustard seed, and pour in the tamarind mixture, let it simmer well. Then dish.

For those who relish the taste of assafœtida, add a little mixture of assafœtida, that is juice.

BAJAS.

Chop up finely some green coriander leaves, 3 green chillies, 3 peels of garlic, add these to a batter made of 2 table spoonfuls of Bengal gram flour. Slice, either a potato, large sized brinjal, or green plantain, dip in the above mixture, with salt to taste, and fry a golden brown, in good ghee.

E. J. D.

Hurrah! What do you think I have got for you? A whole budget of recipes for Indian Pickles, Chutneys, Sauces, Curries, Sweetz, &c.—the result of long experience, not only in South India, but in other parts of India—kindly placed at my disposal for the use of the "Ladies' Magazine," by an English Gentleman who has lived in this country for several years. Is it not very kind of him? I shall give your readers the benefit of this precious budget from time to time. I make a beginning here with this:—

SAUCES.

MUSTARD SAUCE.—Common mustard, 10 pollums; 12 dry chillies; 1 large garlic; the root or bark of the mooringekoy tree (முருங்கைக்காய்)—about 2 pollums. Ginger—a piece 2 inches long; a small quantity of mint leaves (மேதையில்), sugar 2 pollums (brown preferably) vinegar enough to make a thick sauce, 2 white onions ground to paste. Dry the mustard seeds, husk, and clean the seeds from the husk: Grind chillies, garlic bark, ginger, mint, and sugar to a paste in vinegar. No boiling is needed. Macerate 3 days, strain through coarse muslin and add enough vinegar to make a thin sauce, straining the sediment and using the vinegar to help the straining process.

MINT SAUCE.—½ lb green mint leaves (மேதில்), 1 oz. red chillies, ½ lb salt, ½ lb raisins, 2 ozs. green ginger, ½ lb brown sugar, 1 oz. garlic. Pound or grind with ¼ pt. vinegar. Mix well and add enough vinegar to make a thick sauce. Boil gently to the first bubble and strain. Less vinegar gives you mint chutney.

TAPP SAUCE.—8 large green mangoes pared and cored, ½ lb. Tomatoes, ½ lb salt, ½ lb brown sugar, ½ lb raisins, ½ lb red chillies, ½ lb dry ginger, 2 ozs. garlic. Pound separately or grind with vinegar, mix well adding 3 qts. vinegar. Boil and put in a jar and stand it in the sun. Bottle. The thick stuff that remains can be used as a chutney.

WORCESTER SAUCE.—1 pint malt vinegar, ½ pint tarragon vinegar, ½ oz. garlic, ½ oz. cloves, ½ lb lump sugar, 1 oz. shallots (young onions), the same of anchovies, or else a table spoonful of anchovy sauce. 2½ ozs. soy, 1 oz. tamarind, 1½ oz. salt, ½ a tea spoonful each of cayenne (chilly powder and pepper respectively) and essence of lemon to flavor. Chop the shallots, garlic and tamarinds very fine: pound the cloves and anchovies (if the fish is used) in a mortar, and put all the ingredients except the lemon essence and soy into an enamelled vessel (stewpan) and boil for an hour. Remove scum as it rises; when a little cool pass through a fine wire sieve, add the lemon and salt: then pour into bottles which must be well corked to exclude air. If tamarinds are not used, the pulp of lemon or any acid fruit may be substituted. More in my next.

AMATEUR COOK.



Editorial Note.

We are anxious that, in the columns of this Magazine, the conservative In-

The Hindu Ideal of Womanhood.

Indian view, regarding the position and status of women, should be prominently set forth, for this view, rightly or wrongly, is the view held honestly by not only a large number of our countrymen who have not come under Western influence, but also by a very considerable section of our countrymen who have benefited largely by the new influences at work in India. Hence, we are glad to publish in this issue the interesting discussion between Sri Krishna Sarma Esq., and Professor K. Sundaraman, M.A., on the "Hindu Ideal of Womanhood." Both belong to orthodox Hindu society, and their views so diametrically opposed to each other are therefore all the more interesting. The Professors' views, stated in a few words, amount to this:—Hindu women have been from time immemorial noted for their domestic virtues,—their purity, their chastity, their simplicity of life, their contentment, their silent suffering and sweet serenity. They have proved themselves to be faithful wives and devoted mothers. There is, therefore, no use disturbing the old order of things. Leave them as they are: by educating them you will only be westernizing and denationalizing them; for Western civilization is as far removed from

Eastern civilization as the Poles. Such a view is honestly held by many, and we must give our respectful consideration to it. There are, however, one or two fallacies lurking in this view. In the first place the view takes for granted that the ideal of a faithful wife and devoted mother,—of a pure, chaste, loving, suffering, self-sacrificing womanhood—is a purely Hindu ideal. Is this so? Nobody admires the virtues of our Hindu women as we do, and yet we dare not say that such an ideal as the one the Professor describes is the monopoly of the Hindu. The ideal is the universal ideal of mankind. When we deal with woman from a mere external point of view the ideals may differ. When we come to what is within, to the spirit, the invisible but all potent essence of womanhood, then the uniformity of the ideal, in all nations and in all ages, is simply marvellous. Then again, is there not a fallacy underlying the assumption that the education of our girls, the enlargement of their intellectual horizon, the absorption by them of all that makes for culture and refinement—all this means denationalization? The Bogus of denationalization looms very large in the Professor's eyes. In one sense we are all getting denationalized against our will. Our railways and telegraphs, our schools and colleges, our new political institutions, our local self-Government schemes—all these are unconscious denationalizing agencies. But, apart from this process of change which is inevitable, surely we are not justified in taking for granted that the training of the intellect of our women would make them denationalized? The point is this:—Is education, is intellectual enlightenment good for men? If it is, then why deny it to women? The Professor would leave things as they are in *statu quo*, and yet he says that the ideal of Savitri and Seeta are the ideals for our men to follow? But as Mr. Sarma has so clearly pointed out, Savitri and Seeta lived in a freer and in a more enlightened atmosphere than our women at the present day do. Let us go back to the old state of things in India, when women were allowed greater freedom, when they were given every opportunity of developing their minds. It is taking a very narrow and a very pessimistic view of the character of Indian women, and a distorted view of education as well, if we think that education will strip our women of the graces that they are naturally endowed with. Give woman the highest and most liberal education she is capable of,—it need not necessarily be English education,—instil her with the principles of true religion and morality, and she will be proof against all temptations and be all the nobler and stronger and purer for the freedom granted to her! The Professor has a great deal to say about the self-sacrifice of Indian women. Self-sacrifice is a great virtue; but we women are justified in asking our countrymen how much of this virtue which they so much admire in us, they themselves exhibit in their relations to us poor women. "You enjoy the benefits of education, you are marching on with exultation having drunk deep of the fountain of knowledge, rejoicing in your strength, and when we ask that you should be given the privilege of cultivating our intellects as you have done, of imbuing the culture and refinement which have recreated you, you say let the old order remain as it is, be content with your narrow horizon, with your stunting, self-effacing surroundings." Self-sacrifice is indeed a great virtue; but it is a grave error to mistake it for self-obliteration.

We have expressed our views freely for we feel strong-

ly; but still whilst differing from Professor Sundaraman in his views, we cannot but admire the earnestness and ability with which he advocates them. We thank him and also Mr. Sarma for their contributions to our columns, and we hope that they will appear again with their views before our readers—of course in a less combative attitude.

Things Seen.

AN INDIAN RAILWAY STATION.

A RAILWAY Station is generally one of the busiest places in the world of business, and an Indian Railway station is certainly not behindhand in the bustle and confusion usually attendant on journeys. The station at M..... is a very large and important station indeed,—a junction for several lines. As the carriage drives up to the entrance, forming one of a long string of conveyances, which seem to go too slowly for the haste one is in, a porter opens the door. Out we jump and take out the little parcels as fast as we can, for the carriage cannot stop there long. Then comes the bustle of collecting the luggage from the confusion of grinning bandymen who are waiting outside; and who, beyond yelling at the top of their voices and grabbing at the luggage aimlessly, do nothing to help us in any way. The tickets have to be taken, the heavier luggage weighed and entrusted to the porters, which we succeed in doing after a great deal of bustling, and we finally make our way through a sweating, yelling, gesticulating crowd to the railway platform. If we are rather early, at first the scene is comparatively quiet. Only a few porters in their khaki-coloured uniforms, one or two policemen and a few would-be-passengers are walking about. The train is slowly forming, with the engine shunting about and shrieking out its commands. Easy it is for those who come early. They can get their luggage into their compartments quietly. The porters are ready to do service; indeed, too many of them swoop upon your luggage and carry off the parcels, till you do not know in despair what to do. But gradually the bustle increases. Now the heavier luggage is being carried to the brake-van in unweildy trucks which creak across with obtrusive jangling; people hurry up and down, some of the passengers in a very great hurry indeed; the porters run up and down, with the sweat pouring down their dusky faces. As the time draws nearer, the carriages are getting rapidly filled up, and it is pitiable sometimes to see flurried people looking for places. It is the Indians who are in a hurry, for most of them, unless they are poor, patronise the second classes. Sometimes the gentlemen's

compartment fills up with twelve or thirteen people. The ladies come up more leisurely, for they have taken care to secure their berths in the Ladies' compartment, yet they are careful to come in time to choose the best places. Now the newspaper boys and vendors of other articles hurry on to the platform. Men, with trays of sweetmeat on their heads,—some of it too sticky and swarming with flies to suit a fastidious taste,—plantain sellers, vendors of betel-leaves, sellers of bright-coloured toys,—all walk up and down. Their cries, among which the cry of 'Masala Vadai,'—a hot cake (and 'Muruk,' much patronised by the poorer classes, is very frequent,—add to the general pandemonium; for by this time the third-class passengers, who have hitherto been seething and gesticulating behind a closed door, are let loose. They almost lose their heads in excitement. Anxious fathers, in the usual Hindu dress,—their *Uttariyams* which they fling round their shoulders flying wide in their bustle,—stride along, with the women walking behind; some of them with jingling anklets, carrying heavy children on their hips, dragging others by the hand, follow as fast as they can, many of them as excited as their lords, yet some curious enough to look round and lag behind till they are told to hurry up. It is curious and characteristic that the men allow the women to carry the parcels and bundles, not burdening themselves, except in rare cases, with anything. Many of the women wear jewels, heavy bangles of gold, silver anklets, rings, necklaces of the same costly metal shining on their dusky throats. Even such apparently rich people generally go into the third class, the men in some cases selfishly going into the second class. Here and there, a Muhammadan, with bristling beard, is followed by his lady so closely veiled in a shapeless white sheet that one wonders how she can see through to pick her steps. And once we saw a curious sight. A *Rani* and her children were to go in the train; and at the last moment a curious procession entered. A small enclosure was made with purdahs held on the four sides, the unfortunate females walking inside, only their feet visible, sometimes nearly thrown on their faces by the purdahs pulling them along.

Then come the working classes, in a still greater hurry if possible, for if any one is denied admittance, it is they. They run up and down, calling to one another in loud barbarous tongues, the women—some in rags—scarcely less subdued in their noise. It is noticeable that however poor the women may be, they contrive to wear ornaments of some sort, bangles of brass and necklaces of beads and *chouries* doing duty for the costlier articles worn by their more fortunate sisters. The close sweltering air becomes closer still. The gloom of the platform, which is closed in by a roof,

becomes deeper; and even the interest of watching the medley of human beings does not compensate for the long waiting. At the last moment come the Europeans in no great hurry, for they go into the first classes, which are comparatively empty. Then come the creaking trucks carrying the lights. The nimble porter climbs on to the roof, opens the port-hole, jams down the light, and runs along like a squirrel from carriage to carriage. Sometimes the train is a little late, owing to the press of luggage which has to be stored in the break-van. The first bell rings, the noise increases, the vendors of sweetmeat, etc., shout with increasing vociferousness; 'goodbyes' are exchanged, doors are slammed, the second bell rings, the whistle shrieks; and away the train goes into the open air affording a blessed relief to the sweating passengers, handkerchiefs and caps waving in the windows to the last.

News and Notes.

—Miss Ada Gow of Girton College, Cambridge, has been appointed Superintendent of the Presidency Training School for Mistresses, Madras. The Secretary of State has sanctioned a Third Inspectress of Girls' Schools for the Madras Presidency on a salary of Rs. 400 to 450.

—The name of Miss Elizabeth MacLagan Wedderburn, daughter of Sir William Wedderburn, is amongst those highly placed in the lists of the final Honour School of Modern History at the University of Oxford. Only one lady obtained a first-class and Miss Wedderburn stood second of the ladies in the second class. She has been a student in Somerville College.

—Beginning from the next issue we hope to publish a series of studies on the "Women of Shakespeare." They will be based upon a critical study of individual plays of Shakespeare, and will deal with characters that have not been written upon largely hitherto. Side by side with these sketches there will be studies of Hindu heroines as depicted in some of the old Sanskrit dramas, so as to place before our readers the ideals of the West as well as ideals of the East.

—The death of Miss Thoburn of the Women's College, Lucknow, on the 2nd instant, of Cholera, deprives India of one of her foremost Missionary educationists. She was the pioneer of higher female education as it were in the Punjab, and was the making of the Women's College which has turned out some brilliant young ladies, some of whom have won the highest honours in the Indian Universities. She was the sister of Bishop Thoburn and was 61 when she died. Deep regret is felt throughout India at the loss of this great and enthusiastic worker.

—We deeply appreciate the kind notice of our journal in the *London Times* of 10th August, which is as follows:—"We have received the first number of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*, a new periodical published in Madras. Its special characteristic is that it is written by Indian Ladies, and its object is

to promote in every way it can the social progress and culture of the women of India. The first number is bright and interesting, and its range is most comprehensive, including reviews, articles on the Vedas and the History of Indian women, and practical recipes for cookery."

—An appeal is being made in England by Lady Macnaghten and others for funds to strengthen the North India School of Medicine at Ludhiana, Punjab. This school has hitherto been training young Indian Christian women as Medical practitioners. It is proposed to affiliate the School to the University of Lahore with a view to those trained in it receiving University diplomas. The school is unique in its nature in that it is the only medical school in India for women where the students are taught by women, where they can study apart from the Hindu and Mahomedan male students and where they can receive their clinical teaching in a hospital for women and children.

—Referring to the Second Number of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*, and especially to the charming contribution of Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, the *Indian Social Reformer* says:—"The second number of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* is punctual to time. Mrs. Sarojini Naidu's lines "In the Forest," which we reprint elsewhere, are full of poetic beauty. It would seem as though we are at last to have a successor to Toru Dutt, and a successor, too, whose muse is capable of higher flights than that of that blighted bud. The haunting pathos of these exquisite lines belongs only to one whom Nature has endowed with "the vision and the faculty divine." We hope and trust Mrs. Naidu will have the fortitude to follow the vocation which this short swallow-flight of song so unmistakably points."

—We take the following from *The Indian Social Reformer*:—"Mrs. Besant is mainly responsible for much of the mischievous results of the reactionary movement. She upheld the most grotesque practices, she idealised some of the least useful customs of Hindu Society. Her sex, her eloquence, her antecedents, her nationality, all told in her favour. The educated person who fled from action could point with pride to the approbation of a cultured woman, a member of the ruling race, who had been a militant atheist but a few short years ago, and whose accents rang silver-true as she spoke, in exculpation of the strategic movement he had ignominiously executed to the rear. Mrs. Besant has been a back-engine to the Hindu race, and the deadening effects of her influence have been felt not only in social reform, but along all lines of national activity."

—*The Subodha Patrika* (Bombay) writes:—"We deeply regret the death of Mrs. Bhandarkar, wife of Dr. R. G. Bhandarkar, which sad event took place at Poona on Monday last. She was a lady of a generous and kindly disposition and not only sympathised with, but in a quiet manner assisted her husband in carrying out those principles of religious and social reform, which have distinguished his career. It is often said that our ladies are the main obstacle to religious and social progress, but Mrs. Bhandarkar's example shows that a Hindoo lady, once her mind is enlightened and she is able to appreciate the advantages of progress, is capable of becoming within her circle a potent force for good and for furthering the cause of reform. A woman of deep piety and godliness, she was able to

exercise a wholesome influence on the ladies that knew her and were brought in contact with her."

—We give a prominent place in this issue to two contributions, one from an English Lady and another from an Indian lady, on the all-important subject of "Social Intercourse between Europeans and Indians." We should like to be favoured with the views of other lady readers of ours, for nothing will tend to help on the cause all well-wishers of India have in view as a free and thoughtful expression of individual opinions on this subject. The first article is from the pen of a distinguished Anglo-Indian Lady, who has done a great deal in the Deccan, in a practical manner, to promote Social intercourse between English and Indian ladies. She is also an enthusiastic supporter of our journalistic venture. The opinions of the "Indian Lady" should also prove of special interest as she is as much in touch with English life as she is with purely Indian life.

—A memorial has been submitted to the Gaikwar of Baroda by a Hindu gentleman, against the practice known as Kanaya-Vikraya, which virtually amounts to the selling of young girls to the highest bidder irrespective of age. The memorial says:—"The sale of girls in many parts of Gujerat, Kathiawar and Cutch is worse than slave-trade, which has been prohibited by our benign British Government. When we practically see a girl of 8 or 12 years offered as bride by her cruel avaricious parents or nearest authoritative relatives to the highest bidder, never mind what his age may be, 50, 60, or 70, what do we think of this practice or transaction, which is in vogue at present and comes daily under our observation? It is neither a religious necessity nor a stringent duty to be performed in accordance with the *Shastras*; but, on the contrary, disposing of girls in such a way for money considerations is strictly prohibited by the *Shastras*." The Gaikwar is an enlightened ruler and he will, no doubt, give this matter his serious consideration.

—FEMALE EDUCATION IN BENGAL.—The leaven of female education, says a Bengali Journal, has now appreciably spread through at least the middle-classes of the Hindu population of Bengal. We certainly have sufficient reasons for rejoicing in the progress which the cause of female education has made in the last forty years. It was in 1866 that the distinguished friend and Advocate of the education of Indian girls, the late Miss Mary Carpenter, came to Calcutta and tried to organise, what then seemed a hopeless task, a school for the training of female teachers. We, in 1901 are far in advance of those days. The goal is yet far away from our view. But the work already achieved may well encourage all advocates of female education. It is now no longer confined to only the advanced sections of the community like the Brahmans and the Christians. Indeed, among the most flourishing institutions for the education of girls are to be counted some of those owned and managed by the Hindus for the Hindu girls. The last annual report of the Mahakali Patshala, an institution for the education of Hindu girls now in existence in this town for seven years, is hopeful reading for every one except the dogged opponent of female education who would shut out the light of knowledge from half the human population, if he still exist.

—A BENGALEE LADY SPEAKER.—The following taken from the *Indian Messenger* (Calcutta) will interest our readers:—It was Mrs. Monorama Mazumdar, the wife of Babu Girish Chandra Mazumdar, sometime minister of the Barisal Brahmo Samaj, who was the first Bengalee lady appearing before the public to conduct divine service from the pulpit. If Barisal claims the privilege of giving to the world the first Bengalee lady who acted as minister in public, Sylhet can claim the privilege, so far as our knowledge goes, of showing the first Bengalee lady as a public speaker. A correspondent writes to the *Bengalee* to the effect that at the meeting which was recently held in Sylhet to celebrate the anniversary of the death of Pandit Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar, which was largely attended by Indian and European ladies and gentlemen, and which was presided over by Mr. Nag, the Extra Assistant Commissioner, Sreemati Hemanta Kumari Choudhury, editor of the *Antahpur*, addressed the audience at the request of the chairman, and "delivered such a splendid speech as held the audience spell-bound for about two hours." The correspondent concludes with these words: "It was a unique spectacle in Assam,—a Bengalee lady addressing a large audience in public on such a solemn occasion." We are sincerely glad that there are at least some among our ladies who are bold enough to carry out in practical life the lessons of freedom which their religion teaches them. But we cannot but express our regret that more ladies of the type of Mrs. Mazumdar and Mrs. Choudhury are not forthcoming from amongst our community. The need of lady-ministers and lady-speakers is great in this land of subjection of women, of an utter lack of chivalry consequent on the social degradation of women, and of an absolute want of decorum in the presence of the fair sex; and these defects of Indian social life can never be remedied unless women of a superior intellectual, moral and spiritual type appear frequently before public in the capacity of ministers, preachers and speakers, and thus gain the respect and admiration of their male fellow-citizens. And such women can, in the present state of Indian Society, be only produced by those communities, which have spurned the shackles of the zenana and advocate an education of females as high as that of males. Shall not other Brahmoo ladies come forward to follow in the footsteps of Mrs. Mazumdar and Mrs. Choudhury?

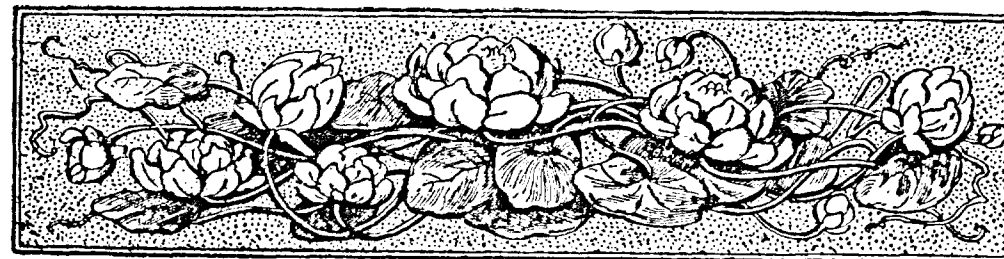
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THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

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OCTOBER, 1901.

No. 4.

Women's Memorial to Queen Victoria in the Madras Presidency.



SOME six months ago H. E. Lady Ampthill issued a circular in compliance with what she felt to be a very general desire that this Presidency should raise a sum of money for a Memorial to Queen Victoria from women only. As all matters connected with medical aid to Indian women were subjects of deep concern to Queen Victoria, Her Excellency felt that the most practical use for the money collected was to devote it to this object; and it was therefore decided that the money should be handed over to the Madras Branch of the Dufferin Fund to help them in their administration of the Victoria Caste and Gosha Hospital; such surplus as there might be being utilised for the Medical Training of women in one or other branch of the profession.

At Her Excellency's invitation, Committees of English and Native ladies were formed in every district throughout the Presidency, the members undertaking to collect contributions for the Fund from their friends, within the limit of the area allotted to them. Lady Ampthill wrote herself to the principal Indian ladies of high position in the Presidency, telling them of her project, and asking them for their help and co-operation.

The replies to her letters have been most hearty and sympathetic, each in turn expressing the writer's love and loyalty to the beloved Queen-Empress and approval of the objects to which the Fund was to be devoted. Some of these letters Her Excellency has kindly placed at our disposal. Her Highness the Maharanee of Mysore wrote:—

"I have already promised the Kanwar Rani Lady Harman Sing to subscribe to a similar fund in which she is interested, but I cannot deny myself the pleasure of being associated though in a small way, with your efforts, especially as their object is to increase the usefulness of the "Victoria Caste and Gosha Hospital." I shall therefore gladly cause a subscription of Rs. 1,000 to be remitted to the Treasurer of the Women's Memorial Fund."



The Rance Chitty Janakya Gujputee Rao wrote:—

"Of all the blessings conferred on us by Queen Victoria's long and most glorious reign, nothing touched our hearts so much, and calls forth our gratitude and veneration for our beloved Queen as the opening of Caste and Gosha Hospitals to alleviate the sufferings of millions of my country-women. The object to which the Memorial Fund is to be devoted is laudable, and shows your Excellency's interest in and warm love for the women of India. I have often heard and read of the excellent work that this Hospital is doing, and I am aware of the immense good such institutions are likely to do women in all parts of India. I enclose a list of subscriptions I had the pleasure of collecting among the members of my household. Some of the ladies in this town to whom I had mentioned this noble object have willingly and readily volunteered to contribute also. Women of all castes and rank have joined with full appreciation of the movement."

The Rance showed her cordial approbation by forwarding a sum of Rs. 2,000, as well as Rs. 278 the amount of the household collection.

The wife and daughter of the Rajah of Parlakimidi also sent Rs. 4,000 expressing at the same time their gratitude to Lady Amphyll for her efforts to help Indian women.

The Maharanee of Jeypore in expressing her great sympathy with the movement sent as her contribution Rs. 2,400.

The Rajah of Mandasa generously sent Rs. 2,000 on account of his wife.

The Rance Pattamahadevi of Kurupan wrote:—

"It is universally understood that there was no feature of our late beloved Queen-Empress' character so prominent and so highly esteemed by her subjects of whom she was rightly styled 'the Mother' as her large hearted and ever active sympathy for them in their sorrows and anxieties. In my humble opinion no memorial is more appropriate than one whose object is to found or develop an institution in which our dear Queen took such deep interest. The scheme your Excellency has so generously set afoot has met with a hearty approbation from all ranks of the people. We have to thank your Excellency for giving us all a share in raising this noble memorial."

If extracts were to be taken from all the letters received by Lady Amphyll alone they would more than fill the pages of this magazine. Very graceful and charming were the letters received in reply on behalf of the ladies addressed. From the Maharani of Bobbili, sending Rs. 2,000; from the wife of the Jaghirdar of Arnee; and the wife of the Rajah of Cannanore; and the Rance of Kallikote; and the Begum of Banganapalle; and the Rance of Gopalapore; and H. H. the Maharani of Vizianagram; and the Rance of Parapanad, and many others.

A noticeable feature in the carrying out of the Memorial has been that many Native ladies have held committees and spoken about the project.

Lady Bhashyam Iyengar called together a very successful meeting at her house in Madras, an account of which appeared at the time in the "Madras Mail."

In Aska, Ganjam, a native Ladies' meeting was held in the Choultry Hall, and a copy of the minutes of the meeting was forwarded to Her Excellency.

One lady made an interesting speech in Telegu on the blessings of the British rule in general, and the tender interest always evinced by Her Majesty Queen Victoria towards

her Indian subjects and especially towards the womankind. Another lady gave a brief sketch of the life of Queen Victoria, and her manifold virtues, and exhorted the audience to commemorate her name as Lady Amphyll wisely proposed. Yet another lady read some verses composed by her father-in-law for the occasion.

In several districts where there are local hospitals for "Women and Children" only a portion of the money collected has been sent to Lady Amphyll for the Memorial Fund, the remainder having, with Her Excellency's approval, been retained for the benefit of the local establishments. This was notably the case in Bellary where the very large sum of Rs. 20,000 was collected. Six thousand rupees have been sent to the Memorial, and the balance has been kept in the district for the benefit of Bellary. Also in Calicut where over Rs. 5,000 were collected, a sum of Rs. 2,833 was sent to the Madras Memorial and the remainder kept for the Calicut "Women and Children's" Hospital. Of the above, some Rs. 833 was collected by the Palghat branch. In Mangalore the same system will be adopted.

The wards of the Madras Victoria Caste and Gosha Hospital are open to the caste and gosha women of the whole of the Presidency, and that this fact is known and appreciated is shewn by the numbers of women who have come to it from all parts of South India. During the eight months of the present year 112 patients from up-country have been treated as in-patients coming from the following districts:—

Palghat, 5.	Saidapet, 14.	Vellore, 5.
Nellore, 10.	Kodambacum, 15.	Madura, 2.
Trevandrum, 2.	Hyderabad, 2.	Tinnevely, 1.
Calicut, 3.	Palaveram, 2.	Vizagapatam, 5.
Mangalore, 4.	St. Thomas' Mount, 10.	Trivellore, 2.
Chingleput, 10.	Cuddapah, 1.	Pondicherry, 5.
Cocanada, 2.	Ambur, 3.	Avanie, 1.
Kumbaconum, 4.	Tanjore, 4.	

One English lady writing from the West Coast of her experience of the working of the "Women's Victoria Memorial" says:—"The movement has been the means of bringing the European and Native ladies together. Some of the latter have taken the greatest interest, and have helped us a very great deal." Many other English ladies in reading this will corroborate the statement from their own experience. But the most far-reaching of the side benefits of the Memorial has been the revelation at the outset of her life among us, of the earnestness and interest shown by Lady Amphyll herself in the Indian women of the Presidency. If all subjects connected with the welfare of Indian women were subjects of deep concern to the Queen Empress, we feel that her mantle has fallen on one of England's daughters, worthy to represent her, and to carry on the good work so thoughtfully instituted by the Queen, so that "she being dead yet speaketh."

Lady Amphyll's kind thought and sympathetic words have penetrated every corner of the Presidency, and her name will always be associated throughout South India with the Women's Memorial to the revered and much loved Queen Victoria.

The total sum subscribed has reached the satisfactory figure of over Rs. 45,000, besides about Rs. 17,000 which is to be devoted to local Hospitals.



The Women of Shakespeare: Katharine the Shrew.



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THE Taming of the Shrew" seems to have been written in the earlier and tentative period of Shakespeare's life, the years of experiments, in which he equally tried his skill upon all subjects. In his earlier writings the comic and the serious elements exist side by side and as yet they do not interpenetrate. "The Taming of the Shrew" may be thought, a pure comedy, a mere joke of the commonest order; yet to those who go into it carefully, in spite of the fact that it overflows with wit and merriment of the lightest, most buoyant description, it is seen to be a comedy in which plot and character equally engaged the great Dramatist's attention—a comedy of intrigue in which we can see the poet passing from the shallow delineation of persons to the more profound development of character which we find so entrancing in his later works. The piece, it is true, is treated in a humorous style, and is deficient in deep thought and deep emotion, but it does not seem intended by the poet to be treated as a mere comedy. The humour of Shakespeare is many-sided, and he abounds in kindly mirth. He laughs heartily, but it is not laughter alone that pleases him, he wants laughter mixed with thought or pathos. Even in Shakespeare's most comic creations there is something that prevents contempt. He recognised human imperfection as well as human perfection, and hence a fellow-feeling springs up between us and every human being depicted in his marvellous creations. Our intercourse with them is social in its nature, sympathetic and charitable. In "The Taming of the Shrew," as in others of his subordinate comedies, though what is laughable occupies the surface, there are undercurrents of earnest sentiment, which steal into us unexpectedly. Even when we are laughing most heartily, we are doing something better than laughing without knowing it, and are all the better for it.

The play begins with an Induction, in which a common drunkard is accidentally met by a noble lord and is made the subject of a joke in which he is forced to imagine himself a powerful lord, labouring under the delusion of being a common tinker. Then is introduced "The Taming," as a play with-

* This is the first of a series of twelve articles on the Women of Shakespeare, by the Editor, which will appear simultaneously in the *Kayastha Samachar* (Allahabad), and in this Magazine.

in a play. The chief interest centres round Katharine the Shrew and Petruchio. The subordinate parts are very loosely interwoven with the main action and stand opposed to it. Yet there is a connecting spirit between them as well. The leading idea is the relation in which women ought to stand to men, and here there is a smart antithesis between the shrewish Katharine who becomes a submissive wife, and the meek Bianca who has her own will when she is married. Still there is an essential discordance in tone and spirit, and the story of Katharine and Petruchio stands out isolated, lively and exciting, depending on a contrasted geniality of character, which is distinctly based on profound psychological observations.

From an Indian standpoint of view, the character of Katharine would be an interesting study. The Indian creed, as is well-known, is the perfect submission of the wife to the husband. Such a woman as Katharine, contradicting her husband, as she at first does Petruchio, would be quite unknown, or ought to be unknown, among Indian women, and it would be very interesting to trace the gradual submission of such a woman. One cannot but differ from the perfect submission creed, and yet however much one may advocate the freedom of women, one cannot but think that Katharine is an unusual character. But the fault does not lie on her side, for her character seems to be the result of an entirely wrong education. From the few glimpses we have of Baptista, we see him to be a man of weak character, a man who would never think of controlling his wayward daughter. "I would be liberal to mine own children in good bringing up," he says, and he must have kept to this axiom, for afterwards when he tries to assert his authority, no one pays any attention to him. Baptista does not go about the right way to treat Katharine. He makes no secret of her faults; in public company he proclaims his partiality for her sister; and Katharine, who seems to have been a girl of unusually high spirit, must have felt it especially galling to her sensitive proud nature to witness this preference, not only of her father, but of everyone else, to one who is so unlike herself. She is an impetuous, impulsive, ill-behaved girl, more like a child than a woman, pert and determined, but full of good heart. Like a child she refuses to mind her father, like a child she is jealous, and like a child she resents the insults, which one cannot deny are flung at her face, wholly mindless of her feelings as a human being, much less a woman. Cannot we understand how, with no knowledge of how she ought to conduct herself, thinking her behaviour perfectly correct, and yet seeing it censured, she is perplexed and in very shame tries to hide this perplexity under contemptuous indifference? She is a woman

of unusual energy of character and this energy shows itself in her attitude towards those she dislikes. Whatever may be said of her, it cannot be denied that she is frank, though a little mindless of other's feelings; and perhaps to this frank, downright and childish nature, such a temper as Bianca's appeared too insipid and it may be hypocritical. She cannot understand how Bianca can keep so many lovers dangling after her and so she rails at her meek sister. "Her silence flouts me, and I'll be revenged," she says. Perhaps it may be a mild case of the Fox and the Grapes with her. She finds herself called 'devil,' 'fiend,' 'curst Kate;' and, piqued and embittered, she gives up any tentative attempts she may have made to win appreciation, for to every girl appreciation is sweet. If she had had a mother, she may have been taught that it was not wrong so to modify one's nature, without pretence, as to go through the world trying to be pleasant and give pleasure to others. But she has no mother and such a course appears too hypocritical. If she had been less of a child, she may have known that the best way to return insults is to pay no heed to them, but she is not woman enough to hide her hot young heart quivering under the insults of the world. She is censured for wishing to have lovers like her sister, but we must remember that that is natural with almost every girl, and moreover that it was a censure then, as it is now—and especially among Indians—for women to go through life unmarried. Katharine may again be accused, especially by Indian women, as being too immodest in speech. But we must remember that she belonged to a laughter-loving age, when more importance was attached to things than to words. Then there is modesty and modesty; and though in many cases it is best for women to be quiet and reserved, yet nothing is worse than false modesty, which, when left free, is not proof against attacks. Katharine makes her jokes and her harsh speeches in a perfectly innocent spirit. She is too much of a shrew and talks too much, it is true, but it is not her fault. She is a woman of wit and intellect. As we may notice, she has a quick eye to see what is weak or ludicrous in man or woman. The impulse to speak the poignant things that rise to her lips is irresistible. In her there is a touch of that insolence which is natural to women when wit is the predominating element in their character. But, though wilful, she is not wayward, nor unfeeling, as we see afterwards. And especially touching is it to see the childlike simplicity with which she falls into the snare laid for her by Petruchio, the man of the world.

For what happens now? To such a state of things Petruchio comes to put an end. Petruchio seems to be the only rational character in

the piece, but the perversity of the others obliges him also to play the fool and make himself ridiculous. We find the keynote to his character when we see him on his first appearance jesting with his servant under an appearance of sincerity. He knows the servant cannot understand him, and yet is perverse enough to wish to make him understand in the way he pleases. Petruchio is quarrelsome, but he is humorous. He comes to Padua with no refined purpose, but only to marry Money. He does not seem to be of very refined habits. But he is strong and manly. He has a deep, rugged, determined nature. He hears the worst that can be said of Katharine, and yet has enough confidence in himself to try to win her.

"Will I live?" he says when he is asked whether he will woo the wild cat,—

"Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets'
clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so good a blow to hear
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?"

He has plenty of experience of the world, and understands how to jest and flatter, and to tame a shrew cannot frighten him. And he is an active man, as we see later on, when he murmurs against the usual role of gentlemen:

"Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!"

There is no shilly-shallying about him. He is business-like, mercenary perhaps, but generous in his settlements on his wife. And he really seems to be attracted by the girl. He says:

"Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
Oh! how I long to have some chat with her."

Petruchio settles beforehand his course of treatment with Katharine. And what a treatment it is! What a mixture of banter, flattery and defiance! No wonder Katharine is taken by storm. All her words are repulsive and contemptuous, and yet she consents. Petruchio knows what women are, how full of contradictions, and he acts according to his knowledge. Katharine cannot stand against him. Perhaps it seems difficult to understand how such a self-willed girl consents so soon to marry. But it is natural. In Petruchio she sees for the first time a man worthy the name of man, not the effeminate lovers hanging round her sister. Hitherto every one has been afraid of her; here is one who will not be daunted. Here is an energetic and manly spirit just like the ideal she must always have held up before her own energetic spirit. And Petruchio, unlike any of the others, flatters her. She is suspicious and taunts him. But he does not mind her in the least.

She sees he is amused at her and mocks her, and she is piqued and put on her mettle. But he is serious at least in his desire to win her, and as soon as she sees this seriousness the storm subsides. The gradual awakening of her interest in him, roused by his presumption, his insolent appreciation, his patience, his good-humoured pertinacity, is very interesting to watch. "I chafe you, if I tarry. Let me go," she says, perhaps a little ashamed of her shrewishness, then bursts out with "Where did you study all this goodly speech?" And then, not only does he flatter her, but he also depreciates her, and involuntarily she tries to convince him to the contrary, as when she walks to show him she does not halt. Then he is sarcastic and she is nonplussed. She sees that he understands her perfectly, the only one that has done it yet; and like a passionate curious child, taken by surprise, attracted in spite of herself, she stands before this new phenomenon. Poor Katharine! to be confronted by such masterfulness and astonishing decision—she who has never been so commanded in her life.

"Will you, nill you, I will marry you,
Now Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well."

He is quite serious and she must have seen it and felt a wild secret delight in her heart, for the secret of it all we must remember is that Katharine is beginning to like Petruchio.

"Thou must be married to no man but me,
I must and will have Katharine to my wife."

Then comes his astounding assurance before witnesses that she has consented to become his wife. "We will be married o' Sunday," he says. Her answer is that she will see him hanged first. But Petruchio affirms that he understands her and this knowledge makes a secret link between them, making her think that, whatever she does, she will be pleasing to him.

"If she and I be pleased, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company."

Petruchio knows her weak side. He gives her an opportunity to be still thought unconquered, for a bargain always means two sides, and Katharine may have made her own conditions. Then comes another skilful touch. He tries to gratify her vanity by promising to give her a grand wedding. Half-sulkily, silently agreeing with him, yet contradicting him—and indeed she cannot do anything else, having been so long opposed to any sentimentality,—she goes off the stage. The match is made up and Petruchio is congratulated, for 'tis a match indeed.

But then comes the real tussle between the two hot spirits. Petruchio means to be the

master from the beginning. First, he shows her that it is the man she is marrying, with all his eccentricities, and not his surroundings or other accessories.

"For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And, as the sun breaks through these darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
Neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array."

A noble sentiment, if he really meant it, as he evidently did. Petruchio seems to be a genuine man, under all his outward eccentricities. He is esteemed by his friends; and, at the moment, when his honour appears to be most tarnished, still the assertion is made of him.

"Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise,
Though he be merry, yet withal he is honest."

But to return to our story. By his long absence from, and strange appearance at, the wedding, he begins with her a moral discipline. She is more disappointed than piqued; and, wonder of wonders, the haughty Katharine sighs tenderly and regretfully, showing she would not have it otherwise, in spite of her words:

"Would Katharine never had seen him though!"

She weeps; she feels deceived, and yet cannot be angry as before, for she has been conquered and is even half-afraid he has repented his purpose of marrying her. And here we may notice that Katharine is frank enough to speak out her shame, instead of hiding it or making light of it, as so many women do in such emergencies. But Petruchio arrives at last and rough and rude as he is she marries him.

"She's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him!" exclaims Grumio. However, for the first time resistance openly appears. When Petruchio refuses to stay for the dinner, Katharine first deigns to entreat him to stay. She even asks it as a proof of his love; but Petruchio disregards her; and, wounded and exasperated, she throws down her just defiance. But, calmly and quietly, Petruchio keeps to his word, taking care however to make it appear that he is solicitous for her comfort and that he is fulfilling her will and making others obey her in forcing her to obey him. He says:

"Obey the bride, you that attend on her.
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee,
Kate."

But he sets down his foot once for all, giving expression to the Indian idea of wifely submission, which is his own creed:

"I will be master of what is mine own:
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything."

A repulsive sentiment, but one that is common over half the world!

Now follows the physical discipline. As a critic says, "he obtains her by stratagem, silences her by vehemence, tames her first by overstraining, then by restraining her mental and physical nature." We may imagine to ourselves how often she must have rebelled. Once she burst out with

"And speak I will; I am no child, no babe;
Your betters have endured me say my mind,
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears."

But it is no use. However, it is gratifying to notice that Petruchio also is, as his servant says, somewhat tamed. How Katharine's proud spirit is humbled! In everything he thwarts her; in everything he must be master. But all her privations he shares with her; through all he is kind, and everything he asserts is done for her own good. And rough and uncouth as his treatment is, it cannot be denied that it is effectual. Here we may notice one good trait in Katharine's character. She is kind to servants and endeavours to excuse them to her husband. Her husband also is honest enough to pay the tailor, though he abuses him in no light terms. But even the servants mock her and she at last gives in. How quiet and calm she is hereafter. In everything she assents to him. Even when he says that the sun is the moon, that a man is a woman—a skilful test on his part,—she says he is right.

They come back to Baptista's house and are just in time to see the conclusion of the tricks played on the old man. They stand aside and watch, rather selfishly it is true, though they cannot do anything, but showing that Petruchio can stop himself when he likes, quarrelsome as he is, from interfering in other's affairs, and it is only in his own that he wishes to be master.

Now comes the end, a proof of her perfect submission. But let us pause to notice a few points in our hero's and heroine's characters. Petruchio is wise and observant, deducing the feelings of others from their words. He is humorous, as when he acknowledges a small joke made on him: "He has a little galled me, I confess." And Katharine too is good humoured, even when she has to acknowledge her submission before those who, she knows, are wondering at her; she even becomes enthusiastic and eloquent. She is not at all self-conscious. She preaches her lesson of subjection in the old energetic manner, showing she had quite taken it to heart. Here is a perfect expression of the submission of wives to their husbands:

"I am ashamed that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace,
Or seek for rule, supremacy and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love and obey."

Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?"

What is the moral of this? Are women to be so perfectly subjugated? Certainly not. The moral of the contest proves merely this, as a critic says, "that with equal spirit and determination on either side, the balance of physical power, of muscular strength, of capability of watching, of fasting, of enduring fatigue, so far preponderate on the side of the husband that the weaker sex has no chance in a protracted opposition, and must ultimately be wearied and tired out." But is this the whole truth? Are there not other powers employed than can be met by any physical endurance? Has the wife no say in the matter? In the play we do not find much about the influence of Katharine on Petruchio. But she certainly must have influenced him. Petruchio, we see, is proud of her, he likes her very much, he also is tamed. Lucentio wonders how Katharine could have been so tamed, and Katharine has an individuality of her own. And there are reasons why Katharine should give in so completely here. Petruchio is her intellectual superior. He is a genuine man; and the result of woman's nature in general and of Katharine's nature in particular with its pride and unusual energy is to love and obey where a superior is met with. Such a woman as Katharine will love well where she loves, and that will be where she can respect and look up to her husband, as Katharine does to Petruchio. Besides, Katharine went beyond her sphere at the beginning, and it is but poetic justice that she should be worsted at the end. Therefore we may be sure that Petruchio and Katharine are excellently suited to one another and their marriage will prove a happy one. When we recollect that to the imperious temper of Katharine is united her magnanimous and loving spirit, her high sense of female virtue and honour, we may hope for the best. One may command and the other may resist, but eventually they will agree. Their home will be the happier because each has a strong individuality and will always be finding out something new and interesting in each other's character. And we may conclude that, like the induction, Shakespeare left this play incomplete. Women also have a say in the matter. They may say that their very weakness is strength and so acts upon the stronger character. And perhaps Shakespeare meant this one-sided exhibition of the rights of man and woman to have its sequel in the comedy of 'Much Ado about Nothing,' where the two characters of Petruchio and Katharine are repeated, as it were in a higher sphere in Benedict and Beatrice. As a lady-writer says:

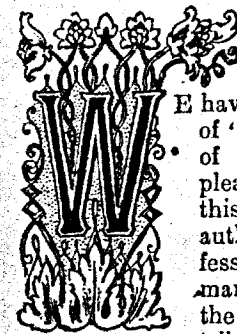
"Beatrice will prove the fitness of her name (Beatrice—giver of happiness) and Benedict will be glad to confess himself blessed indeed (Benedictus) in having won her." So in the other plays of Shakespeare, the woman has always a great influence on the man; the pathetic Ophelia on the intellectually superior Hamlet; the gentle, sacrificed Desdemona on the noble, if fierce, Othello; the terrible Lady Macbeth on her husband; the ill-used, long-suffering Hermione on the lordly Leontes; the passionate Juliet on the weak Romeo, the brilliant Imogen on her husband; Rosalind on Orlando; Viola, "his fancy's Queen" on the Duke; Miranda on Ferdinand; and so in almost every play of Shakespeare's.

As Ruskin says, "each has what the other has not; each completes the other and is completed by the other; the happiness and perfection of both depends on each asking and receiving from the other what the other only can give."

A larger sphere may be her work, when she can be independent and earn her own living. But home is the natural sphere of woman. Marriage is not the sole aim of women. She has her own work in the world as man has. But those women, whose mission is to make homes happy and cheerful with their presence; those whose influence is a holy and a pure one; those who will make man what in his inmost nature he wishes to be—a chivalrous high-minded being, a man who shall leave the world better than he found it—these are the best women.

Indian Lyrics.*

[BY A STUDENT OF ANGLO-INDIAN LITERATURE.]



WE have come across a little volume of "Indian Lyrics," the perusal of which has given us great pleasure; and we wish to share this pleasure with others. The author of these Lyrics is Professor Webb of Bengal and many of the pieces contained in the work were originally contributed to an Anglo-Indian Journal. From time immemorial India—the land of the gorgeous East—has been a source of perennial inspiration to the poet; but we fear the Anglo-Indian who comes into contact with the hard realities of Indian life sees very little poetry in India, and hence it is that we seldom find him indulging in poetry. Of course the power of idealisation will work wonders and will

* *Indian Lyrics*: By W. Trego Webb, Bengal Educational Service, Calcutta: Thacker, Spink & Co.

enable one to discover a mine of inspiration for poetry even in the every-day scenes of Indian life; but it is just this power of idealisation which the Anglo-Indian, even if he is naturally endowed with it, finds it difficult to cultivate under a temperature of over 90 degrees most of the year, with the accompaniment of mosquitoes and flees. Our author however has certainly succeeded in throwing an ideal veil on things seen in India, though many of his poems breathe a spirit of disappointment. He keeps sighing constantly for England—dear old England!

See, blurred with amber haze the sun
Neath yon dim flats doth sink to rest;
And tender thoughts, that homeward run,
Move fondly with him to the west.

They leave these hot and weary hours,
The iron fate that girds us round
And wander 'mid the meadow flowers
And breezy heights of English ground.

The sun is set, we'll dream no more,
Vainly for us the vision smiles;—
Why did we quit thy pleasant shore
Our happiest of the happy Isle!

In another poem, entitled the "Gorgeous East," the author tells us what people imagine India to be—a land of plenty, a land of Lotus flowers, a land of scented gales, a land of sculptured fanes, &c., and what it really is:

This is the gorgeous East:—
A land of jungle wild and feverish fen,
Where clay-built huts of weary toiling men
Stand 'twixt the serpent's lair and tiger's den.

This is the gorgeous East:—
A land of famine; children's hungry cries,
Peasant's thin cheeks and patient wistful eyes;
A land of vultures waiting for their prize.

This is the gorgeous East:—
A land where women labour side by side
With labouring men, or where the childish bride
Cowers the caged plaything of her master's pride.

And so on. This is realism with a vengeance! But surely even India can lay claim to things ideally perfect. Here is an excellent sonnet on

THE RAINBOW ON THE HIMALAYAS.

Of times whose gracious memories wax not old,
Fresh in my heart abides one golden day,
When, o'er these mountains as I bent my way,
A glorious vision did my eyes behold.
Far down one tree-clad vale, through mist that rolled
Beneath, the sunlight streamed with watery ray,
And blazoned on the slope the splendour lay,
Purple and emerald and azure and gold.
Then can it be the innocent heaven looks forth
Upon this lower world with alien eyes,
As one grown vile since their twice stainless birth?—
Nay, for methought the sweet and far off skies,
In the pure touch of those translucent eyes,
Stooped softly to caress their kindred earth.

Even man's work in India can arouse true genuine poetical sentiments. Here is Mr. Webb's exquisite sonnet on

THE TAJ-MAHAL.

Thou miracle of marble! who can paint
Thy glorious dome and goodly towers that rise
Against the clear blue of these cloudless skies
In snow-white splendour, pure without a taint?
Like solemn lawn-clad vestal or fair saint
Thou standest as for worship; all men's eyes
Gaze on thy majesty with rapt surprise;
Words fail upon the lips, the heart is faint
With too much beauty. In thy spiritual grace
Not of this earth thou seem'st: did ghostly might
Of faery hands thy shapey features trace
Or phantom music rear thee in thy place?—
We watch half-trembling lest the vision bright
Fade, like the Enchanter's palace, from our sight.

There are a number of Sonnets and Poems descriptive of familiar Indian characters, some of which we are tempted to quote here:—

THE COVENANTED CIVILIAN.

Or in mofussil suit of holland brown
By solah helmet topt, or haply drest
In silken hat and that well-fashioned vest
Which mark the graceful inmate of the town,—
Lo, the Civilian! Now he sitteth down
And writes reports full long; among the quest
Of murders foul doth fill him with unrest,
Guaging right well official smile and frown.
For, versatile, he mounts with equal ease
The bench or saddle; here inspecteth swift
A jail, and there a school; or doth uplift
A voice of warning on the things he sees,
Finance or Famine. Surely one so wise
And prosperous were worth a lady's eyes.

The following picture—rather gloomy and sad—relates to

THE MEM-SAHIB.

Far from the green woods and the breezy shore
Of England, oft remembered as the year
Of heat and damp and coolness circles drear,
The matron dwells, since Love and Fate of yore
Thence her fresh maidenhood to India bore.
Thin is she now, alack, and pale of cheer,
And much she thinketh on her children dear,
Who, reared by strangers, seem her own no more.
Light are her household cares, for smotherly tread
White robed domestics through the matted rooms,
Each with his several office; her chief dread
The daily market bill. At midday comes
The soft siesta; then in twilight glooms
The drive, and her monotonous day is sped.

Here is our author's view of

THE MISSY BABA.

Why comes the English maiden to this clime,
That thins her cheek and turns its roses pale?
How, soon, alas, the summer's scorching gale
Doth wither all the freshness of her prime!
What hath she here to fill the languid time?
Siestas, gossip, dress,—a soon-told tale;
Balls, half-presageful of a marriage veil,

Or Church, whose bells half hint a marriage veil,
To queen it doubtless to a maid is sweet;
And this she wins, for every Phyllis here
Hath Corydons in plenty at her feet.
But yet methinks there is a life more sweet,
In the fair English home remote and dear,
Which makes these little triumphs seem but drear.

Of course there are other sides of the life of Mem-Sahib and Missy Baba which our author, fails to touch upon and which we find revealed, for example, in Rudyard Kipling's writings.

The Punkahwallah is also a source of inspiration to the Anglo-Indian poet.

THE PUNKAH-WALLAH.

Musing I sit, and puff the flowing weed:
Above, my punkah swingeth to and fro;
Without, the Punkah-wallah, couching low,
Toileth, half slumbering, for his monthly meed.
For use doth so in him a habit breed,
That his lithe arm, well-drilled its task to know
Backwards and forwards still doth jerking go,
The while he sleeps and nods and takes no heed;
Yet sometimes, too indulgent of his ease,
Prostrate and motionless, that punkah-man
Will leave his rope to wander where it please.
Then, should one sprinkle water from a pan
On his bare limbs, how swift his slumber flees!
Up starteth he and pulleth all he can.

Since the time of Macaulay the Bengali Babu has come in for much sarcasm at the hands of the Anglo-Indian and our author does not fail to make use of this subject

THE BENGALI BABU.

Keen witted, voluble, more plump than tall,
With feet well-shod but hatless head and wide,
Supple of mind and versatile of mood,
Before me stands the Babu of Bengal,
His unabashed demeanour he doth call.
His independence, nor doth deem it rude,
With self-complacent confidence imbued
That in his simple ways he pleases all.
Void is his soul of reverence; gods of clay,
Abandoned long, have left him in their place
A blank unfilled. Nature and Time and space
Stir not his heart, so he may win his way,
Obtain a post in Government pay,
Or gain, assiduous, his superior's grace.

Even a worm may turn, and we shall not be surprised one day if the Babu clothes in Sonnet form his views of the typical Anglo-Indian. Our author has another sonnet on "Modern Bengal," with the Shakespearean motto "Words, words, words."

MODERN BENGAL.

Chatterjis, Mukerjis, and Banerjis!
(Time-honoured names by India's priestly law)
Have ye not haply heard that ancient saw,
How greatest sound with emptiness agrees?
Behold where want beside luxurious ease
Demands some other cure than projects raw,
Is Freedom this—that, void of wholesome awe

A man should write and say what thing he please?
Orators, Editors, who would lead the van
Of India's march, yourselves be just and true:
Manners, I ween, not rhetoric, maketh man,
And his best hope soars higher than rupees.
Ye talk and scheme,—when will ye rise and do,
Banerjis, Mukerjis, and Chatterjis?

It is a good discipline to see ourselves as others see us, and though the Anglo-Indian view of the educated Indian may not be quite flattering still the latter will not fail to benefit by it. All the same, we should like to see a little less cynicism and a little more large-hearted sympathy brought to bear upon the view of Indians by our more fortunately circumstanced Anglo-Indian brethren!

An Episode from the Mahabharat.

By MISS KRISHNAMAH, B.A.



THE great silent men! Looking round on the noisy inanity of the world, words with little meaning, actions with little worth, one loves to reflect on the great Empire of silence. The noble silent men scattered here and there, each in his department; silently thinking, silently working; whom no morning newspaper makes mention of. They are the salt of the Earth! How great is the influence wielded by such beings, who are not famous for great deeds, but silently work their way unremarked and unnoticed! Human nature often despises the atoms which go to form the whole and neglects the all-powerful "little drops of water and little grains of sand." Even as the sweetest of flowers hidden under crevices and corners load the soft balmy air with their perfume, so do these silent, loving men and women create an atmosphere of pure happiness around themselves. Seen from this point of view, the example of the faithful wife cited in the fifth Asvasam of Arnyaparvam (a part of Mahabharat) seems perfectly appropriate. Hers is not a tale of deep endurance, of stern suppression, or even of overwhelming passion, but of steadfast enduring affection, which rests and gladdens the heart, like the warm bright sunshine on the deep sea.

Kausika, a Brahmin of much piety and *tapas*, sat under a tree in the forest meditating as was his wont perhaps on the great mysteries of life and searching for that "hidden knowledge which would break through the barrier of man's brief life." He was disturbed by the droppings of a crane from the bough under

which he was. He looked up at the poor bird, and in an instant it fell dead to the ground, struck by the lightning flash of his wrath. Much disturbed at the result of this sudden blaze of anger, he was thoroughly humiliated at his own weakness and utterly repented him of his rashness. In the course of the day he left the dark forest glades and went into the village to seek alms at a Brahmin's lodging. The lady of the house was just on the point of serving him, when her husband returned home, weary and hungry, after the labour of the day. As is perfectly natural, in her anxiety to attend to the wants of her lord and master, she utterly forgot the poor stranger waiting at her gates in the fierce noon-day heat. After her wifely duties had been satisfactorily accomplished she suddenly remembered the poor Brahmin, and quickly busied herself to serve him. But lo! She was met with anger and reproaches for her tardiness in serving him. Alas for human frailty! How weak are all the good resolutions of man! They last but for a moment like "the chaff which the wind driveth away," and like the bubble on the surface of the water which floats and vanishes in a second. But a few hours before Kausika had erred, had repented, and resolved to put down his irate temper. Now, it was all forgotten. His choler rose against this lady. But she, the type of the faithful wife, how quietly and calmly she met his undeserved reproaches! She read him a few tenets of philosophy, and by the power of her *Pativrata Dharma*, divined the morning's occurrence and told him of it. Kausika was thunder-struck. He was abashed before the superior knowledge of this woman. With all his *tapas*, with all his meditations, and with all his profound learning, he was nothing before this simple housewife. Where did the secret lie? How had she attained this gift of divination? He was thoroughly humiliated. He humbly sued her pardon for his rashness, and begged for advice. She then sent him to a poor vendor of game, mutton, &c., a man held in the utmost scorn and contempt by Brahmins, to learn how to subdue self, which is the grandest tenet of philosophy. Imagine to yourselves the loathing and disgust which Kausika, a Brahmin of the Brahmins, purified by *tapas*, must have felt when face to face with this man. But Kausika was subdued by his personality, for, like a beautiful diamond, roughly and rudely set, was this holy man, among his base surroundings. In his previous birth he was a Brahmin himself, but having accidentally shot at a sage (Muni) the curse of being born a Sudra had descended on him. Hence he was in this mean condition, but even here he was respected and revered by all for his unselfishness and goodness. Kausika, his pride already twice humbled, became his willing disciple and return-

ed home a sadder and a wiser man, ever grateful to the simple, good-hearted woman, who by her sweetness of temper and disposition had showed him the path to a really good and useful life.

Here, in this little tale, we have a character not rendered unique by any one predominant trait, but a simple homely nature, a well-balanced mind and an affectionate disposition. She comes nearest to Savitri, the wife of Satyavan, in the matter of loving devotion to her husband, but each asserts her own individuality in different ways. Round Savitri is a halo of poetry and delicate sentiment. But this lady is more associated with the actual and palpable realities of our every-day life, and we see in her, as in Desdemona, "the forms and habits of society hinting her language and deportment." The object of this little story is to impress upon us the importance and efficacy of faithfulness in a wife—the essential principle in morals and religion to a Hindu woman.

It is not given to every woman to be a heroine, to be the centre of a tragedy, or take an important part in human affairs. But all can show their true worth and their real character in the positions in which they are placed by their loving and loyal natures. Often and often we catch ourselves passing over these rare hidden gems, and seeking for extraordinary characters, which may after all turn out to be only the gold-gilt and not true gold. We do not realize that these modest and simple natures constitute the wealth, the happiness and repose of home.

"Nor need we wealth nor splendour,
Wide hall or lordly dome;
The good, the true, the tender—
These form the wealth of home."

What is richer or sweeter than that steady stream of pure affection, which surrounds us like a halo, which makes the heavy burden light, which cheers away every sorrow, and makes bright the path to our dim eyes—eyes dimmed by affliction and suffering. We cannot but agree with Thomas à Kempis when he says that "nothing is sweeter than love, nothing stronger, nothing higher, nothing broader, nothing more pleasant, nothing better either in Heaven or earth, because love is born of God; and rising above all created things can find its rest in Him alone."

Few positions in life are there so full of importunities as that of the mother of a family or the mistress of a house. Every one looks up to her, every one seeks her sympathy and guidance. She may have a dozen interruptions while busy with one little duty. What a strong amount of self-control and sweetness of temper is required to be always calm and unruffled, amid slight vexations, to be patient and kind to all, and to be always ready with a smile for the happy and a tear for the distressed! "A kind word, a gentle

act, a modest demeanour and a loving smile"—are so many rays of sunshine, which go to brighten many a home. Such is the true vocation of a woman. As Ruskin says, "in whatever circumstances a true wife is placed, home is always around her—guarded from disturbances without by the man and from disorder and confusion by the woman. Such homes are the shrines of love and peace."

Here in this tale is described how this 'faithful wife' performed her household duties, with a queenly majesty, with a loving sympathy and an affectionate regard. How lovingly she ministered to the wants of her husband, and how carefully she managed her household. What Toru Dutt says of Savitri may be appropriately applied to her:—

"Her conduct as a wife was such
As to illumine all the place;
With simplicity and grace
She discharged each household duty kind."

Truly, such a woman is a treasure. "Her price is far above rubies." Her husband and children shall call her blessed. Now, see the difference between Kausika and this lady. The irate man chaffing at the delay; the cool self-possessed woman performing her duty complacently. He purified by *tapas*, but still unable to repress self; she purified by the power of her natural affection and rising above herself by her love. In her speech with Kausika there is a certain dignity without pride, a deliberation which we find rather surprising; under certain circumstances this deliberate coolness would appear somewhat out of the way and provocative also. But here it is beautifully represented, as Mrs. Jameson says of Cordelia "as a certain modification of character, the necessary result of feelings habitually, if not naturally, repressed."

Perhaps nothing can more impress us with the real grandeur and power of this faithful wife's character than the unqualified submission to her will of this proud and fiery Brahmin and the respect and reverence with which he addresses her. Obedient to her wish he even went the length of going to a mean Sudra to learn how to subdue his temper. Witness the influence wielded by this simple woman to whom love and love alone had taught its philosophy. Surely, as Ruskin says, such and such alone are entitled to be Queens of the earth. Many women, specially among the Indians, think that they cannot do anything to help their less unfortunate sisters. They say that their position and their circumstances do not allow them to do anything for their suffering sisters. But each can do something in her own particular sphere, and feel the happiness of having helped some one, even though it be to relieve the least part of some difficulty. How much may not a true woman do to alleviate the

distress and suffering so rampant in this world, to assuage the griefs of her broken-hearted sisters and tend the children whose flower-like freshness and innocence are blighted by the heavy dew of ignorance, poverty and vice? "And do you think" asks Ruskin, "it not a greater thing that all this (and how much more than this!) you can do for fairer flowers than these—flowers that could bless you for having blessed them, and will love you for having loved them;—flowers that have thoughts like you and lives like yours, and which once saved, bless you forever? Is this only a little power? Far among the moorland and the rocks, far in the darkness of the streets,—these feeble florets are lying, with all their fresh leaves torn and their stems broken;—will you never go down to them, nor set them in order in their little fragrant beds, nor fence them in their trembling from the fierce wind?" Was ever lesson more tenderly or more sweetly given?

The Choice—a Story.

[BY AN INDIAN LADY.]

IN a small room at the back of a Hindu house, two girls, one aged about fourteen, and the other fifteen, were engaged in what seemed to be preparations for a festival. The Dasara feast was in fact approaching, and, according to custom, these girls were setting out, for the purpose of display, their dolls, playthings and favourite knick-knacks, which they had stored from their childhood chiefly for this purpose. The floor was plastered with a dilution of cow-dung and water, over which were drawn pretty patterns in lines and circles of white chalk powder. There were pictures on the walls, mostly of Indian figures and scenes. On one side of the room were two bedsteads, and on the other, under a temporarily arranged canopy gay with tinsel and bright cloths, was the exhibition divided into two parts, presided over severally by the two girls. The difference between the two displays was very noticeable, the younger girl's consisting chiefly of dolls and playthings, while the elder's was of books and work-boxes and other such useful articles—the difference corresponding to that in the appearance of the two girls. The younger one had a bright piquant face lit up by merry black eyes, which, though childish and innocent, yet had in their depths gleams of coquetry. The elder's was much grander and at the same time sweeter and purer, with a clear pallor of skin, relieved by the pale red curves of an expressive mouth and the dark lustre of beautiful eyes.

"Is it not pretty, Lakshmi?" asked the elder girl, stepping back to look at the exhibition.

"Yes, yes, it is beautiful, Radha. But, if I had more dolls, I would make mine still better. When I am married and rich, then——"

"But now too you are rich, Lakshmi. Mother gives you whatever you want."

"But this is nothing to what I shall be when I am married. I mean to marry such a rich man, and I shall have so many jewels and clothes, and I shall be so happy."

"But what can money do? I do not want a rich man, but a clever man, even though he may be poor, and you see I shall be so happy."

"What can learning do?"

"It can do everything. Suppose you lose your money?"

"Jealous creature! You have no right to say that; your evil eye may blight all my good fortune," and Lakshmi turned away crying.

Two years have passed and our two girl-friends have justified the glimpses they have given of their characters. Radha has grown up grave, quiet and reserved with depths of strength and sweetness in her, which are but rarely suspected, and still holding to her determination to marry an educated man. Lakshmi is a merry bright creature, rather too fond of money, rather too vain of her beauty, but still bright and attractive. She is her father's favourite and he is never tired of recounting her praises. He does not quite understand his elder daughter, for he is not of her type, being a weak-minded man, fond of display and wealth. But there is complete agreement between Radha and her mother, a love too deep for words, born of true harmony of character and disposition.

The family belongs to the Naidu caste, and therefore there is not much hurry for the marriage of the two girls. But still it is high time for that event and the parents are getting anxious. The father tells some of his friends to be on the look-out for an eligible young man. And after a time a very rich young man makes his proposal and is accepted for Lakshmi, chiefly through her mother's influence, for she knows her elder daughter wants an educated husband, and this young man has scarcely passed any examinations. But Lakshmi is the younger and cannot be married before her sister, and therefore the father is very anxious to get a proper husband for Radha. At last, an old friend of the family bethinks himself of a young friend of his, a clever young man, rich as well as clever, who had passed his B.A., and was studying for the B.L. This young man was rather eccentric, and though his friends had long been anxious to get him married, he had refused every match that had been arranged for him. The fact was that, like the generality of the young men of the day,

he was imbued with ideas of social reform and wanted a wife who had some education and was fond of study. Now Radha had passed her Upper Primary examination and had moreover had some private teaching under a Zenana teacher; and her father's old friend, who knows her ambition and is very fond of her, thinks he has just found the wife for his fastidious young friend.

"Well Lakshmana Rao," he says to that gentleman, after describing Radha's many attractions; "Here is just the wife for you, and she is waiting for a husband. Why don't you marry her?"

"But all women are alike, Sir," replies the other, "and who knows whether this girl is really fond of education."

"But I tell you, I know Radha very well, from her childhood in fact; and I have not known a sweeter girl."

"If she knows I am rich, she will marry me for my money. I shall tell you what I shall do. Do not tell them I am rich. No one in this out-of-the-way place knows the fact, and I shall tell the one or two relations I have not to mention it. Simply tell them I have passed the B.A., and am rather poor and we shall see what will happen."

This is done; but contrary to the young man's expectations he is accepted as Radha's husband, and this again through her mother's influence, for the father is much against the match. So the two sisters are married with great pomp; and, after the ceremonies are over, each departs to her husband's home.

Two more years have passed, and there have been some changes in the lives of Radha and Lakshmi. When Lakshmi was married, she had greatly triumphed over her sister, whose husband was so poor compared with hers. But Radha had not minded this in the least, for she was more than satisfied with her own lot in life. Her life with her husband had been very happy and he was fond of his quiet, bright wife; but his nature had been soured by some early reverses he had had, which were in fact the cause of his eccentricity. He could not help doubting that his wife loved him for his own sake and was not jealous of her sister. And latterly these doubts had been growing stronger and more frequent, for Radha seemed to have some secret sorrow weighing on her, and he had often surprised her in tears. The truth was, Radha was troubled about Lakshmi. Lakshmi and her husband for nearly two years had led a splendid luxurious life; and, so long as money had been flowing in their hands, there had been no hitch; but he was a lazy man who did no work, and the consequence was that he soon ate into his capital and now the careless couple began to feel the finger

of want. That was the cause of many quarrels between them and Lakshmi with her usual selfishness never thought of keeping her griefs to herself, which moreover she greatly exaggerated. No wonder then that Radha felt unhappy. To her, with her simple wifely devotion, Lakshmi's complaints against her husband seemed most impious and one day she ventured to remonstrate with Lakshmi:

"What do you mean, sister?" she asked. "You should not speak like that about your husband. Don't you think you are selfish, always buying things for yourself, when you have no money? You have no thought in you, Lakshmi—" then as Lakshmi gaped at her with wide-open eyes of wonder and reproach, Radha's usual softness overcame her: "Forgive me, Lakshmi," she cried in quick remorse. "I never meant to call you selfish. I——"

"Oh! you are welcome to call me whatever you like. I see you too are getting unkind, Radha. I am sure you are glad I am falling low in the world. You were always like that. Though you pretend to be happy in your own home, you were jealous of my wealth, you——"

"But Lakshmi!" at last said Radha edging in a word, "You must not speak like that. I am always happy to see you happy."

"No, no. I know what you are. You are so quiet that everyone likes you, while no one cares for me—" and the selfish girl burst into tears. Just then Radha's husband entered the room, and Radha, unable to restrain her tears longer, and unwilling to make a scene, left the room. Lakshman stood in front of Lakshmi for a few moments and then ventured to address her: "What is the matter?" he asked diffidently. The girl looked up and sobbed:

"Radha too is so unkind. She called me selfish and wicked and no one cares for me." She looked so pretty and childish in her tears that Lakshman's heart was touched and he thought angrily, "So I was right after all. Radha was really jealous of her sister's prosperity and that is why she calls her selfish." Suddenly Lakshmi looked up with a bright smile breaking like sunshine through her tears. "O never mind," she said, "Radha never meant it, I dare say, and I shall go and make friends." Angry thoughts against his wife again filled Lakshman. "Fie," he said to himself, "how brave this poor girl is even under misfortune, while Radha, even when happy, is so sad. I am sure she is sorry she married me." From that moment his behaviour towards his wife grew cold; and Radha who was a sensitive girl and bloomed only in a happy atmosphere, felt the difference at once, and grew more silent and sad, thus making her husband think still more hardly of her. At last, Radha asked for permission to go to her hus-

band's house. It was ungraciously granted and she went. She was somewhat happier there, though she missed her husband and longed to return to him. But two months passed and he never came. Lakshmi was in the same town and was almost constantly in her mother's house. When she saw how her mother sympathised with Radha, but not with her—for the mother knew that her younger daughter's griefs were more imaginary than real,—her heart grew bitter against her sister; and once in a specially bitter mood she said words which she would never have uttered in her right mind. "See, Radha, how much your husband loves you. It is two months now since you left him and yet he does not want you. You say we must not speak against our husbands. I wonder what you will say if I tell you that he was seen at the house of a pretty dancing girl!"

"What did you say?" cried Radha facing her sister with a pale face.

"What I said. I am not going to repeat it again."

"I am sure you are quite wrong. My husband is too noble—"

"Yes, yes, you will see what his nobleness is worth."

For all her brave words, Radha felt that what her sister had said might be true and she grew more sad and heavy-hearted.

Meanwhile Radha's husband had felt his anger against her growing less and less. He missed her quiet presence in the house, but yet his pride would not allow him to go for her. At last after two months he felt that he must see her on some pretext. When he reached his destination, on his way from the station to his father-in-law's house, he had to pass Lakshmi's house and thought he might as well look in and see them. There was no one in the front rooms but from a side room he heard the voices of Lakshmi and her husband in loud altercation.

"I wish I had not married you," said the man's voice. "You look to yourself alone. So long as you had money, you were happy. But now—"

"You never cared for me from the beginning. Look at Radha and her husband."

"Yes, look at Radha, how she looks to her husband's comforts, while you—"

Lakshman stayed to hear no more. His heart was filled with shame and remorse. Now he saw the real state of things, and he longed to make reparation to his wife. When he came to his mother-in-law's house, they were quite surprised to see him. After a while he ventured to enquire for Radha and was told that she was somewhere about, probably in the temple, whither he presently went.

The temple, which was near, was a small rude

building. It was dedicated to Parvati, but was little frequented, as there was a larger temple in the same town. Lakshman knew that his wife was very fond of going there. When he went there, he saw a sight which wrung his heart. In a dark corner of the rude room was the image of the goddess, with a single lamp burning before her, and in front of the lamp a few flowers. And kneeling in front of this he saw his wife and heard her voice:

"O Parvati! Goddess!" she was crying, "bring back my husband to me. Show him that I do not care for poverty, that I love him for himself; or else take me to thyself, as Sita was taken when her husband doubted her. Only make him happy and I shall be satisfied." Lakshman felt the tears in his eyes; but dashing them away he went to his wife's side and touched her softly. "Come away, Radha," he whispered, "your prayer has been heard and you shall be happy." The girl looked up startled. But his words fell softly on her ear, and without a question, but with love and happiness shining in her downcast eyes, she left the temple, deeply grateful to the goddess.

The Bombay Provincial Social Conference.

The following are some of the resolutions that were passed at the Social Conference held in Bombay on the 15th ultimo:—

"This Conference desires to emphasize the importance of female education as the surest means of bringing about wholesome changes in social customs, and commends to social reform associations and other agencies the duty of encouraging and promoting to the utmost of their power and in such ways as the special needs and conditions of particular localities may require, the education of women to as high a standard as possible."

"This Conference reaffirms its faith that the future of society in view of the growing pressure of the struggle for existence as between individuals as well as nations depends so vitally upon the abolition of child marriage that no efforts should be spared to educate the public mind on this subject by means of lectures, pamphlets, leaflets, &c., and to have the age of marriage raised to 20 in the case of boys and 14 in the case of girls."

"This Conference urges upon all friends of reform the necessity of creating public opinion so as to ameliorate the condition of child widows both by removing obstacles to widow marriage and by starting Homes for them."

"This Conference condemns the custom prevailing among certain castes of selling their girls in marriage."

Some Street Scenes in South India.

[FROM THE PEN OF AN INDIAN LADY.]



For all the important sights and scenes for the stranger, who wishes to 'do' India, none can be more interesting and amusing than the varieties of work-life in this land of varieties. And yet, even the tourist stranger, who is often held up as the highest example of the curious man, passes by those humble specimens. How much more than the regular inhabitant of India to whom such sights seem one of the laws of life. We are so used to them, we scarcely observe them, and yet I wonder how we could get on without them. Our own life goes on so smoothly and comfortably, we never remember the toil of those whose hard work makes the comfort. In India, we never think of associating skill in manual labour with refined education. Every man who aspires to be educated, however little his education may be, tries for a Government employment or some such post, however subservient it may be, forgetting that the lowly worker of humanity, who is answerable to none but himself, has a freedom which none of the others can have. Too often we forget the dictum of the great life-critic, who says: "Shoulder to shoulder, right hand to right hand, among yourselves, and no wrong hand to anybody else, and you will win the world yet." And yet, for we must take the other side of the case also, this indifference to the sacredness of work is pardonable in India, if nowhere else; for in India, who, if he can help it, would prefer to toil under the blazing sun, which scorches everything so fiercely, to sitting in comparatively cool houses, may be under the softly swishing *punkah*. To be poor in India is to be very poor indeed. Simple as are the needs of the cooly man, it is often difficult even to provide for them, even to get together the congee-water and rice, which are his sole diet. And in these days of famine how one's heart yearns over the miserable figures of famine-stricken workers; and yet, may we be forgiven for it—we who live upon their toil, we who strain their very life out, are often indifferent to their pain.

But we have gone off at a tangent. We were talking of the variety of work-life in India. Here on the right hand is a sight very common in the streets of India. This woman is a seller of oranges. She must have gone miles and miles to get those oranges, but she will patiently wait to sell them, and with the few coins that she gets



she will go to the market late in the evening, buy a little rice, a few vegetables, go home, cook them and then sit down to her well-earned rest, which is often no rest at all. If the oranges remain over, she will keep them for the next morning, and then woe be to the person who buys them. How she will bargain over the fruit, how she will praise them up, and too often she takes in the simple stranger. In railway stations, on the roads, wherever the carriage stops in front of a shop or a place of business, the orange seller, sometimes a man, sometimes a woman, is ready to praise her oranges, or she will sit on the roadside with her fruit arranged in a pyramid before her. But those temptingly yellow fruit often contain no juice at all, often are so sour as to be the cause of the most amusing contortions of disgust. Sometimes the orange-seller brings her wares to the door, and then there is enough trouble for the mistress. They will haggle over quarter-anna or half-anna and then just when the lady or the orange-seller is turning away in exasperation, the bargain is closed.

But the trade of these fruit-sellers is often spoilt for them by the regular fruit bazaars, of one of which we give a picture here. The fruit-seller sits cross-legged with his wares spread before him on a raised platform of boards. He is not



the only fruit-seller, there are a number of them sitting in rows on opposite sides of the road. When a carriage stops within the vicinity, or a passer-by shows a desire to buy, the watchful vendors raise a chorus of voices, "Come here, sir; come here, madam; there are fine fruit here, cheap fruit." You listen to the voices; someone of them, louder than the others, tempts you, you go near, you observe the rows of fruit, the round whitish-yellow melons; the pomegranates nestling like a nest of rubies in their opened out cases; the indispensable plantains in clusters and branches, of all kinds, green, red, yellow, long, short, round; the green, unhealthy looking custard apples, the luxurious looking grapes, which are too often not at all luxuries, the apples, some ruddy, some, not deserving the name of apples, the prickly pineapples, in their season the tempting groups of mangoes, the strong-scented jack-fruit some times as a whole fruit so green and massive, sometimes separated into the smaller fruit round which the flies swarm so disgustingly—all are before you there. If you are an unsophisticated stranger, you buy the fruit at once at the prices offered. But if not, you begin to bargain, and it is most amusing for an observer to

watch the bargainers. Observe the eager look on the face of the old Mussulman who is holding out the melon, how full of greed it is and hypocrisy and cringing and contempt as well for the unsuspecting foreigner. Observe also the amused expectant looks in the faces of the other vendors. If you think the prices too high in one bazaar and are moving away, again come the chorus of voices, again the bargainers. "Two rupees a dozen, sir" says a vendor. If you know his tricks, you will reduce the price by one-half or even less. "Give it me for one rupee." "No, sir, such fine

fruit," and the man turns away; you hesitate and are just on the point of offering a higher price, when the man turns round, "1½ Re., sir. Take it, sir," and he begins to count the fruit. "No, no, one rupee;" and so on till in nine cases out of ten he comes down to your price. It is a wonder what hard bargains the well-to-do person tries to drive. That the poor vendor should try to get the highest price is natural, seeing he gets a very small profit. But that the rich man should quarrel over half-an-anna—curious, and yet it is the case. It seems to be instinct.

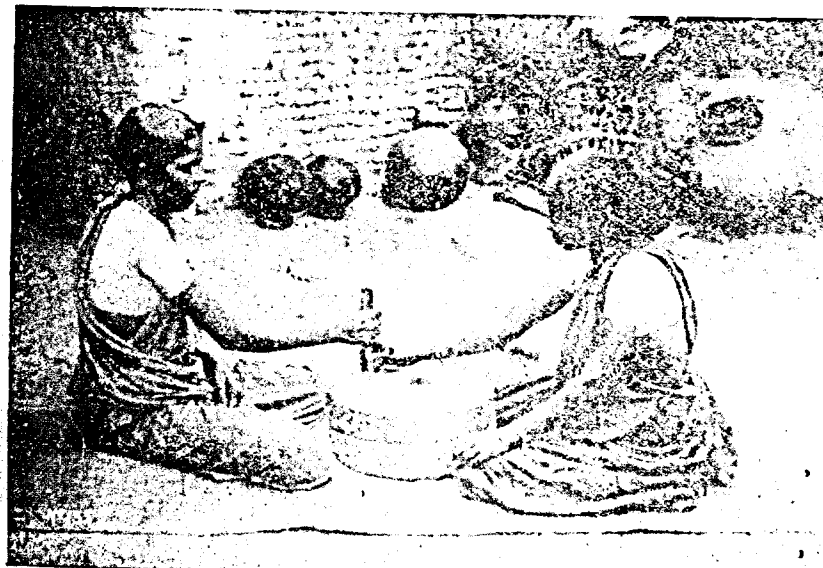
Here is another picture of work-life. This is the *Dhobie*, who washes out the clothes. See the



poor, long-suffering donkey laden with the big bundles, while the men stand by unconcerned. The dhobie is a big thorn in one's life. He has your comfort in his hands, for who can be clean without clean clothes in this land of heat and dust? It is a great task to make the dhobie come regularly once a week. If he does come, if you are not careful, he will change your clothes, or he will lose them, or he will spoil them, and invent the most plausible excuses and reasons to cover his error. And he is seldom merciful with your fine clothes. He will thresh

them on a stone till sometimes they come in tatters. But there are dhobies and dhobies; and the clever, hard-working washer, who irons and frills your clothes well, is a boon.

We come to another scene now. Here are two women grinding with the old, primitive, familiar hand-mills, which remind us so forcibly of sweet domestic scenes. The women in a Hindu household think nothing of doing such tasks with their own hands. Indeed it is recently that the rich people have got into the habit of employing servants. In former times the richest lady used to do all her homework and was honoured for it. And when two congenial spirits get together at such a task, they feel their

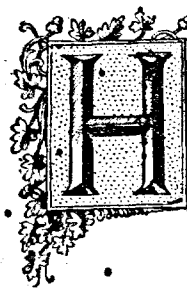


work very light, for the most delicious gossip covers their toil. They too have their scandal. Sometimes they sing songs to lighten their toil, and it is often a pretty sight to see slender pretty women bending to their work. And really it is a fine exercise for the health, it develops the muscles splendidly. Observe the kitchen, how neat it seems, though without any elaborate utensils or implements. With the floor clean swept, with the pots well-washed and kept away, nothing can be more neat than an Indian kitchen, though the dung coating does sometimes give one the shudders.

The woman putting the patterns in chalk is a very common sight. It is often the housewife who does it herself. Early in the morning after sweeping the floors, she takes chalk powder and taking a pinch with her two fingers, traces patterns on the floor. Often they are so elaborate and of such straight lines and designs as to cause astonishment, because one would think that none but those who have gone through a course of training in drawing will be able to make such perfect designs. But everything comes with practice and the Indian girl has the practice of a life-time, for the girls from their earliest years are trained to such domestic work.

Hope's Triumph: a Fanc.

[BY PADMINI.]



HOPE sat wrapped in thought, with her starry pinions folded. The whole world lay before her, wrapped in a hazy mist, interpenetrated with the pink radiance of a summer's dawn. Hope's eyes were sad, her mouth had a sorrowful droop; she was very different from the bright joyous Hope which was wont to delight the hearts of all creatures, yet now and again the old sparkle would come to her eyes, the old smile to her lips. During one of these moments, she sprang to her feet, a tall, slender, radiant, beautiful creature, the sight of whose lovely wayward face with its laughing eyes and joyous rosebud mouth, was enough to drive away every grief. She threw up her arms with a merry laugh, unfolded her wings, which glittered in the morning sunshine with a thousand facets of soft light, and burst into musical song. Anon she stopped and grew thoughtful: "What is the matter with me," she thought. "At times I am so sad I feel plunged into the depths of despair. If it were not for such moments, I feel as if I could conquer the world and bring happiness to all its sorrowful denizens. I must consult Wisdom." Then Hope rose into the air and floated away in a stream of radiance.

Said Wisdom to Hope: "You need an aim in life. You are too unstable, you keep flitting from hope to hope. I shall give you an end—to seek for your work in life. Go and travel through the world. I shall give you a flower, which shall be called henceforth the Flower of Hope. When this flower blooms your mission is accomplished."

Then Hope set out on her search, and it was long and full of difficulties, which began with her encountering Sorrow. In a field full of flowers sat a drooping figure; with sad, grief-stricken face seamed with tears. "Who are you," asked Hope "that art so unhappy in the midst of all this beauty?"

"I am Sorrow," answered the other, "and I sit here because in the midst of the greatest happiness often there is sorrow." Then Hope tried to comfort her with a recital of her own search and what she was going to search; but Sorrow looked at her with such unspoken woe in her eyes, that Hope turned away with her own heart chilled. Soon after she came to a "field full of folk," but folk of such miserable appearance that she felt her heart shrink within her. Not one among them owned more than a few

dirty rags, not one was well-fed or happy, but all had sad, shrivelled appearances. On a board was written, "This is the realm of Poverty." "What!" thought Hope, "Is there such misery in the world? No wonder I feel depressed. Even now I have one of my fits coming on, and then I know I shall give up my search. Look at my flower, how it is withering." And this premonition was nearly fulfilled when a little further on Hope came upon another hopeless woman's figure lying sprawling on the ground. "Who are you?" asked Hope. "I am Faithlessness," was the answer, "and I am so miserable because I cannot believe anything or anyone though I should like to." Thereupon Hope sat down and tried to comfort her. Faithlessness revived a little and Hope continued her journey thinking all was well, but, looking back after a few yards, she saw Faithlessness again stretched miserably on the ground. "What is the use of doing anything in the world," thought Hope and sat down to cry. But the sun shone so brightly and the flowers bloomed so sweetly that Hope, in spite of herself, felt better; and, when a bird hopping in front of her, twittered and sang, she laughed outright. But further trials awaited Hope, for there met her presently three woe-begone and sorrowful men arm-in-arm and brothers evidently. "Where are you going?" they asked Hope; and Hope, remembering her friend's advice, answered, "to seek where the flower of Hope will bloom most perfectly." "Pooh!" said the gloomiest of the brothers, who was Pessimism, "what is the use of Hope? There is no hope in this world. Ask my brothers, Moroseness and Melancholy."

"None, none," was the gloomy rejoinder and the sad three went on their way. Then Hope felt her heart sink again, and her way, which was up a steep hill, became more difficult. It was beset with stones and heavy undergrowth, there were precipices and abysses on either side; a gloomy sky hung loweringly and thunder boomed in the air. "What is the use of anything?" said Hope to herself. And presently she came to a steep ledge of rock, which overhung a sheer abyss. The darkness was intense, the rain poured unceasingly, all round her she heard moans and cries of despair. Presently a pale sickly light was seen, and by it Hope saw a lean and hungry-eyed vulture, a terrible sight—the figure of Despair, hovering over the abyss of Failure while all around were the bleached bones of dead men. Hope staggered and nearly fell into the abyss; but a strong hand caught hold of hers. "Never despair," said a voice, and Hope recognised an old friend of hers, Courage. "Never despair," he repeated, "Hope can conquer even Despair. Try, little one, try." Then Hope felt a new

strength within her, a divine radiance flamed round her, and expanding her wings, she rose into the air with her starry garments trailing a line of light behind, and breaking into glorious song she floated above the abyss of Failure, and Despair fled away shrieking, and the dead men's bones grew together and revived into living men who went back to their work in the world with hearts cheered by the sight of Hope. Hope looked at her flower, but still it did not bloom. "Never mind," thought Hope, "Presently it will bloom." Then Hope went on again and came to a dark and dismal sea, whose waters extended flat and dull, without a wave, without a glitter. Not a bird flew over the dead water, not a fish swam in it. Everything was black and gloomy. On the bank were thousands of human beings, weeping and wringing their hands. "This is the sea of Death," thought Hope, "and this is where I must bring help to the world. In the world, there is joy and sorrow. Earthly hope may not be triumphant everywhere, but heavenly hope can, and let me show I am heavenly by crossing the sea of Death." But Hope's wings were not strong enough to fly over, and, after trying again and again, sad and weary, Hope sat on the shore and wept. Presently a gentle voice fell on her ears. "What is the matter, Hope? Why are you weeping?"

"O Faith, my sister," cried Hope, "why did you leave me? I was too self-confident, I left you, I would not acknowledge that it was the want of you that caused my failure. Now—"

"Now we shall succeed, but only with the help of Love. Where is our brother Love?"

"I am here," said a musical voice behind them; and, joyous and radiant, Love stood be-

fore them. Hope recounted her difficulties and showed her flower. "I know where it will bloom," said Love, "come with me." He led them to a dark and dismal place, a place full of weeping and gnashing of teeth. "This is the land of unhappiness," he said.

"But how can my flower bloom here?" asked Hope.

"Even here it can bloom. Behold, at my word, what happens!" Then Love spread out his wings and began his song, and suddenly a transformation took place. Presently the dawn

brightened. Now flowers bloomed all around, birds sang above, the air was wild and exhilarating. The land of sorrow became a land of beauty. Every scene was gay and bright with sunshine. Bright flowers made the air fragrant with perfumes, clear fountains rose into the air, ripe fruits, made only to pluck, tempted the hand. The trees were beautiful with verdure and blossoms, the birds sang with their full power of melody. All around were happy men and women, all round were heard songs of joy. Here there were some who danced and frolicked in their light-heartedness; there were others who enjoyed the quiet repose of

happy bliss and contemplation. Here were the joys of the world, chastened and moderated and increased by the joys of Heaven. "What is this garden?" asked Hope. "It is the garden of Content," was the answer. "Plant your flower in the garden of Content, in the soil of Patience, and it will bloom for ever." Hope did so and her flower burst into perfect bloom. "But I want great deeds," said Hope. "Stagnant rest, however beautiful, will not satisfy me."

"This is not stagnant rest, but content of the soul, and out of such content alone will great



deeds come. Set your crown above this garden, and I will incite people to great deeds, for Love must be at the root of all." Then Hope made Faith the guardian of the garden of Content, and Hope and Love went on, for they had yet one more work. Presently they came again to the Sea of Death. Now Hope's wings were stronger, and, hand-in-hand, she and Love flew over the dismal stretch of water. The eyes of the miserable beings followed them in fear and wonder. Soon they reached the other shore and bethought themselves how they could help humanity on the other side. Said Love, to whom nothing is difficult, "Why not throw your bridge over the sea and I will cross over and bring the others." "But can you help," asked Hope. "Is not your mission only to the happy?"

"Not so, but chiefly to the unhappy," was the answer. "Love must bring happiness to the whole world and Love with the help of Hope can triumph over all."

So Hope threw her rainbow bridge across, and Love, with his bright beaming face and gentle smile went over, and helped the miserable beings of the world into the arms of Hope, who received them with heavenly smiles and looks of tenderness.



A MOONLIGHT DRIVE.

It was a lovely summer evening. The silver moon rode high in the heavens. The stars gleamed bright and fair. Faint white clouds dreamily drifted here and there, and suddenly were transformed into silvery radiance as they approached the moon. The town lay hushed and quiet, while little twinkling lights glittered like glow-worms, paling before the ethereal transparent whiteness of the moon-light. The night air blew cool and refreshing after the heat of the day, and all was silent save the twittering of the birds as they wished their mates a merry good night. The beauty of the evening and the stillness of the night brought strange thoughts to the mind—thoughts of the littleness of man, the transiency of human life! What a wonder is man's existence on earth, life in all its varying circumstances, seen under various lights, how grand, how sublime and yet how pathetic! Who does not bow in humble adoration to the great Creator of this universe?

Passing through the quiet streets, a variety of scenes met my eyes. Here was a Hindu gentleman resting on the *pial*, enjoying the sweet summer air, after being cooped up perhaps the livelong day in some dingy office. His wife stood near the entrance, half hidden under the shadow of the heavy door, and answering respectfully if addressed, but keeping herself in the background with a quiet modesty, which so thoroughly becomes the Hindu mother, wife and maid. Further on, through an open doorway flashed a brilliant radiance, and if we had peeped in we could have seen a party of young men sitting at a table playing cards. Loud shouts of mirth, now in playful remonstrance, now in joyful applause rose from the table. What a contrast is this to the other preceding picture! The placid enjoyment of hard work and the dissipation of a set, whose only duty is to squander the hoarded treasure of older generations.

Again, here, through a little window, may be seen a child of ten or twelve summers pouring over a book by the light of a dim lamp—the primitive lamp of our forefathers, an earthen saucer of oil, supported on a stand, with a wick dipped in the oil and lighted, at one end. His little brow is puckered into deep frowns and furrows as he anxiously tries to cram the following day's lessons to escape the master's cane. Instead of indulging in fairy dreams, there he is, a puny little fellow, straining his eyes, his head supported on his hand and his brain all in a muddle.

In strange contrast see the big brawny workman, with axe on shoulder, as he goes home to his little hut carolling forth a lively ditty, untroubled by the thought of the morrow, mindless of any gnawing anxiety, but free to enjoy himself in his own ignorant fashion after his hard physical labour. Truly is 'ignorance bliss' in this case.

Anon, an aged woman long past the prime of life, supporting her feeble steps with the help of a stick, shuffles along. What are her thoughts and what are her hopes? Remembrances of a happy past perhaps, thoughts of her bright young days, memories of life when the heart was young. The ghost of dead hopes are all that are left to her now, while the shadow of approaching death seems to claim her as his own.

Immediately after what do we see? A strapping young girl, bright and fair, walking briskly on. The thought of life itself is an enjoyment to her. What hopes, what reaches of delight are spread before her! Through rose-coloured glasses she sees the world—bright, lovely, beautiful. Aye, age and youth, what a contrast! The world remains the same—the change is in us.

Over all the joys and sorrows of human life,

mindless of the suffering and the misery, shines the cold moon overhead, how bright, and yet how dim, as if shadowing forth man's life on earth. Even her bright radiance is dimmed by a transient cloud, but it is only for a moment, and she appears again serene and happy.

THE CHINA BAZAAR.

"This man of wiles, how doth he lie
In wait for every passer-by!
As, peering down the long bazaar,
He eyes his quarry from afar,
And straight his goods begins to cry
'I good thing got, sahib, good thing buy!'
In vain, half-stunned, you turn to fly;
He prances round your hackney car
This man of wiles!"

And if at length, his price to try,
One-fourth the sum you offer shy,
Your self-complacency to mar,
Quick comes his answer, 'Take it, sar!'
And then you know you're cheated by
This man of wiles."

THE China Bazaar in Madras is quite characteristic of an Indian town. The name sounds rather queer, but like many another queer name it has its own derivation. Many years ago, I am told, Chinese wares used to be put up for sale in this very row and hence the name. The stalls begin at the South end of Popham's Broadway and consist of three rows numbering in all about twenty. Strange to say, one and all the stalls have for generations been owned by a special caste of Telugus, called the Komaties, corresponding, it is believed, to the Banyas of Bombay. Each stall is a veritable black hole of about 8 by 4 feet, with a small space in front where some of the wares are exposed.

The articles sold and exhibited for sale are many and varied. Without too much exaggeration I may say that every conceivable thing under heaven is procurable in these magical stores. For instance, a purchaser wishing to invest in a hat, goes there and after bargaining for about half an hour and enquiring the rates at the other stalls, which every wise purchaser should never neglect to do, returns home with a neatly packed parcel in his hand. Another person may wish to buy a pair of boot or shoe-lace and sure enough she gets it, tan, white or black. As soon as these sellers spy a carriage coming towards the row, they vie with each other in calling out the needs of the occupants, thus "Want 'ats Ma'am?" "Shoe-laces?" "Rattles Ma'am for Baby?"—if one is seen in the carriage. Others, unasked, bring out ribbons, laced stockings and all sorts of things which the person does not require or has ever any thought of asking for, and what is strange, they usually persua-

ade her to make a purchase. Suppose a person—a lady—wishes to buy a powder puff and expresses a wish to that effect;—it is almost ridiculous to watch the flying feet of these vendors running to and from the carriage, with a variety of boxes in their hands and beating down one another's prices. As soon as the particular article is selected and bought, the result of the fruitless efforts of the other unsuccessful "China Bazaar men" is so stamped on their faces that it is indeed painful to behold them. The prices demanded, I need not add, are generally four times the real cost. Our offers are in consequence a process of division by four.

Another feature of the China Bazaar is very marked. India has rightly been called "the land of beggars," and if a person wishes to have an ocular demonstration of this one has only to pay a visit to this well known part of Madras. For instance, your companion is bargaining for a hat, and your eyes are perhaps gazing absent-mindedly on things afar when you are suddenly brought back to consciousness and your eyes and ears are quite pained to see and hear something decidedly unpleasant and pitiful. No sooner do you turn your eyes from one to another direction than you are assailed by cries such as:—"Help, poor boy, Sar—No father, no mother, no nobody." You give him a pie and think you have got rid of that woe-begotten face, when another comes up "My husband ran away to Rangoon, Sar, got two children, all starvin'." Down goes your hand into your pocket and the poor beggar goes away with a beam and a smile on her countenance. You are not able to watch the various emotions on that face for you are almost startled by a din in your ears and ask yourself "What is that?" The sounds are as if one person were beating another. You are gazing all round, the sounds gradually approach, you fix your eyes in astonishment on the sight, and you behold a little boy of eight accompanied by his brother of four beating his stomach and his back most vociferously with his hands as if he were trying to keep out every other noise from your sympathetic ears. Well, you don't care to watch this self-imposed punishment long and you want to get rid of the hum and din of the place, so you dive again into your purse for some coppers on receipt of which the little urchins both depart with a most profound "Salaam." You turn round to see how your friend is faring in his business when lo and behold! you see his eyes intently fixed on you and his mouth breaking into one of those smiles which at one and the same time express both surprise and merriment. "What can the matter be?" is the question that is uppermost in your mind and you can't control the feeling that forces you to ask it. You do it of course and the sense of being "duped" as

your out-spoken friend puts it is very annoying. He notices the looks on your face and by way of consolation cheers you up by saying "only give to the deserving poor." You have made up your mind to do as he wishes and some time after you visit the familiar place again. Do you bestow as readily as you did on the former occasion? No. Why? Because you hardly see any creature there begging as coming under the category of the "deserving poor."

Well, if some of our readers have never tried shopping at the Madras China Bazaar, I advise them to do so and see how it strikes them.

H. S. L.

What Men owe to their Wives.

HERE is a work which we should like to see in the hands of every educated man and woman in India,—a work which should be read, marked and inwardly digested by everyone who can read and understand the English language in this country, and that is Mr. Adams Devenport's "Woman's Work and Worth." We should like to see it translated into every vernacular of this land, so that the thoughts and ideas it contains may enter into the very fabric of the minds of India's sons and daughters. It is a noble work and should open the eyes of our educated countrymen to their suicidal selfishness in keeping to themselves the advantages of knowledge and culture and denying the same to their wives and daughters:

In the work, the author presents a comprehensive view of the achievements, the responsibilities, and the influence of women. He sketches woman in her various capacities of Maiden, Wife and Mother and gives an additional charm to the sketches by bringing before the reader the best types of women selected from fact, poetry and fiction. He does not seem to be one of those advocates of woman's rights, whose object it is

"To lift the woman's fall'n divinity
Upon an even pedestal with man."

He remarks wisely in his Preface: "No extravagant theories are brought forward or supported; while insisting on the mental and moral quality of woman, I have nowhere pretended that she can do all that man does, or that it is desirable that she should do so. I have assumed that woman's chief duty lies at home, or, as Goethe puts it, that "for her, as for man, the right thing is to do the next thing that lies before her to be done, and not to be led astray into Utopian regions by Quixotic dreams."

We, people of India, have certainly no Quixotic dreams about woman's rights such as the much enlightened people of the West in these days have. We go to the opposite extreme; denying even the rights which she is entitled to by nature, we have degraded woman most pitifully; until she is raised to

her proper sphere we can never expect India to be in any way civilized. India has still to learn the secret of woman's influence. Buckle, in his "History of Civilization" remarks that Europe would never have been civilized, if woman had been left in her old degraded station in life. It is to her influence man owes his refinement and his delicacy of thought and feeling.

Such books as this of Mr. Adams Devenport ought to be read by the young educated men of India; with all their culture and education they could never have the same influence, which they would have if they had the sympathy of woman. With her influence they could do twice as much as they can ever dream of doing for the country.

It is impossible to give due attention to all the subjects which the author so charmingly puts before the reader. We shall have time to notice only one of his chapters headed "Woman as wife." Speaking of love, he says that there are many varieties of love; and contrasts beautifully the love of a mother and that of a wife. "A mother's love is vigilant, untiring, self-sacrificing, provident; so is a wife's, but a wife's love we repeat is not a mother's love; resembles it perhaps, in kind, but not in degree. Yet can we say that it will endure less, or achieve less, or hope less? Will the mother bear for her child's sake more than the wife for her husband's? If we read of women throwing themselves between their babes and the murderous steal to save the little life at the cost of their own, do we not read of wives, who have gladly done as much, who have freely poured out their blood in defence of their husbands? If we know of mothers who have borne the ingratitude of sons, forgetting and forgiving, do we not also know of wives who have repined not beneath the sullen frown, the angry word, the open infidelity, even the coward blow, but have been faithful to the end? Perhaps it is from the love of the wife, from married love, as from a central sun, all other loves proceed." That word 'love'—how lightly people speak of it; just notice the expression "Falling in love." It is the passion, that sways our nature, colours our existence, regulates our habits of thought inspiring and colouring our moods of mind. Yet, how few recognize its divine aspect? How many, not being able to discriminate love—the real passion—from its base counterfeit have the most degrading views of it.

"Man," says our author, "is incomplete without her. His life loses its object, and his intellect his aim and inspiration. It is the wife who consoles the wounded spirit, who infuses fresh vitality into waning hope, who strengthens the decaying energy, who restores the jaded mind to a healthy vigor. When all others prove false, when friends and neighbours pass on the further side, she remains constant, true and loyal and so long as we preserve her trust no burden of adversity can utterly overwhelm us. We put our hand in hers, and she guides our tottering steps, through the gloom of fortune her loving eyes shine star-like; the crushed heart gathers itself up again in her smile, like a wind-torn flower in the sunshine. There is no happiness so pure, or so strong, so little affected by external circumstances as the happiness which flows from the affection of a true wife."

"The treasures of the deep are not so precious
As are the concealed comforts of a man
Locked up in woman's love."

Such a picture is by no means ideal or extravagant. Once place woman in her true and natural sphere she will be all this and more to you in this life.

"We can never duly estimate all that men owe to their wives. The wife's influence is subtle, pervading every sphere of man's life. Need we any proofs of the great and good things that women have done for their husbands? There are countless instances which can be brought forward. Edmund Burke, the great politician, was often led to exclaim: "Every care vanishes the moment I enter under my own roof!" Guizot, the great historian, writes as follows referring to his own experience "Man yearns after a happiness more complete and more tender than that which all the labours and triumphs of active exertion and public importance can bestow. What I know to-day, at the end of my race, I felt when it began and during its continuance. Even in the midst of great enterprises domestic affections prove the basis of life and the most brilliant career has only incomplete and superficial enjoyments, if it be a stranger to the happy bonds of family and friendship." We all know what a distinguished place the "History of the Peninsular War," by Napier, holds in English literature. There is no finer war chronicle in the world; eloquent and accurate, the descriptions of scenes and sketches of individuals are the most admirable. The following is the account of the way in which this remarkable work saw the light:—"A work of very considerable labour and research, it is doubtful whether its author would have undertaken it, without his wife's encouragement or completed it without her assistance. The original documents on which it is founded, many of them in cipher, she translated, deciphered, and summarized; and the historian's handwriting being far from legible, she copied out for the printer the whole of his interlined, blurred, and corrected manuscript. And this she did while carefully and conscientiously fulfilling her duties as the head of a household and the mother of a large family. Unquestionably she was able to accomplish so much through the entire agreement in taste and disposition between her husband and herself, their real "compatibility of temper," their thorough understanding of each other."

In the churchyard at Habington, there is a humble tombstone upon which is written this epitaph:—"For forty years she was the true and loving help-mate of her husband, and by act and word unweariedly forwarded him as none else could in all of worthy that he did or attempted. She died at London, 21st April 1866, suddenly snatched away from him and the light of his life is as if gone out":—These are the words Carlyle wrote over the tomb of his beloved wife.

Considering then the immense influence for good which a wife may have on her husband is it not then the duty of man to educate her, give her the necessary training thus befitting her for the responsible duties of a wife and a mother?

An Indian Lady on Female Education.



At the Social Conference held in Bombay on the 15th instant, not only were several Indian ladies present, but also some of them even took part in the Proceedings. Among the Hindu and Parsee ladies present were:—Mrs. Chandavarkar, Mrs. Mankubai Kothare, Mrs. Babilibai

Pitale, Mrs. Madhowdas Ragnathdas, Mrs. Gokaldas K. Parekh, Mrs. Parchure, Mrs. Bhandare, Mrs. Koregaokar, Mrs. Dighaskar, Mrs. Khandwala, Miss Fakirbhai Premchand, Miss Gulabchand Motichand, Miss Turkhad, Mrs. Sirur, Mrs. Narasimham, Mrs. Joshi, Miss Kabraji, Miss Parakh, B.A., Miss Master, B.A., and Mrs. Manekbai Kanji Dharamsi. The Resolution on Women's education was seconded by Mrs. Sirur, the daughter of Mr. Justice Chandavarkar. The young lady is said to have acquitted herself excellently on her first appearance as a speaker. The following is her speech, which we give here in extenso:—

"Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen—In the programme of this Conference are included questions of great importance, on the solution of which depends mainly the salvation of our country. Of these questions, Female Education is, in my humble opinion, of the utmost importance. All other questions are like so many stones in the arch of social reform, to erect which is the great end and aim of this Conference. But Female Education is the key-stone of the whole edifice. The one great curse of our country is the uneducated mother and the illiterate wife. Almost all our social evils are mostly due to the gross ignorance of our women. If our men are physically weak, it is because our women are wanting in the rudimentary knowledge of hygiene and diet. If the state of our widows is miserable, it is in a large measure due to the ignorant prejudices and the foolish notions of our women. If our reformers are showing at times weakness and irresolution, it is because they are hampered by their very partners to whom they should look for sympathy and encouragement.

It is a truth that cannot be too often told that a society or a state cannot be good unless the individuals composing it are such. If you want to improve our society, let your main energies be directed towards improving the individual. And I need not tell you how great a part a woman plays in the formation of his character. For, remember, that it is in childhood that the foundation of character is laid, and the mother is all the world to the child. And how can we expect a good training from a mother who herself is steeped in utter ignorance? She gives, no doubt, all that she has, her tender affection and devoted love. But alas! the love of an ignorant mother, more often than not, spoils the child. And I need not tell you,



ladies and gentlemen, for you are wiser than myself, what a great influence a woman exercises on the grown-up man. The writers and teachers of all countries have most forcibly and clearly pointed out this truth. I, therefore, say that unless you have educated mothers and educated wives you cannot have good men, and can never have a good society. I may tell you that our women are inferior to none of their sisters of other countries, whether in the capacities of the head or of the heart. There was a time, but alas, it has passed away long since, when our women held a position in no way lower than that of our men. We find them distinguishing themselves in all walks of life. We find Sita and Draupadi taking part in the discussions between their husbands and sages, nay even some of the hymns of the Vedas, we are told, were composed by women. In this connection, I would like to quote a passage from a book which I have read which clearly shows how wide was the sphere in which woman moved in those days.

"You find a woman called into a great assembly to give counsel. When Duryodana had set himself against Shri Krishna, and his father, his preceptor and his elders had all striven in vain to turn him from his purpose, as the last resort, his mother Gandhari was sent for; she came into the great assemblage, and there addressed her son in words of remonstrance, reproof and counsel; showing how in those days, women were really wise and great, that their counsel was highly valued, that their advice was respectfully listened to and followed, because knowledge gave them the power to speak, and learning and wisdom gave them the authority to pronounce their opinion." And educated as they were, they were able to give wise counsel to their husbands and exercised their judgment as to the course which it was best for them to follow even in questions of great importance and the freedom and education which they enjoyed did not make them unfit for doing the humble duties of home. Far from it, these were the very women who were ideal mothers and model wives. Such women have been exercising a great influence from such dim remote ages on the daughters of India. And if there is anything noble and good in our women of to-day, all that we owe to such high ideals, which they have furnished us in the lives they lived. Even in these degenerate days the love and devotion of an Indian wife for her husband, and the affection of an Indian mother for her children are proverbial. And mark, the days in which our women enjoyed the blessings of liberty and education were the palmy days in the annals of our country. But to-day those blessings are denied to us. We are left to rot and waste in the darkness of ignorance, in the close and choking air of foolish superstitions and narrow prejudices. Lead us out from this darkness and blackhole and restore us to the free air and light of knowledge which we once enjoyed, and I assure you that our women from being a dead weight which they are now, impeding the progress of the society, will be changed into a force—a great and an effective force—working in your favour, in all your efforts at reforms of all kinds.

I have thus shown you, ladies and gentlemen, how important is the question of female education above all others, and how its absence is the main source of all our social evils. If your efforts at the improvement of our society do not go down deep to the very source of our social evils and there wash and purify it, if you content yourself merely with removing the

surface impurities and with glossing the mere outside, depend upon it, that our society will never be the better for all your efforts, however enthusiastic and preserving they may be. Go, therefore, I say, to the very heart of the question, educate the women of this country, impart to us the light which you have received; it is your duty, do it, and all other things will be added unto you. I do not here go into the much discussed question as to the lines on which this education should be given. But any scheme which does not include a fair knowledge of English, and has no place in it for the culture of fine arts, such as music, will not be of much avail. I do not here dwell upon the advantages, and they are innumerable, to be derived from a fair knowledge of English. I content myself with pointing out to you the great obstacle in the progress of Social Reform that can be overcome by adopting this in your scheme. You are all aware how greatly the diversity of languages and dialects hinders free intercourse between the women of different parts of this country, and it is mainly to remove this obstacle that I want you to give our women a fair knowledge of English. As regards artistic training, I may say that some of the worst evils of our society are due to the relegation of our fine arts to the worst classes. Man is not a brute that he should be satisfied with mere food and drink. He has a mind, a sense for the beautiful, for the harmonious, for the grand and the noble. He wants food for these as he wants it for his body. If he cannot satisfy his æsthetic instincts at home or in good society, he will seek to satisfy them where he can. I tell you, therefore, ladies and gentlemen, rescue our fine arts from the degradation in which they are now; restore them to their proper dignity and proper place. That place is the home, and the wife and the sister are the proper persons whom they should grace. Give, then, to woman, an opportunity to grow and develop what is best and noblest in her, and you will find with the poet how divine a thing a woman may be made."

Dr. Koch's Views on Tuberculosis.

By DR. T. W. HIME, BRADFORD, ENGLAND.



IN reading through the pages of *The Indian Ladies' Magazine* of August 1,—which I have done with the greatest interest and pleasure—I noticed the following paragraph in the column of "News and Notes":

"Dr. Koch's latest theory about Tuberculosis is that the disease is non-communicable except

through the sputa."

The reference obviously is to Koch's exposition of his views made at the recent International Congress on Tuberculosis in London, and as these are not quite satisfactorily expressed in the above brief paragraph, and the subject is of the very greatest importance, perhaps I may be allowed to bring them a little more fully before the readers of *The Indian Ladies' Magazine*.

This disease is the most terrible of all ordinary diseases. It probably kills one-tenth of the human race every year, and also ravages our most valuable

domestic animals, cattle, swine and fowls, being particularly susceptible. In England it kills about 50,000 persons a year. Unlike Fever, Cholera, or the Plague, which make a sudden onslaught on a country for a time, and then vanish, Tuberculosis never ceases its ruthless destruction. While those diseases are much more feared owing to the sudden nature of their appearance, and the terribly rapid occurrence of death, Tuberculosis is usually disregarded, though generally far more destructive, owing to its universality and persistence, and is more dreadful from the fact that it kills people slowly and insidiously, sapping their life, as it were by inches. Nothing is more lamentable than the gradual wearing away of the life of a consumptive, especially if he is the father of a family. With the declining strength comes increasing inability to work and earn the means of procuring nourishing food. The number of day's work lost goes on increasing, the household possessions are one by one sold to make up for lost wages, and at last the poor invalid is unable to leave the house at all, and lies on his bed—not yet to die, but to pass weeks and months in miserably drawn-out wasting and decay and want. The disease probably lasts years in most cases. All persons attacked do not, by any means, die. Large numbers recover, but among these there are but few of the poor. It is those who can get good food and care all along who recover. There is good reason to believe that the increased employment of the 'open air treatment' will greatly increase the number of recoveries. India, by reason of its climate, should be an ideal land for the carrying out of this mode of salvation for the victims of the Tubercle Bacillus. Unfortunately people have come to be so habituated to the presence of this disease that they do not regard it with horror and alarm. The number of cases of consumption living among us is enormous. Prof. Leyden estimates that there must be some 1,200,000 consumptives living in Germany! In England I calculate that there are not fewer than 60,000. And everyone of those is suffering from a disease with which an unlimited number of healthy persons may be infected!

It should not be forgotten that the common affection of enlarged glands about the neck, and under the jaw, is usually Tuberculosis. These glands often suppurate, and break through the skin, and continue to discharge matter, often for months. In such cases they generally leave ugly, disfiguring scars, especially offensive in the case of girls. Such persons, usually growing children, are in great peril of getting consumption, and need great care to enable them to escape. The matter discharged from tuberculous glands contains the Bacillus and is infectious, and therefore all bandages, &c., soiled with it should be burned, and disinfectants should be applied to any parts which such matter has touched.

Tuberculosis is a disease which is known under various names according to the parts of the body chiefly attacked by it. When the lungs are the principal seat it is usually spoken of as 'consumption,' or 'phthisis' (a name of Greek origin meaning 'consumption'); when the abdomen is the part most affected, as is common in young children, the disease is commonly called 'Tubes' (or more fully 'Tubes mesenterica'); when the disease attacks the membranes covering the brain, it is called 'Meningitis.' But wherever it occurs it is one and the same disease, due to the same cause, the Bacillus Tuberculosis.

The Tubercle Bacillus was discovered by Koch in 1883. It is a microbe, belonging like most others, to the vegetable kingdom, and so minute that no eye could see one until its image has been magnified many hundreds of times by the most powerful kind of microscope, and not even then can it be distinctly seen unless it has been stained or dyed, some bright colour, aniline red or blue being commonly employed for this purpose.

When the Bacillus gets into the body it may die, owing to various causes. If it lives it multiplies and feeds on the substance of the body, and it gradually alters the tissues where it is growing into the substance called Tubercle. In the lungs this substance may grow until the organs are very largely Tubercle. In this way blood-vessel may get broken into, then of course blood will escape, and the patient coughs it up. Thus occurs the common symptom of 'spitting up blood' by consumptives.

How does this terrible Bacillus get into the body? Here we approach the subject of the paragraph concerning Koch, at the head of this article.

The Bacillus must come from tuberculous patients. Therefore, in the first place, all persons who are suffering from consumption, and who spit, are liable to infect others, as the spit is full of Bacilli. If the spit be allowed to fall on the ground, or the floor, or the clothes, it gets dried, and the dust which will be formed from it continues for a long time to contain infectious Bacilli. This dust gets blown about by the wind, or is raised by servants in dusting the house, and may get into our lungs with the air we breathe, or into our stomachs with our food, and may infect us. Obviously all dusting should be done with dapp clothes, to which the dust adheres, and is thus prevented from being blown about. It is equally obvious that the spit of consumptives should not be discharged on the floor, or the ground, but into a pot (there are special bottles made for the purpose, with covers, some of a small size, for the pocket, which prevent the contents from escaping) or spittoon, the contents of which should be thrown in the fire and destroyed, from time to time.

Further, as already mentioned, the matter from Tuberculous glands, or any Tuberculous wound is infectious, and should be treated as such and disinfected.

I have stated above that cattle, swine and fowls suffer from Tuberculosis. The Bacillus of animal Tuberculosis is in almost every respect identical with that of man (except that of fowls). Can this Bacillus infect man? This is the centre of a great deal of discussion at present. Koch says that man cannot be infected by the Bacillus of cattle Tuberculosis, nor can cattle be infected by the human Bacillus. He has fed cows with the spit of consumptive patients, he has infected it into their bodies, he has made them inhale the dust of dried tuberculous spit—and he says he never could infect cattle with human Tuberculosis. It is of course impossible to experiment on human beings to prove whether or no they can be infected with cattle Tuberculosis. We can only at present submit the question to examination by our reasoning powers.

At present there appears to be a weight of evidence in favour of Koch's view, although the majority of opinions are opposed to it. But of what value are opinions in questions of science? None. We do not decide by vote whether a fact is true or not. Here is a notable sequence of facts:—In England we eat far more meat now than our fathers or grand-fathers did.

Tuberculosis is very prevalent, and increasing among cattle, and still Tuberculosis has enormously diminished in man. But if meat from tuberculous cattle is a source of Tuberculosis in man, the disease should have increased, instead of diminishing. Again, Tuberculosis of the abdominal organs is very rare among adults, who are the persons who eat most meat. It is the lungs of adults which are especially attacked. If meat were a source of the disease, we would expect the abdominal organs of adults to be the parts most commonly attacked, and not their lungs.

It is commonly assumed that because the minute Bacilli of human and cattle Tuberculosis are alike in appearance, and in staining properties, therefore they are the same in their power of producing disease. This is assumption, and any one may assume the contrary, who is so disposed. It is a fact that some Bacilli which produce disease, (e.g., Anthrax) may be rendered entirely harmless, by exposure to heat, yet they retain their appearance unchanged, and also their staining properties. And the same may be true of the Tubercle Bacilli of man and cattle.

There are one or two cases known where a person appears to have actually been infected with Tuberculosis from cattle, by being scratched when examining tuberculous carcasses. But the fact of the exceptional character of such an occurrence is rather an argument in favour of Koch. Thousands of persons are daily engaged in cutting up tuberculous carcasses, and we cannot assume that never one of them has a scratch on his hands. If cattle Tuberculosis were communicable to man would we not hear of many such cases? The answer given by those who say it is communicable to man is—"Man's skin is not a favourable place for the cattle Bacillus to grow!" This, of course, is only saying in other words "cattle Tuberculosis is not communicable to man!" It is one of those absurd explanations by misuse of words, such as the explanation of why Gravity draws one body to another? "Gravity draws one body to another by attraction!" One of Moliere's immortal characters is represented as being asked, when he was examined for his Degree of Doctor of Medicine, "why does opium put people asleep?" "Because," answered the candidate, "it has a soporific virtue."

Koch's opinion is not entirely new. I and many others have long maintained that if any danger existed in tuberculous meat it was very slight. Of course no one would suggest eating any diseased thing, and the meat of animals with partial Tuberculosis is never affected. The disease is limited to other parts, glands, &c., and we eat it cooked. Koch maintains that even the actually diseased parts if eaten, or the milk from tuberculous cows is incapable of giving Tuberculosis to man. Already Professor Virchow, one of the most eminent authorities in the world, has declared himself in favour of Koch. The question is still an open one. Not so that of the spread of the disease from man to man, which is so very common, and is so easily prevented, the chief means of prevention being the disposal of the infectious spit, which is very simple. There is need of an universal crusade against the objectionable habit of spitting anywhere and everywhere.

It will be cheering to learn that the prevalence of this disease can be, and has been enormously diminished in England, during recent years, even though no precautions have been taken to prevent its spread by infection. The death from Tuberculosis rate has

been diminished during the last 50 years, by nearly 50 per cent. This has been effected no doubt by the general improvement in the pecuniary and social condition of the great mass of the working class, by better food, clothing and housing, improved drainage and water supply, and, not least, by the habits of greater cleanliness arising from advance in knowledge and culture. When so much has been effected by these general causes, we are justified in anticipating far greater improvement, now that we know that Tuberculosis is an infectious disease, like small-pox, contagious from persons, and when we know the nature of the enemy, where he is to be found, and what precautions to take to circumvent and destroy him.

The United Free Church Mission Hospital for Women, Madras.

WE wish to draw the attention of our readers to the noble work of healing that has been carried on in the city of Madras quietly and unostentatiously by a faithful band of workers during the past 45 years. We are indebted to a valued correspondent for the following particulars regarding this work:—

"In 1856 or 45 years ago, the Medical mission work was started by the late Dr. D. H. Patterson who rented a house in Black Town and converted it into a Dispensary. Afterwards he opened another Dispensary, Hospital and training Institution at Royapuram. The able founder of this Medical mission was called away to his rest from his toils on the 14th February 1871, after labouring for about 14 years in Madras. The period that intervened between 1857 and 1871 may be looked upon as the sowing season. The work thus organised by Dr. Patterson was carried on by his able successor, Dr. William Elder, who came out to India in 1871, and took a special interest in developing the work in all its branches. After 12 years' hard labour he was obliged to return to Scotland owing to his ill health in the early part of 1883. The work in connection with the Dispensary was carried on with success for over 5 years by the Rev. T. K. Itty, a Medical Indian Missionary. At the beginning of 1889 Miss Macphail, L. R. C. P., and S. E., the first lady Medical missionary, took charge of the work, as the Home mission authorities desired to develop the Medical mission work among the women of the city and to extend this philanthropic effort among all women and children, and so they converted the Dispensary into one for women and children for all castes and creeds, excluding the males. Miss Macphail carried on the work with much success and appreciation. Later on Miss Hunter, M.D., joined the mission and helped Miss Macphail, but to our regret she was carried away by death leaving Miss Macphail single-handed in her work.

Soon after, the Medical mission was strengthened by the addition of Miss Church, M.B., and Miss Howie, L. R. C. P. and S. E. The former after 5 years' service has taken the Medical work in the Victoria Goshia Hospital, Calcutta. There are two Dispensaries and one Hospital in connection with this mission.

In the two Dispensaries about 6,000 new cases are treated annually and about 400 in-patients are treated in the Hospital. The Hospital is superintended by Miss Sinclair of the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh, who is on furlough at present and Miss Binnie, of St. George's Hospital, London is acting. In 1890 the Hospital had accommodation for 12 beds but since the recent alterations and the addition of outer wards there is accommodation for 30 beds. There are 8 wards in the Hospital besides the Surgery. These alterations cost more than Rs. 5,000. This institution receives no Government aid but it is carried on by voluntary contributions mostly from friends in Scotland. The present alterations with all their complete requirements were planned by Miss Macphail, but to our sad disappointment she was ordered Home on furlough on account of ill health brought on by overwork. We are glad to welcome Miss McNeil, M.B., B.Ch., of Glasgow to fill Miss Macphail's place. The work will be further strengthened by the addition of Miss Campbell, M.B., of the same University, whom we are expecting in November as a colleague to Miss McNeil. This is the only Mission Hospital in the vast city of Madras doing quietly a great work of philanthropy for the suffering humanity. The mission bears a large expenditure of the salaries of Agents, Drugs, Medical appliances, &c.

Contributions to the above work will be thankfully acknowledged by the Rev. J. H. MacLean, B. D., Secretary, Free Church Mission, Madras or Messrs. Binny & Co., Treasurers.

Review.

MR. CHINTAMANI'S WORK ON "INDIAN SOCIAL REFORM."

MR. C. Y. Chintamani has done a great service to the cause of Social Reform by bringing out this collection of essays, addresses, speeches, &c., bearing on the important subject of Social Reform. The first part contains ten original papers written by individuals who have made a special study of the subjects they deal with. The papers are the following:—Social History of India, by Dr. R. G. Bhandarkar; On Social Reform, by the Hon. P. Anandachari; The Temperance Problem in India, by W. S. Caine, Esq., M.P.; The Hindu Woman: Our Sins against Her, by Dayaram Gidumal, Esq.; The Hindu Joint Family System, by G. Subramania Iyer, Esq.; The Fusion of sub-castes, by Rai Bahadur R. W. Mudholkar; Foreign Travel, by Pundit Bishan Narayan Das; Social Intercourse between Europeans and Indians, by Professor S. Sathianadhan; Social Purity and Anti-Naught Movement, by R. Venkataratnam Naidu, Esq.; Widow Remarriage, by Rao Bahadur Wamanroo M. Kolhatkar; The present condition of the Lower Castes, by K. Ramanujachari, Esq.;

*"Indian Social Reform." In four parts, being a collection of Essays, Addresses, Speeches, &c., with an Appendix. Edited by C. Y. Chintamani.

The position of Women in Ancient and Modern India, by Mrs. S. Sathianadhan; and Relations between the Hindus and Mahomedans by M. A. N. Hydari Esq. The second part contains the speeches of the late Mr. Justice Ranade, one of the greatest champions of Social Reform; the third part consists of the Presidential addresses delivered at the Social Conferences, and the fourth part of Miscellaneous papers on social subjects, by leading Indian gentlemen, such as Mr. Mano Mohan Ghose, Mr. Justice Chandavarkar and others. In fact the work is an Encyclopaedia of literature on Indian Social Reform and as such it should be in the hands of every one interested in the new era of progress that is dawning on India as the result of her contact with the enlightened West. The subjects dealt with are comprehensive enough but we should like to have seen a paper devoted to the discussion of the question of caste. It is no doubt a delicate subject but the bearing of caste on social questions is all-important, and we should like to have had the views of an enlightened Indian gentleman on this vexed, though all-important, questions. Another omission we notice is the famous Memoranda on the subject of Infant Marriage and Enforced Widowhood issued by Mr. B. M. Malabari. We are right in saying that it is the burning eloquence and earnestness of Mr. Malabari which led to the subject of social reform being given the prominence it has in these days and it was Mr. Malabari's agitation that led to the successful passing of the age of Consent Bill. The omission of Mr. Malabari's famous Memoranda is certainly a defect. Apart from these omissions the work is all that could be desired and Mr. C. Y. Chintamani is to be congratulated on the earnestness and thoroughness he has brought to bear upon this work.

We do not propose to deal with the individual papers contained in this work. We shall content ourselves with a few general remarks. It is noteworthy how almost every question of social reform is connected with the position and status of women. Take, for example, Dr. Bhandarkar's learned article on the Social History in India. The most important part of it deals with the position and influence of women. The problem of Marriage Reform among the Hindus is a question entirely connected with the position of women. There is, therefore, much truth in the contention of the writer in the *Times of India* that once the question of the education of women is solved satisfactorily the whole problem of Social Reform will also be solved. Among the original papers contributed to this volume that of Mr. Dayaram Gidumal of the Bombay Civil Service appeals to us with great force. It is entitled "The Hindu Woman: Our Sins against Her." We are struck very much with the boldness and straightforwardness with which he

tackles his subject. He has the courage to call a spade a spade and takes his countrymen to task very severely for their sins against the Women of India.

Correspondence.

A FAMOUS MAHAMADAN LADY.

DEAR EDITRESS,

In my last letter of the 24th July last, which appeared in the August number of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*, I wrote in some detail the career and character of a famous Hindu lady. In this paper, I propose to deal with the story of a Mahamadan lady—Sikander Begum of Bhopal, the mother of the late Begum, whose death was reported in the July number of the *Magazine*.

Bhopal, one of the principal states in Central India, was founded at the close of the seventeenth century by Dost Mahamad, an Afghan nobleman who had served with distinction under the emperor Aurungzebe. The descendants of Dost Mahamad had always been noted for their loyalty to the British crown. One memorable instance of this may be mentioned here. By the disgraceful convention of Wargaoon (January 1779) the British power in Western India lost its reputation and its strength; and its only hope of safety depended on the opportune arrival of a force between four and five thousand men which Warren Hastings had despatched from Bengal. This force met with innumerable difficulties and obstacles on its march through Central India. Every state refused to give it the smallest assistance. There was, however, one exception—that was Bhopal. Its ruler treated the British leader, Colonel Goddard, with kindness and hospitality, and furnished his force with ample supplies. This was the beginning of a friendship which has continued unbroken and with advantage to both parties up to the present hour.

During the period of the Mahratta supremacy over Central India, the territory preserved its independence through the vigorous character of its prime minister and real ruler, Vizier Mahamad. This man died in 1816 and was succeeded by his accomplished son, Nazzar Mahamad. After a successful but brief reign he was killed accidentally in 1821. He left behind him a widow, Kudsia Begam, and one daughter, Sikander. It was arranged with the sanction of the British Government, that his nephew, Munir Mahamad, should be betrothed to and eventually marry Sikander, while Kudsia Begam should be regent during her minority. For six years affairs went on smoothly; then followed the first crisis. Munir Mahamad claimed the hand of the promised bride and demanded to be invested with supreme authority. Alarmed at this, Kudsia, with the concurrence of her chief nobles, cancelled the betrothal and betrothed her daughter to his younger brother, Jehanghir. This success, combined with the love of power, made Kudsia bold. She not only deferred her daughter's marriage with Jehanghir but refused the latter any share in the Government after he had attained his majority. Then ensued a contest between Kudsia and her son-in-law. The two parties appealed to arms, and a battle was fought in which Jehanghir was defeated. Both parties, however, appealed to the British Government as the supreme arbitrator.

That Government decided that Jehanghir was to rule, whilst Kudsia Begam was to receive for life an estate of Rs. Sixty thousand per annum. Jehanghir's reign, however, was brief, and on his death (1843) the British Government appointed Sikander's maternal uncle to be sole regent for the one child—a daughter—whom Sikander had borne to Jehanghir, and entrusted the child to the care of Sikander. This arrangement was galling to Sikander, and when it was announced to her by the British Agent, she sarcastically enquired "Am I, then, a wet nurse?"

After three years of weak rule the uncle resigned his office, and the succession then devolved on Sikander Begum. She was then twenty-eight years old. She was not handsome but possessed intelligence, earnestness and resolution.

Sikander at once took the reins into her own hands, and became her own prime minister. She governed the principality with extraordinary talent and success. She paid off the state debts; she did away with the system of farming, the revenues and made arrangements directly with the head of villages; she abolished monopolies of trades and handicrafts; she recognised the mint, placing it under her own personal control; and she reformed the police. Nor is this all. She introduced measures for the promotion of female education; directed the construction of works for supplying her capital with pure and wholesome water; made roads and caravansaries; and, in many other ways, did all that was possible to promote the prosperity and happiness of her country and people. "Her energy," to quote the language of a popular Historian, "is still the admiration of the country, and her administrative ability has seldom been surpassed in India." During the great mutiny of 1857, her loyalty and steadfastness to the British Crown knew no bounds. She afforded shelter to the British officers who had been driven from Indore by the mutinous troops of Holkar, and caused them to be escorted safely to Hoshangabad. She put down the mutiny of her troops and allayed the religious excitement in her Capital. And, lastly, she gave with a liberal hand supplies, men, carriage, to the paramount power. After the suppression of the mutiny, the British Government, in recognition of her above, conferred on Sikander the higher dignity of ruler in her own right, with succession to her descendants; added a district (Bairsia) to her dominions; and presented her with four guns. Four years later she received from the hands of the Governor-General the Grand Cross of the Star of India; she was the first lady of the land who received this distinction from the British Government.

In October, 1863, she went on a pilgrimage to Mecca, leaving her daughter as regent. She returned to Bhopal at the end of 1864. "The last time," writes an eminent Anglo-Indian, "I saw her was at the Grand Durbar at Agra in 1866. She then looked well, and her intellect shone forth as brightly as ever in conversation."

She died on the 30th October 1868 when the Government of India issued a notification in which her great qualities and her great deeds were fitly recapitulated.

HYDERABAD, DECCAN,
26th August 1901.

MERCY BALM.



Moonlight in Madras.

SONNET.

OVER the dark'ning sea the moonlight dwells
In sombre, leaden hues. Amid the waves,—
In tumult, dashing 'gainst the shore,—bright stars
Of light,—each star a moon,—a moment flicker
And are gone. Inland the silv'ry-sheen of glory
Falls, unheeded, on brick, and granite cold:
It throws a shadow on the street where vice
And crime skulk hiding from the misty rays;
It glances on the palm trees tall and facets
Them with lines of rippling radiance;
It paints the dusty walls with argent pencil'd shafts
And clothes the sleeping city,—so garish
In the eye of searching day,—with mystic beauty
Born of shine and shade, phantasmal, vague, sublime!

TREVANDRUM.

A. P. SMITH.

Lines.

[BY AN INDIAN LADY.]

WE stand in dreamy grandeur
Oh, mountains of our land!
Ye wave in field and forest
To guard its gold wash'd strand.

Ye look in silent calmness
O'er human care and strife;
No earth-ery breaks your stillness
With sin and sorrow rife.

But e'er in solemn worship
Ye lift your lofty crests,
And gain from azure heavens
The hush your life invests.

Oh, purple rolling mountain!
Oh, snowy crystal height!
Is Peace your only message,
In soften'd ray alight?

Ah no, from those pure regions,
Where man doth never tread,
Ye send a silent question
In human yearnings read:—

"Where is thy untrod pureness
Oh, sin-worn human soul!
The unstain'd snows of goodness
Didst melt 'neath passions' roll?"

And from that calm pure searching,
We strive in vain to hide
The rent and ridden chasins
Where lofty thoughts have died.

Yet, we may look on heaven
Oh, snowy crest like thee,
And gain for but the asking
The gems of purity.

JULLUNDUR.

ZOE BOSE.



Editorial Notes.

In the "Lady's Realm," there is an interesting symposium on this question.

Which is the happiest period in a woman's life?

Three lady writers, Violet Hunt, Ella Hepworth Dixon, Evelyn M. Lang, contribute their opinions on the subject; and it would be very interesting, different as are the conditions in the lives of European and Indian girls, if we could discuss the same question with regard to our own women. Says Violet Hunt, "I think the really happiest period of a woman's life may be fairly set in a well-known delightfully fluid mental condition—a state of divine uncertainty, which is saved from utter despair by a heartfelt condition that all is really well,—that feeling of love, doubt and curiosity, which is called passion, which comes before a love, however slight, but drifts away at its fulfilment." Such a period of life almost never comes to an Indian woman. Her marriage is not a love-marriage, she has none of that lover's courtship and wooing, which forms such a delightful happiness to an English girl. When she is not married in her childhood, but is allowed to reach years of discretion as a maiden, her marriage is always arranged for her by her people. But even among Europeans, people often rush into marriage on a very slight acquaintance in the hope that love may come afterwards. So, it may be said, can be the same hope of the Indian woman. If it is, and if the

hope is fulfilled, happy indeed is the woman, and happy is the time when she is trying to win her husband's love and has every hope of winning it.

The opinion of Ella Dixon is quite a different one. She thinks the happiest period in a woman's life is when she reaches the ripe age of sixty years, because "once she has attained the respectable peak of threescore years, a woman may take a Pisgah view of human emotion and of human frailty; neither the one nor the other is likely to disturb her overmuch. From henceforward she can regard life from the point of view of a man; she may even, unlike a man, enjoy a detached, passionless, and Buddha-like contemplation of the human comedy." There is no reason why there should not be an equivalent to such a period in an Indian woman's life, when she can look with feelingless calm on the neglect and indifference of a husband, the ill-treatment of a mother-in-law, the disappointment of having her young dreams, whether with regard to her husband or her children, frustrated and unfulfilled. Often as not, by the time she reaches this respectable age, she is a widow, and a widow's life is not always the consummation of happiness. There are cases also of Indian women having had calm, happy days and this period of Pisgah-contemplation will be a period of serene enjoyment.

Evelyn Lang's diction is that the happiest period in a woman's life is that of youth, from seventeen to twenty-two,—of course in an English girl's life,—when she has all the enjoyments and usefulness of youth before her, when everything is fresh and new to her. It is with regret one must confess that there is no such period in an Indian girl's life. Whether she is married or not, where has she a happy maidenhood, with its freedom from responsibilities and cares, with its many uses of enjoyment and usefulness, with its opportunities for instruction and observation, except under the fond indulgence of a father and sometimes of a husband?

"Is she," as an Indian gentleman himself says, "ever told what beauty God has given to the works of nature around her? What is her outlook? Is she not 'cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in' to the four walls of her little house?"

Which is the happiest period then in an Indian woman's life? The most auspicious period is supposed to be when she has her husband and children. Certainly this should be her happiest, if—a great deal depends on the if—if she has her husband's love or her husband's respect at least, if his and her relatives are kind to her. Or it may be, she may find her haven of happiness in her father's home; or in her child's love when everything else fails. Whatever it may be, the Hindu woman's chances of happiness are not half so much as that of an English woman. For, happiness cannot be had in a state of stagnant satisfaction, however comfortable that may be. Happiness means the full development of one's powers or faculties, so that one may be able to do all that is possible in this world, and that is a thing which our Hindu women seldom get.

In the August issue of this Magazine we referred to the views of Miss Sarola Devi Ghosal, B.A., on the education of Indian girls in general, and promised to notice her second contribution in the journal of the Mahabodhi Society on the kind of education which

Miss Ghosal's scheme for an Indian Girls' School.

Indian Cookery.

DEAR EDITRESS!

I am glad to give you some recipes for pickles. Of course these pickles are not so pungent as some of the real pickles. For instance nothing can beat the "Avakai," (అవకాయ) (mango) pickle made in the Northern Circars. We hope to give the recipes of some of these later on when we can get them from their experienced makers. In the meantime, the pickles we are giving you are very good indeed, and we must thank very much the gentleman who has so kindly placed them at our disposal.

PICKLES.

PAVAKAI (పావకాయ) PICKLE.—2 lbs. pavakai, 1 lb. green ginger, 1 lb. garlic, 1 teaspoonful mustard, 1 lb. dry chillies, 1 pinch vendium or fenugreek and 1 small bundle of kurrupillai leaves (కర్కరీల). Grind the ginger, garlic, mustard, dry chillies and vendium in English vinegar. Fry all in some gingelly oil (కనడిలనూనె), when well fried throw in the pavakai previously opened, seeded and parboiled. This vegetable must be soaked in half a dozen waters over three or four hours, and when parboiling one or two waters must be thrown away until the extreme bitterness is removed and the stuff is only slightly flavored. Boil all in the mussalah adding the rest of the bottle of gingelly oil, and about $\frac{1}{2}$ a bottle vinegar to taste. Add a teaspoon of salt also.

HOT MANGO PICKLE.—50 medium sized good mangoes (without strings), 1 lb. each of ginger and garlic, $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. dry chillies to taste, mustard 2 oz., vendium seed a pinch for flavor. (Boil vendium and grind in vinegar). Salt the mangoes for a day. Throw away the water. Use white table salt, cutting the mangoes and stuffing say $\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful in each, grind the mussalah stuff in English or good country vinegar, fry in $\frac{1}{2}$ bottle of new gingelly oil. Throw in the mangoes (minced). Stir once and take down.

ANOTHER, OR SWEET MINCED.—Less chillies and add sugar in the vinegar, boil the mussalah in the vinegar. Use no oil. One viss of sugar for 50 large mangoes gives good result.

"AN AMATEUR COOK."

News and Notes.

One interesting and hopeful feature of the Bombay Social Conference was that lady delegates took an active part in the proceedings. One of them, Mrs. Kanji Dharam, addressed the audience in Guzerati and by her eloquence carried the whole house with her.

—The Travancore Government is gradually rousing itself to understand its real responsibilities towards Female Education. It has been decided to send a female candidate who has passed the First Arts Examination to Madras to study for the M. B. C. M. Examination of the Madras University. Proposals are also being made to open a Compounder's Class at the capital for the exclusive use of females.

should be imparted to our girls. This second article of hers is before us and is indeed a valuable contribution, from the point of view of an enlightened Indian lady who has had considerable experience in teaching, on the all-important subject of female education. Miss Ghosal is decidedly of opinion that though, up to a certain age, the education of our girls should be on the same lines as those of boys, still after a time there should be a differentiation. Her ideas as to the lines on which our girls should be trained are given as follows:—

To revive some of our decaying National arts and industries will be one of the chief objects of this institution especially those that will be of daily use to the girls in their future domestic life,—as for instance, Quilt-stitching. Those inclined to decorate their rooms in modern style often make use of Phulkaries for sofa-covers, purdahs, punkhas, bed-covers, etc. But the Phulkari is the handiwork of the women of Kashmere and the Punjab, and with the aid of a little taste and skill our girls can make the old Bengal "Kantha" or quilt just as decorative and useful. The art of embroidering flowers on saris is another form of needlework of the same class, once much in vogue amongst our woman-kind. From these simple beginnings the girls might be gradually initiated into the finger fancy work current in other parts of India. Needless to say plain-work, that most useful kind of needlework, will by no means be neglected.

Carving stone-moulds for domestic purposes is another useful accomplishment for girls. Besides being used in preparing sweetmeats, mango-pastes, etc., these moulds if well carved would make pretty wall-ornaments also, much more artistic than the ordinary machine-made articles bought from European shops.

Another old-world feminine art, Alipana or tracing designs in chalk and colours, will be taught as a sort of pastime from the infant classes, and later on there will also be classes for those who wish to learn drawing and painting.

Lessons in singing and our national instrument—the Sitar—will be given to every one. Besides this, there will be separate arrangements for those who wish to learn the Veena, Violin, Esraj, Harmonium or Piano.

Every pupil without exception will be taught the art of cooking.

Special lessons will be given in sick-nursing and as much medical training as is necessary for this purpose will form part of the curriculum.

We are glad to note that Miss Ghosal lays great stress on the importance of the study of English. She gives several strong reasons why English should be compulsory. She has also a scheme of religious instruction for her ideal school:—"No sectarian religious instruction will be given in this school. But the broad religious ideas and moral principles contained in the Gita, the Upanishads, the Puranas, and Hindu Epic poems and Buddhist gathas will be inculcated by means of daily readings and recitations."

She also recommends the establishment of a boarding establishment in connection with the school and adds "it will be one of the principal aims of this institution to teach neat and well ordered house-keeping." Miss Ghosal has succeeded in putting forth a rational scheme of education for Indian girls, and we should like to see it given a fair trial.



— Miss Helen Keller, an American girl, is a blind and deaf mute, and yet she has passed the entrance examination at Radcliffe College. She has chosen the French, English, and German courses, and, in addition, the course in history. The examination papers were made out, using the raised point system, and she wrote the answers upon a type writer. At the lectures she is accompanied by her governess-companion, Miss Sullivan, who sits close behind her and repeats the lecturer's words in the manual language.

—The subject of female education, we are glad to find, was one of those which were considered at the Simla Educational Conference. The Viceroy alluded to the subject in his opening speech as follows:—"The third topic is that of female education. Here the figures exhibit a relatively very backward state of affairs. Indeed, Mr. Cotton, in the last quinquennial review, described it as "the most conspicuous blot on the educational system of India." In the past year there were only 425,000 girls attending all classes of schools out of the entire population, and of these nearly one-third were in Madras, where the Native Christian and Eurasian populations are unusually large."

—We are in receipt of a copy of the report of the Maharani's Girls' College, Mysore, for 1900-1901, and are glad to note that, in spite of the plague, this excellent institution has done excellent work. There were 397 pupils on the rolls on the 1st July 1901. Of these 329 were Brahmins, 12 Kshatriyas, 4 Vaisiyas, 19 Lingayats, and 33 others. The Mysore Government spends Rs. 729-8-0 per month on Scholarships, and they range from Rs. 10 to Rs. 30 per mensem. Ten adult and 14 child widows are receiving instruction in the College. Two students—K. Subbamma and Srirangamma—passed their F. A. examination and they have been given posts as teachers in the College, at Rs. 150 per mensem, and are devoting their leisure hours along with another to reading for the B. A. examination of 1902. The special department attached to the College includes a Training class, the singing, vina and drawing classes, and the fancy-work and Kindergarten classes. Miss Palethorpe of Newnham College, Cambridge, is now the present lady superintendent. We wish continued prosperity to this institution.

—The *Indian Messenger* has the following:—"We notice a contemporary reports that Miss Chandramukhi Bose, M. A., the Principal of the Bethune College and Superintendent of the Boarding House attached to the College has retired and that Miss Surabala Ghosh, B. A., has been appointed temporarily in her place. We are happy to say that the report is not correct. It is, however, unfortunately true that Miss Bose's health has been such as will compel her to retire soon. The question of her successor must have already engaged the attention of the authorities. It is an open secret to those who know anything about the present situation of the Bethune College that the Committee has practically no hand in the matter. The appointment is entirely at the disposal of the Director of Public Instruction and the Lieutenant Governor. It is therefore supremely important that it should be made clear to them that the appointment of a European lady newly come from England will be highly injurious to the interests of the institution, specially of the Boarding Department.

She will not understand the sentiments and needs of little girls who neither speak nor understand English. Moreover such an appointment will be a positive discouragement to Higher Education of women in this country, in so far as it ignores the claims of competent and deserving candidates who have long been in the service. We understand that Miss Hemprabha Bose, M. A., and Miss Surabala Ghosh, B. A., who have been in the service for eight years have been practically in charge of the Boarding Department for a considerable time. We cannot think that Government will ignore their claims, and deprive them of their only chance of promotion. The strength of their claim will be better understood when we remember that Miss Chandramukhi Bose was appointed to the post at a comparatively earlier age and after a shorter service. This is a question which ought to attract greater attention from the public.

—The Governor of Bombay presided the other day at the distribution of prizes to the students of the Victoria High School, Poona and eulogised highly the work of Mrs. Sorabjee and her daughters in the cause of female education. In the course of his remarks he said:—

"Only a few days ago I had an opportunity of expressing my convictions that few greater public services can be rendered to India than the promotion of female education. It gave me great satisfaction to note that His Excellency the Viceroy, in his Address at the Educational Conference in Simla, laid stress upon the great importance of female education. Some of us, perhaps many of us, are disappointed at the slow progress this is making in India. I venture to remind you that even in Europe it has been the work of centuries to make Governments see that the education of girls is as important, or almost as important as that of boys. Only lately has this been understood in England and in the United States of America and amongst a limited circle in Germany and other parts of the Continent. Therefore I do not think that we need be unduly discouraged after all. India has great female traditions. Two-and-a-half or three centuries ago the contemporary of our own English Queen Elizabeth, Chand Bibi, the noble Queen of Bijapur, was a case in point. I was reading only the other day that she not only knew Arabic, Persian, and other languages, but was an expert musician and artist, a daring equestrian, and a wise counsellor to her husband. The truth is that up to the end of the 17th century female education was really in advance of male. Then men, finding the advantage of it, pressed forward, and that is how they have acquired that superiority of knowledge which has come to be looked upon as hereditary and traditional. Unfortunately women in India and the East have been content to remain where they have been thrust, but I hope that that will not be permanent. It is people like Mrs. Sorabjee who, by their interest and efforts in the cause of education, play the Promethian part of inspiring a love of learning. We are, therefore, most pleased to have been here to-day, and we thank you for the cordial welcome extended to ourselves, and heartily congratulate the prize-winners on their success."—*Times*.



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

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Social Intercourse between Indian and European Ladies.

A SUGGESTION: BY AN ENGLISH LADY.



IN my last contribution on this subject I said I would touch on a few ways and means, which we could use to promote Social Intercourse between Indian and European Ladies.

There is, of course, the National Indian Association whose object is to "Promote a friendly intercourse between English people and the people of India." This Society does much for bringing together people of all castes and creeds in India, and in Madras I know many Indian ladies attend these meetings. Yet there are a comparatively large number of people who have not even as much as heard of the Society, and though it is spreading and growing every year, so far it is only extended over a limited portion of India. The objects of this Society are so very sound and practical that one wonders it is not more appreciated. There is one thing that in a small way explains this, and that is that it is not always an easy matter, with the continual coming and going, of which Anglo-Indian life is composed, especially to find some one who will take the post of Secretary and Treasurer especially in a small station.

It has struck me lately that a plan might be adopted to bring about Social Intercourse, particularly between the ladies of the two nationalities,

ties, which should be quite an informal one, and one in no way hampered by red tape or formalities of any kind. I am giving you a rough sketch of the idea as it presented itself to me. There would be many details which should be discussed and weighed, but in the mean time, such as it is, in the abstract, I offer my scheme to you for your consideration.

Just, this present time, seems to me the moment in which to propose such an idea;—now, while we are all anxious to do something to testify to our love and devotion to one of the greatest Queens that has ever reigned, and one who has for so many years embodied all our highest and purest ideals of Womanhood. Now is the time to turn our thoughts to some practical means of building up a perpetual memory to her great name, one that is greater than those which are merely made by hands, one which is the outcome of our heart's devotion, and one which will not be obliterated by time, but which time will only serve to make greater and more lasting.

And what could be a more practical way of doing so than by bringing together by means of Social Intercourse the fellow-subjects of Victoria, the Well Beloved, by knitting together in bonds of sympathy our Indian sisters with ourselves?

A simple way of doing this would be by trying to bring about some meeting, a reception at which only ladies are present, so that those

ladies who were Gosha could attend without any inconvenience. The objection might be raised as to how to bring about these meetings?

Well, supposing first of all a leaflet were compiled, in which it were briefly stated in a few appropriate words that our object is to bring together Indian and European ladies, so as to promote a better understanding and more sympathy between them, and that we were particularly anxious to offer this as a small tribute of our love and affection to our late Queen.

I would ask our Editress, who I know is very much interested in this matter, to print this first of all in the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*, at the same time asking all those, both European and Indian ladies who wish to take the matter up, to send in their names to her. I would suggest having no subscriptions, neither Secretaries nor Presidents, for it should be quite an informal and an entirely social and secular movement. All that would be required would be first of all to apply for names, and to register them as they were sent in. I think before long we should find several would send in their names. The next step would be to compile a leaflet as mentioned above, and send several copies of it to those who had sent in their names asking them to distribute these among their friends. A nominal charge might be made to defray the cost of printing, which would be very small. We should want one or two Indian and European ladies in each place at which the idea was started, to consent to hold a monthly reception at their houses alternately, inviting their guests by means of the leaflet mentioned, with some personal note, if necessary, accompanying it. These receptions, which would be exclusively for ladies, could last for an hour or two, during which time one might have some music, perhaps Indian as well as European music, or perhaps some parlour games, of which there are such a variety (even without

the latest one of "Pin-Pong" which is so much the rage now!). If possible there ought to be some one present who could act as interpreter if desired.

At first these meetings might—and probably would be—somewhat stiff and formal, but by degrees this would wear off, and I venture to think that they would prove a source of interest and amusement, as well as one of mutual benefit.

I would suggest that a copy of the leaflet be sent to Lady Curzon, Lady Amphyll and Lady Northcote, asking these ladies to become patronesses of the Society, which we might call "The Guild of Victoria," or some other more suitable name which may suggest itself to us. We should further ask these ladies to help us by ordering some copies of the pamphlet for distribution among ladies in their respective Presidencies. At the same time I would suggest that some of the leading Indian ladies such as the Maharani of Bhopal and others of equal rank be approached on the subject—in Urdu—asking their help by distributing the leaflet printed in Urdu among the Indian ladies of their respective States. I think by this means it would not take us very long to circulate the idea all over India and then we could see in what way our plan would have to be enlarged or abridged. Our Editress would perhaps undertake to let us hear through the columns of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* from time to time how things were progressing. I fully realise that in submitting this idea to you, I am giving you one still in embryo. My hope in doing so is that it may lead to a discussion on the subject from which a feasible and sound plan might evolve, somewhat on the lines of the one I now suggest to you, for bringing together English women in India and their Indian sisters.

"C. BESLEY."

[We have much pleasure in bringing this suggestion, regarding the formation of a Guild, to be called the "Guild of Victoria," to the notice of our numerous readers—European and Indian; and we would like to have their views on the subject. The proposal comes from one who has herself done much to bring European ladies in her province in touch with Indian ladies, and a truer and a more sincere friend of the women of this land there is none. Her suggestion is worthy of our very best consideration. As our contributor points out her scheme is only in rough outline, and in carrying it out practically there will be many difficulties. But what she wants is a full discussion of her scheme by our lady readers, with a view to arrive at a simple, workable plan. We shall be glad to publish any contributions on this subject from Indian and English ladies, and shall reserve our own remarks to a later stage of the discussion.]

K. S.



Mahasveta: A Study.

BY THE EDITOR.



ONE of the most interesting as well as one of the most loveable characters among the heroines of Hindu literature is Mahasveta, one of the heroines of *Kadambari*, the great prose work by which together with the *Harshacharitra* we remember the celebrated Sanskrit writer Bana, who lived in the 7th century A. D. Unfortunately there exists no translation of this Sanskrit work either in English or in the Vernaculars. The book abounds with obvious blemishes, which may be summarised in the words of Professor Weber, whose description of *Kadambari*, though a little overcoloured, is in the main true. He says "The book has a subtlety and tautology which are almost repugnant, by an outrageous overloading of single words with epithets: the narrative proceeds in a strain of bombastic nonsense; the mannerism is carried to excess;—in short, Bana's prose is an Indian wood, where all progress is rendered difficult by the undergrowth, until the traveller cuts a path for himself." But, in spite of these defects, it must be admitted that *Kadambari* is one of the ornaments of Indian classical literature. In the skilful grouping and representation of characters, in the subtle art often shown in the adaptation of a too defective constructive arrangement, which is common to Sanskrit compositions of this kind; in the power with which the shadowy creatures of mythology and romance are presented so as to touch the heart; in the fresh, vigorous descriptions of natural scenery, Bana stands forward as one of the most prominent, as well as one of the most attractive of Indian writers.

Love is the groundwork of the story. True sentiment may be depicted under as many different aspects as the human heart of which it forms a part. Here, we have, at the beginning, love depicted as an unconscious impulse of the heart, the rich yet delicate external charm of which is heightened by imagination, while the internal part resolves itself into the very elements of the character of womanhood. Later on, as this unconscious natural love is thwarted, it becomes a passion throbbing with unquenchable intensity, bringing into submission all the other faculties, yet full of glowing romance and poetical splendour. Afterwards, though still a passion, it becomes more like a religious faith; it is love developed under its most profound aspects, patient and hopeful and constant, a love touched with the deepest pathos and the most melancholy sweet-

ness. "A youthful passion," says Goethe, "which is conceived and cherished without any certain object, may be compared to a shell thrown from a mortar by night: it rises in a brilliant tack, but at length it falls, it bursts, consuming and destroying all around." But here the passion is not so disastrous; it does not expire, but is brought to a happy close, to supreme and unending felicity, sanctioned by the consent of Heaven itself.

Here we are presented with two charming heroines, Mahasveta and Kadambari, but as we shall have no space to dwell on the two at once, we propose to take Mahasveta first and later on write about Kadambari. The story is spoilt by a good many digressions and faults of construction, and it is often difficult to hold the thread of the tale. The story told briefly is as follows: Mahasveta is a daughter of the heavenly nymphs—the Apsarasas. Being born to a daughter of the moon, she was herself as pure and white as the moon's light, and was hence called Mahasveta, which means 'the extremely white.' A wonderful description is given of Mahasveta's fairness when, "as the honey month comes to spring, and the fresh leaves to the honey month, and the flowers to the fresh leaves, and the bees to the flowers," beauty came to her. It was such "that all the quarters of the world seemed flooded with moonlight; she appeared as if she had been dipped into the sea of milk, as if she had been strung with pearls, as if her limbs had been composed of the tender white petals of the lotus, as if she had been washed by the moon's rays, as if she had been made of the foam flakes of the heavenly nectar; she was like the divine embodiment of the penance of great Munis, like the moon itself come to Siva for protection against Rahu (Mahasveta was worshipping the image of Siva), like the fame of the lord of ages resting after traversing the seven worlds; like the Vedas themselves doing penance to avert the wrath of Heaven against the *Kaliyuga*; like the celestial river Ganga which had flowed through the pure streets of *Swarga* (heaven); like the presiding goddess of the white mountain *Kailasa*; like the spirit of peace and goodness itself." These are only a few of the expressions used, which have been translated literally.

There was a beautiful lake near Mahasveta's house, on the banks of which were the images of gods and goddesses, drawn by worshippers, where countless numbers of Munis stood making their prostrations to their deities; where stood bowers of slender creepers bearing flowers whose petals were bristling with bees, and dropping streams of honey from the 'wounds' inflicted by the claws of birds; where the trees were covered with blossoms, and the fragrance of sandal-wood steeped the air, and flowers bloom-

ed everywhere, and countless swans dipping themselves in the dropping pollen diverted themselves in lovely play; where the very heart seemed steeped in beauty.

One day, Mahasveta had come to the lake to bathe, when the extraordinary fragrance which seemed "to steel, to fill, to satisfy the sense of smell, and which was followed by rows of bees anxious to sip the honey of a flower of such fragrance," attracted her to a spot where holding that flower stood a Muni (ascetic) of wonderful beauty. Then "love," she says, "subdued me as the spring-time subdues the bee." But she knew that Munis are beyond the power of love, and would have turned and escaped, had not the Muni himself seen her and stood transfixed with astonishment at her beauty. In his eyes he also showed that he himself had fallen in love with her. In the confusion they both felt, without knowing what they did, they exchange remembrances and Mahasveta returns home. Presently, Kapinjala, the servant of the young Muni whose name was Pundarika, brings word to Mahasveta that he could do nothing to soothe the fever of his master's love. After a long contest between her love and her maidenly modesty, Mahasveta submits to the former and sets out to meet her lover. But what a sight met her eyes as she approached the spot. There lay the young ascetic dead; and for love for her. Mahasveta is almost unable to bear her grief and resolves to commit suicide when a wonderful event happens. A divine figure descends from the sky, takes up the body of Pundarika, and, bidding Mahasveta hope, for she would meet her lover again, flies back to Swarga again, with Kapinjala following him.

So far there is nothing very praiseworthy in Mahasveta's actions; indeed there is a good deal reprehensible. But what is noteworthy is the intensity of her love, the very tempest of her passion, which, though too fantastical and fanciful, shows the strength of character of which she is capable, the singleness and entireness of purpose which makes her oblivious to everything else but her passion. And this strength of character shows itself in its highest form, when Mahasveta after her lover's death, gives up the world and all its pleasures and dedicates herself to the service of Siva, preparing herself, by a pure and holy life, for the promised meeting with her lover. This shows that her love could not have been an ordinary one, for it is not every love that can inspire its possessor to such constancy and consecration of life. "Seeing that no pleasure or happiness can last for ever," she says, "I crept, as a humble suppliant, for succour and comfort to the feet of the lord of the three worlds."

The union of strength of passion with strength

of character forms the keynote of Mahasveta's character. She reminds us of Isabella, the heroine of Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*. Like this saintly woman, Mahasveta, with her high principles and firmness of character, practising the habits and sentiments of a religious recluse, has the sweet composure and the austere majesty of a true nun. Yet, veiled beneath all this grace and grandeur is visible, throbbing in a strong undercurrent, and sometimes overflowing, the tide of passion and sorrow, the naturally impetuous temper of a high-spirited woman. Restrained for a time, it bursts forth again, purified and cleansed of all earthly taint, to enjoy the final consummation of happiness. We could not have a purer picture of a woman's love than this, which is of such a high character as to become merged in religious austerity, not pining in despair, but patient and hopeful and sustained in spite of every obstacle. The very harmony of Mahasveta's character gives us the idea of simplicity. Such a self-concentrated character is sometimes not easily appreciated, but, in the long run, it is such a nature in which one reposes with increasing confidence and delight. Her gracious simplicity, her sweet self-possession, her tranquil and serious beauty keep throughout the strongest hold upon our sympathy, a hold which is not weakened by the length of a story which becomes more and more artificial towards the end, but on the other hand becomes strengthened by the occasional glimpses we get of a loving woman's heart throbbing with passionate sorrow.

To come back to our story, Mahasveta determines to lead an ascetic life; and henceforth, submitting herself to severe penances, wearing nothing but a bark dress, subsisting on roots and fruits, with only a handmaiden as a companion, she lives in worship to her God. But the very beauty of her surroundings may have compensated her for her privations. This is how the rock-cave in which she lives is described: Obscured at the entrance by ancient Samala trees, which give such a cool dark shade that even in daylight they give the idea of twilight, it is surrounded by bowers of blooming flowers, in which the soft hum of drowsy bees lulls one to slumber; on one side is a roaring waterfall, which, owing to the height from which it falls, dashes in white foam on the rocks and boulders beneath; cool flowing streams of water, coming from the heights of snow-clad mountains, divert themselves on either side, cool clouds heavy and white with snow hang in the air like multitudes of softly waving white *Chamara* fans. Inside, the cave is simple and plain. On one side the cave is spread with bark clothes for a resting place, a gleaming water-vessel, a begging *chembu*, a water-gourd, the prayer-rosary,—these are the only objects inside. Yet, with all her purity of life, Mahasveta does not think any

the better of herself. With the patient humility of Hindu women who blame themselves for misfortunes for which they can on no account be the causes, she calls herself a "causer of evil, a luckless, shameless, cruel, merciless, despicable, unhappy woman who has no protector, who leads an aimless, useless life. What have others to do with seeing or hearing one who is guilty of the heinous sin of causing a Brahmin's death?"

The divine figure who carried away the dead body of Mahasveta's lover was none other than the moon. Pundarika, when dying, had cursed the moon who had enhanced the pangs of his love, praying that the moon might, in more lives than one, in the world, endure the pangs of unsuccessful love; and, being a Muni, his curse is destined to take effect, but it rebounds on him, for the moon, indignant at the outrage answers back that if he should suffer thus, Pundarika also must share his joys and sorrows. So the moon is born into the world as Chandrapida, son of an earthly king Tarapida; Pundarika becomes Vaisampayana, the son of Tarapida's minister Sukanasa; and Pundarika's friend Kapinjala who had prayed that he may not be separated from his friend, becomes Indrayudha, Chandrapida's beloved horse. This celestial horse, remembering the sad events of his previous birth, takes Chandrapida to the place where Mahasveta in immortal youth is waiting for her lover. Chandrapida sees the maiden and hearing her story is filled with the deepest reverence for her. Her maidenly grace and purity, her simple dignity, her saint-like patience and humility, the quiet veil of modesty and shyness thrown over all her emotions, the sweet innocent hospitality which she dispenses to him, washing his feet like any low born maiden, all place her beyond one unholy wish or thought. Mahasveta has a dear friend in the maiden Kadambari, who is the daughter of the Gandharva king. This maiden, through her love for her bereaved friend, had persisted that she will not marry so long as Mahasveta is desolate. Receiving a message from Kadambari's parents to come and influence her to change her mind, Mahasveta, who is not selfishly absorbed in her own sorrows, goes to the king's palace taking Chandrapida with her. Kadambari and Chandrapida fall in love with each other at first sight. But Chandrapida is afraid that his parents will not consent to their marriage and returns to his father's court. In the meanwhile his minister's son, Vaisampayana, who is none other than Pundarika, as we have mentioned, on coming to Mahasveta's hermitage, remembers all about her and tries to remind her of their old love. But Mahasveta, who in her constancy to her dead lover will not look at another man, thinking him to be insulting her, curses him to become a parrot. Chandrapida, coming in search of Vaisampayana,

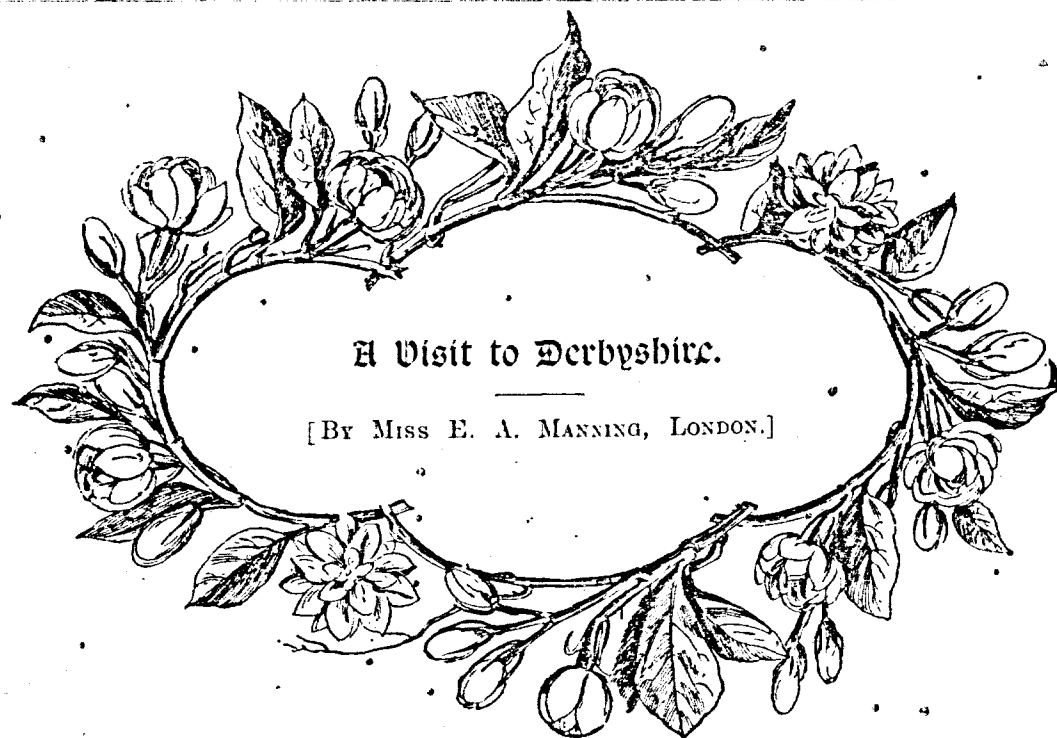
hears the sad news, and this sad loss of his dear friend with the anxiety about Kadambari, utterly unnerving him, his heart breaks and he falls down dead. Kadambari comes to Mahasveta's hermitage, and in obedience to a divine voice which bids her take the greatest care of Chandrapida's body and await their next meeting, she watches faithfully by the corpse. Thus the moon had suffered in one life the pangs of unsuccessful love, and Pundarika had shared his sorrow. The moon is again born into the world as an earthly king Sudraka, Pundarika leads his life out as a parrot, yet with the feelings and sorrow of a man. The parrot is caught in a net and brought to Sudraka, the whole story is explained to him, and he feels the old hopeless longing for Kadambari. Thus the curse is fulfilled and Pundarika has lived out his punishment for daring to be so impatient and to be so filled with love, though an ascetic. (But this is explained by the fact that his mother is Lakshmi, the Queen of Love.) Sudraka and the parrot die; life comes back to the dead body of Chandrapida, which is so faithfully guarded by Kadambari; Pundarika returns to Mahasveta the same as before, and all are happy, living happily together in "supreme and unending felicity."

As a critic of *Kadambari* remarks: "*Kadambari* has its place in the world's literature as one more aspiration out of the very heart of genius after that story, which, from the beginning of time, mortal ears have yearned to hear, but which mortal lips have never spoken." It is a tale of love and sorrow and hope, not only for union before death, but for union after death, an intense longing for that immortal happiness, which is the longing of all men. Love, if it is true love, can last through all, through frustration even of its earthly hopes; for earthly love when it has its anchor on divine love, finds its consolation in immortal hope for a union after death and the story is human. Whenever we bring Mahasveta and Kadambari to mind, it is with the sense of their real existence, without reference to their existence as people of the inhuman world. As the critic remarks, Bana himself must have felt the sorrow with which his story abounds, and his tale therefore is one which touches the heart and expresses, in a slight measure at least, some of the longings of the human creature of this world.

"She never found fault with you, never implied Your wrong by her Right and yet men at her side Grew nobler, girls purer..... None knelt at her feet, confessed lovers in a thrall, They knelt more to God than they used—that was all."

E. BARRETT BROWNING.





A Visit to Derbyshire.

[BY MISS E. A. MANNING, LONDON.]



THE first number of this Magazine contained a description of the mountain scenery of "A South Indian Station." Perhaps a short account may prove interesting of one of the most hilly districts of England, where I have lately stayed, namely Derbyshire, which, being in the centre of our country, belongs to the Midland Counties. Its hills can hardly be called mountains, so it cannot vie with Switzerland, or the Himalayas, or the Neilgiris, but they lie tumbled together most irregularly, showing that some great disturbance must have acted in the past upon this region. Precipitous rocks of hard whitish-grey limestone, which are called Tors, rise straight up, looking like the impregnable walls of ancient castles, so firm are they and perpendicular, and in the clefts and ledges dwarf trees and bushes find a footing, or one sees patches of waving ferns and ivy. In some parts there is an expanse of dark, rocky hills of distant sweeping grandeur, covered with heathery moorland, over which, even in summer, a keen wind blows. In the valleys, some broad, some narrow, between the hills, small streams glide, filled with trout and other fish, advancing to join the larger rivers, and finally to be lost in the sea. Not much corn is grown in this up-and-down country, partly because such uneven land would be so difficult to plough, but everywhere the sides of the hills

and the dales are decked with grass of the richest green, the various fields being separated not by hedges, but by low walls of loose stones. There are also many shady woods, in which oak and ash and plane trees abound, where it is pleasant to sit in the sunny hours of the day, and to watch the alternating brightness and shade on the turfy ground. Perhaps a shy rabbit may dart across the path, or the merry shouts of children are heard, as they find wild raspberries, or chase each other between the trunks of the trees. Here and there, at a few miles' distance, small villages lie, with a church, probably seven or eight hundred years old. The cottages are built of stone, which can easily be obtained by quarrying in the hills, and usually each has a garden, gay with tall hollyhocks and sunflowers, and sweet peas, or laid out for potatoes or other vegetables, cultivated by the labourer and his family in their leisure hours. Cows and sheep feed over the meadows, enjoying peaceful days, and along the broad, hard roads travellers often pass, in a variety of carriages, or on bicycles; especially at the holiday time for people who live in towns, who then delight to go to the rural parts of England, in order to gain health by change of air and scene, and cessation of their ordinary toil.

Derbyshire is not without towns too, but these are chiefly of a moderate size; I stayed for a time, and two young friends with me, at the quiet little town of Bakewell, which lies near a gentle river, spanned by the arches of a stone

bridge. Not far off were the wooded hills over which we enjoyed rambling. One day there was a Fair, something like a "mela" in India. It was held in an open space of the town, where the Post Office stands, and the Bank. Great excitement prevailed, especially among the children. The goods to be sold were mostly brought in carts from "up and down" the neighbourhood and it took a long time to unpack them, as well as to arrange them on wooden covered stalls, or on the ground. A large supply of earthenware—cups, plates, vases, &c., arrived by rail from Derby, the capital of the county, which is famous for pottery. Articles that are only slightly damaged in manufacturing sell well and cheaply at a fair, though they would be rejected for London shops. At one stall a collection of knives attracted a crowd of boys, while the smaller children stationed themselves near the sellers of gay toys and sweets (*mitlhis*). There were cakes, too, and cocoanuts and other kinds of fruit, and men's old clothes, and utensils for cooking. One woman cried out: "Remember my stall of curiosities!" At the farther end of the town we saw horses for sale, and also cows. Women moved about with baskets or bags on their arm, into which to put their purchases—the older women in bonnets, the younger in hats, and several with a thick shawl thrown over head and shoulders, as one sees in Scotland. But, alas! soon after all the stalls had been temptingly set out, heavy rain came pouring down, with thunder-claps and lightning. How the children's pleasure was spoilt! For the shows and amusements were shut up. And how annoying the wet weather proved for such purchasers as did persevere in going about with dripping umbrellas! But worse still was it for the sellers of the Fair, who would have to take half their goods back with them and to drive over the open hills in their little carts, exposed to the pelting showers. So it is in England. One can seldom be certain what kind of weather to expect. A wet morning perhaps turns to sunshine, or, as on this occasion, a fine day may end in storm.

In the higher part of Bakewell, a fine church stands, of an ancient date, and within it there are stately monuments of some well-known persons who lived in this district two or three hundred years ago. Several of the figures (or statues) in stone are life-size, and they are said to be real likenesses of those whom they represent. One monument is of the family of Sir George Manners, an ancestor of the Duke of Rutland. He and his wife Grace (who founded and endowed in Bakewell a good school for girls) are sculptured kneeling to face each other, at a sort of stone desk. Now they had four sons and five daughters; so below the parents, in niches, are placed

smaller figures, about a foot high, of these nine children. Above each a few words are carved, suited to his or her life and age. One son died as a boy, and over his little statue we read, in old spelling: "My dayes were but a span long." All the daughters married, and over one is written, "A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband." Over another "A gracious woman retaineth honour." And the words for the second son, who became Duke of Rutland, are: "One generation passeth, and another cometh." We saw also an interesting monument of an older member of the Manners family and of his wife, who lived in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The wife was called Dorothy, and her relations were the Vernons, of the old house, Haddon Hall, two miles from Bakewell, across some green meadows. There are romantic traditions about Dorothy Vernon, so her name is familiar to all in the neighbourhood; and consequently numbers of little girls born at Bakewell, receive the name Dorothy (or Dolly, as it is abbreviated) in memory of her. Anyhow it is a good name, for it means "the gift of God."

One of the present dwellers in Bakewell deserves special notice—a poor man, and paralysed, with feet so ill formed that he has never been able to walk, and his hands are nearly useless too. His name is J. Waterfall. He lives rent-free in a small cottage, part of an almshouse, and he receives four shillings a week. The remarkable fact about him is that, in spite of his physical helplessness, he has the faculty of writing verses. He was never able to go to school, and has had no advantages of education; therefore his lines are sometimes defective as to rhyme or metre, but considering his circumstances he writes well. Mr. Waterfall told me that he learnt to read when as a boy he was kept in various hospitals. Efforts were made to cure him, which however proved vain, but the doctors kindly took interest in him, and they used to chalk up words on a black-board, so that he, being very anxious to be able to read, taught himself by these means. His hands were too misshapen for ever writing with. How then does he manage to get his poems printed? In this way. He is waited on by a young servant-girl, and he points out to her, in old newspapers, the letters that he requires—say, an *a* here, and a *d* or a *p* there, and each letter is cut out by her, and pasted on paper so as to form the right words, in proper order. This having been done, Mr. Waterfall can give the sheet to the printer for printing from. He sells his poems to friends at a penny each. That on Bakewell is called 'The Visitor's Farewell.' One verse runs:

"I leave the sweet region where nature is fair,
I leave thy clear skies, thy soft balmy air,
I leave thy clear streams, thy fresh valleys and hills,
Thy groves and thy dells, thy beautiful rills."

He informed me that he had been called upon, among others, by Lord Salisbury, and the Duke of Devonshire, and by the Poet Laureate (Alfred Austin). The latter told him that his verses did him great credit.

In 1897 Mr. Waterfall sent a Diamond Jubilee Ode for the acceptance of our late Queen, and it was not only acknowledged by Her Majesty's Private Secretary, but a photograph of the Queen was forwarded to him by her command. This stands framed on his table, and, spread over a couch, I noticed a large warm woollen rug, which he said was a royal Christmas present, sent through the Private Secretary. Mr. Waterfall does not confine himself to verse. On one of his sheets he has written, in prose, an account of Bakewell, and another describes the course of the little River Wye, which winds in and out among the valleys. For he has been driven about the country round by friends, and has investigated its most striking features. So when the Archæological Society visited Derbyshire, he was able to give them some help as to local monuments of the past, and in return was presented with a beautiful volume published by that Society. It appears therefore that notwithstanding his infirmities, the Bakewell Poet has considerable enjoyment of life. Not only is his delight very keen in the beauties of nature among which he dwells—but he possesses the faculty of expressing his emotions and his enthusiasm in pleasing language. Being endowed with perception and imagination, he thus experiences a higher kind of pleasure than that which depends on outward conditions. Moreover his verses show that he takes a religiously contented view of his life and position.

The seasons of the year are very varied in Derbyshire, but all have a special and distinctive beauty. In August one luxuriates in the warmth of the summer sun, and the rich leafiness of the woods. In spring, when the winter is passing away, every tree puts forth new leaves of the most delicate green, some lighter, some darker; and the ferns in the wood unroll their fronds—and the banks and meadows are spangled with primroses and cowslips and bluebells. Then the birds too re-appear, preparing to build their nests in the high branches, or in hidden holes, and we begin to hear the hum of insects and the bleating of young lambs. Again, in autumn, when the leaves of the trees change to all sorts of rich tints—red, yellow and brown—the woods are brilliant in their glory. The strangest season is winter. Often it is only rather damp and cold, with occasional rough winds, but every now and then a severe winter comes. Then the snow lies for months on the country side; the branches of the trees, except of pines and other evergreens, are bare, and everywhere you look round

on a scene of dazzling whiteness. Sometimes the snow falls to the depth of several feet, and people are, as it is called, 'snowed up' in their cottages, so that they are obliged to cut a pathway with spades and hatchets, through the white, hard, thick heap. In such a season, carts and carriages would be useless, (because the wheels stick fast in the snow), only that the wheels can be taken off, and then the vehicles can be used as sleighs, in imitation of the winter fashion of driving in Russia. Many people go about in that way near Bakewell, but they cannot always keep to the road, for the stone walls which divide off the fields are hidden under the mantle of snow which covers the land, making it look like one large white plain. The poor postmen, who have to walk many miles to deliver letters have a trying time, and they may be even obliged to give up attempting to reach some snow-bound village, lest they should be frozen to death, if they fell into the drifts of snow, without anyone near to help them. Of course no work can be done in the fields and the children have to be kept at home from school. At last perhaps a warm wind comes, and gradually, the snow melts away, melts into water. Then the fields and roads come again into view, only they look as wet and soaked as if torrents of rain had fallen. The country people who live in Derbyshire like it all the year round. They are simple, industrious folk, speaking a dialect not quite easy to understand by those who live in the south.

I must now close my notes on Derbyshire, though much besides could be remarked on. There is interesting history connected with the country—including some years of the imprisonment of Mary Queen of Scots—and several magnificent parks and mansions can be visited, such as Chatsworth House, with its rooms full of treasures, and its glass conservatory covering an acre, for growing Indian palms, banana trees, bamboos, &c., or the ancient Haddon Hall, which I referred to as the home of Dorothy Vernon. Also, there are wondrous caverns in the limestone rocks, with intricate dark tunnelled passages, and equally dark lofty chambers, where the trickling water turns to stone, and deep abysses might suddenly swallow up any non-guided intruders. These points I must leave alone, but I name them in order to add weight to the recommendation with which I conclude—that if the readers of this Magazine are ever within 150 miles of Derbyshire, they should make a point of spending a few weeks in that beautiful part of England.



The Song of the Palanquin-bearers.

(DEDICATED TO ALMA, LILY AMONG WOMEN.)

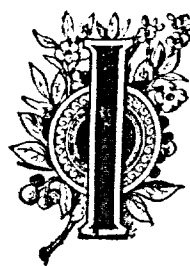
*Lightly, O lightly, we bear her along;
She sways like a flower in the wind of our song,
She skips like a bird on the foam of a stream,
She floats like a laugh from the lips of a dream.
Gaily, O gaily, we glide and we sing,
We bear her along like a pearl on a string.*

*Swiftly, O swiftly, we bear her along,
She hangs like a star in the dew of our song,
She springs like a beam on the brow of the tide,
She falls like a tear from the eyes of a bride.
Lightly, O lightly, we glide and we sing,
We bear her along like a pearl on a string.*

Sarojini Naidu.

The Hindu Ideal Wife:

THE STORY OF SAVITRI.*



IN the September number of your very interesting Magazine there is a discussion between two learned gentlemen regarding the Hindu ideal of what a wife should be. The one declares that Savitri would not be a fit companion for him, and that he would prefer some one to whom he could confide his difficulties and who would share his thoughts and sympathise with his intellectual aspirations. The other praises Savitri's wifely submission and obedience and holds her up as an ideal for these qualities. The Editor, in her remarks, seems to sympathise with the first of these two writers. Now I do not propose to enter into an argument, the force of which depends mainly upon taste, but I wish to ask whether either of the two disputants or the Editor herself has properly understood Savitri's character as shown in the poem? In order to do justice to that character it will be as well to give a slight resumé of the story. In so doing I shall follow the German adaptation of Holzmänn in his *Indische Sagen*, which, though a free rendering, gives the spirit of the beautiful original.

Savitri, or Savitri, was the daughter of an Indian king named Aswapati, and was born to him late in life after he had offered sacrifices to Siva's wife of the same name. He had prayed for a son, but only a daughter was vouchsafed to him. Savitri grew up endowed with every beauty and grace, but as no one appeared as a suitor, she set forth on a journey, accompanied by a retinue to choose her own future husband. Her choice fell upon Satjavat, the son of a banished king, Iumatsa, whom she had found living with his blind father in a secluded hermitage. When she returned and proclaimed her choice, she found the sage Narada with her father. Narada at once endeavoured to dissuade her from her choice, not on account of the bridegroom's unworthiness, but, because, with his divine knowledge, he knew that when a year was passed Satjavat was

* We had purposed giving an account of Savitri ourselves, along with sketches of other heroines of ancient Sanskrit literature; but we have been extremely fortunate in having had this able contribution sent to us by an eminent English scholar and writer, formerly of the Indian Civil Service, who is the author of one of the best versions of Savitri's story in English verse. Toru Dutt has also given a beautiful rendering of this story in English verse. This contribution, we are sure, will prove of special interest to our readers as shewing the extent to which the Hindu ideal of wife, as depicted in the story of Savitri, is admired by even the people of the West.—(Ed.)

doomed to die, and that Savitri would therefore be left a widow. Savitri however refused to alter her choice and bases her refusal on an admitted text, which, rendered into English, runs as follows:—

"The heritage but once divide,
But once betroth the maid;
Nor can a gift, whate'er betide
Be given twice, 'tis said;
If short or long should be his life
In virtues rich or poor,
I've chosen once to be his wife,
I choose but once, not more.
When once the heart has chosen true,
When spoken is the word,
'Tis time at once the act to do
Nor counter voice be heard."

Savitri is thus fully aware of the fate in store for her and goes to marry the man of her choice with her eyes open. She does not, however, reveal to her husband the knowledge she has gained of his early death. She devotes the short time left to his service and that of his parents but at the same time conceives a plan by which she may possibly save his life. In order to successfully carry out this plan she must, as will be apparent, have devoted much time to study and reflection, and must also have possessed intellectual abilities and a power of self-restraint of a very high order. All this is done without any ostentation and her husband and companions have no idea of what is passing in her mind. When the year has nearly come to end she resolves to go through a severe penance in order to fit herself for the performance of her task. The penance consisted of standing for three days without any food. In vain do her husband and father-in-law endeavour to dissuade her; she pleads a vow which she is bound to carry out. During the three last days of the year she goes through this severe penance with the anxiety that even after it is over, her trouble may be all in vain.

"But on the third night, weeping she
Full oft would grieving sigh,
'O God! to-morrow's sun must see
My dearest husband die!
And who the anguish keen can say
Of this sweet mourning one,
When in the East the dawn's first grey
Proclaimed the rising sun?"

But before she could set about her self-imposed task she first goes to each inmate of the hermitage and begs for a blessing. This is given to her and the blessing takes the form of a wish to preserve her from a widow's sorrows,—the greatest misfortune that can befall a Hindu woman. At this moment Savitri sees her husband about to start for a distant jungle to cut wood for the sacrificial fire. Fearful that something may happen to him she begs to be

allowed to accompany him. She does not attempt to dissuade him from what is a sacred duty, and though weakened by her long fast she insists upon following. Arrived at the spot what she had feared actually takes place. Whilst engaged in cutting wood Satjavat feels ill; he lies down and whilst he is sleeping Yama, the god of death, appears and takes away his life. And now follows the task for which during the last year Savitri had quietly prepared herself. It is to win back from the implacable god of death her husband's life. She follows the god and when asked to return at once establishes her right to demand a favour.

"Who with another five steps goes
Is said to be his friend'
As friend I speak, her rights who knows
So hear me to the end."

She then proceeds to give a quotation on virtue and its efficacy which so touches Yama's heart that he agrees to grant her any favour excepting only her husband's life. Savitri's first request is that her father-in-law's sight may be restored. This is granted and Yama again tells her to go home. But Savitri persists:

"I weary where my husband is,
Or where he goes feel pain?
I follow still for I am his;
I vow bear me once again."

"It is need for good men but once to meet
To know each other well,
If the meeting alone is then so sweet
How sweet with such to dwell!"

There is great skill in her selection of quotations. She first praises the excellence of virtue in doing good to others, and next acknowledges the existence of virtue in Yama and therefore the incumbency on him to do good to her, the friend who has gone five steps. Another favour is now promised, Satjavat's life, however, being still excepted. She then asks that her father-in-law's throne be restored. This being granted, she still refuses to return and goes on with another quotation:

"Freely, in love, with word and deed
To give to all relief;
To constantly supply each need
Of good deeds is the chief,
Through fear of men, to gain applause
The worldly such acts do;
The good man aids another's cause
And loves him, though a foe!"

With each quotation Savitri as it were binds Yama more closely in order that at last he may be compelled to grant her supreme wish. But still she does not gain it and another favour is granted, but with the same reservation. Savitri

then asks that her father may have a son. She still refuses to return and again quotes

"None on themselves such trust repose
As on a good man's mind;
A good man therefore has no foes
And finds the whole world kind;
A perfect trust is only put
Where Truth and Faith abound;
'Tis therefore in a good man's hut
That perfect trust is found."

Another favour is now promised with the same reservation and Savitri asks and obtains a promise that Satjavat's name and race may be prolonged by the boon of children. Savitri is now no longer to be denied. Having established as it were Yama's goodness and shown the obligations which devolve upon a good man, she demonstrates the necessity of Yama doing what she wants for the sake of goodness itself. She has besides caught Yama in a trap. The promise of children to prolong Satjavat's race carries with it Satjavat's life for as yet she has no hope or prospect of a child. The last quotation is therefore the crown of all:

"The good man seeks another's good,
Nor aught seeks in return;
He seeks it, since he knows he should
To please the Honoured One
But still his work is not in vain
Nor yet unknown his worth;
A good man can control the sun
By virtue rule the earth."

Now at last Savitri triumphs, and the long-wished for boon, her husband's life is granted, and then and then only Savitri returns to where the body lay. Satjavat revives and supposing only that he had for a short time been sleeping proposes to return home. Savitri consents and says nothing to enlighten him as to what had really occurred.

In the meantime the parents in the hermitage are anxiously awaiting the return of the young couple. Suddenly Iumatsa's sight is restored, and whilst they all rejoice Satjavat and Savitri come back. On being asked the reason of their delay, Satjavat knowing no better, says that being tired he slept. It is however evident that there must be something more behind and Savitri is called upon to state what she knows. Thus pressed she is obliged to tell the whole story; how she knew from the commencement that Satjavat must die on that day, how she had prepared herself to win back his life, and how after a long struggle she had at last succeeded. This story is received with great rejoicing and the beautiful episode closes with the chorus of Brahmins:

"The house, deep sunk in grief and woe
Thy piety has raised;
Thy love alone could it renew;
For ever be thou praised."

All worlds shall hear of thy renown
For ever be thou famed;
Where'er are wifely virtues known
Be Savitri first named!"

My object in going into these details is to show that Savitri, as shown in the poem, is not by any means merely the soft, submissive, but ignorant and uneducated wife whom the learned Professor says would not be the fit companion to whom he could confide his difficulties or who would share his aspirations, with all the gentleness, purity, and obedience of the ideal wife. She combines a courage, steadfastness, learning and intellectual ability of the Vedas in order, and such is her strength of character accompanied by humility that she compels the most remorseless of the gods* to yield to her. Whilst victorious she still preserves her attitude of a suppliant, and the victory gained she quietly resumes her position of humility and submission. I question whether the whole realm of fiction or of poetry can show a more beautiful character than hers. Compare Savitri with Enid, Tennyson's creation of the gentle, submissive wife, and the Western ideal will be found to fall far short of the Eastern one. I am prepared to leave to the two Professors their choice of an ideal wife; that is their affair, but I have no patience with the one who sneers at Savitri as not being a fit companion for his High Mightiness, or with the other who praises her for virtues of humility and obedience, and at the same time fails to understand the immense intellectual and moral force of her character.

"REKAB."

South Indian Sights and Scenes.

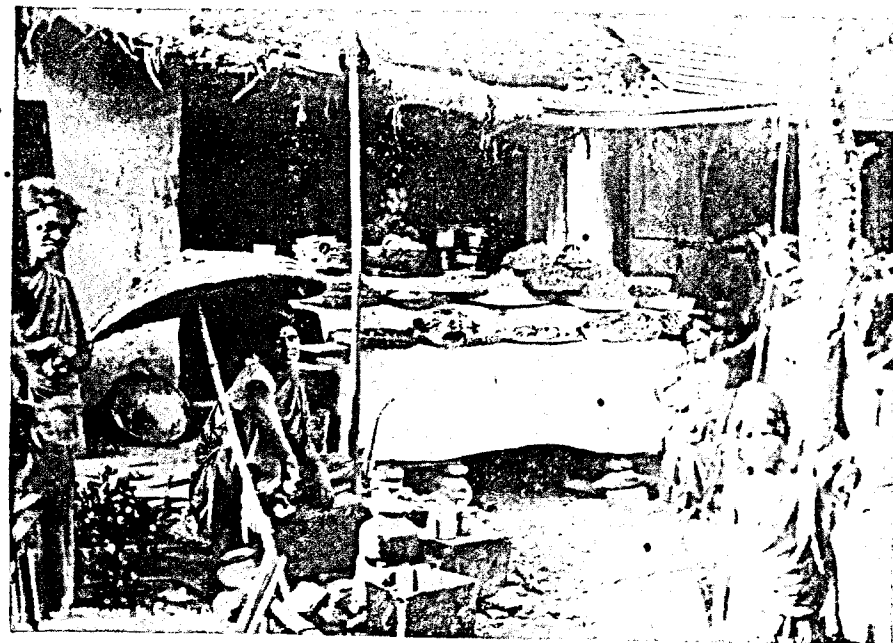
[FROM THE PEN OF AN INDIAN LADY.]

THE potter plays a very important part in Indian life, for his pots are in constant requisition in the Indian home. Without these pots and pans, I wonder how the Indian housewife could get on. With the rich brass pots and brass chatties, and now aluminium vessels take the place of these simple utensils. But to the poor, who cannot afford anything of the sort, the clay pots are a real blessing, and they are so surprisingly cheap—these chatties, which are so serviceable for cooking purposes, and pots and water-pots, flower-pots and other kinds of vessels—one can get an ordinary sized water-pot for one anna or even less. The Indian potter's machinery is very simple and primitive, but it is surprising how

quickly and easily and well he does his work. To see the well-moulded pots come out in his magic hands from the shapeless clay is a real delight. No wonder watching the work of the brother is a favourite occupation with so many people in India, especially with children. The potter—like every other Indian, however poor or however rustic—is not without his religion. Observe the pendant hanging by a string round his neck. This is an image or a relic of Vishnu or Siva, which is a very sacred possession to every worshipper of Siva, for we must remember that Siva and Vishnu divide the worship of the Hindus. Indeed, it is seldom or never one is allowed to see the *lingam* inside the image.

We come now to quite a different picture. Here are three little raga-muffins from the streets—what a deal of meaning these words can convey to us! How dirty and untidy they look, and yet how happy! I wonder how children manage to lift themselves so much above their surroundings as to be so amazingly happy even in the midst of the most sordid environments. I wish we grown-up people had that power. Now what does life offer to these poor little waifs. No home at all, perhaps, or if they have a home, a scolding, beating mother, a squealing baby, a drunken or an overworked, sulky, abusing father, and hardly enough food, sometimes not even a little conjee-water and rice. I wish there were homes for poor children in India as in England. It goes to the heart to see so many uncared-for wee things going about like "Street Dust." And yet here too caste steps in with its forbidding boundaries. But to come to the brighter side now. These little children are very mischievous brats and are a great nuisance too, for they are always asking for *baksheesh* when you meet them on your way. They know so many tricks which attract the passer-by, especially are they very fond of continually slapping their thighs, or the sides of their stomachs, with a resounding noise, so as to excite compassion; or they sing snatches of song—sometimes the English "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," which especially is popular with them and sounds so funny in their broken jargon. Or they look at you with such woe-be-gone faces, and indeed it is hard to see little ones with their thin faces and their often emaciated bodies. What a capable, independent look there is on the face of one of the children in the picture, and how ingeniously and divertingly the other one is looking at you. I am sure he is making ready to ask for 'baksheesh' from the photographer! Those children, I have said, are very mischievous; but not half so mischievous as the English raga-muffins. They do not hoot or shout at the passers-by. Even here, perhaps the Indian courtesy shows itself! Neither are they pickpockets,





ENGRAVED AT M. E. PRESS, MADRAS.

except a few of them. They have not come to that stage yet, they are still in the primitive stages of raga-muffianism! And then, one often sees them treating so tenderly, where they do not beat them or drag them about by the hair, the little babies they are given to take care of by their overworked mothers.

The third picture depicts another aspect of Indian labour-life. These belong to the shepherd caste—they are what are called the *Kannadiers*; they sell chiefly *curds*, sometimes ghee. They come to the city from the suburbs, from long distances chiefly; and yet, very early in the morning, one hears their cry—such a peculiar cry, like a long drawn-out but suppressed *covey*. Like most Indian labourers, they are very sturdy, capable of bearing the greatest fatigue—we can see in the picture how strong the old man looks. *Curds* is a principal article of food with Indians. The Brahmins especially cannot do without it, it generally comes as a last course—curds and rice and salt with a little pickle to set it off. The curds which these Kannady people sell is said to be very good—rather too sour for some people's tastes. Sometimes, however, it has been kept for so many days that it is full of maggots! The peculiar sign of these curd-sellers is the sacking they always wear over their heads—it gives them such a queer, rustic look, especially from behind.

The fourth picture represents the sweatmeat—"mittai"—shop bazaar. This is a respectable shop, that is, it has got the best Indian *mittai* made with good ghee and good materials. But some shops look so dirty, the flies swarm so thickly over the sweets, and the attenders are so dirty—to see them, in their half-naked swarthinness, preparing the sweets over the huge fires, is enough to give one the shudders—that one hesitates to buy the sweets. And yet there are others very nice and really clean. Ghee enters as a principal ingredient into every sweatmeat, and for this reason it is distasteful to the European, but very tasteful to the Indian, for really good ghee is a great addition to the taste. The sweets are made every day and if you ask for fresh sweatmeat you are given it; but take care that they do not palm off the old sweatmeat on you, they could easily do it. This sweatmeat is dear to the heart of every Indian—one often sees beggars wasting the few pice they get in buying some kind of this messy stuff, and so little too they get of it. The sweatmeats are temptingly arranged in trays on a sheet spread on benches—this is a concession to European civilization, but is generally worse than nothing, for the sheet is so dirty. There are two kinds of ware offered here—one the *mittai*, the sweat stuff, the other the hot things, *Pakodas*, etc., which are really very tasty indeed.

Below the sweatmeat shop is a woman under an extemporised roof of an umbrella, selling coffee.

The coffee is in the big pot there and she doles it out in the little mugs. It is not at all tempting to the eye and is very poor stuff indeed, but is a great boon to the hard-worked labourers; it is noteworthy how very popular coffee as a beverage is now with all classes of Indians. It was not so a few years ago. The great annoyance at these sweatmeat shops is the number of beggars who will gather round you, scarcely allowing you to bargain. If we give to one beggar, another is ready—one often thinks it best not to give at all.

Imagination.

[BY MISS LILLAH KRISHNA,
RANGOON.]



FEW things in life are more exhilarating than to enjoy the beauty of nature day after day in the society of those who have kindred tastes and sympathies, and who are always ready and able to prove guides on enchanting excursions into the world of thought. Imagination is an operation of the mind upon images existing in the mind-process of creation, or composition, governed by certain fixed laws. We cannot analyse those laws; but every invention of the mind of man exists in imagination before it is translated into reality.

Without imagination would these ingenious productions of the Nineteenth Century, such as the steam-engine, electric-telegraph or the telephone, come to be? Inventors are, and must be, men of imagination.

No man without imagination could be a good naturalist, and an artist cannot be a real artist without it. His pictures should be life plus imagination. A great naturalist, from a few fossil relics, constructs the animal they represent or sees the world as it was ages ago, through imagination.

The imaginative is so often contrasted with the practical faculty, as though there were a conflict between the two. On the contrary, it is the man of imagination who is the practical man; this is true, not only in science, but in every department of life. In politics, he is the great reformer who has the seeing eye to picture the ideal state for which he works and toils.

In business, the imaginative man sees new combinations, grasps new success, in his mind and straightway proceeds to work them out; no acquisition, no foreign language is of half the value to such a man as the quick insight of

trained imagination. It increases the possibilities of ordinary life ten-fold. Its suggestions are a tremendous moral force in social and personal questions. For instance do we not know the delight of receiving advice or sympathy from a friend gifted with imagination? It is, as Ruskin says, "the seeing faculty"; and the imaginative friend can take a mental view of our circumstances, and "enter into" them, whether he knows them by experience or not. We have only been looking on one side of the question. Imagination is the "seeing faculty," but as to *what it sees* the range is as wide as the universe. We have been purposely looking at its work-a-day manifestations. We have still to consider it in the wider range. Ruskin's explanation in "Modern Painters" is the best in modern literature. "It is the faculty that sees, in such a way to penetrate to the inner meanings; it goes to the very heart of things. This he calls the imagination penetrative." Then it associates these images in new combinations, thus often creating a beauty that is greater than anything we see; and contemplates them as they are in the mind.

For instance children are naturally imaginative, but their elders are apt, if not to suppress their imaginings, to look upon them as idle nonsense, which is only to be tolerated because it will one day be outgrown. Now, on the contrary, the power of imagination should be fostered and encouraged from the very first. Some hold very strong views as to the value of good fairy tales for children; but fairy tales are the work rather of fancy than of imagination. But fancy is altogether a lower faculty. Its chief distinction is that it is concerned only with the exterior of the images it invokes. It does not penetrate into the heart, and it owns no law. It is not as the imagination is, founded on external truth, it is capricious, whimsical, and extravagant. The imagination, unlike fancy, is the truth seeking faculty; even in fictitious creations it carries out the laws of probability to their furthest extent, and the laws by which it is governed, in its higher development, are as certain as the laws of reason itself.

The fostering of the faculty of imagination, even apart from any practical value, adds a great delight to life. Some think it offers unsubstantial and unsatisfactory joys. But very few are endowed with that indescribable imagination of wonderful, dazzling, and magnificent panorama of the dream-world, and they think it is a world, somewhere, which they shall one day know. Lastly imagination is really an important aid to faith. Where would religion be without imagination of the highest type, to picture to ourselves the things unseen and eternal? Others have done this for us. Some men like Bunyan,

Raphael and Michael Angelo, have used their imagination as best as they could to impress the popular mind with visions of what is beyond human ken. So imagination is a pilgrim on earth, and her home is in Heaven.



BHAGYANUGGER is a growing town. It has been growing for decades. But the growth has been, and is, on a scale, and in a manner, that no one accustomed to the enlargement of old towns, or the rising of new ones in British India, can easily understand; and Bhagyanugger, it must be stated, is in a Native State.

The entrance to the city is as modern as any could wish. Magnificent piles of buildings, regular rows of beautiful villas, in the most approved European styles, extend on either side of you, as far as the eye can reach, giving the land before you the configuration of the human heart, put flat down, with its apex lying far ahead. You walk round to the apex enthusiastic, wondering how such aesthetic taste, so much love for the beautiful, could dwell in a people extremely slow to move, averse to all change, loving with an intense enduring love their past with all its uglinesses and monstrosities. While you are still wondering a change suddenly comes over the spirit of your dream. You have passed the bounds of the new, and unwittingly, unsuspectingly, run into the arms of the old,—of the old the oldest. Murky, dust-begrimmed houses of all sorts and dimensions lie about in straggling, confusing heaps all around you. Some appear big enough to be mansions, towering three or four stories high; but for all the ventilation they could afford, the inmates might have elected to entomb themselves in the bowels of the earth. And the small structures can scarcely be dignified by the name of houses. You try to explore further; but it is not easy. The broad streets where you can breathe freely and run without the risk of knocking your head against some inartistic, unaccountable, projection of some apology for a dwelling-house, are not many. But there is no counting the alleys and the dark

noisome passages that zigzag between houses and huts between three-storied, mud-walled buildings and low-roofed poor men's cottages. And this sort of thing extends for miles in front and on either side.

One such passage or pathway, in Domulguda, a suburb of the old city, was in a state of great excitement, one winter morning, two years ago. Not that excitement was anything unheard of or unusual there. Every day had its tale of wifely infidelity or domestic wrong to reveal and in broad daylight. And while those concerned discussed the calamity, in stentorian tones, in front of their houses, with spicy assertive references to the clandestine immoralities and sensualities of female relatives of the third and fourth remove on either side, righteous, peace-loving neighbours, men and women, perfectly convinced of the right of each man and woman fighting out their quarrels openly, as best they could, without let or hindrance, always looked on and heard with attention and awe. But that wintry morning, two years ago, it was excitement of an extraordinary kind that convulsed the residents of Domulguda.

It happened in this way: At Bankergunj, 165 miles from Bhagyanugger, Narain Rao, the Tahsildar's head-clerk, was cursed with three ills:—the vicious temper of his official superior; a family too large for his slender income; and last but not least, a very plain-faced daughter fast growing into womanhood without so much as inspiring any one in the place with any desire to ask for her hand. The first two misfortunes, a long apprenticeship had made tolerable; but the last, what could remedy it? What should happen to Narain Rao? What unspeakable social opprobrium would be his if his daughter should attain to years of discretion as a maid? He had done his best to find a husband for her, but without a well-filled purse the finding had been so far impossible. In his misery a thought occurred to him. At Bhagyanugger he had heard, brides of his sect were scarce; and at Bhagyanugger too, he had a brother living. Why not send his daughter over there? So he did. And his Bhagyanugger brother was, in course of time, not only able to secure a husband for his niece, but to secure one who was willing to pay down as much as a thousand rupees as her price. Fortune after all seemed to smile on Narain Rao. Arrangements were forthwith made for the celebration of the marriage at Bhagyanugger. And just a week before the day fixed for it, Narain Rao was at his brother's place anxiously awaiting the arrival of his intended son-in-law from his village. The bridegroom elect, Bheem Rao by name, arrived three days later accompanied by a dog and a number of Komaties whose Guru he was. The suite

was unfortunate. It caused grave suspicions in Narain Rao's bosom; and to add to these the bridegroom looked anything but Brahmanical. In the result the would-have-been-father-in-law refused to perform his part of the contract. Poor he was without doubt; but could that be any excuse for his allying himself with a Komati? Loud grew the voice of suspicion and of strife. A few neighbours intervened and arranged for a Panchayet. The Panchayet was still sitting, two evenings before the marriage-day, when Bheem Rao, returned to his room with a bad head-ache. The next morning, wonder of wonders, he was nowhere to be seen. His Komati followers were alarmed because they knew he had with him over a thousand rupees in jewels and currency notes. And his dog was disconsolate.

The police took Narain Rao into custody. Who, so interested as he, they argued, in causing Bheem Rao's disappearance? His poverty was one reason; his aversion to an alliance with Bheem Rao, out of which he saw no way, was another. Narain Rao's piteous protestations of his innocence availed little. Nor did the suggestion of a few friends of his that for aught they knew Bheem Rao might have gone away to his village in disgust with, and disappointment at, the turn this marriage affair had taken, help to save him; for very soon it was discovered that Bheem Rao had not been near his village since the night of his disappearance.

Weeks had passed away. It was a dark night. And the darkness which enveloped the house from which Bheem Rao had so suddenly and unaccountably disappeared was but indifferently relieved by the flicker of two oil-fed lamps in the petty provision-shop opposite. Mullia, the shopkeeper, sat between them smoking a beedi. An old fakir, as regular an institution as anything else in that locality, was going along begging his food in his familiar persuasive tones. All of a sudden a fearful bark, as that of a dog in a fury of passion, was heard. The next moment the fakir dropped his bowl and fell down with a moan. The shopkeeper was on the spot in a trice, but it was with difficulty that he managed to drive the offending beast away and set the fakir on his legs again.

The second night the same thing happened. The dog seemed to have been on the look-out for the fakir on precisely the same spot. The kind shopkeeper, stooping to pick up a stong to hit it, recognised, in the light of the lamp he held in his hand, that it was the same dog that had accompanied Bheem Rao from his village. All at once, the thought flashed across his mind that that animal might be able to account for his master's disappearance more intelligently than the police had yet been able to do. His next impulse was

to seize the dog and secure it with a string. But it dodged him and disappeared into the surrounding darkness. In the meanwhile the fakir himself had beaten a hasty retreat.

With such a dangerous enemy as this dog in the neighbourhood, few could have thought it worth while to venture there night after night. So the fakir's failure to go his nocturnal round, caused no surprise to any one—not even to shrewd Mullia. But his canine enemy knew better. At any rate, one night, it forsook its sullen obscurity and ran into the provision-shop whining, and allowed itself to be seized by Mullia.

A few days more still. The dog had become the shopkeeper's shadow. It seemed to have no will but his, at any rate, no greater delight than to follow him about and do his bidding.

It was the night that the fakir's voice was heard, for the first time, for many days after his mischance with the dog, in Domulguda. The dog pricked up its ears and made ready to spring. But Mullia was too quick for him, yet not so quick as not to notice that the fakir avoided the Brahmin's house and took a way different from that he had been accustomed to. That set fire to a whole train of suspicions in the shopkeeper's mind. And he felt that the dog's antipathy had a reason for it, and the fakir was in some way connected with Bheem Rao's sudden disappearance.

Ten days later, the Station House Officer in charge of Domulguda Nakha swore to the following statement before the magistrate:—

As a result of certain information given by Mullia, shopkeeper, I kept watch at his shop for three nights successively. I was convinced that the dog's antipathy for the fakir was not blind. Thereupon I told off a constable to keep an eye on the fakir's movements, and myself in the disguise of a fakir, traced him to his dwelling-place. It was one of a number of godowns in a row attached to a sowcar's house with a long narrow strip of ground in front. I found there nothing to excite suspicion, and the fakir himself bore an excellent character in the neighbourhood. However I made up my mind to risk it and took the fakir into custody, for I was afraid that if given sufficient time he might make away with all traces of his guilt, if really he was guilty. The next day I took Mullia's dog with me to the fakir's place and had the fakir himself brought there. No sooner was the dog loose than it ran to a corner of the open space and began to scrape up earth. And in a few minutes we were face to face with the corpse of Bheem Rao in a high state of decomposition. The spectacle affected the fakir very much. He stammered out his confession. And sure enough we found curren-

cy notes to the value of another 700 Rupees buried in a pot in a corner of the godown which had served as his habitation.

P. V. N.

My Impressions of "East Lynn."



[BY STEPHEN BALM, ESQ.,
BAR.-AT-LAW.]

ONE of the most popular of English novels is "East Lynn." The plan is well arranged and it is written in true woman's English. It teaches the good man to draw his wife more into his confidence, and the jealous wife to exercise toleration, fortitude of mind and calmer reflection before venturing out on a bold undertaking that is likely to prove a life-long disaster and misery to her. Thousands have admired Carlyle for his untainted character and nobility of mind and ten thousands have wept over the sad fate of Isabel, the heroine of the tale.

Archibald Carlyle was a country lawyer and belonged by birth to the middle class, and Isabel was the daughter of an Earl and belonged to the nobility. The circumstances under which these two came in contact with each other are doubtless known to the readers of the Romance. The estate (East Lynn) originally belonged to Isabel's father but his pecuniary embarrassments compelled him to sell it to Carlyle. It was this transaction that brought Carlyle and Isabel together.

Although Carlyle is characterised as a being "In apprehension, how like a God," yet he was not by birth competent to become Isabel's suitor. He knew it, and therefore did not make the slightest advances to her. It was the same with Isabel. She was conscious of her noble birth and the thought of cherishing any love for Carlyle never for a moment entered her head. But the good old saying "marriages are made in Heaven" was once more verified in the peculiar circumstances under which Carlyle and Isabel became man and wife.

Isabel's father died heavily involved and she was consequently left penniless and dependent on her uncle. Her uncle was then living at Castle Marling and thither she betook herself after the death of her father. When the reader comes to this part of the narrative, he naturally concludes that Isabel and Carlyle part for ever—Isabel living in her own sphere of life with her uncle, and Carlyle, as the rich possessor of East Lynn, of which, the curious world had it, Barbara Hare would become the mistress. But in this expectation the little world of East Lynn

was disappointed. Suddenly, the world was astounded with the news that Carlyle was the happy possessor of Isabel. The eccentric Miss Carlyle was wild with the news, because she did not approve of the match on the ground of disparity in birth. Barbara Hare was jealous because she had a secret in her heart that Carlyle would marry her. But who can fight against the decrees of nature? Every reader knows how business takes Carlyle to Castle Marling; how he pays a flying visit to Isabel; how he meets her with tears in her eyes; how, on seeing him, she tries to suppress her tears and will not tell him why she is crying; how her little cousin comes out innocently with the truth: "Oh! mamma, beat Isabel;" how Carlyle, moved by the sight of her weeping and eager to emancipate her from the thralldom of her jealous and cruel aunt, asks if she loves him and will consent to be his wife, how she replies "I don't love you, but I like you as a friend," and how, with a magnanimity of mind, he asks her "to learn to love him." He, moved by the cruel treatment she had received from her aunt, asks her to be his wife—she, conscious of her distressful circumstances and grateful for the remembrance of his former kindness, accepts him as her husband and promises to learn to love him. Such was the origin of this love, but it was destined to have a sad termination. She learns after all to love him. It is an ineffable love, a jealous love, an undying love. An incident, however, opens a gulf in this love. Richard Hare—Barbara's brother—is strongly suspected of having committed murder and is banished by his own father (a magistrate) as a punishment. Richard, some time after the banishment, meets Barbara secretly at night and tells her that he is innocent of the guilt. Barbara is convinced that her brother is not the murderer and appoints a day to meet him again. Carlyle, being a lawyer, she puts the whole case into his hands with a view to a searching inquiry being made. Carlyle with his usual magnanimous nature accepts to undertake the task—a task that he little knew would prove a life-long disaster to his loving Isabel. Richard Hare, being banished, can only meet Carlyle under cover of darkness, and this necessitates the latter meeting Barbara during nights. The meetings become frequent and Isabel knows it. But she wonders—and every one would naturally wonder, especially a woman—what business he could have with Barbara so frequently at such unearthly hours. She often talks to him about Barbara but he innocently avoids satisfying her curiosity. Once, the reader may recollect, he remarks "It is not a comedy, Isabel, but a tragedy." But the frequency and unearthly hours of the meetings, the scandal of the world, the gossips of servants, and the frequent

insinuations of that villain,—Francis Levison, all appear to the jealous heart of Isabel overwhelming evidences that her husband is in love with Barbara. A jealous feeling creeps into her loving heart, but she dismisses it as being too cruel to harbour the idea that her faithful Archibald would be guilty of infidelity. But one night her doubts were confirmed by a stratagem of Levison. While returning together from a dinner party late at night Levison directed Isabel's attention to the spot where Carlyle and Barbara Hare were walking arm in arm alone. Need I relate what occurred after she had witnessed this heartrending scene. She went home mad with rage and jealousy and with a determination to leave the house after giving a parting kiss to her beloved children and leaving an injunction to her faithful servant to look after them with all the tenderness of a mother. Ye mothers! How heartrending it must have been to poor Isabel, to think she was parting for ever from her children and the husband whom she loved with unspeakable love! Her heart is rent in twain, and yet she is determined to go. It is the very struggle of the noble Othello. His heart relents but his hand is firm. He kisses his beautiful deceiver before he destroys her.

And what a contrast between the feelings of Isabel and Levison. She, burning with pure jealous love, and he with lust; she, sad at parting from her dear children and her once dearly beloved husband, and he ever ready to prove a traitor to Carlyle, his friend and benefactor. Had she known that he was playing the part of a traitor and seducer, well might she have exclaimed in the imploring language of Lucrece:—

"Mind not the fountains that gave drink to thee,"
"Mar not the thing that cannot be amended."

Such were the circumstances under which Isabel left her husband. We must stop here, for it is unnecessary to go further into the narrative for our present purpose. What we want to shew is, who was to blame—Carlyle or Isabel? We blame neither; and we think that those who blame Isabel are as uncharitable as those who blame Carlyle. Carlyle was a man of irreproachable character—a gentleman in the real sense of the word. His love for Isabel was beyond all question untainted. In his heart of hearts reigned no goddess of love but his own loving Isabel. That he was misunderstood by his jealous wife is but natural, though it appears strange that Isabel did not understand him better. But jealousy is strong and refuses to see clearly. As everything looks yellow to the jaundiced eye, so to the jealous everything looks suspicious. Blame not, therefore, ye readers of East Lynn, the conduct of Isabel!

The only false step of Isabel was her flight with Levison. But there are mitigating

circumstances to exonerate her from blame. She knew nothing about Levison beyond that he was a gentleman. She did not know that he was an unprincipled villain, and that he was playing the part of a traitor and seducer. She was a woman—weak, frail, and loved her husband too well. And when she saw that scene on that memorable night, she was mad with rage and jealousy, and in that moment of bitterness—more bitter than the bitterness of death—she saw no impropriety in absconding with a gentleman from whom she expected to receive consolation and support. Any woman—indeed any virtuous woman—placed in similar circumstances would have acted in the same way as Isabel.

In exonerating them from all blame, we have endeavoured to shew that both Carlyle and Isabel are after all mortals and erring creatures like us. But one dear lesson we learn from these two characters is, that husbands should keep no secrets from their wives and wives from their husbands.

It may be urged that it is a breach of professional etiquette for the husband to confide in the wife in matters connected with professional duties. This may be true; but where professional business clashes with domestic arrangements we think the wife has every right to demand a satisfactory explanation from the husband.

The imploring language of Portia to her lord and master, Brutus, is a fine argument in the matter of the duty of husbands confiding in their wives* :—

"Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,"
 "Is it excepted that I should know no secrets?"
 "That appertain to you? Am I yourself?"
 "But, as it were, in sort or limitation;"
 "Dwell I but in the suburbs?"
 "Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,"
 "Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife."

[The writer of the above article asks us not to blame the conduct of Isabel in leaving her husband's home with Levison. "Any woman," he says, "indeed any virtuous woman, placed in similar circumstances, would have acted in the same way as Isabel." Surely this cannot be the opinion of every true woman. Is it a mark of virtue not to be strong enough to endure, but to take the burden imposed on you with so little strength as to fly away from it? To take a sentiment from Christianity, "Charity—that is love—suffereth long, and is kind. Charity beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." Such a high ideal of conduct, it will be said, is beyond the reach of all but a few. But, however high the ideal may be, we are not justified in excusing ourselves if we fall away from it. The height of the ideal is

* Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*.

no reason why we should lower it, but all the more reason that we should try to raise ourselves up to it. But again it may be said that the conduct of Isabel is that of a high spirited woman, of a woman who will not tamely endure insult. But is not a better and a nobler spirit shown in bearing the burden and trying to ennoble ourselves by crossing our sea of trouble? Should not Isabel's aim have been to stay behind and show her husband her love and trust in him, and by that very trust make him see his fault and come back to her again? We may differ from our husbands as much as we like, but we have no business to run away from them. Others may call it hypocrisy which causes us to veil our injuries and stay back. But how could that be hypocrisy which is equal to boundless love, a great-hearted tolerance, which, if every woman possesses, would draw the world from all sin?

But, setting apart the question of what the conduct of a virtuous wife ought to be under the circumstances, let us consider whether it was right of Isabel to doubt Carlyle. Our writer compares her jealousy to that of Othello. Othello is, without doubt, a noble character whose very innocence precipitated him into such folly. But even in Othello his jealousy is extreme, and "the disordered power and terrible passion of a great love," "that dark fierce flood of boiling passions, polluting even his imagination," enveloping the gentle Desdemona as in the clutches of a friend, strike us as something too extreme. Where such conduct is extreme in a man, it will be much more so in a woman. Othello doubted Desdemona too soon, without giving her an opportunity to clear herself. And so does Isabel Carlyle. Perfect love as Carlyle says, (not our hero, but the immortal author) is perfect understanding; and we feel that it was quite possible for Isabel to have understood her husband's conduct, if only she had not allowed herself to be overwhelmed by false evidence. But Levison is an accomplished seducer; Archibald is undoubtedly wrong in hiding his secret from his wife, and Isabel is too impulsive and warm-hearted to consider, and the crash comes. But Archibald never suspected such a crisis and his very innocence is the cause of his conduct. He did not wish to worry his wife, as he was worried, and he knew she could give no help to him. But, as Mr. Balm says, the moral of the novel is that wives and husbands should confide completely in each other. But it also seems to us to be that they should trust absolutely in each other, in spite of every appearance of evil. Then only is there perfect love in its highest sense. Love is Trust.

Isabel's fault is completely atoned for afterwards. Her sufferings, the cross she has to bear and does bear, are more than enough for

her punishment. Oh, how we pity her by the death-bed of her child, when her heart is breaking and she can yet give no cause for her excessive sorrow; when she sees Barbara's happiness; when she sees her own children, not neglected it is true, but still second in everything. Finally at the last scene of her life, when she knows that by her own fault she has lost the supreme place in her husband's heart! Oh, poor woman, how she was tried! The deep pathos she excites in us, the intense and painful compassion we feel for her, make us inclined to turn away and veil our eyes in inexpressible sympathy. One word more. In spite of her wrong conduct, Isabel is still a loveable character; she still holds her place in our hearts; and why, because her conduct is the result of an entire mistake, brought on her by an accomplished villain; because, in spite of that mistake, she keeps her innocent and gentle heart, because of the patience and endurance which she has learnt in such a hard school, and finally because the object of her love is great. If Archibald had been a bad man, Isabel would have been despicable. But he is noble, so her love is noble, and—we hope we may not be misunderstood—her very jealousy is noble, because it strives for the love of a good man.—K. S.]

The late Miss Thoburn—An Appreciation.

[By Miss SHORAT CHUCKERBUTTY, M.A.]

[On the first of September last there passed away at Lucknow Miss Isabella Thoburn, one of the founders of the Lucknow Women's College,—an institution which has taken the lead in promoting higher female education in Northern India. Miss Thoburn was born near St. Clairsville in Ohio, U. S. A., on March 29th, 1840, and was sixty-one years of age when she passed away, after a life remarkably full of success and service. The well-known Bishop Thoburn is her brother. She spent 32 years of her life as a Missionary in India, working chiefly in the field of education. She may be regarded as the pioneer of higher female education in the North-West Provinces, and the Punjab. The Lucknow Women's College owes its existence and its present and thriving condition to her devotion and self-sacrificing efforts. Throughout North India are to be found scores of highly cultured and educated Indian ladies who loved and revered her as their guide and friend. We have much pleasure in publishing the accompanying appreciation from one of her most distinguished pupils.]

THE news came with its stunning effect to all of us, her friends and her girls. Everything seemed dark. Even Lal-Bag which has been for years a happy home to some, and a happy memory full of sweet and sacred thoughts to others, appeared wrapped in a gloom whose density could never be diminished. And earth had fewer attractions left. It had never even occurred to us before that there would be such a

difference. Her work was so perfect and complete that no breath of sharp criticism could even touch or hurt it. Still she laboured on in her faithfulness, but the Lord in His love did not suffer His saint to remain unnecessarily on this dark earth, and the call to 'come up higher' came sooner than was expected. Let us bless the Lord for sparing her to us so long:—for, great is the work before us, and great are the responsibilities unto which He has called us. She laboured for the women of India, and it is ours now to take her place. After her loss we tried to drag ourselves through, and the tremendous effort it needed made us look up unto the source of all strength, and He gave it,—for He NEVER fails. There was a slow, quite but sure flow of the divine strength into our very beings, growing fuller and deeper each day. Our beloved friend was gone, our Miss Thoburn,—as I write the name even now, I startle at the thought of the loss and wonder if it is possible,—she, who had done and might still have done so much good, was no more. The pain was unbearable; and our eyes turned involuntarily toward Him, unto Whom she had so untiringly pointed all these long years. And now, we see His loving pitying smile and understand He had a special purpose in sending His saint to us and also in taking her away. God loved India and sent her, filled with His Spirit and wisdom, to prepare hundreds of Indian women for helping to shape its future destiny. Countless Indian girls and women were placed under her care, and to these she imparted noble thoughts and high ideals, and knew no rest until they were thoroughly consecrated to Him who had sent her.

She 'spent and was known;' the first prayer of a friend who held her very dear was, "May Miss Thoburn live through hundreds and thousands of her girls." It is unnecessary here to describe that life. The example was too noble to be forgotten. What now engages our attention is how we can fill the vacant place. The Lord Who had sent us such a teacher, is also even now, anxious to give us without measure, the same Spirit that was in her, for He has separated us for this special work. One look at Him,—and instead of the sighing of heavy hearts which were suffering intense pain, is heard the song of triumph. SHE LIVES. She lives resting in her Saviour's bosom. She lives in our hearts, and she will live in our actions unto the glory of Him Whom she loved, and taught us to love. And, when He shall appear, at the gathering of the saints, there will be seen the well-remembered and longed-for smile on the loving face as it will be turned to greet her girls and friends who also will have come to meet Him, Who is all and in all. This is the goal toward which the great love of our Father has drawn us.

Sophie Kovalevsky.

[BY THE REV. L. P. LARSEN.]



EN to twelve years ago this name, in scientific and literary circles on the continent of Europe, was surrounded with a halo as that of no other woman. Her remarkable gifts as a mathematician, her very promising attempts as an author and her whole interesting personality, made Sophie

Kovalevsky both in France and Germany, in Sweden and Russia, the centre of much attention and admiration. But, in the midst of all the fragrance of praise for what she had accomplished, and congratulation on what she had attained, Sophie Kovalevsky herself felt sick at heart, and the foundation of her health had been shaken from within before a cold brought on the inflammation of the lungs which in a few days ended her life when she was only forty years old.

An interesting case,—but a sad life story.

She has herself told the story of her childhood and early youth in a book that gives a very touching picture of the first buddings of her soul life in the midst of the strange and lifeless surroundings of her Russian home.

She was born in 1850. Her father, belonging to an old family of the Russian nobility, retired from the army when she was only a few years old and settled on the family estate in Middle Russia. Here Sophie grew up with a younger brother and a several years older sister. Her

parents she did not see much of; the elder sister was allowed to spend some hours daily with the mother, but Sonja (as she was called in her mother tongue) was too small for that, she belonged to the nursery. Even to be brought in and exhibited at a dinner-party she was not found fit, for when it was tried she behaved in such an awkward and unattractive manner that it gave no pleasure to anyone.

Her only friend and companion was the old nursery maid, who made her understand that her parents did not love her so much as the other children, because they had been very desirous to get a son when she was born and had disappointed their hopes,—only a girl! Such stories did not contribute to make Sonja more open or affectionate towards her parents but prepared the soil in her for a temperament in which dreamy, pent-up feelings and an imagination that took its earliest colours from the old nursery maid's frightful and yet fascinating tales of imps and hobgoblins, formed prominent traits.

The addition to the household of an English governess did not make matters better for Sonja. How could a typical English governess, with all her appreciation of strict methodical regularity, understand a typical Russian mind like Sonja's with a large element of Oriental mysticism in it? It was a happy hour for Sonja when she could manage to

steal away from the cold eyes of her governess and absorbed in some book of poetry forget everything else. But woe to the poor girl if she was caught reading what her soulless pedagogue was pleased to classify as forbidden fruit! The punishment was sure to be some humiliation



Sophie Kovalevsky

which could not but burn deeper into her sensitive soul the feeling that there was none who understood her or cared about her. Is it strange, if, later in her life, as her biographer says, "both her friendship and her love were tyrannical, in the sense that, she would not allow the other part to cherish any feeling or wish or thought which did not center in her."

When Sonja was about twelve years old a new epoch began in her life and her home. Under conditions of apparently impenetrable isolation the sister had come in contact with some of the currents which in the sixties stirred a great part of Russia's intelligent youth, not least the girls of the Russian aristocracy, to a glowing enthusiasm for Russia's freedom and progress. Sonja's sister, under the influence of these new ideas and ideals, had written a story and sent it to Dostojevsky, the great writer, who was one of the leading men in this movement. When the day came that brought Dostojevsky's reply with a very flattering expression of his opinion of her story, she could no longer keep her secret to herself but made Sonja her sharer in it.

What a revelation to the shy little girl, of whom formerly the grown-up sister too had taken no notice! Her sister was actually an author? Here was a real letter from Dostojevsky! Into the old fortress-home had entered forces from a new, distant, but living world! There was a fascination about all this as great as that of the tales of imps and hobgoblins years ago. And then—most wonderful of all—she, Sonja, was herself in the secret, initiated into this unheard-of thing by her sister. How she admired her sister; and how she loved her for sharing the secret with her.

But the secret could not continue to be kept secret. One day the father found in the mail bag a letter, with Dostojevsky's seal, for his eldest daughter; it should have been taken out beforehand and delivered to her personally, but by mistake it fell into her father's hands. What a scene! The father nearly fainted at the unspeakable shame of what his daughter had done. To think of it, that his daughter had written a story for publication; that she had received money for it; that she was in correspondence with this gang of nihilists (as he of course took them to be) in St. Petersburg! Was not this worse than death? For several days the whole house was shaken by the scandal.

But even this righteous indignation did not last for ever. The father calmed down so far as to agree to hear Sonja's sister read her story to him. Of course he would listen only with the interest of a censor. But something natural happened to him. He did not know when the feeling began to change; but when she had finished reading he actually felt something like

pride at what his daughter had written. His battle was lost, though he did not at once surrender. After some time he allowed his daughter to renew the correspondence with Dostojevsky, and ultimately he degenerated to the extent of allowing both his daughter to go to St. Petersburg and study.

To many of those young enthusiasts the possibilities of study open to them in Russia were not sufficient. But for the girls it was out of question to go alone to the universities of the West for further study. However much the good tone of Russian society had deteriorated—and did not the presence of all these studying girls in St. Petersburg afford proof enough?—it had not sink so low that any family could for a moment think of letting their young daughters go by themselves to Berlin or Paris or some other university and study.

But even in Russia it seems to be true that where there is a will there is a way. Such young ladies as were anxious to go abroad managed to find young men of the same spirit, cherishing the same ideals, who would agree to a marriage which, among the contracting parties themselves, was understood to be only a sham-wedding, binding long enough for the lady to get away to the university she desired to go to; after that both parties were perfectly free again to do as they liked.

Sonja's sister and a lady friend of hers were determined to avail themselves of this method to get their desire for study realised. If one of them could be married, the other might get permission from her home to go with her "married" friend. To that end they approached a young man of their acquaintance with their proposal. He was not inclined to entertain it; but it was purely an idealistic business matter to all of them, so there were no feelings wounded, neither by the proposal nor by the refusal. It was simply a question of finding another young man who would agree to play the part of a chaperon-husband. A person was found whom they felt they might ask. They went to him, and Sonja with them. He was quite agreeable to their plan, only with the modification that he would marry Sonja and not her sister. Another scene and cry of scandal in Sonja's home when this marriage plan became known. But she was on the winning side; and in the latter part of 1868, when she was 18 years old, Sonja became Mrs. Kovalevsky.

The spring term 1869 found the young couple at the university of Heidelberg in Germany, Sonja studying Mathematics, for which she had been found in St. Petersburg to possess exceptional abilities, her husband geology and other branches of natural science. After a year at Heidelberg Kovalevsky went to Munich to complete his

studies, and now began to be seen towards him that characteristic of Sonja's feelings which was mentioned above, the demanding, jealous intensity. She was complaining bitterly that he could be quite happy without her. When he had a cigarette, a cup of tea and a book it did not matter to him where she was, she used to say. Such feelings are not a source of joy but of worry.

In the autumn of 1870 she went to Berlin to continue her mathematical studies under the famous Weierstrass. The university was shut to her in Berlin as it had been in Heidelberg and as it was to women throughout Germany. She went to Weierstrass privately and placed before him her desire and request. Her appearance was not particularly prepossessing, and Weierstrass, without spending much time on her, sent her away with some mathematical papers he had recently used for a high university degree not expecting that she would be able to solve the problems. But she did it not only correctly but in so ingenious a manner that the great mathematician's conviction regarding her mathematical powers were settled from that day.

For the next four years Weierstrass continued to be her faithful teacher and friend, while she devoted herself to her study with an intensity that left her no thoughts for anything else. She did not live, she only studied. But viewed as study this period of her life was a great success; she gained the highest praise of all who could judge in the matter and ended by getting, in 1874, only 24 years old, the degree of Ph. D.

She went home to Russia crowned but not happy; she was tired out in mind and body, and for a long time she could only vegetate, not live. She joined her husband in St. Petersburg, and for some years it looked as if in her married life she was going to find that happiness which her studies had not given her. She had been absorbed in her studies, but they had not filled her. Now she was assisting her husband in his studies and works; they were leading a richly varied life in the most intelligent and refined society; they were full of schemes for the improvement of the social conditions of men around them and put their hands to the plough; and, when in 1878, a little girl was born to them it did seem as if Fortune was really smiling upon them.

But clouds began to roll up. Kovalevsky fell under the power of an adventurer who knew so to work upon his imagination and ambition, in connection with various new schemes of an industrial and commercial nature, that he not only led him on farther and farther into hazardous speculations but also turned him away from his wife. As Sonja's nature was she could not bear to feel that her husband's affection, confidence and openness toward her ceased. The time when this struggle went on was perhaps the hardest

she had yet. But when it seemed to her, that her case was lost, that she had no real place any longer in her husband's heart, she could not remain with him. Her little girl she placed with friends, and then she left husband and home, not because there was anything definite that drew her elsewhere, but because that which she left had become unendurable; she felt driven not drawn.

Now followed a couple of years of endless disharmonies of feelings and experiences and no settled work. When during this period she received the news that her husband's life had been ended by suicide it threw her into a serious and prolonged illness, one of the causes of which was unmistakably self-reproach.

In 1883, through the influence of another of Weierstrass' disciples who was professor of mathematics in Stockholm, she received a call to become a lecturer in mathematics at the university of Stockholm. It was not a university appointment; a private circle undertook to bear the expenses. Still, it was a unique thing for a university to give a chair to a lady while most other universities would not open their doors for lady students. Mrs. Kovalevsky accepted the call as the very thing she could wish for in life.

She soon found a circle of friends congenial both to her scientific and literary tastes, her university work was appreciated, and in Stockholm society she was everywhere welcomed. Yet it was not very long before she began to complain that she knew Stockholm by heart. She constantly required her surroundings to be interesting and stimulating; this she did not find sufficiently in the beautiful capital of the North, therefore life grew stale to her. She had not her springs within.

In 1888 she obtained the greatest distinction that a mathematician on the continent can aspire to, when she got the *Prix Bordin* at Paris, but never, she declared, had she been so unhappy and life so empty as in the midst of all the felicitations and festivities that accompanied her success. Those who loved her she worried away from her; she could neither live with them nor without them.

These sad symptoms of a restless worrying of self and others grew more frequent and numerous until her restless heart, after a few days' acute illness, stopped beating on February 10th, 1891.

Sophie Kovalevsky's life is a great tragedy. Here was given so much of what would seem to be fitted to make life rich and happy. Why did it fail in producing this result? The cause is not in what she had but in what she lacked. Her intellect, imagination and emotion, these faculties she had developed and knew to use,—but not her will.

I was looking at a vessel beautifully built and richly laden; the engines are powerful and the sea is not especially rough. But how strange the movements of that vessel are! What is its direction?—There was none at the helm; that was why she drifted and sank and struck.

It is heart-rending to witness a shipwreck!

Hindu Ideal of Womanhood.

[By A. SYBBA ROW, ESQ., B.A.,
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MY justification for seeking your permission to make my humble contribution to the controversy about the Ideal of Womanhood is the tendency which I have recently observed in some of the controversialists belonging to the party of the East to use arguments drawn from Hindu Philosophy in controversies regarding Hindu religious and social questions. This, I think, is not fair. Hindu religion, as it is practised in Hindu households and Hindu social practices, is not based on the ideals and aims speculated on by philosophers. Again, it is not Hindu literature alone that is replete with lessons of contentment, of simplicity of life, of silent suffering, and of sweet serenity. Open any work of poetry or philosophy belonging to any language having a literature worth the name, we are bound to alight on passages glorifying one or other or all of the virtues referred to above. On this account they do not become the ideals which a nation as a whole steadily keeps in view, and systematically endeavours to realize. The ideals which are emphasized as Hindu ideals are the common property of every literature, and have been realized by a few individuals here and there in all the nations. Hindu religion is not Hindu Philosophy, nor the ideals pursued by the Hindu nation those found in Hindu Poetry or other productions of great Hindu minds. The Hindus have not been that contented and simple nation they have been represented to be. Were not the ancient Aryans aggressive? Had they no worldliness? Did they not strive for help and power? Did they not engage in war and shed innocent blood? The history of their migration into India and of their subsequent conquests answers these questions in the affirmative. The Puranas ring everywhere with gold and gems, gold seats set with gems, gold platter and what not. The presents made by students to Gurus consisted of gold mohurs, damsels, heads of cattle, horses and chariots. Do these point to

simplicity of life? The Arcadia of contentment and simplicity is to be found only in the highly wrought imaginations of men composing the poetry of the East. The Aryans like other communities passed from a life of simplicity to one of complexity. This passage is inevitable wherever we have progress of knowledge and increased complexity of environments. Our ancestors were no exceptions to the rule. In the absence of an authentic history of ancient India, what truly can only be myths are transformed into facts for controversial purposes. In regard to the hard-heartedness which is said to characterize the dealings of the Western communities with the rest of the human race, it may be retorted that the Aryan conquerors treated the native races of India no better. To-day how do we caste-Hindus treat those who are outside the pale of caste? God's temples which, it would be blasphemous to say could possibly become polluted, exclude many who may be as good or bad as ourselves. It was only the other day that a Sub-Collector—an Englishman—who had ridden far in the hot sun was not able to get some water to wash his face within a Vaisya village. Of course, the man who peremptorily refused to give water got into awful fright when he knew subsequently that the man to whom he would not give water was the Sub-Collector of the Division in which he lived. We caste Hindus live in glass houses and cannot afford to throw stones at others. I ask if there is anything in the behavior of the party of the East which gives any indication of their endeavouring to realize a contented and simple life. The phrase "party of the East" would bring into the consciousness of your readers certain individuals belonging to this class, who, on examination, will be found to be as restless as the rest in their struggles for prosperous existence. The fact is that in our mundane existence the restless struggle must go on if we seek betterment, though, while struggling, we must call in the aid of contentment, and patient suffering that we may struggle harder and better. Life is one continuous struggle marked by restlessness. When the struggle ceases, we may have life; but that life is only life-in-death. If the struggle for existence has not been with us, it is because nature is on our side. Now that we are brought into relation with other countries our natural advantages must diminish in number, with the result that the struggle for existence must become as keen here as elsewhere. I am not sure if we are not now in this state. The party of the West merely requires us to be prepared for the new situation. If we are not aggressive, the fact is due to our conditions of existence and not to our loyalty to the ideals placed before us by poets and philosophers.

It is said that unobtrusive modesty and bound-

less self-effacement are the adornments of our women's character. They say even food may sometimes be poison. Even virtues are sometimes not virtues in all circumstances and conditions. Should a woman be immured within the four walls of her house to acquire modesty? Should a woman so much efface herself as to be excluded from self-realization of whatever is noblest in her? Modesty cannot be synonymous with absolute isolation from all communion with a person beyond the family circle, nor self-effacement synonymous with intellectual suicide. If it is, modesty and self-effacement are not virtues worth possessing. Is the Hindu woman really unobtrusive? In the present transition state, the Hindu husband has to put by his enlightenment and his liberal ideas in obedience to her commands. Her influence is now unfortunately felt in narrowing the lives of those on whom she can bring her influence to bear. This is because her mind is not cultivated. It must be admitted by all that knowledge knows no sex, and that Nature has equipped women with the capacity to bring out the best that is in her. To withhold knowledge from her is to go against Nature. For authority to educate our women, we need not go beyond her physical and mental constitution. "We do not want women of the type of Mrs. Besant" is a mere *ipse dixit*. But who does not know that at present Mrs. Besant is the Guru of the party of the East? Those who may now want her for argument's sake may laud her to the skies and regard her as an Avatar under other situations. It is no more an imposture on the part of the party of the West to stick on to Hindu society than it is imposture on the part of the party of the East to extol simplicity and un-worldliness and yet be found in the thickest of the fight for this world's goods. The party of the West stick on to Hindu society not because they have no genuine love for their ideals but because they are attached to it by a thousand heartstrings which cannot be easily snapped.

Lessons from Nature.

[BY THE EDITOR.]

THE great man, according to Carlyle, is he who has intellect enough to pierce into the heart of nature, who sees clearly and swiftly the real essence of things which underlies the outer vesture—"that divine mystery, which lies everywhere in all beings, of which all appearance, from the starry sky to the grass of the field is but the *vesture*, the embodiment that renders it visible." "Nature," says Carlyle, "is not dead or like to die. To us, through every star, every blade of grass, is not a

God made visible if we will open our eyes? Is not every object a window through which we may look into Infinitude itself?" The greatest poets have been those who have looked upon nature as alive. Together with another subject—man—the subject of nature, and of man's relation to it has always been the theme of the poets, at first incidentally and as a background to the picture of human life, but afterwards occupying a distinct place of its own as a force that is alive. Wordsworth, Shelley and Keats, with many poets that followed them, imagined that nature had one living soul which entered into every natural object, and gave them a soul of their own; and between this spirit in nature and the spirit of man a harmony exists which enables both to communicate together and become united by the bonds of love and worship. Wordsworth made this living principle in nature to be Thought, Shelley Love, and Keats Beauty; but all had the same idea. Says Wordsworth:

"What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be,"

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that too often lie too deep for tears."

and Shelley, in his Prometheus unbound, unites the spirit of Love in man to the spirit of Love in nature, by which union the whole world is redeemed.

"The joy, the triumph, the delight, the madness!
The boundless, overflowing, bursting gladness,
The vaporous exultation not to be confined!
Ha! Ha! the animation of delight
Which wraps me, like an atmosphere of light,
And beats me as a cloud is borne by its own wind,"

cried the Earth, and the Moon answers:

"Gazing on thee, I feel, I know,
Green stalks burst forth, and bright flowers grow,
And living shapes upon my bosom move:
Music is in the sea and air,
Winged clouds soar here and there,
Dark with the rain new birds are dreaming of,
'Tis love, all love!"

'Tis a grand idea this, that nature is alive, and a true one, for, if looked at from the right view, nature shews itself to be the living robe of God. The beauties of nature are a never-failing source of pleasure and interest. A thing is beautiful only when it is good and true. "The hours when the mind is absorbed by beauty are the only hours when we really live, so that the longer we can stay among these things, so much the more is snatched from inevitable Time. This is real life, and all is illusion, or mere endur-

ance." And yet, how few of us appreciate the beautiful world in which we live. How true is the complaint which Ruskin makes against those who pass by nature with unseeing eyes! It is quite right, what Drummond says:

"Of this fair volume, which we World do name
If we the sheets and leaves could turn with care,
Of Him who it corrects, and did it frame,
We clear might read the art and wisdom rare.
But silly we, like foolish children, rest
Well pleased with colour'd vellum leaves of gold,
Fair dangling ribbands, leaving what is best
On the great Writer's sense ne'er taking hold;
Or if by chance we stay our minds on aught,
It is some picture on the margin wrought."

The richness of life is marvellous. What lessons we can learn from the great teacher, Nature! May we not say with Ruskin: "Will you not go down among them?—among those sweet living things, whose new courage, sprung from the earth with the deep colour of heaven upon it, is starting up in strength of goodly spire; and whose purity, washed from the dust, is opening, bud by bud, into the flower of promise;—and still they turn to you, and for you, 'The Larkspur listens—I hear, I hear! and the Lily whispers—I merit.'" When the primitive nations, in their childlike ignorance, fell down in worship before the magnitude and the majesty of nature, worshipping it as a Divine goddess, shall we, who are so much more advanced, look upon it with indifference? Because we see the beauties of nature every moment of our lives, is it right that we pass by them as if they were matters of course? The flowers, which bloom so sweetly around, like heavenly messengers of peace in haunts of misery and sordid worldliness, "beautiful eyes looking out on us from the great inner Sea of Beauty;" the trees springing up in their strength and majesty; the fruits of the earth so pure and wholesome sustaining the needs of man as nothing else can do; the grand, the awe-striking sea, so broad and deep and infinite, the very sight of which is sometimes enough to calm the mind of man; the earth itself, the hoary rugged earth, the sustaining mother of such a vast life; the ever-varying ethereal sky with "the witchery of its soft blue;" the fleecy shifting clouds, the heavenly bodies in whom we have before us, "the perpetual presence of the sublime;" the grand phenomena of nature—"the lightning flashing between gloom and glory," the living thunder "leaping from peak to peak, among the rattling crags"—these and a thousand other parts of nature, what lessons can they not convey to us?

What simplicity there is in nature, and yet what complexity! The order is so perfect, the harmony is so supreme, that the whole looks like one animated body, and yet the variety is endless. The simplicity of nature is inexhaustible. Its wild fertility and never-ending complexity are

appreciated more especially when compared with the products of our manual labour, our mechanical laws, our rigid machinery. Who could analyse the method of nature? "We can never surprise nature in a corner," says Emerson; "never find the end of a thread; never tell where to set the first stone. The bird hastens to lay her egg, the egg hastens to be a bird. The wholeness we admire in the order of the world is the result of infinite distribution." And, what is the lesson we learn from this fact that the cause of it all is implicit obedience? Compactly, yet with spacious fulness, succeeding each other gracefully, symmetrically, the objects of nature fit into one another. Every object seems to do its own duty, cheerfully, uncomplainingly, happily; one does not interfere with the other, and yet the mutual help between all is wonderful. Nature teaches us not to fret or be anxious. It works by fixed laws in obedience to one central law, the soul of God which exists in the heart of it. It teaches us that a higher law than that of our will regulates events. It teaches us to have loving belief and implicit faith in the power of God. We need only obey the guidance that exists for each of us; for everything is under the power of a great and good God.

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul;
That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame,
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
To Him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects and equals all!"

Happy is the man or woman who understands nature, who can say

"The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To me are opening paradise."

Such a man or a woman must be truly good, for only to the moral man does Nature unfold herself. Nature is everywhere true and harmonious, and it is the true and sincere man who can sympathise with her. And nature, if he wills, is man's own kingdom. The soul is in her native realm, which she can make "wider than space, older than time, wide as hope, rich as love."

"While others forget it, he knows it;—I might say, he has been driven to know it; without consent asked of him, he finds himself living in it, bound to him in it. Here is no hearsay, but a direct insight and belief; this man too could not help being a sincere man. Whosoever may live in the shows of things, it is for him a necessity of nature to live in the very fact of things."



Things Seen.

AN INDIAN MUSICAL PARTY.

It was a fine summer evening. The charming twilight was just deepening into the hush of night and a cool southerly wind had sprung up. A friend had invited us to attend a musical party at his house, and as we entered the rooms the sweet strains within seemed to harmonise with the beauty and peace without. Quite a characteristic Indian sight met our view. In a well lit room, sat a number of Hindu gentlemen, hushed and quiet, listening to the sweet strains of the *veena*, a typical Indian instrument. The musician, a dignified old man with a noble cast of expression, his diamond earrings flashing at every turn of his turbaned head, sat on a carpet, with the instrument in his hands, while round him sat the children of the household listening in rapt attention. The scent of the jasmine, our favourite flower, was heavy in the air, and the soft, melody now rising and now dying away in a very tremor of emotion seemed like the dropping of pearls in a golden bowl. Indian music is only sweet to those who can understand and appreciate it. Its chief beauty lies in the number of variations a musician can introduce and in the sweetness of his own composition. Every Indian musician is more or less a composer and until he is such, he is not thought capable of playing before an audience. In the Indian scale of music quarter tones abound and hence greater scope is given to the musician to introduce variations. Besides, the *veena* with its sweet tinkling sound lends itself to this kind of music, and in the hands of a good performer charms the ear.

It is also well adapted to English music. I have often seen an English audience delighted with their own airs played on the *veena*. It is true that there is no harmony (I mean in the technical sense) in our music, but the air falls with such a rhythmic cadence, that I have seen the audience keeping time with their feet.

A Hindu audience is a study in itself, the real lovers of music give themselves up heart and soul and sit in rapt attention, scarcely uttering a word, except one of appreciation and applause. Those who do not care about it put on a solemn face and keep shaking their heads as if they understood. While some fidget about, feeling particularly uncomfortable in sitting so still.

A characteristic feature was that the ladies sat apart in an adjoining room. The Indian hostess has such an informal and pretty way of receiving her guests that she soon puts them at their ease, and hence among a group of Indian ladies there is not much constraint or fear of trespassing against the laws of social etiquette.

After some dreamy airs and a song or two, in which the soft voice of the singer harmonised well with the vibrating notes of the instrument, and a few lively English airs, the music came to an end. Garlands, pansupari and sandal paste were given to the guests. Good-byes were exchanged and one by one the carriages drove away into the starlight night.

A Speech by a Muhammadan Lady.

The following speech which has been kindly sent to us for publication was delivered by a young Muhammadan lady of Guzerat, at Surat, at the time of the last Muhammadan Educational Conference held in that city.

MY DEAR BEGUMS AND LADIES,

The high ideal which has brought us together to-night is a great step towards the advancement of Mahomedan ladies in India, and let us hope that we shall often meet on like occasions to combine our efforts and think out the best plans for the welfare of woman-kind in India. I am sure we have all of us watched with great pleasure and interest the success of the Mahomedan Educational Conference that has been holding its sittings for the last three days. All credit indeed is due to those worthy sons of Guzerat who have made it a success. But with all this I am going to make a bold statement which may appear perhaps not quite in keeping with our usual social ideas. Dear ladies, to my mind conferences and social gatherings of women are more necessary than those of men; for the object of all these movements is one and great, and it is the advancement of a nation. We all know that a nation is not composed of men only. We, the women, form the important half of it, and I further hold that the stability and advancement of our community solely depends upon us, the women. Without our progress and our advancement the men can never rise alone, and if they do, with all their efforts, they will rise like bubbles, only for a time; to sink into nothingness. Whereas if they and we both advance hand in hand our progress will be monumental, with a stability unshaken for centuries. To illustrate what I have just said I shall quote the English adage "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." It is the mother who sends forth a son into this wide world, and it is the wife later who makes a success of him. So until the mother and the wife are sufficiently educated and advanced for the most important part they have to play in life, the son and the husband are but defective and incomplete. Men may hold conferences and gatherings, they may talk and think, but they will never do that for us which we can

do for ourselves; and if they do once in a way become so unselfish as to think of us and our welfare they are utterly incapable of forcing any measure upon us (and we know this better than they) until we extend to them a helping hand. So under any circumstances I am not wrong when I say that in questions of social progress, we the women must take the lead or at least do the greater part towards it. God helps those who help themselves. Under the present circumstances of women in India, the part we are expected to play is extremely limited. What are they? We are expected to be good wives and good mothers only, although I feel sure we are capable of much more than that. Now let us see if we are good wives. I know we are certainly faithful and obedient to our husbands; in fact most of us err on the side of too great obedience; but are we good *house-keepers* and good managers of our household affairs? Pardon me, we are not that. We absolutely do not manage our husbands. They are drowned in debts and mostly for our sake as we often lead them into costly ways; they are given to all sorts of ruinous and blind pleasures, and we are at fault for that; in short, they are mere husbands and not what men ought to be; and I strongly submit that we women alone are to blame for that. As mothers we cut no better figure, we send forth sons who are failures in the world. Our sons enter the world without any ideals before them; without any sense of the duty they owe to mankind; and, in fact, without those sublime qualities which make the *perfect man*. Indian mothers however do not send forth rulers but subjects. The word ruler should not be understood in its political sense. What I mean by rulers is men with noble qualities and high ideals. The sons we bring up are devoid of most of what is admirable in man. And why so? Simply because we are not educated. And it is nobody's but our own fault that we are not educated. If we but only insist that we must be educated it will be the easiest task for men to provide for our need.

I shall venture to make another statement which may astonish you, my dear sisters, but I shall give reasons for what I state. I say we require higher education just as men do; both religious and moral. You must have felt that as mothers we are given a most difficult duty to perform,—that of instilling the first principles of religious and moral education into our children, and thus we are strictly responsible for the moral and religious tendencies of our young ones. It is in this teaching that we, not being educated ourselves, err most seriously. I wonder how many of us there are who can draw the line between the religious and the superstitious, and for the matter of that, at times between *good* and *bad*. The prophets, we believe in, have never meant

that we women are not directly responsible for our religious and secular actions. We shall have as severely to account to our God for what we have thought, felt and done. I say we shall have to account as minutely on the Great Day as the men. None will come to our rescue then, and no reason short of truth will hold any grounds before Him the Almighty. Mind not, therefore, dear ladies, the cries of the narrow-minded people against female education, but press on your claims to education more urgently than the men. Before I conclude I shall turn for a moment to my European sisters. With all our education and social backwardness, I assure you, ladies, the mode of our home-life has been gradually and unconsciously changing under British influence. But not being able to come more in contact with our European sisters the change is anything but of a desirable nature. We often chose the bad elements of Western civilization. Therefore social intercourse is desirable. What astonishes us is the aloofness of European ladies? We can understand to some extent the attitude of English men towards Indians who are subordinates but what barrier can there be between English and Indian ladies? I feel sure, ladies in the position of Her Excellency Lady Curzon, Lady Northcote and the wives of civil officers can do an immense good for the Indian ladies if they take a more personal interest in them. From my personal knowledge I can say with confidence, as I come from Ahmedabad where I received my education, that the good that ladies like Mrs. Scily, our Commissioner's wife, have done and are doing is highly appreciated. We have a ladies' club under the supervision of Mrs. Scily and others; and the good their wholesome association with us has done is best known to us. I am not exaggerating when I say that owing to the efforts of only half a dozen European ladies, whose influence on the Indian ladies of Ahmedabad can better be felt than described, many a native home has become happier. I need hardly multiply instances, but I may state with confidence to both my English and Moslem sisters that a closer association between the two will work wonders towards the advancement and civilization of India.

IZZETTAN.

Reviews.

Easy Lessons in Indian History.—(Macmillan & Co.) This little work by E. Marsden, Esq., B.A., the well-known Inspector of Schools, Central Circle, Madras, is specially intended for boys and girls in the Primary schools. Some of the leading facts of Indian History are told in a simple, interesting style and the numer-

ous illustrations and maps make the dainty little work additionally attractive. If we are not mistaken this is the first time that a work of this kind has been written. We have innumerable text-books on Indian History intended for beginners, but the form in which historical facts are put prevent these publications being of little or no value to school children. The little work before us combines all the excellence of a reader suitable for young children with that of a historical text. The book should find its way into all English Primary schools throughout India, and in Girls' schools it should be specially encouraged. The price is annas 6.

History of India for Middle Schools.—This is another work by the same well-known author, but it is intended for pupils in Middle Schools and to cover a course of two or three years. The following remarks of the author taken from the preface explain its object clearly:—

"My object in writing has been to tell the tale of the History of India as simply and as briefly as possible. The knowledge of English possessed by boys in Middle Schools is, as a rule, very slender. I have therefore used short and easy words and avoided long sentences. . . . I have noticed what seem to me to be the chief events and the chief actors on the stage of Indian History and only these. I have tried to trace events to their causes—to show the 'Why' and the 'How' as well as the 'When.'"

A perusal of the work will show how admirably the author has fulfilled the object he had in view. The Maps and illustrations form a special feature of the little book and make it very attractive. Mr. Marsden has not forgotten the fact that Indian ladies too have played an important part in the making of Indian history. We have pictures of Jodhai, the Rajput lady, who was married to Akbar's son; of Nur Jehan, Jehangir's wife; and Mumtaz Mahal the wife of Shah Jehan, in whose memory the glorious Taj Mahal was built. Full justice is done to the Hindu period as well and the chief events of British rule in India are narrated in a most interesting manner under the head of the Viceroys, most of whose portraits are given in the work. Altogether it is a most delightful book on Indian history and teachers in Indian schools all over the land would do well to put it in the hands of their pupils. The price is As. 12.

Brief Biographies of great and good Women of the Victorian Era.—Tamil (S. P. C. K. Press, Madras). By Dewan Bahadur V. Krishnamachariar. It is a complaint often made that we have very few books in Tamil and in other Indian Vernaculars, of a healthy character, written in a style so as to rank as literature, which we could safely place in the hands of our

boys and girls. It is to meet this want in Tamil that Dewan Bahadur V. Krishnamachariar, a veteran worker in the field of education in this Presidency, has laboured all his life time. Quietly, unostentatiously he has done a work in this direction the influence of which will be felt for years to come, and in this noble work he has been aided by a number of philanthropic Anglo-Indian ladies. The book before us is specially suited for Indian girls and no girls' school in this Presidency should be without it in its library. As a prize book also it is most suited both for its matter and its excellent get-up. With the exception of two lives—those of Frances Power Cobbe and of Baroness Burdett Coutts—which have been compiled by the Editor, the rest have been written in English by Anglo-Indian ladies and translated into Tamil by the Editor. Mrs. R. S. Benson, who is foremost in every good work in this land, and who has done so much for Indian women, has written no less than five of these Biographies. They are those of Elizabeth Fry, Florence Nightingale, Harriet Martineau, Princess Alice, and Kate Marsden. Lady Arbuthnot has written on Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and her article, which was kindly placed at our disposal by the Editor, appeared in the September number of the Magazine. Mrs. Gilbert Cooper has written on Harriet Beecher Stow and on Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania, and Miss Spring Branson on Charlotte Bronte. Altogether there are twelve biographies of women, each of whom with talents unique of their kind have left their mark on the sands of time. Our Indian women, who know so little of the inner life of the women of the West, and who have often such distorted notions of the freedom and liberty which the latter enjoy, could not have a better means of knowing what true education and enlightenment and culture could do for women than what is revealed in the biographies of these twelve noble women. We have not the slightest doubt that this work will rank as "literature," in the true sense of the term, and we thank Mr. Krishnamachariar for his noble undertaking. A portrait accompanies each biography. The work is a fitting tribute to the memory of Queen Victoria, whose portrait adorns the work as a frontispiece.

The Works of Pundit K. Veerasilingam.—We beg to offer our sincere thanks to Pundit K. Veerasilingam for sending us all his works in Telugu, bound in 10 vols. We value the gift immensely, for, Telugu being our vernacular, we shall be able to give our readers English versions of some of the delightful stories of Indian life the Pundit has written. When the history of Telugu literature comes to be written the works of Mr. Veerasilingam will find in it no insignificant

position. He is not only great as a Reformer but his name will be handed down to posterity as the regenerator of Telugu literature. No single man living has done so much for this beautiful language, which is indeed the Italian of the East, as Pundit Veerasilingam. Without any exaggeration we may call him the "Addison" of Telugu literature. To attempt a review of his almost encyclopaedic work in Telugu will be an utterly impossible task, but what we purpose doing is to attempt to give in English some of his productions which are read and admired, and wept and laughed over by Telugus, throughout Southern India.



Editorial Notes.

We have been favoured with a copy of the report of the Maharashtra Female

The Maharashtra Female Education Society.

Education Society for the year 1900-1. This Society maintains a High School which contains a Female Training College and Practising and Primary Schools. There are altogether 241 pupils in all these departments distributed as follows: 139 Brahmins, 77 other Hindus, 12 Jews, 4 Parsis, 2 Muhammadans, and 7 Native Chris-

tians. We are pleased to note the cosmopolitan nature of the institutions; and the Maharani's College at Mysore may take a lesson in this respect from the Maharashtra Female Education Society. Another interesting feature of these institutions is that they attract married women and widows. The Plague interfered somewhat with the working of the institutions but on the whole the results achieved shew that they have all been maintained with great efficiency. It is evident that the pupils are not attracted by means of large scholarships but by a real desire for knowledge. Another most pleasing feature of these Institutions is that the teaching staff is entirely Indian. The Lady Superintendent is Miss Sorabjee, whose work is spoken of in very high terms by the Inspector of Schools. The High School has the great advantage of the services of Miss M. Bhore, yet another well-known Indian Lady educationist. It is such institutions maintained, not by Government but by the people themselves, and managed and taught by Indian ladies of culture and education, that are the hope of India's women. We should like to see such institutions in every important city in India.

Is Higher Education necessary for women?

A well-known writer speaking of the change that has come over the position of women in European countries, says:—

"There is probably a more sensible difference between the condition of the female sex in these countries at the end of the nineteenth and that of the eighteenth centuries respectively than between their condition at the end of the eighteenth and at the end of the eighth." This is due, he says, to a new principle introduced into human society—"the general tendency to humanity alike in the broad and the narrow sense of the term, implying a greater stress upon the softer virtues, which has immensely enlarged woman's sphere of action, since it is only by her ministrations that they can be carried out." That woman's sphere of action has been much enlarged is very true in Europe; and in India also it is gradually coming to be true, as seen by the extension of female education in the country, however slow. The pressure of Western civilization is being felt even in the unchanging East. Certain it is that the Oriental conception of domestic relations is wrong, and that there can be no real progress of Eastern countries until it is radically altered. But symptoms of reform are beginning to appear and the movement will undoubtedly progress and the effects of a thorough social and educational reform would be incalculable. We have great faith in education on the most liberal lines as a means of raising the status and position of women. There are no doubt philosophers in this country who think that the interests of nations would be better promoted by leaving their weak members to perish in the struggle for existence. But this philosophic creed, though it may be in consonance with the principle of Natural Selection is anything but in consonance with the moral instincts of man. We have, therefore, the spectacle of civilised states continuing to care for their helpless members from an instinctive feeling that the moral loss which they would incur by their neglect of the weak and helpless would outweigh the material gain.

Another objection that is often advanced is that educated women are unfitted for domestic work.

This is a very common objection especially in India and even educated men in the West object often to women being educated; but this seems to be the result of the obtrusiveness of "The New Woman" and her ideas. Such a danger need not be feared in India as yet. What is more to the purpose is that we are coming to see that education can only tend the better to equip a wife as helpmeet by furthering a community of tastes with her husband. It can prepare a mother better for forming the tastes and minds of her children. When boys are given every advantage of education, girls ought to be given the same. It is often said that a general education is best for a woman. Certainly every woman should know something thoroughly, however little, of every good thing. Says an Englishman, "We as men desire to see them thoroughly educated, able to give opinions on varied subjects, well-read, well-travelled, well-refined, our mental equals in every respect." This is a fine ideal for every woman; but where one woman particularly wishes to be educated in one direction, and where she has the capacity for such education, no obstacles should be put in her way, as no obstacles are put in the way of men, who are so inclined. There are many who agree with Mr. Ruskin that it is foolish to speak of the superiority of one sex to another, as if they could be compared. "A man's work for his own home is to secure its maintenance, progress and defence; the woman's is to secure its order, comfort and loveliness." Certainly the making of a home should be woman's first duty. "The stars only may be over her head; the glowworm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her foot: but home is yet wherever she is."

Correspondence.

THE GOSHA SYSTEM.

DEAR EDITOR,

People who insist on girls 'of age' shutting themselves up from the gaze of the world do so, I believe, because they suppose the precaution secures the maiden's purity and fame. These worthy men commit two blunders: they presume that strict caution is absolutely necessary; and they imagine that conventions like this can be any help. We will examine both points of the question separately. First, Is caution necessary? A great deal of importance is to be attached to the culture and refinement attained to by the parents, for their ideas and character are strongly marked in the child. We shall therefore for preciseness suppose the parents are refined by education. We shall create the father a Bachelor of Arts; and the mother we shall make one who knows the three R's and can read tolerably well. We shall further assume that the husband has enough common-sense to inculcate into the mind of his wife the truths of social and moral obligations. Now they are blessed with a female child. The mother has fondled the babe into a cheery little girl, five or six years old. The mother tends her carefully, affectionately, leading her into truth and not frightening her infant imagination with hobgoblins. Now we shall suppose the girl is nearing her fifteenth year. She can distinguish the true from the false—at least she can recognise the voice of her conscience. She knows to feel all those sweet pricks of love—A delicious weakness

which finds strength in the friendship of a masculine heart. Now such a girl is allowed the freedom of her younger days. What is the result? Elopement? I certainly think not. First, the natural pride of a girl will guard her against perfect strangers. If she talks or plays with any, it must be with those who frequent her father's dwelling and are his friends or friends' children. Even supposing she walks on an evening with her friends, or brothers, or sisters, or all of them, (for, no young girl of fifteen would venture a long distance alone) there is not the least probability of her falling into the snares of a wild youth; her company and her own pride are her safeguards. Nay, even were one of her boy-friends an evilly disposed person there should be no fear for her purity; for, if she is armed with purity, her instinct would easily detect the evil in her companion; for one word, one look, one mere movement on his part would suffice. Next, let us suppose that the girl is too good-natured; that misplaced confidence and not wilful blindness threatens to lead her astray. Even then, it will not be long before she finds out her fault. But we shall assume even more. Suppose a wily rogue has stolen the young maid's heart before she was aware of it. How then? The plain answer is, she marries him. But then, an objection arises. The boy cannot make a proper husband, or his intentions are not all honourable. What then? Passion must yield to prudence; if it does not,—? But this question though it appears plausible, is quite baseless; we have already assumed too far. And it is an insult to true feminine nature to suppose that it would consent to proposals other than honourable. It is absurd to make a well-bred girl fall into such wrong, even in imagination. There is thus but too little warrant for confining poor young girls to the monotonous routine of a house and depressing them of all true freedom.

Next, can such confinement be of any value? I answer in the negative. I hold that virtue which can live but in the dingy cells of the *Gosha* is not worth having. The possession of virtue should be a blessing, not a curse, condemning its possessors to eternal privacy. Consider and compare the happiness of each of two husbands who have both of them virtuous wives indeed, but the one is *Gosha* and the other has freedom. The infliction of privacy is not only a deep wrong and unpardonable insult to a good woman, but is also an index to show the hateful meanness, low suspicion, and rank selfishness of the man. It is a sin to suspect woman thus. Human nature displays all its nobleness only when placed on its breast. The feelings of *Gosha* women must naturally be warped; and conscious of the suspicion in which they are held, their natures gradually lose all sensitiveness to lofty impulses.

And even if there be reason to accept the nationality of this arrangement, there are innumerable evils in the system itself which makes it reprehensible.

'YESQUE.'

THE HINDU IDEAL OF WOMANHOOD.

DEAR EDITOR,

It was really very instructive to read the interesting discussion between the two critics belonging to orthodox Hindu Society in India on the "Hindu Ideal of Womanhood", which appeared in your issue of September last. Whilst falling in with certain views of your correspondent, Mr. Sundaraman, M.A., on

the subject, I wish to say a few words on the true sphere of our Hindu ladies both in India and Ceylon and the civilization dependent on them.

It is a mere truism to say that the intellect with which woman as well as man is endowed has been given for use and exercise, and not "to rust in her unused." Such endowments are never conferred without a purpose. The Creator may be lavish in his gifts, but he is never wasteful. Woman was not meant to be either an unthinking drudge or merely the pretty ornament of man's leisure. She exists for herself as well as for others; and the services and responsible duties she is called upon to perform in life, require the cultivated head as well as the sympathising heart. Her highest mission is not to be fulfilled by the mastery of fleeting accomplishments, on which so much useful time is wasted; for, though accomplishments may enhance the charms of youth and beauty, of themselves sufficiently charming, they will be found very little use in the affairs of real life. In our own time it has been said that Chemistry enough to keep the pot boiling and Geography enough to know the different rooms in her house was Science enough for any woman, whilst Byron, whose sympathies for women were of a very imperfect kind, professed that he would limit her library to a Bible and a Cookery book. But this view of woman's culture is absurdly narrow and unintelligent, on the one hand, as the opposite view now so much in vogue, is extravagant and unnatural on the other—that woman ought to be educated, so as to be as much as possible the equal of man; undistinguishable from him, except in sex; equal to him in rights. Speaking generally, the training and discipline that are most suitable for the one sex in early life are also most suitable for the other; and the education and culture that fill the mind of the man will prove equally wholesome for the woman. Indeed, all the arguments which have yet been advanced in favor of the higher education of men, plead equally strongly in favor of the higher education of the women. In all the departments of home, intelligence will add to woman's usefulness and efficiency. It will give her thought and forethought, enable her to anticipate and provide for the contingencies of life, suggest improved methods of management and give her strength in every way. In disciplined mental power she will find a stronger and safer protection against all temptation that she might encounter in a society where equal freedom and liberty is enjoyed by men and women alike, in moral and religious culture. She will secure sources of influence in due self-reliance and self-independence. She will discover the truest sources of domestic comforts and happiness. But while the mind and character of men ought to be cultivated with a view to their own well-being, they ought not the less to be educated liberally with a view to the happiness of others. Men themselves cannot be sound in mind or morals if women be the reverse and if, as we hold to be the case, the moral condition of a people mainly depends upon the education of the home, then the education and civilization of women are to be regarded as a matter of national importance. The influence of woman is the same everywhere. Her condition influences the morals, manners and character of the people in all countries. Where she is debased, society is debased; where she is morally pure and enlightened, society will be proportionately enlightened.

I do admit that there are vices and virtues in the

western civilization; but why not give higher education to women so that they may open their eyes and select that which is virtuous and becoming of a Hindu lady and reject the rest.

Colombo.

P. CHELIAH.

Indian Cookery.

CHUTNIES.

BENGAL CHUTNEY.—Garlic, green ginger, salt (white), chillies (dry), of each 1 polum, raisins, 4 pollums, mango, green (good sort without strings), 8 pollums. Clean the garlic and ginger, stone and wash the raisins, and grind all up in good vinegar—about $\frac{1}{2}$ teacupful. Grind the mangoes to a pulp. Add 2 heaped tablespoonsful of white sugar, add the salt and enough vinegar (English malt is the best) to make a thin pulpy mass. Boil for 10 minutes from the first bubble, and set aside to cool: then bottle. Salt and sugar may be increased to taste but must not be added after the chutney is removed from the fire.

ANOTHER.—1 lb plums (raisins), 4 oz. green ginger, 4 oz. garlic, 1 oz. mustard, 4 oz. dry chillies, 2 oz. tamarind. Grind all in vinegar. The tamarind must be ripe and freed from seeds and skins. Add sugar to taste when on fire.

LIME CHUTNEY.—Twenty large and nice ripe limes: slit across both sides half way down and salt for a week turning them over frequently (avoid making pickles in the wet weather as the limes are apt to grow mouldy). Remove limes after the week and throw away the seeds. Separate pulp from skins. Grind skins first to a pulp in English vinegar, then the pulp. Grind after in vinegar 4 large garlics, green ginger about an inch thick and pieces up to 4 inches in all: a teacupful of raisins stoned, a handful of almonds. Grind all these in vinegar to a fine paste and add white sugar to taste. Boil 10 or 15 minutes. Excellent and keeps well.

DELHI CHUTNEY.—6 large mangoes or 8 or 10 smaller ones. Peel off skin, shred and boil to a mash in $\frac{1}{2}$ a tea-cup of water, grind up to a paste 2 oz. raisins, 2½ oz. green ginger, 1½ oz. garlic, chillies dry (without seeds) $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. (If less hot chutney needed $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.) Brown sugar 2 oz. Pour $\frac{1}{2}$ bottle vinegar into an earthen vessel, and the sugar, all but a tablespoonful. Boil and strain. Then add the mashed mango and ground ingredients with $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. white salt. Boil till thick, about 15 minutes, color with caramel. This is made from the tablespoonful of sugar. Put the sugar in a metal vessel, add a few drops water and proceed until the sugar is burnt; add a wine-glass of vinegar and color the chutney by adding this to it.

PARSEE CHUTNEY.—Two parts green tamarind or mangoes, bruised on a stone, two parts salt, two parts sugar, two parts chillies ground (red), 1½ part stoned raisins, 1½ part garlic, 2 parts green-ginger. Grind all up and add 4 oz. vinegar or more if necessary. Keep in a glass or stone jar in the sun for a month.

SWEET MANGO CHUTNEY.—Green mangoes 50, cut in pieces, skinned, and salted 24 hours. Green-ginger 1 lb, mustard 1 lb, garlic 1 lb, chillies $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. All to be ground in vinegar; first the mussalah, then the mustard, then the fruit. Boil in vinegar. Some keep the mustard separate and add according to taste.

News and Notes.

"The Voice of Progress is the title of a Magazine started in the interests of Social Reform in Madras by Mr. Veerasilingam (Junior). It is intended to be the organ of the Hindu Social Reform Association. We wish it all success."

—Miss Cornelia Sorabjee contributes another of her interesting articles to the *Nineteenth Century*. The October number contains an account from her pen of the case of an imprisoned Ranee, in which Miss Sorabjee seems to have been employed as legal adviser. The article, which is in the form of a series of letters, is written in her usual condensed and effective style. As a stylist Miss Cornelia Sorabjee has few equals among lady writers.

—The recent legalisation of the remarriage of Hindu widows, in the Baroda State, is an indication of the growing strength of the social reform movement on the Bombay side; while it is also in perfect keeping with the liberal character of its present ruler. This legalisation, of course, does not mean that the Hindu society in Baroda will accept the reform any more than it has been accepted in Bengal. But while society must be left free to act as it pleases, the State owes it to the individual, to give the protection of the law in all matters where he has to assert his rights as an individual, in obedience to the dictates of his conscience, or the reasonable demands of his happiness or comforts, against the unreasonable injunctions of society.

—With the title "Friend of the Women of Bengal" it is proposed to issue an Anglo-Bengali Magazine specially intended for Zenana Ladies. It will be published from 1st January 1902 and will be of 8vo. demy size, 12 pp. with a gold yellow cover. The subscription will be only 8 as. per annum. The following particulars are given as to the scope of this paper:—In the new paper we hope to have an occasional Medical column conducted by a Lady Doctor, Hints on Sewing and Knitting, Instruction in Fancy work, Recipes for various tasty Dishes, Sweetmeats, Chutneys &c. as well as Religious articles, stories and news. In short it is intended to be as its name implies a real "Friend of the women of Bengal." The paper will be edited by Miss Brownlow. All communications regarding it should be sent to Rev. Pengwern Jones, Missionary, Sylhet.

—The *Behar Herald* says:—Some time ago the attention of the Government of Bengal was drawn to the practice of the sale of girls in the city of Patna. At present an interesting case of the kind is going on in the Court of the City Magistrate. A woman, named Rajo, an inhabitant of Harmandil Gali, was detected by the police to be the chief agent of this nefarious crime. The practice as obtains at present is that young girls of different castes are brought in from different places and kept in a seclusion for some time. The agents whose number may be counted by dozens move about in quest of persons desirous of entering into matrimonial alliance. It often happens that a Sikh from the Punjab falls in with one of these agents and is led to purchase from him a girl whom the Sikh afterwards marries. It is believed that the fact is now an open secret and is not unknown to many, but the people as a rule think it beneath their dignity either to report such matter

to the police or to come forward as witnesses in cases against these agents, though a case is very seldom instituted by the police for want of sufficient information. If the Government is really anxious to stamp out the crime, the existence of which can no more be doubted, it ought to depute a specially trained detective officer for a few months to get a detailed and complete information about the gang of traders in girls.

—We bring to the notice of our readers the following beautiful little poem entitled "The Promise of Life" which we heard sung the other day at a concert:—

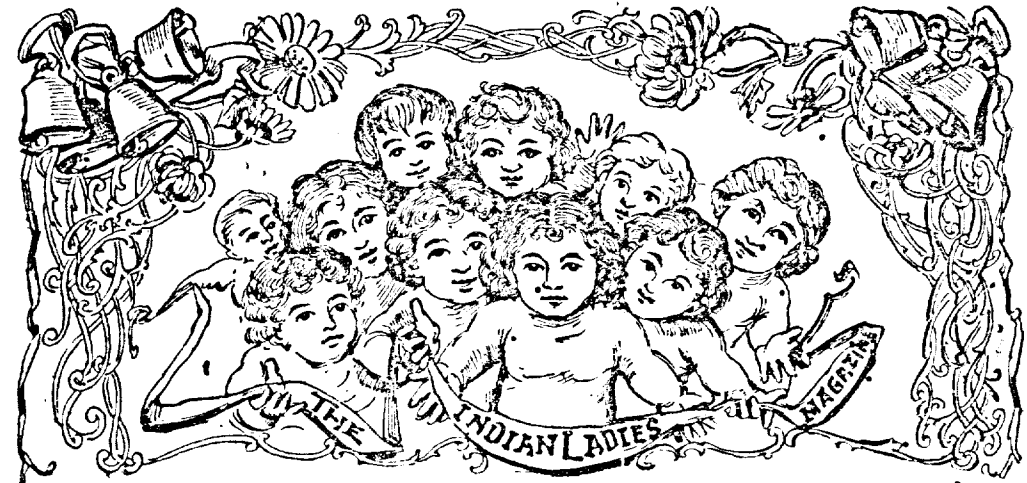
There is no song of all our hearts are singing,
But has some note whose haunting sadness grieves;
There is no rose, of all the year is bringing,
But has some thorn, unseen amid the leaves.
There is no garden but some weed encloses,
There is no day, but hath its hour of pain;
Yet still we sing, and gather earth's bright roses,
Walk in its gardens and forget the rain!
Sing on O heart, although the tears may glisten,
Gather life's flowers, although the rain be rife;
Earth is not all—His angels ever listen,
Heaven shall make perfect our imperfect life.
There are no eyes whose light has ne'er been blinded,
By silent tears of pity or of pain;
There is no heart that has not been reminded,
By some chance word of what comes not again.
There is no life that hath not held some sorrow,
There is no soul but hath its secret strife;
Still our eyes smile, our hearts pray for to-morrow,
Fair in its promise of more perfect life!
Smile on sweet eyes, although the pathway darken,
Pray on, O heart amid the busy strife;
Earth is not all—His angels ever hearken,
Heaven shall make perfect our imperfect life.

Nothing is so delightful as to commit to memory such beautiful lines.

—In the course of an address on "The Higher Education of Women" delivered to the Extensionists at Oxford, the Principal of Somerville College, after reviewing the progress of the movement, asked whether this higher education had done what its promoters hoped for the benefit of women? Had it helped them forward as it was hoped, had it tended to the formation of higher types of character? No human institutions did all that was hoped for them, but Miss Maitland believed that in spite of errors and some failures they might point to some signs of success. The atmosphere of girls' lives had been changed; the great day schools and many private schools taught courage, truthfulness, loyalty, public spirit, and they gave responsibility as the chief reward of duty done. In the course of her remarks she said: "The colleges carried on this teaching, they widened women's interests in life, they trained and fitted them alike for motherhood and the care of children, for the work of bread-winning when needed for the support of themselves and others, and for the unpaid labour, charitable, philanthropic, and social, of which so much was done in England, and of which the claims upon women grew yearly stronger. More remained to be done. They needed further endowments to enable women whose powers fitted them for such work to carry their studies further as follows or travelling students of their colleges. They needed more women like the pioneers of this work, who were prepared to devote themselves to public duty."



M. Curzon



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.

DECEMBER, 1901.

No. 6.

CHRISTMAS.

"BEST Day which aye reminds us, year by year,
 What 'tis to be a Man; to curb and spurn
 The tyrant in us; that ignobler self
 Which owns no good save ease, no ill save pain,
 No purpose, save its share in that wild war
 In which through countless ages living things
 Compete in internecine greed!
 While ever out of the eternal heavens
 Looks patient down the great, magnanimous God,
 Who, Maker of all worlds, did sacrifice
 All to Himself? nay but Himself to one;
 Who taught mankind on that first Christmas Day
 What 'twas to be a Man: to give, not take;
 To serve, not rule; to nourish, not devour;
 To help, not crush; if need, to die, not live."

KINGSLEY.

"I HEARD the bells on Christmas Day
 Their old, familiar carols play,
 And wild and sweet
 The words repeat
 Of peace on earth, goodwill to men!
 * * *
 Till, ringing, singing, on its way,
 The world revolved from night to day,
 A voice, a chime,
 A chant sublime
 Of peace on earth, goodwill to men!"

LONGFELLOW.

Indian Women's Victoria Memorial.

WE are glad to hear that the Indian Women's Victoria Memorial scheme is gaining support in different parts of the country. The progress of the fund is necessarily slow; Indian ladies are not easily accessible and the task of getting them interested in public movements is extremely difficult. It is a sign of the times however that they are gradually becoming alive to the necessity of combined action in public movements.

Attempts have hitherto not been made to invite them to join us in a common cause. No object of sufficient importance was found which could appeal to their feelings and in which all of them could feel equally interested.

The Dufferin fund started at the initiative of our late Sovereign has, it is true, a noble object, but it is an Imperial project in which the nobles alone of the land have taken a prominent part. Her Excellency Lady Curzon's benevolent scheme of Victoria Scholarships for training Indian midwives is very laudable and worthy of the cordial support by Indian ladies and gentlemen; but it is a continuation of the Dufferin project and is not specially intended for Indian women alone, to take part in. The object which would combine Indian women of all ranks and positions must be one in which the noblest and the humblest, the richest and the poorest, could equally take a keen interest. The movement, moreover, which is likely to be heartily supported by Indian women must be spontaneous and indigenous. They must appreciate the utility of the movement and be able to guide it more or less themselves.

Our late Sovereign was loved and honoured by all classes of Indian women for her perfect womanhood. She was a model of womanly virtues which are the peculiar objects of adoration of Indian women. All Indian women would naturally wish to perpetuate the memory of such a noble Queen and such a good and perfect woman who was like a mother to them.

Lady Harnam Singh has the foresight to see that here was an object in the promotion of which all Indian women would feel equally interested. Here was a common cause which was long sought for but hitherto not found, that would serve as a strong bond of union for Indian women.

Immediately after the death of the Queen-Empress an appeal was made through the Cal-

cutta papers suggesting that Indian ladies should join together and contributing their mite should start a memorial as a mark of their esteem and respect for their beloved Sovereign. Such a memorial, it was said, if started by themselves without pecuniary aid from Indian gentlemen would testify to their appreciation of the goodness and purity of their Great Queen and at the same time serve as a common indissoluble bond that would draw together Indian ladies in promoting a beneficial object.

It will be remembered that an influential meeting under the presidency of the Maharani of Natore and attended by representative Indian ladies—Hindu, Mohammedan, Christian, Brahmo and Parsee—was held in Calcutta to consider the suggestion made by Lady Harnam Singh. The proposal was cordially approved of and resolutions were passed with the object of starting an Indian Women's Victoria Memorial, and a representative ladies' committee was formed with the Maharani of Cooch Behar as president to carry out the resolutions. Appeals were sent to the different parts of the country and sympathetic replies from European and Indian ladies and gentlemen, Rajas and Ranas, were received. When Her Excellency Lady Curzon's scheme was put forward before the public, the ladies' committee of the Indian Women's Victoria Memorial were asked to consider whether it would not be better to drop their project as it might conflict with the former scheme. It was resolved, however, after great deliberation that there was no possibility of a conflict between the two schemes as their objects were quite distinct. Her Excellency Lady Curzon's scheme as an extension of the Dufferin fund was a movement undertaken for the benefit of Indian women in which European and Indian ladies and gentlemen could join, while the other scheme was one which had been originated by the women of India themselves and which they alone could carry out by their united action. It was also pointed out that the present excellent opportunity of combining Indian women in a common cause should not be lost.

Ladies of rank and position in Bengal, Oudh and the Punjab have joined the movement and promised their cordial co-operation. The Maharani of Kapurthala has taken the same keen interest as the Maharani of Natore in Bengal and the Maharani of Ajudhia in Oudh, while Sirdarni Bikrama Singh and Mrs. Rashan Lal in the Punjab and Mrs. Chandra Madhab Ghosh, Mrs. W. C. Bannerjee, Mrs. Chowdhuri, Miss Ghosal, Mrs. B. L. Gupta, the Misses Sen and others are indefatigable in their exertions to promote the cause.

The form of the memorial has not yet been definitely fixed upon. That will, of course, depend



LADY HARNAM SINGH.

task of "lifting the woman's fallen divinity upon an even pedestal with man." But the prince to whom she had been betrothed insists on keeping to the previous contract and invades her sanctuary, with two friends of his, in the disguise of women. But their secret is surprised; they are sent out with unutterable scorn of their duplicity by the Princess, but events do not end here. Her brothers, to vindicate her cause, fight a tournament with the Prince and his friends; the latter are defeated, but their very defeat wins the heart of the Princess and the story is brought to a happy conclusion by her union with the Prince and the marriage of other pairs of lovers.

Tennyson's view of women is narrow and at the same time large-hearted. He ridicules the scheme of the Princess, but there is no malice in his treatment of the case, for he dwells with admiration on her fine character and the essential nobility of her cause. Indeed, it was because the agitation of woman's rights was passing the bounds of soberness, at the time that he wrote his poem, that he gives us this somewhat mocking picture of woman's plans for her own improvement. But what is his ideal?

"The woman's cause is man's: they rise or sink
Together, dwarf'd or godlike, bond or free,
If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
How shall men grow?"

"We will clear away the parasitic forms,
That seem to keep her up, but drag her down—
Will leave her space to burgeon out of all
Within her—let her make herself her own
To give or keep, to live and learn and be
All that not harms *distinctive womanhood*."

But only *distinctive womanhood*,—for his idea is that woman is but the complement of man, not his equal.

"Woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet Love were slain: his dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference."

Tennyson gives us a beautiful picture of woman as a wife and as a mother. To him love and marriage are the portion of women and home duties alone are their chief sphere of work. "When did woman ever yet invent?" he asks. And the woman who rails against the state of things, who would like to establish a new order for herself, is not a woman at all, not till

"Her fulser self slips from her like a robe
And leaves her woman."

He seems to imply that women can never organise and carry out plans, because division and jealousy are the invariable weaknesses of these frail creatures. But why should this be so? True, the first duties of women are at home. The cries of love in the Princess, the pleadings for the happiness of home are exquisite. Woman's

first duty is to inspire man to noble deeds: "Thy face across his fancy comes and gives the battle to his hands."

But when women try to develop their intellectual tastes, why should they "remain orb'd in their isolation." Why should they "beware lest, where they seek the common love of women, the common hate with the revolving wheel should drag them down"? Why should such fancies "like the vermin in a nut fret the heart all to dust and bitterness?"

Many faults have been found with the Princess Ida. She has been accused of judging men unjustly, of rejecting their support and wishing to keep women perfectly isolated, of thinking that knowledge alone could raise women and not their emotions or natural affections. But we must remember that Ida's view was that women had hitherto been subjected to years of wrong; her experience was that men were only deceivers of women, seeking to gain their love only for the satisfaction of themselves, and her purpose of delivering women from all these evils was a noble one. She did not wish to separate them altogether from men; she but wished to prepare them for a nobler companionship, and she thought this could best be done by keeping their hearts free from interruptions which the society of men would naturally bring. We cannot deny that her mistakes were grave ones; for it is best for men and women to work together, and not isolated from each other; and, after all is said and done, intellectual studies alone will not satisfy women; they must have their emotions also satisfied. The same may be said of men also; but this is the fact. And whatever precepts she laid, she herself set the example of obeying them. Before establishing the college, she prepared herself for the task of being the head of it, she even set herself to learn anatomy, though her womanly sensibilities shrank from the gruesome study. And her earnestness could not be questioned. When she was warned that there was no use in her beginning her work because her feeble supporters would not support her scheme, she was not discouraged. Her purpose was not to win fame or power

"Nor would we work for fame," she says
Up and act, nor shrink
For fear our solid aim be dissipated
By frail successors.

We that are not all,
As parts can see but parts, now this, now that;
Our weakness somehow shapes the shadow, Time;
But in the shadow will we work, and mould
The woman to the fuller day."

Though she declaims against the past, she would not do away with it, but take advantage of its good effects. Through all, she would hold firm:

"Nor is it
Wiser to weep a true occasion lost,
But trim our sails, and let old by-gones be."

And, if self-sacrifice were required, she is not backward to give it :

"Oh if our end were less achievable
By slow approaches, than by single act
Of immolation, any phase of death,
We were as prompt to spring against the pikes,
Or down the fiery gulf as talk of it,
To compass our dear sisters' liberties."

Is not this a grand character? What the Prince says of her is true. "She errs, but in her own grand way," for every act of hers is noble. "Better not be at all than not be noble" is her motto. "Have we not made ourselves the sacrifice?" she says, and she had. And why does her plan fail? Not because of any fault of hers, but owing to the weakness of her followers, owing to the jealousy and incapacity of the maidens who first thronged around her, but with none of the earnestness that animated her. Had they all been as noble as she, the scheme would have succeeded. But they had not; and besides the time was immature, and Ida, though innocently, did make some mistakes. But she was a woman made to rule,

"Standing like a stately pine
Set in a cataract in an island-crag."

She stood a noble woman at the head of her College :

"All beauty compassed in a female form, liker to the inhabitant

Of some clear planet close upon the sun,
Than our man's earth; such eyes were in her head,
And so much grace and power, breathing down
From over her arch'd brows, with every turn
Lived thro' her to the tips of her long hands,
And to her feet."

Even her mistakes are grand, for

"Being herself

Three times more noble than three score of men,
She sees herself in every woman else,
And so she wears her error like a crown."

People judge others by their own feelings, and the Princess thought every other woman was actuated with the same earnestness of purpose as herself.

She is accused of "wanting in sweet humility"; but she is not, for nothing can be more "sweetly humble" than the way she submits. She takes time to submit; for such a nature as hers realises defeat but slowly. And how pathetic is her lament :

"My dark hour, when a world
Of traitorous friends and broken systems made
No purple in the distance."

"Had you stood by us,
The roar that breaks the Pharos from his base
Had left us rock."

She accuses herself too :

"Make reconciliation sure
With one that cannot keep her mind an hour."
"I want forgiveness too."
"Ah fool, and made myself a Queen of farce!"

And Ida can be tender, as only a woman with a strong character can be tender. And we can be sure that she will love with all her heart.

"Ask me no more : thy fate and mine are seal'd ;
I strove against the stream and all in vain ;
Let the great river take me to the main ;
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield !
Ask me no more."

How tender she is with the child ! Even in the moments of her stormiest anger, the babe has power to calm her

"The tender orphan hands
Felt at my heart, and seem'd to charm from thence
The wrath I nursed against the world."

And that one touch in her brother's letter !

"Take not his life ; he risk'd it for my own !
His mother lives."

And when any regrets come for giving up her cherished project, when any doubts of her own happiness in her married life seek to mar her peace, she, like a noble woman, will stifle them at once. For, whatever may be said, the Prince is not worthy of the Princess. She deserves a man with a grander nature, a nature more in touch with her own; though the Prince does understand her. We lose patience with him when he finds excuses for her faults, when he says to her :

"Approach and fear not, yield thyself up."

And remembering this, we must admit that Tennyson's Princess savours of a "Medley" in the end. We feel that Ida is accused of too much, we feel that her submission is too much, that the Prince is too condescending, that in fact, the poet shaped the events to suit his own ideas. Ida only asked "space and fair play for her scheme." If this had been given, and if her scheme had been pruned of some faults natural to such a venture, the College would have been a useful institution with the Princess as a perfect head of it.

The large-hearted view of womanhood is slowly gaining ground, that "the woman's cause is man's, they rise or sink together." And that therefore to women as to men, should be given every opportunity for the full development and exercise of their faculties and gifts.

"Women have risen to high excellence
In every art whereto they give their care," says
Ariosto.

That women are capable of every improvement which will better their judgments and understanding, is beyond all doubt. Only, they must set to it in earnest and lay a sound basis of wisdom and knowledge, in order that they may be better enabled to serve God and help their neighbours. The survey of the progress of women in the world of letters is very instructive ;

and proves that she is not intellectually inferior to man, inasmuch as her progress has been in exact correspondence with the increasing educational advantages placed at her disposal. Each has, to cultivate mind and heart and soul, each has, to make the best possible use of time as a preparation for eternity. Applying Tennyson's own words, but in a larger sense, we may say :

"Everywhere

Two heads in council, two beside the hearth,
Two in the tangled business of the world,
Two in the liberal offices of life,
Two plummetts dropped for one to sound the abyss
Of science, and the secrets of the mind :
Musician, painter, sculptor, critic, more :
And everywhere, the broad and bounteous earth
Should bear a double growth of those rare souls,
Poets, whose thoughts convict the blood of the world."

"Then comes the statelier Eden back to men ;
Then reign the world's great bride, chaste, and calm
Then springs the crowning race of human kind
May these things be!"

Mr. Ravi Varma the Indian Artist.

N the quiet and retired village of Kilimanoor, about 24 miles to the north of Trivandrum, Mr. Ravi Varma first saw the light of day. His house has been connected with the royal family of Travancore by ties of marriage for more than two centuries. The Jagir of Kilimanoor was granted to his ancestors in 1728, for the military services they had rendered to the Sovereigns of Travancore against their enemies. His mother was a highly educated lady; she had a refined feeling for the beautiful in nature, possessed a sweet and melodious voice, and could compose verses in Malayalam with great ease. Her poem called the "Wedding of Parvati" is admired very much for its elegant diction and noble sentiment. From her, Mr. Ravi Varma has inherited his artistic taste. He was early put to learn Sanscrit under the family Sanscrit master, but he evinced greater delight in making drawings with charcoal and chalk on the walls and floors of his mansion than in mastering his grammar. This effusion of artistic talent was looked upon by the elderly members of the family as a nuisance and it would have been early stifled but for his maternal uncle, Raja Raja Varma, who, among other accomplishments, practised painting as an amateur. Unlike his contemporary Artists, who were over busy painting gods and goddesses without any regard to the principles of art, he took seriously to the study of nature and his pictures

always bore the stamp of truth. He was very fond of his nephew, and the latter was never tired of watching his uncle work. In one of his uncle's half-finished pictures young Ravi Varma painted a bird during his absence. The old gentleman on his return instituted an enquiry which disclosed the culprit. The frightened little boy, however, instead of getting rebukes for his mischief, received a nice present from his uncle. From that day he became a student in drawing under Raja Raja Varma Koil Tampuran. He made rapid progress in drawing and painting in water colours. When he was barely 14 years of age he was taken to Trivandrum by his uncle and presented to H. H. The Maha Raja, together with some of his drawings and paintings. The enlightened Maha Raja under whom Raja Sir Madava Rao served and first distinguished himself as a statesman, was highly pleased with Ravi Varma's boyish attempts at painting and gave him every encouragement in the development of his talents. In 1865, in his 17th year, he was married to the youngest sister of their Highness the late Senior and Junior Ranees, and he became a general favourite at the Court of the Maha Raja. It will interest the fair readers of the "Indian Ladies' Magazine" to know that the infant Senior and Junior Ranees of Travancore, who were recently adopted into the royal family of the State, are the grand daughters (by the daughter's side) of Mr. Ravi Varma. It is therefore natural to expect genuine artistic feeling develop in them as they grow up.

The turning-point in the Artist's life was the visit to Trivandrum, in 1868, of Mr. Theodore Jansen, an English portrait painter of great skill and ability. He painted the portraits of the Maha Raja and other members of the royal family, and Mr. Ravi Varma, who saw for the first time genuine oil paintings was struck with the splendour and richness of the new medium. He laid aside his water colour box and took to painting in oils with remarkable success for one who had no training in the use and handling of the new materials. He kept before him as his model Mr. Jansen's works. While he painted the portraits of the Maha Raja, the Senior Ranees and others, he gave free vent to his imagination which the new medium gave him scope to indulge in. Nair ladies noted for their beauty were painted in all imaginable poses and expressions. He showed from the very beginning a peculiar skill in painting the fair sex.

Mr. R. F. Chisholm, the then consulting architect to the Government of Madras and Superintendent of the School of Arts, happened to visit Trivandrum and see Mr. Ravi Varma's works. He saw great promise in the young artist and advised His Highness the Maha Raja to contribute some of his paintings to the next Exhibi-

tion of the Madras Fine Art Society which had been newly formed. Ravi Varma proceeded to Madras at state expense, in the December of 1873, to be present at the opening of the Exhibition in the ensuing January. His painting "At the Toilet" was awarded the Governor's Gold Medal and there was universal admiration of the work. Lord Hobart gave him an interview and spoke very encouragingly of his talent. The next year he again carried off the Gold Medal, for the picture of "A Tamil lady playing on the Sarabai." This painting together with another work was presented by the Maha Raja to His Majesty the King Emperor when he visited India in 1875 as Prince of Wales. His Majesty greatly admired the works especially when he learnt that the Artist had no European training. In the Madras Fine Arts Exhibition of 1876 he was awarded for the third time the Governor's Gold Medal for his beautiful painting of "Sakuntala's epistle to her royal lover." The painting found a ready purchaser in the Duke of Buckingham who was highly pleased with it. Two years later he received an important commission to paint a portrait of His Grace the Duke whom the public wanted to honour by a memorial. The Artist received sittings from the Duke and produced a very successful portrait which now hangs in the Banqueting Hall at Madras. He received sittings also from the Duke's pretty daughters. On his return home from Madras he had the misfortune to lose his patron the Maha Raja, who was succeeded by his brother the late Maha Raja. He was a great scholar and lover of Art. The Artist painted, at the suggestion of His Highness, "Sita's Ordeal," a difficult subject representing the heroine of Ramayana as being swallowed up by her mother Earth when her chastity was questioned by her lord. This painting was purchased by Sir Madhava Rao for his young master the Gaikwar of Baroda. In appreciation of this painting, His Highness sent an invitation to the Artist to visit Baroda at the time of his installation in 1881-82. The same year Mr. Ravi Varma was awarded a gold medal in the Poona Fine Arts Exhibition, for his picture of a "Nair lady tuning the Violin," the property of Sir Madhava Rao. Sir James Fergusson, the Governor of Bombay, was so much pleased with it that he gave the Artist an order to execute a copy of the picture for himself. This was one of his most successful works and several copies were reproduced.

During his stay of four months at the Gaikwar's court he painted the portraits of the Maha Raja, Maha Rani, Sir Madhava Rao and the Resident. From Baroda he proceeded to Bhavnagar at the desire of the ruler of that well governed little state and painted several portraits

for him. In 1885 he painted the portraits of Mr. Thomson, the Principal of the Presidency College, and Mr. Porter for the Kumbakonam Town Hall. Mr. Porter was then the Private Secretary to H. H. the late enlightened Maha Raja of Mysore and through him the Artist became acquainted with His Highness. He visited Mysore and executed several works for the Maha Raja. He next visited Pudukota in connection with Sir M. E. Grant Duff's visit to that state and painted a large Durbar Picture. Soon after his return home he lost his mother and spent the year of mourning at home.

In the Summer of 1888, when the artist, with his brother C. Raja Raja Varma, of whom mention will be made later on, was on a visit to Ootacamund, he received an important commission from His Highness the Gaikwar to paint a series of pictures representing popular scenes from the two great Indian Epics, for his new palace at Baroda. With this order in hand the brothers travelled over the whole of Northern India, making sketches and studies of the places where the scenes described in the Puranas are said to have been enacted. On their return home they took the work in hand, and, in the space of two years, finished a set of fourteen pictures and revisited Baroda with them, at the express desire of the Maha Raja. The sensation they produced was indescribable. Hundreds and thousands of men, women and children flocked to the Gaikwar's capital from all parts of the Bombay Presidency to have a look at the wonderful paintings. Photographs of the pictures were sold in every part of India in large numbers. Mr. Ravi Varma's name was for ever established in every part of India. The enthusiasm which the Baroda collection of Puranic paintings produced in the minds of the public led to the establishment in Bombay, at the artist's own expense, of an Oleographic Press for the printing and publication of his works, so that they might be available to the masses. Mr. Ravi Varma whose chief aim is the dissemination of artistic knowledge among his countrymen had discovered the readiest way to appeal direct to their otherwise apathetic hearts, and it was by the representation on canvas of scenes and stories from the Puranas with which they had become familiar from their infancy. His success has been more than he expected. There is hardly any household in India from the Himalayas to the Cape Comorin which does not contain Ravi Varma's pictures and he is at the present day one of the most celebrated of men.

It is worth noting that the artistic instinct is not confined to Mr. Ravi Varma, but has descended to his younger brother, Mr. C. Raja Raja Varma and his only sister, Raja Raja Varma, who has received a liberal English education along

with the late Elaya Raja and that most enlightened of Princes, the late accomplished First Prince of Travancore, has, since he left school, devoted himself to the study of painting with great earnestness and zeal. His pictures have of late years been attracting great attention in the different Fine Art Shows in India and been winning medals and prizes in both branches of the art. He had the rare advantage of receiving lessons in painting from the well known English Artist, Mr. Frank Brooks, whom during his stay in India Mr. Ravi Varma had engaged at great expense to teach his brother the mysteries of colour and technique. Both the brothers have benefited greatly by their association with Mr. Brooks. While Mr. Ravi Varma is an idealist in the strictest sense of the term, Mr. Raja Raja Varma is imbued with a strong realistic feeling. They invariably move and work together except when they paint for competition in Exhibitions. Their sister Mangalabai is an amateur painter and musician. Mr. Ravi Varma has won Medals and Diplomas in the International Exhibitions of Vienna and Calcutta, the Indian and Colonial Exhibition of London, and the great Columbian Exhibition of Chicago, not to speak of the innumerable honours he has won in the Fine Arts Exhibitions in India.

There is not the slightest doubt of the fact that Mr. Ravi Varma is doing a national service to India by the production of his remarkable pictures; for, wherever they are seen and admired—and his fame extends all over the civilized world—they become witnesses to the unique artistic instincts of the people of India which have remained dormant for so many centuries. The work that Mr. Ravi Varma is doing as the pioneer of æsthetic art in New India is something which Indians should be exceedingly proud of. It is a department in which we trust some day the women of India will also excel; but at the present moment Mr. Ravi Varma stands unrivalled among Indian Artists, and occupies a figure unique all by himself. It is a matter for regret that the Supreme Government has not honoured this genius with any of its rewards. Men like Mr. Ravi Varma would be the very last to attach any importance to such decorations; but to the public it will be a source of great satisfaction to see the British Government honouring, in a special manner, him whom all India admires.

We take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Ravi Varma for the great interest he takes in the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*; and this interest he has shewn, in a most practical manner, by giving us permission to reproduce his beautiful pictures in the pages of our Magazine.

We reproduce, as a sample, his well-known picture of "Damayanti and the Swan;" which is a great favourite with the Indian public.

Damayanti, the daughter of Bhiima, king of Vidarbha, was a beautiful woman:

"The pearl of maidens, with her beauty, with her brilliance, brightness, grace,
Through the worlds unrivalled glory won the slender-waisted maid;
Like the lightning, shone she with her faultless form,
Like the long-eyed Queen of beauty, without rival, without peer,
Never 'mid the gods immortal, never 'mid the Yaksha race,
Nor 'mong men was maid so lovely, ever heard of, ever seen."

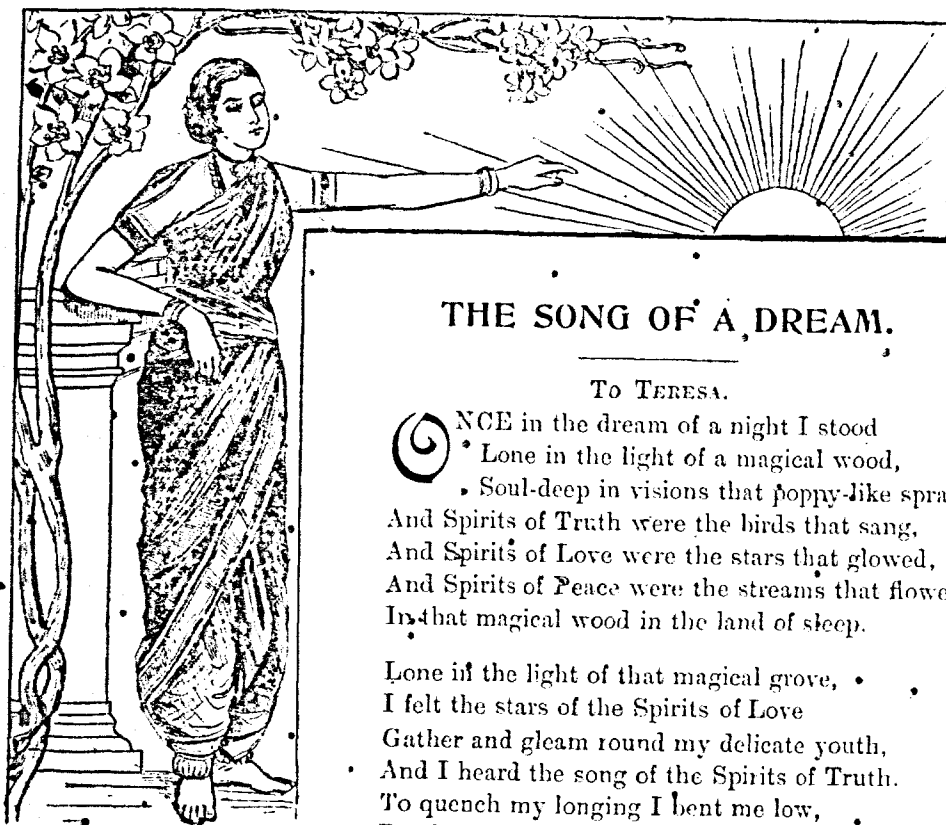
As Damayanti was peerless among maidens, so was Nala, King of Nishadha among men; and through hearing praises one of the other, both fall in love with each other. The go-between of this love is a swan, whom Nala had caught in his garden, and which to save its life promises to intercede with Damayanti for him. Coming to Damayanti's garden, the beautiful bird is caught by the lovely maiden herself and in human language praises Nala to her. This is the scene in the picture which we reproduce.

"If the peerless wed the peerless, blessed must the union be." Bhima, hearing that his daughter is pining for Nala, institutes a Swayamwara, in which she chooses Nala as her husband. They live happily for some time, but through the curse of Kali, who had coveted Damayanti, Nala is induced to play at dice and lose his kingdom to one of his relatives. So Nala and Damayanti are banished from Nishadha and wander in the forest, where in the extremity of his suffering, Nala, thinking that she may have a better chance of escape if alone, deserts his gentle wife and wanders away from her. Damayanti, after many sufferings, reaches her father's court. Then, hearing that Nala has become Charioteer to the King of Vidarbha, Damayanti institutes a second Swayamwara. Nala, who now goes under the name of Vahuka, is brought before Damayanti and everything is cleared up. Damayanti and Nala are married again and henceforth live in great happiness.

"Men will always be what women make them; if, therefore, you would have men great and virtuous, impress upon the minds of women what greatness and virtue are."—*Rousseau*.

"No man ever lived a right life who had not been chastened by a woman's love, strengthened by her courage, and guided by her discretion."—*Ruskin*.





THE SONG OF A DREAM.

TO TERESA.

ONCE in the dream of a night I stood
 Lone in the light of a magical wood,
 Soul-deep in visions that poppy-like sprang:
 And Spirits of Truth were the birds that sang,
 And Spirits of Love were the stars that glowed,
 And Spirits of Peace were the streams that flowed,
 In that magical wood in the land of sleep.

Lone in the light of that magical grove,
 I felt the stars of the Spirits of Love
 Gather and gleam round my delicate youth,
 And I heard the song of the Spirits of Truth.
 To quench my longing I bent me low,
 By the streams of the Spirits of Peace that flow,
 In that magical wood in the land of sleep.

SAROJINI NAIDU.

THE SONG OF AN AUTUMN DAY.

(WRITTEN IN THE WOODLANDS OF GIRTON, CAMBRIDGE, NOVEMBER 1896.)

LIKE a joy on the heart of a sorrow
 The sunset hangs on a cloud,
 And a golden storm of glittering sheaves
 Of fair and frail and fluttering leaves
 The wild wind blows in a crowd.

Hark to a voice that is calling
 To my heart in the voice of the wind!
 My heart is weary and sad and alone,
 For its dreams like the fluttering leaves have gone,
 And why should I stay behind?

Sarojini Naidu.

RUBY.*

RUBY! I am not quite sure
 What you really are,
 Monkey born in Indian land,—
 Fairy from afar,—
 Made of quicksilver perhaps
 Dropt' down from a star?

Sweet your little seven-year face,
 Bright eyes, raven hair,
 Sweet the red sash binding close
 Cambric chiffoniere,
 Sweeter still your childish talk,
 Broken English rare.

Yet a monkey true you are
 Rummaging around,
 Here and there and everywhere
 Ruby's to be found—
 Trying on the Bishop's glasses!
 Climbing people's knees!
 Flirting with the native Padres!
 Never hard to please.

Quite a little tomboy too
 Right from crown to toes—
 Paddling in the water till
 Soiled are all your clothes!
 How they keep you clean and nice
 Goodness only knows!

Monkey, Tomboy, Fairy—yes
 All of these in part,
 Yet you wield—Alas! I know—
 Finer, deeper art,
 Little witch! with potent spell
 You have bound my heart!



PRETA.

(A SONNET.)

Preta! my little dusky new-found friend!
 Thou sittest silent, pensive in thy chair
 Close by my side: thy raven glossy hair
 Lies smooth above thy forehead: and the end
 Of thy clean robe hangs white above thy feet
 (Those bare, brown feet!) And when thy words
 I hear
 Thy voice like music thrills me, low and clear:
 Thy speech like highborn lady's, gently sweet.

I know not how thy chains have bound my heart,
 Nor why thy sweet companionship endears:
 But now, as sounds the hour when we must part,
 I vow I'm almost near to shedding tears!
 God grant thee womanhood as grave and pure,
 As this, the promise of thy childish years.

ST. CLAIR DONALDSON.

* [Ruby and Preta are two small Brahmin (Christian) girls adopted by a well-known Missionary in South India, and educated at Poona by the Wantage Sisters. They speak English, Marathi and Tamil. The Rev. St. Clair Donaldson was a cold-weather visitor last year and was until recently the head of the Eton Mission in London and Chaplain to Archbishop Benson. The occasion referred to was the S. P. G. Bicentenary meeting in one of the stations in South India.—E.]

Indian Toys and Indian Children.

[By A. P. SMITH, Esq.,
TRIYANDRUM.]



MUST preface this brief paper with the remark that my observations apply only to South India.

Dolls and playthings of every conceivable kind are very common in Europe and the fact that strikes an observer of child-life in India, whether among the poor or the wealthy, is the little attention that is paid to the amusements of children. Among the poor, little ones are very early harnessed to the responsibilities of existence. It is a very common thing to see little children of but four or five years old, absorbed, with the tedious task of 'looking after the baby'—the mother confining herself to suckling it occasionally. Little children up to seven years old have scarcely time to play really,—among the labouring classes I mean. They are the custodians in the house of the children younger than themselves, and of the household poultry yard. After that age, field work and cooking takes all their time. They thus become prematurely old and sedate. Among the classes who are able to send their children to school, no provision is made for play hours; that is left to take care of itself and physical exercise is consequently neglected. The ordinary school-going Indian child if a boy, has no toys. No bat or ball or top or marble rejoices his heart as a gift from a parent. Toys form no part of a village hazaar's stock in trade. When a fair or grand festival takes place, the Indian village boy may be able to coax a few pies out of his mother for a marble or a rough top. His one abiding enjoyment is the Indian hop-scotch, and for this a few lines on the ground and a flat tile or stone for *butch* is all that is requisite. A favorite indoor, or, more correctly speaking, umbrageous, pastime is a kind of drafts played with tamarind seeds for draftsmen. The youth growing into the young man sometimes plays marbles and gambles. Kite flying is sometimes indulged in, during certain seasons, and that is all! As for the girls, their playtime is very limited and the range of amusement is very, very small. Dolls are rarely seen except at fairs and in big towns. When found, a doll is too often the effigy of some god or goddess. The clown is a favourite form the wooden Indian doll often takes. There is no suggestion of home, of child, or parent. The Indian doll arouses no wholesome sentiment. It is often grotesque in shape and appearance and excites feelings of horror, or amusement, but it

does not appeal to the tender humanities. It is the same with other playthings. Snakes are numerous and if not artistic are sufficiently horrible to frighten the little ones. Earthen pots and pans are the chief toys of Indian childhood and these are made sufficiently large to enable little girls to really use them as cooking utensils. They often try their pretence hand at cooking and call the result—"kootan-choru." On Indian railway stations pots and pans, mortars and grain-mills are made of wood and prettily coloured, but these are generally beyond the reach of the village and artisan, classes. This dearth of toys makes life very weary to Indian children. To make the time tolerable pebbles are used to attain skill in throwing them up and catching them in a kind of game. Mud-pies and the handling of the household broom are never cloying occupations. No people are kinder to their children than the Indian people, and yet no thought is taken to make their little lives pleasanter. Possibly the hard lives of toil that ninety-nine per cent. of every hundred people lead, is responsible for this. Whatever it be, it is very desirable that a new order of things should replace the old. Schools are doing much, but philanthropy could do more—and education most of all. European toys do not appeal to Indian children. Could not dolls of native babies and native ladies, and toys of native life and character of all descriptions be copied—and manufactured? There appears to be an immense field of operation open to the enterprising firm which first strikes a new departure in this direction. Cheap toys for the multitudes of Indian children is sure to take—and how much pleasure it would bring into the lives of Indian children. Mr. Labouchere's annual toy show has lightened the burdens of millions of little English children and made them glad—and it is an example which should appeal to the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*. Could the Magazine not collect subscriptions—be they ever such small ones—for the purpose, and any year at some Hindu, or other festival time, Christmas is as good a time as any other, give toys to Indian school children in *pial* schools, hospitals, reformatories, and asylums of sorts? But they must be Indian toys. To give a little Indian child of the village an English doll dressed in clothes and hat and boots is an anachronism. Give them Indian toys, babies of their own kind, the pi-dog of their acquaintance, Indian soldiers, Indian boots, Indian cooking utensils, Indian picture books with Indian names and stories, and a world of delights and knowledge will become the portion of children in India. I am sure that there are very many, among Indian ladies and gentlemen, not to speak of European subscribers, who have only to know that their

money will be well and wisely spent who will respond handsomely to any proposal that a paper like this Magazine may make. At all events it is worth trying and as an earnest of my opinions in this connexion I am willing to give a monthly subscription for one year of one rupee. If five hundred subscribers at this rate could be got, it would represent a sum of Rupees 6,000, a sum big enough to tempt an enterprising Madras firm to get out a sample parcel of Indian toys as a trial.

Mysore Dusserah Memories.

[By Mrs. R. S. BENSON.]



HE festivals of a nation are, for the most part, closely connected with the religion and history of the country. Their origin is often so remote that it is only a matter of conjecture; and guesses are all that can be made as to the reason for such and such observances.

Before speaking about the Dusserah it will be interesting to glance at some of the festivals of other times, and of other nations. The retrospect will help us to realize the strong link between past and present, and will explain many customs of the present day which would otherwise seem unaccountable.

For the first few centuries of the existence of the Roman Empire we are told they had only one public holiday, and one circus, and then about two hundred years B.C. a second circus was instituted, and a new festival, called the Plebeian games. Later on the number of festivals, both sacred and secular, increased enormously. They celebrated festivals in honour of the new year to the war god *Mars*; in spring to *Ceres*, the goddess of the Earth; after harvest to *Ops*, the goddess of plenty. On December 17th *Saturnus*, the god of wealth and plenty was worshipped, and other festivals were held in honour of *Vulcan*, the god of fire, of *Neptune*, the god of the Ocean. There was a family service in honour of the *Household gods*, that the father celebrated on the 9th, 11th and 13th of May, and it was called the *Lemuria*. In June mothers celebrated a feast called *Matronalia* to impress upon themselves their duties toward children. At that time husbands gave presents to their wives, lovers to their sweethearts, and mistresses feasted their maids. The *Games* of the Romans ranged from the innocent tossing of knuckle-bones (which were used five at a time and thrown into the air and caught on the back

of the hand) to the frightful scenes of the gladiatorial shows. Gambling was deemed disreputable and was forbidden during the Republic, except at the time of the Saturnalia, though both Greeks and Romans permitted aged men to amuse themselves in that way. The taste for gladiatorial shows grew so intense that the populace in the time of the Empire cried "Give us bread for nothing, and games for ever." A gladiatorial show cost more than £7,200 or Rs. 1,08,000. There were impressive games celebrated from the 4th to the 12th September called the great games of the Roman Circus, but it is not certain what divinities they were in honour of.

Turning to our Calendar, the number of holidays and festivals seems few compared with the holidays and festivals of the Romans. We have Christmas, and Easter, the Queen's and Prince of Wales' birthdays, the Bank holidays (now often called "St. Lubbock's days") and the Michaelmas holidays. Derby Day can hardly be called a national holiday as it is only observed locally by those able to attend the races.

The custom of hanging up the mistletoe at Christmas is a survival of Druidical days. The mistletoe of the oak was held by the Druids in great veneration on account of its medicinal virtues, and its use for religious ceremonies was not unknown to the Greeks. The Druids used to go out in procession and the chief Druid cut it with a golden sickle and presented it to the other Druids, to be distributed among the people as a sacred and holy plant. Even the custom of decorating houses at Christmas with evergreen plants and boughs is a survival of ancient pagan times, when houses were so decorated in winter for the Sylvan spirits to shelter in until the foliage outside should be renewed by nature.

Dubois in his "Hindu Manners, Customs and Ceremonies" tells us that there are in all eighteen obligatory Hindu feasts in the year, but that the three chief ones are the *Dusserah*, in October, specially dedicated to the memory of ancestors, the *Deepavali*, or feast of lamps (at the end of November)—(This feast appears to be specially dedicated to fire and also to harvest thanksgivings)—and thirdly the *Pongul* festival. This is the most solemn feast in the South of India, and seems to be a time of rejoicing, because it succeeds a month made up entirely of *unlucky* days, and is succeeded by a month which must invariably consist of *lucky* days. The feast lasts three days. The first is the "Pongul of Joy," when relatives and friends exchange visits and presents, and pass the time in entertainments and amusements of all sorts. The second day is the "Pongul of the Sun," when the married women bathe with their clothes on, and, while still dripping wet, put rice to boil in milk, on a fire, in the open air: as

soon as it begins to simmer they all cry out together "Pongul, Pongul!" the word is derived from a Telugu and a Tamil word both signifying "to boil." The third day is called the "Pongul of the Cows." The cows are sprinkled with a mixture of water, saffron powder and neem leaves, their horns painted in various colours, and their necks garlanded with flowers.

Dusserah is a Persian word meaning ten days, but in the south only nine days are observed. This period is considered sacred to Durga or Kali. In private families, I am told, the nine nights' ceremonies are almost completely religious. The *Ramayana*, and *Bhagavatam*, and other sacred volumes are read through from beginning to end by specially nominated persons, and at the termination of their labours they are rewarded with cloths, money, &c.

In the Mysore Palace, in addition to the recital of sacred literature, the Maharajah is required to perform certain extra rituals and to sit on the throne and receive the homage of his subjects, who arrive at the capital from all parts of the kingdom.

On the first day, in the morning, at an hour chosen by the Court astrologers as auspicious, the Maharajah bathes with oil and saffron supplied for the purpose from the temples attached to the Palace and goes to the shrine of "Chamundi" in the Palace, where he is invested with a saffron coloured cloth tied round his waist. This he must wear throughout the *Dusserah* season.

Armed with the state sword he then goes to the Hall where the throne is erected and, after invoking and doing *pooja* to the planets, &c., he worships the throne with flowers according to certain rubrics and goes round it three times, and, amidst showers of scented flowers from the assembly, and the salvos of artillery, and hurrahs of the crowd, he ascends the throne and remains on it for a couple of hours while his courtiers and subjects file past and make their obeisance in the accustomed form, and offer "nuzzers" to him in the shape of gold and silver coin. The nuzzer is touched and returned. The assembly sits down on a carpeted floor, and flowers and betel-nut are served round. At the close of this ceremony the Durbar hall is screened off and H. H. the Maharani Regent, the Princesses, and other ladies enter and pay their respects to the Maharajah, who remains seated on the throne.

A similar Durbar is held every evening, but no native ladies attend after the first day. The state elephant and horse are every evening taken to the tank, preceded by music, lancers and sepoys, and, after receiving *pooja* there, are led back to the Palace in state. The horse is made to walk on cloth supplied by dhobies and

spread on the ground, in order to save it from pollution.

The Mysore *Dusserah* now not only includes the observance of these and similar native ceremonies, and the feeding of some 10,000 Brahmins and hundreds of other classes, but the Maharajah's family invite, as their guests, to the Palace and to the Residency the leading European officials of the Mysore state with their wives, and a chosen few of the higher officials from Madras.

It was a cloudy day when we travelled from Bangalore to Mysore; the air was deliciously cool and fresh in contrast with the stifling atmosphere of Madras. The whole country looked intensely green—with the brilliant burnished incandescent golden-green, shading into stretches of emerald, that is the characteristics of rice-fields. The rolling nature of the ground, with its long distances, scattered park-like trees and blue hills on the horizon reminded many of the views in far off Sussex looking over the Weald. All along the line bloomed beautiful flowers, festoons and sprays of the "Gloriosa Superba," quantities of lantana of every shade, rushes, and yellow thistles. The blue-grey, Cactus hedges, with their quaint curling flower-stalks, like monster caterpillars, made a beautiful fore-ground to the green crops and pasture land beyond. The train crept slowly on, stopping before every bridge, and crawling over at a snail's pace, very suggestive of cracked arches and rotten foundations. Mysore was reached at 8-30 p.m. The Maharajah's Private Secretary was awaiting the party, and a crowd of Palace carriages and horses stood ready to drive the guests to their destination. After a short drive, passing through the big arches of Government House gates and up a long avenue lined on either side with beautiful white tents (each tent labelled with name of the guests for whom it was erected), they reached a white lofty-pillared porch. Around each pillar were groups of ferns and foliage plants. The cool pillared house with its lofty reception rooms, and suites of bed-rooms furnished with satinwood and rosewood furniture was a most welcome haven after the fatigues of the journey. That evening there was no dressing for dinner, but the 40 weary travellers came in their travelling dresses to the table. The following day, being Sunday, Church was attended.

The next evening a visit was paid to the courtyard inhabited by the palace cows. In the very centre of this courtyard, in an iron bound cage, is kept a huge TIGER, for Hindus think that a tiger brings luck to cows! As we were there, we heard a sound of tom-toms, and the evening procession of the sacred elephant and sacred horse came in sight, preceded by minor elephants gaily covered with scarlet cloths. A number of

mounted native soldiers accompanied them, and there followed the enormous sacred elephant, marvellously bedecked and painted, and the sacred horse, a white one, but with his tail dyed pink, and his body entirely covered with trappings. They were led each into a separate mat-covered enclosure, the soldiers surrounded these, while a priest came and burnt incense and camphor before the animals. A group of dancing girls, tinkling with bracelets and jewels, came next, and addressed invocations to them.

As the Mysore Palace and Durbar Hall had been burnt down, with numbers of old pictures, and beautiful embroidered cloths, and ceremonial decorations, the premises of the "Maharani's Girls' School" had to be utilized for the Durbars and *Dusserah* ceremonies of 1897, and naturally the *mise-en-scene* was nothing like so effective as in former years. This great courtyard was now crowded with people and full of troops of soldiers, and mounted infantry, with a central space left for jugglers and wrestlers, as well as room for the military musical ride. In a white pillared portico, high up above the red carpeted steps and approaches to the verandah, sat the 14 years' old Maharajah, on his golden throne. This throne is a golden sofa, mounted on double-headed silver eagles, and approached by a silver stair-case. Over the throne was a golden umbrella, with a long fringe of pearls all round it. The little Maharajah was resplendent with diamonds and emeralds, and he sat cross-legged on the throne as motionless as an idol. All his officers and officials passed before him in groups, and, at a given signal, all of them salaamed low. The Maharajah returned their salute by raising his hand half-way to his forehead. Outside stood six red-coated men on either side, bearing great golden standards, representing different emblems of royalty, while six other red-coated men on either side stood holding long cloths of gold and crimson satin, gathered up in the middle in one hand; at intervals a herald proclaimed aloud the titles of the Maharajah. As he did so these six men flourished the crimson cloths, and twirled them round till they looked like big red-flowers, or rosettes—a quaint and pretty device. As daylight vanished, myriads of little lights, lamps and torches twinkled into being.

It was pretty to see the mounted troops going through their musical drill, waving their lances, and dashing up for a charge, then halting suddenly, and circling round and round and in and out to the familiar, but decidedly un-oriental tune of "Rosalie, the prairie flower." There were three native bands playing in turn, and the variety of music was wide,—Schubert's "Standchen" succeeding "Rosalie, the prairie flower," and Schumann's "Slumber Song" following "Bonnie Dundee." The whole scene was lit up

with extra brilliancy from time to time with electricity, and red, blue and green lights, and rockets and fireworks. At last the sacred elephant arrived, and was slowly led up, in procession to the Throne. He was covered with a magnificently embroidered scarlet cloth, with a profusion of gold and silver on it. His ears had lotuses painted on them, his legs bore heavy bangles of silver. Mysteriously and slowly this heavy monster approached the throne, timing his ponderous steps to the tune of "Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled." When he came opposite the Rajah's golden throne he raised his trunk and salaamed, and the Maharajah gravely returned the salaam. Then the horse was led up; but, in great contrast of style to the elephant, he came prancing along, and made his salaam before the throne by half rearing in the air. The Maharajah also salaamed! This tribute from the two sacred animals ended that night's ceremonies.

When the European guests attend the Maharajah's durbar, they do so in the full dress of their rank—a high court judge in court dress, cocked hat and sword, and all military men in full uniform. The guests pass in single file before the throne, and bow low, and are shown into seats from which they witness all the juggling feats, military musical ride, fireworks and illuminations already described. When leaving they pass again before the Maharajah, and he gives to each lady a bouquet of flowers, and a little bottle of attar of roses.

One afternoon was occupied by the Maharajah's procession on the sacred elephant, preceded by his troops and officials in their carriages, and by all the other state elephants to a distance of some miles, where he used formerly to shoot an arrow and perform other symbolical acts, but now the function has changed mainly into a review of troops by torch-light. All the guests drove out in the palace carriages to a position on the public road and awaited the procession. The Mysore roads are beautifullyavenued with banyan trees, and these arched overhead make a beautiful frame for the brilliant colouring of the procession. Crowds of people hurried along in their gayest attire—men carrying little children, dressed in crimson and green silk, and covered with jewels, while the women's bright cloths made the roads look as if they had been decked with groups of tulips and crocuses. Every sort of carriage, jukka, and bullock-bandy passed along and the sound of many wheels and many voices made a dull roar, as of the sound of the sea. At last came the first detachment of the procession, headed by two dear little baby elephants—they looked so innocent and comical, but stepped out quite steadily, and with as much of the ponderous dignity of their race as they

could command. They were followed by 46 other elephants, gaily decked with scarlet cloths. Several of the larger of these wore a great round frontlet, of gold on the forehead, which gave them a very magnificent appearance. The Imperial Service Lancers followed—looking very smart with their lances and pennons flying. Then came representatives of the sepoy artillery, with two gun carriages drawn by handsome Mysore bullocks. The Maharajah's body guard and Silledar horse and the Band followed, and also state carriages, and the carriages of the Dewan and other officials. Last of all came the Maharajah, seated aloft in a wonderful golden howdah, on the top of the huge sacred elephant. He was dressed in a wonderful coat and turban covered all over with jewels. The procession moved very slowly, and it must have been a most tedious position to occupy. It was getting dark before the procession arrived at its destination, and torches were lit, and on arrival the Maharajah had a tall ladder brought to the side of his elephant, to enable him to descend from his lofty seat. He was led into a small bungalow to change his costume and prepare for horseback. The troops in the meantime formed into line. Presently the Maharajah re-appeared dressed in a complete suit of purple velvet with diamonds in his cap. He mounted a beautiful spirited little Arab, and rode up to the Staff, and stood in position, while the troops rode past and saluted him. This was all done by torch-light, and was most picturesque. The guests drove back at the end of the Review to the Palace for dinner, while the procession formed up again, and wended its way back slowly to the town which they did not reach until 9 o'clock. By that time the European guests had assembled in the verandah of the Club, which commands a view of the great square round the tank. Every house and street was illuminated, and as the procession came in sight, there was great excitement and cheering. Coolies with rafts of candles and lights on their shoulders walked along by the elephants, and horses, and troops, and the whole procession was brilliantly illuminated: fireworks added their brilliancy to the scene. When the Maharajah on his sacred elephant passed the place where the European guests were assembled they gave him three hearty British cheers, and threw him flowers and bouquets.

In the mornings the guests usually went for cycle rides, or out to the golf links, or made up a party to ride on elephants to the foot of "Chamundy Hill" and walk up to the top. This is a charming expedition.

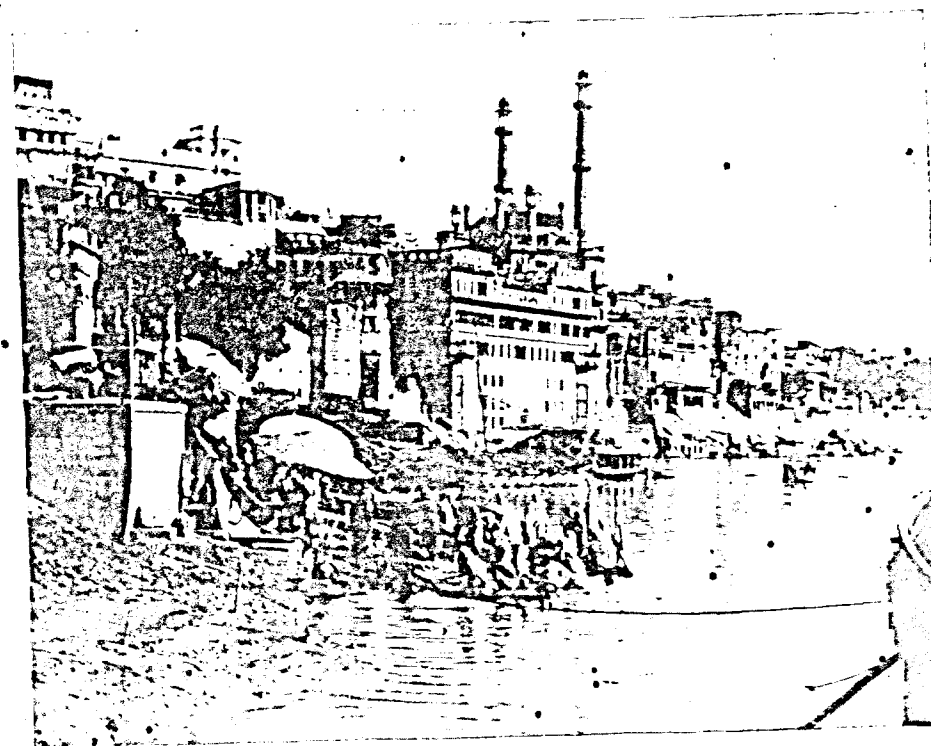
The town of Mysore is full of beautiful tanks with steps down to the water's edge, and shaded by magnificent banyan trees, so that any ride

or drive is worth taking. Chamundy Hill is between 200 and 300 feet high, and has on one side of it irregular stone steps—right up to the top—leading past the platform on which is a huge stone bull, sacred to "Chamundy." This bull is adorned with flowers and smeared with oil, and men, women and children bow before it on their way up and down the hill. Further on is a large temple with the usual courtyard and *gopuram*. There is a constant procession of pilgrims to worship the Chamundy bull. A very nice English bungalow is on the top of the hill to which the people from Mysore resort in the hot weather—the view over the undulating country below is charming, and it must be degrees cooler there than on the plateau below.

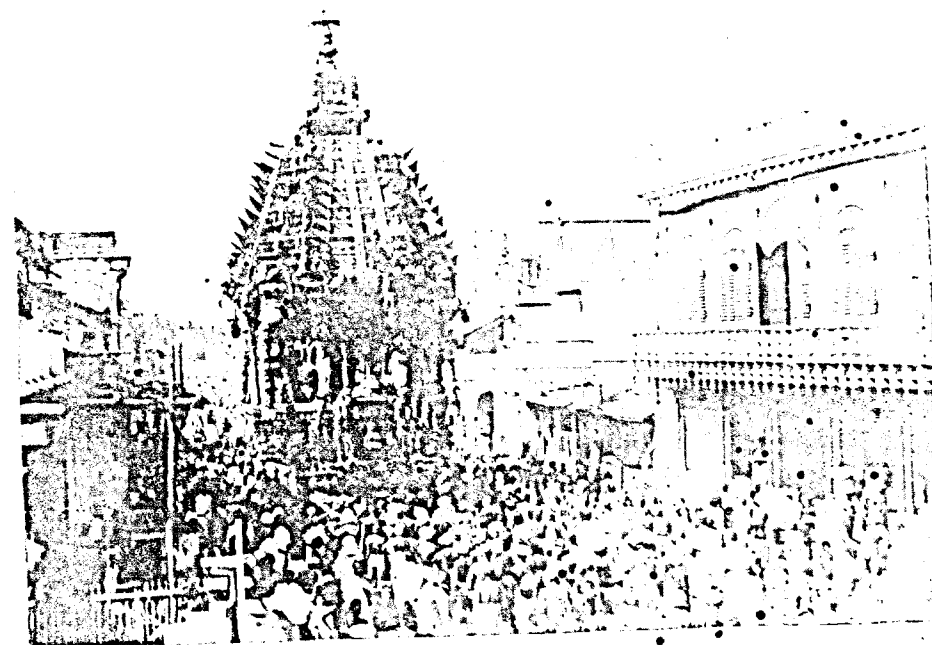
Another day of the Dusserah festivities was occupied by a drive to *Seringapatam*, 9 miles by road from Mysore. This is an expedition grateful alike to Englishman and Hindu, for here 100 years ago the English fought and conquered the conqueror and usurper of the Mysore throne—the famous *Tippoo Sultan*, son of the yet more famous *Hyder Ali*, and restored the Hindu Mysore dynasty. Here in a beautiful garden, under mosque-like domes, on a raised platform, lie the tombs of these illustrious Mussalmans. Every year great number of Mahomedans come to pray at these tombs and to bring flowers to the graves. The mounds in the enclosed chamber are covered with costly embroidered shawls from Cashmere.

Seringapatam is an island $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles long and $\frac{1}{2}$ mile broad surrounded by two arms of the Cauvery river. The battlements to-day, we are told, still present the appearance they offered to the besieging army of General Harris on the morning of the 4th May 1799. The wall and ramparts up which the troops scrambled that memorable day are preserved unrepaid, a monument of British prowess. For a description of the island in *Tippoo's* time before the English conquest, you should read *Meadows Taylor's* novel "*Tippoo Sultan*." Now all the gay villas and court-life and busy bazaar scenes have vanished, and only the dismantled fortress, a Mahomedan mosque (of great beauty), a small village, and Hindu temple remain. The island is very unhealthy, and had to be abandoned as the residence of troops. *Tippoo's* summer palace, which he used as a day residence only, is still preserved in perfection. It stands in a large garden by the river, and looks like a Chinese pagoda or villa, one mass of gay lacquer work and painting, with little corridors, rooms and balconies.

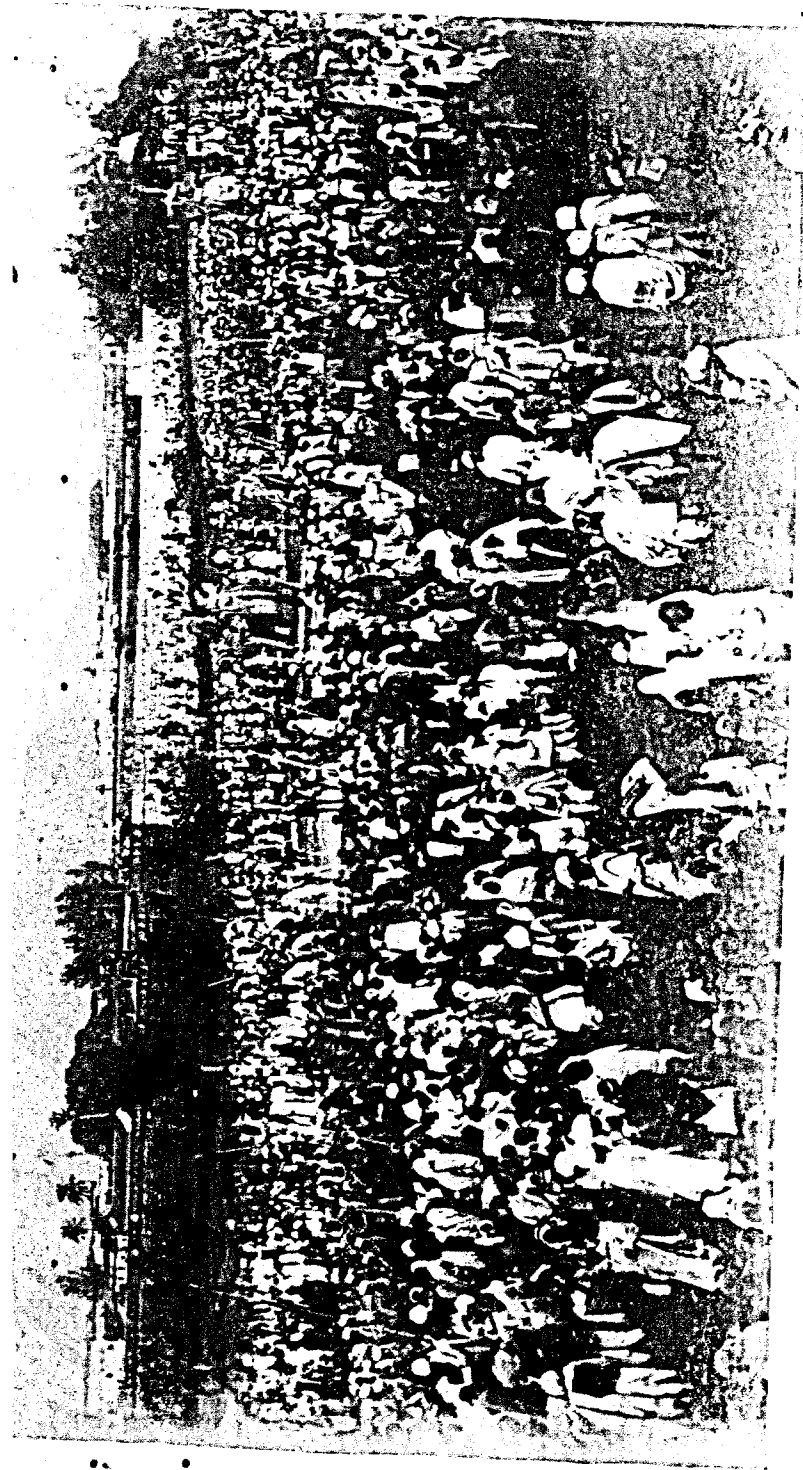
There is an enormous fresco on one side of the wall representing the armies of *Hyder* and *Tippoo* triumphing over *Colonel Baillie* and his troops in 1780. This is a famous picture, and



THE MYSORE DUSSERAH.—I.



THE MYSORE DUSSERAH.—II.



THE MYSORE DUSSERAH—III. THE MAHARAJA'S PROCESSION.

PHOTO BY E. F. H. WIELE, BANGALORE

ENGRAVED AT M. E. PRESS, MADRAS

has been reproduced in many of the museums at home and abroad. I first saw it in Dublin, ten years before I saw the original in Seringapatam. In it the English are represented as surrounded by native troops and being killed and blown to pieces in every imaginable way, while the Commander-in-Chief is seated in a palanquin in the centre with his finger in his mouth! But despite the desperate condition of the English troops, it is well to note that not a single individual was portrayed with his back to the foe, so that we have an enemy's evidence to the bravery of the troops in the face of defeat. The drive to Seringapatam is very beautiful and the whole expedition full of interest. I cannot imagine a more enjoyable trip for Christmas or Midsummer than a visit to this historical spot. With the railway passing actually over the Cauvery and through the ramparts, and into the island it is now quite easy to accomplish. From motives of patriotism alone Seringapatam should be visited by everyone feeling a pride in the Empire, and the brave deeds of old by which it was won. In these days of bicycles and good roads it is possible to bicycle from Bangalore to Mysore, Mysore to Seringapatam and Seringapatam to the Falls of the Cauvery.

A visit to the *Palace* is another of the pleasures of the Dusserah. This is unfortunately now a short and simple business, as there is very little else but the Maharani's drawing-room left of the original building. This is rather a dark room, with a polished boarded floor, and full of beautiful cabinets, vases, chandeliers, china, and musical boxes. The palace was burnt down in February 1897. The fire broke out at 9-30 A.M., and was first observed on the top of a marriage pandal, that had been erected over the great central courtyard of the building. With a strong wind blowing at the time the flames soon spread to the permanent building. The Maharani Regent, His Highness the Maharajah and all members of the family removed to the summer Palace, and the whole of the Palace jewels were also carried over there and saved. Large numbers of people of all classes collected to render assistance in removing valuable property, a detachment of Sappers and Miners arrived by special train from Bangalore with two fire-engines. The work of disconnection had to be carried on for three days, and the fallen mass continued to smoulder for several days afterwards. The palace buildings covered an area of 152,968 square feet, and of these 30,051 feet were destroyed including the front portion, and the three storeys rising above it, the Sanskrit Library, Armoury and Organ Room, two sides of the courtyard, and the beautiful new Durbar Hall. We walked about the charred ruins of these once quaint and beautiful buildings.

Eight men lost their lives during the fire. The fire is supposed to have originated up-stairs in connection with the milk-boiling room for the use of the zenana ladies. From 80 to 100 seers of milk were boiled daily there for the use of the whole zenana establishment. The women employed to boil this milk had no matches but carried the fire from a kitchen below, either as glowing charcoal or by means of a bundle of burning sticks. It is supposed that a spark from this, carried by the wind, alighted on the top of the enormous marriage pandal and set the whole thing in flames. The Palace was said to be about 80 or 90 years old, built in the time of the Maharajah Krishnaraj Wadiyar, but added to from time to time, so that it presented various styles of Hindu architecture.

Mr. Irwin is now carrying out the erection of a new Palace, and it is to be hoped that when it is completed, proper precautions in the form of fire-engines and an abundant supply of water, and water buckets will be provided to obviate such another disaster.

Another interesting incident was the attendance at the *Annual Meeting of the Representative Assembly*. This owed its origin to the late Dewan Mr. Rungacharlu, and was started in the year of the Rendition, 1881. It was intended to be purely consultative. For the last four or five years the assembly is elective, in a limited sense, each Taluk or body of people is formed into an electorate for the return of members, who retain their seats for three years. The present assembly consists of 275 members. The assembly is attended by the Dewan, Councillors, Deputy Commissioners and other principal officers, with the British Resident. The Dewan then reads out a résumé of the administration of the previous year: and the members are asked afterwards to state their wants and grievances. The hall of assembly is not unlike the Madras Banqueting Hall in appearance, though not so large in size, and it is finely situated on the top of a Hill. It was most interesting to listen to the Dewan's beautifully delivered English speech, and to watch the keen clever faces of his audience, and to note the long record of peace and prosperity, and riches, above and to spare, that this Prime Minister was able to render an account of—another triumph in honour of the Pax Britannica that enables the people of this land to sow and reap in peace and quiet, a marked contrast to former days (barely 100 years ago), when the land was devastated with wars, and torn with factions and feuds—when no one could call his property his own.

Every evening for a week some ninety European guests of H. H. had sat down to dinner in the great Banqueting Hall of the Palace, and dancing, music and theatricals occupied the

evenings. On the last evening of the week, a state dinner was held, at the conclusion of which the Dewan and principal gentlemen of H. H.'s court came in, and speeches were made, the Resident proposing the health of H. H. and the Maharajah, and the Dewan replying to the toast. It was a treat to listen to his clever and courteous speech, delivered in beautiful English, with tone and enunciation which many an Englishman might have envied.

Owing to the partial destruction of the Palace, the premises of the Maharani's Girls' School had been used for the Durbar's festivities of this 1897 Dusserah; and so I was not able to see the girls at work as it was also holiday time for them. But it would not be fair to conclude this short account of Mysore without alluding to this brightest jewel in its crown. The late Maharajah took the keenest interests in this institution, and spared no pains or money to make it a popular success. There are 453 girls on the rolls and 29 pupils in the Home classes. When Sir Arthur and Lady Havelock visited the school they wrote:—"The school buildings are excellent, as good, if not better, than anything of the kind I have seen in India—* * * a feature in the school system which we noticed with special interest and pleasure in the provision made for educating caste widows." * * *

Colonel and Mrs. Robertson who have had much experience of Schools in the North of India, do not hesitate to give the palm to the Maharani's Girls' School in Mysore.

An important feature that differentiated this happy week's visit from similar visits paid to country houses was that, throughout, our Hostess remained invisible. Once indeed she drove up in a closed carriage to witness the races, and a few of the ladies went up and spoke to her through the closed venetians, but the thanks of the visitors and their appreciation of her queenly hospitality were conveyed to her in letters, and one and all who enjoyed the privilege of being her guests then will long remember with keen pleasure the Mysore Dusserah of 1897.



Peace: A Fancy.

[BY THE EDITOR.]



HE Spirit of Earth sat sorrowing in the midst of plenty. Around her were the beauty and happiness of spring. Twilight was fast approaching. The sun was setting in a halo of light; a soft glow lay over the land; birds and beasts were going blithely to rest; man alone was restless and wandered about, an unhappy spirit.

"O this restlessness! O this pain!" sighed the maiden, "when shall we find rest and peace?"

Near her was a clump of lilies. As night approached, their fragrance increased and the air was filled with the sweet smell. But it failed to comfort the Spirit of Earth. Presently all was still. Faint sounds came from the distant city. But where the maiden was there was perfect quiet, except for the rustlings and mysterious noises of night. But the very loneliness increased her grief and lifting up her voice, she moaned in bitter grief.

"Oh when shall I get Peace," she cried, "when will her gentle touch soothe my restless soul, which strives after happiness and cannot get it, which searches for the unknown and searches in vain. Such restlessness is agony."

The cry of the Spirit of Earth came to Mercy, sitting at the feet of God. And she covered her face and, weeping bitter tears for the sorrow of others, begged for Divine permission

to do what she could to assuage the grief of man. And it was granted to her. Then Mercy rose in buoyant hopefulness and calling to her, Peace and her sister Purity, they made a plan to comfort the sons of men. On the earth, all was discomfort and pain. But suddenly a wonderful sight was seen. Hovering above the Earth in a distant haze of light, but dimly and imperfectly seen, appeared a divine figure, the figure of a maiden with star-crowned head,—Peace. And below her, on a mighty mountain, stood her counterpart, her sister Purity, like Peace, but as it seemed even purer and more inaccessible than Peace, who



herself seemed so inaccessible. Peace was far out of the reach of men, but all men knew that if they could only scale the heights of Purity, the divine hand of Peace would bring them comfort. And all men tried to climb up; but ages passed in dismal failure. Then there went up an exceeding bitter cry from the Spirit of Earth; "What is the use of the hope held out to us? It is but a beautiful sight, we cannot reach it. O Peace, Peace, come to us, or go back to thine own place."

And Peace cried to Purity: "O sister, how long am I to wait here? I have left the Divine Presence, which was life to me, and I have found no home in Earth itself. How long is this to last?" But Purity answered never a word. Then said the sons of men each to the other; "We shall send ambassadors to Purity to come down to us where we can reach her." The answer came back, "I cannot come to you, but you can come to me. Find those who will help you." And they looked everywhere for a fit messenger. Then came Understanding, who said he knew everything in Earth and Heaven; and he brought Duty, stern and iron-handed, who assayed to help the sons of Earth. But he failed. Then, because Duty was so proud and stern, Understanding, who knew that Heaven refuses all that is done in pride and self-confidence, brought his opposite, meek Humility. And Duty and Humility went together, but even they failed. Then came radiant-eyed Love and flew on angel wings to Purity. But Purity was cold even to him; and the sons of Earth could not fly. Then arose two of the sons of men, Prosperity and Knowledge, and declaimed against Peace. "How can Peace give you happiness?" they cried. "She but tantalises you. Follow us and we shall hew out a new road." The erring sons of men followed them; their eyes were dazzled; their hearts were uplifted for a time; but only for a time; the old longing came back, the old cry arose for Peace.

And Peace, who had grown dimmer to the eyes of men, emerged from the clouds and again hovered above. Then came a maiden, who

"Sunny beams threw from her crystal face That could have dazed the rash beholder's sight; And round about her head did shine like heaven's light;" "Arrayed all in lily white;" fair beyond all imagination, yet unspeakably tender and full of compassion for the miseries of men, a divine messenger from God. She was Faith. She called the sons of men to her, and taught them to trust absolutely in the God who had sent her, to give up everything into His hands. "Whatever He tells you to do, do it," she said, "Trust in Him, whatever happens, and you can scale the heights of Purity; you shall have Peace." And with tender care, she helped the sons of men up the steep Mountain of Purity. Great was the failure, great the despair; but Faith was ever at hand; and though the sons of men could not wholly climb up to perfect Purity, though there were always slips and falls, yet the God in whom they trusted, told Peace that she could now reward the faithful sons of men. And Peace was happy, with the Divine consolation with her that she could find a home even in the meanest hovel on earth, she descended to earth; and all the sons of men fell down before her. And all around was happiness and joy. Everywhere arose the cry of men to Peace:

"In the shadow of God's wings,
There is Peace, sweet Peace,
Peace that passeth understanding,
Peace, sweet Peace, that knows no ending."

And Knowledge, Prosperity and Understanding bowed before her and cried: "She is Peace that passeth our wisdom." And Peace made her home on Earth; Faith was at her right hand, Duty cleared the way before her; Humility sat at her feet; above her was the Mountain of Purity; and Love bore her messages to all men.

* Spenser's Fairy Queen.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

[BY MISS ZOE BOSE.]

Oh, angel-harps, oh angel strains!
Across the dim, dim years
Your echoes still, o'er Juda's plains,
Do reach the mourner's ears.

Ah, strangely sweet are loving words
Spoken in years gone by—
A silent strength which calms, and girds
The heart, 'midst sufferings cry.

But tones of living peace which speak
E'en in our hearts to-day,
Are vain'd in love and hope that seek
Their brightness to display.

And thus we hear the gentle tones
E'en as angels heard them then,
When from their glorious heavenly throngs
They stoop'd to sons of men.

They sang not of a peace and love
Which die 'neath earthly blight—
They pointed to a Throne above
That shines with endless light.

And now a rare and heavenly chime
Doth ring through Earth's sad heart,—
The Light and Love of endless time
Doth bind each broken part!

Oh peerless Christ! a new refrain
Of Thy sweet Presence born,
Doth rise above our wearied strains
Since that first Christmas morn.

EARTH'S ANGELS.

(A TRIBUTE OF GRATITUDE.)

SOUTHERN INDIA.

"LADY AMPHILL AND AN EURASIAN CHILD.—We read that Lady Ampthill while at Cannanore has had an opportunity of doing a generous turn to a poor Eurasian child, whose mother begged for help to educate the child. Her Excellency has been graciously pleased to take the child to Madras and arrange for its education."—*Madras Times*, 20th November 1901.

Do you think the angels are all in Heav'n?
That none walk this earthly sphere?
Do you fancy no pure hearts to earth are giv'n?

That the sinful alone are here?

Ah! make no mistake; there are hearts that ache,

As th' angels do over the woe;

For the sorrow and weeping,

For the sowing and reaping

Of the harvest that sin doth make.

There are eyes all bright with the fires that light

The seraphs around the throne;

There are hands outstretch'd to do the right,

To help the needy and lone.

Hearts that pause not to weigh, what th' people say,

But are fill'd with the love of God;

Giving cheer to the dreary,

Help to wayworn and weary,

As they travel life's thorny road.

Do you think the angels have left us quite?

Ah no! they still walk down here!

And their forms are as fair, and their eyes as bright

As any who dwell over there!

They bless this poor earth, in its need and its dearth,

And its sin and apostacy leaven,

With a love which so sweetly,

So fully, completely,

Points clearly the way up to Heaven.

M. ELADNIT.

"Horace the Heaven-born."



BETWEEN Marseilles and Port Said Horace Munroe had kept himself to himself. He had made up his mind he would not mix with every Jim, Jack, and Harry he met, because they happened to be on the same boat with him. He was a great believer in "sets" and he would sooner never have opened his lips

than to have associated with anything but what he considered the right set. There is perhaps nowhere to be found a more limited space than on board-ship where so many people of different nationalities, spheres, occupations and religions, live and move and have their being.

Horace surveyed them all from his chair as they passed up and down before him with an air of superior disdain. Five or six people were playing "quoits" a few yards from where he sat, and he caught now and then their words of amused interest or humorous chaff. He watched them for a moment with a look of contemptuous amusement. "It was all very well for these people to chum up," he thought, "but it was a different matter for him—for was he not a Heaven-born as his father and grandfather had been before him?"

The "Heaven-born," practically speaking, are of as much importance in one corner of our Empire as are our peers in Great Britain. To those who are not familiar with the expression, let me say that it is a title, conferred in India, on the representatives of Her Majesty's Government, the Members of the Indian Civil Service.

No child of the gods could receive more homage or respect than is conferred upon the young Civilian, from the day he enters the time-honoured service. Not only do the natives of India, from the highest to the lowest, literally and figuratively, put dust on their foreheads before the "Presence," but the Government itself looks after his welfare, with parental solicitude. It reserves for him the plums of the service—those much coveted sugar plums,—it sends him home, when he retires with a munificent pension, or should he die the same solicitous Government tenderly cherishes his family. On the other hand no one understanding the responsibilities of the "Heaven-born" would grudge them their sugar plums. It takes a strong head to stand strong drink—and it takes a yet stronger head to

keep cool when you happen to be one of the favoured children of a Powerful Government. An unkind Fate had decreed to send Horace to spend three months with his father in India who was on the highest rung of the official ladder. He was then still in his teens, at that giddy age when the world seems a play-ground, on which the great "Ego" forms the central figure; just at the age when young men with weak heads are apt to get intoxicated with life and youth and spirits—animal, not alcohol—when in their eyes even Socrates in all his wisdom seems small in comparison to themselves. We all pass through it more or less, but Horace was just at the beginning of the phase, and so it happened that with him instead of working itself off it became firmly established. Since then some years had passed and the dream of his life was being accomplished—and India was about to receive him as one of her "Heaven-born"—a full-blown member of the I. C. S. plus a Barrister-at-law to boot.

Horace had fallen asleep and was dreaming of his future greatness, when he was suddenly awakened by some one stumbling over his chair. He looked up and recognised one of the group of players, a young American girl.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she said, smiling, "I am so very sorry."

She was not strictly speaking very pretty, but she looked very fascinating when she smiled.



"And she vanished, leaving Horace feeling very small in spite of his six-ft.-two."

Horace drew himself up and put on his most dignified manner.

"Don't mention it pray," he said, with a slight drawl.

"Well then," continued the fair one, unabashed, "to show there is no ill-feeling, come and join us at 'quoits.' We just want one man more and shall be very pleased with your company."

"Oh thanks," began Horace. The fair one looked very bewitching, but then he remembered she might be just anybody. "Oh, well you see," he continued, "it's not my line."

"In fact," put in the little American, and there was a distinctly wicked twinkle in her grey eyes, "in fact you don't think it good enough, I quite understand," and with that she vanished, leaving Horace feeling uncomfortably "small" in spite of his six-ft.-two.

The same evening there was a dance on deck. Horace was devoted to dancing, he was a good dancer and he knew it, but he suddenly realised that he knew no one to dance with. The stewards who formed the band played very well and the music sounded most inviting. Horace watched the dancers from one of the smoking-room windows. The band was playing the closing bars of a waltz when a couple took the two chairs immediately under the window at which Horace was standing. He recognised the fair American—she looked very dainty in a white diaphanous dress. Horace watched her and could not help feeling interested in the bright and rather unconventional conversation of the girl.

"Who was that chap with the eyeglass—the one you nearly fell over this morning?" asked her partner.

"That man," she answered with a laugh. "I don't know who he is—but I guess he thinks himself a very interesting person—just a little tin god on wheels. Anyhow I reckon he's not much, that's why he puts it on so."

The man laughed and Horace drew himself up to his full height. He understood the allusion and it nettled him to think anyone should talk of him as "nothing much." A sudden impulse seized him, he would go and give that "little idiot" a dance and would show her who he was.

When it came to dancing with the "little idiot" he found that she was an uncommonly good dancer and in spite of his prejudice against her he felt his interest aroused. She was very unconventional, and her conversation was run-

ning over with wit and humour—but there was nothing about her that was in any way loud or wanting in good taste. For a few moments Horace quite forgot himself and forgot to ascend his lofty Pegasus—and little Miss Norton began to think she was mistaken in her judgment of him.

"I enjoyed that very much," she said, throwing herself back in an easy chair, "You dance very well."

Horace beamed, flattery he could never resist and on the strength of it secured another dance.

"Have you much gaiety in your part of the world," she said turning to him, "or are you going to one of those dead alive places where there is nothing going on?"

"I am going to Surorum," said Horace, speaking rather languidly, "the capital of a native State—I am in the Indian Civil Service and am



"And you will be his satellite" she said.

going as Assistant to the Political Agent there. Well, of course you see, he represents Her Majesty and—well—being the man there he has to entertain a good deal and well—ahem—in short holds a little court."

Miss Norton, to all appearances, was vastly interested and Horace did not notice that her eyes had a very mischievous twinkle as she said, very seriously: "And you will be his satellite." Then looking up she smiled at a lady who

passed. "I suppose you know that lady?" she continued. "No? oh, I thought you would. She is Lady Anne Songhurst, her uncle is a Member of Council. I have seen a good deal of her. She is just charming. No—she doesn't live in India, she's just going out for the season at Simla—she's a great heiress."

"Though I have not met your friend so far," said Horace somewhat stiffly, "I am certain to sooner or later—as you tell me her uncle is a member of our Service. People of our Service"—with a slight stress on the word our—"always do keep together very much. But—as you know Lady Anna, perhaps you would introduce me?"

And Miss Norton did. Horace felt distinctly pleased when Lady Anna found she had a dance to spare. "No. 9" she said with a smile. Horace paused, No. 9 was the one Miss Norton had promised him.

"No. 9," continued Lady Anna "is the only one I have left." That decided Horace, and he wrote her name on his shirt cuff. For a moment he remembered Miss Norton and felt a little uncomfortable, but he consoled himself with the thought that this was not a formal dance, and as there were no programmes she might think he had made a mistake. So Horace dismissed the thought and danced with Lady Anna.

He was enjoying himself immensely, feeling quite in the "right set" and had forgotten all about the little American. He was making himself quite as charming as he knew how and had an idea that his fair companion appreciated him.

Suddenly he started. "Ah Lady Anna," said a voice he seemed to know, he looked up and before him stood Miss Norton. They were sitting under the shadow of a boat, so it was too dark for Horace to see her face distinctly, and he could not see that her grey eyes did not only look mischievous, but that there was a look of steel in them, which meant war to the knife. "Is that you?" she continued in the most pleasant tones, but quite ignoring Horace, "I have something so funny to tell you. Tell me, what would you think of a man who asks for an introduction to some one you know, and after giving it, he throws up a dance you had previously promised him and gives it to the new acquaintance instead? Wouldn't you feel the new acquaintance your rival?" then laughing "Lady Anna, you and I are rivals—and the offender is"—dropping a courtesy—"Mr. Munroe."

"But, Miss Norton," began Horace.

"No, no, never mind," she interrupted, "the human heart is very tough and I shall be able to support even this blow." Then turning to Lady Anna she changed the subject and before Horace was able to collect his senses, or put in a single word of explanation, the band had struck up and the two ladies had vanished, leaving him stand-

ing alone, with Miss Norton's words ringing in his ears. "Exit the rivals—Mr. Munroe, au revoir." There was a malicious ring in the "au revoir" which was unmistakable.

Horace went to bed that night feeling exceedingly small, nor was his wounded pride soothed next day when he found that Lady Anna entirely ignored him. Miss Norton, on the contrary, was studiously polite to him, but the tone of her "good morning, Mr. Munroe," riled him even more than Lady Anna's total avoidance of him. For a few days he fumed and all round worked himself into a most unaristocratic temper, then he recollected that diplomacy was the one feature he must practise in his official career; then why not use diplomacy in his private career—thought Horace, and by conciliating Miss Norton ingratiate himself to Lady Anna. To his surprise he found the former quite prepared to meet him half way; in fact she almost went out of her way to make herself agreeable to him. Horace put this down to his position, combined with his personal charms. Not being of an observant nature he failed to watch his companion's face nor did he compare the expression of her eyes with the bewitching smile that played round her lips.

They were sitting on deck enjoying a cool breeze after the sticky heat of the Red Sea. Horace was airing his ideas of the administration of Law in Great Britain and pointing out how in his opinion, mentioning certain cases, the judges had been entirely at sea, in fact had "just shown their ignorance by their idiotic judgments." Then he went on to make a few more sweeping assertions about the Judges in general. "Ah," he said with a sigh, "the truth of it is, the Law has got to be reformed, and it is my object in life to be instrumental in bringing about this reform."

Miss Norton listened with the same air of wrapt attention. "How very well you are up in Law!" she said, smiling. "Now you would be just the man to settle a question that three or four men were discussing last night." Then looking up at a man who was standing a few yards from them watching a game of "Bulls," she called "Mr. Grigson!" The man turned and walked towards Miss Norton. "You remember that case you were talking about last evening. Have you asked Mr. Munroe's opinion on the matter? He, you know, is in the Indian Civil Service, and is, I know, ever so well up in law—he might throw some light on the subject."

Grigson beamed.

"Why Miss Norton, how clever you are to think of that. He would be just the man to help me—that is—if he would not object. Will you secure me his help?"

"I will do my best—but first of all—I must introduce you—This is Mr. Munroe."

"I shall be delighted to do anything I can," answered Horace, putting on his most dignified manner.

"Well it's just this," began Grigson, "I am in a horrid hole. While I have been home on leave, I find my 'budlee' (successor) has got himself and me into a fine old mess—so much so that he is running in my next door neighbour—and my butler has been seized for assault or some such rot. A nice sort of welcome to await you. The case itself is so beastly run all round, I can't make head or tail of it. It's awfully good of you if you will help a poor chap in a tight corner by giving me your opinion of the matter; I am sure your judgment will be just."

Horace felt distinctly pleased at being singled out in this way to give his opinion—especially so, as at that particular moment Lady Anna was sitting in a chair within earshot and was looking up as if listening to the conversation.

"Well," continued Grigson, "I always have had a medley menagerie, and among my various pets first and foremost ranks in my affection a peacock which is as fine a bird as you would find anywhere. Now, my compound is divided from my neighbour's—who, by the way, calls himself Smythe—by a barbed wire fence. While I was there I never knew the bird to stray, but it appears a few weeks ago, the bird flew over the fence and was sent back by Smythe accompanied by a not too civil message. Well, the animal for some rhyme or reason, again repeated the offence and Smythe repeated his part of the business, with interest. The third day, however, the bird flew over again and my butler declares that instead of driving it away he saw Smythe distinctly entice it. My butler, who is an acute little chap soon found out the reason, the bird, he said, laid its eggs in Smythe's compound and he, Smythe, enticed it once he found this out in order to obtain its eggs. Now, when all this came to my budlee's ears, whose name is Manners, he got waxy and I am afraid forgot his manners. Anyhow a few uncomplimentary speeches passed between the two men, Smythe swearing he would shoot the bird, the next time it came to his compound. Manners, it appears, called out to him over the identical fence 'If you shoot the bird, I shall jolly well have you up.'"

"Next day a shot was heard and my bird was found dead in Smythe's compound. Ten minutes later my butler was arrested by the police for hammering Smythe's 'factotum' and breaking a teapot over the latter's head which 'caused a nasty wound,' Manners says. Now you know as much as I do about the affair."

While Grigson was telling his story, several men had joined the group. Among them was the Captain, a jolly salt, with a very tanned face and a keen sense of humour in his eye.

"Jove Grigson," he said, "you will bring Smythe to his bearings or you ought to, now, with your friend's able advice."

Horace smiled.

"You see," he said very slowly and impressively "I am down on a good many of our judges because I have a poor opinion of the generality of judgments delivered. So many points seem to be missed out and overlooked, which might change the whole tone of the case. Therefore before I give an opinion I like to weigh the matter carefully. Now your case is certainly a very interesting one, but not an easy one by any means. I would like therefore to refer to some of my books, and will then make a few notes which may be of some use to you."

For a moment there was a pause. Grigson was looking down as if thinking deeply. Horace looked at Lady Anna, but her hand was shading her face.

The Captain was chewing his moustache. "Strikes me," he said, turning to Horace, "you will be making a new era in the legal world. Another Daniel come down to judgment!" and the old salt went off chuckling. "By the bye," he said suddenly coming back; "we will give our Daniel until to-morrow to work out his case and at 12 o'clock noon, we shall expect to see his judgment written out. Give it to me," addressing Munroe, "and I will put it up on the green board on the companion."

"Captain!" it was Miss Norton who spoke, "I have one suggestion to make, why should not we, who have heard the story all give our ideas on the matter, from—I was going to say—the laymen's point of view, or rather from the outsider's point of view? And Mr. Munroe would perhaps be so kind as to show us our faults, and correct our judgments, will you?" turning to Horace with a smile.

"I will with pleasure," he answered.

"Miss Norton," and the Captain's face was wreathed in smiles "your suggestion is carried. I look forward to to-morrow as the most interesting day in the voyage."

Horace had quite forgiven Miss Norton for having made him feel so small on two occasions, and he felt quite in love and charity with all men, for to-morrow he would show them the value of his brains.

For the rest of the day Horace was not seen except at meals. He spent every moment either looking up some special "article" or making notes on it.

By ten o'clock next morning his judgment was ready. It had taken him some time and considerable thought, for he had worked up all the "points" and quoted the sections under which they came. Altogether it had taken him six sheets of closely written foolscap, and it was

with a feeling of pride at his handiwork that he took it the next day to the Captain's cabin. Then he retired to his chair to sleep the sleep of the just judge. Soon after 12, he awoke and remembered his judgment. He could see from where he sat a group of people gathered in the companion, so evidently it was posted. He felt considerable curiosity as to how many had competed and how many "amateur" judgments he would have to correct, and was wondering whether he should revenge himself on Miss Norton by giving her a few sarcastic remarks. "What rot her judgment will be!" he thought and laughed. Looking up he saw the group had dispersed and seizing the opportunity he strolled up to the companion to look at the board of notices.

Yes, there it was—pinned to the green felt just below the notices of the day's run, and the sweep-stake was his "judgment" and just beside it he noticed a small sheet of pink paper. Above it there was another slip of paper on which was written in the Captain's hand "Only amateur competitor, Miss Elinor Norton."

"Well, she has enough cheek for ten," thought Horace. Then he turned to his own document, on the outer sheet was written in his best hand: Manners v. Smythe.

SUBJECT OF CLAIM.

Plaintiff claims damages from defendant for having shot a peacock belonging to the former, which the latter is alleged to have enticed into his garden in order to obtain its eggs. The question has been referred for Counsel's opinion. The whole point turns in my opinion upon whether the bird in question was a tame or a wild one. If it was the latter it would be *fera naturae* and being found trespassing in defendant's garden, the latter would be justified in following the bird up, with the object of shooting it or of procuring its eggs or of both.

If, on the other hand, the bird is a tame one, plaintiff's right to the same would follow it, even if it strayed into a neighbour's garden; undoubtedly the neighbour would have a claim for any loss or damage caused by the bird's trespass, but he would not be justified in appropriating the bird or its eggs still less in shooting it unless he had reasonable cause for apprehending danger to life or property from an assault of the fowl. It does not appear from the document submitted that there is any evidence on this crucial point. I can, therefore, only give it as my opinion at this stage that if plaintiff can prove by undeniable evidence, that the bird is a tame one, and that defendant knew it to be such, the plaintiff will succeed; if, on the other hand, the bird originally wild had been brought from the jungle, and merely attained a temporary flo-

micile in plaintiff's garden the defendant would be justified in following up his undoubted right to treat it as a *fera naturae*.

(Signed) HORACE MUNROE,

Barrister-at-law and Member of the Indian

Civil Service.

With an air of a learned professor who examines a child's first attempts at the A. B. C. Horace put on his eyeglass and studied the little sheet of pink paper. Miss Norton's judgment was very short and ran:

"The principal point that I think ought to be utilized is that according to the Laws of Natural History," here Horace turned the page. "Jove," he thought, "what does she know of Natural History," and he read on: "a peacock has never been known to lay eggs."

E. Norton.

For a moment Horace remained as if stunned, his eyeglass dropped out of his eye and he stared blankly in front of him. Then the whole thing dawned on him, it was a plot, a trap, and he had fallen in head foremost, and had irrevocably committed himself before the whole ship. What he wanted to say was neither parliamentary nor yet aristocratic. However, before he could say a word he was greeted from all sides with a veritable peal of laughter. Unfortunately for him his sense of the ridiculous had never been developed in his youth, so he failed to see the funny side of the matter and slunk off, in high dudgeon.

At "Tiffin" Horace was not visible to the naked eye, but he appeared at dinner very dignified, very silent, and very sulky.

When later he passed the smoking-room, he heard the Captain say with a laugh: "I say Grigson, you have given us some rare sport, you and Miss Norton between you."

Grigson laughed. "Well, Captain," he said "I only carried out my Commanding Officer's orders. You should thank Miss Norton."

"But you have not taken the stiffening out of the young puppy yet," put in a peppery-looking Colonel. "Send this to the *Pioneer* or the *Madras Mail*, that would make him sit up."

"Oh, it's good enough for *Punch*, call it a boardship romance or," but the Captain could not proceed for laughing.

This was too much for Horace; if his story were to get into the Madras papers, (as Madras was his Presidency), he would be branded with the brand of Cain for the rest of his life. He stepped into the smoking-room, white with rage.

"Gentlemen," he said "I have stood this joke long enough, but when you talk of putting it in the papers, I protest."

"The deuce you do," said the peppery Colonel, walking up to him and looking him up and down. "The deuce you do, Poor Boy!" with infinite contempt; "you are not in a Regiment so you don't have the benefit of Subaltern's Court Martials, but I am shot, if you are going to get off scot-free. We have stood your airs and graces long enough, and now I protest. If you don't want to have this in the papers, then down on your knees and apologise, or by Jove, I will put it in myself." "Hear, hear!" from every one.

Horace looked round with an expression of dogged resistance.

"Let's treat him to a Subaltern's Court Martial," chimed in a young Cavalry man.

"Subaltern's Court Martial," echoed several voices.

"Well Munroe, you have got your choice, what's it to be?" said Grigson, with a friendly poke.

There was a pause, Horace flushed a deep purple, then in a very low voice, he said:

"I apologise"—and turned on his heel.

But the peppery Colonel was after him in a minute.

"Down you get, sir," he commanded in a stentorian voice, "confound you, you young jackanapes," as Horace hesitated, "Did you hear? Down on your marrow bones. Now repeat after me 'I Horace, the Heavenborn'—louder man—no, not Horace Munroe, Horace the Heavenborn—on you go and look sharp—yes, that's it, 'I, Horace the Heavenborn admit being as big an earthly fool as you will find this side of Heaven,' and Horace shaking with suppressed rage repeated the formula word for word.

"And now," said the Captain, with his merry laugh, "now we will drink to Horace Munroe."

"C. BESLEY."

New Year's Eve, A Sketch.

[BY MRS. B. MITTER.]

IT was New Year's Eve and as the last few hours of the Old Year flowed out, the tide of a human life was also ebbing away. A woman lay on her bed of sickness, not expecting to see the dawn of another year. Death had come in no terrible guise—nay, he seemed as one whose approach has been expected so long, as to be almost welcome. She had no near ties to bind her to Life, and though comparatively free from pain, extreme bodily weakness had made existence a weariness,

and now her life was passing away as silently and peacefully as the dying year.

Hers was not a long lived family and to this woman sickness had come as a slow and gradual decline. She grew a little more weary every day, and thus weeks and months had drifted on, until on this New Year's Eve, she found herself on the brink of the Dark River. She did not tremble at the thought, but now that she stood on the very threshold of the Unknown Future, a strain of regret mingled with her musings. In spite of physical weakness, her brain was clear and unclouded, and pictures of the past flitted across her mental vision with the clearness of dissolving views.

She saw herself a child again with an intensity of feeling happily not often found in childhood. She had been conscious in those early years of a terrible feeling of loneliness—a dark gulf which seemed to cut her off from other children. Perhaps Mother-love would have bridged over this gulf, but she had never known a mother.

There were others who had loved and cared for her, but then had entered that Dream-World which seemed more real to her, than an environment which was often uncordial. Yet even in those early years there were some supreme moments, when she felt her loneliness pierced through—in the palpitating darkness and stillness of moonless nights, when every star seemed to be throbbing with a mighty hidden life—in the mysteries of sunrise—in the splendours of sunset. These came as revelations and made her thrill through her very being with pleasure, largely mingled with pain. It was as if one gazed on a lovely face which came and went, but never spoke, and the child's heart cried out with a passionate longing to hear the message these had to bring. They spoke a language she could not understand—they passed away where she could not follow. No wonder she had been a solemn melancholy child, weighted with joys and sorrows which cut her off from ordinary childhood.

Her girlhood came back to her to-night, with all its hopes and aspirations. She began to "write poetry," and became conscious of dormant powers awakening within her. But even greater than the sense of power, was the sense of limitation; and this drove her into wastes and solitudes of anguish from which she returned almost resolving to bid farewell to the Ideal which still eluded her. All her efforts fell so far short of that perfection of which she had hoped and dreamed. Weary and discouraged she felt as if a spell had been laid upon her which condemned her to be a Dumb Poet. To feel—but to lack utterance; to see—but to write no Apocalypse of the vision! Celestial melodies floated through her imagination, but

not hers the power to hold them beautiful captives for ever in the form of expression.

She thought of her young womanhood. The sights and sounds of misery had early been thrust upon her and she had turned away saddened and depressed, often with a shudder not unmixed with disgust. While she had longed to realise her beautiful dreams and shut her eyes to the miseries and discords of life, many a heart had longed for the sympathy, she could have given; many a soul had been racked with anguish, she could have helped to soothe. While she had thrilled with sympathy for imaginary woes, too often the sick and sorrowful at her very doors had been forgotten. In every stage of her life, she had been weighed and found wanting and was now leaving God's earth, she thought, as a mere cumbrance of the ground. Was it that the key-note of her life had been pitched so high that she had not made the melody possible to a more imperfect instrument?

She was self-condemned. Failure was written in large letters over her life. Ever dreaming—never attaining. From the depths of her humiliation rose the prayer of the Publican—from dying lips, rose the longing for "one more chance."

And God looked down on that humbled sorrowful heart—the key of which was in His Hand alone. He saw how far the lack of energy was physical—"the sins of the Fathers visited upon the Children." He saw the longings which had never been fulfilled—the struggles which had not been crowned with success. And it may be that another chance among happier circumstances was granted to her, as she passed that night out of the sin-soiled Old Year of Time into the white untrodden New Year of Eternity.

"For the Love of God is broader,
"Than the measure of Man's mind;
"And the Heart of the Eternal
"Is most wonderfully kind." (Faber).

Correspondence.

LESSONS FROM NATURE.

To

THE EDITOR OF THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

1. Please permit me to express my appreciation of the editorial article on "Lessons from Nature" in the November issue of the Magazine.

2. May I also, with great diffidence, offer a few criticisms on a single sentence in the middle of the article, which sentence seems almost by oversight to have been allowed to creep into the article? That sentence is: "When the primitive nations in their childlike ignorance fell down in worship before the magnitude and majesty of nature, worshipping it as a Divine Goddess, shall we who are so much more

advanced look upon it with indifference"? I thought that with the materialistic 19th Century died the idea that mankind were apes or savages originally. The late Duke of Argyll and others have shown that not one of the lowest existing tribes of savages is without the tradition of a fall from a higher state. The "missing link" has never yet been found. Latest Archaeological discoveries point to the fact that human civilizations have been rising and falling in cycles from immemorial antiquity and not that men were bereft of religion or of Spirituality at any time. Old religious works (like the Bible) and old poetry (like that of Homer) have not been improved upon and like Mr. Harcastle who liked his old wife, I like these old things better than the new fangled things.

3. Were the old sages guilty of "childlike ignorance" or had they "childlike innocence" which enabled them to see with their inner vision the higher realities, now concealed from most of us who are "much more advanced" in physical coarseness and hard grainedness and intellectual stiff-neckedness and 19th century conceit, and whose spiritual vision has been atrophied by disuse? The beautiful "studies" and "poems" and "fancies" in your valuable Magazine however show that the fairer and more spiritual sex has not yet quite lost such higher vision of the things which are more "real and true" than the so-called hard "practical realities of life." As the Lord Jesus said, it is from the mouth of babes that spiritual wisdom flows and till one becomes childlike in heart one cannot see these higher things.

4. As you put it so beautifully, the spirit in nature is Beauty, Thought and Love. It is a Unity in Trinity. "Between this spirit in nature and the spirit of man, a harmony exists." The spirit in man is also a Unity and Trinity. Again, though there are several individual men and women we might talk of the "spirit in man" as a Unit. When we talk of the spirit of nature as a Unit, why should we not similarly see that there must be numerous nature spirits whose "variety is endless" and yet who work harmoniously under the direction of the Supreme Lord who is a spirit and who is Lord of Hosts? Why should not nature be revered as a "Divine Goddess" attended by hosts of subordinate spirits (male and female and male-female) in descending gradations of infinite variety, the lowest gradations being called Gnomes, Undines, Salamanders, Sylphs and so on while the highest (who are neither male nor female, there being no marriage or giving in marriage in the higher heavens) are the Archangels of the Presence and other High ministers of the one Lord?

5. The modern "enlightened" person considers poetry and imagination as "trash" as "puerile fancy" "Abstraction" "airy nothing" "frenzied eye-rolling" (though it might be "fine frenzy") "idle dreaming" "Phantasy" and so on. In fact, he considers them as amusing "lies" giving false "local habitations and names" to dreams and that they are not real things—; "Love," "Beauty," &c., are abstract things, and according to the nominalistic philosophic school, abstract ideas and conceptions are Maya, and Shelley was a madman and nature is all dead and not "alive," and from dead matter's chance variations, Reason and Emotion spring up.

6. When Professor Tyndall, in a lecture at Manchester, stated that as he pictured to himself the building of a crystal, so he found himself imagining tiny architects at work, placing every atom with exact

precision, with all the intelligence and skill of a human architect employed in making a building,—he merely thought that he was putting the matter "poetically," that is he was telling "white lies" in order to fix the truth in childish minds. May it not be that if his inner vision had been opened, he would have seen the beautiful intelligent nature-spirits working on the crystal? Intelligence, Love and Beauty in Nature are the parents of human Intelligence, Love and Beauty though the former are more diffused and the latter more concentrated. "Have you never walked through a forest and felt as though all nature were enjoying the sunshine? And the sensation of pleasure is shown still more strikingly when the hot season comes to an end and the first rains fall on the thirsty ground and the well-nigh withering vegetation sends out a conscious thrill of joy and life renewed. The very trees and bushes rejoice as the rain comes down with its message of life and hope." When Lord Jesus was born, nature-spirits and Angels rejoiced and the bodies of nature-spirits (that is, the vegetable kingdom) showed their joy outwardly; and when the Lord gave up his physical body in pain, nature spirits and angels mourned (see also Wordsworth's *Ladonia*.) Just as we reverence and love our visible human teachers and superiors, let us also love and reverence the invisible Gods and Goddesses of nature, the Angels and Archangels, the Thrones, Dominions, Cherubs, and Seraphs, without however forgetting that there is the one Supreme Lord over them who directs them and makes them work in harmony.

7. I think I have, by avowing belief in Undines, Fairies and Gnomes, sufficiently confessed myself as an old-world, superstitious fool, and as most of your readers are of the fair sex, I will close without making myself more ridiculous in their eyes by avowing other superstitious beliefs of mine—that every one of our thoughts is a beneficial or mischievous living angel, and that a mother's loving thought towards her absent son who is in a distant land is a real guardian angel protecting him in dangers, and so on.

COIMBATORE,
15th November 1901.

T. SADASIVIER.

SOCIAL INTERCOURSE BETWEEN EUROPEAN AND INDIAN LADIES.

I.

TO THE EDITOR, INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

MADAM,

It was with the greatest pleasure that I read the articles contributed by the English as well as the Indian lady to the September issue of this Magazine on the subject of "Social Intercourse between European and Indian ladies," and also the second article by the English lady in the last issue. The practical suggestion made by the English lady to encourage Social intercourse between European and Indian ladies is indeed very good if it can be given effect to. There should be no difficulties in the path as feared by our well-wisher, the English lady, if we find some leaders who are anxious and willing to bring about Social intercourse between the two classes. It can be very easily accomplished if only some of our Euro-

pean and Indian benefactresses make up their mind to sacrifice a little of their time to carry it out. What we want is not so much a scheme as persons to carry out the scheme properly. I do not mean to be critical in the least; for it is very few that are so very earnest as your lady correspondent is about this question; but I fear till we have a very large number of European and Indian ladies actuated by the same spirit as your correspondent, very little will be effected in the direction required. Take for instance, the Lady Wenlock's Park opened in Madras last year. It is nearly a year since it was opened. Why is it not a success? Would not the working of it be useful to this cause? Yes, it would; but there is this same difficulty—want of leaders. If only a few influential ladies, European and Indian, take up the work in connection with this institution which was intended solely for the purpose of promoting Social intercourse, many a lady, whether Brahmin or otherwise, will go to the Park and benefit by it.

I wish, however, every success to the plan proposed by your lady contributor and if it is to be carried out, I would surely be the first to send in my name.

"A BRAHMIN LADY."

SOCIAL INTERCOURSE BETWEEN INDIAN AND EUROPEAN LADIES.

II.

I have read in this month's Magazine a very pleasing article that will naturally interest Indian and European ladies, especially the former. It is one by an English lady on "Social intercourse between Indian and European ladies." The name suggested: "the Guild of Victoria," calls to mind our beloved Empress who was deeply interested in India and her women. The idea is laudable and deserves much thought and attention.

In the first place is the proposed Guild practicable? By this I mean, would European ladies, throwing off their exclusiveness, mix with their Indian sisters freely and unreservedly and thus promote Social Intercourse? For my part, I think many years, almost a whole century, would go by before such a pleasant sight could be enjoyed by friends of India's women.

If happens sometimes we have some acquaintance with European ladies and they are ready to return our "How do you do?" with a like salutation in a company not consisting of many of their own kind. Now these same ladies, if met at a public function, which is usually attended by the elite of European and Indian Society, will merely pass you by as if they had never seen you before. Is this the beginning of Social intercourse? It is impossible while under these circumstances for us to get up perfect Social intercourse between Indian and European ladies.

Let India's women feel that there is a natural bond of sympathy between the two nations. Let the European ladies, on the other hand, try and encourage Indian ladies to speak familiarly to them. Then and only then will Indian ladies feel that there is something of a kindred spirit between their Western sisters and themselves. Then and only then can Social intercourse between women of the East and West be possible.

But granting that the feelings and attitude of the European ladies will change, as they surely will, in time,—the next difficulty is a common language. Very few Indian ladies can converse in English and still fewer European ladies know the vernaculars. Now, how are they to get on? Some Indian ladies in most of the principal towns in India can converse in English; let them be made use of. Take them as interpreters and many a Hindu lady seeing her sister conversing so easily will be naturally fired with enthusiasm and endeavour to pick up a few words whenever it is possible. Barring these difficulties, I think the idea is a capital one. Let the European ladies of the several stations gather together their European and Indian friends and give them a little informal party. This will be followed by some others in the stations. Encourage the Indian ladies to have something of the same kind in their own homes. Many an Indian lady seeing her sister doing well thinks to herself "Now, can I not do better?" A very good spirit and one likely to succeed. The flame will thus spread and Social intercourse will indeed be a sight worth seeing when the women of the East and West thus join together in harmony.

Let us hope that the time is not far off when Social intercourse between Indian and European ladies will be zealously sought after and kept up with the greatest enthusiasm, the two dissimilar races blending together as one.

H. S. L.

Bombay Branch National Indian Association.

PRIZES FOR COMPOSITION AND ELOCUTION.

The following Prizes for Composition and Elocution have been offered in connection with the Bombay branch of the National Indian Association for competition among the general public by the Hon'ble Sir Charles Ollivant, K.C.I.E., President, Mr. Tribhovandas Munguldas Nathubhai, member of the Executive Committee, the Hon. Sir Bhalechandra Krishna, Knight, Joint Honorary Secretary, and another gentleman (who is a Life Member of the Local Branch but does not wish to give out his name) in the names of several ladies and gentlemen whose names are mentioned below.

PRIZES FOR COMPOSITION.

Prizes I and II offered by the Hon. Sir Charles Ollivant for the first and second best essays in English:—Rs. 30 and Rs. 20, open to Ladies and Gentlemen.

Subject:—"Silence is Gold and Speech is Silver."

Prizes III and IV offered by Mr. Tribhovandas Munguldas Nathubhai for best essays in English.

One Prize of Rs. 50, open to Ladies and Gentlemen.

Subject:—"Vindication of the Marital Rights of Women."

One Prize of Rs. 50, open to Ladies only.

Subject:—"The Kindergarten System of Education, and the best way to make it popular among the people of India."

Prize V of Rs. 25 offered by a Life Member in the name of H. E. Lady Northcote, for the best essay in English, open to Ladies only.

Subject:—"How educated women should spend their leisure hours?"

The essays should not exceed 20 foolscap pages. They must be sent (Post-paid) so as to reach the undersigned not later than 15th January 1902. No essay will be returned.

Prize VI of Rs. 15, offered by a Life Member in the name of Miss E. A. Manning, exclusively, for Girls attending Schools.

Subject:—"The essential conditions of domestic happiness."

The composition should be in the form of a letter to a friend, and should be written in English.

It should not exceed 5 foolscap pages. It must be sent (Post-paid) so as to reach the undersigned not later than 15th January 1902. No essay will be returned. Each competitor for the Prize should send a certificate from the Head of her School to the effect that the essay has been bona fide written by her.

Prize VII of Rs. 25 offered by the Hon. Sir Bhalechandra Krishna in the name of Shet Damodardas Gordhandas Sukhadwala for the best essay in any one of the following languages, viz., English, Gujarati, Marathi or Urdu, open to Ladies only.

Subject:—"The Necessity of a knowledge of Nursing and Rearing of Children."

These Essays should not exceed 10 foolscap pages. They must be sent post-paid so as to reach the undersigned not later than 15th January 1902. No essay will be returned.

PRIZE FOR ELOCUTION (OPEN TO Ladies ONLY).

Prize VIII of Rs. 20 has been offered by a Life Member in the name of the Hon. Sir Bhalechandra Krishna, Kt. to any lady who gives the best lecture in English on the following subject before a gathering of ladies and gentlemen.

Subject:—"Difficulties preventing grown up Hindu or Muhammadan girls from continuing their educational studies after leaving school, and how those difficulties can best be overcome."

If the lecture is pronounced to be exceptionally good, the B. B. of the N. I. Association will give an additional prize of Rs. 15 to the candidate. Intending candidates are requested to send their applications to the undersigned before 5th January 1902. The time and place will be duly notified later on.

MADANLAL LALLUBHAI MUNSIFF,

22, III PARSIWADA, Managing Hon. Secretary,
GIRGAUM BACK ROAD, B. B. N. I. Association.
15th November, 1901.

N.B.—Prizes will be distributed at a public gathering.

In addition to the English Prizes mentioned above there will be prizes in Marathi, Gujarati and Urdu for which please see the Marathi and Gujarati hand-bills.



Editorial Notes.

We draw the special attention of our readers to the article on "Indian Toys and Indian children" contributed by Mr. A. P. Smith of Trivandrum. What he says is perfectly true! Our Indian children have very little in their lives to make them happy and pass their days in innocent enjoyment. Toys and games play an important part in the lives of European children, but this is not the case in India. Not that toys are unknown; but as Mr. Smith points out there should be some steps taken to introduce such toys and games as would appeal to the instincts of our children. We would go a step further and say that Indian toys manufactured by Indian firms should be encouraged. Those of our readers who have seen the splendid toys made at Kondapillai are aware what perfection Indian artists can reach even in this department of industrial art. It is good indigenous manufactures that should be encouraged. We thank Mr. Smith for his most interesting article and trust that his scheme will be given practical effect to, sooner or later. The subject, of course, needs at first to be brought to the prominent notice of all well-wishers of Indian children and hence we ask the attention of our readers to Mr. Smith's article.

It is with great pleasure that we publish in another column the article on the Education of Women which Mrs. Besant has so very kindly written for our Magazine. She brings to bear upon the treatment of the subject, her wide experience of many lands, her marvellous intellectual powers, and above all, her sincere love of the people of this land, and as such her words ought to carry with them considerable weight. We thank her very much for her advice which, if we follow, will indeed be very beneficial to us. A sufficient knowledge of the Vernacular and Sanskrit and English; of hygiene, physiology and household medicine, music, painting, and needlework—an education comprising these subjects will indeed be sufficient for every woman; and if our Indian women are only given a fair knowledge of each of these departments of instruction, there will be no more complaints as regards the backwardness of female education in this land. There also need be no conservative objections raised against this general education, such as are raised against the Higher education of women; for, as Mrs. Besant says, "such an education would do nothing to injure the sweet grace of the Indian woman, while it would enlarge her mind, increase her influence and strengthen her character." It would indeed be "Indian in its aims and beneficial to India in its results."

But whilst we approve of the scheme of general education which Mrs. Besant has so ably sketched for us, we, at the same time, see no reason why objections should be raised against the higher education of women, which is on the same lines as the higher education of men. Mrs. Besant, very reasonably suggests as the cause for the giving of such an education in Western countries, their social and economic conditions which force women to become bread-winners like men. Such is not the case she says in India; and if the higher education of women is to be looked upon as only a preparation for their earning a livelihood for themselves, certainly there is no reason why the women of India should be so educated. But why should it be so looked upon? Surely every girl who passes through a training at Girton or Newnham does not do so with the sole object of qualifying for a livelihood? It would be well to distinguish between what is necessary for the very being and the well-being of a Society. Mrs. Besant has sketched a scheme which we consider to be necessary for the very being as it were of an intelligent and healthy form of Indian society, but why should such an education be put in antagonism to higher education? It is true every woman may not care to qualify for this higher education. Then do not force her to try for it. But when there are women who wish to study in the same way as men, why place obstacles in their way? The gaining of degrees and diplomas should not be looked upon as the one object in life. But where pleasure is taken in such an undertaking, where the woman studies for examinations because she likes so to study, let her do it by all means. There should be no compulsion in any case; but it often happens that women do not care to study at all, especially the women of India, who have been so long used to an uneducated life. In such cases, the competition for degrees would often be an aim in life. Where they are too idle to study, it would make them study. And, after all is said and done, why should not such an education be

as good as the general education to which Mrs. Besant draws our attention. For one thing, it will make the women more methodical, more orderly in their arrangements, more precise, and better able to weigh causes and results. Then there is no reason why it should unfit the women for their duty as mothers and wives. There is no reason why it should make them proud and vain of their own learning and inclined to look on the world as only made for themselves. There is the more reason that they should become good wives and mothers. One more word. It often happens that when a woman sets herself to obtain general education, she is satisfied only with very superficial knowledge. Such can never be the case with one who goes in for higher education, in the true sense of the term. Those who qualify for it must go deep into their subjects. The passing of examinations and securing degrees is merely an accidental circumstance.

Indian Cookery.

COOKED BRINJALS.—A "Brahmin" kindly writes to us giving the following recipe for an interesting vegetable dish:—

"When very distinguished guests are invited to dinner, honour is done to them, by placing before them live vegetable plants, yielding cooked vegetables. And the guest plucks the cooked vegetable from the plant, and eats it. I will here mention how brinjals can thus be cooked.

Pluck out with the roots a brinjal plant having about 10 brinjals. Plant it again in a thick lump of jaggery. This serves to keep the plant straight, hide the roots from view, and forms a presentable pedestal.

The following *masilay* (மசிலை) is calculated to serve for 10 ordinary sized brinjals. Take (i) a handful of dried chillies, (ii) 1 teaspoonful of (phaseolus mungo) pulse, called மஞ்சள்பருப்பு, (iii) half a teaspoon of coriander seed, (iv) 1 teaspoon of poppy seed, (கசாசா). (v) 6 pieces மரட்டிமொக்கு, (vi) one finger length of clovesbark லவங்கப்பட்டை; and fry them lightly in 4 spoons of ghee, say till they get a golden appearance. Then take these and add two teaspoonfuls of salt; and powder fine. Add to the powder tamarind water, made by mixing a marble size of tamarind with two teaspoons of water. Tamarind is added to correct the slightly bitter taste of the brinjals.

Then take a thickish needle, and patiently poke this paste into the brinjals. Let the paste soak in the brinjals for half an hour.

Boil ghee in a vessel and dip the brinjals,—without injuring the plant,—one after the other, in the boiling ghee, until they get well fried. What next is to be done need not be said. Of course it should be allowed to cool before the attack!"

News and Notes.

Mrs. K. Sitamma, a Telugu lady, has been delivering addresses for her sisters at the Theistic Samaj, Rajahmundry, and her writings are also highly appreciated.

—At the Educational Conference which is to be held in connection with the Teachers' Guild in Madras

this month, Miss Carr, the Inspectress of Schools, will read a paper on "Current criticisms of Female Education in India."

—In the article on *Mahesweta* which appeared in the last issue of our journal we stated that there are no English translations of the Sanskrit prose novel, *Kailambari*. A correspondent kindly points out that there are three or four such translations.

—Curiously enough of the three ladies who have taken the Berlin degree of Doctor of Philosophy two are Americans,—Miss Caroline Stewart and Miss Mary Williams Montgomery. The latter devotes herself almost entirely to Semitic Philology.

—A substantial proof of the interest evinced by Her Excellency Lady Curzon in the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*, and the cause it represents, will be seen in the Frontispiece which we are able to present with this issue to our readers with Her Ladyship's autograph.

—Achalamaki Ammal, a Brahman widow, is doing good work among her sisters at Tirupappoliur in South Arcot. Her lectures for Hindu ladies are well attended, and there are about 25 pupils in her class for grown up ladies, who are taught the Tamil poets. Her contributions to Tamil journals are highly appreciated by Pandits.

—The London *Daily Telegraph* has the following:—

"A difficulty that has long been realised by those actively concerned with the educational progress of women in India, has been that of finding books other than their own classics for those who have mastered rather more than elementary knowledge. It is noteworthy, therefore, that this week's mail brings with it a commendable effort to meet this want, in the new 'Indian Ladies' Magazine,' which will appear on the 12th of each month in Madras. The editress is able to claim that most of the contributors to her columns will be ladies. It is published in English, which is being more and more widely understood in the Southern Presidency."

—A Bengali correspondent, writing in Mr. Malabari's *Voices of India*, says:—"Educated Bengali ladies are generally found to make some use of the education, received at the school or the college, after they get married and are called upon to discharge the duties of domestic life. The fact that we can find a pretty large number of them among the authors and magazine writers of the day proves the truth of my assertion. I think I may go so far as to say that the percentage in the whole number of Bengali literate women, cultivating their intellect after their educational career is over, is greater than the percentage of males exhibiting the same tendency in the whole number of Bengali literate men. I wish to mention here the names of two Bengali ladies who have just distinguished themselves in the intellectual line. They are Srimati Hemantakumari Devi and Srimati Hemlata Devi. The former startled, the other day, the public of Sylhet by a long and eloquent ex-tempore discourse on the life and life-work of the celebrated Social Reformer, Pundit Ishwar Chander Vidyasagar, at a public meeting held in that city in commemoration of the Pundit's death. It is the first time that such a lecture on such an occasion has been delivered by a Bengali lady. The other lady has achieved a rare distinction by a lucid History of India that she has produced. The book has been introduced into Bengal schools in preference to many others on the subject, written of course by male authors. What speaks of the rare worth of the book is the appreciation which

it has received of Mrs. M. S. Knight, the translator of some of the novels of Burkin Chunder Chatterjee, the greatest Bengali novelist and the greatest literary genius of modern India. Mrs. Knight has translated Srimati Hemlata's book into English and has also arranged for its translation into French, German, and Italian."

"Among the numerous subjects dealt with by His Excellency the Viceroy in his comprehensive address at the opening of the recent Educational Conference at Simla was female education. His Excellency spoke of the difficulty of reaching those whom social custom in India required to live in seclusion, in other words of imparting education to native ladies of the upper classes. It may be of interest to note that the Maharaja Scindia has in some degree made an attempt to solve this problem in his State. He is about to open a school for the daughters of his sardars or nobles. Most of these are Maharattas like himself, and the ladies are strictly secluded when they reach marriageable age. His Highness' idea is, in the first instance, to collect the young girls of these families before the age of seclusion and form with them a small school under the superintendence of a European lady with one or two Pundits as assistants. To begin with they will be taught only their own language, Marathi, while the Lady Superintendent will look after their manners and instruct them in accomplishments suitable to their position. Thus, the young generation of girls will acquire a certain amount of education, and it is hoped that the value of it, may in time be realised by their elders who are still wedded to traditional ideas. Such an innovation as this cannot be expected to meet all at once with the general support of the class for whose benefit it is intended, but His Highness is convinced that it is a beneficial measure and is resolved to go through with it. Encouragement may be found in the success that has attended two other educational experiments tried in the Gwalior State within very recent years. It is only three or four years since the first State schools were opened for female education and now there are eminently successful girls' schools in the State besides several smaller ones. More recently still His Highness, in face of considerable difficulty, started a school for young sardars. It is already a most popular institution, and the young gentlemen attending it are proud of their *Alma Mater* and eager to do credit to her."—*Pioneer*.

Social Reform in India.

We give publicity to the following circular on Social Reform, addressed to Reform Associations in India, which the Hon'ble Mr. Justice Chandavarkar has kindly sent for publication in the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*.

"I request that you will send me, as early as you can, a report of the work done by your Society or Association in furtherance of social reform during the year that is now nearing its close. As you will see from a perusal of previous Reports, a summary of the reports has to be prepared and placed before the Conference, when it meets, as it will this year, in Calcutta during the last week of December. The report should show details of work done, the number of members enrolled, the nature of the pledges, if any,

enforced, whether any lectures were delivered by paid or unpaid preachers, or pamphlets published.

I further beg to submit for your consideration the following list of subjects. I submit this list for the favour of your suggesting additions or omissions according as you may deem proper. On a careful consideration of the suggestions when received from local societies, the final choice of subjects will be made. The first resolution will, of course, be one giving expression to the irreparable loss the country has sustained in the death of the Hon. Mr. Justice M. G. Ranade, and recording the most invaluable services he rendered to this Conference as its founder and life-long worker. The subjects which appear to be most suited to the particular condition of the Lower Provinces of Bengal and Behar are:—

(1) The necessity of a wider spread of female education through the agency of Public Schools, both primary and secondary, and of home classes, to supplement the work done outside Calcutta by the Union in testing the progress made by girls, who are taught at home by their relations.

(2) The question of Polygamy and Kulinism. Though the abuses of Kulinism have in course of time much abated, still the institution flourishes in a way for which there is no precedent in other parts of India, and it is desirable to consider what steps can be taken to hasten its total abolition.

(3) The question of sea-voyage and foreign travel. There has been much agitation in recent years in this direction in Bengal to secure public support to the admission of men who have returned from foreign travel, and it is desirable to unite all these efforts in such a way that they might be productive of the intended results.

(4) The widow remarriage movement. Though it was first started in Bengal, it seems to have of late years excited but little interest there, though in the other provinces it has been more energetically taken up. It is very necessary to discuss the causes of this comparative indifference, and the way to remedy it.

(5) Religious Endowments. The abuses connected with the mismanagement of religious and charitable Trusts and Endowments are much complained of in Bengal, as well as in other parts of the country. It is very desirable that public opinion should be further educated on the subject, and the prevailing evils corrected as far as possible.

(6) The question of Temperance as a part of the wider purity movement enforcing purity both in private and public life.

(7) Inter-marriage between and interfusing of subdivisions of the greater castes.

(8) Further raising the marriageable limit of age for both boys and girls, and reduction of expenses on marriages, shraddhas and other celebrations.

(9) The desirability of encouraging the re-admission into the pale of Hindu Society of those who desire to seek admission into it after having been once converted to other faiths.

(10) The claims of the aboriginal races and of the Pariah classes of Hindu Society.

Please let me know if you approve of these subjects, and if you have any suggestions to make in regard to them.

I remain,
Sir,

Yours truly,

N. G. CHANDAVARKAR,

for General Secretary, Social Conference.



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

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THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

"FANISH'd hopes press fast behind me, weakly wailing
Faint before me fleets the good I have not done;"—LYTTON.

"RING out the old, ring in the new,
Ring happy bells across the snow,
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true."—TENNYSON.

"THE year departs! a blessing on its head!
We mourn not for it, for it is not dead:
Dead? What is that? A word to joy unknown,
Which love abhors; and faith will never own.
The passing breezes gone as soon as felt,
The flakes of snow that in the soft air melt,
The smile that sinks into a maiden's eye,
They come, they go, they change, they do not die:
So the old year—that fond and formal name—
Is with us yet,—another and the same."—H. COLERIDGE.

"IN doing is this knowledge won,
To see what yet remains undone.
With this our pride repress,
And give us grace, a growing store,
That day by day, we may do more
And may esteem it less."—TRENCH.

"BE earnest, earnest, earnest!
When all's done, nothing's done. There's rest above—
Below let work be death, if work be love."—KINGSLEY.

Induleka: *—a Study.

[BY THE EDITOR.]



At the very end of his most interesting novel, *Induleka*,—Mr. O. Chandu Menon, the author, makes the following remarks: "The point which I wish chiefly to impress on my fellow-countrymen by means of this book is the advantage which would accrue if the women of India were given

the same privileges of education that are enjoyed by men. Women of India, you should recollect that if you are ignorant and illiterate, men will not only despise you but show by their conduct the contempt they feel. Are you not ashamed of this? Some of you have studied Sanskrit, and some music and harmony, but these attainments are not enough. If you wish to really enlighten your minds, you must learn English, whereby alone you can learn many things which you ought in these days to know, and by such knowledge alone can you grasp the truth that you are of the same creation as men, that you are as free agents as men, that women are not the slaves of men. A certain man has written a book in Northern India to show that if the women of this country learn English, there is the greatest danger of their being vitiated by adopting English habits and customs; but if English education would make our women as intelligent and clever and cultivated as are the English women, then I for one am ready to do my utmost to precipitate that danger. No one will argue that because some men who have studied English are morally corrupt, therefore no man ought to be taught English, and my most earnest prayer is that my compatriots may have their daughters, no less than their sons, educated in English."

We have quoted thus largely from the enlightened author's words, because they are the best explanation of the character and story of our heroine, Induleka. Induleka is a character meant—to use the author's own words—to "illustrate how a young Malayalee woman, possessing, in addition to her natural personal charms and intellectual culture, a knowledge of the English language, would conduct herself in matters of supreme interest to her, such as the choosing of a partner in life."

Induleka, whose real name is Madhavi, but who has been given the name by which we know her, which means Moonbeam, as a recogni-

* *Induleka*: A Malayalam novel by O. Chandu Menon. Translated into English by J. W. F. Dumergue, I.C.S. Addison & Co., Madras.

tion of her loveliness, is a very beautiful woman. Here is a description of her:—"Her skin resembled so closely in colour the golden border of her embroidered robe, which fastened round her waist, draped her limbs in the usual Malayalee fashion, that it was impossible to distinguish the one from the other by sight. Her hair, black as the raven's wing, was soft, long and luxuriant, and, except possibly among the fair ladies of Europe, rich red lips like hers, were never seen. Her eyes were long and the colours therein were clearly defined, while only those who had felt the lightening of her glances could know how deeply they burned into the hearts of men. It would be impossible for any pen to do justice to the countless charms, which united in making Induleka a peerless beauty: and I am fain here to confess that none can describe the joy, the ecstasy, the raptures of those who beheld her golden complexion, pearly teeth and coral lips, her eyes that shamed the dark water-lily, her glossy black hair and slender waist." Induleka's mental attainments were as worthy of commendation as her beauty. She was very intelligent and well-read in English and Sanskrit; could play well on the piano, violin and Indian lute; and was besides instructed in needlework, drawing and other arts in which European girls are trained. Yet with all her education, it would be well for us to note that Induleka was not imbued with that "spirit of universal contempt which, unfortunately, sometimes ensnares young persons of all classes who have attained to some little learning;" for "her punctual observation of caste ritual, her dress and her conversation, the reverence she paid to her mother, her grandmother, grandfather and uncle, her religious faith, her free intercourse with friends and neighbours who were ignorant of English, her unvarying courtesy of manner, the gracefulness of her words and deeds, her freedom from pride and her unostentatious humility were a never-failing source of wonder and admiration to her associates." She dressed richly but not ostentatiously and was not over-fond of jewels.

Here we have portrayed before us a woman who is worthy of our respect and admiration in every way, an ideal of womanhood such as we would have every woman to be. How did she conduct herself through life? Did she show that it would be good for women to have education? or did she disgrace herself and her learning?

Induleka is the idolised grand-daughter of Punctu Menon, who though somewhat obstinate and spoiled by prejudices, is a fine old man and moreover a good deal enlightened. At the beginning of the story we are introduced to the man whom Induleka loves, Madhavan, a youth worthy of her in every way. She had been allowed free speech and intercourse with

him, and the consequence was that they had fallen in love with each other. Such familiar companionship with men is quite against the Hindu family custom; but surely it is much better and conducive to more happiness that a man and woman who know each other well and know each other's faults and merits should marry, than persons who sometimes have never even heard of each other. And then, when the heart is first beginning to be bound with the bands of love, how pleasant is such companionship? The objection will be raised that where men and women are allowed to mix freely, a woman may not know how to choose between the men who may throng around her. But this will seldom be the case, for the heart will soon find out its mate. And Induleka never allowed herself to hesitate in her choice and we find nothing immodest or unseemly in her behaviour. She has her ideal and will not swerve from it. This is what she says about marriage:—"Supposing I were a marriageable woman and met a handsome young man. Now until I felt satisfied that he would make me a good husband, I should not let his image engross my thoughts;"—a sentiment perhaps a little too self-confident, for the heart is often perverse, but a very praiseworthy resolution and chiefly worthy of commendation because Induleka keeps to it.

Induleka has a very equable character; she is pure-minded and when she makes a resolution will keep to it. She is strong and one who can be trusted in. As she says of herself; "My mind is occupied with nothing which can cause me pain or grief. So I would never dream of coveting wealth which I should not reasonably hope to acquire. This is the natural temper of my mind." Yet, with all this, she is a sweet woman, full of tenderness and kindness; with those who are antagonistic to her she may be imperious and unconciliating, yet she is ever courteous, and her attitude towards those whom she loves and who she knows love her is ever tender and full of gentleness. We are given a few pretty scenes between her and Madhavan. Induleka will not betray her love lest she should be a stumbling block in the way of her lover's studies. And so she hides it under a quick play of humour and jest and good humoured tolerance of Madhavan's foibles. She is very witty and full of humour, and it is very amusing to see how she makes fun of him. She has no false shyness about her and is very frank indeed and not ashamed to express her thoughts and ideas. How much more attractive and conducive to happy social intercourse would such frankness be on the part of our women, instead of their sitting silent—not through shyness, for if really shy they are perfectly right in having retiring habits—but through a false modesty and a feeling that such conduct is expected

of them. But to return to our story—Induleka keeps off her lover with tantalizing words; but when she sees Madhavan suffering with despair and sorrow, unable to overcome herself, she pours the full tide of her love over him. "My darling, my true, my only love," she cries, "why are you so sad? Two years ago I enshrined you in my heart and you alone have been lord of my heart and soul."

Induleka has now made her choice and nothing will make her swerve from it. Her grandfather makes an oath that nothing will induce him to consent to their marriage, but Induleka quietly and firmly takes her stand. Objections may be raised against Induleka's opposition to her grandfather, who had been so kind to her. But her conduct is not like that of Desdemona, who, however great her love may have been, deceived her father, and as the penalty of her father's curse received in her tragic death the full measure of punishment. Like Imogen in *Cymbeline*, Induleka has weighed well her grandfather's rights and her own. To her and to Madhavan their betrothal is a sober and well-thought out step. Her love is pure. She does not deceive her grandfather; besides she knows she is perfectly right and her grandfather's opposition is only the result of wrong prejudice. She knows that in his heart the latter likes and approves of Madhavan; and, as she says "I mean to and can please myself in some things, and unluckily this oath is one of those things."

Induleka is perfectly ready to follow her lover as a wife into poverty; but he persuades her to wait till he can support her himself; and with the resolution of obtaining an employment, he goes to Madras.

Now come other temptations to change Induleka's resolve. The Nambudripad, a very grand and rich personage, whom everybody admires for his riches and grandeur, is brought to woo Induleka for his wife; but Induleka sees that his character is but that of an unscrupulous and weak-minded person; and, as she says, "In a matter like this, wealth has no more value in my eyes than the grass of the field and I am resolved to marry none but the man of my choice." The real nobility of her mind and constancy of character and the purity of her love comes out now when she has to take her stand almost alone, against her relations. It is very amusing to see how she treats the foolish Nambudripad. When the proposed match with him is told her, she treats the matter lightly, but makes herself perfectly understood that she will have none of this man. She shows a brave front, but when a real friend of hers sympathises with her, the overcharged burden of her heart breaks out in tears. She is like a veritable child then; and her delight at hearing good news from her lover

is that of a child, yet with the fulness of a woman's love. When the Nambudripad comes in all his "golden" grandeur, she does not run like the rest to look at him. She sits quietly sewing in her budoir, and she is not afraid to tell the Nambudripad so when he questions her about it. She hates the Nambudripad in her heart, she cannot help laughing at him; yet she is perfectly courteous to him and often tries to put him at his ease. In this connection, it may be noticed how chary Induleka is in showing off her accomplishments. Though she knows Sanskrit well, she makes the Nambudripad think she does not know it; yet when she is asked to play the piano, she at once complies, not because she wishes to show off her musical powers, but because she has no false modesty in her. And with the same absence of false modesty, unhesitatingly and conscious that she is quite right, she at last tells the Nambudripad that she will not marry him.

Here, Induleka may be found fault with for standing up so firmly for her own rights. If so, what else would she be expected to do? Marry the Nambudripad? Then she would have been a hypocrite; and she would not have kept her marriage vows, for she could not help feeling contempt for such a man, who was far below her. Female education may be objected to, because the educated woman will not allow herself, like Kalliani Kutti, "to be seized and given away just as if she had been a kitten about the house." But is she not perfectly right in this? If the only result of female education were this, certainly we wish every woman was educated, if only to save herself from falling into the hands of every weak-minded man who thinks he is doing a condescension to the woman in asking her to be his wife. The Nambudripad and his friends rail at Induleka's education as being unfit for a woman; but it is this very education which attracts him in spite of himself. Absolutely selfish though he is, he would yet give everything to call Induleka his wife. If then the educated woman can raise a man like the Nambudripad to such a height of comparatively pure love, what would not our India be, if every woman in her were educated, only a little, if not in every way?

But we are digressing. In revenge at being refused, the Nambudripad who has married Induleka's cousin, Kalliani Kutti, gives it out that he has married Induleka. This reaches the ears of Madhavan; and in despair he determines on travelling over the world, without letting any one know where he is. When Induleka hears this, her heart is nearly broken. She is literally prostrated by grief. With all her firmness of character, with all her constancy, she is a true woman. She is just like Portia, the wife of

Brutus, the woman with the firm intellect of a man, yet the yielding tenderness of a woman. Her heart can be strong only when she is sure of Madhavan's love. When she is deprived of this, she feels as if her very anchor is lost. No need for her to be firm now, and so she falls ill with grief. Here happens a touching incident. One day Induleka wakes from a feverish sleep crying out that her husband has been murdered. She is told that she called Madhavan her husband, though not married to him. But the sweet frankness of her nature is not ashamed at this mistake: "Is he not the man," she asks, "on whom my heart is fixed as if he were already my husband? Have I not already determined that I will marry none but him? It makes me glad beyond anything to think that I called him husband, and that all should know I did." And this, when she knows Madhavan has distrusted her. No thought of revenging herself on him by discarding him. She forgives him, because she knows he had made a mistake; and not only does she forgive him, but she loves him the more. Surely the man who is the object of such large-hearted love might well be proud. And proud Madhavan is and unmeasurably happy when he and his love again meet together and know that nothing can part them now. And so they are married, and we may wish them every happiness for they are perfectly suited to each other.

Is not education worth giving a woman, when it prepares women like Induleka? In addition to making her a perfect wife, able to give every happiness in her power to her husband, let us notice what happiness it gives to her herself. Her mind is enlarged and she can fill up her leisure moments by reading from the valuable stores of English and Sanskrit literature. When she is sorry or depressed, she employs herself in study; she does not fritter away her moments in talking useless gossip or scandal. And not only this—she learns cleanly habits, her room is ever neat and the perfect courtesy of her manner is but the result of true education. And so, in every way, she is fitted to become "A crown to her husband." And not only this—in these days when we talk so glibly of social intercourse between Europeans and Indian Ladies, it is such women as Induleka alone who can promote such intercourse. It is such women alone who can show the world that India's women can compare favourably with the women of more enlightened countries, that, though their talents may lie latent and uncultivated, they are such as, if only cultivated, would make them shine with resplendent light in this age of light.



Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese."



THE so-called Portuguese sonnets of Mrs. Browning are too well known to require much comment. They are the deathless revelation of the writer's soul; and what charms us most in them is her intense, almost sacred, personality, the expression of her own pure unspotted soul, the loving heart of a true woman. Her influence has been very great in contemporary poetry, and it is not too great a tribute to her to include her among the greatest English poets; indeed we might say she is the greatest poetess that ever existed, on the ground that the highest mission of a woman-poet is the expression of love, and that Mrs. Browning's Portuguese sonnets form together the most exquisite love-poetry hitherto written by a woman. In these poems, we do not meet with impetuosity, haste or carelessness—some of the faults that at times spoil her other work. All is pure poetry, brimming over with grace, tenderness, vigor, earnestness and beauties of language.

Mrs. Browning's sonnets are the expression of the new life that was opened out before her by her lover and husband, Robert Browning. In one respect,—in that they seem to flow from a higher and purer source,—the Portuguese sonnets are even better than the sonnets of Shakespeare. The latter, which were the impetuous expression of his youth, are purely objective; while the Portuguese sonnets are wholly subjective, the outpourings of a woman's tenderest emotions: "A passionate tenderness," says a critic, "finds a voice in these. Nay, so passionate and so tender are they, that one-half shrinks from the perusal of them, and reads them with some such feelings as one opens the love-letters of those long dead, and can scarcely reconcile oneself to an intrusion into the innermost secrets of another human heart." Yet a perusal of them, inasmuch as they are the pure expression of the true love of a noble woman, will be of inestimable benefit to us.

In her beautiful sonnet, "The soul's expression," she is afraid she cannot express herself properly:

"With stammering lips and insufficient sound,
I strive and struggle to deliver right
That music of my nature, day and night
With dream and thought and feeling inter-
wound,
And only answering all the senses round
With octaves of a mystic depth and height
Which step out grandly to the infinite
From the dark edges of the sensual ground."

She is full of surprise at the happiness which has come to her:

"I saw in gradual vision through my tears,
The sweet sad years, the melancholy years,
Those of my own life, who by turns had hung
A shadow across me. Straightway I was 'ware,
So weeping, how a mystic shape did move
Behind me and drew me backward by the hair;
And a voice said in mastery, while I strove,
Guess now who holds thee?—"Death," I
said. But there
The silver answer rang,—'not Death, but
Love.'"

"Not Death, but Love,"—this is the thought which runs through her sonnets, in spite of doubts of her own unworthiness, which she often has; for in the tremor of her love she often undervalued herself. With what sorrow does she compare herself to him, he:

"A guest for Queens to social pageantries,
With gages from a hundred brighter eyes
Than tears even can make mine, to play thy
part
Of chief musician;"

she, from whose life

"The frequent tears have run
The colours, and left so dead
And pale a stuff, it were not fitly done
To give the same as pillow to thy head."

Even so, true love is always humble; the woman, who truly loves, delights in praising the person she loves, for to her he is the best, the wisest, the fairest on earth. "Charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up. Charity thinketh no evil, but believeth all things." However poor the object of love may be, love's eyes, which are blind to faults, will see beauties in that object, and, holding by those beauties, will reverence it. And such love must be right, for true love is noble, and a noble heart always finds its equal. "The happiness and perfection of both depends on each asking and receiving from the other what the other only can give," says Ruskin; and, as Carlyle expresses, true love is perfect understanding. And because Mrs. Browning believes herself unworthy of her lover, she bids him go. Real love is measured by sacrifice and great indeed must have been her love. Yet henceforth, whatever happens, whether they are separated or not, the two hearts will be ever near. She has found the counterpart to herself; the heart she can rest in as a perfect refuge:

"Yet I feel that I shall stand
Henceforward in thy shadow never more
Alone upon the threshold of my door
Of individual life, I shall command
The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand
Serenely in the sunshine as before,
Without the sense of that which I forbore—
Thy touch upon the palm."

and she feels she must be worthy of his love, for the lover's heart must be a true one, and when he

says that she is all the world to him, he must performe be right. And how great is her gratitude for this:

"What can I give thee back, oh liberal
And princely giver, who hast brought the gold
And purple of thine heart, unstained, untold,
And laid them on the outside of the wall
For such as I to take or leave withal,
In unexpected largesse."

Once more and again come doubts whether she is worthy of such happiness. She often beseeches him to forgive her for her sad and tearful mein. But she stifles the doubts at once in the consolation that, however the world might look on her, she is enshrined in her hero's heart for ever as perfect, or, if not perfect, more beloved for her weakness.

"But I look on thee—on thee—
Beholding, besides love, the end of love,
Hearing oblivion beyond memory;
As one who sits and gazes from above,
Over the rivers to the bitter sea."

"If thou invite me forth,
I rise above abasement at the word,
Make thy love larger to enlarge my worth."

And thus, again and again repeating to herself this assurance, she now revels in her happiness. Henceforth, she will only seek to make herself worthy of him,

"Her poet, who canst touch on all the notes
God set between His After and Before,
And strike up and strike off the general roar
Of the rushing worlds a melody that floats
In a serene air purely."

She is only worthy to wait on him. How would he have her be?

"A hope, to sing by gladly, or a fine
Sad memory, with thy songs to interfuse?
A shade, in which to sing—of palm or pine?
A grave, on which to rest from singing?
Choose."

How great has been the change since he came into her life? She cannot believe it:

"When I think
That thou wast in the world a year ago,
What time I sat alone here in the snow
And saw no footprint, heard the silence sink
No moment at thy voice, but, link by link,
Went counting all my chains as if that so
They never could fall off at any blow
Struck by thy possible hand—why, thus I
drink
Of life's great cup of wonder!"

Her sufferings had been so great that she had even welcomed death; but now she can give up this welcome refuge for him.

"The face of all the world is changed, I think,
Since first I heard the footsteps of thy soul
Move still, oh, still, beside me, as they stole
Betwixt me and the dreadful outer brink
Of obvious death, where I, who thought to sink,
Was caught up into love, and taught the whole
Of life in a new rhythm."

She had had visions for company instead of men and women; she had not found a truly sympathetic heart: and yet, she must have been unconsciously waiting for her lover, for now her visions find their fulfilment in him. He is their culmination. She has found out now that love alone, however weak or unworthy the object in which it lodges, is enough.

"Love, mere love, is beautiful indeed
And worthy of acceptance. There's nothing
low
In love, when love the lowest: meanest crea-
tures
Who love God, God accepts while loving so."

For, love, like the ray of sunlight which glorifies everything it touches, ennoble its possessor:

"And yet, because I love thee, I obtain
From that same love, this vindicating grace,
To live on still in love."

Yet this very triumph is full of humility, for it is not due to her, but to him.

"And thus, I cannot speak
Of love even, as a good thing of my own,
That I love (O soul be weak,
Is by thee only."

And what kind of love is it? It is very unselfish; it is full of solicitude for the loved one; she wishes to exercise "voiceless fortitude,"

"Lest one touch of this heart convey its grief."

Its ideal is very high. She wishes him to love her for love's sake alone.

"Love is not love,
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove,"

says Shakespeare; and Mrs. Browning echoes these sentiments in the following beautiful sonnet:

"If thou must love me, let it be for nought
Except for love's sake only. Do not say
I love her for her smile—her look—her way
Of speaking gently,—for a trick of thought
That falls in well with mine, and certes brought
A sense of pleasant ease on such a day,—
For these things in themselves, Beloved, may
Be changed, or change for thee, and love, so
wrought,
May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry,—
A creature might forget to weep, who bore
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby!
But love me for love's sake, that evermore
Thou mayst love on, through love's eternity."

Her love is unstained, virgin; this is the first tribute of her heart, and because it is the love of one who has experienced the sorrows of life, it is a strong love. How pathetically she speaks about the kiss her mother left on her hair, the mother who died when she was only four years old.

Even death, she says cannot part them. It is so deep that even earth would be consecrated by it. It is a silent love for it is too deep to be express-

ed; and the silence speaks of perfect communion, so perfect that she would not have the silence broken even by angels' songs.

"When our two souls stand up erect and strong,
Face to face, silent, drawing nigh and nigher,
Until the lengthening wings break into fire
At either curved point—
In mounting higher,
The angels would press on us and aspire
To drop some golden orb of perfect song
Into our deep, dear silence."

"Nay let the silence of my womanhood
Comment my woman-love to thy belief,"—

She is full of surprise at the power of this love; she trembles before it. How can her life be so precious that her death would be agony to her lover? The world can do them no harm.

"Let the world's sharpness, like a clasp knife,
Shut in upon itself and do no harm
In this close hand of Love, now soft and warm,
And let us hear no sound of human strife
After the nick of the shutting."

Only God can part them; for even the most perfect love must submit to Him.

How she muses over his letters in the sonnet in which she describes the gradual disclosure of his love for her. Her sweet humility, her surprise at the happiness which has dawned on her, is so pathetic. She is absorbed in him:

"My thoughts do twine and bud
About thee, as wild vines about a tree."

His is a love which can compensate her for the loss of all else, for she would give up everything to him. Why does she love him? For love's sake and

"Because thou hast the power and own'st the
grace
To look through and behind this mask of me
And behold my soul's true face;
Because thou hast the faith and love to see
The patient angel waiting for a place
In the new heavens; because nothing repels
thee."

And how does she love him? Her sweet humility and perfect trust of her husband is one of the charms of these sonnets; but there is also the charm of the triumphant expression of her love:

"How do I love thee? Let me count the ways,
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death."

Finally she gives up everything to him. In him is her being, her life. Without him she cannot live:

"We in our wedded life shall know no loss.
We shall new-date our years! what went before
Will be the time of promise, shadow, dream;—
But this, full revelation of great love;
For rivers blent take in a broader heaven,
And we shall blend our souls."

"Love is blind."

[A STORY.]

[FROM AN INDIAN LADY.]



THE old Sastri was very proud of his son; in his dry harsh way he was devoted to the boy, partly perhaps because he was delicate, partly because he was an only son among many daughters. As a baby he occasionally fondled him, which he had never done with any of the girls. As the child grew up, the father's heart expanded with love, and without saying a word to anybody he set his heart upon seeing the child a man, who—this became the ruling passion of his life—would go to England and come back a distinguished scholar. The boy was peevish; the Sastri said it was spirit. The boy was selfish to his sisters; the Sastri said it was the fault of the girls. The boy was disobedient; the Sastri made excuses for him. He was lazy at school; the Sastri blamed the masters.

The Sastri was a tall, thin man, with a delicate emaciated face; a stern, harsh man, whom one would never have suspected of possessing such depths of tenderness; as he now manifested towards his only son. He was a great scholar in Sanskrit and a Pundit in one of the colleges; and, when he took it into his head to recite Sanskrit *slokas*, as he often did—as the grand rolling lines came out of his mouth, one after another, regular, sonorous,—it was magnificent. The Sastri was a very orthodox man, he never liked anything English; in fact his great weakness was an eternal distrust of the English Government. He did not care to study English, though he could speak it a little. He thought English literature was far inferior to Sanskrit

literature; if any one compared Shakespeare with Kalidasa in his presence, he would fly into a rage. "Shakespeare, Sir, Shakespeare!" he would say, "equal to Kalidasa, the Prince of poets? Nonsense!" And when it came to English music—his dislike for it was such that he would walk out of the room, closing his ears. How came it then that he wished to send his son to England? I do not know the reason; but I do know that this became the ruling ambition of his life.

The Sastri was a poor man. He had four daughters, he had to see to their marriages. Yet by pinching himself and his wife, he managed to send his son to the best College he could think of. It was a long time before the boy could pass his Matriculation and F.A.; a longer time still before he got his B.A.; but the Sastri was proud of him through all. And in due time, the son went to England.

The English steamer had just come in and a boat had landed some of her passengers on the pier. Among them, was a short, thick-set man, very dark in complexion, very foppishly dressed, with an eye-glass stuck jauntily in one eye. He was helping an English girl to come up the ladder. Arrived on the pier, he looked after the luggage of his companion and her father. The girl presently held out her hand to wish him good-bye, when—O horror!—a tall thin man, dressed in the orthodox Hindu fashion, rushed forward and clasped the young man's hand with the cry, "O my son, my son, have you come back!" The young man put up his glass and stared insolently at the intruder. He knew him, knew it was the old father, who had sent him at great sacrifice to England. But he saw his English friends staring at him, wondering who this strange individual could be; and—to his eternal shame—he turned away.

The Sastri stood by astonished, dismayed. What was his son thinking of? Ah! he had it, he, the old man must have changed very much and could not be recognised. "Don't you know me, my son?" he asked again gently. "Yes, father," was the sulky answer; "But why did you trouble to come here?" "Ah! what an unselfish boy! he does not wish to give me

trouble," thought the Sastri. Presently the luggage was got together and they went to the carriages. The young man got into a coach standing near and gave the order to go to a hotel. But the Sastri interrupted. "Are you not coming home son, I have got a *bandy* for you?" pointing to a one-bullock *jutka*. The young man drew back in horror and jumped into his coach: "I will come afterwards, father; good-bye."

The Sastri stood alone, disappointed, a little heart-sick, but still making excuses for his son; and when he went home and found his gentle submissive wife waiting for him, how he praised him! "Such a grand man, so distinguished looking, and talking to Europeans!" It was the same after the son had paid them the promised visit. The old couple were however vaguely disappointed. He was so grand and patronising, it was difficult to approach him; but of course it was his education. Afterwards, the mother asked the Sastri, "Will he always wear the English dress?" "Of course," answered the Sastri bravely, though with a pang at his heart, "That is the best for him. After all, English habits are so nice." Poor man!

The Sastri's son was a doctor and soon he went away to a larger town to practise. The letters which he wrote to his father were few and dry; but his father showed them with pride to his friends. And one day, he was astonished by his son's sudden appearance at his house. The young man came dressed in the Hindu costume; his manner was very affectionate and conciliating. "Vishnu, Vishnu! I thank thee," said the father, who had till now stifled his yearning "my son has come back to me!" Presently, the son came out with a request for money, which he said he urgently wanted. The Sastri's money had all been drained by his boy's education, but he went to a friendly Sowcar and borrowed a hundred rupees. And the son went back satisfied.

Not many months afterwards, the Sowcar who was demanding a usurious interest, began to trouble the Sastri to pay up his debt. The Sastri was in despair. "But my son will help me" he thought; and borrowing a little more money for the train-fare he went to see him. The Sastri's son was talking to a European gentleman, a

superior in the hospital in which he was working; and when his servant announced, "Sastri Veda-nanda," he muttered to himself, "The deuce, he has come to bother me." "Tell him to wait," he cried, but the Sastri was already in the room and had come close to him with tears in his eyes. "Who is this?" asked the European gentleman. "Oh, some old fellow," was the answer, "Go and wait outside."

The Sastri's heart was weeping tears of agony. Without waiting to see his son, he went back home and wept bitter tears. "It is best for me to die," he thought; but then there was his old wife and their remaining unmarried daughter. Presently a little comfort stole into his heart; the old faith came back. "The boy was worried," he thought, "He did not know what he was saying. It was not right of me to trouble him."

Two years have passed. The Sastri is very poor, very much in debt to the Sowcar, very much the latter's slave. His son has not come to see him since the last interview mentioned, and the Sastri forbears to trouble him. But one day a telegram came: "Your son is very ill with cholera. Come at once." The Sastri went in pitiable haste, only to see his beloved boy dying and speechless. He forgot all his wrongs and mindless of his own caste tended him along with the pariah servants. And when the boy died, it was on his father's breast, in his father's arms, and the Sastri with a great effort kept his eyes dry, so that he may not trouble the dying man.

Two more years have passed. The Sastri is alone now. His wife is dead; his daughters are all married. He is a proud man and does not like them to support him. He is still working, he still feebly drags his existence along; he is a perfect slave to the Sowcar. But he does not mind these troubles, for, with the death of his son, his heart had been broken. He has one wish left, to raise some sort of memorial to his son. And with this purpose he one day visits the hospital at which his son had been working. He goes to the senior doctor with his request; when the great man understands who his petitioner is, he bursts out in rage:

"Your son! a memorial to your son! a great man indeed; a great rascal, rather! Why, sir, do

you know he robbed this hospital, he deceived his kind patrons. And a memorial to him indeed. He——;" but the Sastri had stolen out of the room.

With head drooping, with no spirit or will left, the broken-hearted man went home. Unpleasant remembrances kept forcing themselves through his mind. This was the reason his son had come for money, this was why he was so affectionate, so—"Nonsense," muttered the old man, "what a wicked father I am! To have such thoughts of my boy!"

That night, when it was dark, the Sastri went to the river and gently stepped into it, said a few words of prayer, and let himself go with the strong current, for the river was in flood. He rose, he sank again, the river hurried him away to death. The last thought of the old man was for his son: "After all it was my fault. I should not have left him alone these two years. It was my pride. And I am sure he did not mean to do it. It was a mistake." There was a rush of water above him and his gentle spirit had gone.

Mrs. Besant on Indian Womanhood.

[BY THE EDITOR.]



AMONG the four lectures on "Ancient Ideals in Modern Life," delivered by Mrs. Besant, at the Twenty-fifth anniversary meeting of the Theosophical Society at Benares, is a very interesting one on Indian Womanhood. Her remarks on this important subject are most interest-

ing and useful. Her opinion of the ancient type of Indian womanhood is very high—a little too highly coloured some may think, but in the main true. She says:

"It has been said that the position of woman in any civilisation shows the stage of evolution at which that civilisation has arrived: and if that maxim be taken as accurate, then there can be no kind of doubt as to the height of civilisation attained in ancient India, when we contemplate the position which was held there by women, and study the types that then were found in the land. You may search the history of the world, you may turn over the pages of the world's literature; nowhere will you find stronger, sweeter and more beautiful types of womanhood

than you find in the ancient literature of India. It seems as if every ideal virtue, as if every possible grace, had been gathered together, had been welded into human forms, and then those forms set in high to attract the admiration of the world. The names of some of those great women are 'familiar as household words' both in the East and in the West. Western writers, western thinkers, western philosophers, have not been slow to recognise their ideal beauty, and to point to them as showing out the perfection of womanhood, as giving to the world types which have never been excelled."

The study of ancient ideals, when these are high, is always very edifying; and the reason why Mrs. Besant lays such stress on the beauty of the types of ancient Indian womanhood is, to use her own words:—

"In order to give reason and inspiration why modern India should change her views in some very definite respects. Only as we realise the greatness of the past, only as we contrast it with the poverty of the present, can we see clearly the road along which we should direct our steps, if we desire to bring back in modern days the glory of those ancient times. For, in regard to these important questions of the day, there is a party that desires to change everything, and a party that desires to change nothing, and between these two impractical schools, the future destiny of India is swinging to-day. How shall we know what reforms to choose and what to reject, unless we are familiar with the ancient ideals, unless we are able, by studying them, to recognise the goal to which our steps are to be directed? Only as these inspire us, can changes be wisely chosen, and steadily carried out."

Mrs. Besant then goes on to show how the ancient Hindu theory as regards the nature of womanhood supports the great division of sexes that we find in humanity and nature, any attempt to cross which means a hindrance to the onward progress of man and woman. In ancient Hindu literature we find that, when generating humanity the Creator divided himself into two halves, one male and the other female. Among some very instructive remarks on this mythical idea, Mrs. Besant says:

"This division of the Divine into two, marks, as it were, the very basis of our theory. Both sexes are equally Divine, each is one-half of God; both sexes have their part to play in human evolution. This distinction goes through all the kingdoms of nature. These two are inseparable, indivisible: the dual manifestation of one life, one Being."

Mrs. Besant then proceeds to point out how, in the ancient ideal of Hindu marriage, the same thought is brought out. "Husband and wife are not thought of as two, but they are thought of as one. They are but two halves constituting an entire, a single whole. There is no idea of possi-

ble rivalry." The law laid down by Manu points to the same, when he says, for example, "where women are honoured, there the gods rejoice; but where they are not honoured, there all rites are fruitless." Corresponding to this theory of perfect marriage, Mrs. Besant is of opinion that in practice also the ideal portrayed above was realized:—"We find most perfect, most unbounded love, the deepest reverence, as parts of the character of the ideal wife; a fidelity that knows no possibility of change, a courage that can hold to the one against every opposing circumstance, a love that does not falter even under the uttermost strain, a strength that never wavers, no matter how great the difficulty, how sore the trial. So on the side of the husband, we find unfailing tenderness, continual protection, power and will to guide, unfaltering love; so that in this union all the noblest relations of humanity are gathered up." But what is the meaning of this corresponding division? "The woman typifies, in the perfect human being, the side of emotion, just as the man typifies the type of intellect. Both are equally necessary, both form parts of the perfect whole. When the two are united, when the intellect gives the directing force, and the emotion gives the impulsive force, then only can humanity fulfil its function in the world. Anything that destroys that unity, anything that tends to draw them apart, is fatal to the progress of the race."

"This theory," therefore says Mrs. Besant, "is one which has to be grasped." And what is the kind of education for women which Mrs. Besant advocates? One which will draw out their special capacity of emotion, their capacity for feeling. But, while this is done, we must take care not to neglect the other side of her nature, the intellectual side, which though subordinate is still important. "Just as in man you have to prevent him from becoming hard and selfish, by training and developing his emotional and moral nature, so in woman it is also necessary to train and develop this side of intelligence, else she will be unregulated, unbalanced. The exaggerated development of the specific side of either, and the non-development of the secondary side, makes a perfect union of lives impossible. They are far too apart, have too little common ground."

As giving additional significance—as it certainly does—to this advice that the intellectual side of women's nature should not be neglected, Mrs. Besant points out how, in ancient India, there existed a class of women, called Brahnavadinis or teachers of the Veda, who did not enter into the marriage relation. Their position was a distinct one; they were as learned as the men could be and they had the same privileges as such men had. They wore the sacred thread,

were allowed to kindle the sacrificial fire and teach the Vedas. There were women ascetics as well. These women were a class apart from those who entered into domestic relations. But—and this is a point worth noting—among these also, education was commonly given. They also enjoyed a large amount of liberty and took part in public ceremonies. Some even wrote a few hymns in the Rig Veda. They were able to give counsel and advice to their husbands and take part in the discussions; and what was more their words were eagerly listened to, as for instance, in the case of Kausalya, the mother of Rama, Sita, Droupadi, Gandhari, the mother of Duryodhana, and other great women. Thus, as Mrs. Besant points out, we clearly see that women enjoyed "a wide and deep education and a dignified liberty." "While the marriage relation was close and indivisible, while the husband was regarded as the head, while there was that complete unity, which we find in India alone, a complete subordination of the wife to the husband, yet this did not prevent woman from exercising lofty functions, from playing her part in the family and in the world, and so in making up that perfect human judgment and action which only come where both sexes are joined together, and where the wisdom of each conduces to right judgment and to right activity."

But Mrs. Besant is not quite lost in pure admiration of the past, which we fear, she has idealised a little too much. She complains bitterly of the present state of things; and in this respect we see a noteworthy change in her views. For, some years ago, if we are not mistaken, Mrs. Besant was not for disturbing the existing condition of things. While admiring the ideal past, she was also for letting the present alone, but now she pleads most earnestly for reform: "Let not the conservative instinct of the ancient civilisation make you utterly close your eyes to the needs of the present, to the demands of the future." While finding much that is admirable in our Indian women she asks pertinently:—"What would not India be then, if these gracious women had all their possibilities drawn out?" "Once the woman's heart is touched," says Mrs. Besant, "she is a thousand times more devoted than men. She is willing to sacrifice herself as a man will never sacrifice himself. And, when that spirit of self-sacrifice, now instinctive, a part of her spiritual nature, is turned to the highest object, there is then a power for good that nothing else can give to the world. In the self-sacrifice and devotion of her women, it may be that India's redemption will find its real instrument."

But to achieve this end, some of the conditions under which women are growing up must

be changed. For at this time, at the very moment when such changes are needed, we find her growing narrower in mind. Some of the conditions, which keep her down, Mrs. Besant points out, have been imposed from without than evolved from within. Such a one is the Zenana system, which is chiefly a Mussulman custom. Mrs. Besant lays great stress on the fact that any attempt to enlarge the restrictive limits would be following, not the Western influence, but the old ancestral customs of the Hindus. Then there is the pernicious custom of early marriage, which is a tremendous obstacle in the way of female education. The greatest difficulty, Mrs. Besant points out, would arise from the women themselves who are sometimes far more conservative than men. The only way to overcome this obstacle would be to gradually enlarge their minds, "to educate, educate, educate, and so slowly and gradually evolve the intelligence of women, bringing them back to the high level which once they occupied."

But Mrs. Besant gives a caution about Indian women's education, and that is not to adopt a mere copy of the education given to Western women. She points out that in the West the reason for high female education is the need for self-support by the women themselves. But no such condition exists in India; and therefore there is no need for such an education. What is needed is "a system of education which shall make them ideal Indian women of ancient types, fitting them for the most part, for the life of wives and mothers."

Then Mrs. Besant suggests a course of instruction, very useful indeed and just what is needed in most cases. As, in our last number, Mrs. Besant herself wrote about it, we shall not say much about the matter. Finally, Mrs. Besant makes some very useful remarks on female education:

"There are two ways in which a woman may be treated—one the ancient way, one the modern way; one, I venture to say, a natural and so a wise way, the other an artificial and so a foolish way. The ancient and wise way was training, educating, raising the women, putting her more and more on a high level, and then giving her a reasonable and dignified liberty. The modern and foolish way is keeping her ignorant and undeveloped, childish and irrational, and then shutting her in within a narrow environment. There are few things more beautiful in life than the way in which the Indian son loves, reverences and obeys his mother. You all know the obedience that the Indian son shows to the mother, how he treats her practically as a goddess, whose words must not be challenged, whose lightest wish must be utterly and completely obeyed. If you would preserve that—and to lose it would be the saddest of losses, one

that India would scarcely survive—you must gradually raise the womanhood of India, so that the mother's words may be wise as well as loving, may be broad instead of narrow, may meet the conditions of the day instead of entirely ignoring them, may not make unreasonable demands, demands which are sometimes felt to be, unreasonable, even while the son yields himself to them from the instinct of love and obedience. Else the gulf between western-trained men and uneducated women will widen despite all love, despite all tenderness, despite all longing to remain together. You should keep in mind the capacities that they have, and evolve those to the utmost of your ability; so that in the future, as in the past, there may be great, heroic, strong, pure and devoted women in India; for sooner or later, weakness means degradation; sooner or later the lack of strength leads to lack of love and lack of fidelity."

We have purposely dwelt at length on Mrs. Besant's views, for our educated countrymen set much store by her views. They will not hear Moses and the Prophets, but they will listen to Mrs. Besant. Her unbounded praise of India's past, we fear, has done some harm; but now she sees that—to quote her own words—"dogged conservatism, fossilised orthodoxy which will not move men who will only stand fixed in their conceit where they are, while all around them is moving, men who will not consider the moving wheels of time—those men are as dangerous to India's religious future, as those who will utterly westernise her and so wipe her out from among the nations."

A Visit to the Cauvery Falls.

Hail noble Cauvery. Of thee I sing,
Thy rolling waters to the valleys bring
A welcome succour; with a liberal hand
Bestowing plenty on a burning land.

"Oh could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme."

DENHAM.

The Cauvery is one of the finest rivers in Southern India. Rising in the Western Ghats, near Chorg, it flows across to the East Coast, fertilizing the country through which it glides, and passing many interesting places on its course; the chief of these being Seringapatam, which is above the Falls and Trichinopoly, which is below them. At each of these three places there is an island with a temple sacred to Ranganadaswami; the one least frequented is probably that on the Island of Sivasamudram near the Cauvery Falls. For many years these Falls have been wasting

most of their sweetness on the desert air. Though well known as some of the finest cataracts in the world, they have been neglected as they lay off the beaten track of the tourist, and the journey to them was troublesome. This neglect is not likely to continue for long, now that the Electrical Works for lighting the Kolar Gold Fields are being built, and the transit to Cauvery has been much improved. Starting from Madras by the Mail train, our party reached Bangalore next morning, and after breakfast proceeded by the Southern Mahratta Railway to Moddur. Some of the views on the way were very uncommon. We passed curious masses of reddish brown and black igneous rocks which assumed many strange shapes, and looked as if they would make splendid strongholds for robbers. Probably in olden days, when Mysore was a famous battle ground, they served as such.

Arriving at Moddur Station about 2 p.m., we took tiffin, and started off in two tongas, followed by a jutka with our luggage, to drive 29 miles to the Falls along a straight and very fair road, which keeps undulating over small hills. The road is lined with trees, which were ornamented with red and white rings in honour of the Maharajah of Mysore's visit a few weeks previously. The scenery on the way varies but little. In the distance are ranges of the Mysore Hills, then come stretches of flat cultivated ground, enlivened by fields of bright yellow "Witch Elbow", from which the natives make oil for burning. Here and there stand barren hillocks, which look as if they had been formed by a collection of all the rocks and stones in the neighbourhood; these being composed of igneous rocks were probably caused by some internal upheaval of the earth. About every 7 miles we stopped to change horses, when our driver would wind his horn with more noise than music to attract the attention of the horsekeepers at the halting places. About 13 miles from Moddur we came to a large tank with a resting place by its side supported by carved stone pillars; a pretty group of girls stood near drawing water from the tank, and on the other side of the road were numbers of monkeys.

Formerly when travellers took 10 hours to go by bullock cart to Cauvery, they used to break the journey by sleeping at a bungalow not far from the tank; now such a rest is unnecessary, as the drive only takes 4 hours.

A few miles further on we passed through a little village which seemed to be chiefly populated by Mahomedans; we were surrounded by numerous children, some adorned with grand necklaces composed of coins. We tried to see what the coins were, but the little wearer was so frightened by our admiring glances that he fled precipitately. Another tiny fellow of about five, dressed in a gorgeous red velvet and gold embroidered

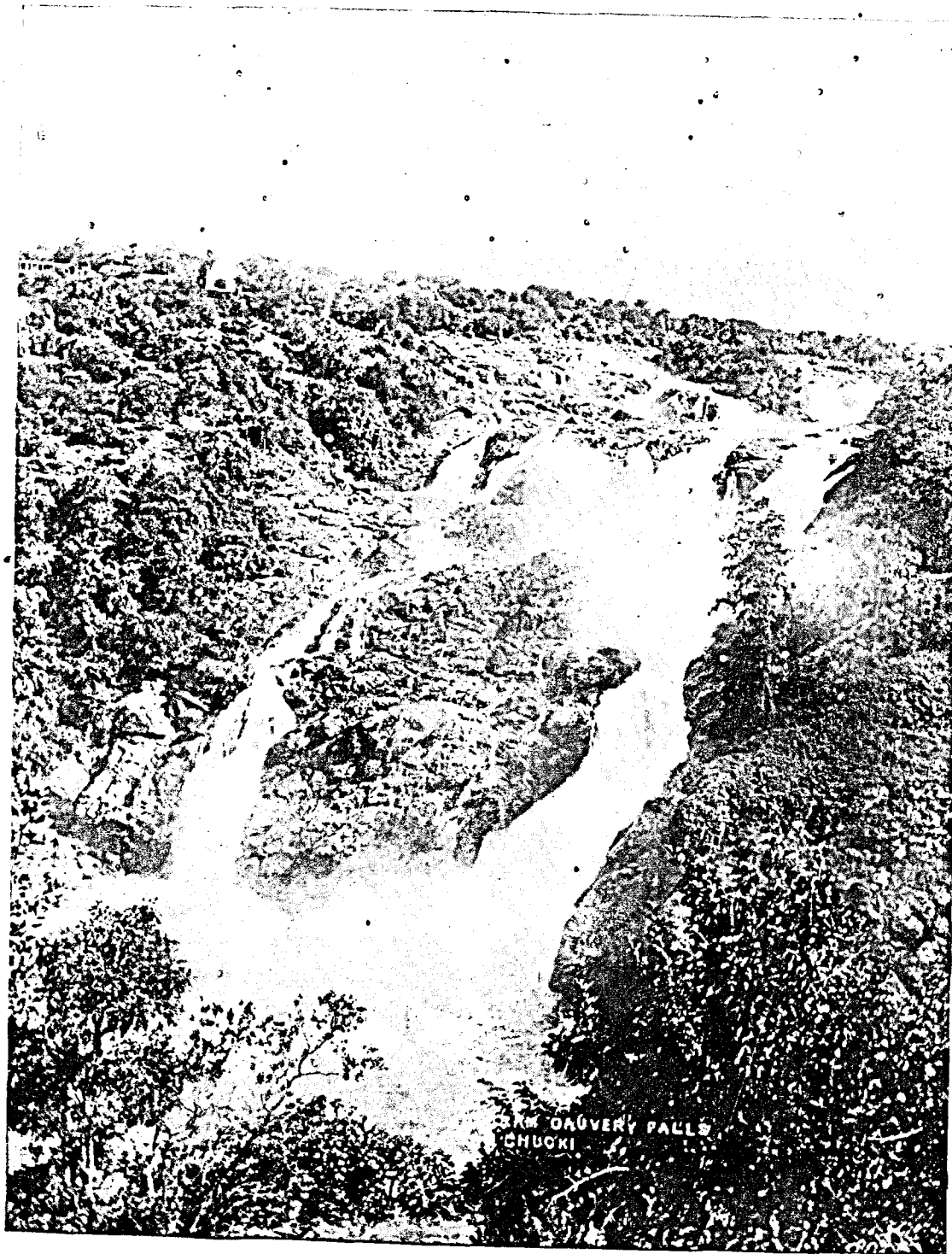
CAUVERY FALLS.

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GUNGAN CHUCKEE FALLS.

CAUVERY FALLS.



SIVASHUMUDRUM CAUVERY FALLS.

coat, sported a large watch and chain, which he displayed with much pride. All the children in the village pursued us in the hope of getting coins thrown to them as we drove away.

As we came nearer to the Falls we passed numbers of little low thatch huts; some seemed to be less than 5 feet at the highest part of the roof, the door-ways which were very low, serving also as windows and chimneys. These huts which are probably made of cocoanut or palmyra leaves, must be miserable hovels to live in. They are grouped together like a gipsy settlement, and look picturesque if uninviting; children, pig-dogs, and fowl play about these toy dwellings which seemed as if a gust of wind would carry them away. "Wudder" carts stand at the road side, reminding one of Punch's Prehistoric Peeps, where the cart wheels are made of solid blocks of wood, and the sides consist of forks of trees standing upright. These quaint rough carts, having no springs, can be drawn over almost any ground by bullocks.

Before reaching our destination we drove through a well stocked bazaar, where all sorts of grains were displayed in the stalls; the holders appeared to have a thriving business supplying all the "hands" at the Electrical Works. At a little distance from the bazaar we came to the European settlement which has sprung up since August 1900, and consists of well built bungalows and offices and the large Transformer House, which will be a landmark for a considerable distance.

The Inspection Bungalow where we stayed is well built and comfortably furnished with 2 large bed and bathrooms on either side of the sitting room, and verandahs to all the rooms. Being very tired, after our long journey, we retired to bed early to be ready to start at 7 a.m. next day. The morning broke rather cloudy, after pouring with rain during the night, but undismayed by a threatening sky we started out in a tonga and pony trap to visit the nearest Falls known as Gangan Chucki. A little summer house has been erected opposite the Falls, where visitors can obtain a good view without being exposed to the sun.

The first sight of the Falls quite takes one's breath away. Unconsciously the Psalmist's words occur to the mind, "Oh, God! how wonderful Thou art!" "What is man that Thou art mindful of him"? He spends hundreds of years in erecting temples full of grotesque figures and laborious carving, thinking thereby to praise God, instead of worshipping Him in all His mighty works; and yet, miserable atom though man is, compared with the rest of the Universe, the Great Creator has set man over the works of His hands. Such scenes cannot but humble and teach one many lessons of the pettiness and

insignificance of man in comparison with God and His wondrous works.

Words fail and even photographs can give but a poor idea of this magnificent waterfall. The Gangan Chucki Falls are divided in two by the Ettikoor Island, which though rocky, is well wooded except where it slopes abruptly to the water's edge; here it is covered with soft verdure, and half way down, "like stately pines set in a cataract in an island crag," a group of trees with the sun shining on their wet leaves, stand as sentinels guarding the two Falls. Near the bottom of the cliff a number of tiny springs trickle through the rock which must be porous, for these streams are in no way connected with the rest of the Falls, but have to force their way through underground. Looking up the river from the summer house the Fall on the right or west is divided into several branches all of which unite in one boiling mass at the foot of the rocks, sending up great clouds of spray which quite obscure the meeting of the waters.

A deep gorge has been cut by the river which hurls itself unresisted to the bottom. The next cascade is separated from the first by an almost perpendicular partition of rock, then comes another stretch of rock only partially covered by water, the whole seeming to form into three streams which unite in a rough circular basin with a narrow outlet leading to the foot of the second Fall. This spreads across a wide rocky channel down which the water descends in three huge uneven steps. In the background is a low hill with a fringe of trees bordering the river, which is again divided by a tiny wooded island sloping down the first step of the Fall; here the river bends slightly before descending a second step. On the third and largest step a great mass of rock forces most of the water to flow down the right hand side, a drop more than twice the height of the two previous steps, the total height of the Falls being between 250 and 300 ft. At the bottom of the last step the force of the water is so great that it rises again about 60 feet; the spray veils the whole Fall, making it difficult to get a good photograph, though it adds greatly to the beauty of the scene, with the sunshine turning the mist to lovely rainbow hues. Numbers of birds hover above probably catching small fish precipitated by the stream.

An ideal spot for a place of worship has been chosen by the Mahomedans on the steep wooded slope on the east bank of the river. Here at the head of the larger Fall, an ancient mosque, small but picturesque, marks the spot where Allah is worshipped by his faithful followers. Two or three sacred tombs indicate the resting places of departed saints; one is quite close to the water's edge, and looks as if it must be submerged in a flood. The setting of this waterfall

with its trees, rocks and picturesque mosque is singularly beautiful; there was such a fascination in watching the tumbling masses of yellow water, which look as if they must sweep one away, that, in spite of the deafening roar and wetting spray, we found it hard to tear ourselves away, to proceed to the next Fall, about 4 miles further on. Before reaching this we came to the dam and sluices where the water for the Electrical Works is taken from the river. At this point there is a quaint bridge about 100 years old, built on carved granite pillars, probably looted from Hindu temples. The pillars are all of different sizes and shapes, with blocks of stone piled on top to make them even, and pillars laid crosswise to form the road. It is a very uncommon looking bridge. There is another smaller one further down the river, both built by a native, Ramaswamy Mudaliar, who received as a reward from Government the title of Jaghirdar and a gift of land on both banks of the river, as well as the island of Sivasamudram. This divides the Cauvery into two large branches; that flowing North-west forms the Gangan Chucki Falls, while the South-eastern branch goes to the Burr Chucki Falls, and unites again below the Power House, where the North-western branch of the river turns at right angles to the East. The boundaries of Madras and Mysore meet in the middle of the larger bridge, the Eastern bank of the Cauvery being in the Madras Presidency, and the Western bank in the Province of Mysore. Several clearly printed stone pillars point out the roads, South to Collegal, West to Moddur, and East to Madras. Crossing the bridge brought us to the island of Sivasamudram, where a stone elephant seems to guard the entrance, and a little further on stands the Hindu temple of Ranganadaswami, with a quaint old carved car close by.

We were taken to see the Jaghirdar's house, which contains some ancient arms, books and curious old pictures, but the rooms were stuffy and hot, as the house is uninhabited; the present Jaghirdar, being a minor, is in Madras for his education. There is a small village on the island and another temple called Eesboora, surmounted by a large plaster bull, whose "nez retousse" seemed to express the most complaisant contempt of all his surroundings. Our next halting place was at the mosque which we had seen from the opposite side of the river; near it we got another good view of the Gangan Chucki Falls. The river swollen by the heavy rains of the previous night had evidently surprised a family of monkeys who had probably been passing the night on a rock in the middle of the waterfall, about nine of them were huddled together, and appeared very miserable at finding their retreat to land cut off by rushing waters.

Looking south there is an extremely pretty

view of the rapids above the Falls, where the river seems to flow through a gap with hills on either side. Just beside the Fall is the tomb of a Mahomedan saint, Madimulla Shah Kedri, said to have been buried 20 years ago. Beside the mosque itself are two other tombs, one called Cherak Ali Shah is only about 30 years old; the other, Mardanagarb Vasla Nasuk, which is much larger and said to be 900 years old, gives the name of Pier's or Fakir's tomb to this spot, which is visited by many pilgrims.

Leaving the mosque we drove about a mile further on to the Burr Chucki Falls. These, though only about 200 ft. high, are much finer than the Gangan Chucki Falls; the former are divided into seven separate falls forming an amphitheatre, or rough horse shoe. Standing opposite them, on one's right are four falls separated from each other by trees and rocks; the trees must be very hardy, for they grow on the precipitous sides of the rock, where there appears to be no soil to nourish their roots. The next two falls are the largest, and form rather an angle between them. They are a pretty contrast to each other; the right hand one which slopes a good deal, is very white, its upper half being almost entirely covered by water, and veiled by a thick spray; the lower part is divided up by large masses of rock, down the sides of which the water rushes with great force,

"And from the loud resounding rocks below,
Dashed in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower."

THOMPSON.

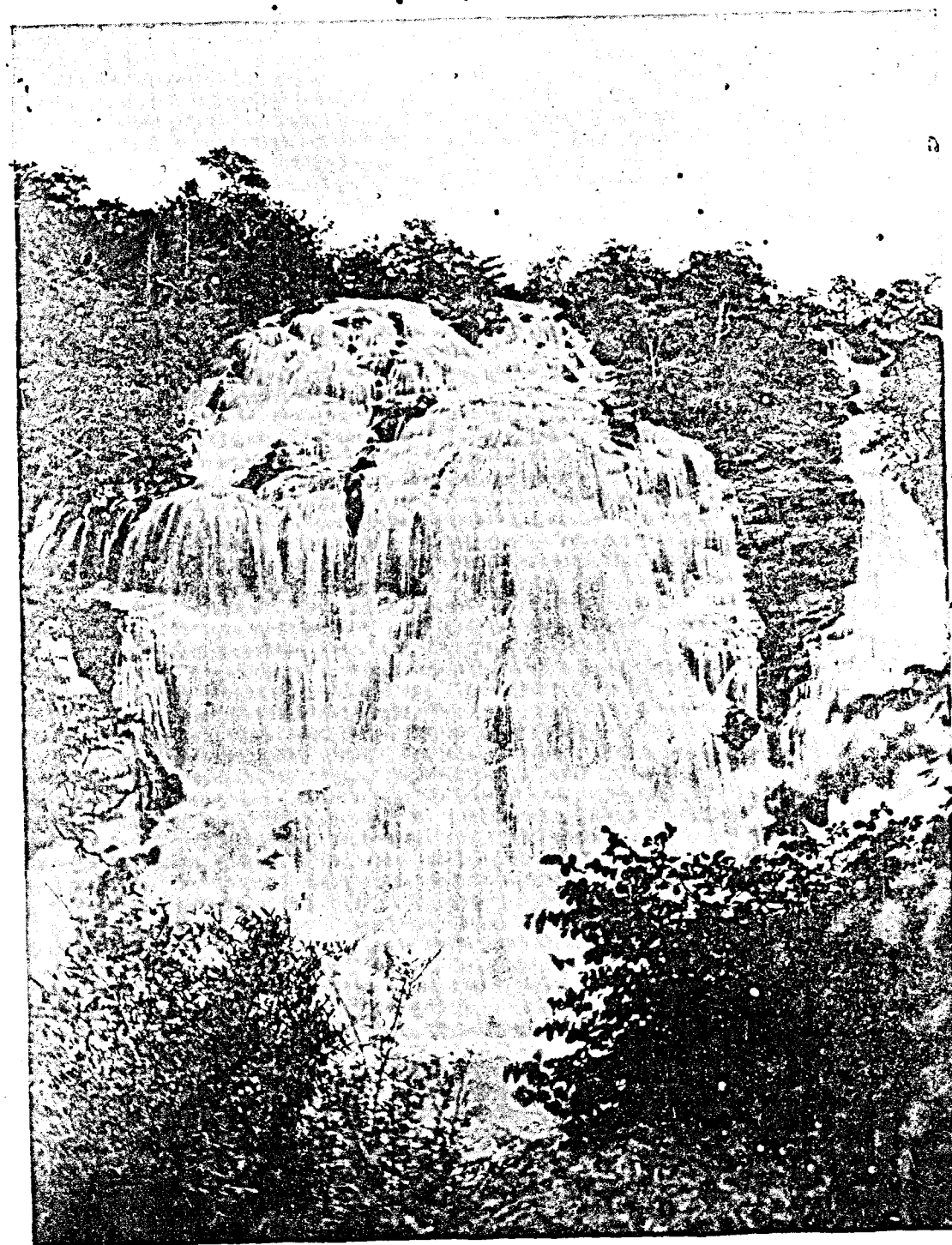
Compared with this fall the one on the left looks almost black, it is more precipitous, and very much broken at the top by trees and rocks.

A little to the left is another small waterfall by itself. A long steep flight of steps leads to the huge basin where all these cascades unite their waters, which descend with such force that they dash in waves across to the opposite bank. It is delightful to sit there listening to the lapping of the waves and the roar of the falls, and to gaze at that volume of water hurling itself fearlessly over the cliff, always changing, and yet ever the same; for hundreds of years it goes on flowing regardless of man's admiration, bringing happiness and plenty to the dwellers on the plains.

Looking at this wonderful work of the Almighty, the insignificance of man is borne in on us, and we realize how impossible it is for him with his finite mind to judge God's actions. At times one is inclined to question God's wisdom in giving man strong passions, which seem almost irresistible; we say if these are natural why should they be considered wrong? But in scenery such as this, we feel that what is best for man must be known to the God who made these magnificent cataracts, which ceaselessly sing His praises,

CAUVERY FALLS.

200-A



BURR CHUCKEE FALLS.

CAUVERY FALLS.



BURR CHUCKEE FALLS (Centre).

and whose waters fulfil His work in fertilizing the land through which they flow. Even this turbulent waterfall which looks as if it could sweep all before it, must submit to the laws of its Creator, and can be tamed by man. Whoever thought a hundred years ago of utilizing the power of waterfalls as is done in the present day? Perhaps it is the same with man. We do not yet know all the laws which govern our being; but one day we shall probably learn that "The fierceness of man shall turn to God's praise." Even now we know that the finest characters are not those whose passions are the weakest, but those who have subdued their passionate natures and brought them under the control of their wills.

Our visit to the Burr Chuckee Falls was not nearly so long as we could have wished, for our guides had to return to their work. In the afternoon we were shown over the Electrical Works which are in course of erection. All the electrical machinery, has been designed and made in America, and is being erected by American engineers; the hydraulic appliances were obtained from Switzerland. One great feature of these works, from a tourist's point of view, is that they in no way impair the picturesqueness of the Falls. The river is tapped at a considerable distance above the Falls; this makes no appreciable difference in the volume of water in flood time; in the dry season there are so few visitors that it does not signify if all the water is taken from the Falls to supply the works. The river is dammed above the Falls near the bridge, and the water let out by sluices into two channels 18 feet deep, the second being only for use when the first is being cleaned or repaired. These channels wind for $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles till they reach the Transformer House, where the river bank is about 400 feet high; down this the water is conveyed in three large pipes to the Power House beside the river, whose volume is here increased by the water from the channels, after it has expended its force in generating electricity. On entering the Power House each of the pipes divides into 2 smaller ones leading the water to 6 turbines, which work dynamos for generating electricity, this is then conducted by a cable to the Transformer House, from whence it is transmitted by wires 92 miles to Kolar. It is wonderful to think of more than 4,000 horse power travelling to Kolar and back 25 times a second, lighting the whole of the gold fields and working all the machinery there. The cost of this scheme is estimated at 58 lakhs, the wire alone amounting to £40,000. One curious thing about the wires is that they do not injure birds which alight on them; unless two birds sitting on different wires touch each other, when they would be instantly killed. The wires have been placed far apart on purpose to avoid such possibilities.

Near the Transformer House is a small tramway

consisting of two narrow gauge lines; one truck goes down the bank as the other comes up, the weight of the former being almost sufficient to pull up the latter. The trucks are connected by wires to a winding drum worked by men.

After climbing down to the river and inspecting the Power House, we were drawn 400 ft. up the almost perpendicular bank in this tramway, — a novel but not altogether pleasant sensation, especially when one thought what might happen should the wire give way! Close by there is another line, where the machinery is let down on rough trolleys worked by a crane. The stones for building are simply rolled over the bank, some of them being broken to small pieces by the time they reach the bottom of the hill. The Mysore Government has shown great enterprise in undertaking such a large work which gives employment to about 3,000 people. Considering that Cauvery, is 29 miles from the nearest railway station, and the distance from which all the machinery had to be brought, special conveyances had to be made to transport it from Moddur to Cauvery, and these took several elephants and 80 pairs of bullocks to drag them along.

Before leaving Cauvery next day we spent the morning at the Gangan Chuckee Falls. There is a legend that these are so called after a Rajah named Gangan, who, about 700 or 800 years ago, at the command of the Island divinity, leapt his horse down at this place, in order to cleanse himself from pollution which he had unwittingly received. An ancient Hindu city, called Gangan Para, is also said to have existed near this spot. Perhaps it was abandoned on account of the Mysore fever which attacks almost every one who stays here long; no matter whether they believe in the old fashioned idea that fever is caused by decaying vegetation, or hold the new theory which lays all the blame on the hungry mosquito! It brings home to one the fact that nothing on this earth is perfect; even the Cauvery Falls, which seems as if they could never weary one, are not safe to stay by long!

From the Gangan Chuckee Falls to the Power House the river runs very peacefully between steep wooded banks, which formerly swarmed with tigers, hogs, elk, and other large game. One can hardly believe that it is the same stream which a few minutes before was rushing impetuously down the rocks, which now

Gains a safer bed, and steals at last,
Along the mazes of the quiet vale."

THOMPSON.

Our trip to Cauvery was all too short. With many regrets we said farewell to the beautiful Falls, and proceeded back to Moddur, carrying with us many thoughts and memories of those lovely pictures, while the music of the rushing waters still sounded in our ears.

Some scenes are grand but stern, others are picturesque without being impressive; the Cauvery Falls combine all these and many more charms. They have beauty of form and colouring, movement and life, sight and sound, and callous must that person be who is not impressed with reverence by their awe-inspiring grandeur.

"IERNE."

A Glimpse at the Methods of American Kindergartens.

BY MRS. BENTON-SMITH.



WHAT do we expect little children to do? Work? Hardly. We expect them to play. It is what all young things do, little animals, as well as little children. And so, quite a long time ago, in a foreign country, a man worked out a system of education for children, which really consisted of regulated and constructive play. As some one has said, "Froebel saw in the child's play the thought of God for him as to the means of development suited to this stage of his growth." And in the kindergarten the children play that they are birds, butterflies and flowers in the games. They play that they are soldiers when marching, and in working with the gifts and occupations it can still continue to be play. They can play that they are working. But do the children learn anything with all this play? Let us see.

I expect the theory of the American kindergarten is the same as that of other lands. Perhaps different methods have been used, and ideas worked out in other ways, but a kindergarten should always be a "garden of children,"—a garden of little human plants which need training and care. As we all know the main principles underlying kindergarten work, perhaps what will be most interesting are some of the ways and methods of working.

In the city where I taught at home, the kindergartens were connected with the public schools. We were not allowed to admit children under four years of age on account of lack of room. I had an assistant, a pleasant room and a piano, an almost indispensable article of furniture in a kindergarten. At first a morning session only was held, afterward the older children came back in the afternoon for primary work, and were thus started, before being promoted to the primary rooms. The kindergarten was furnished with chairs and tables and work-

ing materials. It was left for the kindergartner herself to expend as much time and strength as she wished in making it attractive with pictures and plants.

The morning circle usually opens the kindergarten day, when the children are gathered together in their chairs for the prayer, songs and, perhaps, a story. This morning circle gives opportunity for all kinds of lessons in morals and manners as well as in music. Of course the children come from homes of different religious beliefs, but they could all be taught the love of God as seen in the birds and flowers, the sun and the rain. By singing together the timid ones can learn to be less afraid, the loud voices be taught to be sweet. Or, perhaps, some child may learn self-reliance by trying a song alone.

Any special fault in a child may be helped by a story, telling of some imaginary child who was troubled in the same way, and what he did and how he conquered himself, or what happened because of it.

This circle is also a place to teach the children poems in connection with the season or any special holiday time, as Christmas or Easter.

After the circle come the games and marching. Perhaps the two children who stood very straight or who had been very quiet may be chosen as captains for the marching. The little boys may be invited to ask the little girls to be their partners, and to make them very polite bows when asking, thus giving them a little lesson in politeness. And then the procession moves off with the piano for the band.

Next come the kindergarten games, each of which should teach the children something about the things they are representing and imitating. It may be a game about the birds, a song which the children act out, or about the carpenter and the tools which he uses; the blacksmith; how the little worm spins his cocoon and goes to sleep, and by and by comes out a butterfly. The following song illustrates my meaning:—

"The little worm is on the ground,
It creeps and creeps and creeps around.
It's spinning now its little nest,
That it may find a place to rest.
Dear little worm we'll say good-by
Till you come out a butterfly."

The child who represents the worm rolls himself up in a shawl on the floor and goes to sleep. By and by the worm stirs in the cocoon and the butterfly comes out. And the song goes on—

"Oh there it is, oh see it fly
A lovely, lovely butterfly.
It spreads its wings, so dazzling bright
And seeks the joyous air and light.
'Tis sipping honey from the flowers
This little butterfly of ours."

And the butterfly takes the honey from the childish flowers all about it. Perhaps you all know this game, but it shows so well the lessons the children can get from a game. In connection with the play, the children should be told about the worms and butterflies and their habits. They will bring worms into the school-room which may spin their cocoons there; or, in the right season, the cocoons can be brought in, and possibly the butterfly will come out.

All this is only part of the kindergarten work, or play. There are the lessons with the blocks, tablets, rings and sticks; the drawing, painting, weaving and sewing.

Children are usually very fond of the clay-modelling. One can begin by letting them model the simple forms of the sphere, cube and cylinder. They are the foundation forms of many objects they can model afterwards. The sphere would come first of course, being rolled in the hand or on the table. The cylinder is made from the sphere and the cube as well. By the time these three forms have been made, the children have the flat and curved faces and curves and edges. The modelling should be from real objects. Simple ones at first of course. A sugar bowl can easily be found that can be made from a ball. The body of the bowl having that general form, with handles and cover added. A tea-pot may be made in the same way. A cup can be made from a ball or cylinder. Bottles and vases are more or less cylindrical in shape and are easily made. Many fruits can be modelled by the little fingers—grapes, apples, oranges, pears and ears of corn. As they advance, a bird's nest with the eggs, leaves and flower can be added to the list of objects.

Then this modelling comes in nicely in connection with botany which is a delightful study to take up with the little tots. Beans and peas seem to be very good seeds with which to begin the study of germination. By soaking in water over night, they easily come apart and show their structure. In the pea, there is the green outer cradle, so smoothly lined for the baby pea, asleep inside. The baby can be easily seen and the two packages of food so thoughtfully placed there by the mother plant, so that the baby will have plenty to eat until large enough to get food for itself. Of course one must use one's own discretion as to teaching the botanical names of the different parts of the plant. I think it is advisable to teach some of them. As the plant grows, the roots appear, and stem and leaves develop; then come the lessons of their uses. And it can all be told in such a simple way. Then there are the different parts of the flowers to take up. The story must be told of the little grain boxes holding the pollen, and how the bees and insects carry it from flower to flower on their legs and

backs. There are the seeds with wings to be scattered by the wind.

Peas and beans grow well on cotton in a saucer of water, and their progress can be watched. They also grow quickly in sand and will stand pulling up and being re-planted fairly well. The plant can be modelled in clay and drawn and painted by the children.

This drawing and painting open up another line of study, where the training of the eye and hand comes in. Of course, a small child's attempts at drawing are sometimes amusing, but he can begin by drawing geometrical figures and colouring them. Then he can try flat objects, such as leaves and some of the simpler flowers, and, as he advances, he may be taught more of the art.

The painting should be used in connection with the literature work, for if the saying, that the early impressions are most lasting, is true, we should create a love for the best in the little ones. Longfellow's "Song of Hiawatha" is a good illustration of this kind of work—first, the children can be told something of the life of the poet, especially about his childhood, then comes the study of some poems. It is often a good plan to tell the story of the poem to the children in one's own words at first, and afterward read the poem to them, and teach them selections from it. If the children paint little scenes in connection with different parts of the poem, it makes it more interesting and real; and these paintings, the drawing for which must usually be made by the kindergartens herself, can be mounted in a book, and the children thus have the poem illustrated by themselves. How people live in other lands can be worked out in a similar way with the painting and sewing—how the Esquimo builds his house of snow, how he dresses, fishes and travels. Holland makes an interesting country to take up with the little ones. And with pictures and stories—and here I must put in the sandle table—the work goes on. The dykes can be built and the canals made in the sand. The house and wind-mills built from the blocks and the storks' nests on the tops of the houses made of little sticks with paper storks upon them, all contribute to make the little tots understand the lesson. Various subjects, such as water, wool, the cab, or the cow, can be studied in this way. Water can be made quite interesting: how the sun changes the drops and draws them up when they form clouds; the uses we make of water; the different forms it takes, such as ice and snow. Steam can easily be procured by boiling a little water over an alcohol lamp. This, condensed on a cold glass, proves to the children that steam is really a form of water.

The following little poem is very helpful in this connection:—

"Some little drops of water
Whose home was in the sea,
To go upon a journey
Happened to agree.
A cloud they had for carriage,
They drove a playful breeze,
And over town and country
They rode along at ease.
But oh, there were so many
At last the carriage broke,
And to the ground came tumbling
These frightened little folk.
And through the moss and grasses,
They were compelled to roam,
Till at last a brooklet found them
And carried them all home."

I have hardly spoken of the gifts, the blocks, the sticks, the tablets, and the rings with which no end of lessons may be given, and the children taught carefulness and neatness in the doing, as well as Geometry, designing and numbers.

Sewing, weaving and pasting are among the occupations. We have had somewhat of an awakening in regard to the sewing, and are persuaded that it is not good for the child's eyesight to sew with small needles, and with small holes in the card-board. The larger the needle and the longer the hole, the better for the child.

Now let us see if the children really do learn anything in these play schools. I think we will find they are being started in several branches. Blocks and tablets teach them numbers, while Literature and Geography come from studying other lands and people. Botany and Natural History follow as a natural sequence from the study of the plants and birds and animals. Squares, oblongs, triangles, and angles bring with them the child's first idea of Geometry. Music, designing, painting and colour follow in due course. And above all this one great thing the child learns—the art of getting along with others. We are all dependent more or less upon other people. And Froebel intended the kindergarten to be a grown-up world in miniature. "We learn by doing" was one of his favourite mottoes. And in these gardens the children are to learn moral truth by experience. Freedom the little ones should have, but at the same time they must respect the rights of others. To quote once more: "To train the child to the practice of honour and justice with children of his own age is to lay the foundation of a just and honourable character and to develop in him love for others and a willingness to sacrifice himself for them within proper limits is the chief object of the true kindergartens."

This, I hope, will give the reader some idea of what is being taught in American kindergartens, and something of our ways of working.

Kindergarten ideas have spread very rapidly in the last few years in the States, and in many cities the kindergartens have become a part of the public school system. They are carried on in the slums of the large cities, and some of the more fortunate little ones are sent to private kindergartens.

As the hope of any country lies in the training of its boys and girls, does it not augur well for the future of the race that in so many lands the little children, who so soon will be the men and women, are being early taught to love their country and to work for what is good and true?

Some Impressions of England.

[BY MISS MARY BHOE, SOMERVILLE COLLEGE, OXFORD.]



HAD read so many English books, papers, magazines, seen so many pictures of England, had friends and relations who visited the country, and told me the many differences in customs between here and there, and yet surprise and bewilderment were my chief feelings for sometime after arriving in Eng-

land. It was not the surprise of seeing sights greater and grander than I expected—that would have been a traveller's surprise. But the entirely different aspect of every-day life, the way society worked out its rules in a people where not only the men are free, but the women also, and where the children are taught to be self-reliant and free as soon as age and circumstances permit, and yet, in all their freedom to be self-controlled and considerate of each other.

After a few days in London, I went to stay with friends who live in the country, and as it was holiday time, there were not only my host and hostess, but two sons, a daughter, some girl friends of the latter and occasional other guests. We all met at the three meals of the day—breakfast, lunch and dinner; and those who happened to be at home gathered on fine days on the lawn for afternoon tea, or on cold days in the hall. This and similar visits afforded me endless opportunities of studying how a day is spent by the different members of a well regulated family.

English Ladies, if they have several servants, do not occupy themselves as we do in personally superintending the cooking and domestic work. English servants are very independent, and when they know their work, they like to have the credit of doing it well. Their mistresses have so many things to occupy their time and thoughts, that it is a great relief to them to have servants they can rely on to do everything

as it should be done. In families unable to command highly-paid servants who thoroughly understand their duties, the mistress has to teach them their work, but she selects intelligent girls to whom she devotes her attention until such time as they know enough to be able to work alone, and then the mistress has time to give to other matters which interest her.

Time is too valuable for ladies and servants to be doing the work the latter can do alone. You will say, "What then have the ladies to do?" Owing to English clothing being far more elaborate than ours, and constantly needing repair in houses where there were children and boys and not many servants, there seemed a good deal of needle work to be done, and a certain number of letters to be written. English women especially keep up a frequent correspondence with relations and friends. It is an ordinary thing for a lady to write every week to her parents and her husband's parents, should they not live within visiting distance, telling them all details of the family, their grand-children and especially what the latter may be doing, how clever they are becoming etc., and as English families are very scattered, with relations and friends in America, India, Australia or perhaps travelling on the continent, many other letters have to be written besides. If her boys are away at School, a mother always writes and expects a letter from each of them once a week. Men do write letters, but having their own business or interests, family letters seem to be left chiefly to the ladies. Boys apparently dislike letter-writing as much as English girls like it. They write a great deal to relations and girl friends. While very young, there is usually some supervision as to whom they write, but you would be surprised at the amount of freedom they have; and I heard of no trouble in the families I moved among, as to the confidence reposed in the girls being misplaced. Certainly, at Somerville College, girls were quite free (and they were mostly girls of 18 and 19 and upwards) to write or receive anything the post carried. There was no supervision on the part of the College authorities.

Then, English Ladies, during the course of the day, read. If very busy, they may not have time for more than the daily paper, which every one scans more or less thoroughly, but, as a rule, I noticed that the women of a family, girls included, generally had some book of the hour to read, and so all were quite in touch with the literary, political and general events of the day. Not that every one was equally interested in everything, but while each might be especially interested in one topic, the others knew enough about it to agree, disagree and carry on an animated conversation.

Then whether it was fine weather or bad, every-

one from the children upwards all took exercise in the open air. This is the more necessary in England as owing to the damp and often cold air, the houses are much more shut up than ours. In winter it would be impossible to sit with a window wide open, even with a large fire. The craving for fresh air is so great, that they frequently ventilate the rooms but to get enough air they have to wrap up and go out and keep themselves warm with quick exercise. It is only when you experience an English winter that you realize the English habit of frequent exercise and their love for games of movement. The blood would freeze in winter if it were not for strong exercise; and even in summer, many days are so wet, and cold, and windy, that it is only possible to stay out of doors by moving briskly.

Children from babyhood are kept as much out of doors as possible. The rich send their children out with nurses when small, the older ones playing in the garden if there happens to be one attached to the house. They are often given little gardens of their own, where they dig and plant, but seldom have much result, the impatience of childhood making them pull up their plants every few days to see if they are growing. Tennis, croquet, archery, golf, hockey are the usual games wherever there is sufficient space to indulge in them, as there is in the country. From childhood girls play at these with their parents, brothers, and school friends, and grow up strong and active. In large towns there is no possibility of out-door games except for the few who own the luxury of a garden; and people have to content themselves with other relaxations.

Both in town and country ladies spend much time and money in charity. When staying with friends in the country I frequently accompanied members of the family on visits to poor neighbours. The rich and poor, especially in the country, live on very friendly terms with each other, and the poor look to the ladies of the parish to help them in all difficulties. As I said, in times of sickness there is constant help in food and money given; but we often called in at some pretty little cottage in our walks, just to ask if all were well and have a few words of friendly talk, perhaps to ask how a daughter who had been helped into a situation as servant, was getting on, or to hear the last news of a sailor or soldier son far away. The poor people living in the country struck me as extremely kind and courteous in manner, while their cottages were pictures of cleanliness and neatness. However poor they may be, and some would have starved but for help, such as old people past work who could only struggle on through the little they were given by friends or relations. Their cottages

were so clean, the furniture so carefully rubbed up and neatly arranged, and the little gardens around their cottages so bright with flowers, that it was a pleasure to see how much could be done with order and tidy habits. In our daily walks we often visited such neighbours and though their conversation rarely wandered from their own immediate interests, their children, their own health, their work, they read the local weekly newspapers and had a knowledge of what went on in the world. They were all interested in my having come from India and in learning anything about it.

In many of these cottages they had little boxes for collecting money to support Missions in different parts of the world, and though they had but little to give, by slipping in a penny now and then and getting contributions from neighbours, they collect quite a tidy little sum to give at the end of the year. Ladies do many things to help the poor to help themselves, as giving money constantly is not good and only makes them more dependent. One very good scheme practised throughout England is to have what are called "Clothing Clubs" or "Coal Clubs." In a cold wet climate warm clothing and fuel are absolute necessities, and yet the wants of a labourer's family are so pressing and his wages so low, that he can seldom manage to keep enough saved to buy what is necessary when the winter comes. A lady will invite a certain number of her poor friends to come to her at the beginning of each month with whatever coin they can spare, this they hand over to her keeping, the sum being written down against their name. This goes on through the year till Christmas, when it begins to get very cold, then each woman is given back all the money she has deposited with the lady who adds to each one's store a present from herself. This is generally enough for them to be able to buy warm things for themselves or their children; or if it was for coal they had saved their money, they could buy sufficient to keep them warm for many weeks.

Now from what I have said, the reader will be able to form some idea of what the general employment of an English lady is, but each has some special interest besides—some are musical, others paint, others do fine embroideries, others again are practical and look after their gardens, their dairies, their farm, or, if they live in Town, throw themselves heart and soul into literary, benevolent or political societies. Of course those who have a young family, have necessarily to devote much of their time to their children. English mothers do not have their children so much with them as Indian mothers. They think it tends to spoil children to have them too much with them; and as good impressions cannot be made too early, children are brought up with dis-

cipline from a very early age, not treated in the least harshly, but by gentle firmness made obedient to the rules of the nursery. It saves the little ones a great deal of trouble to know exactly what they must do. In no well ordered nursery do you hear constant crying and screaming, in fact, some nurses allow no screaming at all. A child knows it has no chance of getting what it wants except by behaving nicely and asking nicely, and so what is the good of screaming? It was John Wesley's mother who said she never allowed a child to cry after it was six months' old. I don't think many English mothers get their children into good, quiet behaviour quite so soon, but it is wonderful how early children can be made to understand what they should do. English nurses are famous for bringing up children well, and are sought for in the rich nurseries of most European countries. So that English women have valuable help in having such servants about their little ones, although they constantly supervise the nursery themselves.

Children in well-to-do families do not come to meals with their elders till they are six or seven years of age, nor can they walk with them. And as much of little people's time is spent in the open air, they are not nearly so much with their mothers as our children. The one thing a good English mother does is to keep the religious and moral teaching of her children in her own hands, from the time they lisp their first short prayer till they are grown up, and she often remains the confidant and sympathiser of her children in their troubles and difficulties through life.

You will see that busy as English women like to be in matters of public interest, they take up their family duties no less seriously. Those who have no children, or whose children are grown up, find plenty of work in various lines. Indeed, given the desire for active work or active amusement, the means of finding an outlet for every variety of character seems endless. So that while I cannot describe the many sorts of interests my friends in Town and country had, the general impression was that every one, men as well as women, worked at some thing for the general good.

But after the evening meal there is a time for social relaxation which varies according to the tastes and ages of the members of a family. Music, reading aloud, chess, cards or general conversation are the chief forms of recreation. When I say 'family' I mean the gentlemen of a family as well as the ladies, the boys and girls, all together, so that it makes even in an isolated country house, a merry party.

In holiday time when the young people come home, specially in the winter holidays when the house is shut up against the cold, and fires and lamps make the rooms a bright warm contrast to

the cold outside, the amusements are often more noisy. Round games, in which the young ones shout and scream with laughter, or charades in which half the party act impromptu, while the other half look on and guess what word is being acted; or sometimes if it has been a very snowy wet day, and the young people have not worn out their spirits, the carpet is turned up, and they all set to and dance till they are out of breath, pressing in reluctant elders to become their partner in a polka or coventry dance. I must own it is amusing, and yet very pretty to see a grandfather and grandmother consoling some little one who can't get a partner, and doing their best to go round with the child. Then some older girl who has learnt a difficult figure dance, will stand up when the others are breathless and taking a rest, and show her new accomplishment to the admiring family. Then a boy will recite or sing a song, and every one will do his or her best to be cheerful and add to the pleasure of others.

In most families the evening ends as the morning has begun with family prayers which are read by the master or mistress of the house and in which the rest of the household and the servants join. This ends the day. The family life in which boys and girls grow up together till the boys go to school, and which is renewed every holidays when their return enlivens the whole house, is a very happy aspect of English life, and lays the foundation of that social freedom and ease which in after life makes English men and women such good companions, and gives to the society of their country a brightness, a refinement, a polish which we have not here.

From earliest childhood they are taught to behave respectfully not only to their elders, but to all women. Boys are told it is their privilege to wait on ladies and that they must be ready to help women and girls. Little boys of five and six proudly play the man by pulling a chair along for some friend of their mother's to sit on, or by handing round cake or tea to visitors, opening the door for their elders, or carrying a cloak or umbrella for their mother out walking. They are taught from earliest childhood that to be courteous and useful in every way they can to others, especially women, is the sign of a gentleman.

Girls are taught much the same only their duty is to wait upon older women not men at all unless it be a father or grandfather. But being quick to see what people like or dislike, girls learn to adapt themselves to arrange what will be most agreeable to friends or visitors, and thus they give great help to their mothers in entertaining their friends. These rules of good and considerate behaviour are easily learnt in early childhood, and obedience to them soon becomes

second nature; and it is in giving this sort of training that English nurses are so good. With the eye of a hawk they see the smallest breach of good manners in their charges, and they are made to repeat and practise over and over again in private what they failed in or forgot in public.

Boys when they go to big schools sometimes become turbulent, resent all the courteous, chivalrous ways they have been taught, and keep out of the society of their sisters and sister's friends as being entirely beneath them. There is generally a good deal of chaff at their expense in consequence, they are looked upon as hobble-de-hoys that is neither men nor boys, but the awkward in between time. The sisters are inclined to be severe if older, and to adore if younger. The parents laugh and say his good manners and good sense will come with his moustache. And it will be noticed that savage or bear though he may be, he does not forget to wait on his mother or run her messages. When she is alone and away from girls or women he is very glad to be her companion for a stroll. And as he grows older and overcomes his shyness, his parents' prophecy comes true and he laughs at his bygone puppy days. Society in England is almost entirely in the hands of women, who are expected to make it as pleasant and interesting as they can, and all they ask of the men in return is respect and deference.

It was not only the educated or cultivated men who had this politeness, you could not travel in a third class carriage without meeting the same sort of courtesy from the men who were evidently the roughest day labourers. Every one seemed considerate. If a lady had a parcel, they would take it from her hands without her asking and place it on the rack. If a woman wanted to get in or out at a station, the man near the door would instinctively open it and give her a helping hand. I remember at one station I was anxious to send a telegram and asked the gentleman opposite me how I could do it? He told me. When we got to the station, he politely offered to take the message and send it off for me as the distance, he said, to the telegraph office was rather long for a lady to walk. I gladly accepted the offer and off he went with my telegram, returning in a few minutes saying it had gone. It was always the same kindness and courtesy from the highest to the lowest.

The women too were as polite, though it would not be their duty to help as it would be a man's. Just to give you an instance; another time a third class railway carriage—and I take that for my example, as there you meet on common ground the roughest and lowest men. They have paid as much as any one for their tickets, and are so far equals. You all meet for a short time never

probably to be in the same train together again, and so every one can be polite or not as they like. Well, this 3rd class carriage on the Metropolitan Railway was quite full, when at some station it jumped two ladies. They apologised for crowding up the passengers, and explained that they could not get a seat anywhere. Two bricklayers with their baskets and tools, all dirty from their day's work, were sitting near the door the ladies had come in by. They jumped up and begged the ladies to take their seats. The elder lady (they looked like mother and daughter) said, 'no! no! you have worked and stood all day, we have not and we don't mind standing now.' But the men looked so uneasy, that at last the lady laughed and said she would accept one seat and her daughter could sit on her lap. The men were quite satisfied and did likewise. One of them kept his seat and his friend sat on his lap and so we proceeded. One hears and reads in the papers of rough and brutal men and women, and the heart is, I am sure, no warmer or kinder in England than in India, but it adds much to the happiness and goodwill of society at large if, from childhood, all are taught to be civil in speech and to help the weak. Even those whose brutal behaviour brings them in disgrace before the law courts, probably, when not frenzied by passion or drink have some of the gentle courtesy the nation is taught in childhood, and are the better not the worse for knowing a higher form of manners.

Now I should like to say something about my life among the girl students at Somerville College where I passed a year. I went to college three weeks after landing, and while I was quite new to the freedom of life permitted women in England. I was therefore much surprised at the number of girls away from their families, living in colleges in a town where there are over 3,000 Undergraduates. The girls attending the same lectures as the men, often meeting friends among them in society, and every one taking it as the most usual and natural thing. It was here I saw the result of the English life put to its severest test. For up to the time of going to college, girls are carefully guarded and accompanied by older friends, and this complete freedom is new to them. But as far as the behaviour of the girls and the young men went, I think, I may say it was unexceptionable! There are certain rules of etiquette that no one thinks of breaking. For instance, girls attend the same lectures as the men, some of whom may be friends or acquaintances, but beyond the slightest nod of recognition, they have nothing to do with each other. They never speak, still less pause on leaving the lecture room to converse. To break this rule would be considered highly irregular. Neither may college girls ever walk with an undergraduate friend,

nor talk if they meet in the street. A girl may accept invitations to tea or lunch with an undergraduate only if she takes one of the tutors with her or has some elderly or married relative or friend to chaperon her. She may also invite undergraduates to tea with her, but a tutor must also be invited. The tutors at Somerville, of course, are all ladies, there are no men on the staff.

Some of the girls, who mean to make teaching their profession, work very hard in order to attain distinguished honours; but a great many of the girls come from rich families, who join in the work to a moderate degree, and do not expect and are not asked by their friends to aim at great learning. They have very pleasant society and often make lifelong friendships with fellow collegians just as young men do. Like the men, they have their debating societies, their essay societies and their Shakespeare societies. They spend a great deal of time in healthy vigorous exercise such as Tennis, Hockey and Rowing. The amount of study they undertake will not turn them out very learned or great savants, but it gives them a general, literary education. The tone of the world they move in at Oxford is highly cultured, refined and enlarging to the mind, and thus in every way they are built up with healthy minds in healthy bodies, fit to be the associates and companions in future life of the young men who are being prepared by the country to do the great work of the British Empire.

Oxford is a very hospitable place! I was invited on innumerable occasions to various forms of social gatherings, and many of the Somerville girls having friends among the residents, were allowed all freedom in accepting invitations to the houses of masters and dons. The mingling of ladies and gentlemen in such entertainments conduces to make them bright and pleasant.

When men and women are both educated and meet on terms of equality, they are at their best when they entertain each other. As for such ideas as would directly occur to us here that there might be impropriety in such mixed meetings the notion, I am sure, has never crossed the minds of the English. It is second nature to them to move in mixed society. Parents and children, brothers and sisters, husbands and wives go out to meet others like themselves, and the respect boys are taught to show women in childhood influences them through life. Wherever they meet women, they owe it to themselves to treat them with all courtesy and deference. Women are taught to expect this chivalrous deference, to respect their own dignity, and then to do their utmost to make society very pleasant and smooth for the men, giving it all the inter-

est, all the charm that sympathetic and, highly, cultivated women alone can give.

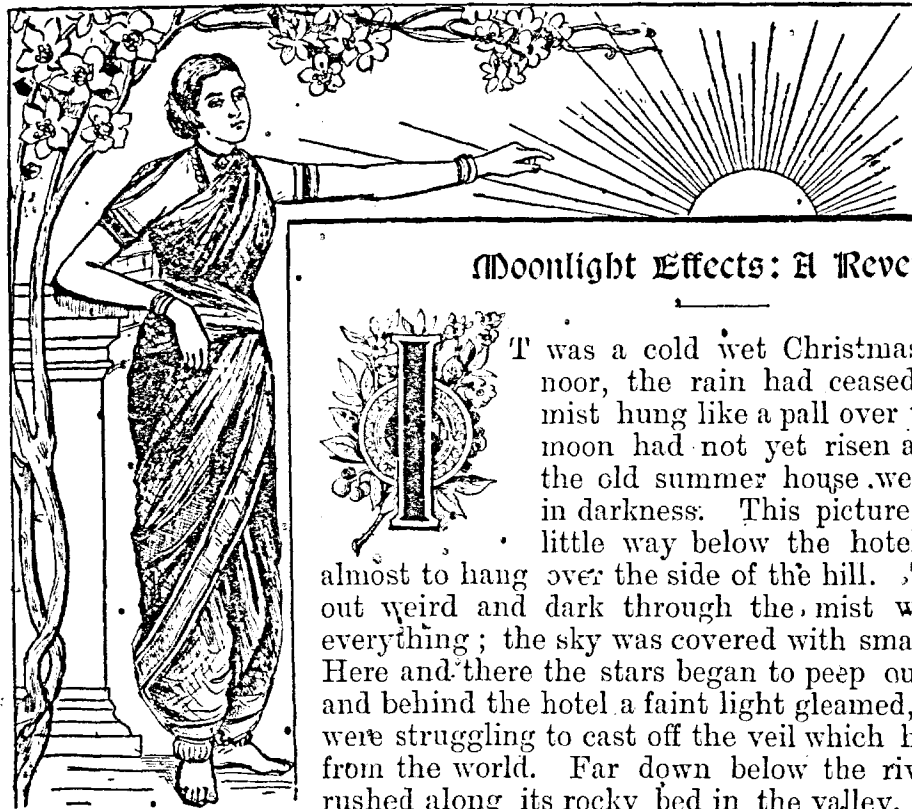
From Oxford I went to London and while studying methods of Kindergarten at the Froebel Training College, I received much kindness, cordial hospitality and friendliness, for which my heart feels deeply grateful.

I met many of the serious-minded rich and the benevolent; but those drawn from commercial, as well as aristocratic circles were very numerous, many of whom had other interests besides philanthropy. And so I think, I had an opportunity of judging to some extent of the general spirit about wealth. I was much struck with the generosity of the rich English, and also with the simple lives many of the wealthiest live who are religious and benevolent. Our ladies may think wives of millionaires would be loaded with jewels! On the contrary it was difficult to tell by her appearance a millionaire's wife from any other lady. She may wear jewels on state occasions, but her daily dress is as simple, sometimes even simpler than that of others who belong to a humbler position in life. She may live in a palace, the state rooms of which are a marvel of costly decoration, yet you will find she has what she calls her own den, beautiful in its artistic simplicity, where she works as hard at her duties as other women. She may have carriages as stately as money can buy, magnificent horses, coachmen and footmen majestic in their livery and powdered wigs. All these are at her service and on occasions are used by her, but you will find that if she is in Town, she prefers to use a modest brougham or even a hansom rather than all this display of wealth. She interests herself like other educated women with great public spirit in the good of the nation, in helping political societies, philanthropic societies and other societies. Women especially busy themselves much in raising the condition of poor women and girls, who in their struggle to earn their daily bread, find life so hard that the weak ones go under morally and physically. For these poor sisters the rich women have endless societies. Some even leave all their wealth and go and live in the slums of London, to better understand the hard condition of working women. They have found that even this hardly enables them to grasp the real difficulties of the case. The poor view the rich women who come to live among them with suspicion. They have their pride too and resent any pity. They are hardened by the rough life and are not grateful to others for coming to spy out their misery, quite misinterpreting their kind motives. But English women are not easily discouraged. Bolder spirits among the younger ones have disguised themselves and gone to work as poor women in the hardest and

most repulsive employments in the hope of finding out what can be done to raise the women who are employed there. I know a brave girl, daughter of enormously wealthy people, who engaged a maid who had lived in the slums and thoroughly understood the character and slang of factory girls. They both disguised themselves and were taken on as hands at a jam factory. The maid did all the talking and the mistress kept very quiet, as her speech would have betrayed her. They worked valiantly for some weeks until she had learnt enough of the factory girl's thoughts and customs and difficulties to enable her to see some way of helping them. Then she and her maid disappeared, and she began to carry out her projects to help the factory girls. Generations of hard biting poverty and the absolute neglect that the families of the factory hands used to grow up in, have made these women who work in the lowest quarters of London, some of the fiercest and most degraded of beings. This rich girl ran no small risk in going among them. Many other ladies have done much the same thing, but they are the heroines of benevolence. All cannot follow in their footsteps, nor would it do much good if they did. But you will find all schemes of charity and philanthropy warmly taken up by the women of England. The richest do not excuse themselves, but work very hard, for society makes many claims on the wealthy. When a great distress occurs in any part of the world, the moment there is an agitation in London to send help, the sums offered run up into high figures as the 'Mansion House Famine Fund' will show. This is partly owing to the great wealth of London, to the practical benevolence people are trained up in, and to the cosmopolitan character of London Society. Rich people, especially rich commercial people from all parts of the world, come for business or pleasure and settle in London. So that when trouble arises in any part of the world, it finds its echo in the hearts of friends of that country in London, who describe the trouble and lay it before the kind philanthropists and soon their purse strings are unloosed and help is sent. The reader must not think that it is only the wealthy who give out of their abundance. All give more or less as they can afford. And it is the small sums of the millions that in the end make the greater part of the amount given in charity.

In London I became acquainted with many young Indians from the different presidencies, studying either for the Bar or medicine or reading for a degree at Oxford or Cambridge, with a view to eventually appearing for the I. C. S. To these men I was naturally much drawn and I anxiously inquired of them how they liked

(Continued on page 212.)



Moonlight Effects: A Reverie.

IT was a cold wet Christmas night in Coonoor, the rain had ceased, but a heavy mist hung like a pall over the earth. The moon had not yet risen and the walls of the old summer house were still steeped in darkness. This picturesque ruin was a little way below the hotel, and seemed almost to hang over the side of the hill. The trees stood out weird and dark through the mist which shrouded everything; the sky was covered with small fleecy clouds. Here and there the stars began to peep out of the gloom, and behind the hotel a faint light gleamed, as if the moon were struggling to cast off the veil which hid her fair face from the world. Far down below the river roared, as it rushed along its rocky bed in the valley. Nothing could be seen except the mist. This filled the chasm beneath. Suddenly the clouds began to disperse; the tips of the distant hills appeared like mountains in the sky. Gradually, as the moon rose higher, the mist melted away, or crept down into the valley; all the hills stood out clear and grand in the moonlight. Every object which till then had been hidden, was now sharply defined. The moisture on the trees and grass glistened like diamonds in the brilliant light. It was a lovely sight and seemed a parable of life.

So at times all is dark and gloomy, nothing is to be seen but what is directly in front; even that is often distorted and only dimly viewed through the mist, Heaven itself seems dark; and there is none to point the way. But for the half obscured light faintly seen above, despair would seize the heart. Suddenly, after patient waiting, the Light shines in upon the soul; life is seen as it really is, no longer distorted by the mists of human misunderstanding and prejudice. The heights and ideals of life stand out clearly. Not only is the pathway flooded with light, but all that surrounds it is seen in its true proportions. Far below is still heard the dull roaring of the multitude shrouded in mist, seeking they know not what. But to us God has revealed the true ideals of life; henceforth we shall return no more to the darkened valley. At times perhaps the mist may hide the hills from our gaze, but now we know that they *are* there, our steps will never rest until they have reached the loftiest peak of those glorious mountains.

"E. W. S."



WHO CAN FATHOM?

I.

WHO can fathom the deep deep sea?
The sea with its wonders untold—
With its calm blue depths where the pearls lie hid
All white and gleaming deep down amid
Broad sands of shining gold,—
Who can fathom the deep deep sea?
And who can unfold
Its secret immense? Not we.

Who can fathom boundless space—
Where each fiery sun whirls round
Its appointed centre in centuries vast?
Who can measure its Present—Future—Past?
And who can sound
The limitless, fathomless infinite space?
The mystery unfound
Of each star in its onward race?

Who can fathom the soul of man?
Its needs and its longings deep,
Its strong aspirations, its helpless cries,
While ettered to earth it fain would arise,
And ascend up the mighty steep—
Who can fathom the soul of man?
And who doth keep
The key to the soul of man?

II.

One hath fathomed the deep deep sea—
He stilleth the stormy wave
When it rages in fury, and foams in its pride;
An Almighty Hand holds back th' advancing
tide
Though its billows may rave;
One hath fathomed each mystery
Of the darkest cave,
In the heart of the deep deep sea.

One hath fathomed boundless space—
He calleth the stars by name,
Each in its path through the far-stretching sky
Is marked and sustained by an all-seeing eye,
Through all changes the same.
One hath fathomed boundless space—
Jehovah—His name—
Who appointed to each star its place.

One hath fathomed the soul of man,
All hidden things in His sight
For ever lie open and manifest;
He knows all the longings—the weary unrest
The spirit's remotest flight;
Eye hath not seen since the world began,
Nor thought exprest,
What God hath prepared for man.

BENODINE MITTER.

(Continued from page 209.)

English life? What benefit they were gaining by their stay in England? And with what feelings they viewed a return to their own country?

Some expressed a kind of horror at having to return to a country in which life was comparatively so uninteresting and uninteresting. And it is to be wondered at that such should be their sentiments when we consider the condition of our women and consequently of our Society? The West cast its glamour over me too, but while charmed with England and the English, I still felt that to me at least 'India' would always be the most beautiful country on Earth!

One feeling I found very general with regard to the home and social life of England which seems so much happier than ours, and they were as struck as I was with the difference and felt how much happier our people would be if they could copy the English in this. Not suddenly indeed! for that would be impossible and not desirable, but to begin to move in the direction of giving women more liberal education. In the good old days when very few were educated the disparity was not so great, but now our boys are all educated in the literal sense, and the mass of our girls are kept just where they were centuries ago. Statistics show that to every ten boys who are educated, only one girl receives an elementary education.

Men who have lived all their lives in India and have never visited other countries, often sigh for more intelligent companions in their wives, and would gladly have them taught a measure of what they have learnt themselves, but the elders of the family forbid it. Just imagine then how much worse the state of society must appear to men who, for several years, have enjoyed the freedom and charm of cultivated and refined Society in England.

I do not say all English women are perfect and that there are no faults in their society. Why, the English themselves are the first to point out their faults and to recognize them. But I do say that their way of bringing up young people, mutually to respect and trust each other, where women, far from being inferiors, are rather raised on a pedestal, treated with respect, educated and trained to be worthy of that pedestal and of their high position as noble daughters, noble wives and noble mothers, makes for the happiness and the higher tone of the whole race.

I have known our girls, have seen them grow up into charming young women, who are not behind English women in goodness of heart, in brightness of intellect and in natural strength of character, but they are not given the opportunity to exercise these qualities. Every step in life is fraught with repression, submission and obedi-

ence, so that instead of the stronger virtues being developed, patience, domestic industry and a general resignation of character is the final production. Here and there a Hindu girl, by rare chance, has the opportunity of growing in mind and character untrammelled. She is given responsibilities to which she rises and fulfils the trust that is laid on her, none the worse but all the better for having been given free growth. What I hope to see in the future is an advance on these lines, not for the favoured few here and there, but for all, that every home may be happier and better. That the wife and mother may take up her rightful duties and be the good companion and friend and counsellor of her husband and a wise and experienced guide to her children who turn to her through life for sympathy and advice.

In such ideal homes the breath of scandal and impropriety which now poisons every attempt at intimacy and friendship between men and women will die away. For the truly great and good do not indulge in evil suspicions with no foundations. They are wise and experienced and while they know what is evil, like the angel at Eden's gate, they will ever turn the sword of domestic love and purity, and keep the evil and scandal as far as they can from their beloved ones.

Current Criticisms of the Education given in our Girls' Schools.*

By MISS E. CARR, *Inspector of Schools, Madras.*

[From *The Educational Review*.]

I have been asked to read a paper on some criticisms that have been, from time to time, passed on the education given in our girls' schools in India, but more especially in this Presidency. It is well known to every body that the introduction of girls' education into India occurred at a much later period than that of boys, and that its growth has, by reason of many obstacles, been much slower. I am referring more especially to the education of caste Hindu girls, who form the bulk of the girl-population of the country, and with regard to whom the chief difficulties exist. It will, I think, be sufficient for the purpose of this paper if we trace the matter back about 20 years.

The Education Commission of 1882 drew the attention of the people of India to educational matters generally, but more especially to the conclusions arrived at—that girls' education was still in its infancy, and very backward at that, and that reforms were urgently needed. For the time being the minds of many educated and thoughtful Hindus appeared to be strongly imbued with the idea that their wives, sisters and daughters must be educated. Every girls' school prize-giving was made an opportunity for a speech or the reading of a paper on the advantages of female education. So much prominence was given

* This paper was read before the Educational Conference held in Madras on the 20th December.

to this subject, that, when I arrived in India, over 19 years ago, I could not but doubt the truth of the tales I had heard and read about the indifference of Hindus to the education of their women folk. I will now quote as briefly as possible a few extracts from the speeches and papers heard by me. I was very much struck by the following remarks uttered by the late Mr. P. Chentsal Rao. He said:—

"Primarily I hold our educated men responsible for the ignorance of women. How many families are there now, in which the men are highly educated, and the women left ignorant even of the alphabet. Every educated man, at least every graduate of our University, who has made a solemn promise at the University Convocation to promote education, should take a vow to educate his wife, daughters, and sisters, and should consider it a disgrace to be at the head of a family, wherein the ladies are uneducated, and are unable to participate, at least to some extent, in his intellectual enjoyments." This is of course not a criticism on the education offered, but it is certainly a very keen criticism on the conduct of those whom Mr. Chentsal Rao held responsible for the ignorance of caste Hindu women. I quote it, partly to show the spirit of the times in which it was uttered, and partly to draw a comparison between things as they were then, and are now. I will, however, first give you an extract from another paper read by the late Mr. Justice Muttusamy Iyer.

He said:—"Another matter which requires attention is that the curriculum which is designed for girls should not be framed too much on the pattern of the curriculum prescribed for boys. It should be specially adapted to the wants of women in life. It should embrace subjects of study which supply information useful to women in their several life relations. It is not enough that they learn to read and write and keep accounts, but it is also necessary that they should be enabled to lay in a stock of knowledge which will be of service to them in managing the house, in nursing relations through illness, in bringing up and training children, in enforcing attention to cleanliness and to the loss of health, in rendering the home neat and tidy, in imparting to the home life a tone of cheerful contentment, in sustaining and raising that energy of female character, which creates a lovely and happy home out of bare competence, and in acquitting themselves well and honourably amidst all the vicissitudes of life as wives, daughters, and mothers. In proportion as education enhances their usefulness and value in life, it will secure a permanence in the country. There is something which does not harmonise with conventional sentiment in designating different stages of culture, that are attained by girls, by tests devised for boys. I think this had better be avoided, and the tests prescribed for, and the certificates of proficiency issued to girls had better be differently designated. The aggregate culture which is provided should represent what in our judgment marks a good housewife, an enlightened woman, and a friend of progress." Here we have set forth in full array the high objects to be attained by the education of girls. For what more can be desired than that it should make them good house-wives, enlightened women, and friends of progress? You will note, however, that Mr. Muttusamy Iyer evidently did not think that girls could attain these objects by following a curriculum prescribed for boys.

In my inspection tours, which have taken me

through the length and breadth of the Presidency, I have heard many similar sentiments uttered, and sometimes not only have the prescribed subjects been criticised, but the standard of the education offered has shared the same fate. For instance, I have heard it said:—"We do not want elementary education for our girls, we want higher education including music, painting, &c."

This brings me to some remarks in Mr. Malhari Rao's papers on female education published in the *Educational Review* of 1896. Time fails me to give them *verbatim*, but the substance of them is to the effect that the vernacular language of a place should be the medium of instruction in girls' schools teaching up to the lower secondary standard, and that hygiene, elementary physiology, and plain and fancy needlework should form subjects of the school-curriculum, while the fine arts—drawing, printing and music, should be taught as accomplishments. He also says that, if possible, Sanskrit should be a subject of regular study. In this connection I would draw your attention to a scheme for Indian girls' schools by Miss Sarola Devi Ghosal, B.A., published in the *Madras Times* of last October, 10th. It is in some respects an ideal scheme, but I can only touch upon two points. Miss Sarola Devi Ghosal remarks:—"To begin with the preliminary general education will coincide to a great extent with that of ordinary boys' schools up to the Matriculation standard," and later she says:—"Except for the purpose of reading and speaking it as a language, English will not be used as the medium for any other study, as history, geography, arithmetic, &c., which will all be taught in the mother-tongue." I will give you just one more extract. It is from Mrs. Annie Besant's paper on the education of women, published in the Christmas number of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*. Mrs. Besant says:—"Granted that women should be educated, the problem remains: On what lines shall the education be laid down? and it is this that is the pressing problem in India. Pressing, because the demand for female education is becoming more and more urgent, and there is a danger lest the demand should be met by the supply of an education unsuited to the needs of the country. To a very small extent this is already being done, for the education offered in India is identical with that which is native in England under the name of Higher Education."

Now let us consider these criticisms and expressions of opinion—I take the chief points to be as follows:—

First.—That the curriculum prescribed for boys is unsuitable for girls.

Second.—That the vernacular language of a place should be the medium of instruction, at least up to the lower secondary standard.

Third.—That accomplishments such as drawing, painting and music should be among the subjects prescribed for girls.

Fourth.—That the education offered should be especially adapted to the needs of Hindu girls, and have higher aims.

With regard to the first point, I presume that every one will acknowledge that reading, writing, and arithmetic, history and geography must be prescribed very much on the same lines for both boys and girls. Leaving therefore these subjects out of consideration, let us see what has been done for girls especially.

Turning to the Code of 1880, which was the first that came under my notice, I find that needlework has been especially prescribed for girls. Then in 1885, hygiene was added for the girls of standards III and IV. Again in the Code of 1890 domestic economy and fancy needlework were prescribed for the girls of Forms I, II and III. In this Code also we find provision for the systematic teaching of object lessons kindergarten and drawing. Next, in the Code of 1885, drill and calisthenics for girls, and singing in European schools were introduced, and lately, in the Code of 1900, a curriculum for singing in native schools has been prescribed. I think it must be granted that, in these various changes, the cause of female education up to the highest form of the lower secondary stage has been well considered, and that the curriculum, as it now stands, affords ample means for the foundation of a sound education. For those who wish to prosecute their studies further, the courses for the Matriculation and Upper Secondary examinations remain. It is true that neither of these is especially adapted to girls, but Miss Ghosal thinks that the lines for boys and girls up to this standard, may be parallel; and the European and Native Christian girls of this Presidency seem to be fairly well content with things as they are. I am pretty sure, however, that, if the Hindu community could show good cause why special subjects should be prescribed for the higher education of their girls, concessions would be made to meet their views; but for the small number of Hindu girls who are now allowed to prosecute their studies above the lower secondary stage, it is impossible that any material changes can even be recommended.

Before leaving this subject, I would quote another remark made by Mr. Malhari Rao. In one of his papers, speaking of the Maharani's Girls' School, at Mysore, he says:—"The Mysore Brahman Girls' School is probably unique in India, and it is no doubt a model girls' school." I have no intention of questioning his opinion of this school, but I know that in it, of late years, the Madras Curriculum has been pretty closely followed, and that until this procedure was adopted, the school was not the success it has since become.

We will next consider the general opinion that the vernacular language of a place should be the medium of instruction, at least up to the lower secondary standard. Miss Ghosal, you will remember, goes further, and would have it continued as such all through the courses to be prescribed in her model scheme. I must say, that I agree with her, and if the good time should come, as I hope it will, when the number of Hindu girls desiring higher education shall warrant special provision for them, I would strongly advocate that their own vernacular languages should take the first place, and that English should be taught only, as Miss Ghosal says, for the purpose of reading and speaking it as a language.

To return however to the general opinion. I would observe that lately there has been a general outcry with regard to this matter, and many have said that the pupils are being taught to forget their mother-tongue. I do not know how true this may be of boys, but it is certainly untrue of girls. There are not a dozen girls' schools for Hindus in the Presidency, in which the vernacular language of the place is not the medium of instruction up to, and in, the third form. This fact was probably unknown to the critics, and

here, I would point out how desirable it is that the schools should more often be visited by parents and by the leading and influential inhabitants of a place, who would then be in a position to know what is going on in them, and to encourage both teachers and pupils by their sympathy with them, and interest in their work.

Then with regard to the third point—that music, painting, &c., should form parts of the school curriculum. I have no hesitation in saying that such a course is impossible in public schools, on account of the expense. It may not be generally known to Hindus, that in England, parents who wish for anything beyond elementary education for their girls have to pay for it, and that for such accomplishments as painting, instrumental music, and even for a second language such as French or German, extra fees have to be paid. Now in India, schools have, roughly speaking, only two sources of income—Managers' funds and Government funds. There are, of course, besides, school-fees, but up to the present time, these, in schools for Hindu girls, are merely nominal, ranging in most cases from only one to eight annas a month, and hardly ever exceeding one rupee a month, while in many schools no fees at all have hitherto been levied. From what source then are the funds for accomplishments to come. The Provincial funds available for girls' education have unfortunately, through wars and scarcity, been decreasing year by year, and there is, as far as I know, no present prospect of any increase, and even if there were, the extra funds should, in my opinion, be devoted to the spread of primary education, rather than to the teaching of accomplishments to girls, whose parents ought to be willing to pay for them. But there is another question I would ask—How are girls, whose school-life closes at about their tenth year, to acquire accomplishments, when at the most they can only have acquired a mere smattering of elementary knowledge? My answer is, that, it is simply an impossibility. Reverting to Mr. Malhari Rao's model school, in which accomplishments are said to be taught, I do not think it is quite fair to regard the Maharani's Girls' School as a model school for India, because it seems to have unlimited funds behind it, from which can be given sufficiently high scholarships to attract and keep at school grown-up girls, and even married women, and from which can be paid salaries sufficiently high to procure the services of any number of teachers of high qualifications and attainments. It should be remembered that other schools have to do the best they can with the limited means at their command. In other respects however it might well be taken as a model school. I see no reason why the wealthier and more influential Hindu gentlemen of each large town should not band themselves together, and form committees of management, with the object of opening similar schools throughout the length and breadth of the land, and I would earnestly commend this matter to the consideration of such Hindu gentlemen. But we have still to consider the opinion that the educational course should be more especially adapted to Hindu girls, and should have higher aims.

On turning to the papers from which I have already quoted, I find that the teaching of Sanskrit is generally advocated, as a means of studying the sacred books of the Hindus, with the object of inculcating reverence for the old laws and institutions of India

and of stimulating patriotism. Miss Ghosal and Mrs. Besant would also include religious instruction in the school course. With regard to Sanskrit, provision has been made, even in the lower secondary school curriculum, but there are at present hardly any teachers of girls' schools who are capable of giving instruction in that language, and moreover, if the girls take up a second language at all they prefer English. With regard to the introduction of Hindu religious teaching into the schools, such a course is not possible in Government schools, on account of the religious neutrality invariably preserved by Government; and Christianity is, of course, taught in all Mission schools. There is, however, nothing to prevent Hindu religious teaching in schools under Hindu management, and I know that there is such teaching in one or two Hindu schools in Madras. But we may now well ask what has been done over and above the changes in the school curriculum to put Hindu girls, at least, on the road to becoming the good house-wives, enlightened women, and friends of progress mentioned by Mr. Muttusamy Iyer? First there is the improvement in the teachers and in their powers of teaching. Only a few years ago many of the teachers in our girls' schools were elderly men, who, on account of some physical weakness or other defect, had failed to succeed in any other walk of life, and had taken up the profession of teaching as a last resource. Moreover the majority of these men had very little education beyond a limited knowledge of their own vernacular languages. Now nearly all our teachers have some general education, while about half are professionally qualified by training. This improvement has been brought about by the establishment of a number of Training Schools for Mistresses, in which the students, while they can improve their own knowledge, and learn the best methods of imparting it to others, can, above all, learn something of child nature, how to satisfy children's instincts, and develop their powers, how to check evil tendencies and foster good ones; in fact, how to train aright the moral, mental and physical natures of children. I do not say that teachers can learn all this in a year's training, but they can be put in the right road, and to all right-minded teachers success will come with after experience.

My experience of the result is, that children, instead of simply seeing things, are beginning to observe them and to compare and contrast them one with the other, that they not only read, but are able to think of the subjects about which they are reading, and to express opinions on them. But over and above this, there is the improved disciplining, shown by quiet movements, prompt obedience to orders, and by the neatness and tidiness of the school and its surroundings. Then more important still, there is the improved moral tone, shown by the increasing interest in their work evinced by the teachers, and the consequent better performance of it, by the more accurate keeping of registers, by the gradual lessening of such faults as copying and prompting, and by the happier relations between teachers and pupils. Then too, great improvements have been effected with regard to school buildings, furniture and apparatus, and it is needless to point out the beneficial effects which good ventilation and neat and tidy surroundings must have upon the children, and how the enjoyment of these things in school must influence their habits at home. And again, the formation of school



Editorial Note.

The only three communities that are taking full advantage of the ad-

Hindu Lady
Graduates of the
Bombay University.

vantages of higher female
education in India are the
Parsee, the Brahmo and the
Indian Christian communi-

ties. The Hindu community is just beginning to see the advantages of higher education and it is therefore a matter for thankfulness that in the Western Presidency a few brave young Hindu ladies are taking the lead in the matter of higher education. For the first time in the history of the Bombay University three Hindu ladies have passed successively the examination for the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Two of them are Gujarathi ladies, one is Mrs. Vidya Ramanbhai, the daughter of the late Rao Sahib Mahipatram Rupram, C. I. E., who is said to have been the pioneer of female education in Guzerat; and the other is Mrs. Sharada Samant Mehta, the daughter of the well-known Doctor Balukram

of Baroda. Both these ladies took up Logic and Moral Philosophy for their optional subject. The third Hindu lady is Miss Kashibai, daughter of Mr. Vasudev Babaji Navrange of the Prathna Samaj, Bombay. We offer these ladies our hearty congratulations and wish them useful careers in the future. Yet another Hindu lady—Miss Kelavkar—has, we find, qualified as a doctor by passing the L. M. S. She is, we are told, the second Hindu lady to qualify in Medicine, the first being Miss Manekbai Tarkhad, daughter of the late Dr. Almiran Pandurang. The Parsee and Indian Christian communities count among them several lady graduates and the fact of the hitherto conservative Hindu community following in their wake is a significant sign of the times. We are also given to understand that a grand-daughter of Dr. Bhandarkar, the great Sanskrit Scholar and Reformer, Miss Anasvyabai Bhandarkar is also going through a University course.

(Concluded from page 215.)

libraries is doing much to promote a love of reading, and the demand for suitable books is rapidly being met by an ever-increasing supply. The limited number of suitable books in the vernacular languages has been one of the chief drawbacks to progress, but now, there is a fair choice of interesting and instructive books on natural history, biography and travel, with some story books and several excellent magazines. Taking into consideration all these circumstances, it must, I think, be acknowledged that fair means have been provided for the education of Hindu girls up to present requirements. What is now required is prolonged attendance at school, and when this comes, as come it must, even if slowly, I have no doubt but that the right means will be found to meet future wants as they arise. Nothing much more however can be expected, until some movement from within is made by the Hindus themselves. Already, there is ample evidence that girls and women are desiring education, but men must not only talk about it, they must show their approval of it, and admiration for it and must use all means in their power to promote it. When this has been done we may hope that an education may be possible to Hindu girls, which will, as Mrs. Besant says, "enlarge their minds, increase their influence, and strengthen their characters, while it will do nothing to injure the sweet grace of Indian women."

Indian Cookery.

A TOOTHsome NORTH INDIA DISH—DULLIAH.—One quarter seer ($\frac{1}{4}$ lb) coarse soojee, a tablespoonful of best ghee. Throw the ghee into a chatty (dekehi or Aluminium chatty preferable), and when the raw smell has been boiled out throw in your soojee previ-

ously well cleaned from grit. Fry for a few minutes until a light lemon. (Here is the central secret of the dish, not to over or underdo the frying.) Throw in half a tea cup of water, with salt to taste. When this boils for 10 or 15 minutes (keep stirring frequently and let fire be slow) it will have absorbed the water and be like puttuo ($\frac{1}{2}$ lb); with sugar and milk it is a Maharajah's chotahazree. Don't forget to throw in five or six cloves whole into the ghee and boil up with the mass. This adds to the flavor.

HOUSEHOLD TREACLE.—1 seer (2 lbs) goor or jaggery, 3 pints water. Boil, clarify with the white of an egg, or a wine-glass of new milk. Skin off all the froth, strain and bottle. A lime squeezed in when boiling gives it a flavor.

JELLABIES, HOME-MADE, free from bazaar dirt and flies. One pound fine white wheat flour, 2 lbs. sugar, white, 1 lb. ghee, best; mix flour with $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of hot water and stand over night in a chatty used only for boiling water or rice (a curry chatty will make it have a hot bad flavor). Put in a wineglassful of sweet toddy or some yeast in the flour before covering it up. Next morning if not risen well put the pot in the sun for three or four hours. In hot weather this will scarcely ever be necessary. Have a pan ready with your ghee boiling in it. Fill a coconut shell (with a small hole in the bottom) with the flour remove your finger from the hole and guide the falling batter into rings. When well fried throw into a rich syrup made from the sugar. Flavor with rose water or vanilla. Let the syrup be hot. Take out the Jellabies almost immediately and serve hot. A dish for a Shah in Shah Bodshaw.

CORNFLOUR ULLAVAH.—Cornflour $\frac{1}{2}$ tin, sugar 1 lb.; 3 ozs., ghee, 3 ozs. or 4, almonds beaten enough to make a thin paste, about a tea cup full. Boil flour and water in the ghee and add the almonds. Fry till quite done, known by not being pasty to the feel.

Ullavah is made from roleng or soojee. Get half a measure, mix with water to a soft dough, let it stand for 3 or 4 hours. Add a quart of water to the dough after it has stood and wash the gluten away from the starch. Use more water for this. To facilitate it, the dough may be rubbed in a thick cloth which separates the starch. The starch must be allowed to settle for half an hour, all the watery part being poured off. To each tea cupful of this thick starch use two tea cupsful of sugar, or $1\frac{1}{2}$; if such a sweet conserve is not wanted make a rich syrup of the sugar and when thick throw in all the starch, stir continuously. Soon it will thicken into a semi-transparent mass, then add ghee $\frac{1}{2}$ viss. Fry the stuff moving it about incessantly. Use a slow fire. It will be done when a piece rolls between finger and thumb without sticking. Then throw in almonds $\frac{1}{2}$ viss (in kernels) nicely cut. Fry about 5 minutes more and remove. When somewhat cooler add 10 drops of essence of rose and mix the mass well. Serve in small plates or in diamond cuts. To one tea cup of roleng one cup and a half will give a sweet Ullavah, but more may be added. Pistachio nuts and cashu nuts, sliced, may be added if a rich Ullavah is wanted. A very nice conserve is made from raggi flour well sifted from skin in the same proportions. There is no need to separate the gluten from this flour because it is nearly all starch. Corn flour in the above proportions makes a nice Ullavah, and salep powder with the same proportions makes a very nutritive Ullavah.

News and Notes.

A novel feature of the National Congress held in Calcutta this time was the singing of a Bengali song at the opening meeting by a special choir under the leadership of Miss Ghosal, B.A., who herself had composed the song.

The profession of nurse is unknown in France, for at all of the hospitals the nurses are Sisters of Charity. So far this profession, so commonly a resource with the educated classes in England and America, is debarred in France.

It is generally considered that women are not inventive, but during the past year there have been 550 applications to the Patent Office in England for the inventions of women. Among these, H. R. H. the Duchess of York has invented a hygienic teapot, the money accruing from the sale of which is devoted to a charitable institution.

A meeting was held in the Manchester Town Hall on December 6, under the auspices of the Mothers' Union, to consider the proposed establishment of a medical scholarship in India, to be held by a native Christian woman, as a memorial to Queen Victoria. Mr. W. H. Vaudrey presided in the absence of the Lord Mayor, and there was a very large attendance. The chairman explained that the Chester and Manchester Diocesan Councils of the Union had undertaken the present scheme. It would cost £1,200, and towards that sum £200 had been provided.

Among the few professions open to French women is that of a physician. There are some extremely skilful women doctors in France, who have been permitted to study with the men. Almost without exception these women have married a comrade whom they met in the medical college. Curiously enough France was the pioneer of England in medical education, the French M.D. being given to women long before the English. This is, in fact, the degree held by Mrs. Garret Anderson, one of the first and best known of London lady doctors.

Girls' colleges in America exercise vast influence. Among the most prominent are Vassar, Wellesley, Smith, Bryn Mawr, Barnard, Radcliffe, and Chicago. Each is a little world in itself, where for four years a girl devotes herself to study, varied by recreations, such as basket ball, tennis, dances, social entertainments, operas, theatres, etc. Many of these young women take the course with some definite idea; others, after leaving, if they be not endowed with the world's goods, drift into occupations, congenial or uncongenial as the case may be. Many of the poorer ones work and fight their way through college, and have a pretty hard time. Some girls go to college to widen their circle of experience and in order to develop their tendencies.

The following is from the *Indian Social Reformer*:—At a meeting held at the Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, London, under the auspices of the Foreign Press Association over which Sir Richard Temple presided, an address of great interest was given by Miss Margaret Noble (Sister Nivedita) on the "Education of Hindu Women and their Ideals." In introducing the lecturer Sir Richard Temple said Miss Noble was in sympathy with all that was best in Hinduism, and wished to introduce methods of education for girls in India by which they might be

instructed in the Western sense of education without being denationalised—instructed in a way that would enable them to retain all that was national, historical, and traditional in the Indian race.

The American girl is fast winning her way in foreign colleges notably those of Germany and Switzerland. It was a long while before the heavy German professors would accept women as students; in most colleges it is a question of individual choice, some of the professors receiving women pupils, while others bar their admission. Miss Caroline Stewart, an American girl, is the first to receive the title of doctor from the University of Berlin. At the close of the reading of her thesis, which was a commentary on the Gospel of St. Luke, she was awarded the prize; she was the recipient of an ovation, led by the Dean of the Philosophical Faculty. Miss Stewart is only twenty-six. Her opponents were two Germans and one Scotch girl, over whose heads she won first honours.

"Love and Life Behind the Purdah," is a new novel by Miss Cornelia Sorabji, dealing with the Life and Romance of Indian Women, published by Freeman & Co., London, (6s.). It contains a Portrait of the Author, an Introductory Note by the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, and a Letter to the Author from the Right Honourable Lord Hobhouse, K.C.S.I. These stories are founded on the personal experiences of the Author, and give a vivid impression at first hand of the life and character of the Indian woman. Some of them touch on the custom of the seclusion of women, and, as Lady Dufferin says in her preface, "they exhibit to us from the inside, as it were, customs and ways of living and thinking which we usually contemplate from the outside only and which we are apt to consider and appraise through the mists of our own European prejudices." Lord Hobhouse in his letter makes some pregnant remarks on the difficulties, from the legal and political point of view, consequent on the seclusion of women and other native customs.

We fear that in these days a little too much is being said of the ideal of the past. Our contemporary, the *Indian Social Reformer*, has some weighty remarks on this point: "It has become a common expedient with some members of 'the party of the East' to take us back to the glories of our ancestors, inviting us to dwell upon those rather than perform the thankless task of pointing out current errors and seeking for their remedies. To be proud of one's ancestors is, no doubt, legitimate, when the pride does not intrude upon and block the way of present endeavours. An individual who is given to talk incessantly of his high birth and the achievements of his father and grandfather is often looked down upon as an idler, a braggart, one from whom little good can be expected. Should this not apply to a community which adopts the foolish course? Legitimate pride of birth and ancestry should act as the hidden spring of honourable deeds: it is not to be worn as a token, a delegate's badge entitling the wearer to a front seat and preferment for the good things of this world. A tree is judged by its fruits, not the fruits by the tree."

There is a Society of Lady Artists in Germany at which all classes of members meet. It held an exhibition at the Art Academy in Berlin the other day, which was, in more than one respect, the most

successful of the kind ever held in the capital. Princess Frederick Leopold, of Prussia, representing her sister, the Empress, had a private view of the pictures the day before the opening, and was received by the members of the Committee, Fräulein Marie von Keudell, Margarete Hoenerbach, Clara Berkowski, Marie Kirschner, and others, and this gave the show quite a social inauguration. The catalogue numbered 335 works of art, by 208 lady artists; 48 of whom are residents of Berlin and the neighbourhood. Portraiture was a very strong feature and most of it was marked by careful drawing and vigorous colouring. Fräulein Clara Elisabeth Fischer was well represented by a characteristic portrait of the president of the Exhibition Committee, Fräulein von Keudell, as well as by two pictures of children. Fräulein von Stückradt and Elise Brennicke each exhibited an excellent portrait study, and Sophie Luise Schlieder contributed a striking picture of a girl. Still life and flower studies were not so prominent as on former occasions, and were substituted to a great extent by landscapes (of which Marie Kirschner, Hildegard Lehnert and Marie Thun were the most prominent interpreters) and by pictures. An interesting part of the exhibition was that containing the work of the pupils of the Society, which showed the gradual and progressive stages of what is taught at this work of art.

—On Monday, November 18, an interesting and successful "At Home" was given by the Council of the National Indian Association in the Jehanghir Hall,

Imperial Institute, London, S.W. Usually the parties of the Association have been held in the evening, but owing to the cold foggy season, which has begun early this year, it was decided to arrange an afternoon gathering instead. The hour was therefore 4 p.m. The Jehanghir Hall had been well decorated, by members of the Council, with carpets, phulkaris, and other embroideries, and it presented an inviting appearance under the brilliant electric light. Members of the Association and other friends of India assembled numerously. Signor d'Amati's Neapolitan Singers performed very attractively on the Mandolin, and gave several solos. Miss Malvery also interested the audience by her able recitation of an Indian legend. Among the guests were: Sir Alfred and Lady Lyall, Sir Charles and Lady Elliot, Lady Bayley, H. H. the Maharani of Kuch-Bihar, Sir Charles and Lady Lyall, Sir Raymond and Lady West, Sir Charles and Lady Stevens. Sir John and Lady Jardine, Dewan Bahadur V. M. Samarth, Sir William Rattigan, M.P., and Lady Rattigan, Colonel Curzon Wyllie, Mr and Mrs. Lesley Probyn, Mrs. Chester Macnaghten, Mrs. J. C. Bose, Mrs. Sheppard, Mr. N. B. Wagle, Sir Joshua and Lady Fitch, Mr. and Mrs. McCorkell, Mrs. P. L. Roy, Mrs. J. D. Cama, Mrs. and Miss Reynolds, Mr. Beveridge, Miss Cornelia Sorabji, Mr. V. Vaidya, Mr. Martin Wood, Mr. Parikh, Mr. Samuel Digby, Colonel and Mrs. Bartholomew, Mr. M. R. Boyce. The party lasted till 7 p.m., and it was marked by much sociability and cordial intercourse.

"Duties high, noble, silently important as any that can fall to a human creature, duties that, if well discharged, constitute woman in a soft, beautiful, almost sacred way, Queen of the world, and which, by her natural faculties, graces, strength and weaknesses, are every way indicated as specially hers."—CARLYLE.

WOMAN'S KINGDOM.

"Reaching high,
Its walls rise upward to the sky,
For weary souls who crave her aid,
For frightened souls, sin-sick, afraid,
While she beside the postern stands
To hold up weak and weary hands.

Her throne, the hallowed chamber where
Her child is taught its evening prayer;
Her crown a good man's steadfast love,
Pure gold that fire shall only prove;
Her warders, only loving prayers,
To guard the feet of stumbling cares;

Her tribute, loving hearts and true;
Her orders, Faith's broad ribbon blue.
Decked with the cross, and starry Hope
Borne on a shining anchor up."—ETHEL LYNN.

"Every woman is, or ought to be, a Cathedral,
Built on the ancient plan, a Cathedral pure and perfect,
Built by that only law, that Use be suggester of Beauty."—CLOUGH.

We'll keep our aims sublime, our eyes erect,
Although our woman-hands should shake and fail."—E. B. BROWNING.



HER EXCELLENCY LADY NORTHCOTE.



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

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An open letter to Educated Indians.

[BY AN INDIAN LADY.]

I WISH to say a few words to you on a very important subject, and I wonder if this effort on the part of "a mere woman" to appeal to men will be thought a great presumption. But I do not see why it should be so. Every one has a right to say a few words in his or her defence; and we, far from lowering ourselves, claim to be the companions and counsellors of men in the highest sense of the word. Therefore, will my brothers condescend to spare me a few minutes? It is evident that the subject of female education is one that has a very important bearing on the future of India; and yet, though it is a theme of constant exhortation with those interested in the progress of the country, we cannot help noticing that but little is being done in the way of action. Great progress has been made in the education of the men in our country; and the education of our women ought to have followed as a natural consequence. India's connection with Great Britain has resulted in many beneficial results to the former and one of the greatest of these is education. It was Lord Curzon who said recently that, even if every vestige of British supremacy were destroyed, the enlightenment that British education has

produced would be the most telling monument of British rule in India. The Indians are said to be very conservative; but, in one respect, in the rapid strides they have made in English education, they must be pronounced to be very go ahead; and their very eagerness for more education disproves the view of some critics that Indians do not value education for its own sake, but only as a means to an end. Surely this is not true. The restless activity of mind, the quick perception and insatiable curiosity, which are the essentials of education, enter into the very idea of Indian character. But is it right to selfishly limit the advantages of education to the men alone? Is it right, as one among you, Mr. Dayaram Gidumal, says in Mr. Chintamani's book on Social Reform, to go on sinning against woman from her birth nearly to her death, to think her no better than

"Household stuff,
Live chattels, mincers of each other's fame,
Full of weak poison, turnspits for the clown,
The drunkard's football, laughing-stocks of Time,
Whose brains are in their hands and in their heels;
But fit to darn, to knit, to wash, to cook,
To tramp, to scream, to burnish and to scour,
For ever slaves at home and fools abroad."

Does she deserve no better destiny than this? Our educated men are said to be wanting in culture—that "openness to ideas," which Matthew Arnold sums up as the essence of culture. This may be a sweeping charge to make, and yet there must be some truth in it, for one of the most important influences that make for culture in the West is the influence of the home, and it is this very influence that is wanting in India. So long

as the women are left uneducated—please do not credit us, with pride for saying so—we must look upon the Indian nation as paralyzed. But if the women are educated, if they are allowed a free scope for the development of their faculties, their softer natures, their truer instincts which make them essentially women, what a great deal of good would be the result. For your own sakes at least, will you not educate women? Would you not like to have helpful women in your house, helpful mothers, wives, sisters, daughters?

At home and in society in England, a lady occupies a sphere of prominence and influence. There are many who say that Europe would never have been civilized if the women had been left in the degraded condition which they are made to occupy in our land. We must bear in mind clearly the fact that unless we try to lift our women to a higher level, India will remain in the same state which she now occupies. Perfect happiness can exist only where there is perfect equality and trust; and this, it must be remembered, cannot be obtained when society in India remains as it is at the present time. True happiness cannot exist where women lose their personal freedom in the personality of the men, where men and women do not work, talk or eat together on terms of equality, or where daughters are kept in close ignorance and made to do the work of household drudges. It is to be found only where there is trustful intercourse between all the members of a family, where all help each other with loving sympathy and mutual confidence, making for the general good of our fellow-creatures and the glory of our Creator.

What the Honourable Mr. Justice Muthuswami Iyer said is quite true: "It is not enough that women should be taught to read and write. It is also necessary that they should be enabled to lay in a stock of knowledge, which will be of service to them in managing the house, in nursing people through illness, in enforcing attention to cleanliness and the laws of health, in rendering the home neat and tidy, in imparting to the home-life a tone of cheerful content, in sustaining and raising the energy of female character, and in acquitting themselves well and honourably through all the changes of life as wives, daughters and mothers."

In ancient India, the position of Hindu women was far different to what it is now. It was a most honourable, nay exalted one, for they appear to have been on a footing of perfect equality with their husbands. Without any social restrictions on their actions, they were allowed to do much as they pleased, to appear unreservedly in public and even to choose their husbands out of many suitors. The same education which was given to the men, was given to them; and very often mention is made of women who were Rishis like the men,

who composed hymns and took part in public discussions. Such was the honourable position of women in ancient times, but what a terrible falling-off from this high standpoint is presented by their condition now! Perhaps you will say that the conditions are changed and are no longer such as will make such relations between men and women possible. True they have changed; but the worst was over long ago, and they are changing again now, but for the better. The old prejudice against female education has given way before the example of the Europeans and the philanthropic exertions of the Christian missionaries. The old idea, that the education of women will strip them of the graces of womanhood and lead to the loosening of social ties has long since been proved false. Indeed it has now come to be seen that what causes girls to lose their equilibrium and neglect their domestic duties is imperfect education. True education only expands and refines the intellect and gives a wider and a higher idea of life and its duties. This view has now gained general acceptance, and in accordance with it many public schools for girls have come into existence. But in spite of this, it is sad to note the exceedingly small proportion of girls pursuing their studies beyond the Upper Primary stage. Only two per cent. of the total number of girls under instruction are in the secondary stage, which means that in the vast country of India only 5,000 or 6,000 girls receive an education up to the standard represented by the Middle School examination, which, as is well-known, requires a very meagre amount of knowledge.

Of course it can be urged that one of the chief reasons for the low state of women in India is the want of co-operation from themselves. This is quite true and we have ourselves to blame for it; but there are many other reasons for this deplorable state of things. And it cannot be denied that where the men have allowed them the women have taken the best advantage of their opportunities. It need not always be Western education that you should give us. Give us something that will develop our minds. There is a tendency among us to unduly extol everything European and depreciate all things Eastern. In doing so, we do not honour ourselves or our own latent powers of greatness and nobility. This is what an educated Indian lady says on the subject: "Above all things, let Indian women be Indian women. They can seek no lovelier grace, no higher destiny than to fulfil, in accordance with the special gifts and powers and needs of their temperaments, the highest intellectual, social and spiritual life that lies within their reach. I for one would raise my voice in favour of equalising Eastern and Western culture, and not letting either be predominant. Modern India should inherit equally—rather possess equally,

the one by inheritance and the other by acquirements,—a dual culture and all the vitalizing influences of that rare union of East and West."

Help us then to fulfil our lives. Do not shut us out of the light of knowledge, do not dwarf our intellects, do not limit our mental scope; give us, in very justice, some of the privileges at least that you enjoy; and we shall repay you to the full, by making your lives happier and more useful, your homes brighter and greater centres of light and influence.

"SATYAVATI."

The last Social Conference.

[BY K. NATARAJAN, ESQ., B.A., EDITOR OF "THE INDIAN SOCIAL REFORMER,"]

EVERYBODY knows that the Social Conference is a meeting of friends and sympathisers of social reform held on the day next after the closing of the Congress. It is generally held in the same pavilion. Several of the delegates to the Congress also attend as delegates to the Conference. Not being a political meeting, officials are free to take part in it, and, in fact, its guidance has always been in the hands of distinguished officials. The late Mr. Justice Ranade was its principal organiser. By a sort of natural succession, that duty has now devolved on Mr. Justice Chandavarkar.

The Conference this year was presided over by Raja Benoy Krishna, an orthodox Hindu nobleman of Calcutta. Previous to his election as Chairman, Mr. Chandavarkar made an opening speech in which he said that, not the carrying out of the several items of reform, but a renovation of spirit was the true end of all moral reform. Mr. Norendra Nath Sen welcomed the delegates in a short speech in which he expressed the opinion that political reform should be based on social reform, and social reform on religious reform. But lest religious reform might be understood to mean conversion to other faiths, he added that what he meant was a reversion to the spirit of the early Hindu period. Raja Benoy Krishna next read his address. It was a brief, nicely-written essay. In a purely academic view, the Raja balanced the influences which made for and against the movement. He, however, came to the

conclusion that things could not remain where they were. But he did not say what changes should be introduced, except that they should not be revolutionary. He took a rather gloomy view of affairs at the present day. It was not a bad speech, on the whole, though one cannot say that it could not have been better.

Then the resolutions were placed before the meeting. There was only one lady-speaker at the Conference, and that was Mrs. Roshan Lal, who spoke on female education. She is a distinguished lady in Northern India, and edits a magazine for women in Hindi. She spoke in Hindi and was listened to with great attention by the audience. She seems to have spoken against the denationalisation of some advanced Bengalee ladies.

Most of the resolutions were passed without a hitch. On the sea-voyage question, there was some hot speaking, some of the speakers attacking those who, after returning from foreign travel, did not conform to their old dress and habits. On the subject of the reclamation of famine orphans, the Punjab gentleman who moved the resolution spoke with the ardour of conviction. Before putting the resolution on intermarriage between sub-castes to the vote, the President said that he did not wish to commit himself to one view or the other in regard to it. The resolution was carried unanimously by the meeting nevertheless, and the Raja good-humouredly declared that he was the only neutral.

The real opposition came when the widow-marriage question was taken up. The resolution on the subject was carefully drafted and asked for the bare minimum of justice for the most helpless class of Hindu widows. It regretted that the movement for the removal of the restrictions on the remarriage of child-widows, which originated in Bengal, had been allowed to fall into the background in that province, though in other provinces it had been persevered in with excellent effect; and suggested that greater efforts should be made to direct public attention to the evil of such prohibition in the future. Moderation cannot go much further. Yet, when the resolution came up, the Raja in the Chair and some near and behind him were in a flutter. The mover who had an excellent speech printed beforehand

was, it must be admitted, a trying speaker on the platform, but it was something more than his bad speaking that led to his being shouted down. The seconder and supporter were soon finished, and the Raja again declared that before asking the Conference to vote on the resolution, he wished to say he would remain neutral. This time he was not alone. Cries of "many are opposed," "We do not want widows to marry," came in numbers, but the resolution was carried notwithstanding by a large majority.

The Conference glided down the list of resolutions and the bottom was reached earlier than had been hoped. Then Mr. Chandavarkar rose to propose a vote of thanks to the Chair. The present writer has heard him often, but he has never heard him speak as he did on this occasion. It was not an orator so much as a prophet who spoke in him that day. The conclusion of the proceeding had relieved him of a great weight of anxiety. His ardent spirit had been chafing at the indifference and apathy he had seen in his endeavours to interest the leading men of Calcutta in the work of the Conference. The opposition to the remarriage of child-widows had set his blood on fire. Fifteen years ago when in Calcutta, Vidyasagara had expressed to him the keenest despair as to the fate of this movement in Bengal. In Bombay, he had fought under the banner of the early pioneers of the reform and had been the friend of Madhavdas Raghunathdas and Pundit Vishnu Sastri of whose paper, the *Indu Prakash*, he had been the editor. All these associations combined to fill him with a sweeping indignation. After a few words of compliment to the Raja for having presided, he opened his attack, owning that he was determined not to go away disappointed from Bengal and would like to reason it out a little with those who said they were opposed to the remarriage of child-widows. And then flowed a fiery stream of remonstrance and fulmination, culminating in the impressive passage in which he claimed that the doom of God rested on Hindu society for its cruelty to child-widows. Then the orator changed his note. With vibrating voice and pathetic gesture, he described the lamentable condition of the child-widow who, perhaps, lost her betrothed on the very day of her marriage, and put it to his hearers whether

they would condemn her to lifelong celibacy while they allowed aged widowers to marry any number of wives. The effect of this speech which has been most inadequately represented here, was immediate. The leader of the opposition and a number of others surrounded Mr. Chandavarkar as soon as the Conference was over, and said that they would not have opposed the resolution had they been enabled to look at it from the point of view in which he had presented it. They said they would read with reverence the writings of Vidyasagara and would thenceforth try to help the movement. It was a great personal triumph for Mr. Chandavarkar, but an even greater one for the cause.

There was an incident which caused some sensation and much amusement in connection with the resolution on polygamy. The seconder, a Kulin Brahmin, came on the platform in rather an aggressive mood. He said that a slur had been cast on Bengal by the resolution, and somehow made believe that he was going to oppose it. He began by saying that he was a Kulin Brahmin himself—and was greeted by cries of "shame." He had a good deal of coolness in him, and he quietly replied that he couldn't help it. With the next sentence he sent the whole Conference into an uproar. "I have myself married two wives" he said. For full three minutes the *pandal* rang with cries of "shame." He remained perfectly unmoved the while; and then, taking advantage of a pause, slowly added "the second after the death of my first wife." Needless to say he finished his speech amid loud applause.

This is a purely descriptive sketch and no attempt has been made to discriminate opinions.

• Question not, but live and labour,
Till your goal be won;
Helping every feeble neighbour,
Seeking help from none.
Life is mostly froth and bubble;
Two things stand like stone—
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in your own."

"Birds by being glad their Maker bless,
By simply shunning sun and stars;
And we, whose law is love, serve less
By what we do than what we are."



The Place of Music in Education.

(WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO INDIAN MUSIC)

[BY THE EDITOR.]



It is Carlyle who says that music is "a kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the Infinite, and lets us for moments gaze into that!" "All deep things," he says, and one is inclined entirely to agree with him, "are song. It seems somehow the very central essence of us, song: the primal element of us; of us, and of all things." Indeed, real music must be true music, the expression of a perfect thought, of a perfect revelation, of a perfect harmony. "A musical thought is one spoken by a mind that has penetrated into the inmost heart of the thing; detected the inmost mystery of it, namely, the melody that lies hidden in it; the invaried harmony of coherence which is its soul, whereby it exists, and has a right to be, here in this world." It was this very idea that the ancients, notably the Greeks, had, when they talked of sphere-harmonies, the very idea that we find imbedded in the most poetical utterances of later poets, Tennyson, Milton and others; the idea that there was a music of the spheres, of the planets, of the Universe as a whole, which was too fine and exquisite to be audible to human ears; the idea which was the metaphorical expression of their feeling that nature was all harmony, and that everything in her—her voices, her actions—was perfect music. A grand idea truly, but one that often goes beyond the reach of our mortal comprehension, for if we understood it well, our lives themselves would be all song. Says Shakespeare,

"There is not the smallest orb which thou beholdest
But in his motion like an angel sings
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But while this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

Thus, music is, in one sense, far more ancient than man, and in another it is essentially the creation of man. In the latter sense, how great a creation, or an invention, if we prefer that term, it seems to be. Out of the poor elements of the scale, what science, what sources of pleasure are the result. "Can it be," says Newman, "that those mysterious stirrings of the heart, and keen emotions and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions from we know not whence, should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial, and comes and goes, and begins and ends in itself?" And yet in a real sense, man invented music, because the material itself

as well as the shaping of it have to be supplied by him. The origin of music we do not know, and much of its early history is unfortunately not available; but we have various myths to explain its origin, and we have allusions to music as an art even among the ancients, such, for example, as the musical contest between Marsyas and Apollo. The following myth which Sir John Lubbock takes from Plato, that grass-hoppers, which were once human beings themselves, were so delighted by the appearance of the Muses that they "sang and sang and forgot to eat, until they died of hunger for the love of song," is amusing, but indicative of a great truth, namely, that even the lower animals are passionately fond of music.

Music can be a great power for good, as well as for evil. The following description of it sums up its advantages in a few words: "Music is a moral law. It gives a soul to the Universe, wings to the mind, flight to the imagination, a charm to sadness, gaiety and life to everything. It is the essence of order, and leads to all that is good, just and beautiful, of which it is the invisible, but nevertheless dazzling, passionate and eternal form." Music, that is, good music appeals to us more directly than any other art. It seems to take us, by intuition as it were,—an intuition which is sometimes extraordinary, as it bridges over in an instant, as nothing else can, the bridge between the finite and the infinite,—to the very essence of things, to the underlying reality of them, and thus it is a great source of sympathy. When we are listening to good music, we feel ourselves taken out of ourselves, as it were; the conscious world slips from us, and we feel ourselves travelling in the world of idealities. It gives us, for moments at least, a glimpse of a world which seems to be perfect, where Truth and Goodness, Beauty and Harmony seem to reign perfect. There are some who think that music can influence even the inanimate powers of nature; it is a fact that music influences and restrains the ferocity of brute animals; as an example of which we may point out the snake-charming which is so common in our country by the playing of music on a gourd-like instrument by the snake-charmer. What doubt can there be then, as to its power to influence the understanding human heart?

"The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell;
And feeling hearts—touch them but rightly—pour
A thousand melodies unheard before."

And this music can be a great power for good. It is a great aid to Religion and often prevents it from falling to a lower level. How often do we find in places of worship, when we find our thoughts wandering away from us, that the chanting of sacred melodies, the singing of sacred

songs, brings us back to the world we ought to worship in?—

"the sound
Of solemn psalms, and silver litanies,
to call down from Heaven
A blessing on her labours for the world."
"O the one life within us and abroad,
Which meets all motion, and becomes its soul,
A light in sound, a sound-like power in light,—
Methinks it should have been impossible
Not to love all things in a world so filled;
Where the breeze warbles and the mute still air
Is music slumbering on her instrument."

Apart from its being a power for good, music is a great source of happiness. In sorrow it soothes, in joy it increases happiness, in excitement and passion it calms, in moments of depression it elevates; and its power to express thought, not only stationary thought, but the growth and development of thought and emotions, is extraordinary. Music is a great incentive to labour. When labourers are working, we generally find that singing or chanting helps them on; in fact, every occupation almost has its own especial song or chant. And after labour, when the mind is weary, what greater solace can there be than music? In this world of business, where everything is tending to become prosaic and mercenary, where there is sometimes scarcely breathing time, if the busy soul can snatch a few moments to listen to music, he will return to his business refreshed and elevated in mind and eager for his work. Music has ever been the source of inspiration to poets and great writers, and it can be so still.

"Hark how it falls! and now it steals along
Like distant bells upon the lake at even,
My spirit soars
Beyond the skies, and leaves the stars behind;
Lo! angels lead me to the happy shores,
And floating pæans fill the buoyant wind."

And music is a great source of social unity. Irrespective of birth, of wealth, of sex, of nationality, all can participate in the beneficent effects of music, for simple music is beautiful as well as more cultivated music; and among those who can compose music, what greater source of union can there be than that all are working for one end, in however various ways that end may be expressed.

Thus, music, we see, is an education in itself, and an education which refines and elevates.

"There is in souls a sympathy with sounds;
And as the mind is pitched, the ear is pleased
With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave!
Some chord in union with what we hear
Is touched within us, and the heart replies."

The question of what place music ought to have in education can be better debated if we settle the meaning of the word 'education.' Some mean by it the acquisition of knowledge,

and some the development of the faculties that lie latent in us. All education must, it is obvious, be the acquisition of knowledge, but the knowledge would be of no use, unless we are in sympathy with it; and therefore it would be of no use to try to get knowledge of any subject, or to cultivate any faculty, unless we like the subject, unless we have the faculty for it in us. True education again, it is needless to say, must be an education in every sense, especially for women, what we may call, a general "accomplishment." The æsthetic faculty, as well as the intellectual faculty, must be cultivated; and one of the best ways of doing the former is by learning music, for music satisfies the æsthetic sense as nothing else can. It is not everyone who has the musical faculty, and for those who have absolutely no taste for it, perhaps it would be better not to learn it. For the chief function of music is the expression of feeling; and the rendering of feelingless music, however brilliant it may be, is excruciating to the ear.

"Fine sleights of hand
And unimagined fingering, shuffling off
The hearer's soul through hurricanes of notes
To a noisy Tophet."

may be all very well, especially as such "perfect mastery" is generally the fashion; but to most hearers,—ignorant hearers some may call them—without expression, without the soul of the performer being thrown into it, such music means nothing.

As Shakespeare says—

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night
And his affections dark as Erebus;
Let no such man be trusted."

Perhaps such a statement may be toned down by conditions; but, apart from this, there are very few men who do not care for good music. If they do not care for the average music that we hear, it is perhaps because such music does not sound true to them. It is always easy to listen, but not always so easy to perform, and therefore everyone does not care to be a musician. But when one does learn music, one can find the limits here much more easily than in most of the other arts. For the simplest music, well performed, is often better than the most complicated music which cannot be so easily understood. The best thing to do then, if we cannot become an accomplished musician, is to choose the simplest music, the music that is most in sympathy with the nature, and the easiest instrument. The voice always, it seems to me, is a much better medium of expressing feeling than any instrument; though the piano or the violin played by a true musician to the wonderful airs of the great composers, cannot be easily excelled. Only whatever instru-

and pleasure of becoming acquainted with by far a large majority of lady graduates. I am bound to say that not only do I agree with Mrs. Besant as to higher education being unnecessary for Indian women, but also that I affirm that it has done considerable harm and is likely to do greater harm as the number goes on increasing of those who are eager to grasp at it. It must be borne in mind that by higher education I mean the passing of University Examinations, and of these I must frankly confess I entertain a very poor opinion as a test of a man's education. By painful experience I have learnt that by far a large proportion of those who have obtained degrees can by no stretch of language be termed educated men. During their College career the aim that most of them have had in view is not to become educated men, but to cram in a certain amount of book knowledge which will enable them to pass a particular examination without which they cannot compete in the race for obtaining a livelihood. Once these examinations are passed, if he be a rich man the books are put away on a shelf, and if a poor they may go to a second-hand bookseller. It is very rarely indeed that the pages of these books are turned over again except by school-masters; the struggle for existence is so keen that a man's energy is taxed to the utmost to attend to the business or profession he may have taken up, and he can rarely spare the time, even if he had the inclination, to continue those studies in which he may at one time have attained to some degree of proficiency. Thus after a few years very little trace is left of his having gone in for these higher studies.

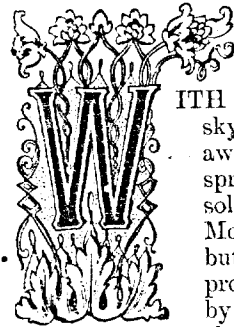
Now, necessity compels a man to go through such a coarse, unsatisfactory though it be, for it is the only avenue by which he can obtain a livelihood, but surely this farce need not be gone through by girls; it neither qualifies them for the chief end they ought to have in view, that of becoming good wives and mothers, nor happily has any one yet desired to lay down that one of the qualifications in a wife should be that she should be a graduate, or that the duties of a mother cannot be satisfactorily performed where there is an absence of knowledge of higher mathematics. But it may be asked if the positive gain is doubtful—is there any actual harm done? Yes, indeed, there is. As regards some who have gone in for higher education, their minds have been unable to bear the strain to which they have been put, and I know of others who have become physical wrecks. To those who would point out to A, B, and C, who have stood the strain without doing themselves any harm, I would ask, have you taken any count of those who have struggled and suffered and dropped out of the running, depressed and disheartened, with their health materially damaged or their feelings needlessly soured?

I have met some such, and of others I have heard from their relatives and friends, who have realised when too late that the craze for higher education has its risks. Then there is another aspect of the question which cannot be lost sight of, but at which some women feel unnecessarily affronted when it is put before them. I believe with Mrs. Besant that the end that the education of girls should have in view is to make them good wives and good mothers. Now they cannot become mothers unless they are wives, and they cannot become wives unless some one asks them to fulfil that position. Unfortunately that some one is the somewhat depreciated article called man, and he has the bad taste, we will call it, of fighting shy of lady graduates. It may be he is a graduate himself, but the average graduate is generally a poor man who has to make his way in the world, and he looks in a wife rather for one who will be able to make a good omelette or a delicious *hulwa*, and be otherwise an expert housekeeper, than for one who will fling a mathematical problem at his head, or quote Shakespeare and Milton when a badly cooked dinner is served before him. But I have been told if men will not appreciate such women, they can do without them. So they do, as a rule—but fair readers! I would fain here enter a protest. I hold to the scriptural theory that woman was made to be a helpmeet for man, and if I saw the fairest of you disfiguring your faces I would cry, hold hard, we have avested right in you and we do not like disfigured faces. Similarly when the best and most intelligent of our girls take to doing something that makes them less acceptable as wives, I say, please to consider that you are doing yourselves an injury, and us too into the bargain.

But I am prepared to admit, that though I may have the best of the argument, women can make out a fairly plausible case for themselves. In the first place they are fired with the very laudable ambition to let the world see that they are not wanting in intellectual capacity, and that they are as good as men. Some may indeed be superior to man, but if it be allowed that their vocation is to be a helpmeet to him, they are not furthering that end by an abnormal development of the intellectual faculties at the expense of their health or the stifling of those womanly qualities in that which constitutes their special charm. It may be the prejudice of man, but even in Europe, the New Woman has but little attraction even in the most cultured society, but here in India where the conditions of life are so different, and even an elementary education is a great desideratum, this higher education is a luxury that can very well be dispensed with. But it is pointed out that without this higher education, where are we to get our lady doctors or teachers in Women's Colleges,

for all of whom I confess I have great respect because they are doing an incalculable amount of good; but the evil lies in the system which looks upon every girl as destined to be a doctor, a professor, or the Editress of a ladies' journal, and would perforce put them all through the same training. It may be that a happy combination of circumstances has permitted, in a stray case, a young lady to go through the higher paths of learning without having injured her health, and without becoming less gentle and less womanly; it may have provided her with a home and a position, where placed above the sordid wants of everyday life, she by her intellectual conversation lends a peculiar charm to the kindly hospitality which is dispensed by her, and it may be that time and opportunity are afforded her for using her superior gifts in literary efforts for the elevation of her sex. But such a case is rare. Drawn from the middle class of society, those who have been fortunate enough to pass through the ordeal of higher education unimpaired in mind or body, have either the prospect of passing their lives in single blessedness or of uniting themselves to men whose position is such that in the drudgery of household duties they find but little scope for the display or further cultivation of their intellectual acquirements. Then again it is contended that these gifts will be of value to the mother in the education of her children. I entertain very grave doubts about it. By the time the children attain to such an age that their mother's high education can be of any use to them, she will probably have lost all trace of it, or her hands will be so full of her household duties and her attention so taken up with her younger children that she will probably be glad to do what will no doubt be the most sensible thing, that is send the elder ones to some school. That an educated woman is more likely to be a good mother I am prepared to admit, but I protest against the assumption that University Examinations are to be the test of her being educated, and similarly I fail to see that a knowledge of higher mathematics or classics or a wide range of English literature "tends to better equip a wife as helpmeet, by furthering a community of tastes with the husband." An education much less pretentious is more likely to promote this very desirable end. In England women who had received a general and a liberal education, have for centuries past been considered fit companions for men; it is only within recent times they have taken to University Examinations and it is certainly not admitted that they have improved their qualifications for associating with men.

• Spring at the Kutub.



[BY MRS. SUSHILA TAHE
RAM, LAHORE.]

WITH the morn blushing in the sky, the village of Mehrowlee awakened to hail the new born spring. From the minarets solemnly rose the prayer of the Moslem crier; 'There is no God but one, and Mahomed is his prophet,' silenced, oft and on, by the deep voice of the conch-shell resounding in adoration in the ancient Temple of Yog-Maya, as the men, prostrating themselves before the benign goddess, prayed for a rich harvest, whilst the women humbly bowing propitiated the deity with homely offerings of milk and curds. Brightly the sun burst forth in its splendour to glorify the sublime and remarkable ruins of the Kutub adjoining the village. As the people in their gay dresses, bright but soft tunics and colored turbans sauntered about, the sacred precincts seemed decked with radiant streamers and garlands. All is gay with light and laughter. Birds are warbling their sweetest strains and a happy smile illumines every face, for spring with its fragrant breath has imbued nature with love and joyousness.

"A dive! a dive for silver!" cries a stripling almost in nature's garb, and elbowing himself among a knot of men clustered around a well of considerable dimensions. Women peer into its dark waters, and draw away aghast. One determined urchin pleads for money as the mother holds him back from the railings. The copper has no attraction, but no sooner does the silver glitter than down leaps the stripling into the dark chasm and is lost to sight. The lad claps and jumps for glee, but becomes impatient and his eyes glisten from fear at the lengthened delay. All await breathlessly his re-appearance. Suddenly there is a burst of acclamation, as the daring diver, with the silver piece in his mouth, appears at the extreme end of the reservoir fed by the Well.

A group is examining the Iron Pillar which Nadir Shah's bloody hand tried in vain to remove. "There is a legend," remarks a Rajput, bowing his grey head reverently to it, "that this Pillar was placed here by one of our sovereign ancestors. The royal snake, which supports the earth, bore it on its mighty head. It was prophesied that as long as the Pillar remained undisturbed, so long would the Raja's issue continue to reign. But, the great Prithvi Raja's curiosity getting the better of him, he had the Pillar taken up, when

the bottom was found to be covered with blood of the snake. Alas! the charm was broken, and from that day the noble warrior's star began to sink. He eventually died in captivity, when the ancient dynasty was overcome by Shahbudin of Ghazni, and the Mahomedans gained a firm footing in India."

European visitors are in ecstacy over the majestic arches of the Mosque opposite the Iron Pillar. They admiringly touch the beautiful designs of scroll-work relieved by bold Arabic inscriptions, with which the walls are covered. But above all towers the lofty Kutub Minar which is unique of its kind and stands alone in unrivalled majesty. "I believe some fond prince," remarks a European, "built this remarkable tower for his daughter to view the sacred Jumna every evening."

"Nonsense! nonsense!" answers his companion. "The glory of the construction is ascribed to Sultan Shemo-ul-deen Altamsh."

"Strange!" exclaims the first, "that if it is entirely of Moslem design the entrance door to the pillar should face the north, as the Hindus always have it, whilst bells which form a prominent part of decoration in Temples should be sculptured on the lower story of the Minar."

With the soft zephyrs wantonly sporting around, a young man and his wife silently bask upon the lofty turret of the Tower. Their hearts become stirred with deep emotion as they view the amphitheatre of historic relics and monuments, which mutely speak of the glorious past. The venerable remains are stamped with valorous deeds, and recall the days when the flag of Freedom waved aloft on the battlements and her spirit protected the Empire. "Mark those lines of fortification," remarks Govind Rai pointing ahead of him. "Yonder stood the impregnable Fort of Prithvi Raj, the last Hindu monarch of Delhi. The ancient dynasty was overthrown; yea, lost over the love of a princess, the beautiful Sulochna." "Ah! so wildly did he love!" exclaims the wife softly and shyly raising her veiled face. The young man returns a tender glance of admiration, as if in his eyes she appeared worthy of any sacrifice.

"Raja Jeichand of Canouj," continued he, "aspiring to be the greatest monarch of the realm, determined to hold the Rajsui ceremony at which every office was performed by royal personages. The city was decorated gorgeously, with sumptuous arrangements for feasts; invitations were issued throughout India and kings and princes invited to assist at the august ceremony which was to end with the nuptials of the king's favourite daughter, Sulochna, with the choice of her heart. At the appointed time the royal guests assembled at Canouj, some gladly, but others unwillingly, for they resented paying

Jeichand's divine honours, which he courted by the assumption of universal sovereignty. None, except Prithvi Raj and another prince, dared openly to question the right of supremacy, and considering themselves the monarch's equal, they refused to attend the sacred ceremony.

"What!" exclaimed the bold warrior with his hand on the hilt of his sword. "Has my neighbour the audacity to hold the Rajsui ceremony while I breathe!"

"Impossible! the moon may as well question the glory of the sun," rejoined the bard Chand. "As your name implies 'lord of the earth,' your head can never bend to another." Jeichand on receiving the scornful reply fumed with rage and disappointment.

He determined to go and punish the rebel and compel him to attend the ceremony, as it was necessary, for the proper inauguration, that all the royal personages should be present on the occasion. But as a number of guests had already arrived, and the great day was close at hand, the priests dissuaded him against this step, and suggested that an effigy of the contumacious Raja would answer the purpose as well. The image was accordingly ordered and one of the lowest offices, porter to the hall, assigned to the great warrior. When it came to the ears of Prithvi Raj that so great an insult had been offered him, he fumed with indignation, and immediately set out with a band of picked men to humiliate the mighty sovereign in the very presence of the august assembly. Carefully disguising himself, he freely moved amidst the crowd, and proceeded towards his effigy to make his obeisance. Just at the important part of the ceremony, and when the people were saluting, and the place resounding with acclamations of 'Jai! Jai!—Victory! Victory, honor to the Maharaja,' Prithvi Raj, accompanied by his attendants, shot into their midst like a meteor. Boldly seizing the golden image, he cut his way through the mass with his trophy, and escaped the evening's pursuit unhurt. Much to Jeichand's grief and chagrin the valorous deed turned the hearts of the people, and the Delhi warrior became the hero of the day.

"The lovely Sulochna ensconced in a secluded balcony of the palace was an eye witness to the bold exploit. 'Shir! what courage! what manly beauty!' murmured she admiringly, and a great tenderness stole into her bosom for the handsome hero."

"Ah! what wonder!" interrupted the wife with delight. "His prowess was enough to steal any one's soul, and she a Rajputni in whose veins flowed the blue blood of warriors!"

"The Rajsui ceremony," continued Govind Rai, "was followed by the Swayamtar comprising all the notable Rajas, and the princess was re-

quested to throw a garland of flowers around the choice of her heart.

"My heart!" exclaimed she agitatedly. "Ah! it has fled with the gallant prince. I love him—him alone."

"Raja Jeichand was stupefied at the declaration. He gently reasoned with his favourite daughter, and begged of her to alter her decision.

"Nay, nay," cried she, "I love the bold warrior, I'll marry him or die a maid." He is my chosen lord and master."

"Her wilfulness both grieved and angered the fond parent, but rather than give her consent to her union with one, who had publicly insulted him, he had her closely confined in a turret on a rugged hill. But what true lover is deterred by obstacle?"

Stormy limits cannot hold love out:

And what love can do, that dares love attempt.

"Bards had praised the charms of the princess and her beauty had already captivated Prithvi Raj. When he heard of her distress, and that he was the cause of it, a fire possessed him, and love and duty urged him to immediate action. Inspired by all-defying love, and lacking not courage, he hastened to rescue the fair lady from her dungeon of forced seclusion.

"Having matured a plan, he disguised himself, and accompanied his bard, Chand, to the courts of Jeichand, as his servant; whilst, a body of brave Rajputs were left in readiness out of the city gates. Having a long purse at his command, Prithvi Raj soon became very popular with the servants of the palace. He lavished money profusely; and before many days to his unutterable joy the prison door magically opened, when he sued his lady-love to fly with him and become his bride. At the dead of night he stealthily descended, the craggy peak with his precious charge. But he had barely come within the camp of his retinue, when Jeichand's swords flashed around the fugitives"—

"Oh, say not they were captured," interrupted the wife excitedly.

"Nay, nay, right and left Prithvi Raj hewed down his enemies," exclaims Govind Raj proudly. "Then he fled with his bride to Delhi, leaving the discomfited party in the hands of his brave Rajputs, who fought on manfully to their death in checking the pursuit of their chief and his wrested prize. But Raja Jeichand never forgave his rival, who had twice out-witted him by his ingenuity and bravery. The animosity rankled in his breast, and as he knew to his cost, that he was no match for the brave warrior, who held his life so lightly, he invited Shahbudin of Ghazni to assist him with arms. Like a lion Prithvi Raj repeatedly met his foes on the battle-field and returned to the arms of his fond wife crowned with glory and

renown. But the last time he was marching to battle, Sulochna clung round her warrior sobbing, and begged for a respite, as her night had been disturbed by dark dreams which foreboded ill to the crown. He soothed her tenderly, and recalled to her the brave Rajput wives. "Go, my husband," said she, brushing away the fast-falling tears. "Thou hast taught me my duty. Go, and may victory attend thy arms. If thou shouldst fall I know how to follow thee." The prince passionately embracing his noble partner proudly responded, "thus spoke a warrior's bride. Thy words shall be as a trumpet voice on the field of battle."

"But the princess' prediction, as had been revealed to her in her dream was shortly verified. After a brave resistance Prithvi Raj was taken prisoner and died in the dungeons of Shahbudin. When she heard of her lord's fate, the lovely Sulochna bravely mounted the funeral-pyre, joyously exclaiming, "Death will not part us; we are one soul and I go to join my warrior prince in the mansion of the sun."

"Too true," exclaims the young wife as the pathetic story concludes. "Ah! that would be a joyless Paradise if not shared by one's beloved," and as she passed the Temple with her husband, she placed a wreath of jasmine on the altar, and invoked the goddess for steadfast love and fortitude in life.

Physical Exercise for Girls.

(THE NECESSITY OF PHYSICAL EXERCISE FOR GIRLS.)

[BY MISS BERNARD, ACTING INSPECTRESS OF GIRLS' SCHOOLS, SOUTHERN CIRCLE.]



HERE has been much controversy on the question of the necessity of physical training for girls and the benefits, or otherwise, accruing therefrom, and there can be no doubt that the matter is one of vital importance.

History tells us that women of ancient times competed with the men of their respective countries in trials of strength and endurance, such as foot-racing, wrestling, leaping and even boxing; some too, like the men, were instructed in warlike exercises, so that they might be fitted to aid in the defence of their countries and become progenitors of a hardy population. Girls of ancient days played at games of ball very much similar to those of the present time—threw quoits and even javelins to acquire muscular development and healthful beauty. Although this was so, it

was until lately considered indelicate for girls to take physical exercise, especially in a gymnasium; indeed, even now, and I say it with regret, many parents and guardians have the idea that physical exercise for girls is utterly useless; they are content that their girls should study hard in the pursuit of honours and distinctions of various kinds. But, at what cost? Of that of broken-down constitutions, and bodies so enervated as to have become totally unfitted to struggle successfully against the ups and downs of life.

Mr. R. J. McKenzie of Edinburgh, in a paper on "Physical Sport of the Ancient World," pleads strongly on behalf of the physical education of girls. He says: "In ancient Rome, the education of girls, both intellectually and physically, was mostly neglected, and only in Sparta was it realised that the physical education of a girl was as important as that of a boy. Now I spend my life mainly in endeavouring to organise intellectual effort, in reading ancient works, in striving to impart intellectual stimulus and instruction, so that I am sure you will not suspect me of being indifferent to intellectual results; but what I want to say about a girl's education is this, that next to the necessary moral culture, by far the most important part of a girl's education is physical education. Now, am I not speaking the words of common-sense when I say that all the Italian, French and German, all the piano-playing that was ever invented, will not compensate a girl for growing up with pallid cheeks and a hollow chest, will not compensate her for being made a martyr to dyspepsia or contracting a tendency to consumption? I think parents should lay it most deeply to heart, that they have a sacred charge with regard to the physical education of their girls, and that the neglect of this is the one neglect which cannot be atoned for in later life. If the schools ignore the matter, parents should insist on it. It is with them that the responsibility ultimately rests to see that they do not let their children lose what is, next to the blessings of religion and morals, their most precious heritage,—the heritage of health and a sound constitution. I think they (the women) should be, if I may say so, the physical reservoirs of the race, and that parents and schoolmasters should be most careful that they do not, in endeavouring to give extra accomplishments to our girls, weaken their physical constitution. My point is this: parents ought to feel that the physical education of their girls is of prime importance, and that a walk once a day, sometimes not even that, most of the muscles in the body, from week's end to week's end, never being properly exercised at all, is not a kind of training which will turn out mothers that are likely to transmit the vigour of our ancient British manhood."

Dr. Clement Dukes, Physician at Rugby, gives it as his opinion that "the greatest defect in most schools for girls, boarding as well as day-schools, is the utter neglect of any physical education, and worse still, in many girls' schools there is an absence of any desire to remedy the omission and give them exercise. Instead of this, physical should have a prior claim to intellectual education. The absence of daily, regular and sufficient exercise renders girls listless and apathetic, and entails pallor, functional disorders, and depressed spirits, crook-back, knock-knees and flat-foot with its characteristic awkward gait. If greater pains were taken to make vigorous bodies, we should have more vigorous brains too, so that a double gain would result."

With these opinions before us we cannot but admit that the question is a serious one, and conclude—

that the physical training of girls is imperative, and

that the system of "cramming" should not be encouraged.

THE EFFECTS OF PHYSICAL EXERCISE.

(1) On the Muscles.

Exercise may be described as movement of the muscles by contraction. Our muscles are distributed over all parts of our bodies, each having its own particular function to perform in those wonderful operations by which our lives are sustained, viz., respiration, circulation, digestion, &c. Muscles comprise the major portion of the soft parts of our system, and they need to be exercised sufficiently to keep them sound and healthy. Left dormant, they waste, while the same result follows if they are over-tasked. Over-much exercise, although it develops the muscular system, does so at the cost of the central nervous system, and injures also the heart and lungs. Over-fatigue is an infallible warning that we have over-exerted ourselves. Judicious exercise, while improving the muscular system, has a salutary effect on the brain and nerves, the circulatory and respiratory systems, the digestive organs and on the skin.

(2) Brain and Nerves.

Every one knows that, after an out-door walk or reasonable amount of exercise, the brain becomes clearer and capable of undertaking more mental work than before. After prolonged study we find a feeling of lassitude creep over us, we throw books aside, being quite incapable of reading further. In such a condition, if we took some out-door exercise, we should instantly revive. Why? Because the exercise has induced a fresh supply of oxygen to the brain. In common with all the other important muscles and organs of the body, the brain, when overtaxed, becomes charged with carbonic acid gas; and nature sounds the

alarm by means of the feeling before described that the brain is not in proper order for further exertion, and that it will not attain its normal condition unless it receives a fresh supply of oxygen by means of exercise.

The nerves which supply the muscles grow larger and more active by exercise just as the muscles do, and the result of a reasonable amount of exercise is sound and refreshing sleep, which is good both mentally and physically. Exercise causes us to breathe in a larger quantity of oxygen which destroys the evil effects of the carbonic acid.

(3) *Respiration and Circulation.*

Our blood nourishes all parts of our bodies, and to do this it must be in a pure state. Without exercise carbonic acid accumulates in our system, and to get rid of it we must take exercise. The heart may be compared to a pump, which, by means of several blood vessels, forces the vivifying fluid to all parts of our system. Exercise makes the muscles press upon the adjacent blood-vessels, causing the blood to percolate through them for nourishment of the surrounding tissues, while from those tissues there exudes in return a deteriorated kind of blood, which by chemical action has undergone a change. This changed blood flows back to the heart, whence, through the pulmonary artery, it passes into the lungs, which during exercise, act more rapidly, expelling the poisonous carbonic acid and inhaling the pure oxygen, thus purifying the blood which begins to recirculate beneficially through our body.

(4) *Digestion.*

Exercise shortly after food is bad, because it overtasks the stomach and digestive organs by taking away from them the blood necessary to assist in the process of digestion, while again, exercise taken at about the time when digestion is near completion is of much benefit, because it helps, by increased movement of the diaphragm, quicker circulation, and livelier respiration, which promote assimilation of the nourishing parts of our food.

(5) *The Skin.*

Our skin is not merely an outer casing for our bodies, as some wrongly suppose, but is in itself a most important organ. It is pierced with millions of tiny pores through which the water from our bodies escapes as well as through the kidneys and lungs. When we are at rest more water passes through the kidneys than by means of the skin and lungs, but when we take exercise the conditions are reversed, more passing away by these two latter than by the former. Evaporation of this water from the surface of our bodies controls their temperature. Chills are taken not during but after exercise, because, in the latter period, evaporation proceeds for a little time, but

there is no corresponding supply of moisture. We may fearlessly expose our persons during exercise, but must properly clothe ourselves after it. The pores of our skin need to be kept open by daily exercise and ablutions, otherwise they will become clogged, and as waste matter cannot then freely escape through them, the consequence is that our other excretory organs are overtasked and subjected to various disorders.

(6) *Now a few words on the results of Physical Exercise.*

Exercise renders us the happy possessors of an upstanding frame, and free and graceful deportment, giving us an appearance of strength and endurance indicative of strong and well-set-up bodies. Contrast a girl who takes free exercise with another who is a "Book-worm," you will find that while the countenance of the former glows with health, the latter is pale and feeble-looking, a victim to dyspepsia, headache and other troublesome ailments, a trouble to herself, and to those around her.

Drooping shoulders, curved spine, weak back and ankles are a few of the defects which many girls suffer from. The slightest attempt at exercise which those so afflicted endeavour to make, tells so powerfully on the affected parts, that, although otherwise in sound health, they speedily become fagged out and unable to join in such pleasures as are open to them. A tight-fitting corset should never be worn. Pressing as it does upon the digestive and other organs it prevents them from properly performing their respective functions. A girl who is just growing up and just beginning to enjoy freedom of a body clad in light and loose garments is made the victim of the present day fashion by being braced up in whalebone and steel which, giving her unnecessary support at the first, become in course of time so essential that she cannot stand erect without them.

A simple walk is next to no exercise at all; free exercise of the limbs should be engaged in every day at least for ten minutes, and during such exercise all tight-fitting clothing should be discarded and loose and suitable costumes worn. Many girls have had habits of sitting or standing in postures which are productive of much disfigurement of the frame; these should be carefully noted and checked in time. There are deformities which exercise may not cure but still may remedy in some measure, and it is imperative on teachers to acquire a theoretical knowledge of physical exercise, to note bad habits of sitting and standing amongst their pupils and to adopt measures to remedy or cure the evil results arising therefrom.

I will now point out how a few of the many physical defects amongst girls may be remedied

by physical exercise, and in drawing attention to the figures on the blackboard would strongly advocate the introduction into the gymnasium of girls' schools in this country of the vaulting horse, horizontal bars, horizontal and slanting ladders and other gymnastic apparatus.

To remedy Round Shoulders and Projecting Shoulder Blades.

(1) Raise the arms forward and then bring them back as far as you can, taking care not to bend the body forward.

(2) Entwine fingers behind the back, the palms facing outwards, then gradually stretch out arms downwards, pressing firmly until the palms meet.

(3) To acquire an upright figure, place on the head a book or other light object, which, of course, will fall if you walk awkwardly.

To strengthen the various Muscles of the Arms.

(1) For those of the front upper arm, or biceps, practise any movement that brings the hands to the shoulders.

(2) For those of the back upper arm (triceps) practise any movement which will push the hand from the shoulder and straighten the arm.

These exercises may be practised with greater effect in bending and straightening the arms against opposing force.

A few Hints here may prove Useful.

It is advisable that physical exercise should begin at an early age—say four years. It is an acknowledged fact that people who have accustomed themselves to regular exercise from childhood do not, as age advances upon them, feel so stiff about their joints and limbs as those who have neglected it.

Physical exercise with musical accompaniment makes the lessons all the more interesting to pupils as well as to the teachers, and exercises should not be gone through hurriedly nor jerkily, but with measured pauses.

In-door exercise should always be taken in a well-ventilated room, and the best time for exercise is early in the morning, and if time can be spared exercise should be taken for short periods twice or thrice daily.

Every girl who is desirous of becoming the proud possessor of a good figure can secure it only by means of free exercise and not by artificial means.

Tight-fitting clothing, especially about the neck, chest, waist and feet, should never be worn during exercise. A pair of knickerbockers and loose-fitting sailor blouse of light material with

light heelless canvas shoes is a suitable costume for use in a gymnasium.

Some girls, owing to want of means, are compelled to live in small, ill-ventilated houses, but when they have the opportunity offered them of playing out-door games, as tennis, badminton, &c., in the play-grounds of their respective schools, unwisely prefer hurrying home when school is over to tax their already-wearied brains with further study, than to relieve them with a little bodily exercise.

There is no doubt that out-door exercise is preferable to in-door exercise, the most common kinds of the former being riding, walking, rowing, cycling, swimming, &c.; but it is not within the means of every girl to indulge in some of them, but no opportunity should be lost of enjoying out-door exercise of whatever description as much as possible. The benefits to both body and mind resulting therefrom are innumerable, and parents should encourage their girls, as far as practicable, to take such exercise.

Teachers would do well to use the following books on Physical Drill:—

- "Healthful Exercise for Girls," by A. Alexander.
- "A Manual of Musical Drill," by G. Cruden.
- "Dance Drill for Girls," by H. Lansdown.
- "Home Gymnastics," by T. J. Hartelius.
- Gill's "Musical Drill."
- "Physical Exercises and Gymnastics for Girls," by Harold.

Heroines of Islam.

I. THE EMPRESS MUMTAZ-I-MAHAL.

[KAREEM BIN RAHMAN, ESQR.,
BANGALORE.]

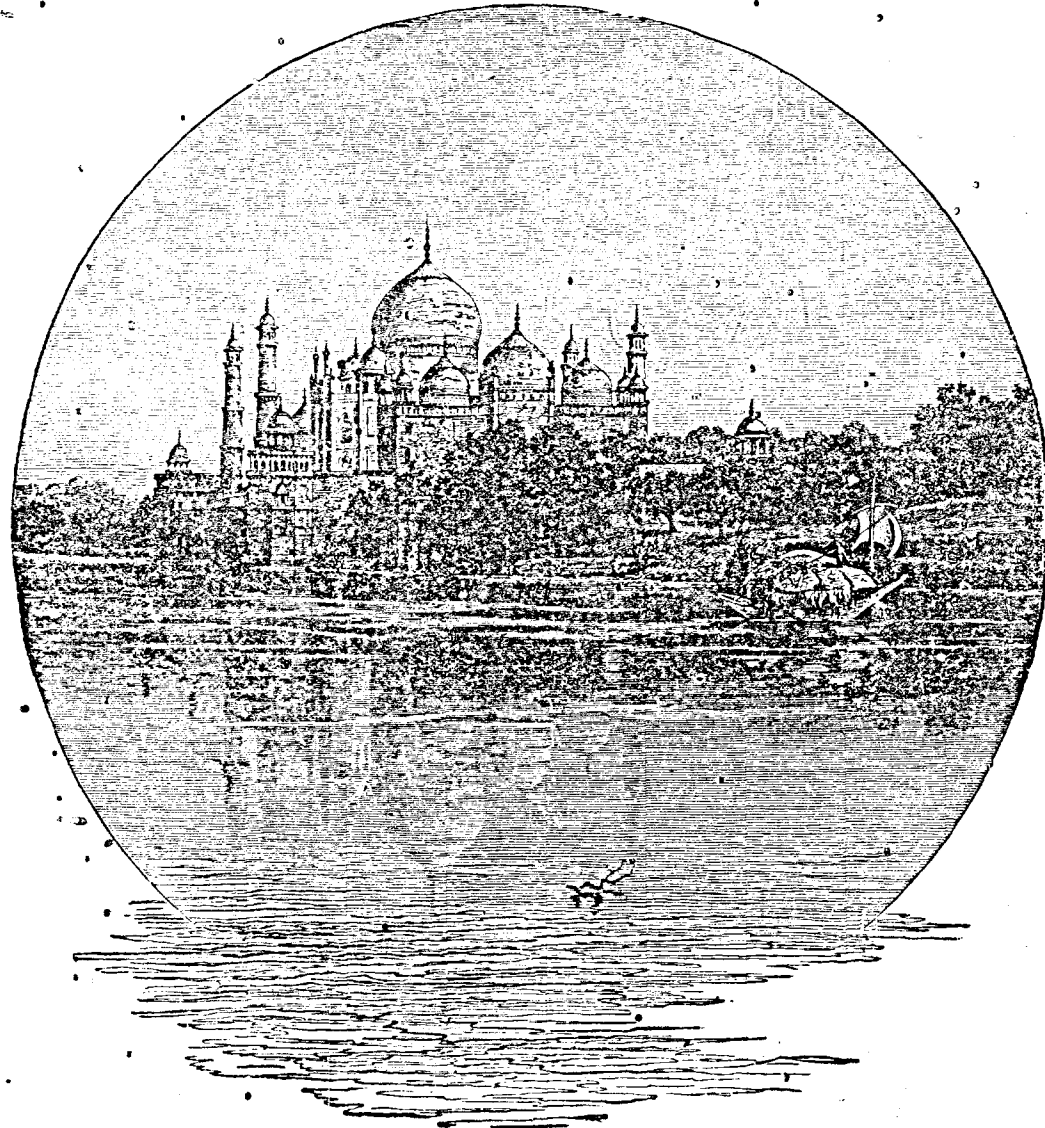


HAD it not been for the noted representative of the gentler sex, whom we shall presently have the exceptional honour of introducing, with much pleasure and great interest, to the fair readers of this valuable magazine, one of the noblest, if not the noblest, monument of Saracenic architecture would not have stood to-day

on the fertilising banks of the never-failing Jumna. Every cold weather, the magnetic attraction of the 'pearl of sepulchres', at the southern metropolis of the Mughal Sadshabs, draws many a lover of art and beauty from the civilised Western world; but few among them have heard, or indeed care to hear, the interesting and instructive life-story of the embodiment of wit, virtue and beauty, who sleeps under its pearl-white marble cupola the sleep

that knows no waking. In this article, I shall try to tell the tale of a prominent member among the distinguished ranks of the "Heroines of Islām," whereon the writer of this article is now engaged, and which he wishes to dedicate to his fair sisters in Christendom through one of their own gentle kind. His desire is to

also to that of human nature. Although the work I have undertaken is not easy because all or nearly all of the famous heroines whose noble lives, it will be my pleasing duty to narrate from time to time in the valuable pages of this journal, never stepped on this side of the *purdah* which kept them away from the hurrying and



THE TAJ MAHAL.

try to dispel the mean calumnies that are continually hurled at the noble Prophet of Islām by his sworn foes and avowed enemies even after the onward movement of many forgotten centuries. The accusations that "Mahommed denied souls to women" and "Mahommed lowered the status of women," are false not only to the living spirit of history but

busy world, yet I shall not give it up. The labour which genuine love breeds is not tedious, and the burden which one willingly chooses is not heavy.

With this brief introduction, I begin the story of the famous Mumtaz-i-Mahal. Her maiden name was Arjumand Banu 'the Fortunate Lady.' It was, when the noted builder of palaces of

Moslem history welcomed her into his *harem* as its sole queen, that she received the well-merited title of Mumtaz-i-Mahal, 'the exalted of the Palace.' Her noble and undying fame has won for her, however, the well-deserved designation of Mumtaz Zamani, 'the exalted of the Age.' To the women-folk at Agra, she is known as Taj Bibi, 'the Crowned Lady.' Arjumand was introduced to the world, wherein she was destined to play so conspicuous a part, in the year 1590. She was of Persian extraction. Her great grandfather was the *Wazir* of Khorassan. Her grandfather, Mirza Ghiyas Beg, whom adversity had driven to Hindustan, became the superintendent of the household under the great Emperor Akbar, and under his son Jehangir, the viziership fell to his lot. Her father Mirza Abul Hasan, or the Asaf Khan of history, obtained the command of the imperial army under Jehangir, and his daughter's happy marriage with the heir-apparent won for him the vizierate under Shah Jehan.

Regarding the early life and culture of Arjumand Banu, very little or nothing is known. But, by her subsequent history, by the important rôle which four of her sons have played on the arena of Mughal politics, and by the high accomplishments of two of her fair daughters, Jehan Ara, 'the Ornament of the World' and Roushan Ara, 'the Bright Ornament,' one can venture to assert that she could not have been an ordinary woman.

It was, when Arjumand entered upon her fourteenth year, that the lucky star of her princely fortune began to rise high in the heavens. At this early age, she was espoused to the heir-apparent Khusrü, but the nuptials did not, happily, take place then. Her lucky union with the crown prince was not a love-at-first-sight match as has been wrongly asserted in many European works. The pleasing duty of putting the betrothal ring on the delicate finger of his worthy daughter-in-law, and that of tying round her gentle head the pearl bridal veil devolved on Jehangir himself. The marriage was celebrated in the palatial residence of Asaf-Khan on a scale which cannot be realized by the poverty-stricken mind of the modern Moslem. The exchange of presents and the distribution of alms on the joyous occasion can have but few parallels in the history of the world. The joy of their bright married life was enhanced by the birth of eight sons and six daughters, though it was saddened often by the premature death of seven children one after another in the brief period of twenty years. It was otherwise one continual sunshine of happiness and faithfulness, kept up by respect and affection on the part of the august king, and obedience and fidelity on that of his illustrious queen. In Shah Jehan, we find a rare and noble

exception to the general rule of Mahommedan polygamy. During the life-time of his beloved empress, he remained faithful to her and even after her lamented death allowed no one to take her place.

We have seen that the noted Mumtaz-i-Mahal was the worthy niece of Mihrunnisa, 'the Sun of Women,' the famous Nur Mahal, 'the Light of the Palace,' or Nur Jehan, 'the Light of the World' of Islamic history. Although the beautiful niece lacked in the talents, the stateswomanship and the heroism of the still more beautiful aunt, yet Arjumand did not yield to Mihrunnisa in what is called the rule or government of love. Indeed she had more control over the refined temperament and tastes of her royal master than that owned by her renowned aunt over her drunken but imperial lord. The memorable words of Nur Jehan were often heard, and her graceful presence had many a time appeared, on this side of the curtain; but Mumtaz Bibi exercised from behind it the same influence over her husband's court and its courtiers as did her great aunt. In the great expeditions of Shah Jehan, his wife was invariably near him. Here I may give a character-sketch of our heroine in the weighty words of the *Badshah-Namah*. "It requires a separate volume to write about the benefactions of that noble Queen. Her pleading (with the emperor) in favour of even the most guilty who appealed to her for intercession never failed to be successful, and many persons condemned to death or imprisonment obtained their liberty or a new life by the kindness of that virtuous lady. Her virtues, her goodness of heart, her piety, her devotion to her husband, her endeavours to please the people, and to promote their well-being are beyond description."

In the year 1630 A.D., at Burhampur in the Deccan, Mumtaz Zamani suddenly fell a sad and untimely prey to that inveterate enemy of mankind,—Death. She yielded up the ghost at the early age of thirty-eight in giving birth to her sixth daughter, Gowhar Ara, 'the Adorning Jewel.' Whatever might have been the exact cause of her sinking into an early grave, the depressing sorrow caused by the successive deaths of seven of her little ones must have had not a little to do with it. Before departing this life, Arjumand committed her children to the care of her royal husband, and entreated him to take her servants under his merciful protection. Such has always been the noble conduct of the devoted mothers and indulgent mistresses of Islām in days gone by. Shah Shuja, in the company of one Vizier Khan and that of the lady-in-waiting of his departed mother, escorted her consecrated remains to Agra for burial. On the way to Akbarabad or Agra from Burhampur, the sorrow-stricken son was directed by his grieving father to distribute

to the poor an immense sum of money. So entirely was Shah Jehan devoted to his illustrious spouse that, when she died, he was in danger of dying himself. During the weary thirty-six years (1630—1666) which he survived her, he never took to wife another woman; but he spent them in cherishing the sweet and loving memory of his dead comrade, and in dreaming the "dream in marble" under which he was to be once again united with his departed love.

"Sweeter to rest together dead
Far sweeter than to live asunder."
Thomas Moore.

In our next sketch, we hope to give an account of the Empress Zubaida.

Travancorea..

[FROM THE PEN OF A LADY CORRESPONDENT.]

Travancore's daughters,
Busy and bright,
Happy in childhood
In womanhood blest;
Sharing alike
With Travancore's sons
The beauty and wealth
Of Travancore's soil.

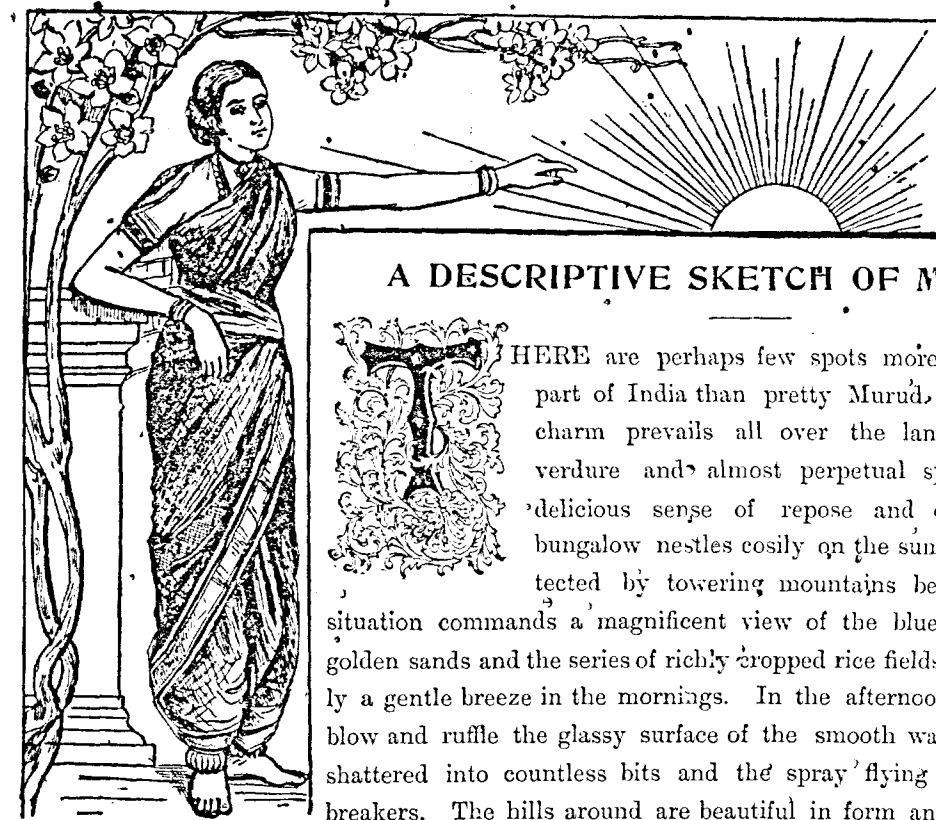
Seeking no land
But Travancore fair,
Dwelling within it
In calm content;
Hearing of others
And happy to hear,
Learning from others
And happy to learn.

Striving to grow
In wisdom and thought,
Along with the world
They learn about.
Troubling no other
Greater or less,
Richer or poorer,
Better or worse.

With minds that are wid'ning,
Hearts that are good,
Homes that are happy,
And friends sincere;
With a beautiful land
Of hill and dale,
Where every sod
Means food or grain.

With a ruler gentle,
And kind and good,
Loving his country
And people true;
With every blessing
That life can hold—
Who so blest
In the wide, wide world?

"TRAVANCOREA."



A DESCRIPTIVE SKETCH OF MURUD.*

HERE are perhaps few spots more exquisite in this part of India than pretty Murud. An unspeakable charm prevails all over the land. Its continual verdure and almost perpetual spring give one a delicious sense of repose and easefulness. Our bungalow nestles cosily on the summit of a hill protected by towering mountains behind. The lofty situation commands a magnificent view of the blue sea beyond, the golden sands and the series of richly cropped rice fields. There is usually a gentle breeze in the mornings. In the afternoons stronger winds blow and ruffle the glassy surface of the smooth water, the mirror is shattered into countless bits and the spray flying from the crested breakers. The hills around are beautiful in form and present a noble and attractive appearance. There are charming walks and excursions in the vicinity. An artist would revel in the beauty of the scenery. The game in the jungles would delight a sportsman. In summer the wild jessamine and corinda blossoms bloom profusely, scenting the air with their sweet fragrance. A complete transformation however takes place in the monsoons, enhancing its former beauty a thousandfold. Moisture-loving plants, ferns, and creepers grow in luxuriant confusion. The heavens before so bright and glad change into gloom. High winds betoken severe storms. There occurs a varied loveliness of the scenery. Heavy rains often mar to some extent the perfect enjoyment of the spectacle. The tender green and flowerets burst with renewed vigour. Glorious clumps of pink-white lilies grow in such heaps as to give a roseate hue to the landscape. Storms rage roughly. The tossing and tumbling of the angry black waves, their curling foamed tops, seem to overwhelm everything that come in their way. Spring and earth gets truly Oriental in the gorgeous and wondrous colouring. A word as regards the cocoanut, ere I close. It is a special feature of "Habshan." The principal and the sacred fruit is a source of maintenance to the poor as well as the rich. Its splendid feathery groves add to the attractions of the shore. Many who look abroad for their relaxation would do well to visit Murud.

"SHAHINDA."

* Murud is a sea-side place in the Kolaba district, Bombay. The above beautiful sketch is from the pen of Bombay Lady, and had the distinction of winning the first prize in an English Magazine competition for the best description of "The Place I Live In." We hope to have more contributions from this charming writer.—Ed., I.L.M.

The Brahmin Widow.

A SOLILOQUY.

Ah, me! my life is closed! my day is done—
 For he, my husband is no more. He's gone
 To Siv, or Brahm, or Vishnu, and left me
 Alone—to live a life of widow'd misery.
 If I had known that thus 'twas fated—I
 Should have been kinder to the widows. My
 Heart yearns to them now. A few short days—
 —My jewels will be laid aside; my ways
 Of pleasantness will be merg'd in pain;
 My hair shorn; my garments put away: Vain
 Things no longer needed by that wretched thing—
 That symbol of misfortune—that nameless being
 A Brahmin widow. Accursed to the sight,
 It will be my lot to shudder at the Light
 And hug the Darkness: for to me what good
 Will Heav'n's abundant sunshine bring? God
 Has decreed it; and, henceforth must I
 Loathing to live, live, longing soon to die!
 Victim of *Karma*, what evil did I do,
 In former lives, to glean this meed of woe?
 In all the years that have pass'd away,
 During which my soul has liv'd down to this day,
 Has no good deed,—no blessed action done,
 Deserved a recompense to thwart this one
 Of widowhood? Better were it indeed
 That, with my husband's, these frail limbs should feed
 The fun'ral fire;—for blest oblivion then
 Would be my portion. But now—When? Ah, when—
 Will cease this pain, this woe, this life—and, come
 The end I long for? This house, no longer *Home*,
 Is now to me a way-side *chuttram*; where
 'Twill be my task to serve, to slave, to wear
 The garment, grey, of Resignation. Woe
 Is me that I must seem to shun,—to show
 Abhorrence of, each joy that makes life sweet
 To women. For me it is no longer meet
 To think of human happiness; the love
 Of manhood's golden prime; the—Heav'n above!
 How I yearn to bear a child—a little boy—
 To call me "Mother," and to fill with joy
 God's gracious gift of life—to me so barren now.
 I am a *Brahmin*, and I needs must bow
 To the inevitable! Is it so?
 —Could I not turn a Christian, and forego
 My fatal obligations?—*I am afraid!*—
 My heart beats, my knees tremble—I—a maid—
 To leave kindred and friends—and face—Ah, me!—
 —That is impossible!—To mix with *mlechas*—*Chee!*—
 —All is ordain'd: it my *Karma* and—
 Hark!—'tis the *tontom* summ'ning us to stand
 Around the pyre. Naraynan! God! who hast shut
 The Gate of Life—on both of us—and, hast cut
 Us twain—apart: Oh, do Thou free my soul
 From earthly ties and passions, make it whole,
 And fit to dwell with Thee! Thy Mercy dwell
 Upon my husband's,—preserving his from Hell!

TREVANDRUM.

A. P. SMITH.

Is the Indian Lady Graduate
a failure?*

(AN ANSWER TO MR. NUNDY.)

EVIDENTLY Mr. Nundy who has done honour to "the fair sex" by his outspoken remarks on their abilities and responsibilities has, in spite of his liberal education, but a very illiberal opinion of them. They are, in his opinion, but chattels and must remain as such, simply to minister to the bodily wants of the superior race. It is "omelet" and "halwa" that he has a hankering for, like the Hebrews of old who could not feel satisfied with the higher intellectual and moral position to which they had been raised by their great Prophet, but longed for the onions and garlic which they had left behind in the land of Egypt. If this is all the ambition that Mr. Nundy has in regard to women then I would advise men of his philosophy to secure for wives illiterate women, skilled in the culinary art, and leave the educated ones to others who could appreciate their moral worth and pay them the homage of love and esteem which they deserve. But I do not agree with Mr. Nundy in his moral estimate of the educated Indian woman. She is not really the idiot that he represents her to be, for I know from personal knowledge that the Indian lady graduate, if she has had family antecedents of a superior character and lived amongst people of high spiritual ideas, she is the light and glory of her home and the society she moves in, a living example of whatever is pure, and beautiful, and glorious. Unfortunately in our present Indian Society most of our educated girls have the misfortune to be born in circumstances of a most adverse character. They have been brought up in associa-

* As Mr. Nundy's article on Higher Female Education contains such a scathing criticism of Indian Lady graduates we have thought it fair that the other side of the question should also be represented. We have sent proof copies of his article to some of the Indian Lady graduates and some friends of higher female education for their replies, and we have much pleasure in giving publicity to one of them, which is from a Fellow of the Bombay University. We hope to publish replies of some lady graduates in our next issue.—ED., I. L. M.

tions of an uninspiring nature. Sometimes the men and women that claim relationship with them are of the earth earthy; and when they rise above their environments by their education, they naturally, as any young man in their position would, condemn the old limitations of their existence, and pant for other scenes and other associations. And such is the case everywhere in the world, and Indian Society is no exception in this matter.

But look at the girl who has been brought up in a home of educated and high principled men and women; in a home in which the father is a gentleman of education, and the mother a lady of culture and refinement, and the brothers and sisters modest and dutiful, and you will at once admit that higher education for such a girl is like a crown of glory beautifying and ennobling her being. She brings greater light and life into her happy home, and is a blessing to all she comes into contact with. I knew a young lady by birth as high as any lady could be, who, because of the financial catastrophe which her father had suffered, had to assist her mother, in attending to the very humblest household duties, and after managing them all she went daily to college, and passed with honours. When she became a graduate, the neighbours thought she would be shy to attend to the home duties; but she was happy as a lark while manipulating the dainties which she believed would benefit her aged parents.

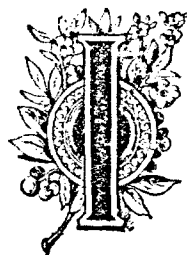
And is marriage after all the only goal in the life of a woman? I have heard of a European lady of great beauty and culture, who refused the very highest offers of marriage that she had, and joined a religious sisterhood. It is a libel to aver that 'educated Indian ladies despise suitors for their poverty.' They despise nobody for poverty, but refuse many a man whom they cannot esteem for their character and abilities; and when they find one whom they can love and respect, they readily accept his suit. I have known how such women have acted toward the man they have accepted as their friends, husbands and lords. It is impossible for a woman to be unwomanly in the presence of a man that commands the homage of her soul; and if men do not possess the necessary qualifications, they

should improve themselves, and not abuse what they are unworthy to claim.

Higher education, even an University education is felt now to be essential to success in all walks of life. Even that machine of a soldier has come to be regarded as a human being, needing the highest academical culture to qualify him for the duties of the field; how much more then is such a training necessary to equip womankind for their multifarious duties of the most delicate nature. But Mr. Nundy laughs at all University education: he condemns it as "cramming" and still he is one of those probably who has gone through it himself. And I am sure he would not have been able to wield his pen so scathingly against those young and earnest women that would seek the complete development of their nature by education if he had not received an University training. Still I agree with Mr. Nundy in the statement that the University education imparted at present, whether in India or England, is imperfect; for it does not really illuminate the mind. If it did it would save a Barrister-at-Law from the heresy of seeking only enjoyments of the palate by holy wedlock; he would have risen above the ignominious attractions of the "omelet" and the "halwa."

"AN INDIAN."

An up-country Tragedy.



T was a grilling day even for the hot weather. Charlie went to office grumbling at the heat and thanking his stars he would be relieved in another week, and then we could get away to the hills.

He had wanted me to go a month before, but of course, I wasn't going without him. If he could stand it I could.

I didn't do much work in the "store-room," in fact I gave the key to the butler merely telling him to get in plenty of ice. Then I lay under the punkah in my shady room; it was too hot to read even. Suddenly I heard wheels; a caller on such a day,—it was too dreadful, but of course "boy" would tell the idiots I couldn't see—but no, he was calling to me through the purdah, and then came hasty footsteps and an imploring voice, "Mrs. Myles, I must see you." Marvelling greatly, for I knew by the voice who it was, there

was no help for it, but to dress hastily and present myself. Pacing up and down the drawing-room was our Padre with a very white face and a startled look about him, very different to his usual reserved superior air.

"Oh, Mrs. Myles," he said, "please come at once. Faith is calling for you every minute, and she is so ill, the doctor says"—I didn't wait to hear. I just ran to my room for salts and one or two things I thought might be needful. I knew at his house none of the luxuries of life were to be found.

Five minutes later we were bumping down the road in the Padre's bullock-bandy, and I had learnt from him all that there was to tell. Faith had been ill a week—no she hadn't gone up the ghaut with Mrs. Tay after all, her mother thought she could stand the heat quite well as it was her first year out, but now she was very ill. For the first time since he had come among us six months ago, I felt sorry for Mr. Lenare. Hitherto he had been so cold, so self-satisfied, and after all, the girl's mother was to blame the most. We jogged along the ill-kept road. Now and then a bullock-cart crept by, covering us with dust. The very crows were quiet, and sometimes we passed a "hot weather" tree, its glorious red colouring in strong contrast to the grey rocks and white dust around it. Then we turned in at a dilapidated gateway, and creaked up to the low-thatched house beyond.

There was no one to welcome us and I walked at once into the house. At first after the blinding glare outside I could not see at all—but the room was as ever neat and chillingly grim. I took off my hat and turned to find Mrs. Lenare had entered by another doorway. She was changed, her hair and dress were untidy and her eyes wild. "Faith wants you; it is dreadful to ask you to come in this heat, but she is so ill."

I told her I was glad to come, and she took me to her daughter's room at once. It was a large bare room. There on the bed lay the girl who had wanted me so, but so changed from the girl I had known. The tears came to my eyes. Only two weeks before she had been full of her trip to the hills. I thought she had left, and here she lay in the grip of a terrible fever, and knew none of us. I sent the poor mother away to rest; she refused to go at first, but for once Mr. Lenare asserted his authority and for once she obeyed him. All through the weary hot hours I sat beside her, there was little to be done save watch, and at six o'clock Charlie drove up, at first very wrathful at my being there at all, but it ended in his sending me out for a drive with our Padre whilst he stayed there to be at hand if wanted. We wired for a nurse, but of course she could not reach us for a couple of days, and so, much against his will, Charlie agreed to allow

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THE GUJERATI LADY GRADUATES:

MRS. VIDYA RAMANBHAI NILKANTH AND MRS. SHARAD SAMANT MEHTA.

me to stay there, "but not a moment after the nurse comes," he added.

The two days dragged on and the third night came. Faith seemed more tranquil, and when at 2 o'clock I roused her mother she seemed really to be mending, but I had hardly begun to close my eyes before her voice roused me. Such a weak voice, but a very earnest one.

"Of course if mother says no, she means it for always, she always did. She won't let me have fun like other girls—and I mayn't speak to Mr. Tay and any of them now, not even to Mrs. Myles, and I love her." The drink I offered seemed to check her. I dared not look at Mrs. Lenare's face. The nurse arrived in the morning, so I left, promising to look in that evening. I had to stay all that night. She seemed to miss me, and resented the new touch, skilful and tender though it was. "Better humour her," the woman whispered, "they are often so, even when they don't seem to know, and she will recognise you before going." I hushed her promptly, I hoped Mrs. Lenare had not heard her. Surely this poor child would pull through. She was so young—I wondered what the doctor was saying to Charlie that morning, and then it flashed upon me why my husband had let me stay that night, to make it easier for the poor mother—did she know? It was my watch from three to six, the coolest and nicest time of the twenty-four hours. The windows stood wide open and the cool air crept in. A little bird on a hot weather tree close by was pruning itself and singing softly. The light was streaming in now, and Faith lay there looking at me. One small weak hand went up to her head.

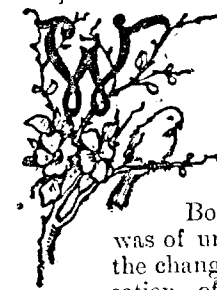
"Such pretty hair. He said it was so pretty. Mother doesn't like him, Mrs. Myles, but he must have one curl."

The sweet eyes looked at me so wistfully that, though the lump in my throat almost choked me, I hastened to say "yes, darling"; but her mother bent over her—I turned away. The little bird warbled a while longer, but presently, as with blinding tears I rose to close the shutters, it ceased, and without and within all was very still.

We left for the hills next day. We were transferred to another station when our leave was up, and I heard the Lenares went home almost immediately for good.

She was a hard stern woman, and to this day I fancy she thinks she did what was best, but, though she never told me, so I feel almost certain that "he" got that curl.

The Gujarati Lady Graduates.



I referred in the last issue of our Magazine to the remarkable success of three Hindu ladies who have recently passed the B. A. degree examination of the University of Bombay. The event, we said, was of unique significance as shewing the change in the attitude towards education of women coming over the Hindu community as well. We are glad to be able to publish the portraits of the two Gujarati ladies,—Mrs. Vidya Ramanbhai Nilkanth and Mrs. Sharad Samant Mehta. Both the ladies are grand-daughters of the late R. B. Bholanath Sarabhai of Ahmedabad, whose zeal for Social Reform is well-known in Gujarat. He was an all-sided Reformer and female education was one of the subjects for the promotion of which he worked in, right earnest. He was the first Gujarati to give the advantages of English education to his daughters and grand-daughters, and it is a fitting culmination of his silent beginnings that his grand-daughters should be among the first Hindu Lady graduates in the Bombay Presidency. The elder lady, Mrs. Vidya Ramanbhai, is daughter-in-law of the late Rao Sahib Mahipatram Rupram, C.I.E., who was the first Najar to go to England. He lost caste for this act, but in spite of it he worked most strenuously all the same for Social Reform. His son, the husband of the lady, is a B.A., LL.B., of the Bombay University, and to him is due in a great degree the credit of his wife's success at the last examination, as he has not only granted facilities for her education, but has personally helped her in her studies. Had it not been for the support which she received from her husband and from her parents she would not have been able to persevere in her noble aim in face of considerable difficulties; and when it is remembered that the lady is the head of a large family, her pluck and perseverance become all the more commendable. It is very doubtful if men with better opportunities and more facilities would have kept the goal in view and worked for it so perseveringly for so many years; for her college course has not been continuous. The younger lady to the right, Mrs. Sharad Samant Mehta, is the daughter-in-law of Mr. Batukram, the State physician of Baroda. This lady is only 19, and she has passed the University examinations regularly. Her husband is in England for the study of Medicine.

Both the ladies, who were educated in the Gujarat College, took up Logic and Moral Philosophy as their voluntary subject, and the elder

lady has passed in the Second class and comes first in her College. She gets a Fellowship at the Gujerat College. The younger lady misses the second class by a few marks, but has the satisfaction of coming second in the College. She is not appointed a Fellow, although she is second from the College, but has to be satisfied with an honorary Fellowship. Both the ladies are members of the local Prarthana Samaj and are staunch Theists.

Mr. Justice Chandravarkar's Speech on the Marriage of Child-widows.

THAT was indeed a most stirring speech which Mr. Justice Chandravarkar made at the Indian Social Conference in Calcutta. One of the resolutions of the Conference was in favour of the Marriage of Child-widows, but there was a very strong opposition against it, chiefly from the Bengali delegates, and even the President was not in its favour. Mr. Chandravarkar, by his earnestness and eloquence, was able to crush this opposition and carry the whole audience with him. The speech which was delivered in English, of course, couched as it is in simple, but eloquent language, would do credit to any English platform speaker; but it is not the form in which this remarkable speech was clothed that appeals so forcibly to all, but the true ring of earnestness every word has about it, which seems to have carried conviction to the hearers. We give the following extracts from this speech as it deserves to find a permanent place in our columns. We would draw the attention of our European readers also to this speech, as it will give them a glimpse of some of the forces that are at work in New India at the present time,—forces that are due mainly to the contact of the East with the West.

THE TERMS OF THE RESOLUTION.

When I arrived here I was told by a friend or two (themselves Bengalis) that this question of widow-marriage was a ticklish question in Bengal; and they seemed to suggest that I should drop it from the programme of the Conference. I told them I would do nothing of the kind—that the Conference had been created by Mr. Justice Ranade for the solution of ticklish questions (cheers), and that if the Conference did not take them up, it had no right to exist and meet from year to year. Now, my friends, let me say this to those of you who were anxious to announce at the top of your voices that many in this audience were against the resolution about the marriage of child-widows, I desire frankly to reason it out a little

with you. Have you reflected over the precise terms of the resolution? I think not, or else you would not have raised the cry of opposition in the way you have done. If you reflected before raising the cry, all I can say is that I am much mistaken in thinking what I still think that you are men with hearts to feel. What does the resolution demand? It only puts before you the cause of child-widows—not of all widows, both young and elderly. And what is a child-widow? Is she not the girl who is married to-day when she is 10 or 12 or 13 and whose husband dies perhaps the next day or before she comes to know the meaning of marriage? Do you think it speaks well of the loving capacity, the humane heart, of a people who doom this innocent girl to life-long widowhood while they allow an old man with one foot in the grave to marry as often as he likes (Cries of "shame.") I am glad to hear those cries of "shame," for I see that you are beginning to realise the situation.

ANOTHER KIND OF WIDOWHOOD.

Well, to go on, I admit that there is a kind of widowhood which must evoke all respect and approval. When a woman loses her husband after she has lived some years of married life, and then, out of pious memory for him, she resolves to lead a life of widowhood and abides faithfully by that resolution, she must be an object of reverence. Such was, for instance, our late illustrious Sovereign (loud cheers)—Queen-Empress Victoria. I admit Hindoo society has many an ennobling example of that typical widowhood which I for one, and, I think, I may say, this Conference would deem it a sacrilege to abolish. And the resolution which was put before you a little while ago does not in the slightest degree touch it. We want the restrictions to be removed only so far as they touch child-widows. And do you realise—will you not realise how God's curse has fallen upon us for being so cruel, so hard-hearted, and relentless to the sufferings society has gone on inflicting upon this poor creature of a child-widow? Yes, so long as we will not plead for her, so long as we males go on allowing re-marriages in the case of widowers, however old and infirm, but disallow them in the case of little girls, so long will God's curse continue to fall upon us and blight our society. I say that, because I feel it.

AN APPEAL.

What, am I to sit here and find many of my Bengali friends telling me that they have no sympathy for our child-widows? Then if we are fathers, let us say we have not the love of a father; if we are brothers, we are selfish men, inhuman men, not deserving the name of brothers (cheers). I ask if there is one amongst you who will now tell me that there are many still against the resolution which created some sensation a little while ago? (Several voices "No, none.") Just wait, however, before you say that. I am glad you are listening to me so kindly, but I have a little more to say, for I am determined not to go away disappointed from Calcutta. I just said God's curse had fallen upon us because we have hardened our hearts against the child-widow. And I will tell you how. On many an occasion I have found some of my countrymen who are gifted orators rising on platforms and telling their Hindoo audiences that the Hindoos are full of kindness, pity for the forlorn, sympathy for the suffering, and so on.

HINDOO KINDNESS.

And I have now and then heard European visitors addressing my countrymen in a similar strain. That is all very good. It gratifies our vanity. It flatters our prejudices. And if it is true the Hindoo is kind and loving, full of sympathy for the suffering. But alas! it is all kindness and love and sympathy more of the passive than of the active character. Is it or is it not so? Am I wrong in saying that? No, for just note this. A little while ago, Lala Lajpat Rai of Lahore, who has done good work in the Punjab in connection with Hindoo orphanages, has just told us in this very place what you all heard with cries of "shame"—he told us that while Christian missionaries had started orphanages, Mahomedans had also orphanages, the Hindoos, who form the majority of the population of this country, had very few and those few struggling for existence. He said it had been found very difficult to get funds from the Hindoo community to help their orphans. Well, I am not surprised. Where our society teaches its members to be relentless to their widowed daughters and sisters, to their own kith and kin, how can it expect them to be active in sympathy for the deserted children of others?

THE NOTE AND THE BEAM.

We find fault with Government when the famine-stricken starve; and yet we have not a word of indignation for our own society which treats the child-widow as if she has no right to exist! It is the home in which all the active virtues that adorn private and public life should be not only taught but actively exercised. Charity, it is said, begins at home—yes charity, the true meaning of which is Love. But in our homes, if there are widowed girls, what are we taught? We are taught not to feel actively for their sufferings. We are ordained to be passive in our sympathy for them, to bear their condition with equanimity instead of raising our hands for the betterment of their widowed condition. Society has gone on without pity for the child-widow. God who pleads for her, and who has pleaded long, but in vain, has taken His revenge on our society by so weakening our hearts that when famine stalks through the land and many a child is left an orphan in the Hindoo community, the community wails not, works not, and the orphans have to be taken care of by others than Hindoos. This is Divine retribution, I assure you. We, Hindoos, are full of family affection, but in social concerns it has proved to be affection of the dormant type. There is no life in it, there is no active, vigorous, sympathy for the suffering, the forlorn, because some of our social customs, especially this custom rightly prohibiting the marriage of child-widows, have helped in drying the waters of that active sympathy and made us selfish, timid, weak and thoughtless.

CONSCIENCE SLOWLY AWAKENING.

Our conscience is being awakened, however, though very slowly. Though the cause of the child-widow has yet difficulties to encounter, yet I see some hopeful signs of the time. People in the Bombay Presidency, in the Madras Presidency, in the Punjab and other places are gradually beginning to feel that the child-widow has been grievously wronged. The prejudice against it is not what it was some years ago. And yet in Bengal, we are told, the prejudice has increased and even the educated share it. Is that so? Can it

be the case? I won't believe it. When 25 years ago, they a holy place of pilgrimage, two years ago, power of by a number of strictly orthodox Brahmins. A disastrous effect of the plague had been to lead and almost every Hindu home a child-widow. They curbed the custom, but admitted they had not the courage to rise in revolt against it! But they told me they helped the cause of the Social Conference as it pleaded the cause of the child-widow. If it is so in Nasik, and other places, am I to be told here in Calcutta that many are opposed to the very idea of removing the restrictions on the marriages of child-widows? (Several voices "No.")

BENGALI PROGRESS.

We hear a great deal of the progress made here by Bengalis, but I shall go away bitterly disappointed if I am to carry back with me the impression that the heart of the Bengali is wanting in the spirit of humanity for the child-widow. (Cries of "No! no!" and loud cheers.) Surely you, my Bengali friends, who opposed the resolution, did not realise your position. I feel sure that now that I have endeavoured to explain it to you, you will retract your words and show that you have humanity enough and to spare for the child-widow. If we cannot and will not, be humane to her—if her wretched condition will not move us to pity and draw tears from our eyes—if we will not do our best to get society to better her lot—why, we shall continue to be guilty in the eyes of heaven of a cruelty that heaven will never forgive. (Loud cheers.)

In Defence of Mr. Justice Chandravarkar.

[By Sri Krishna Sarma, Esq.]

MY attention was drawn to a note in a recent number of the "Indian Review," evidently from the pen of the Editor, on Mr. Justice Chandravarkar's speech at the last National Social Conference. The resolution concerning the re-marriage of widows seems to have met with an organised opposition from the patriots of enlightened Bengal. The President Raja Benoy Krishna Del Bahadur disclaimed all responsibility with the resolutions passed, but acted the most significant part of putting them to the vote. When the resolution on the re-marriage of child-widows was put to the vote, not only did the Raja disclaim responsibility, but a large number of educated 'New Bengal' cried out at the pitch of their voice "No!" "No!" Mr. Justice Chandravarkar took occasion, in moving a vote of thanks to the chair, to reply to the opposition against that much vexed question. Firmly convinced of the justice of his cause and the righteousness of his demand, strongly indignant at the opposition to that proposal for a bare act of justice to the widow, and a tardy reparation to the severities and iniquities we

lady has put upon her tender person, deeply first in bed at the fact that the opposition emanates from a land consecrated by the holy, scribes of Pandit Vidyasagar, who made Social form his life-work, Mr. Justice Chandravarkar did not stop to measure his words or 'balance' his sentences, but poured out his soul fully and fearlessly, careless of the verdict his candid friends may pass on him. When a sensitive man sincerely and whole-heartedly feels that a grave and serious injustice has been deliberately done to a large number of poor, unoffending, innocent, and helpless souls, he does not put a bridle on his tongue, but lets it loose in severe denunciation of it. It is no wonder, therefore, that Mr. Justice Chandravarkar used somewhat strong language, but not, I am afraid, as strong a language as the circumstances demanded. To the writer in the "Indian Review," such language however is calculated to injure the cause. I have been deluding myself under a fancied illusion that the supporters of the widow-re-marriage movement knew what they were about, knew how best to promote their cause and did not want to learn from those, at any rate, whose hearts are too full of "the milk of human kindness" to sympathise with them. But the language of Mr. Chandravarkar was not only wanting in 'balance,' but also in 'sobriety,' for Mr. Justice Chandravarkar cannot conceive of sincere opponents to widow-re-marriages, not devoid of the sense of humanity! So, we are complacently told that "sober" men must hold that the support of enforced widowhood is compatible with a deep sense of humanity; and aye there are serious reasons for it! It would, perhaps, have been better if the learned writer had attempted to indicate what those reasons may be; for that would strengthen his position and stifle any opposition to that rather finely worded paradox. In the absence, studied or unintentioned, of such reasons, one may well be pardoned for refusing to pin his faith to 'sober' views. However, as we said before, the remark of Mr. Justice Chandravarkar is not as strong as the circumstances of the case required. We cannot conceive of any reason which may with a show of plausibility be urged in support of enforced widowhood. For, what is the case of a child-widow? John Stuart Mill has somewhere observed that the greatest sin a man can commit is to give birth to a child unable to protect it. How less sinful is that to bringing a being into existence, not to starve for want of meals alone, but for the possession and enjoyment of any the least thing which makes life worth living and enduring! You give birth to a child, and long before she knows what her destiny is to be, you compel her, at the point of the bayonet, to be tied for ever to one whom she does not know,

does not like, or has not heard of; whose tastes, habits, feelings and temperaments she is ignorant of; to a young boy, puny or sickly, just a little above or below her age; or as it is now-a-days becoming the fashion, to some 'decrepid old' man, whose death—it may be, on the same week, month or year,—means the consigning of her, unfeelingly, and quite against her will, to a life of eternal torture and agonising woe. Conceive of a young girl of ten or twelve, possibly, five or six, 'a thing of impulse and a child of song, just swimming in the sentiment of joy', all of a sudden labelled a 'widow,' without a word of warning or note, with her hair, rudely removed, jewels and ornaments forcibly plucked away from her; prohibited from the enjoyment of any pleasure or company; compelled to take but one meal a day or starve on many days in a fortnight; her very presence considered to be inauspicious and evil; shut out in her kitchen room and called as an 'economic necessity,' as some kind friend styled her years ago, fit only for menial services to her more favourite sisters; ill-treated, and sometimes made the victim of vice—as 'I know from experience to be the case—and then made to pay the penalty of her shame by law;—conceive of a tender girl who passes through all these ordeals while yet in her teens, and you have got but a faint idea of the sufferings, the miseries, the privations, patiently undergone, and silently endured, by that heroine who goes by the name of a 'child-widow.' And such a treatment is compatible with a sense of humanity! The widow's grief, the depth of her destitute condition, the heart-rending agony of 'single blessedness' can hardly be conceived. Only those who daily come in contact with young widows and their wretched condition, who have widowed sisters and daughters, that can have an idea of, even if they cannot realise, their despicable lot. How many mothers have given up their lives unable to bear the pitiable lot of their much-beloved daughters? I myself have a widowed sister, widowed at an age when she was scarcely able to conceive the destiny awaiting her opened. Unable to bear the sight of the piercing shrieks, the heart-rending misery and cruelty into which her daughter was plunged, my mother resigned her earthly career in silence and in sorrow. Whenever I bring back to my memory the tragic catastrophe of my mother's disease and sister's widowhood, my indignation is roused to a pitch of the greatest intensity. I feel I stand self-condemned for belonging to a society which prides in its origin, prates about its charitable institutions and connives, the same instant, at this piece of tyranny—the enforcement of virgin-widowhood. Is this a land of clarity? Of humanity? The first poet of Aryan India wrote his first verse, because he could

not endure the sight of a loving pair of birds shot by a hunter. It was a monkey god that crossed the ocean and monkey armies that fought with the Rakshasas to free one single woman from the bondage of that mighty tyrant of Lanka. May we not men take a lesson as to how to treat our women? It is absolutely unnecessary to waste our energy in trying to convince our friend of the justice of the widow's cause. Even a stony heart must melt at her continued wailings. If there is any spark of divine love in us, any chord of human sympathy, we cannot vainly hearken to their endless moans; our tender feelings cannot but be touched and manly character roused against our dead selves.

A Visit to the Sacred Shrine "Shidhaesan Koil."

[By R. NARAYANASAWMY, ESQ.,
SALEM.]



LAST Saturday I had the pleasure of visiting Shidhaesan Koil, a highly sacred shrine, resorted to by many a Hindoo devotee, especially from Salem, on every Amavasya day. Tradition always ready, at least in India, to grace with a legendary tale a spot in itself interesting, has ascribed a peculiar sort of spontaneous generation, and sanctimonious veneration, to the presiding deity there. Since the shrine stands on a hill, surrounded on all sides by mounds rising one above the other, and since even at day time, there is no sound of man, nay, song of bird there, the poor pilgrim feels the ominous silence very much, and attributes it to the divine presence of holy Rishis. But the solemn stillness of the scene is accounted for by the peculiar situation of the temple and its environments. The temple crowns a hillock of gentle elevation, girded with various gigantic trees, whose broad, curved branches seem to tune a wild and dreadful carol, when the wind rustles wildly among them. The long ridges of hills, on all sides, with their verdant coverings, glimmering in the scorching sun, by the presence of mica and iron-filings, and with their tops now and then kissed by a passing cloud, add to the solemnity of the scene. A pellucid stream, glittering with little wavelets, taking its origin in the vicinity, and receiving the sacred *Abisheka* water from the temple, winds round it and passes murmuring and muttering to itself, through a region rich in iron, thereby acquiring mineral properties. And it is in this rivulet the devotees bathe. When they find their head-ache gone or fever abated, what

wonder is it, that, illiterate as they are, they attribute every effect to the miraculous power of the ill?

I bathed in it at the late hour of twelve, and then dressed myself, went into the sanctum of the temple, bowed with reverence to the deity, received the sacred ashes from the priest, returned his blessing with a two-anna piece and came back to my quarters. Filled as I was, by an ardent desire to explore some of the hills around me, I started to ascend the highest one at three o'clock. The up-hill work was very difficult, and the ground was thorny. At about half-past-four, I was on the summit, uttering to myself, in an undertone, 'sweet is pleasure after pain.'

I sat me down on one of the many rocks there, and had a very wide survey of the region below me. The exquisite lines of Goldsmith came to my mind:—

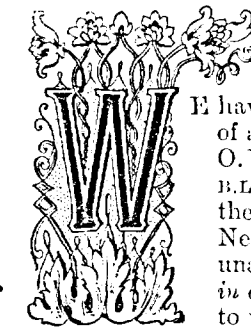
Ye glittering towns! with wealth and splendour crowned;
Ye fields! where summer spreads profusion round;

Ye bending swains! that dress the flowery vale;
For me, your tributary stores combine:
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.

There 'I was the monarch of all I surveyed,'—all the wide, variegated corn-fields around, here green through fertility, there otherwise through aridity; all the distant towns, with tall towers, shining dimly in the pale splendour of the dying sun; and lastly the 'lowing herd winding slowly over the lea, and ploughmen homeward plodding their weary way.'

The sober beauty of the scene, the splendour of the sinking sun, the stillness of the air all threw me into a rapturous reverie. But time was up; so silently and sadly, I rose and descended.

An Address on the Education of Women.



WE have been favoured with a copy of an address delivered by Mr. O. Venkatarangayya Garoo, B.A., B.L., at the third anniversary of the Teachers' Association at Nellore. We regret we are unable to publish the address *in extenso* in our columns owing to want of space, but we have much pleasure in giving our readers the salient points of this excellent address and a few extracts from it. Mr. Venkatarangayya is not of the opinion that the Hindu woman occupies a degraded position in the Indian home. "No event of any importance

takes place in a Hindu home without consultation with the ladies of the family and on certain occasions such as disposal of girls in marriages their voice is final." But still he is of the opinion that the Hindu girl is not holding her own all round and that she has not been given the opportunities for improving her natural capacity for intellectual culture which is not inferior to that of man's. He does not ignore of course the efforts made within recent years to impart education, but he is afraid that this education is not of the kind best suited to her. "Whether it is owing to want of competent teachers or deficiency of funds, our girls have not yet begun to learn in their schools much of what is found useful in after life. Out of six school hours nearly 5 are occupied in the study of books which are of no practical value to the fair sex. Very little time is devoted for music or drawing and the sewing master. A professional tailor himself attends to his pupils only during the short intervals which his own work spares for him." Miss Carr, the Inspectress of Girls' Schools, in her paper on "Current Criticisms of the education given in Girls' Schools," which appeared in the last number of our journal, deals very effectively with these and other criticisms. She points out that music and drawing are accomplishments for which parents should pay, and the few pice or annas a month charged as school fees will not enable managers to employ competent teachers in these subjects. Speaking of the difficulties that lie in the way of the education of our girls Mr. Venkatarangayya thinks that they are chiefly of a social nature. He pleads for the employment of women teachers in girls' schools. While thanking the Government and philanthropic Mission bodies for their share in the promotion of the noble cause of female education, the lecturer calls upon his countrymen to come forward more than they have done hitherto to help on this great movement. "We must take the lead and work out the national problem ourselves." These are noble words, and should find a responsive echo in the hearts of all true sons of India. It is men of Mr. Venkatarangayya's views that we want all over India—deeply earnest in the cause of the education of our women, full of faith in the possibilities before India's daughters, and ready to put into practice what they highly applaud in theory.

Errata.—In Mrs. Mitter's poem "Who can fathom," which appeared in the last issue of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*, p. 211, the following corrections should be made:—First stanza, last line, substitute "The secret of the Sea?" for "Its secret immense? Not we." Second stanza, for the last two lines read:

"As bound
Each star in its onward race."



Editorial Note.

The Indian Social Conference, which was held recently in Calcutta, immediately after the National Congress, seems to have been a great success. The account of it, which K. Natarajan, Esq., B.A., the Editor of the *Indian Social Reformer*, has kindly contributed to this issue, will be read with interest by Indians as well as Europeans. There are undoubtedly undercurrents at work at present in New India which sooner or later must make for social progress, and it is encouraging to note that this cause is being taken up most enthusiastically by some of our most cultured and influential leaders. The speech of Mr. Justice Chandravarkar on the Remarriage of Child-widows is of an epoch-making character, and as Mr. Natarajan puts it, it was not only a personal triumph, but it was a triumph for the great cause of Social Reform as well. Glancing over the Resolutions, one is struck with the fact that the most important of them have to do with the status and position of Indian women. This shows how intimately the social progress of the country is connected with the recognition of

the true rights of women. A fear is expressed in some quarters that the Social Reformers have only one object in view, namely, to re-construct and re-organize Indian society on Western models and ideals. Nothing can be more unfounded than this charge. The leaders of the movement, like the late Mr. Justice Ranade, Mr. Justice Chandravarkar and others, have always set their faces against any servile imitation of the West, and the fact that the last Social Congress was presided over by a gentleman of orthodox views shews that the charge of precipitate and reckless reform cannot be laid at the door of the Reformers of the present day. What is most needed for the success of the movement is men with convictions, men of downright earnestness, actuated by the spirit of self-sacrifice, without which no good can ever triumph in this world.

Indian Cookery.

MANGO TUCKOO.—For 100 mangoes 3½ bottles of mustard oil, 2½ bottles of vinegar, chillies ¼ seer, salt ½ seer, ginger 1 seer, garlic 1 seer, mustard ¼ seer, jeera (अजोयन) ½ seer, vendium seed (वेणुगन्धक) 1 oz. These must be ground separately with vinegar, with the exception of the vendium, and half of the mustard and jeera. Fry the stuff that has been ground in the oil, adding the remainder of the jeera and a few curry-leaf leaves, also a handful of garlic peeled. The mangoes, chopped fine, previously salted for 24 hours with half of the above quantity of salt. The other half of the salt must be added with the mangoes when thrown in. When the pickle is seasoned take down from fire (very slow fire, so as not to cook mangoes) and add the vinegar.

SWEET LIME CHATNEY.—50 limes, 1 lb. raisins, 1 lb. sugar, ¼ lb. chillies dry, 2 oz. garlic (or 5) ginger, ¼ lb., dry dates ¼ lb. All to be ground in vinegar, and the limes cut up into small pieces (previously salted 24 hours). Boil all together over a slow fire.—Excellent zest.

COCOANUT RICE is a delicacy. Few people know how to make it. Half measure good table-rice well cleaned from grit. Milk (1st, 2nd and 3rd) from two large cocoanuts; water enough with the milk mixed to cover the rice 2 inches. Throw in one large raw onion sliced, a piece of saffron ground to paste about the length of 1 inch, salt to taste, a tea-spoon of pepper (whole), also whole a dozen cloves, a stick of cinnamon. Let the fire be brisk till the rice begins to boil, then a very slow fire, the whole being turned and gently stirred with a stick to prevent burning. Should the water evaporate before the rice is thoroughly boiled, sprinkle some more water on from time to time, serve hot with a good mutton chop or fowl curry.

News and Notes.

We beg to offer our sincere thanks to Her Excellency Lady Northcote for her proof of her kind interest in the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*. The portrait of Her Excellency, we are able to present with this issue will, we are sure, be most welcome to our readers.

—Says the *Indian Witness*.—"We are glad to see the monthly illustrated Bengali journal, *Anahpur* holding on its way. It is a paper intended for Bengali ladies, and is nicely edited by Mrs. Hem Kumari Choudhuri. There are articles relating to morals, duties of house-wives, short stories, etc. We are pleased to see our Brahmo friends making such good use of the press. Their literature is always of an elevating character. There can be no doubt that *Anahpur* is meeting a need not only in the Brahmo, but also in a certain section of the Hindu community. A friend suggests that lady missionaries would find this journal helpful to them in their study of Bengali and useful to them in their work. It is published at 20, Cornwallis Street, Calcutta. The subscription is Re. 1-8 in advance."

—Miss E. Temple Orme becomes the first L.L.D., of London University. Miss Orme's success is all the more remarkable inasmuch as she did not prepare for examination in the usual manner. She took up the study of law by correspondence, and in this manner went through the entire course from jurisprudence to international law. Miss Orme is anxious that her example may be followed by other girls, and that a greater interest be manifested in legal studies. "If women entered seriously into the study of law," she says, "no doubt the legal profession would in time be opened to them, just as medicine has been. The nobler sex would not be able—nor, indeed, would the more liberal-minded of them desire—to keep ladies from the practice of the law. I look forward to the time when a woman shall be as free to advise, advocate, and judge professionally as she is to heal the sick."

—We receive several kind greetings and messages from editors of journals far and near. The Paris paper, *La Fronde*, conducted by ladies, sends us a greeting, as also one of the leading Journals of Canada; and the Indian Journals, Anglo-Indian and Indian, have always a kind word for our venture. The Christmas Number in particular has been received with enthusiasm, and we take this opportunity of thanking one and all the journalists for their encouraging words. The following is from the *Indian Witness* (Calcutta) and relates to the January issue:—"The *Indian Ladies' Magazine* for January is a splendid number, containing several excellent articles of which some are illustrated with photo-engravings executed in the best style. The article "A Visit to the Cauvery Falls," is particularly attractive. The four views of these magnificent falls will whet the appetite of readers for a personal glimpse. Not many magazines are edited with better taste and judgment than this. Every Indian lady who can read English should subscribe for it."

—There is appearing at present in *Pearson's Magazine*, a series of Indian stories, from the pen of Sarath Kumar Ghosh, a high-caste Indian gentleman of ancient lineage, who occupies a unique position in

the literary world. Mr. Ghosh went to England to study for the Bar in 1890. It was by a mere accident that he came to give up law for literature. Soon after he had been called to the Bar a literary friend happened to discover, in a waste-paper basket, the manuscript of a story that Kumar Ghosh had written for amusement and cast away. This literary friend was struck by the power of the story, and urged Kumar Ghosh to give up everything for the sake of a literary career. This he wisely did, and all who read "Indian Night's Entertainments" will agree that the name, Sarath Kumar Ghosh, is likely to become far-famed. These stories are purely Indian. No Westerns figure in them. They pry deeply into Oriental life, and are concerned chiefly with the occult sciences of India. Whether they will ever number 1001, like "The Arabian Nights," their author is doubtful. At his present rate of work, he would require 166 years to turn out this number. But he is confident that he has material for 2002 stories.

—About 1843 five brothers, Jacob, John S. C., Gorham D., Charles E., and Samuel P. Abbott, associated themselves together for the establishment of a collegiate institution for young women in the city of New York. This was long before Vassar, Smith, Wellesley, Radcliffe, or Bryn Mawr had been dreamed of. Out of this enterprise grew the once famous Spingler Institute on Union Square in that city, afterwards the Abbott Collegiate Institution, of which the Rev. Dr. Gorham D. Abbott became and remained for nearly a generation the sole principal. "I know of no school, but, the Spingler Institute," said Chancellor Howard Crosby, writing in 1860, "where the true idea of female education is appreciated, and women regarded as something better than cooks or playthings." The Spingler graduated about two thousand alumnae. When Dr. Abbott relinquished his work in the later sixties, it was he who put it into the mind of Matthew Vassar to found by princely beneficence the great college for women at Poughkeepsie which bears his name, and which was the pioneer of the series now so well known. This is a matter of hitherto unwritten but now acknowledged history. About five years ago some of the grateful alumnae of the Spingler conceived the idea of founding at Vassar a memorial scholarship, to perpetuate the names and services of Dr. Gorham D. Abbott and his beloved wife, Rebecca S. Abbott, and this undertaking has been carried to a successful conclusion. On Wednesday, Dec. 18, in the spacious parlors of the Manhattan Hotel, New York, in the presence of a large and distinguished company of women and invited guests, the deed of trust covering this scholarship of the value of \$8,000 was formally presented to President Taylor of Vassar and gracefully received by him, the presentation address, which was of a memorial character, being made by a nephew of Dr. Abbott, Rev. Edward Abbott, D. D., now residing in Cambridge, Mass.

—A Malayali subscriber writes:—"Among the successful candidates in the recent Matriculation Examination of the Madras University is a Tiya girl of North Malabar. It is sad to notice that in all Malabar, there are only four Hindu girls who have passed this examination. The other three who passed in the year 1899 and 1900 are Mrs. C. Gopalan, Miss T. Ashoda and Miss V. V. Janaki who is now attending the F. A. class in the Presentation Convent, Black

Town. All these four girls, it will be interesting to know, passed out from the same institution,—St. Joseph's Convent High School, Calicut, which is under the management of the Reverend Sisters of the Carmelite Order. The parents of the Tiya girls would do well to give them a College education by which they would be immensely benefited."

The contributions of no lady writer to our columns are so well appreciated by our readers as the beautiful verses from the pen of Mrs. Sarojini Naidu. One of our readers has even gone the length of clothing in verse the appreciation of her productions. The following lines "To Mrs. Sarojini Naidu" will be read with interest:

I hear the music in the reeds,
The ripples gurgle at my feet,
I hear the truth in Nature's creeds,
When winged minstrels warble sweet.

And every season has its singer
That finds a welcome in its clime.
The Kohil is our spring's joy bringer
And minah's tune our summer prime.

Fair singer thou for all our clime!
Thy sweetest music's far off heard;
We long to hear more of thy rhyme,
Sarojini fair, our Indian bird!

This reminds us of some lines from the pen of an English lady, which was dedicated to Sarojini some time ago, and which appeared in several of the leading Indian Journals. The lines are as follows:

TO SAROJINI CHATHOPADHYAYA.

1. Just because I once did see
Eastern maid 'neath Western tree,
'Tis no reason, I should say,
She'll be there another day!
From enchanted land she came,
And can change from flower to flame,
Gem to sunbeam, anything
That can sail, with fan or wing,
On the river of the wind,
In the elfin fleet from Ind!
2. Once her little hand she gave,
Otherwise she may behave
On another day—perchance,
There will be a bird's bright glance—
Sudden flight and floating plume;
Or a splendid Orchid's bloom
May surprise me as I pass,—
Or a dewstar on the grass!
3. Whatsoever shape she take,
Here's the speech that I shall make;
I shall say (as fits the case):
"Orchid, with the radiant,—
Flitting bird without a name,—
Dewdrop of the starry flame—
Maid of Hyderabad—
In your own true shape be clad;
Known you are thro' each disguise,
For you never hide your eyes."

EDITH M. THOMAS.



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No. 9.

The Daughter of India.

[FROM THE "MAHA-BODHI," THE JOURNAL OF THE MAHA-BODHI SOCIETY.]

I saw the moon bright in the Eastern sky,
Lighting the darkness by her sweet existence;
The rippling waters flowing gently by
Received her gentle smiles without resistance.

Fair was the scene, it touched the inmost soul;
The rustling leaves and branches murmured softly,
The while the moon gave beauty to the whole,
Sweet messenger of peace—so calm yet lofty.

A storm arose. She veiled her tender face
Behind the threatening clouds without repining,
Still while the world beheld no more her glances
She gave unto the darkness silver lining.

Daughter of India! This portrays her life,
Once she reigned free with graces heaven-given,
But when the conqueror came, and war and strife,
She veiled her face and stepped into oblivion.

Yet when men paled and combat fiercely raged,
The while the conqueror's banner proudly flowing,
She gently in a nobler task engaged,
Kept in the hearts of men the hearth-fire glowing.

She reared her sons and filled their sinking breast,
With old ideals and the ancient stories
Of times long past, when India heaven blest,
Was ruled by gods who filled the land with glories.

Hers is the work if India lives to-day,
For, while the years brought strife and devastation,
Unflinchingly she held her gentle sway,
Preserving for her sons a land, a nation.

And when at last, the long retirement ceased,
You're called again from out those silent places,
Then come, as once you went, Queen of the East,
Clad in your virtues and your tender graces.

A. C. ALBERS.

Thoughts on the New Reign.

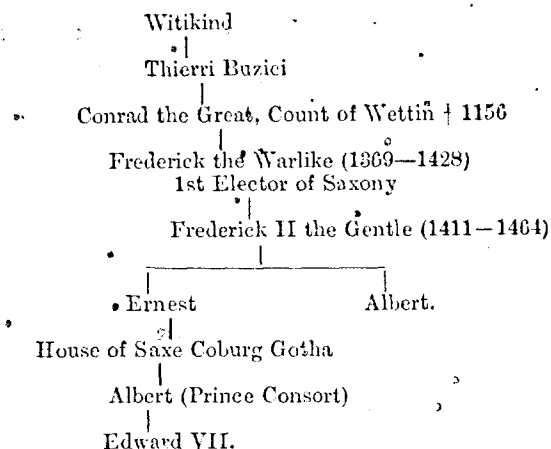


[By "HISTORICUS."]

ON the death of Queen Victoria, just over a year ago, the following proclamation of succession of King Edward VII was issued by the Premier and the Archbishop of Canterbury which read:—"Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to call to His mercy our late Sovereign lady Queen Victoria of blessed and glorious memory, by whose decease the Imperial Crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is solely and rightfully come to the high and mighty Prince Albert Edward. We, therefore, the Lords spiritual and temporal of this realm, being here with those of Her late Majesty's Privy Council, with numbers of other principal gentlemen of quality, with the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and citizens of London, do we now, hereby, with one voice and consent of tongue and heart, publish and proclaim that the high and mighty Prince Albert Edward is now by the death of our late Sovereign of happy memory become our only lawful and rightful liege Lord Edward, by grace of God, King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, defender of the faith, to whom we do acknowledge all faith and constant obedience with all hearty and humble affection, beseeching God by whom Kings and Queens do reign to bless our royal King Edward with long and happy years to reign over us."

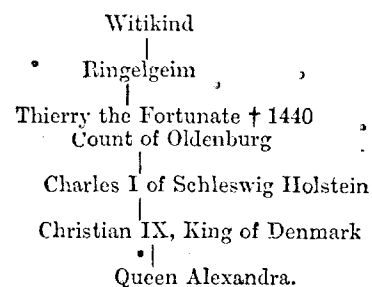
It is one of the fundamental maxims of the English constitution that the Sovereign never dies. In other words the English throne is never vacant, for at the moment of the demise of a Sovereign, the heir apparent succeeds by right of inheritance. Hence Deprett says, "the ceremony of coronation is merely a solemn recognition and confirmation of royal descent and the consequent right of accession to the throne, and is unnecessary for the security of the title to the crown."

We are indebted to that excellent book "Queen Victoria," by John Coulter and John A. Cooper, for a genealogy of King Edward, which, simplified, is as follows:—



The patronymic of the issue in direct male line of Conrad the Great, Count of Wettin, and therefore of Edward VII is *Von Wettin*. But if his descent be traced through the House of Brunswick, which has occupied the throne of England from 1714, his family name would be *Azon*, from Azon, Margrave of Este (died 964) ancestor of that line.

Queen Alexandra can also trace her descent from Witikind thus:—



What is the extent of the Empire over which Edward VII has been called to rule? We find from the book to which reference has already been made that the contracted boundaries of the British Islands long since proved too narrow to contain a people of such expanding enterprise and they have gone forth 'conquering and to conquer,' settling and developing, until at the beginning of the twentieth century the Empire of Great Britain and its Colonies covered an area of 11,336,806 square miles, inhabited by 381,037,374 human beings.

This area is nearly one-fourth that of the habitable land surface of the earth, and its population quite one-fourth of all mankind. The East Indian possessions of this great Empire are larger than all Europe without Russia; and the North American ones if their water surface be included are larger than the whole of Europe.

The King in his accession speech declared that he had resolved to be known by the name of Edward which had been borne by six of his

ancestors. Of Edward VII's predecessors, the first Edward is known to posterity as "the English Justinian." In his reign the great principle that the King could not tax his subjects without their consent was recognised. He was the first King to grant the counties and the boroughs the privilege of electing members of Parliament. Hence the national assembly of 1292 which represented the Barons and the Commons adequately is justly styled "the model Parliament." Edward II, the first English Prince on whom the title of Prince of Wales was conferred, had a "stormy reign," and being devoid of some of the strong qualities of his father was a victim instead of a victor. His barons imprisoned him in Berkeley Castle where he was murdered at the instance of his wife Isabella—the "she-wolf of France." During the 50 years of Edward III's reign England was happy and prosperous. He however involved England in the Hundred Years' War with France. The reign of Edward IV is notable for the part he took in the Wars of the Roses. His son Edward V was put to death by his uncle Gloucester. The sixth Edward gave promise of a happy reign, but death carried him away before he was 16. During his reign the 42 articles of religion were promulgated and the Book of Common Prayer introduced.

It is granted by universal consent that the King is peculiarly well fitted to assume the duties of the exalted position to which he has succeeded. He has signalled his accession to the throne by inaugurating, in deference to the wishes of the Colonies, a change in the ancient title and style of British monarchs; the coinage of the new reign is to have as inscription:—*Edwardus VIII., Dei Gra. Britt. Omn. Rex. Fid. Def. Ind. Imp.* (Edward VII.—King of all the Britains, &c.)

"It is unnecessary to tell any intelligent man that the position of a King or Queen in England is a difficult one." For since the Reform Bill of 1832 the House of Commons has become a power which a Sovereign could not control; and Government by cabinet has been so developed as to leave to the Sovereign apparently little more than a semblance of power. Yet the British monarch is no mere figure-head—"the right of the crown as the supreme executive authority throughout the Empire is indisputable and unquestioned. It is true that in Great Britain the royal prerogative has latterly fallen into disuse; but it is altogether a mistake to infer that the power of the crown to reject laws has consequently ceased to exist. As a constituent factor in legislation the royal authority still remains: but the constitutional exercise of that prerogative makes the machinery practically invisible. In respect to the Colonies, however,

the royal veto is not a dormant power for the obvious reason that no Colonial legislative body is competent to enact a law which is at variance with, or repugnant to, any Imperial statute which extends in its operation to any particular colony."

It has been often remarked that the King, while Prince of Wales, though keenly interested in politics, domestic and foreign, avoided giving expression to his political views. Even his intimate friends were in absolute ignorance concerning his political bias. He manifested just as much regard and consideration for Mr. Gladstone as for Lord Salisbury; and neither the Conservatives nor the Liberals could claim him as a partisan. It is understood however that the King believes in an understanding between England and the United States and that his best endeavours will be put forth to develop the ties of kinship between the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon race. The King is also in favor of legalising in England marriage with the deceased wife's sister.

An "Ex-Diplomatist" (quoted by Messrs. Coulter and Cooper) writing in 1895 remarks on the immense influence exercised by the King not only within the Empire, but throughout the world, which he attributes to the tact which the King possesses to such a superlative degree. He adds:—"It was by the exercise of tact that he (the King) once achieved for England within the short space of three weeks a victory in Russia which half a century of the most elaborate diplomacy and statecraft had failed to accomplish. It was by dint of tact that he brought about a reconciliation of the Emperor William with his widowed mother, the Prince's sister, and dispelled that intense animosity towards England which characterised the outset of the young Kaiser's reign. To the same agency the British Government is indebted for the smoothing over of its many difficulties with France. So happy has he shown himself in his dealings with this most sensitive and excitable nation that he can boast of a popularity on the banks of the Seine superior to that of almost any French statesman or politician."

As Ruler of English Society, a position which had been delegated to the King by Queen Victoria he is said to have introduced, when he was Prince of Wales, many reforms, and managed society with tact. We are told, in the Life of Victoria, that drinking and coarseness of language have gone out of fashion through the King's influence. The King is also said to take excellent care to keep out of society those who have forfeited their right to remain within its pale. It is also stated that it was due to his efforts that all ill-feeling towards the Jewish race had disappeared, and that Hebrews are admitted

to the highest position in the learned professions, in Parliament and in Society.

Sir H. Campbell Bannerman, in offering his congratulations to the King on his accession to the throne, said that it was an additional satisfaction to every one to know that His Majesty would have by his side an august consort who had endeared herself to the hearts of the British people ever since she first set foot on their soil. Another testimony regarding Queen Alexandra is that she "possesses the greatest tact, is of a sweet endearing disposition, has always shown much interest in the welfare of the people over whom her husband has been called to reign, and there has never been an instance in the history of the British Empire where a Queen has entered upon her duties under more favourable auspices than Alexandra."

As the King has come to the throne having before him the greatest example possible, there can be no doubt that he will adorn the throne and be no unworthy successor of Queen Victoria.

The Valley of Kashmir.

THE beautiful valley of Kashmir has been the theme of poets from time immemorial, and many are the books that have been written on it. One of the latest and most exhaustive works on Kashmir is by Mr. Walter R. Laurence, I. C. S., C. I. E., Settlement Commissioner of the Kashmir and

Jamna State.*

Kashmir is a very old country and possesses a distinct nationality, character, language, dress and body of customs. Perched securely among the Himalayas, at an average height of about 6,000 feet above the sea, it is approximately eighty-four miles in length, and twenty to twenty-five miles in breadth. North, east, and west, range after range of mountains guard the valley from the outer world, while on the south it is cut off from the Punjab by rocky barriers fifty to seventy miles in width. Much has been written by Europeans on the subject of this beautiful country since Premier told the world of 'Cachemire,' the Paradise of the Indies; and even placid orientals are moved to admiration when they see Kashmir. In their language the valley is an emerald set in pearls, a land of lakes, clear streams, green turf, magnificent trees and mighty mountains—where the air is cool and the water sweet, where men are strong and women beautiful. The

* "The Valley of Kashmir," by W. R. Laurence, London, Henry Frowde.

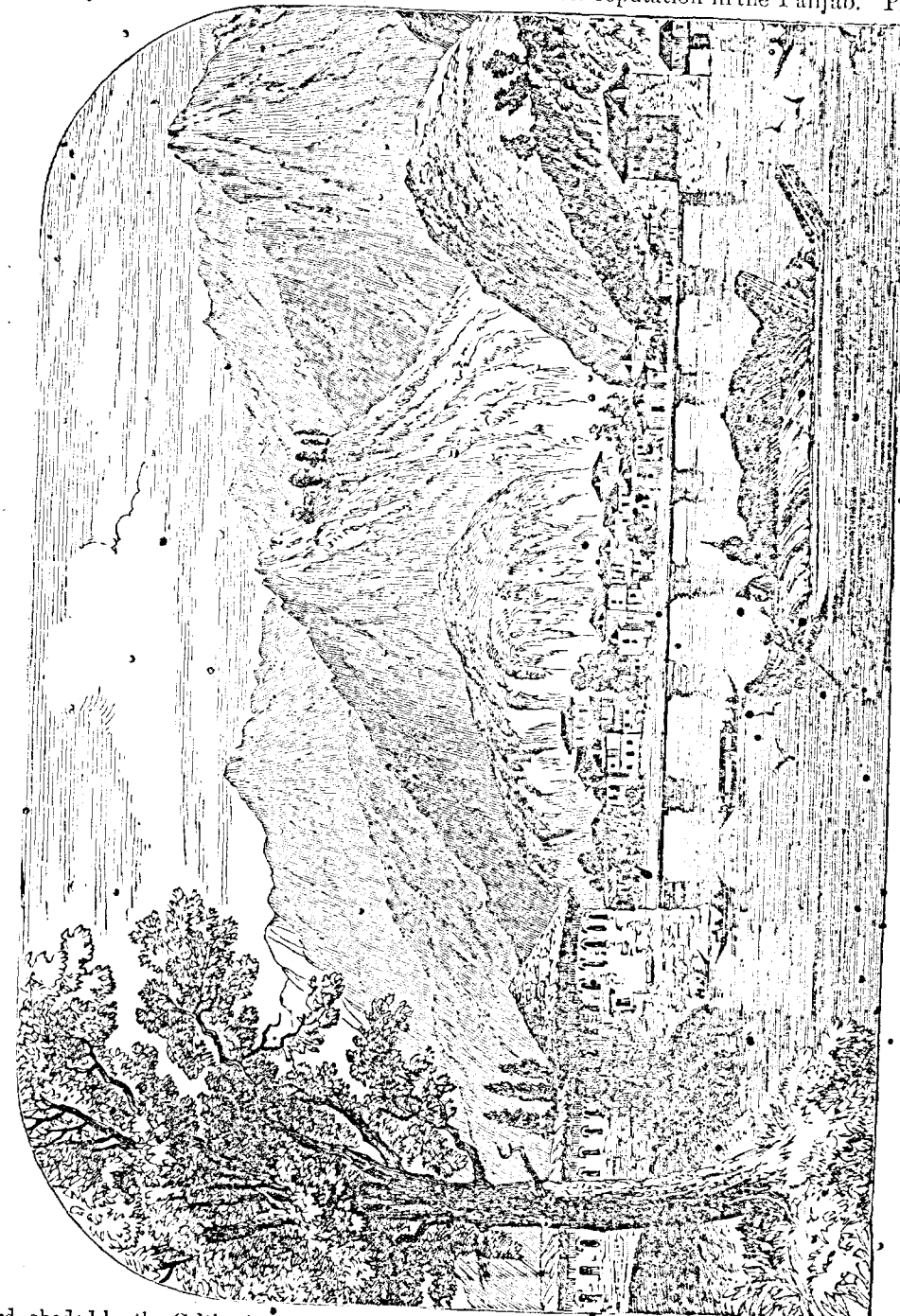
climate of the valley has been likened to that of Switzerland until the end of May, and of Southern France in July and August. The mountains which surround Kashmir are never monotonous. Infinitely varied in form and colour, they are such as an artist might picture in his dreams. Every mile reveals some exquisite peak, around which cling curious legends of battles, demi-gods and elephants. Down through rich forests, dark mountain streams white with foam pass in their course through pools of the purest cobalt. Where the great dark forests cease, and the brighter woodland begins, the banks of the streams are ablaze with clematis, honey-suckle, jasmine, and wild roses which remind one of azaleas. It would be difficult to describe the colours which are seen on the Kashmir mountains. In early morning they are often a delicate semi-transparent violet relieved against a saffron sky; then the rising sun deepens shadows, and produces sharper lines and stronger colours of purple and indigo in the deep ravines. Later on it is nearly all blue and lavender, with white snow peaks and ridges under a vertical sun, and as the afternoon wears on these become rich violet and pale bronze, gradually changing to rose and pink with yellow or orange, till the last rays of the sun have gone, leaving the mountains dyed a ruddy crimson with the snows showing a pale creamy green by contrast.

Kashmir abounds in mountain tarns, lovely lakes, and swampy lagoons. The Dal lake, measuring about 4 miles by 2½, lies close to Srinagar, and is perhaps one of the most beautiful spots in the world. The water of the Dal is clear and soft as silk, and the people say that the shawls of Kashmir owe much of their excellence to being washed in the soft waters of the lake. The accompanying description of a Kashmir village is charming:—

"The Kashmiri village is beautiful in spite of itself. Shaded by the unrivalled plane-tree, by walnut, apple, and apricot, watered by a clear sparkling stream, the grass banks of which are streaked with the coral red of the willow rootlets, surrounded by the tender green of the young rice plant, or the dark, handsome fields of the *Imtiral* and other rices of the black leaf, the Kashmiri village is rich in natural beauties. Later on the patches of rice-blossoms look like a tessellated pavement, with colours running from red and russet green to copper. Out through the luxuriant foliage peeps the cultivator's cottage, with its tumble-down, thatched gable roof. Each cottage has a garden plot well stocked with vegetables. Close to the cottage is the wooden granary, an erection like a huge sentry-box, in which the grain is stored, and from which it is taken out by a hole at the bottom. In the courtyard by the cottage the women are busy pounding the rice or maize, and the cotton-spinning wheel is for the time laid aside. Dogs are sleeping and little children rolling in the sun, while their elder brothers, also children, are away looking after the milch cows and cattle. On the stream a quaint looking, bathing

house, where the villager performs his ablutions, and below the bathing house the ducks are greedily eating. One of the prettiest objects in the village is the

The people of Kashmir are Hindus, known as Pandits, and Mussalmans. The Kashmiri bears an evil reputation in the Panjab. Proverbs liken



SRINAGAR—KASHMIRE.

graveyard, shaded by the *Celtis Australis* and bright with iris, purple, white (*Guli Sosan*) and yellow (*Zambak*), which the people plant over their departed relatives.

him to a snake in his morals and to a fowl in his manners, and men are warned against admitting a Kashmiri to their friendship. Much of the bad qualities of the Kashmiri may be traced to

continued political oppression. In intellect the Kashmiris are supposed to be superior to the average natives of India. The Kashmiri can turn his hand to anything. In his home life the Kashmir cultivator is at his best. The Kashmir wife is a real helpmate, and joint work and joint interests give rise to a camaraderie between man and wife which is very healthy. The beauty of Kashmir women has been often praised. Mr. Laurence seems to think that there has been considerable exaggeration in this respect. He says:—"As regards the beauty of the women it is difficult to speak, but I have seen thousands of women in the villages and cannot remember, save one or two exceptions, ever seeing a really beautiful face. They seem to age very quickly, and though the children are very lovely the average peasant woman is plain. The old and prevailing idea among the natives of Hindoostan, as to the beauty of the Kashmir woman, is probably due to the healthy, rosy cheeks that many of them have, so different from the wheaten hue of India. In the city there is the well-bred Panditani, whose easier more refined life makes beauty less difficult to inherit and keep than it is for her hard-worked and weather-worn sister of the villages, and I should say that if the fabled beauty of the Kashmir woman really exists it is to be found in Srinagar and not in the villages of the valley. Apart from early marriage, hard work and exposure, the peasant women are often cruelly disfigured by small-pox, and though beauty may be found in the house of some affluent village headman, it does not shew itself in the fields where the women sing and work."

The Women of Shakespeare.

II. PORTIA—THE WIFE OF BRUTUS.

[BY THE EDITOR.]



ONLY three times, and the third time only indirectly, does Shakespeare bring the perfect character of Portia before us; but these three scenes are so vivid and distinct, and her character is brought out so clearly and forcibly in them, that once seen the perfect picture is never forgotten, but the portrait ever afterwards lives in our mind like that of an old and dear friend. And much as we would have liked to have basked more in the sunshine of her gracious presence, we feel that it is for that alone we would want a fuller sight of her; and that, in order to understand her character, it is not necessary for us to see any more of her than

what we are allowed to see in those three scenes in the masterly play of "Julius Cæsar."

Shakespeare does not say anything of Portia before her marriage with Brutus, except that she was "a woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter." But elsewhere we find the following account of her:—"Before her marriage with Brutus, who was her cousin, she had already been married to Bibulus and had had a son, also called Bibulus, who afterwards wrote a book of the acts of Brutus, extant to this present day. After the death of her first husband, Portia was then married to her cousin Brutus, to enter into that perfect happiness with him of which Shakespeare allows us a few glimpses—a life which in spite of many trials and sorrows we feel was a very happy one indeed, for each was happy in the other's presence. "No relation of man and woman in the plays of Shakespeare is altogether so noble as that of Brutus and Portia," says a critic; and the poet Campbell exclaimed about them: "For the picture of that wedded pair, at once august and tender, human nature and the dignity of conjugal faith are at once indebted."

But high as is the ideal we would form of what his wife ought to be, the character of Portia, as depicted by Shakespeare, does not disappoint us in the least. She is a woman well worthy of the strongest love which her husband could, and did, give her, as she says of herself, "a woman well-reputed, whom Lord Brutus took to wife." And what a picture of wifely love and admiration rises before our mind as we think of Portia tenderly meditating on her position as the wife of Brutus! We could easily imagine her saying to herself words somewhat like these:

"Lord Brutus, whom I love and admire so much, the noble Lord Brutus, he has chosen me out of all women to be his wife; and being so 'husbanded,' am I not to be worthy of him?"

Portia is a perfect example of the *Pativrata*, or devoted wife, of whom we have so many touching pictures in the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*. She could well be compared with those high-souled heroines, Sita, Droupadi, Damayanti, Savitri, the memory of whose noble purity and unflinching devotion to their husbands, every Hindu woman holds dear even to this present day. The words with which Sita pleads so touchingly for permission to accompany her husband into exile, would sound well from Portia's lips:

"A wife must share her husband's fate. My duty is to follow thee

Where'er thou goest. Apart from thee, I should not dwell in heaven itself.

Thou art my king, my guide, my only refuge, my divinity.

It is my fixed resolve to follow thee. If thou must wander forth

Through thorny trackless forest, I will go before thee treading down

The prickly brambles to make smooth thy path walking before thee, I shall feel no weariness; the forest thorn will seem like silken robes: Roaming with thee in desert wastes, a thousand years will be a day; Dwelling with thee, e'en hell itself would be to me a heaven of bliss."

Accordingly we find that she has before her mind a clear idea of the stoical calmness and fortitude which appear so noble in her Brutus; and to the best of her ability she is as much a stoic as Brutus is; and he himself feels that while "perfectly a woman, she is to him more than a woman—an ideal of august and adorable heroism." This admiration of her is equal to his love; and as we study the first scene in which she appears, that scene in which there is an account of the only interview with her husband that we are allowed to see, we feel that their souls have indeed met, that they are "inseparably and absolutely equal," a perfect pair matched in every respect and conforming in this way to the highest ideal of marriage ever formed, "Two separate chords of life drawn together in one, and the bond of twin souls lost in harmony."

Portia is one among a group of female characters, which appear at the close of the period in which Shakespeare produced his most joyous comedies, and when he began to write his tragedies—women like Helene, Isabella and others, each distinguished by some single element of strength; and amongst these the Portia of "Julius Cæsar" shines supreme as a type of "perfect womanly heroism, yet environed by the weakness of her sex." "If Shakespeare ever ventured upon any generalization about women," says a critic, "it was perhaps this,—that the natures of women are usually made up of fewer elements than those of men; but that these elements are ordinarily in juster poise, more fully organised, more coherent and complete"; and Portia we find is no exception to this rule. As we have said before, there are only two scenes in which she appears before us directly; and in these two scenes two different sides of her character are respectively brought out, two sides quite seemingly opposed to, yet really in perfect accordance with, one another, and one balancing the other perfectly—in the first of these, the strength of it, or as she herself says, the "man's mind" that she has; and in the second, the weakness of it, or to use her own words, "her woman's might." Shakespeare, it is said, created his women by a single strong and exquisite inspiration; but that he studied his men; and this is brought out very clearly in his masterly declamation of Portia and Brutus. While the character of Brutus is carefully and calmly worked out and developed from point to point, that of Portia is given to us in a few brief strokes; but nothing could be clearer or more perfect than

this hastily drawn portrait; and the impression left upon our minds by it is as vivid and lasting as that left by the other. And with what exquisite skill does Shakespeare portray the only interview between her and her husband that we are allowed to see. Just as the conspirators are departing, and Brutus, after passing through that scene with them which so ill accords with his nature, is forced to exclaim as he views the "pony-heavy" sleep of his servant Lucius, "Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies which busy care draws in the brains of men"; just when we feel that he is longing for a sympathetic comforter to whom he can pour out the inward trouble of his heart, Portia enters, and we can at once see how strong her love is for him by the direct way in which she enters into the subject that is filling her mind, and the anxious watch that her words indicate she has been keeping over his every look and action. But anxious as she is for him, and much as she would like to know the cause of all this change in her lord, she is calm enough to control her anxiety and has no thought of intruding on him or irritating him when he is in an impatient mood. But now she can keep down her anxiety no longer and with gentle strength she pleads with him to let her know what the matter is. Brutus had no thought of burdening her with the secret of the dreadful conspiracy that was being hatched, and he tries to put her off with excuses. But the sense of concealing something from his wife, from whom perhaps he had never before concealed anything, has made his manner towards her constrained; and the excuses, though plausible enough, sound hollow; and we can almost feel the throbbing desire he has under them to divulge this secret to his wife, of whose sympathy he is sure, and the hope that fills his mind, in spite of his wish not to trouble her, that she would not accept his excuses and go away. And Portia does not leave him. She feels the new constraint that has arisen between her and her husband, and she is resolved not to leave it there. So she pleads with him upon her knees, to let her share in all that concerns him, demanding as an equal her right, and pressing forward to know the truth which afterwards proves so fatal to her:

"I charm you by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow,
That did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy?"

And throughout all this scene, it is immeasurably comforting to feel the calmness and fortitude with which Portia seems to take in as it were all his excuses and at last gets from him a promise that he will tell her the real cause of all his trouble. And here we may pause for a moment to compare Portia with two of Shakespeare's other heroines, who are placed in a similar situation.

A critic of "Julius Cæsar" has compared and contrasted this scene with the scene in the first part of King Henry IV., in which Lady Percy alarmed by the strong evidences of excitement that the manner of Hotspur shows, begs him with tender importunity to disclose his secret to her. She loves her husband, but she has no such confidence in her own influence over him as to be sure that he would accede to her wish; and Hotspur, though he loves her, has no intention of betraying his secret to a woman. Portia, on the contrary, unlike Lady Percy, is sure that her husband will tell her what is troubling him; and this it is which infuses such a strain of gentle strength into all her words, and in the end compels Brutus to confide in her. We might also compare Portia with Calphurnia who comes in this same play of "Julius Cæsar," and who pleads with her husband Cæsar in the same way that Portia does with Brutus. But though she also seems to love her husband as much as Portia does hers, the object for which she pleads with him is one, which we are sure Portia would not have stooped to consider. She begs Cæsar not to go to the Senate-house, while it was obviously his duty to go, and she even asks him to stoop to telling a lie in order that her foolish superstition may be satisfied; while Portia, like the noble woman she is, asks him not to shirk his apparent duty—she would have died rather than ask him to do that,—but only to tell her what has been troubling him; and this she knows is nothing but right on his part. The poet does not tell whether Brutus ever told his wife about the intended murder, or when he did so; but all the evidences that bear upon this question in the play seem to point to the natural conclusion of his having told her all about the conspiracy. The manner of Portia herself, when we meet her the second time, is so agitated, that we cannot help assigning as the cause of her agitation the fact which we take for granted that she did know all about the conspiracy. Brutus was too honourable a man and loved his wife too much to have broken his promise of confiding to her the whole secret; and Portia herself, after having obtained that promise from him after so much pleading, would not have been silent if it had been broken. So we may almost take it for granted that she knew everything about the intended assassination; but, even if we are disposed to deny this, we are forced to grant, from her manner in the fourth scene of the second act, that she did know something about the conspiracy and that it related to Cæsar. And if we take this latter supposition, it makes us admire the devotion of Portia all the more, for then we are obliged to think that with no guarantee save the word of her husband she attached herself blindly to a cause about which she knew very little. Whatever her husband did, or intended doing, she felt sure was right; and it

was with the determination of partaking in all that concerned him, that she so strongly asserted her right to know his secrets. "Portia is represented by the poet," says a critic, "as the feminine, tender counterpart of Brutus"; and as Brutus' wife she feels an imperative call to share the political plans of her husband, just as he thinks he must not deny himself to the cause of freedom. Therefore, we may feel sure that, whether she knew or did not know everything about the intended conspiracy, she at once became a passive conspirator, sharing in all the schemes of her husband where she knew them; or determined to be a blind follower of his where she did not know them; and like a true wife resolved to help him to the end, however bitter the end might promise to be. But Portia, though a stoical woman, is not phlegmatic, nor is she conscious only of strength on her part to take part in the conspiracy. She is a woman and conscious of the full strength of her woman's weakness; and it is with a strong sense of that weakness that she gives herself that wound in the thigh, as an exercise and proof of her manly fortitude; and it is not until she has thus in a manner, which seems to her conclusive, proved her courage and ability to be silent and to bear, that she passes to the counsels of her husband, takes her share in his grief and becomes as much of a conspirator as she can become:

"I grant I am a woman,
But withal a woman that Lord Brutus took to wife.
I grant I am a woman, but withal
A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex
Being so fathered and so husbanded?
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a wound here in the thigh.
Can I bear that with patience and not my husband's secrets?"

"The nobility of Portia makes the love of Brutus for her almost a religion." She is indeed worthy of the strongest love of which his nature is capable; and it is instructive to note the gradual change in his manner in this first scene in which Portia comes before us. At first he adds no endearing term before her name; and for some time apparently listens to her only so much as to appear to think that her words are the words of a weak woman, who ought to be taken care of, and who is not strong enough to participate in a dangerous plot. Then he unbends so much as to call her "good Portia," but still insists on her going back to bed. But she persists; and when she addresses him in those glowing words which we have quoted before, seeming to imply that he loves her no longer—"I charm you by my once-commended beauty," she says,—and reminds him of the high ideal of marriage implied in the "great vow that did incorporate and make us one," and even kneels

to him, Brutus is struck to the heart; and, as if, conscious that he was not a man worthy enough to be knelt to by that noble woman, he says "kneel not, gentle Portia." She retorts with the quick answer, "I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus"; and here it is that her confidence first seems gaining ground, and coaxes him till he bursts out with a full confession of the love that is filling his heart for her.

"You are my dear and honourable wife as dear to me as are the ruddy drops that visit my sad heart."

He is almost conquered; one more effort she makes; and carried away by the "tender dignity of her conjugal faith," the husband of this woman is forced to exclaim, at once acknowledging her nobleness and deprecating his own unworthiness, "O ye gods! render me worthy of this noble wife."

One minute more and he would have told her everything; but just then there comes a knocking at the door, and unwilling that she should be seen by the conspirators he asks her to go in. And it is noticeable that Portia does not, as many other women would have done, when once she had gained so much from her husband, linger to extort a fuller confession from him. She puts absolute faith in his promise to unburden himself to her by and by, and obeys him.

In the fourth scene we again meet Portia. Brutus has gone to bring Cæsar to the Capitol; but before going it is almost probable that he disclosed the whole conspiracy to Portia. It is in this scene that the womanly side of her character is brought out. Having full confidence in all that is undertaken by her lord as right, she has become a passive conspirator; but she had overrated her woman's strength. She had given herself that wound in the thigh, and borne it without flinching, all to comfort and please her husband. But no sooner is that motive gone, than "her head fails to keep touch perfectly with her heart," and her suppressed weakness and womanhood breaks out. Her feelings rise into an uncontrollable flutter; and she is so eager about the success of the plot in which her husband is engaged, and so anxious, that she does not know what she is saying to her servant, and is forced to exclaim:

"O constancy, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge mountain between my heart and tongue;
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might
How hard it is for woman to keep counsel?"

All her senses are on the alert; her mind is full of the one thought that is now engrossing her whole attention; and she even imagines she hears a bustling murmur from the Capitol, as if the conspiracy had already broken out. But when she sees the soothsayer, she forces herself to a moment of composure, and questions him

calmly enough, but always on that subject of Cæsar. But some words of the soothsayer again alarm her; and when he is gone, she can control herself no longer, but exclaims:

"I must go in. Ah me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is."

She even loses control of herself and says something about the enterprise that Brutus is engaged in. But here "her inward mutiny is arrested and affection again whispers her into composure," because she is afraid that she may say something which may endanger Brutus. And she sends the boy on what appears to be a foolish errand to the Capitol, with the hope that, if anything unusual is going on there, his boyish curiosity would prompt him to find out everything about it. Portia is a woman, and the poet has wisely introduced this scene to bring out the emotional side of her nature; for, without it, we would only have admired her woman's strength, but not loved her. But with this scene before our eyes, we love her and admire her all the more when we imagine the effort she must have made to control that strongly emotional, nervous nature of hers into the outward calm of the stoical composure which she thinks is the right thing, because she sees it in Brutus.

The death of Portia seems to be too terrible a one for such a woman. But, in passing an ethical judgment on her suicide, we should take into consideration the fact that Rome under the Republic had become influenced by the stoical teaching; and from the Stoic point of view, suicide, far from being considered reprehensible, was looked upon as an honourable deed. But, looking at it from the Christian point of view, we are compelled to say that Portia did very wrong and committed almost a crime when she took her own life. However, if we consider for a moment, we shall see that her death was not wholly strange under such circumstances, nor is it wholly unexpected in her case. Such a woman as Portia could not expend her grief in tears and wild lamentations as many a woman would have done. "It is the strongest hearts that are easily broken"; and Portia may not have taken her own life, had she been less her husband's equal, less able to be his true helpmeet. Brave as she was, she was not hard-hearted; and she was too tender a woman to bear with indifference and calmness the news of the disastrous failure of her husband's enterprise. After the success of Antony over the corpse of Cæsar, Brutus fled from Rome with Cassius; and this separation drove her to despair; and the first failure of her expectations, "grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony have made themselves so strong," caused her heart to break and forced her to commit suicide:

"With this she fell distract; and, her
Attendants absent, swallowed fire."

How terrible do these words sound coming as they do from the lips of Brutus; but he bears her death calmly. From this we are not to infer that he does not feel her loss. His own words, "O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs," negative this idea and explain what "an insupportable and touching loss" the death of Portia was to him. And yet, as he himself said, "no man bears sorrow better"; and he asks Cassius not to speak any more of her; because he knew that if the subject were pressed, he would break down under his grief. But her death reacts upon his inward agitation; and the gloom which from this time forth overwhelms him reacts again upon the evil issue of his cause. But stoic as he is, he is determined not to show his grief; and the calm words with which he comments on her death:—

"Why farewell Portia. We must die, Messala.
With meditating that she must die once, I have
the patience to endure it now."

force Cassius to say, "I have as much of this in art as you; but yet my nature could not bear it so." And Messala exclaims, "Even so great men great losses should endure."

Yes, indeed, a truly great man he must have been, who, stoic though he was, could bear with such outward calm a loss under which his heart must have been inwardly bleeding, the loss of a noble wife, the loss of perfect companionship and love, which he knew nothing could replace. Well might Antony, his bitterest enemy, say over his lifeless body: "This was the noblest Roman of them all. Nature might stand up and say to all the world 'This was a man.'"

And Portia—so tender and yet so strong, so easily frightened and yet so calm, so perfect a woman, and yet with the strength of mind of a man, so noble, so loving and faithful—what shall we say of her; what, but describe her in the words in which Wordsworth gives to us his ideal of a "True woman":—

"A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller betwixt life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command;
And yet a spirit still and bright
With something of an angel light."

"The nation will surely benefit, not by a limited and incapable womanhood, but by one whose faculties and powers are developed and cultivated. This development is desirable, not only in the interest of those women who must support themselves, but in the interest of the whole community, by whom the work and the special qualities of women are required. Nor need it be feared that any disruption of society or of family ties will ensue. Far from exalting family life, the belief that women are fit for nothing else actually lowers it by treating it as the occupation of those who are incapable of other work."—*Quarterly Review*.

Some Widows of Canada.*

[BY A MATRON OF THE SNOWS.]

No. 1.



THE first widow of my acquaintance was my mother's mother who lived in our home for several years. She was the wife of a pioneer and her husband and herself belonged to two of the oldest and proudest Highland Scotch houses. Although she saw

many a trying day in the home of her adoption, she never lost the beautiful refinement of mind and manners which characterized her family across the sea. "There are three outlooks for our sons, the army, the navy, and the church; come let us go to Canada where we can buy broad acres for our children," said my grandmother who was ambitious and farseeing.

Her husband's cousin, the Laird, besought them with tears to remain, but now the proud determined little wife held her own, and one day to her great satisfaction landed with her family in Quebec. With them was such an outfit that people looked on and wondered.

"I've seen many an arrival in Canada," said an old officer, "but never one before with so great a cargo of goods. Are you going into business?"

No, but with the foresight of their nation, and being blessed with prosperity, they had made ample provision for their children until they would be grown to womanhood and manhood.

Every one was provided with tailor-made garments to suit their years and sizes as they grew older. Even their foot-wear was fashioned in all numbers for each child.

Far away from civilization a large tract of land was bought and a good substantial home erected. There my grandparents settled and began their new life under the best of circum-

* This is the first of a series of contributions from one of our lady readers in Canada. Our Indian readers, we are sure, will be glad to get this delightful glimpse into life in that "Land of Snows," which is so different from this "Land of Sunshine."—Ed., I. L. M.

mixture of strength and weakness, of genius overriding great obstacles, and of talent succumbing to ignorance and inexperience. The English verse is sometimes exquisite; at other times the rules of our prosody are absolutely ignored, and it is obvious that the Hindu poetess was chanting to herself a music that is discord in an English ear." The book was read more widely in France than in England, but it did not attract much attention at the time. After its publication, Toru, who had been suffering for some time took to her bed in March, and on the 30th of May, 1877, at the age of twenty-one, she passed away quietly. It is interesting to notice, by the witness of their own father, that Toru and Aru, though so passionately fond of books, were adepts at house-keeping, and did every kind of domestic work, which girls should do. They were also good musicians.

Toru was a great reader. Ill as she was, she forced herself to write as long as she could, and when she was unable to do so she occupied herself in reading the latest European books, and even entering into the questions raised by the *Société Asiatique* of Paris. The courage and patience she showed are worthy of her intelligence, which enabled her at the early age of twenty-one to obtain so many of the honours of literature. The culture and knowledge she exhibited in her work are simply astonishing, when we think of her weakness and fragility; and there is something very pathetic in the resigned sadness expressed in some of her poems and in her letters to her only European correspondent, Mlle. Clarissé Bader. When she died, it was thought that she had written only one book; but when her father examined her papers he found there other complete works, such as a selection from the sonnets of a French writer translated into English, a few fragments of an English story, and above all the romance "Le Journal de Mlle. D'Aevers," which was published in 1879, with Mlle. Clarissé Bader as editor. Her French romance which is an attempt to describe modern French society, is not unworthy of her. Toru had always showed more aptitude for learning French than English, and she tells her story simply and with originality. The work, as Mr. Gosse remarks, "is remarkable for coherence and self-restraint, no less than for vigour of treatment, and deserves high commendation."

But the best of all Toru Dutt's work is her collection of English poems, which is our chief concern now. In these, she turns to the legends of her own country, and the insight she gives into ancient Oriental life must be very interesting to European readers, and also to Indians, as a rare peep into the mind of a Hindu woman of genius.

How beautiful and touching are her versions of the "Ancient Ballads of Hindustan," and how graceful are the touches of feeling and patriotism

she exhibits, showing that she was pure Hindu at heart, at least in the possession of the typical qualities of her race, if not in belief in the ancient Hindu religion. The story of Savitri, already so pretty and touching, is still more so when we read it as Toru Dutt gave it to us. Her descriptions are extremely beautiful, with a sweet fancy and gentle imagination, which are very captivating; e.g., the description of the fair Savitri:

"Fair as a lotus when the moon
Kisses its opening petals red,
After sweet showers in sultry June!
What was her own peculiar charm?
The soft black eyes, the raven hair,
The curving neck, the rounded arm,
All these are common everywhere;
Her charm was this,—upon her face,
Childlike and innocent and fair,
No man with thought impure or base
Could ever look; the glory there,
The sweet simplicity and grace,
Abashed the boldest; but the good
God's purity there loved to trace,
Mirrored in dawning womanhood."

The closing lines are like those of Dante when he describes his Beatrice.

And the corresponding description of the manly Satyavan, how vividly it brings him before us:

"And one among them tall and lithe,
Royal in port,—in whom the years
Consenting, shed a grace so blithe,
So frank and noble, that the eye
Was loth to quit that sun-burned face."

Her descriptions of scenery are just as good, e.g.,

"Past all the houses, past the wall,
Past gardens gay, and hedgerows trim,
Past fields, where sinuous brooklets small
With molten silver to the brim
Glance in the sun's expiring light,
Past frowning hills, past pastures wild,
At last arises on the sight,
Foliage on foliage densely piled,
The woods primeval"

"O lovely are the woods at dawn,
And lovely in the sultry noon,
But loveliest, when the sun withdrawn,
The twilight and the crescent moon,
Change all asperities of shape,
And tone all colours softly down,
With a blue veil of silvered crape!"

How pathetic, and yet how full of reason, is Savitri's persistent pleading for her husband's life, bringing tears into our eyes at the lovely fidelity and devotion it expresses; and then Toru Dutt's genuine tenderness and the universal value of the sentiments she expresses, how interesting are they, especially as coming from the pen of an Indian lady. They breathe the spirit of a pure, gentle philosophy, furnishing an earnest voice to feelings that are common to all, e.g.:

"Love at first sight as poets sing,
Is then no fiction? Heaven above,
Is witness, that the heart its king

Finds often like a lightning flash;
We play,—we jest,—we have no care,—
When hark a step,—there comes no crash,—
But life, or silent slow despair."

"Once, and once only, have I given,
My heart and faith—'tis past recall;
With conscience none have ever striven,
And none may strive, without a fall,
Not the less solemn was my vow
Because unheard, and Oh! the sin
Will not be less, if I should now
Deny the feeling felt within."

"I know that in this transient world
All is delusion,—nothing true;
I know its shows are mists unfurled
To please and vanish.
I know in such a world as this
No one can gain his heart's desire,
Or pass the years in perfect bliss;
Like gold we must be tried by fire."

We have thus spoken at length of the poem of "Savitri," because it seems the best of her Indian poems. But the others are very good also and contain some fine passages.

In *Lakshman*, Sita's reproaches of her brother-in-law are very powerful: and passages like:

"Dazzles the cloud, when shines the sun,
Rift of his radiance, see it glide
A shapeless mass of vapours dun."
"Oh, ye sylvan gods that dwell
Among these sad and sombre shades,
Whose voices in the breezes swell
And blend with noises of cascades;"

are charming. *Jogadhiya Uma* is a fine piece of religious fancy and reverence, and also contains beautiful passages.

The pathetic tenderness and feeling expressed in "The Royal Asiatic and the Hind," and the beauty of the concluding lesson:

"Not in seclusion, not apart from all,
Not in a place elected for its peace,
But in the heat and bustle of the world,
'Mid sorrow, sickness, suffering and sin,
Must he still labour with a loving soul,
Who strives to enter through the narrow gate;"

the helpless submission to fate in "Dhruva," the sad contentment with an evil lot:—

"But for all this, child,
It is not meet that thou shouldst ever grieve
As I have said. That man is truly wise
Who is content with what he has, and seeks
Nothing beyond, but in whatever sphere
Lowly or great, God placed him, works in faith,"—

worthy of Milton's cry in his sonnets on his blindness and on attaining his twenty-third year; and at the same time the high aim of life expressed:

"Not with another's gifts
Desire I, dearest another, to be rich,
But with my own work would acquire a name,
And I shall strive unceasing for a place
Far, far above the highest of this earth;"

the lofty resolve of the youth, Buttoo, and its noble fulfilment; the unquestioning submission to the master's severe command, notwithstanding that master's unkindness:

"There was no tear in Buttoo's life,
He left the matter with his God;"

the beautiful descriptions we meet with in this piece, for instance:

"What glorious trees! The sombre saul
On which the eye delights to rest,
The betel-nut,—a pillar tall,
With feathery branches for a nest,
The light-leaved tamarind spreading wide,
The pale faint-scented bitter neem,
The seemul gorgeous as a bride,
With flowers that have the ruby's gleam,
All these, and thousands, thousands more,
With helmet red, or golden crown,
Or green tiara, rose before,
The youth in evening's shadows brown."

The stirring account of the hunt in "Sindhu," the fine description of the peaceful lake; the pathetic story of the dying boy, and his generous forgiveness of the king; the helplessness of the old couple, their vague premonitions of a coming grief, which are so terribly realised, and the last tragedy;—all these and more, how charmingly they are delineated, with so delicate yet so impressive and clear a pen, as if the authoress felt them all in her heart. The two remaining Indian tales are just as good. In *Prehlad*, there is a fine contrast between the frightful and wicked Raka-bashas, and the peaceful Brahmins pursuing their religious occupations confident of a protector. The undaunted courage and trust in a Divine Providence of the young man, and the wild defiance of the king with the instant terrible answer given to his imperious challenge, are all well expressed, while the moral is not to be passed over:

"Tyrants of every age and clime
Remember this,—that awful shape
Shall startle you when comes the time,
And sends its voice from cape to cape.
Woe to the king when galls the charm!
Woe, woe, their fury when he dares!"

In the *Miscellaneous Poems*, there are much less faults of idiom and style than are to be found in the Indian ballads. Near *Hastings* is a fine piece of sentiment; the poem on France is full of powerful fancy and a deep love of the country worthy of the keenest patriot. What pathos and strength of character there is in *Love of Life*, and how touching is her remembrance of her home life, and the community of the feeling with her father and the love for him that she expresses:

"What was the need
Of interchanging words when every thought
That in our hearts arose, was known to each,
And every pulse kept time?"

The poem "On the fly-leaf of Erckmann Chat-riani's novel, 'Madame Therese,'" gives a striking contrast between the wavering in battle of the

bravest veterans, and the courage shown by a slender woman, who, in spite of her weakness, leads them to victory.

Her two sonnets are of great beauty. The one on *Baugmaree*, where she refers to her father's garden-house in Calcutta, where she passed the earliest portion of her life, shows what a quick eye for the picturesque she had, and how profoundly the beauties of nature appealed to her. We might quote the whole sonnet for its beauty, if it were not for want of space; but these are the opening lines:

"A sea of foliage girds our garden round,
But not a sea of dull unvaried green,
Sharp contrasts of all colours here are seen;
The light-green, graceful tamarinds abound
Amid the mango clumps of green profound,
And palms arise like pillars grey, between;
And o'er the quiet pools the scumless lean,
Red,—red, and startling like a trumpet's sound."

The same appreciation of natural beauty, the same graceful fancy is exhibited in the sonnet on *The Lotus*. What can be lovelier than her account of the rivalry between the rose and the lily and the final settlement of the dispute:

"And Flora gave the lotus, 'rose-red' dyed,
And 'lily-white',—the queenliest flower that
blows."

"Our Casuarina Tree" is exquisite, and as Mr. Gosse writes, "needs no apology for its rich and mellifluous numbers." If possible, it is even more pathetic and expressive than the others, distinguished as it is by its sincerity of tone, its womanly insight and its polished musical flow of verse. Here are just a few passages from it,—the striking description of the tree:

"Like a huge Python, winding round and round
The rugged brink, indented deep with scars,
Up to its very summit near the stars,
A creeper climbs, in whose embraces bound
No other tree could live. But gallantly
The giant wears the scarf, and flowers are hung
In crimson clusters all the boughs among,
Whereon all day are gathered bird and bee;"

and the weird account of its murmur:

"What is that dirge-like murmur that I hear
Like the sea breaking on a shingle-beach?
It is the tree's lament, an eerie speech,
That haply to the unknown land may reach.
Ah! I have heard that wail far, far away
In distant lands, by many a sheltered bay,
When slumbered in his cave the water-wraith
And the waves gently kissed the classic shore
Of France, or Italy, beneath the moon,
When earth lay tranced in a dreamless swoon;"

and finally the conclusion, mingled with that touching memory of loved and lost ones:

"Therefore I fain would consecrate a lay
Unto thy honour, the beloved of those
Who now in blessed sleep, for aye, repose,
Dearer than life to me, alas! where they!
Mayst thou be numbered when my days are
done;"

And though weak the verse
That would thy beauty fain oh fain rehearse,
May Love defend thee from Oblivion's course"
and so, with these words:

"May Love defend thee from Oblivion's course."

we would take our leave of Toru Dutt. Long may the honour and fame she has won live as an example before us; and may many such distinguished daughters be born in our beloved India!

The Miser Regenerated, or the Story of Purandara Dasa.



THIMMAPPA CHETTI was the wealthiest of the wealthy merchants of one of the most ancient and thriving cities of the Deccan. He had made his pile by usury. The need of the borrower, and not reason nor the state of the money-market, determined his rates of interest, and the pains and penalties of sorts with which his bonds abounded, and by which they enmeshed the unwary defaulter, enabled him to fleece his clients with great facility, and many a debtor was literally sold out of house and home.

Thimmappa's sole object in life was to accumulate wealth. He regarded money as the one great good in this world, and he strove after it with heart and soul and brains. He knew, of course, (as, indeed, who does not that has ever set about in earnest to grow rich?), that not all that is gained, but only that which is saved really goes to constitute one's wealth; and while he let no opportunity slip of adding to his hoards, he took singular precautions to close up what may be termed the conventional leakages of wealth.

He would never be found at home on high-days and holidays, such as the Dipavali and Pongul, when custom required that presents and alms should be bestowed ungrudgingly on servants and mendicants. On occasions of eclipses and new-moon days, he would invariably avoid the customary riverside and seaside resorts, for fear of being set upon by Purohit or Puranam Brahmin, ever ready to bless and beg of the well-to-do bathers. He would lay up a cheap stock of sea-damaged cloth, to be bestowed on the pair or trio of Brahmins whom his religion and the rigid rules of orthodox Hindu society compelled him to feed and clothe on the anniversaries of the deaths of his father and mother, and for their special behoof also, he scrupulously set apart such uncurrent and worn-out coppers as fell into his hands, in the course of his business,

and which he could not otherwise turn to any advantage to himself.

It will be evident from the above that though rich as Cræsus, Thimmappa was an inveterate miser, and had all the instincts and habits of such a character. He adored gold for its own sake. On the occasion of the occurrence of one of those rare astronomical conjunctions—an Ardhodayam or Mahodayam* which happens if at all, but once in a life-time,—his worthy spouse, who was of a devout and pious turn of mind, reminded her worldly-minded consort that a mite given in charity on that day would be repaid a million-fold unto him,—of such unique and surpassing sanctity was the day, as the Shastras^o said! By alternate tears and entreaties, she prevailed upon him to extract out of the recesses of his coffers, the tiniest and most worn out of the uncurrent, and useless coins which he had carefully stowed away against the next annual ceremony day.

Armed with this, he sallied forth to the seaside bathing-place. His miserly instincts, however, that were "bred in the bone," as it were, gradually gained the ascendancy over his wife's counsels, and asserted themselves; and, by sheer force of habit, he wended his way to the farthest and least frequented part of the beach, free of both bathers and beggars. Unnoticed by him, a wily Purohit Brahmin had closely shadowed him, and at the very moment that our hero rose out of the surf, after his third and last dip, offered him his unsought blessings and stretched forth his palm in hopes of the usual *quid pro quo*. Here then was a fix, but Thimmappa proved equal to the occasion, and after making him believe to be fumbling in the folds of his waist cloth, put on a sudden look of blank dismay, as though he would have the expectant mendicant understand that he had dropped his money into the sea. Bidding the Brahmin, in a woe-begone tone, to call at his residence for his *douceur*, he betook himself to his place of business, after assuring himself that the tiny bit of worn-out copper was still safe in a corner-knot of his Dhovati (waist-cloth), and chuckling to himself at his own ingenuity and the complete success of his impromptu ruse. This, however, is but a solitary instance of the various artifices that Thimmappa employed to save expenditure.

To even so incurable a niggard as Thimmappa Chetti was, there came, at last, a thorough awakening and an opening of the eyes. Nothing short of a miracle, however, can cause the leopard to change his color, and it was truly a miracle which cleared his vision. This was the manner of its happening. An old and impecuni-

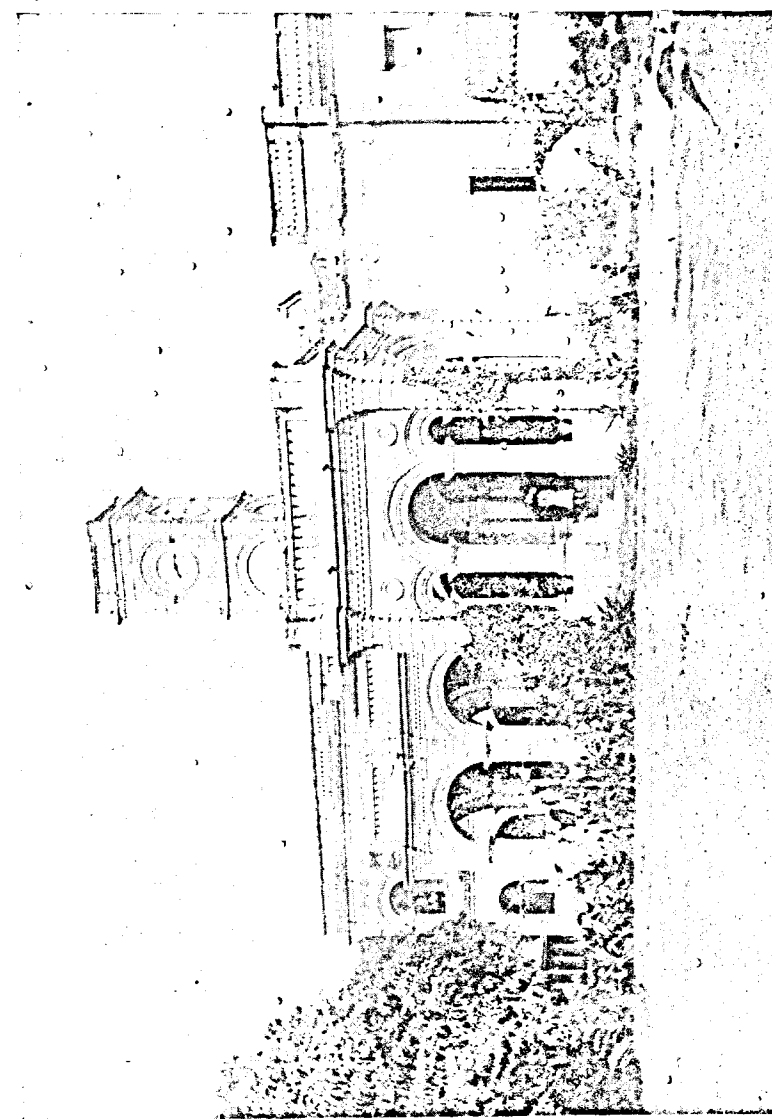
ous but learned Brahmin from Benares called upon our hero one morning, and begged of him, the wherewithal to perform the Upanayanam, or holy initiation ceremony of his only son—a ceremony at which expensive sacrifices must necessarily be performed, and enormous numbers of Brahmins fed and helped with money. Thimmappa long continued proof against the importunities of this new arrival, but yielding at length to his wife's incessant prayers and preachings, he so far relaxed his rules of stern economy as to bestow on the holy mendicant the worn out piece of copper, of which he had so cleverly cheated the Purohit at the seaside.

Thimmappa's virtuous and generous consort, when told of this by the Brahmin, was disgusted and indignant at this piece of niggardliness, and she resolved to give her lord, in spite of himself, the benefit, at least, of her vicarious charity. She learnt from the Pandit that the smallest sum for which the ceremony of initiation could be completed in a fitting manner was a hundred pagodas, and she straightway unscrewed a priceless gem of unique splendour from her nose, and bestowed it on the Brahmin.

The lesson to Thimmappa was now ready to begin. Equipped with this jewel, and disguising himself as a captain of horse, the whilom Beggar Brahmin called upon our hero at his place of business, and offered to deal with him for its sale, explaining that it had fallen to his share at the division of the pillage of a Rajah's zenana. Thimmappa looked and looked at the jewel, and the more carefully he examined it, the more his conviction grew of its similarity, if not of its identity, to his own, at home, which he had given his wife to wear. In short, it was impossible that the world held a duplicate of a gem of such singular brilliance. He therefore bade the captain call again for closing the bargain, and forgetting in his confusion to lock up the jewel in his private safe, as he intended to do, he merely thrust it into the folds of his waist-cloth, hastened homewards as fast as his legs could carry him, and, after a hurried washing of hands and feet, ordered his wife to serve up his dinner. In his haste, however, the jewel in his waist-cloth had, unknown to him, slipped down, and fallen on the household grindstone, and lay hidden under the grinder.

While Thimmappa's wife was bustling about on her errand, he was startled to notice the conspicuous absence of her brilliant nasal ornament, and beginning a mild lecture about the slipshod ways of family women in general, he gradually worked himself up into a passion, and threatened to go dinnerless, or do worse, if she persisted in serving him without wearing her nose-screw. What was the affrighted lady to do in this predicament? She meekly promised compliance,

* The conjunction of a Sun-day or Monday with a new-moon day in certain months, and with certain asterisms of the moon.



LUCKNOW WOMAN'S COLLEGE.

and betaking herself to the solitude of the bath-room, offered up a hasty and earnest prayer for forgiveness of the sin she was about to commit, as the sole means of getting over the cruel dilemma which confronted her. She then set about to prepare a potion of arsenic with which to end her trouble. But even as she moved the grinder to pound the poison, she beheld a miracle; for there lay beneath it the identical nose ornament she had given away in the morning, and scintillating with a thousand rays! The pious lady doubted not for a moment that this was a veritable interposition of Providence on her behalf, and that her last prayer had resulted in this most unexpected way out of her difficulty. She interpreted it as a message from the Most High, bidding her live and fulfil her mission on earth, as the true helpmeet and regeneration of her husband.

She accepted the omen, and forthwith putting on the ornament, presented herself before her irate lord and master with such a look as only virtue and innocence can wear. Thimmappa, who had nearly convinced himself that he was about to catch his wife in some act of culpable generosity, or gross carelessness, if nothing worse, was simply thunderstruck! He examined his waist at once, but missed the jewel he had brought home. Imagining that he had probably secured it in his private safe, as he had first intended to do, he hurried back to his place of business, and opened the same, but there also, the jewel was not to be found. Thimmappa was simply dumb-founded, and knew not what to think or do in the matter; but, after a while, he sought the counsel of his wife, as the only person likely to throw light on the mystery.

Her simple tale of charity cheerfully bestowed, and of what she firmly believed to be a Divine interposition was soon told; and the conviction slowly dawned on the Sowkar's mind that the captain of horse and the Benares Brahmin were one and the same individual. Some benevolent person had appeared to him in these characters, to cure him of his besetting sin, his tenacious clinging to gold; to teach him a lesson of the vanity of the world's goods; and to inculcate on him the urgent necessity of mending his ways. He was confirmed in this belief by the singular fact that the captain of horse never returned to claim his deposit.

The change for the better thus suddenly wrought on Thimmappa's mind, was, none the less, radical and complete. United now, in mind, as already united by their conjugal tie, the worthy couple resolved, as their initial step to a new life, to make a perfect *tabula rasa* of the past. In order, effectively, to stifle all longings for a worldly life, they threw open the accumulated wealth of a lifetime, and invited the poor

and needy to help themselves to as much as they could carry away. Thus divested of what he regarded as the chief clog and impediment to his betterment, Thimmappa Chetti, his worthy lady, and an only son set forth, in mendicant attire, as a family of wandering minstrels, who sang, throughout the Kanarese country, of God and of the world to come, and of the preparation necessary to reach the destined goal.

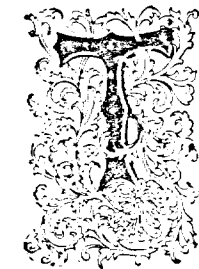
These songs, known as Purandara Dasara Padagalu (the verses of Purandara, the Devotee) continue to be household words, wherever the Kanarese tongue is spoken; and are unequalled for purity of sentiment, homeliness of style, poetic imagery, and rapturous devotion to God.

P. R.

The Lucknow Woman's College.

I.

[By Miss Zoe Rose.]



THE Woman's College at Lucknow will always be associated with the loved and honoured name of Miss Thoburn. From first to last it was her work,—a labour of love on the part of one whose days are now ended in the full harmony of an unselfish and devoted life.

The College building consists of two kinds of architecture, old and new. As you drive into the portico, the tall pillars, clustering in closely built groups, strike you with a sense of unfamiliarity, as picturesque as it is uncommon; while the newer portion with its wide arches and spacious halls is essentially modern. It seems like the irony of fate, that the older part of the house, which was once a Mohammedan nobleman's palace, should now be used as an institution for the higher education of Christian girls. As I write I can see the smooth green lawn and the clusters of sweet peas and roses, and that peculiarly Indian flower, the Kamini, all making a foreground,—beautiful enough to delight an artist soul,—before one of the stateliest buildings in the old city of Lucknow.

Truly we are told to some purpose not to despise the day of small beginnings. The school which was the origin of the College was started in a small room in the bazaar, with but six pupils; after a few weeks it was removed to better accommodation; after a year, what is now known as the Lal-Bagh school was established. It was converted into a boarding school twelve months later, as the number of pupils appeared promising enough to justify such a step. From that time, it increased and grew.



THE LATE MISS ISABELLA THOBURN.

The call for higher education came from one of its own pupils,—an Indian girl who wished her country women to enjoy the same privileges as Western ladies. She spoke to Miss Thoburn, asking that an institution for higher education should be opened where Indian girls should receive the same training as English girls, so that they may be able to do and achieve what their Western sisters had already attained. In 1887, the College was established with three pupils, and since then it has progressed. Now it is a real College, in the technical sense of the term, and is affiliated to the Allahabad University.

The curriculum of the College, besides embracing a wide field of knowledge, does not neglect physical culture. The annual exercises before the long vacation show the careful training the girls receive in this not less important line. When some one implied that its name "Woman's College," sounded too common, Miss Thoburn replied in effect that she wished her girls to be true women, with no artificialities and extravagances in their nature. If any one succeeded in showing an example of true womanliness it was she. Liberal and broad-minded, no thought of class or race differences ever marred the impartiality of her dealings with the various nationalities which entered the College. She was, as all true Christians are, cosmopolitan in her sympathies and interests; and her benign influence spread insensibly among the students, purifying and elevating their characters.

The deep spiritual training, combined with the expanded mind and enlarged understanding, which increasing knowledge gives, lends an air of moral and intellectual refinement to the inmates of the College. And it is this which makes the institution so suitable for Indian girls. The fierce light of criticism, with its accompanying shade of doubt, is beating upon the beliefs and superstitions of our forefathers; the educated mind cannot accept them, and the result is, in many cases, atheism. There are questioning minds among India's women, just as among her men, and it is necessary therefore that those who taste at the fountain of Knowledge should first drink deep at the fountain of Truth.

That this College is a success, whatever the opponents of higher education for women may say, can be proved from the following incident. At one time the College was in need of fresh funds; interest in it had waned, and the necessary subscriptions were not forthcoming in either India or America. A few years ago, Miss Thoburn took one of the lady professors, an Indian, who had graduated in the College to show her people what Christianity and education can do for India's women. The result was a liberal contribution, and one gentleman said that, if he had a fortune, he

would give it all if it could produce such a specimen of cultured womanhood.

It is gratifying to think that Miss Thoburn lived long enough to see the success of her project, though at times it cost her much trouble and anxiety owing to the straitened state of its finances. However, as I have said, even this was alleviated before her death. Let us hope that the future holds still greater prosperity for it and that every one of its students will fulfil in her own life its motto "We receive to give."

II. *

[By Miss FLORENCE NICHOLS.]

Thirty-one years ago Miss Thoburn came to Lucknow and began Zenana work. Interested as she was in this form of work, the thought soon came to her that it would be far more profitable to train girls and women to go into the zenana, thus increasing manifold her own influence.

In pursuance of this thought, but hardly expecting even a single pupil, Miss Thoburn opened a girls' school in one of the bazaars. But that first morning April 18, 1870, found six girls gathered in the little room. Although one of the brothers had offered his help as a guard, and stood club in hand at the door, there was no disturbance and thus peacefully was started the first school for girls in Oudh.

From the bazaar to one of the Mission compounds the steadily growing school was moved, and, in 1872, the present property was bought and a boarding department opened. Rarely has a missionary had the pleasure of seeing her work grow so steadily and surely, and see in so large a measure her ideals fulfilled. When Miss Thoburn began work in that little bazaar room, she intended to give the best she could to these Indian girls; but it was many years before she dreamed that she would be able to push her school up to the Entrance standard, and still more before a College department was thought of. The handsome, substantial buildings of the Lucknow College for women, and above all the two hundred students, with the long list of graduates, are the best memorial to Miss Thoburn.

Sixteen years after the opening of the school, a College course was started at the request of the students. This was only an F. A. course and for several years it was a doubtful success; indeed, at one time, while Miss Thoburn was in America, the course was closed. Keeping her ideal constantly in mind, the F. A. work was opened after Miss Thoburn's return, and in 1895 the College was affiliated to the University of Allahabad up to the B. A.

* This second article is an *In Memoriam* article contributed to the *Harvest Field*, immediately after Miss Thoburn's death, by Miss Florence Nichols, the present head of the institution.



MISS LILAVATI SINGH, M.A. (STANDING), AND PUPILS
OF THE LUCKNOW WOMAN'S COLLEGE. . .

There are at present but seventeen students in the College, but considering the slow progress which the education of girls has made in these Provinces, this number is not small. Five students have taken the B. A. degree, 27 have passed the F. A. examination, and 48 have passed the Entrance examination. Although these facts show the success of the school, such a success would not have satisfied Miss Thoburn, unless she had felt that her girls were Christians, and that they went out from her school to help others to live truer lives. Among those first six girls, who came to school, was one Eurasian, and Miss Thoburn took that as an indication that her school was to be open to all classes and races. Visitors are surprised as they enter our classrooms, to see English, Eurasian, and Indian girls studying side by side, and are more surprised when told that they share the same dormitories. Fully one-third of the High School students are English-speaking girls and more than half of the College students. I think this is the only school in India in which this mixture of races has proved successful, but it is a success and the friendships between Eurasian and Indian girls show that what seems an impassable barrier, may be broken down. Miss Thoburn aimed to develop her girls in every way. The gardens at Lal Bagh are very pretty and Miss Thoburn taught the girls to love flowers and constantly tried to arouse their interest in plants, trees and birds. Not a girl's birthday was allowed to pass without a gift of flowers from her and the class-room was always decorated with vines and flowers on those days.

Above all, Miss Thoburn taught her girls to be real Christians, she never preached to them, but a word now and then and the beauty of her life influenced the girls far more than long talks. Almost from the beginning of the school, a Missionary Society was formed and girls were taught to think of and give for others outside of India. There are now two branches of this Society and they are both branches of the Y. W. C. A., but the thought of missionary work is still kept constantly before the members, and each pays a monthly fee from her pocket money.

The real success of a school is known through its graduates and the good reputation of Lal Bagh girls who are working in various parts of India shows that the influence of their school life has been abiding. The majority of the graduates are teaching, but many are in medical work and a good proportion are married and have happy homes. One of our students, with her mother, is managing an independent school for famine orphans in Allahabad. The feeling of loyalty felt by both College and School girls for their *alma mater* is very strong. Several girls have given up larger salaries and easier positions to

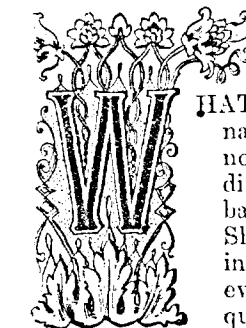
work at Lal Bagh. Each year on the 18th of April, the school's birthday is celebrated and at the morning prayer meeting many helpful letters from old students are read, and again in the evening the girls gather on the lawn, many former students being among the number. As the sun sets and the dear old Lal Bagh hymn "I will sing you a song of that beautiful land," is sung, the feeling of fellowship is very strong.

This April, the girls will remember that they sang that hymn at Miss Thoburn's grave, but I think their hearts will be lifted above and beyond the grave, and as they sing, they will think of Miss Thoburn as she lives among them and as now praying for them at the throne of God.

To the above two interesting accounts of the Women's College, Lucknow, we would add this additional note: The College has been instrumental in turning out some distinguished Indian ladies, and among them may be mentioned Miss Chuckerbatty, M.A., of Allahabad, whose noble work, among the widows and orphans, we have referred to in our columns, and Miss Lilavati Singh, M.A., who is a Professor in the College at present. It is to Miss Lilavati Singh's visit to America that Miss Bose refers in her article. Miss Zoe Bose, herself, whose contributions have delighted our readers, was educated in the Lucknow College.

Mulline.

[A REMINISCENCE.]



WHAT tender memories that sweet name conjures! I can see her now, as first I saw her in the dingy little office at Secunderabad. I was busy with proofs. She floated in unannounced, and, in the most musical voice I had ever heard, startled me with the question "Are you the Editor?" I looked up and blushed. I was in my shirt-sleeves; and it was before I had become hardened by the accidents and obliquities of a vagrant Bohemian life in India. She rippled with laughter and said: "What a boy!" I echoed audibly, "What an angel!" "Ah you are Irish," she retorted with mock reproach, "I heard that before I came here. In fact that was a reason for my coming." She put her little hand trustingly in mine, and her eyes were suspiciously moist when she asked "Shall we be friends?" I could not understand her emotion then, but was soon to learn the cause. To her question I replied im-

pulsively "Unto death." She seemed to expect it; accepted the situation and claimed all its privileges. "We can't talk here," she said, "but you must dine with me at Chikalguda next Saturday. You must dine with me every Saturday as long as you are in Secunderabad. Is that a promise?" I promised as if it were the most natural thing in the world, and thus began the purest and fondest friendship that ever subsisted between woman and man—a friendship that was terminated only by her death, which left a void in my heart that has never since been filled. To me it was a purifying and elevating influence and saved me from many a pitfall, at the bottom of which lurked vice and death.

Nulline was one of the first Mahratta girls who received an English education and she revelled in its freedom. Her enlightened father, a physician of standing in Bombay, sent her to England to complete her studies and obtain the polish which foreign prejudice and native hostility denied her at home. She found her way to Dublin, and before long the whole artistic coterie of that delightful city was in love with the beautiful exotic and many were the aspirants to her hand. Her choice fell on one who had accepted an appointment in India. It was an unfortunate choice; or perhaps it would be fairer to say that the Indian appointment was an unfortunate circumstance. Soon after his arrival in India, the husband found that the matrimonial union of East and West was not looked upon with favour by the Anglo-Indian Society in which he moved; it was in fact considered a sufficient reason for social ostracism. His love was not proof against such an ordeal; and domestic variance culminated in a separation which nearly broke poor Nulline's heart.

But there was more grit in that fragile Mahratta girl than some people thought. After the dull pain of the bludgeon blow had subsided, she set to work to discover a means to earn a competency to support herself and her babies. The Fates relented and gave her her chance. A powerful pative prince conceived the idea of a Zenana school for the education of the daughters of his nobles. He advertised for a mistress and accepted Nulline, although she had no previous experience. She was a born teacher. Her sympathetic heart, chastened by misfortune, went out to the Mahomedan children, who were sent to her for instruction. They were conquered by her magnetic personality and literally adored her. She was at the zenith of her success when I met her.

Always of a literary turn of mind she had contributed some slight sketches and graceful verses to the paper before I joined it. When we became friends, she became almost a colleague and some of the prettiest things that ever

appeared in the journal—now long defunct—were from her pen. The first contribution she sent me was unsigned and she asked me to supply a *nom de plume*. I chose *Moreen*, a name that had been very dear to me, when a boy in Ireland. She liked its prettiness, but the Irish associations gave her grief and she wished it changed. I left the second selection to herself and she decided on *Nulline*, the Sanskrit for lotus flower, under which name and all its charming significance I shall remember her always. Shall I ever forget those *noctes ambrosianae* at Chikalguda, when according to our compact we dined *tete a tete*, and confided to each other our troubles and our joys with the affectionate trustfulness of brother and sister? Not as long as memory lasts. They form a radiance in the mists of a chequered career, to which I constantly turn for comfort and hope.

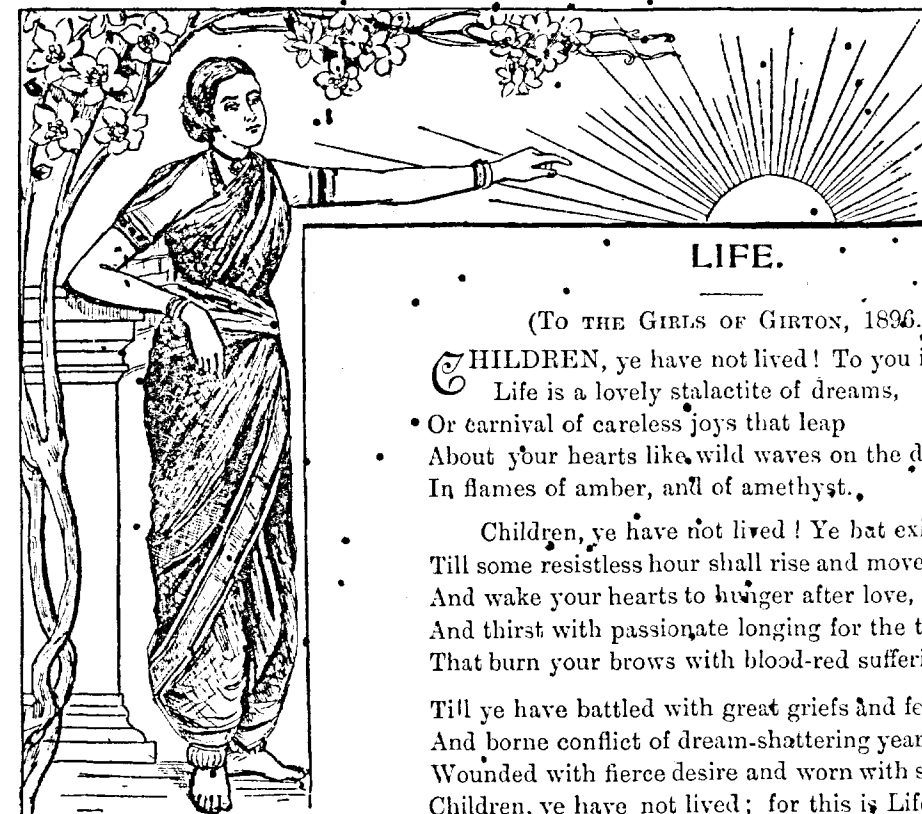
Nulline was a brilliant talker; her wit was naive and spontaneous and she harboured no malice. She had a sweet and musical voice; and played the piano with ease of execution and sympathy of expression. She loved Moore's melodies, in the singing of which I used to join her. Her favourite was "The Meeting of the Waters"; and she would chaff me because I preferred the theme beginning with the following lines:—

"Tis sweet to think that where'er we rove
We're sure to find something blissful and dear,
And when far away from the lips that we love
We've but to make love to the lips that are near."

In those days Nulline was the brightest ideal of an educated Indian girl. She was clever and versatile. She had more than a nodding acquaintance with the literatures of England, France, Germany and Portugal; and was never tired of translating for my edification the Mahratta ballads of the bold days of Sivaji and the Peishwas. Poor Nulline! I cannot trust myself to write the sad story of her after-fate, although it conveys a lesson some of her sisters would do well to learn and take to heart. I may tell it one day, if an indulgent editress will let me. To-day, I am content to think of her in the bloom of her matronly beauty and her intellectual brilliance, the supreme creation of nature, a good and gifted woman. Ah Nulline!

I ne'er shall forget the short vision that threw
Its enchantment around me while lingering with you.

"SHAUGHHRAN."



LIFE.

(TO THE GIRLS OF GIRTON, 1896.)

CHILDREN, ye have not lived! To you it seems
Life is a lovely stalactite of dreams,
Or carnival of careless joys that leap
About your hearts like wild waves on the deep;
In flames of amber, and of amethyst.

Children, ye have not lived! Ye but exist
Till some resistless hour shall rise and move,
And wake your hearts to hunger after love,
And thirst with passionate longing for the things
That burn your brows with blood-red sufferings.

Till ye have battled with great griefs and fears
And borne conflict of dream-shattering years,
Wounded with fierce desire and worn with strife,
Children, ye have not lived; for this is Life.

Sarojini Naidu.

Lines on a Baby Laughing.

IT is no sound of human mirth
Which ravishes my ears,
It is not weighed down with earth
Or moistened with tears.

'Tis an echo from above
Of the angel voices there,
Pouring forth a song of Love
On the pure tremulous air,
Song whose rippling harmony
Floods with praise the happy sky.

I kiss her on her forehead smooth
And on her raven hair,
I gaze into her eyes of truth
And see my image there.
But O! so bathed in glorious light
I seen a soul in Heaven bright.

'Tis not amiss! The holy skies
Cannot be purer than those eyes.

"R."

Is the Indian Lady Graduate a Failure?

I.

[BY A BOMBAY LADY GRADUATE.]

MR. Nundy speaks very strongly, it seems to me, without any cause, against the Higher Education of Women. All his remarks are based on one passage in Mrs. Besant's article:—"If the social and economic conditions of India were identical with those of England and if crowds of unmarried women were found struggling for bread here as there, then there might be something to say for transplanting here the education suited for the needs of England. But every one knows that such is not the case in India, and that the competition which has already forced down the wages of educated men is not likely to be intensified by the influx of thousands of women. Why then transplant into India the education which will make her women fit to be the bread-winners they will not be?" But women are indeed bread-winners at present in India and will be in greater numbers in the future, and the social conditions of this country are gradually becoming identical with those of England. The census reports show that the numbers of unmarried women are greatly increasing in some of the most advanced communities of Bombay. The cause of this increase is not known, but we know that it is not College education, for the B.A.'s and M.A.'s may be counted on the fingers. It may be because these *unfortunate* (according to Mr. Nundy) young ladies are not dowered with sufficient beauty to attract young men, or it may be because their parents are not rich enough to present their mercenary suitors with a large dowry, or it may be because the young ladies themselves are getting wiser and do not wish to bind themselves for life to good-for-nothing husbands. Whatever the reason may be, the fact remains that the number of unmarried young ladies is growing. What is to be done? Are they to lead idle lives in their fathers' homes waiting for the time when some young man may condescend to cast a propitious glance at them? Are they to be burdens to their poor parents? Or are they to starve and beg after the death of their parents? The last fate is sure to befall them if they have no other resources but money to depend upon. On the other hand if they are well educated, and have received the "Higher Education," of which Mr. Nundy speaks so contemptuously, they may honourably earn their bread and even successfully compete with the "perfect man." The

university training of the present day may not be as perfect as Mr. Nundy wishes it to be; but it is a training, and a training too, which, without doubt, fits men and women for higher spheres of usefulness and develops their faculties and gives them a taste for what is noble and pure.

Mr. Nundy generously acknowledges that lady graduates are, as teachers and doctors, most useful in their way, but that only a select number of them (*viz.*, those who are sure to remain unmarried), should try for these positions, but then we should like to know how the selection is to be made. How are the young ladies to know which of them are to be married and which of them are to enjoy the delights of "single blessedness?" If Mr. Nundy knows the secret of a woman's future destiny, it would be well if he published it, so that those who know of a certainty that they are going to be married will not trouble their heads about medicine and science, but fit themselves for being only accomplished housewives.

How Higher Education unfits a woman for the duties of a wife and mother is a problem to me, and I think it will be to all the other young ladies who will read Mr. Nundy's article. Because a girl is a graduate, it does not follow that she is a bad cook, or an unaccomplished needlewoman. I know some brilliant graduates of our College who not only take a delight in these feminine occupations but are accomplished in them. That species of womankind, called a "blue-stocking," is I think seldom met with in India. The reading of Tennyson and Milton cannot make a girl unfeminine. Higher Education, on the contrary, ennobles a woman, produces self-respect in her, and raises her above the reach of the gallant men who would want her to be their slave, fit only to make "omelettes and halwas" for them. If Higher Education makes a man feel that the woman he loves is superior to him, it will, if he is a wise man, do him no harm. It will stimulate him to win her love and respect by improving himself and making himself worthy of her. If any men find that girl-graduates will have nothing to do with them, let them feel assured that it is not because they are poor, but because they are wanting in some of the essential qualities that go to make a true man. But the man that "fights shy" of a woman simply because she is educated is a coward, and therefore not worthy of her; for "none but the brave deserve the fair."

II.

[MRS. MARGARET P. GHOSE, M.A., (CALCUTTA.)]

After a lapse of more than a year, Mr. Nundy has again renewed his attacks against the higher education of women and this time with a

greater force. It is a matter of great surprise, that such a great political agitator as Mr. Nundy should be so dead against the higher female education, which may rightly and justly be called the foundation of all reforms. It is a well known fact that the family is a permanent and essential factor of human society, and unless the family life is purified, elevated and ennobled, which cannot be attained as long as "the depreciated article," called woman, remains ignorant or receives an elementary commonplace education, no reform is possible. Mr. Nundy's position thus in denouncing higher female education is like the man who, without a foundation, builds his house upon the sand.

Mr. Nundy advises us to abstain from going through the university course and taking university degrees, because the present educational system is defective and university degrees are simply empty high-sounding appendages. But Mr. Nundy should have known that, in the absence of a better system of education, we ought to make the best of what we have got, instead of wasting our life and precious opportunities in ignorance and idleness. Mr. Nundy will indeed confer a great boon on the student-world and especially on the members of our sex, and we shall be very much obliged to him, if he directs his energies and labours, and utilises his vast learning and wide experience in improving our educational system and reforming our Universities, instead of traversing the length and breadth of the country in pursuit of will-o'-the-wisp of politics. Mr. Nundy is unmercifully hard on the Indian Universities and their alumni. Would he also likewise denounce the farce of passing the Bar examination by eating dinners and raise a note of warning against its evil and disastrous consequences on the health, wealth, character and life of most of our young men who go in for it?

It is very amusing to read that our "uneducated" lady graduates, who after taking their degrees "have put away their books on a shelf" and have forgotten all what they had crammed in for the examinations, should be so pedantic and posted up in Mathematics or English literature, that, instead of entertaining their poor and hungry husbands with "delicious halwa or good omelette, will fling a mathematical problem at their heads or quote Shakespeare or Milton." One could hardly expect to find such assumptions and inconsistencies in the well-thought-out article of a barrister and a politician.

Mr. Nundy denounces higher female education on the ground that "men fight shy of lady graduates." I entertain very grave doubts about it; but if this be really the case, then the fault lies with men and not with women. Let such men improve themselves, because it is the

sense of their inferiority, which makes them fight shy of lady graduates. It has been said that knowledge and wisdom are crowns of glory, ornaments of grace, jewels of invaluable price, more precious than rubies; adding lustre to their possessors. But Mr. Nundy, strange to say, wants us to believe that knowledge and wisdom disfigure and make us repulsive in the sight of men. Regarding the physical breakdown of "the so-called educated girls," allow me to ask Mr. Nundy whether he has calmly and dispassionately reflected upon this subject, or whether he has examined the surface only with a biased mind, and then jumped at his conclusion, and laid the whole blame at the doors of higher education. I can say from my own experience and those of others that if a girl, possessing a healthy constitution, works moderately and takes sufficient physical exercise regularly in the open air, she may go on ascending the steps of the Temple of Knowledge without feeling the slightest strain upon her body and mind. But if girls break all laws of health, live virtually in *gurdah*, never go out even for morning and evening walks, and at the same time overwork themselves, it is not then surprising if they become physical wrecks.

Mr. Nundy's novel theory that education produces "abnormal development of the intellectual faculties" and "stifles those womanly qualities which constitute the special charm of woman," is too ridiculous to call for any refutation.

We know prejudices die hard; and, as far as I can see, all these objections which Mr. Nundy has advanced against the higher education of our sex are based on prejudice and the selfishness of men. Let them call us disagreeable "blue stockings," "unattractive New Women," and "uneducated lady graduates" or by any other appellations; we should not mind them but go on working for the emancipation of our sisters; and God will surely crown our work with success.

III.

[BY T. K. RAMUNNI.]

It is very disappointing to see that a man of Mr. Nundy's position has, in an article in the last issue of this magazine, taken to very harsh criticisms of the Indian Lady graduates, who have won the respect and admiration of all liberal-minded and cultured men throughout India. Indeed it is very strange that Mr. Nundy, with all his travels, has failed to notice that women who have received higher education are better and more useful members of the family and of society, than their less educated sisters. The truth of this is manifest in the noble examples that some of our ladies are setting before us,—every-day examples that are being

imitated slowly, but steadily and wisely, by others. These are undoubted facts in which every true lover of India may take a just pride.

One of the points on which Mr. Nundy lays great stress is the evil effect of University education upon the health of women. He says:—"As regards some who have gone in for higher education, their minds have been unable to bear the strain to which they have been put, and I know of others who have become physical wrecks." If Mr. Nundy would take the health statistics of the men students who are receiving University education, he would be alarmed to find that there are an exceedingly large number of physical wrecks among them. Would he, on this ground, dare to suggest that higher education should be denied to men students? Certainly not. Mr. Nundy would have done incalculable good not only to women students, but to men students also, if he had pointed out that the reason of there being breakdowns among those who are receiving higher education, is to be sought in the fact that physical culture is being neglected to a ruinous extent by them. By a happy coincidence, there is published in the same issue, in which Mr. Nundy's article appears, an article from the pen of Miss Bernard, Inspector of Girls' Schools, on 'Physical exercise for Girls' which gives the lie to some of Mr. Nundy's charges, and which I strongly commend to the notice of all earnest advocates for the higher education of women, and especially to those, if there are any, in whose minds any feelings of discouragement may have been engendered by Mr. Nundy's remarks. On this point, one cannot but bow his head to the testimony of Mrs. Sidgwick, the revered Principal of Newnham College, Cambridge, and the wife of the late Professor Henry Sidgwick, to whose efforts the foundation of Newnham College is due. (Oh! how I wish we had in our midst a few men of the stamp of Professor Henry Sidgwick and the Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice!). Let me quote Mrs. Sarah A. Tooley's words: "With regard to the effect of University education upon the health of girls, Mrs. Sidgwick has proved by investigation into the history of the College girls and of their sisters who did not attend college, that alarm as to the bad effect of University education on the health of women is groundless. A minute account of the health statistics of women students at Oxford and Cambridge was published by Mrs. Sidgwick in 1890, and was based upon schedules filled in by students and their non-student sisters. These statistics proved that as mothers of healthy families the students were more satisfactory than their sisters and quite up to the average of women generally. Mrs. Sidgwick believes that if a second investigation were made it would be still more favourable to the students."

I do not wish to say anything more upon other points, that have been most ably dealt with in the answer to Mr. Nundy's article by 'an Indian'; but I am tempted to quote Mrs. Sidgwick's words of wisdom, on the question of marriage. "Nothing," says Mrs. Sidgwick, "can be more demoralising, nothing more harmful to a woman in body and mind, and nothing more likely to lead to an unhappy marriage, than waiting for marriage as the only career in life worth having. I think that women should, just as much as men, propose to themselves a definite branch of work—not necessarily remunerative work—and prepare for it when they are young." These words, though said of English girls, apply equally to our Indian girls.

Fair readers! Be not discouraged by the words of those who cannot entertain the idea of seeing you wear academical robes and discuss questions of Philosophy and Literature. Let there be a vigorous and healthy reaction in favour of women receiving higher education. Take courage! and work with a more determined effort. If you go on in this spirit unceasingly and steadily, the day is not far distant, when you may witness the rise of a Newnham or a Girton in your midst. I know that you can with advantage receive higher education, without despising the arts of cookery, needle-work and household management. Remember well, that the greater the intellectual disparity there is between a husband and a wife, the less happy would the couple be. In short I sincerely hope that, ere long, there would be many wives among you, of whom their husbands could say, as the late Professor Henry Fawcett said of Mrs. Fawcett "she was 'eyes' to me, and my valued adviser too. She was the helpmeet whose judgment was much less frequently at fault than my own."

IV.

[By Miss HANNAH RATNAM KRISHNAMMAH, M.A.,
(MADRAS.)]

I am sorry, extremely sorry, indeed, to see that Mr. Nundy has such views about the higher education of women. If a man of his experience, insight and learning, who has seen much, read much, and travelled much, be thus prejudiced in his views, are we justified in blaming our ignorant mothers-in-law and orthodox old women, when they put their veto on our studies? He condemns a university education and recommends a liberal education. I should like him to be a little more definite and explain what he means by the latter. Is not a university course one of the ways for gaining the end he has in view? He speaks of university education as if it were a mere ornament or an article of dress, to be put on and put off at pleasure, or as if it

were a mere surface polish, which wears off with time. No doubt there is some cram work in the examination, and no examination can be without it; but still the course of study prescribed is of sterling worth. It all depends upon the motives with which you study; if, merely for the sake of going through your examinations as if in necessity bound, you will derive no benefit from it; but if, on the other hand, you take a pleasure in your studies and work with willing heart and mind, wherever you go, you will be accepted as genuine, because you bear the hall-mark of the university. I hope Mr. Nundy will excuse my quoting a few lines from one of my favourite authors, which just bears out this idea:

"Mark there. We get no good
By being ungenerous even to a book,
And calculating profits.....so much help-
By so much reading. It is rather when
We gloriously forget ourselves and plunge
Soul-forward, headlong, into a book's profound,
Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth—
'Tis then we get the right good from a book."

A university course disciplines and trains the mind. I, for my part, would never have read all the books prescribed by the University, if I had not gone in for examinations and was compelled to read. Perhaps Mr. Nundy would say, "that is just the point; you are made to read what is distasteful to you, and thus a strain is put on you." But I say it is a wholesome discipline. You always cannot get the things you like best, for, we know, that luxuries spoil the taste. Even a little too much of the "delicious hulwa" would prove injurious!

Again, a university education furnishes an end in view, an object to be gained, by a course in which are called forth most of the qualities that go to make a real man, and for the matter of that, a real woman, qualities such as courage, perseverance, self-control, discretion, judgment, perception and observation and such like. An examination is a strong incentive to regular work. Even Mr. Nundy, in the curriculum which he intends for his course of "liberal education," must prescribe regular study for a few hours every day. But has he, in his vast experience, at any time met with a girl, who, though not preparing for an examination, has yet done so? For the first few days the girl is full of enthusiasm and interest, all is fair before her; she will even believe herself capable of committing to memory the whole of Webster's dictionary, if need be. Yet three days hence, her interest begins to flag; interruptions come—matters which require urgent attention, a friend drops in for a chat, a new dress has to be given to the dressmaker, and of course the selection of fashions takes a long time, and so on. Thus, the studies are first pursued by fits and starts, later on they are put off for a more convenient

hour, finally they are given up, and the whole thing falls to the ground like a castle of cards. Are the girls to be blamed for this? No: where is the encouragement given or where the incentive to work?

Mr. Nundy attributes the following motive for our desire of higher education. He says: "In the first place, they are fired with the very laudable ambition to let the world see that they are not wanting in intellectual capacity, and that they are as good as men." What a poor ambition it is, to be sure! Is that the only motive that inspires us? Is there no desire to improve ourselves? Perhaps just as a man is actuated by mercenary motives for passing examinations, so woman is actuated by her vanity. Imitation is the sinnerest form of flattery, isn't it? And Mr. Nundy ought to feel flattered that the ladies are following in his footsteps, instead of resenting it. But do we hope to preserve our influence simply by asserting that we are the equals of man? Timor and temper are wasted in the discussion. So, we need not assert our superiority, but as an influential lady writer says, "we ought to be so much better, that any assertion of the kind is totally unnecessary."

I do not see how a university education can make women "physical and mental wrecks." A strong healthy girl will not break down under a system of intellectual training. To balance Mr. Nundy's examples of physical wrecks caused by a university course, I can point out numbers in our own homes, who have not touched a book, and yet are invalids at an early age. Why? Because they do not attend to the laws of health. If intellectual and physical training go hand in hand, no girl need become a physical wreck. It all depends on herself; if she is careless of her health and neglects it, the system need not be condemned.

Mr. Nundy evidently wishes all to be struck off the same die—useful wives and good mothers. Wild birds, tame birds, swans, peacocks and parrots all, all are to be caged together, and he is there to meet us. "Very kind. Bring the clean water; give out the fresh seed." He says that we lose our womanliness, and this makes the poor "depreciated article called man fight shy" of us. Womanliness is our birth-right and our special province, and how can we lose it by training and developing our intellectual faculties? No: the fact is this. For years together man has had the pleasure of seeing woman crouching at his feet, ministering to his creature comforts only, for instance, preparing a "good omelette or a delicious hulwa," and awaiting meekly her lord's sweet will and pleasure; and now because she is trying to lift herself up from her menial position and wishes to "walk at his side, the free companion of his thoughts, the inspirer of all

good things to him, the defender of his honour, and his most faithful friend on this side Heaven," he cries out, "hold hard, there; we do not like disfigured faces." Is he right, is he justified in saying so? Are we forever to be fed by the crumbs that fall from his table? If we try to educate ourselves intellectually, morally and physically, (for that is what true education means), and try to "win the right to help in the work of the world, the right to have a voice in the affairs of life, and that society in which we are compelled to take so great a part;—the right to suggest ways out of difficulty, to bring light out of darkness, and above all the right to inspire and encourage man to noble efforts by steadfast and bright example," are we to be condemned, and do we merit only his scorn and contempt, or perhaps pity? The pathway to success is not hedged with roses. No student in the pursuit of art or literature has ever gathered "the roses of triumph" without "the thorns." Failure means disappointment, perhaps contempt and scorn and a triumphant, "I told you so." Success means "the envy of malignant minds." This being the case, why do you grudge us what we gain by our own efforts?

It quite passes my comprehension how Mr. Nundy could condemn us, as bad house-keepers and as flinging a quotation from Shakespeare and Bacon at the head of the "depreciated article" (man), when he has a bad dinner before him. I think it will be well, if all the lady graduates constituted themselves into a society, and electing Mr. Nundy as Judge, send him samples of their house-keeping; for instance an "omelette" or an "hulwa." Perhaps then he would change his opinion.

"A Mad Impulse"—A Story.



[BY MISS LILLAH KRISHNAH.]

LOVE in a cottage is all bosh! In the first place there is no such thing as love in this prosaic matter-of-fact 20th century. We must leave all those things to King Arthur and his knights." The speaker was a tall, smart-looking man of six and twenty, with an extraordinarily high Roman nose and waxed moustachios stretching on either side of the lips, which reminded one of Mephistopheles' picture, just stepped out of its frame; but his more intimate friends nicknamed him "French ass," perhaps for his bland easy-going manner and pointed moustache. He was the darling of the club and the pet of the society of the little garrison-town. His faults were

virtues in the eyes of the women folks and "awful lark" for the men; besides Donovan Maynard never cared a jot for any one's opinion, not even the collector's, who reigned with supreme grandeur over the little town. Moreover he had been engaged a couple of months ago to this great personage's daughter, Miss Valerie Elton. And at present he was talking, in his usual careless fashion, to his fiancée. "Why don't you say that you do not love me, instead of beating about the bush," she said pettishly and covered her face.

"Really, women are strange creatures; if we speak the truth to you, you are inclined to be hysterical, but if we go into gushing language and take you gentle ones into our arms, you feel flattered," said Donovan Maynard, very seriously and laughed.

"Mr. Maynard you are awfully rude," and Valerie Elton, a dainty young lady of nineteen summers, gathered her dark serge skirt in her hand, drew up her little figure, and looked at him scornfully.

"That's it Val., the 'Modern Woman' suits you. It is a pity you haven't taken to 'biking,' smoking, lecturing and—"

"Stop Dono., you make me laugh" interrupted Miss Elton trying to suppress her laughter.

"Did not I tell you, that women are strange creatures," exclaimed Maynard, "but go and put on your hat and let us take a stroll as far as the lake."

"Delightful! I'll be back in a minute," and Valerie Elton ran up the steps of the verandah, and appeared five minutes later fully equipped in a walking costume. Both walked on in silence for some minutes, when the young man suddenly turned round and said "Valerie, have all your flounces and laces arrived from the Calcutta Milliner's for the Residency dance?"

"Oh! pa, thinks, it is not necessary to have a new gown made for the occasion," retorted Valerie Elton loftily, "and I with him think, it is only necessary for painted dolls like—"

"Mrs. Fenton, you were going to say," finished Maynard "But I never knew that such a tiny body of your's contained so much jealousy, as to convert a dashing beauty into a painted doll."

"So, she is, a"—commenced Valerie indignantly, and stopped suddenly, when she saw a tall handsome lady, in the latest Parisian fashion, and with the daintiest of sunshades in her hand coming towards them.

"Speak of a she-fiend and she is sure to appear," whispered Miss Elton to Maynard; "Good-morning Mrs. Fenton!"

"Ah! speak of the fairy queen, and she is sure to appear," said Donovan Maynard, bowing before the lady.

"Good-morning Miss Valerie and Mr. Maynard," said Mrs. Fenton. "Whose is the fairy queen you were alluding to?" (with a mischievous light in her eyes), "you will be making Miss Valerie jealous next;" but Miss Valerie was out of ear-shot on the pretence of gathering some ferns; all the same she heard Maynard saying "I will let you know everything on the dance night."

"So you both were talking about me," put in Mrs. Fenton when Valerie joined them. "Am I very inquisitive in asking the subject of the discussion?"

"Oh, it is nothing; I and Dono. were speaking about the dance and the dresses," said Valerie carelessly.

"Then it is not an imagination, that the 20th century 'new man' will be dreaming like the weaker sex about their apparel, a month before the ball," exclaimed Mrs. Fenton laughingly, and walked with them round the lake.

The night was very beautiful and balmy and myriads of stars studded the blue canopy of the sky, revealing the clearness of the Indian night to perfection. A dreamy waltz floated from the ball-room of the Residency. A gay cavalcade of the Indian bodyguard were drawn outside the gates. Inside the ball-room, it was one mass of diamonds, gold, and silks; from the wealthiest of Indian princes to the lowest of military officers, all were there. The conservatories were like fairy bowers.

In one of the pretty conservatories, lavishly decorated with lilies and various other luxurious plants, interspersed with tiny dripping fountains at intervals, sat a young handsome man and a gorgeously dressed lady in the most secluded of corners, hidden by tall giant ferns. "So Dono., you have been buckled at last before any one were aware of it," said the lady tapping him with her fan.

"Not buckled, only engaged; but, for goodness sake, Belle, don't speak in that reproachful tone."

"But, seriously, are you contemplating matrimony or are you—"

"Oh, bother matrimony, Belle," said Donovan Maynard (for it was he) impatiently "I have no other thought but you in my mind. It is maddening to hear every fellow in the club and mess speak so disparagingly of you. I wonder when your mysterious mission will come to an end." "There, there, you silly boy," said Mrs. Fenton. "You were always a foolish fellow. It is necessary for me to lead a Bohemian life, as long as I am here. Hark! some one is moving," and at the same time they heard a faint rustling of silk, and they simultaneously moved to the door.

"Come Dono.," said Mrs. Fenton, "We are too long here, let us go in and be Mr. Maynard and Mrs. Fenton to the world." And again for the second time, they heard the rustling of garments behind the huge crotons, and did not give any heed to it, but entered the giddy whirl of the ball-room.

"Dono.," whispered Mrs. Fenton, "look at la belle Valerie, how ill she looks; go to her," and away she went with her partner.

Donovan Maynard crossed the room to where Miss Elton sat, and stooped over her and said "Val, you look very ill. I think it is very stifling here, will you come with me to the conservatory? The cool air will do you good and I shall fetch a glass of ice."

"No, certainly not," said Miss Elton with some emphasis, "I am all right, thanks, besides I am engaged for this dance."

"Yes, I know, seeing I am the partner," said Maynard gently "but—"

"But your name is struck off from the programme," interrupted Valerie, "See, I have done it," and she held a tiny pink ivory programme to his view, with his initials struck off with a pencil and another initial added to it.

"Whose is that?" asked Maynard sternly. "That is Capt. Leighton's," answered Miss Elton indignantly and added with flashing eyes. "Allow me to tell you, Mr. Maynard, that you are a scoundrel of the blackest dye."

"This, even from you, is too much, Miss Elton," and Maynard bowed to her and left the room.

More than half a dozen pairs of eyes were watching him leaving the room, and one of those was Mrs. Fenton's. She met him at the grand stair-case and looked enquiringly at him. "Not now Belle, please; not now" he said pleadingly, "I will come to Calcutta and will let you know every thing." Saying this, he disappeared into the gloom.

The morning was cool and bright, and all the windows of Mr. Maynard's bungalow were thrown open, and he himself was seen standing at one of these, gazing blankly at the blue sky and the beautiful garden at his feet. A bearer came in noiselessly with a letter and a packet in a tray; he saluted his master, deposited the tray on the bamboo table, and left the room closing the door behind him. With an air of nonchalance Maynard looked at the letters, but when he saw the writing he gave a jump and tore it open, and went livid to the lips while perusing it. Can it be true? And he took the letter again with a glance at the packet and read aloud:—

SIR,
I wish my daughter, Miss Elton's engagement to come to an end; I don't think it will cause

you any pain. Let me thank you for speaking like a gentleman about a lady (to whom you were engaged) to another lady (the lady in underline) whose name is the topic for mess jokes. I wish you well.

Yours truly,
GEORGE ELTON."

"The old idiot!" muttered Maynard, fiercely. "He will rue the words he has written, but I'll be more careful with these heartless flirts in future," and he tore up the letter. A sapphire ring fell from the papers and rolled on the ground. Maynard picked it up and held it for a moment in his hand. Then he threw it down and crushed it with the heels of his boots. "There you go, you unlucky thing, you don't deserve to be on any good woman's finger." He caught hold of his letters and photograph, and tore them into fragments and threw them out of the window. "I must go to Belle," he said wearily to himself, and turned from the window.

In any given apartment, where there is comfort or luxury at all, if you want to discover the most superlatively cosy and luxurious easy-chair amongst its furniture, turn a young man loose into that room, and he will "go" for that chair as unerringly as a carrier-pigeon. Be he a lazy self-indulged Sybarite, or an active, vigorous, embodiment of quicksilver and steel springs—but all the same the lowest, softest cushioned chair will be his favourite nest. Not in any way exempt from this rule were the two occupants of a luxurious apartment, in a handsome house facing the gardens. They were Donovan Maynard and Mrs. Fenton. The former had thrown himself into the velvet cushioned depths of a low easy-chair, laying his shapely head, back against the creamy lace, that hung over the crimson cushion. The latter was seated before him next to the davenport strewn with business-like letters. "Now I'm all ears Dono," exclaimed Mrs. Fenton drawing her chair a little towards him.

"Oh, I am weary and sick of the whole thing, sister," said Maynard, "but, if you insist upon hearing it out, you shall. Well, last evening at the Ball after dinner I went to have a game of billiards. While crossing the room, I overheard a conversation that staggered me. To make sure of it, I went and shook the fellow Dobson (who was relating the story to them) by the shoulder and told him that I would kick him into smithereens, if he did not tell me everything fully. It was this; Valerie Elton was married a week ago to Capt. Leighton in the little iron church at Bundepore. And the reason for her jilting me was that she overheard a conversation between me and the rich widow

Mrs. Fenton (that is yourself) in a conservatory on the dance night. So to punish me she went and married a real scoundrel at last. That is all I have to tell you. But Belle, I could not bear the suspense any longer, besides your infernal prying is also finished, so I told the fellows who you were. If a thunderbolt fell in the midst of them, they would not have been more astonished than they were, when they heard that you are my own sister, Miss Arabella Maynard, the famous lady detective. I also told them that you were sent after Lord's—noted heirlooms, robbed by a celebrated swindler."

"Enough dear boy," said Miss Maynard, "you are quite exhausted, do let us have some tea." Maynard got up and tapped the electric bell, and a bearer appeared with tea. A month later, Mrs. Valerie Leighton sat impassively as a figure carved in marble in a dejected attitude with an open note in her hand, in an elegantly furnished dining room at Bundepore.

The letter ran as follows:—
"DEAR MRS. LEIGHTON,

You would be rather shocked to receive a letter from me, the designing, painted widow, Mrs. Fenton, but I am glad to say I am not one. The chief motive for my writing to you is, as we were on friendly terms once, that I thought it would not look polite to go away without telling you something. My brother, Donovan Maynard, and I are leaving by the next boat to England. At present we are putting up at the "Bellenne" hotel. I hope you will give us a look up, in case you happen to come to Calcutta before our departure; then I can thank you personally for the very best complimentary names you have given to my brother on the Residency dance night. I dare say, you will know by this time, from the papers, who I am and why I have come to India. My last word to you is, do nothing on a mad impulse.

We both wish you happiness.

Yours sincerely,
ARABELLA MAYNARD."

Lady Northcote's Purdah Party.

[BY ONE PRESENT.]

ABOUT six hundred invitations were issued and H. E. Lady Northcote entertained a great number of ladies at Government House, Malabar Hill, Bombay. Never was there perhaps such a throng of the feminine world. Some remarkable toilettes were seen. The fascinating dresses of the Indian ladies were an additional charm and gave colouring to the subdued hues and dainty laces of the Europeans. There was a fine display of jewels. Lady Northcote wore

a handsome and luxurious violet robe, her jewels being opals. The Countess of Crawford's ear studs were of marvellous large blue pearls. Mrs. Sassoon, one of the best dressed ladies in Bombay, came in shimmering white and costly lace, her rows of superb pearls were universally admired. A few Parsi ladies were in good form and taste. Mrs. Ratan Tata carried off the palm for beauty and pretty Miss Irene Chichgar's splendid white Benares saree elicited no little admiration. The stuff was exquisite and showed the refined taste of the wearer. It suited her wonderfully and was besides Oriental. Her Excellency's house guests, the Countess of Crawford and Lady Margaret Rice, were much surprised and interested in the graceful costumes and lovely jewels of the ladies of different nationalities, this being their first visit to the "fair land of magnificence." The band played an excellent selection of music, while the artists, Madame Koenig and Miss Schenueb, enthralled the assembly with their wonderful performances on the violin and piano respectively.

"SHAHINDA."

Indian Cookery.

THREE BREAKFAST DISHES.

CABBAGE CURRY.—Shred a small cabbage, boil with a little water and salt; when boiling add a large spoonful of chopped onions, 4 green chillies and a little bit of ginger, 4 cloves, a bit of cinnamon, 4 peels of garlic, all bruised up, and a handful of broken-up coriander leaves, with 2 table-spoonful of ghee; stir well, close the vessel, and allow to simmer a while; when well boiled, add 2 table-spoons of grated cocoanut, mix well up, and dish.

POTATO CURRY.—Pare and quarter 4 large sized potatoes, add a dozen small onions, wash well and drain. Make a paste of 4 dry chillies and a bit of turmeric (saffron), add this with a little salt and water to the potatoes and onions, and boil, when boiled take down from the fire. Into a frying pan put 2 table-spoons of ghee, when boiling throw into it a dessert-spoon of ulundu, 2 dozen cashew-nuts, fry a golden brown, add a few green curry leaves, and little mustard seed, put in the boiled potatoes, toss up with a fork till the whole is nicely fried, and dish.

COCOANUT CHUTNEY.—To two table-spoonful of scraped cocoanut add 2 or 3 dry chillies, 2 peels of garlic, a little salt, grind the whole, with half a tea-spoonful of lime juice, into a smooth paste.

E. Y. D.



Editorial Notes.

Mr. Nujinooddeen Tyabjee, the elder brother of the Hon. Mr. Justice

Budrooddeen Tyabjee, aged sixty-one, expired at his residence on the 11th of February, after an illness of short duration. He suffered from inflammation of the ear, but was completely cured under the clever treatment of Dr. R. Row, M.D. A few days previous he had fever, a pain in the chest followed, and he died very suddenly from failure of the heart, leaving his bereaved wife, children, a host of relations and friends to mourn the great loss. The late Mr. Tyabjee was a profound scholar in various Oriental and European languages. He was a Justice of the Peace and always foremost to help the cause of education amongst Mohammedans. His career in life has been interesting. Passionately fond of learning, he obtained leave of his father, the late Mr. Tyabjee, and repaired to the city of Bydder in Arabia, to gain proficiency in Arabic. He married there, a lady of high birth. The late Mrs. Nujinooddeen Tyabjee was well known in Society in Bombay; she was a lady of intellectual powers and striking personality.

There is no family in India which has produced such a distinguished array of public citizens as the Tyabjee family, and we have in the lady members of this family also some of the most distinguished women, whom any civilized country would be proud of. It is a matter for great thankfulness that the younger members, such as Mr. A. Hydari of the Financial Department, and others, are following closely in the footsteps of the elder members, who have set such unique examples of public spirited activity, combined with the highest intellectual and moral excellence.

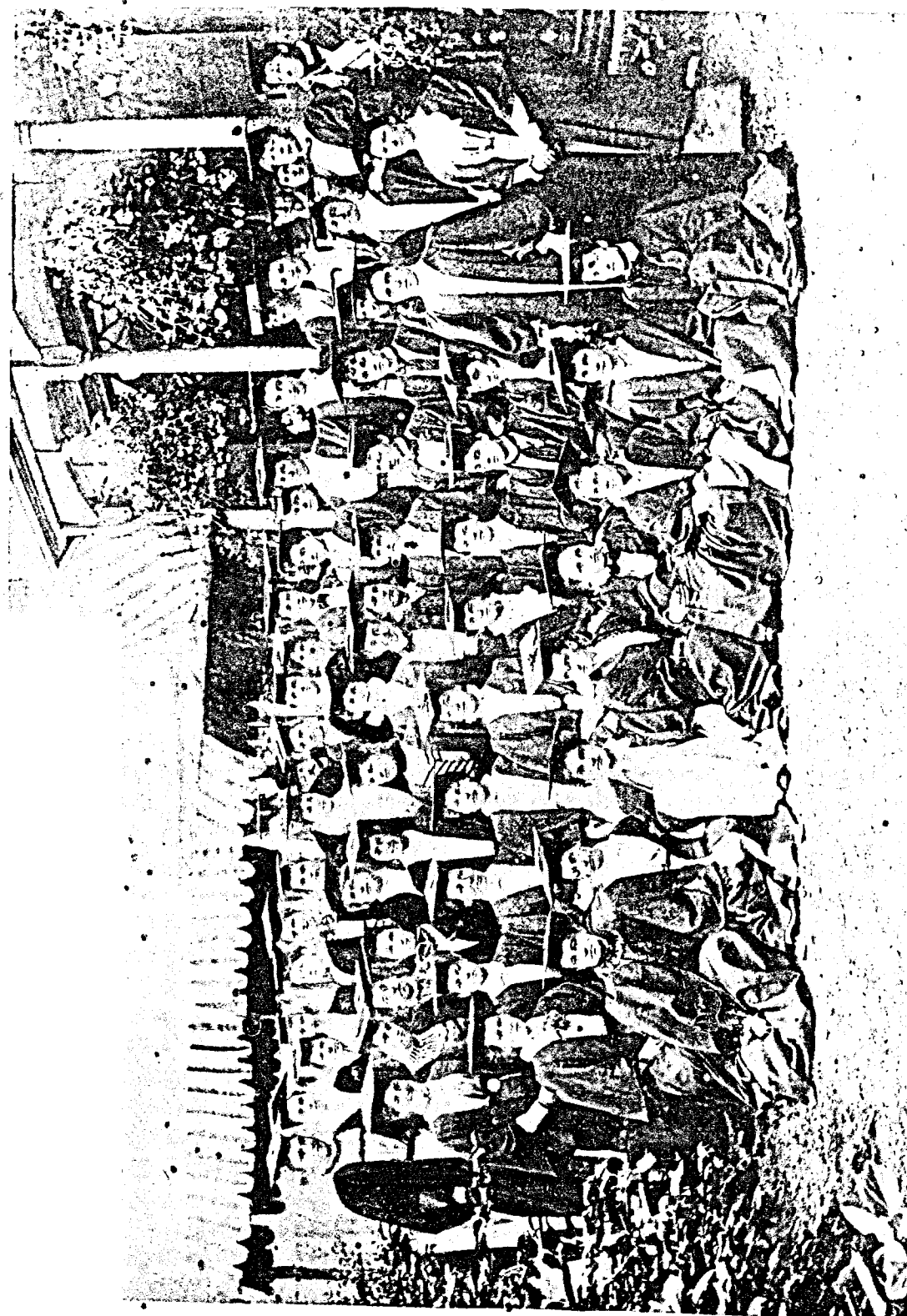
We have much pleasure in recording the success of three ladies in the higher University examinations of the Madras University. Two ladies have succeeded in passing the M. A. degree examination in Branch VI (English Language and Literature). Miss Hannah Ratnam Krishnammah heads the list of successful candidates, and next comes Miss Edith Constance Carrapiett, who is the first to represent the Anglo-Indian community. Miss Krishnammah passed her B. A. degree examination, in 1899, taking a double first in English and in second language, with History as her optional science. Miss Carrapiett, who is a teacher in the Doveton Girls' School has had also a brilliant college career. She has taken the degree of Licentiate in Teaching as well. Her success in this the highest examination in Arts of the Madras University will be a great stimulus to the education of girls among Eurasians and Anglo-Indians. For the M. A. degree examination, candidates are required to submit dissertations shewing originality of thought. Miss Krishnammah's dissertation was on "Ruskin as a critic of Life and Art" and that of Miss Carrapiett on "The Women of Shakespeare." For the first time in the history of the Madras University an Indian lady has succeeded in passing the examination for the degree of Licentiate in Teaching. Mrs. Balu Shrinivasa, who graduated from the Presidency College in 1901, has, after a year's training in the Teachers' College, passed with great credit this examination which entitles her to a Teacher's Diploma. We understand it is Mrs. Shrinivasa's intention to enter the Teaching profession, and we trust that the Government will encourage a lady of such high qualifications, by offering her a suitable appointment.

News and Notes.

The school for the nobles' daughters at Gwalior, by which the Maharajah Sindhia intends to spread education among the higher class of women, was opened the other day in the presence of several European and Indian ladies by the Maharani Sahiba in person, who delivered a speech in Marathi setting

forth the uses and advantages of education for ladies of high rank. This institution will be under the charge of a European lady Superintendent.

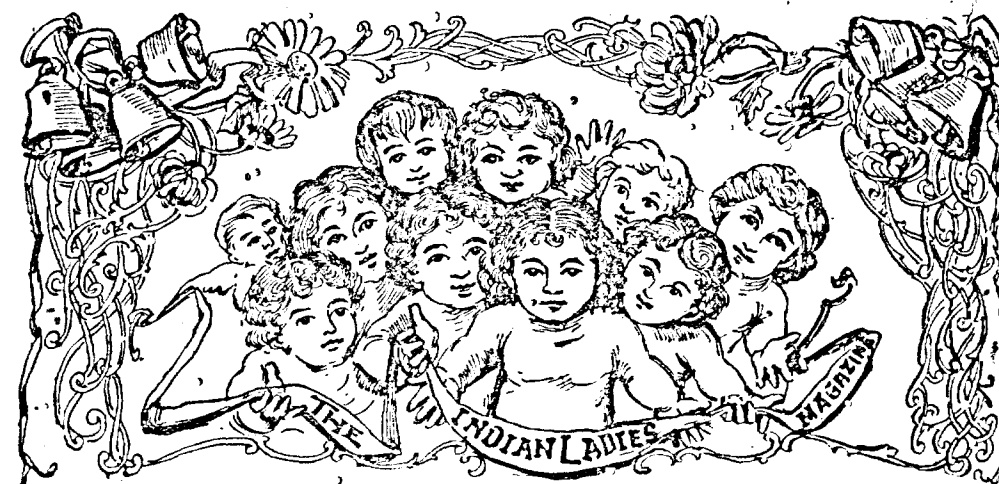
A public meeting was held at the Prathana Samaj Hall, Girgaum, by the Gujarat Sabha of the Elphinstone College on February 19th, to congratulate the two Guzerat ladies—Mrs. Vidya Ramanbhai Nilkanth and Mrs. Sarada Sampant Mehta—on their taking the B. A. degree at the recent convocation. The Hon'ble Mr. Justice Chandavarkar occupied the chair. Both the ladies thanked those who presented the addresses in graceful English. Mrs. Nilkanth in the course of her address said:—"The addresses which you have kindly given us, gentlemen of the Elphinstone Gujarat Sabha, say that in prosecuting our studies we had to contend against difficulties. Difficulties certainly there are in every line of work, but those difficulties afford no excuse for evasion of duty. The time is gone when female education in the Hindu community was opposed on principle. The principle is now generally recognised, but the practice is excused on the ground that the state of Hindu society is such that the environments of a girl placed in its midst are not favourable to the prosecution of studies. Now, if acquisition of knowledge is of supreme importance for the good of individuals as well as of society, the conditions which are unfavourable to it ought certainly to be remedied and their existence can afford no excuse. On behalf of my sisters, I beseech you, therefore, ladies and gentlemen of the Hindu community, to remove all obstacles which hinder the path of female education. I confidently believe that the Hindu woman will justify her acquisition of knowledge by the greater happiness which she will be helpful in bringing in her home as well as in the society at large." The following extract is from the speech of the younger lady:—"Strangers in Bombay, we see with deep gratification that such an eminent gathering has assembled to meet us and cheer us on an event of but ordinary significance. To us, the greater significance is that the great cause of the higher education of Hindu women is receiving such widespread sympathy and support. I call this cause great, because on its success is based the future hope of our country. And yet the subject has received but scanty attention at the hands of our community. The Hindu woman does not receive her full share of justice in many things, and one of the injustices done to her is that she is denied the education and culture which she deserves. With these, she would regain the position which is due to her and prove that knowledge and enlightenment become her as much as other human beings. It is, therefore, a matter of sincere congratulation, ladies and gentlemen, that you have assembled here to advocate and encourage the education of Hindu women and thus enable them to contribute to the happiness of their homes and the welfare of their country in a far greater measure than they do at present. Before concluding, I must not omit to mention with gratefulness that the success of my sister and myself is due to the facilities afforded to us by our friends and the families with which we are connected by marriage, and to the fact that our secular education has always been coupled with religious education at home. Our faith in the One True God who is the dispenser of all knowledge and wisdom has been our constant support, and may that faith be ever our guiding light."



STUDENTS OF THE LONDON SCHOOL OF MEDICINE.

(From Macmillan's article, p. 288.)

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APRIL PARTINGS.

By MRS. R. S. BENSON.

APRIL is generally an eventful month in the lives of the English in India. It is in April that the ever increasing heat blazes out into fierce sunshine, hot winds, shadeless glare, and a stifling of long scorching days. It is then that the parents, looking at the white faces of their little ones, and seeing them droop like wild flowers in a hot-house, know that the inevitable separation from them is at hand, and that their turn has come to take part in the Indian tragedy that is acted out year by year in so many families. For tragedy it is. Life is short at the best, and that husbands and wives should be separated for years, or else that children should grow up like orphans without a home to remember, and the loving knowledge of parents, is to take from life a large portion of its joy, and to add much to its suffering. How many partings has April chronicled!—leaving many a house silent from the patter of little feet, and the ceaseless activity of tongue and limb of the little folk whose “home” life has ended so early.

This poem, round which are twined three locks of hair, bears a by-gone date, but to-day, and to-morrow, and for as long as such partings have to be, will eyes overflow, and hearts ache in sympathy with the truth and pathos of the lines:—

LAST WORDS.

(Over a little bed at night.)

“Good night, pretty sleepers of mine
I never shall see you again;
Ah, never in shadow or shine;
Ah never in dew or in rain.

In your small dreaming dresses of white
With the wild bloom you gathered to-day
In your quiet sweet hands, from the light
And the dark you will wander away.

Though no graves in the bee haunted grass,
And no love in the beautiful sky
Shall take you as yet; you will pass,
With this kiss, through these tear drops—Good-bye.

With less gold and more gloom in their hair
 When the buds near have faded to flowers
 Three faces may wake here as fair—
 But older than yours are, by hours!
 Good night, then, lost darlings of mine—
 I never shall see you again:
 Ah! never in shadow or shine
 Ah, never in dew or in rain."

And the parting alas! is sometimes for ever, on this side the grave, though mercifully it is not known at the time; which of the little ones is being kissed for the last time. When the Mail letters come in week by week,

Those messengers in envelopes
 That look so safe and innocent
 Are harbingers of joys and hopes,
 Or full of terrible intent.

Terrible indeed, when telling of one missing from the fold. The agony of loss is followed, as Lord and Lady Canning felt when they lost their boy of ten years' old, by a sense of "shaken foundations of hope and trust for others." Well might Victor Hugo write:—

Seigneur! préservez moi, préservez ceux que j'aime
 Frères, parents, amis, et mes ennemis même
 Dans le mal triomphant,
 De jamais voir, Seigneur, l'été sans fleurs vermeilles
 La cage sans oisillons, la ruche sans abeilles,
 La maison sans enfants! *

But that is just the woe that has to be faced,—“the house without children,” this April, as in by-gone Aprils, by many an English mother. What is to be done in the silence and solitude of the great empty house? Mrs. Haweis wrote in the “Nineteenth Century” to stranded mothers (though stranded from a different cause):—“Take up new work. There are other duties in life at home and outside home, and the energies running to waste are sorely needed elsewhere.

A woman's house may and ought to be, wider than the four walls of the house she inhabits, and a woman's heart may be bigger than a husband or a few children can wholly fill. Her own individuality, her own character, was not intended to be too far subordinated. Relies of her own earlier education, old beautiful gifts, old joys in books, flowers, science or art, rise up in the moment of her new freedom."

"Work for others" is the key-note of comfort struck for mourners in the last verse of the lesson in the service for the "Burial of the Dead," and is echoed by Keble in his poem on the same—

"Then cheerly to your work again
 With hearts new braced and set
 To run untired love's blessed race. . . ."

There is much to be done, and much to be learned. The more we know of the troubles of others, the lighter will our own sorrows become. The more we know about the country we live in: its history, races, and creeds, the more interesting will be our life. The long hours of leisure can be used in gathering up stores of "sweetness and light" for the home meeting, if God so wills it, in the years to come."

* Translation:

Lord! spare me, spare those whom I love
 Brothers, kinsmen, friends, and e'en mine enemies
 Triumphant in evil,
 From e'er beholding, Lord, the summer without rose tinted flowers
 The cage without birds, the hive without bees,
 The home without children!

This article is reprinted here from the *Madras Mail*,—to which it was originally contributed—with the kind permission of the Editor.



The Women of Shakespeare.

III. OCTAVIA.

[BY THE EDITOR.]



N "Antony and Cleopatra," one of the most remarkable of Shakespeare's plays, one of the finest, though scarcely ever noticed point is the way in which the character of Octavia is impressed upon us; in spite of the fact that she hardly ever speaks, and very seldom comes before us. One feels a sense of comfort in noticing how the great Shakespeare, who delineated with such masterly skill, the vivid, extraordinarily attractive character of Cleopatra, could turn aside to portray to us, faintly it is true, but with the light, yet comprehensive touches of a man who understands, a deep, simple, unostentatious character like that of the quiet Octavia,—such a contrast to the brilliant and witching Queen of Egypt. And yet, quietly set before us is this simple picture of Octavia, winning the heart with her simple majesty and virtue, in some cases with a greater hold upon it than the varied charms of Cleopatra can command.

It is pleasant to notice that Octavia is loved and admired by all around her. Agrippa calls her,

"Admired Octavia, whose beauty claims
 No worse a husband than the best of men;
 Whose virtue and whose general graces speak
 That which none else can utter."

He and his friends think that she is perfectly able to make peace between Cæsar and Antony;

"Her love to both
 Would each to other and all loves to both
 Draw after her."

Even the messenger, who brings the news to Cleopatra of Antony's marriage with Octavia, cannot willingly depreciate the latter. Every one would call down a blessing on her.

"Let all the number of the stars give light to thy fair way!" says Lepidus on the eve of her married life. And, when she comes back to Cæsar, heartlessly sent back by Antony, yet unconscious of his duplicity till it is forcibly pointed out to her, every heart is full of compassion for her. The victim of a cold-blooded deceiver, she yet commands the reverence of those who surround her:

"Welcome dear madam,
 Each heart in Rome does love and pity you,"

is but the expression of a general sentiment.

Coming into close details, let us notice the attitude of the three important actors of the play towards her, Cæsar, Antony, Cleopatra. Cæsar loves his sister: "A sister whom no brother did

ever love so dearly." Consciously knowing that Antony would never make her happy, he coldly sacrifices her to his diplomacy, but, all the same, he has the highest opinion of her. A good sister, he knows she will make a good wife:

"Sister, prove such a wife
 As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest
 band
 Shall pass on thy approval. Most noble Antony,
 Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
 Betwixt us as the cement of our love,
 To keep it builded, be the ram to batter
 The fortress of it; for better might we
 Have loved without this mean, if on both parts
 This be not cherished."

And when Octavia is sent back to him, he eagerly welcomes her. He sees the wrong done to her, this innocent-hearted lady, and pitying her with all his heart, bids her be of patience, for henceforth he would cherish his wronged sister:

"Cheer your heart;
 Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
 O'er your content these strong necessities.
 Welcome to Rome;
 Nothing more dear to me. You are abused
 Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
 To do you justice, make them ministers
 Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort;
 And ever welcome to us. Pray you,
 Be ever known to patience: my dear'st sister."

And it is comforting to notice that his words are not mere words, for as he himself acknowledges, she had influenced him greatly in his war with Antony, "withholding his breaking forth."

Antony feels that he is not worthy of her. Though he had married her as a cloak to his indulgence in his own wishes, though he callously sends her away when she is a hindrance to him, he yet respects her. His speech to her, when they are first married, has regret in it.

"My Octavia,
 Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
 I have not kept my square; but that to come
 Shall all be done by the rule."

He sees her wrongs; he calls her "Patient Octavia," and "a gem of women."

And Cleopatra, that wonderful woman, what does she think of Octavia? Does she deem her a poor rival? No, she is afraid of her, afraid to be "chastised by the sober eye" of the dignified Octavia. And the fear is indeed just, for the two women are as far apart as the two poles, and Octavia is just the sort of woman before whom Cleopatra, however much she may plume herself on her triumphs with men, would feel cowed. Cleopatra knows she has wronged Octavia; she feels a kind of awe when she thinks of her meek rival; and accordingly in her jealous pride she exerts her utmost charm to keep Antony near her. It is instructive to notice how the two

women are viewed by the world, that great criterion of human thought and human action. Antony will never leave Cleopatra, says Enobarbus:

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies: for vilest things
Become themselves in her."

What a contrast to this description is that of Octavia:

"If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him."

Who would not have his wife like Octavia? asks Menas, "of a holy, cold and still conversation?" And yet it is Cleopatra that Antony loves and not the chaste, majestic Octavia. Why is this so? Why is Octavia sacrificed to the interests of others even by the brother who so dearly loves her? The reason does not seem far to seek. Octavia is of such a self-sacrificing disposition, she always is so anxious to make other people happy that she has come to be looked upon as a sacrifice. Those around her had so long been accustomed to see the self-denying part of her nature brought into active play and hiding the other sides of her nature, that she seems to them only as living for self-sacrifice, and therefore they think nothing of using her as a sacrifice. The lamb comes so meekly to its own sacrifice, that it is always looked upon as an offering of sacrifice; and even so, Octavia. Antony's indifference to Octavia can as easily be traced to a cause which reflects no blame on the latter. It is a general fact that that woman pleases a man most who most inspires love and confidence in him. Is Octavia of a more congenial nature to Antony or Cleopatra? Certainly the latter. The charming, ever-varying Cleopatra just suits the voluptuous, pleasure-loving Antony; and therefore it is she who attracts him the most. Octavia is too quiet and unostentatious and simple to make Antony love her, though he admires her. She is too self-contained perhaps. Though her whole life is full of self-sacrifice, she makes no conscious effort to attract Antony to her. But this is from high principle and not from coldness of heart. Octavia is too proud to stoop to draw to her one who has primarily no love for her. She feels she is quite unsuited to Antony. With a more congenial nature, with a husband with whom she would have been in sympathy, Octavia would have made herself as loveable as any other woman. The heart finds out its own mate; and where love is, there every effort will be made to please. Octavia has a high ideal before her and will not stoop from it. It is such women alone who can command a permanent love. They may not please by variety, like Cleopatra; they may

not please men like Antony; but where they are loved the love will be lasting. A critic remarks that the love of Antony and Cleopatra for each other was not true love, but only the satisfaction of an emotional sensation. But if Octavia had been mated with a man in sympathy with her, their love would have been as perfect and lasting as that of the noble Brutus and Portia, in "Julius Caesar."

So Octavia stands before us in all the meekness and majesty of dignified virtue and purity. Of middle height, thirty years of age, low-voiced, round-faced, brown-haired, with a low broad forehead, in all the majesty and pitifulness of her outraged widowhood, we see her, a very woman, one versed in the world's sorrows,—for she had already been a widow,—one who could have cherished Antony with a love as deep and perfect as love can be, if he had allowed her. A pure, sweet woman, made to be loved, worshipped and admired, but passing through this world cold and reserved, just because the world does not understand her, because like Hamlet she is out of joint with the time. This is just the point, it seems to me, which has to be accentuated in our estimate of Octavia. Cold she may appear, but it is the coldness of purity. She seems to be walking through the world in a sweet, pure dream of her own, from which she awakes only to experience pain and perfidy. She has been accused of a cold, calculating spirit, in accepting so quietly the choice of her brother in her marriage; of a spirit of vacillation and time-serving in not leaning to either side. But this, we shall see, if we look into the matter a little more closely, is only the result of her innocence. She knows she and her husband are unsuited to each other, and yet she will do her duty by him. She even chides her beloved brother for quarrelling with her husband. Though it must have been a great pain to her to tell him so, she tells Caesar to look well to her husband's house. Her equability in the midst of grief and doubt, which has been so beautifully compared to:

"The swan's down feather
That stands upon the swell at flood of tide,
And neither way inclines,"

is but the outcome of her gentle nature. Her husband and her brother are her heroes. A rift between them would be:

"As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift."

She does not know where to turn. She thinks so much of others' feelings that she does not wish to give pain to others, not from vacillation or a desire to flatter, but because her very nature shrinks from it. She is too gentle to see harm in anyone. The world appears all good for her.

Her nature is so equable that it requires a great effort on her part to incline to either side where no definite reason is shown to her so to turn. Like Brutus, she seems to be waking out of a world of idealities into a world of facts, and finds herself wholly unfit to cope with, or judge rightly of the latter. She will believe no evil either of her brother or of Antony, not wilfully, but because she is too pure to think evil of others. She thinks each is determined to see evil in the other, where there is no such thing. The good or the evil that we see in others is more or less influenced by the good or the evil in ourselves. So it is with Octavia. With her, love is blind. "Charity suffereth long and is kind." Truly Octavia is charitable; and though her efforts to make peace are of no avail, all the credit of the attempt is due to her. "Blessed are the peace-makers." Too gentle to speak out what is in her mind, yet having to make a decision, following her duty in defending her husband in antagonism to her inclination to side with her beloved brother, with her conciliating, kind, pathetic speeches, how tried she is! Verily she is an unhappy lady as she calls herself. And yet the awakening must have been agony. How quietly she takes it! "Is it so, Sir?" she simply asks, and yet Caesar knows how she is suffering and begs her to be patient as she always is, for only such patience as hers can bear such wrongs. It is natures like Octavia that suffer the most. Their very steadfastness, their very equability will be the most potent cause of their suffering; for, when the anchor of their faith is removed, when they wake to see the evil in the world, they feel as if they had lost everything, the very foundation of their being.

Here let us notice a few points in Octavia's character. We have already seen her sense of duty, the chasteness and purity of her conduct, the subdued reserve and quietness of her deportment and conversation, the capacity for love, for warm and generous affection, that is in her, her spirit of self-sacrifice and self-denial, her majestic and gracious sweetness and simplicity, her self-possession and equability, her innocence. She has a deep sense of religion in her; she says that she will pray for Antony. She does not care for ostentation, as we notice when Caesar chides her for returning to him, without any display, like an ordinary woman and not like Antony's wife. She sees the best of everything; it is only slowly and forcibly that the evil of life is brought home to her. Her hopefulness of temper, her trusting spirit, her self-respect, for she sees no harm in herself, are all loveable points in her sweet and quiet character.

Is Antony worthy of her? Certainly he is not, but there is something grand in him, in his efforts to break the attraction which Cleopatra

wields over him. Enobarbus, Eros die for him, even his enemies speak well of him. Therefore it is more than possible that Antony would have been a fine man, if only his keen sensibilities and emotions had been directed into the right channel and not perversely diverted as they were. Whatever he is, Octavia is true to him. She is a model of conjugal submission, a true type of the Pativrata of ancient Indian mythology. Some may accuse her of inflexibility of character; some may call her weak; but none can deny her large-heartedness and her magnanimity of spirit.

After the scene in which she is depicted as going back to Caesar, we see no more of her. Did she go back to Antony? I do not think so, and for this reason—knowing how perfidious he has been, she now sees she can have no more influence on him, if she ever had had any. The high ideal that she had set before her had been shattered. If she stayed with him, she would be violating her own high principles, she would be condoning his offences. If there had been any chance of her influencing him to repent, she ought to have stayed with him. So we may think of her as living henceforth with Caesar, in retirement. Shakespeare tells us no more of her. The play is about Antony and Cleopatra, and Octavia drops out of their lives. Unlike Dryden, who purposely lowered the character of Octavia, whom he makes a very important personage indeed, in order that he may not divert the attention of the audience to her from Antony and Cleopatra, Shakespeare adopts the plan of bringing her very slightly before us. The delineation of Octavia is only a sketch, but the sketch of a beautiful character. In no sense, can the criticism be true that Octavia is only a dull foil to Cleopatra. The virtuous Octavia, the very beau ideal of a noble Roman lady, as Mrs. Jameson points out, would never have served as a foil to Cleopatra, even if the latter had required any.

We may imagine Octavia then as withdrawing herself from court life and living in seclusion, with the memory of Antony's unfaithfulness always keen in her mind, but striving to keep it down by devoting herself to her children. If it were not for her children, one is inclined to think, she may have given up her life to a convent. But the children are there, and henceforth she lives for them. And it is perfectly characteristic of her, the story that Mrs. Jameson tells of her saving the children of Antony and Cleopatra from the rage of the Roman populace, of receiving them into her own house, and treating them with all the care and tenderness of a mother. Octavia was ever large-hearted and forgiving. Finally, the beautiful scene that Mrs. Jameson mentions of the mother weeping

over the lines in which Vergil commemorates the virtues and early death of her young son Marcellus, "the Hope of Rome," is again characteristic of her. She has ever lived for others, and she dies on account of others, for, as Mrs. Jameson points out, it is probable that her approaching death was hastened by the agitation consequent on her listening to the panegyric of Vergil. Her life was full of sorrow. She might have said with Hermione, "I have that honourable grief lodged here that burns worse than tears drown!" But, with admirable patience and gentle meekness, she lives through it all, commanding in spite of the insult one man heaps on her, the respect of all, and living out her own life of pure unselfishness, in the world, but ever removed from the world, ever lonely by the force of her own spirit.

Women Medical Students in England.

BY MARY FRANCES BILLINGTON,

Special Correspondent, The Daily Telegraph; Authoress of "Woman in India."



As women's education advances in India so do I expect to see a greater number of young native ladies coming to London to pursue the studies necessary for a medical career. All of us, whether English or Indian, know young men who have come from one or other of the Indian Universities, to secure a degree either at Oxford or Cambridge, to read at one or other of the Inns of Court, in order to be called to the Bar, or to "walk" the London Hospitals for the Diploma of the Royal College of Physicians or Surgeons. There are already a few Indian ladies who have followed a similar course, and have graduated through the London School of Medicine for Women, notable among them being Rukhmabai, the fearless champion of the Child Widow's cause, who holds a double distinction from Edinburgh and Brussels, and Miss S. Banerjee who is now practising in Calcutta. Two students, Miss Sorabji and Miss Solomon, are now going through their course of instruction there, and, as I hear, are likely to take high places in the final examinations.

I have ventured therefore to think I may be rendering some little service to Indian ladies, if I try to give them some idea of the actual life and conditions, the duration and cost of taking a degree in medicine through this most magnificent

school. In plan and equipment, it is not surpassed by any of the schools at which male students are prepared for the responsible vocation of healing. Our Queen, who is well-known to recognize fully the value that women doctors can be to their suffering sisters in India herself, opened the splendid laboratories and class rooms at a most brilliant and eventful ceremony. I well recall indeed how the king, who was then Prince of Wales, speaking on behalf of his august consort, said how great an interest she took in all that concerned the education of women, and particularly the great strides that have taken place during the last quarter of a century or so for their education in medicine. The royal speaker added that from what he had personally seen of the assiduity of the students at their work, he was certain of their success in practice not only in Great Britain, but especially in India and China, where, as all were aware, for religious reasons, men could not attend upon women. Only within the last few days did I hear a further interesting and most touching fact, as to our late revered Queen's strong feelings on the importance of medical women to India's well-being. The occasion was the annual meeting of the Royal Free Hospital at which the ladies pursuing their studies at the London School of Medicine for Women obtain their practical work in the wards; and the Princess Christian, her late Majesty's third daughter, had come not only to take the chair, but to announce her acceptance of the position of President of the Council—in itself a most valuable recognition of the School and the Institution. Mrs. Scharlieb, M.D., whose name is so highly respected in Bombay and Western India, was proposing a resolution, and, in doing so, she told those of us who were present that twenty years ago when she was starting to practise in India, Queen Victoria sent for her, and told her how glad she was to know that women were taking medical aid to their sex in India. At the same time she handed Mrs. Scharlieb a signed photograph of herself and bade her show it to all her patients, and assure them of her personal sympathy in their suffering. It was a year or two later that the Queen sent for the Marchioness of Dufferin on her departure with the Viceroy, to ask her to devise some practical plan to bring medical assistance within the reach of all, and I need not here dwell upon what that great fund has accomplished.

But Queen Victoria's wish will, I am sure, be best realized if Indian women will take up the noble work for themselves, though before attempting to obtain an English degree, they must count well the cost and consider what it involves.

The full course of tuition will occupy five years, and even more, unless a student has been

careful to pass a Preliminary Examination in Arts recognized by the General Medical Council. Without having done this, she could not be registered as a Medical Student in this country. Let me therefore state plainly what tests can be accepted, and quote from the School's own regulations:—"The examinations in India recognized by the General Medical Council are the following—University of Calcutta, and University of Madras First Examination in Arts, University of Bombay Matriculation Examination. Punjab University and University of Allahabad Intermediate Examination in Arts. No certificate is accepted from these Universities unless it shows that the Examination has been conducted by, or under the authority of the Body granting it, includes all the subjects required by the General Medical Council, and states that all these subjects have been passed at one time." The subjects include the English language, Latin, or, as an alternative, a classical oriental language, a modern language and Mathematics which term includes Arithmetic, Algebra to Simple Equations, Euclid to the 3rd book, and Geometry.

If for any reason a lady cannot pursue her entire course of study in England, her wisest procedure is first to decide which of the qualifications open to her sex she intends to take. Two that especially commend themselves as a rule to Indian students are the Diploma of the Society of Apothecaries or the Licentiatehip of the conjoint Colleges of Scotland. To begin the prescribed course of study for these, it will suffice if the student has passed any of the examinations just specified. Another diploma that carries great weight in all countries is the M. B. degree of the University of London, but to try for this, it is essential first to have passed the Matriculation Examination of the University.

To a student who has intelligently thought upon these preliminaries, the next most important question is that of cost, and knowing as I do the women's simple standard of living in India, this will seem very high. The fees are the first thing to consider. At the School of Medicine for Women in London, they amount to Rs. 1,680 if paid in one sum, or Rs. 1,840 if in three or four instalments. The charges at Edinburgh are considerably less, and Rs. 1,280 in one sum or Rs. 1,360 in three suffice. Glasgow is about the same as the latter. To this, the final examination fees, which range from Rs. 170 to Rs. 320, according to the diploma taken, must be added.

Of course these sums do not include board and maintenance while in England, and the very lowest sum on which a student should attempt to go through the course is Rs. 1,600 a year. For Rs. 16, or approximately a guinea a week, it is possible that the College which she has joined could recommend her to a plain and homely

boarding house, especially at Edinburgh or Glasgow, but in London, the accommodation obtainable for this sum would only be of the very simplest description. At present Indian Native ladies are too few for any one to have attempted to found a hostel for them and any who bravely come, would have to accustom themselves to English food and English ways of living. But in the vicinity of these institutions there are generally establishments which receive the students as boarders, fixing meal hours in accordance with lectures, and enjoying a kind of official recognition from the college authorities, who, if asked, will recommend those they consider most suited to individual requirements. If better accommodation is required at least Rs. 20 to Rs. 24 a week must be reckoned, and yet more if the student desires to be received as a member of a refined and cultivated English family.

Most Indian ladies on coming to this country adopt European dress. Warmth makes this perhaps a matter of advisability, but I avoid expressing my own views on the subject save, it may be, for the streets or the public vehicles. I have known Parsee ladies who have kept their own graceful garb during long periods of residence here, and they, when they went out, always wore a long dark cloak to their feet, and a hat instead of the sari over their shoulders. Assuming that it is decided to wear English costume, it will not be possible to do so for less than Rs. 400 to 500 a year; and then it can only be of the very simplest character. It must be borne in mind that the English climate is exceedingly varied—you will experience days in the summer that will remind you of Madras, and in the winter nothing will seem enough to put on to keep you warm. We have days when it rains from morning till night, snow that demands the stoutest boots to withstand it, and the icy mud into which it often resolves itself, and wind against which it is hard to stand. I do not say that these are frequent extremes, but they all have to be taken into consideration in the matter of clothes. Very fine and thin woollen dresses are the best for summer wear, as the washing of cotton ones is costly in London and in reality, they are not any cooler. The blouse is the unfailing friend of her who would dress economically and yet be neat and trim, for it is to be bought in every possible material, size and price. Equally too, the plain sailor straw hat is worn by all classes, and would be perfectly suitable for the student going to and from the scene of her studies. A nicely cut and tailor made coat and skirt costs from Rs. 64 to Rs. 80, and is appropriate for all occasions. The outfit of European clothes, with its petticoats, stockings and under linen, would require a somewhat larger sum than I have named to

purchase at the beginning, but after that, I think, with care and economy, a good appearance could be maintained for it.

Vacations also imply more outlay. Possibly a student might strike up a warm friendship with another, and be asked on a visit, though this of course cannot be relied upon as a certainty. After the assiduous attendance in class rooms and lectures, a change at the sea side or in the country is highly desirable, alike on the ground of health, and the advantage of seeing something of Great Britain's beauties beyond the streets and buildings of its cities. But just at the time when the student is set free for her holiday, so also are those at all similar centres of learning, and lodgings are at their dearest and most crowded. Happily, we are far kinder to the Indian visitor, in our midst than our general standard of manners in the East might lead such to expect, and the student here will find among her teachers and co-workers the readiest willingness to help and advise her how to spend the time away from the School or College. They will understand that for the first year or so at least she is a stranger in a strange land, to whom scarcely a detail of Western life can be familiar, and she need never hesitate to consult them on the smallest things that seem to her puzzling or even incomprehensible. She will want by degrees to see the sights of London, and there will be free afternoons when she can go with other fellow students to Westminster Abbey, in which the whole history of our English Church and Crown may be said to be crystallized, to St. Paul's, the mighty cathedral of the busy active commercial city, to the tower of London, to the Picture galleries, to the museums of art. Once in a way a theatre or a concert will ease the mind by taking it into another intellectual groove, and make renewed study easier and less tiring. And, I can promise her that, among the clever women among whom she will be thrown, she will find companions who will gladly accompany her to these and many other delightful recreations.

I have purposely left to the last, the wide possibility before a talented and industrious student of winning scholarships or prizes in the course of her training. Many of these exist at all the Schools, some of great value in money, apart from the additional distinction of possessing them, and they may well fire any ambitious girl to want to win them. India, as we all recognize here, is the great field open to women doctors. We can find appointments for a certain number in institutions for children, or wherever large numbers of girls require attention, and under certain favourable conditions they may build up private practices among ladies. But we know the vast possibilities of

the East, the sorrowful call of those in the throes of maternity, of disease, of anguish, and we recall what Kipling wrote of Lady Dufferin, but which may equally be said of every devoted medical woman whom we would welcome and encourage—

If she have sent her servants in our pain,
If she have fought with Death and dulled his sword;
If she have given back our sick again,
And to the breast the weakling lips restored,
Is it a little thing that she has wrought?
Then Life and Death and Motherhood be nought.

Tristram and Iseult.*

[By "IERNE."]



THE Arthurian Legends have had a peculiar fascination for the poets of the 19th Century. The romantic subject has been treated by Swinburne in his *Tristram of Lyonesse*, by Matthew Arnold in "*Tristram and Iseult*," and by Tennyson in "*The Idylls of the King*."

These latter are more ambitious than Swinburne's and Arnold's poems, which are but isolated pictures, while Tennyson gives rather a history of the rise and fall of the Round Table, from the Coming of Arthur to his mysterious passing into the Island Valley of Avilion. Tennyson is so widely read and popular, that an unfavourable comparison of any of his poems with Matthew Arnold's is likely to meet with disapproval. Comparisons no doubt are odious, but they often put things in a new light. The poet who treats only one of the Arthurian Legends, will naturally lavish more care on the special story he has chosen, than the man who is intent on the subject as a whole. This consideration makes it somewhat difficult to compare Tennyson's and Arnold's versions of "*Tristram and Iseult*." In so long a poem as the "*Idylls of the King*," one cannot expect all parts to be equal. Tennyson is certainly not at his best in "*The Last Tournament*," which falls far short of "*The Passing of Arthur*." The numerous incidents in the former Idyll take one's interest away from the chief figures of Tristram and Iseult. Arnold, undistracted by these conflicting threads of romance, brings his story more clearly before the mind. His poem is a series of striking pictures, drawn with a few bold strokes, which make the three principal characters and their surroundings stand out with all the vividness of reality. His language

* Arnold's "*Tristram and Iseult*," compared with Tennyson's version of the same in "*The Idylls of the King*."

is simple, and his metre which changes frequently is more musical and less monotonous than Tennyson's blank verse, which is often parenthetical and involved. Neither is it easy to follow the story of Tristram and Iseult in Tennyson's version, for he gives none of the extenuating circumstances which account for their fall. Arnold relates how Iseult, escorted by Tristram, was travelling from Ireland to Cornwall, bearing with her a "poison rare her mother gave her that King Mark and she might drink it on their marriage day, and for ever love each other"; but by mistake, Tristram and Iseult partook of it on the voyage, and were inspired henceforth with an undying love for each other. Some people may object that since love potions do not exist, one cannot be brought forward as an extenuating fact; but is it not only a poetical description of that first love bestowed with all the intense fervour of youth, which makes the beloved object differ from all else in the world? Love may be tasted many times again, but it will never be like that first bitter sweet draught of the love potion.

Tristram and Iseult were both young and handsome, they were thrown together all day long on the lonely voyage from Ireland to Cornwall; what wonder, as they chatted and sang, that each should be drawn unconsciously towards the other? Probably it was a feeling of pity that first overcame the soul of Tristram as he thought of this beautiful impetuous young girl, leaving her happy home to marry a shambling graceless king, a cowardly villain like Mark. Nor was it strange that the warm hearted Iseult, torn from all the surroundings of childhood, and with the storm clouds of the future looming unknown and terrible before her, in her loneliness should love "Tristram, the peerless harper and hunter," the chivalrous knight, who guarded her so tenderly, and formed the one link between her past and future life.

Tennyson may have purposely omitted these details because the idea contained in them bears so strong a resemblance to the story of Guinevere and Lancelot.

Every plot, it is said, contains three principal characters, either two men and a woman, or *vice versa*. Tennyson, wishing to represent the worst side of this story, chooses as his third character Mark, the deformed king, mean, underhand and cruel, too much of a coward to strike for his rights save by stealth. What wonder if Iseult should love Tristram in preference to such a man, "by whom all men are noble!"

What a contrast to Arnold's third character, Iseult of Brittany, the sweetest Christian soul alive! In the "*Last Tournament*," Tennyson makes Iseult of the White Hands but a shadowy being, merely glancing at her, and describing

her as "patient, prayerful, meek; pale-blooded, she will yield herself to God." In Arnold's poem she is a very real and pathetic figure, with her golden hair, and pale sunken cheeks. Gentle and innocent as a child, she watched patiently by the sick knight's bed, and though she hears him, murmuring in his wanderings of that other Iseult, yet "she raised her eyes upon his face—not with a look of wounded pride, as if the heart complained,—Her look was like a sad embrace; the gaze of one who can divine a grief, and sympathize." "She is of Royal blood and is kind and good," as the poet makes Tristram describe her. The picture of her after his death is too pathetic in its loneliness; her days pass by without a murmur, in prayer and tendance on her children. "Joy has not found her yet, nor ever will." Who could fail to care for this "sweet flower"? Tristram, a love-desperate banished knight, soothed and tended of his fever, loves her, as one loves a child, and out of gratitude marries her. Even in his sickness he is kind and thoughtful for his gentle wife, and sad at seeing her pale. "But there's a secret in his breast, which will never let him rest." Nothing can change his love for the first Iseult, though he strives with a proud reserve to hide "his stately deep distress." All he has suffered makes him at first rather harsh towards Iseult of Ireland, when she comes to his dying bed, but in a moment he forgives her, all, and prays, "Since living we were ununited, Go not far O! Iseult! from my grave."

His manner towards her has none of the rough familiarity of Tennyson's Tristram, who says to Iseult, "May God be with thee, sweet, when old and gray, and past desire. We love but while we may, and therefore is my love so large for thee, seeing it is not bounded save by love."

According to Tennyson, Tristram is a very unpleasant character, cynical and blunt, faithless to his knightly vows, and to his bride. The words of his song show his character. "New loves are sweet as those that went before: Free love—free held we—love but while we may." He is conceited and easily annoyed; because the fool does not laugh at his jokes, or dance to his music, he heaps abuse upon him. Nor is his love for Iseult of Ireland very deep; he only cares for her while she is young and beautiful; when she tries to make him swear to love her even when old, he grows sulky. At the same time he craves for her admiration, and asks her, "Why she tells him no word of her deep heart yearnings for him in the year he was away." Without compunction he tempts Iseult by specious arguments to break her bond, and when remorse overtakes her, he mocks at her need of God. The deterioration in the character of the man that Iseult first loved is well brought

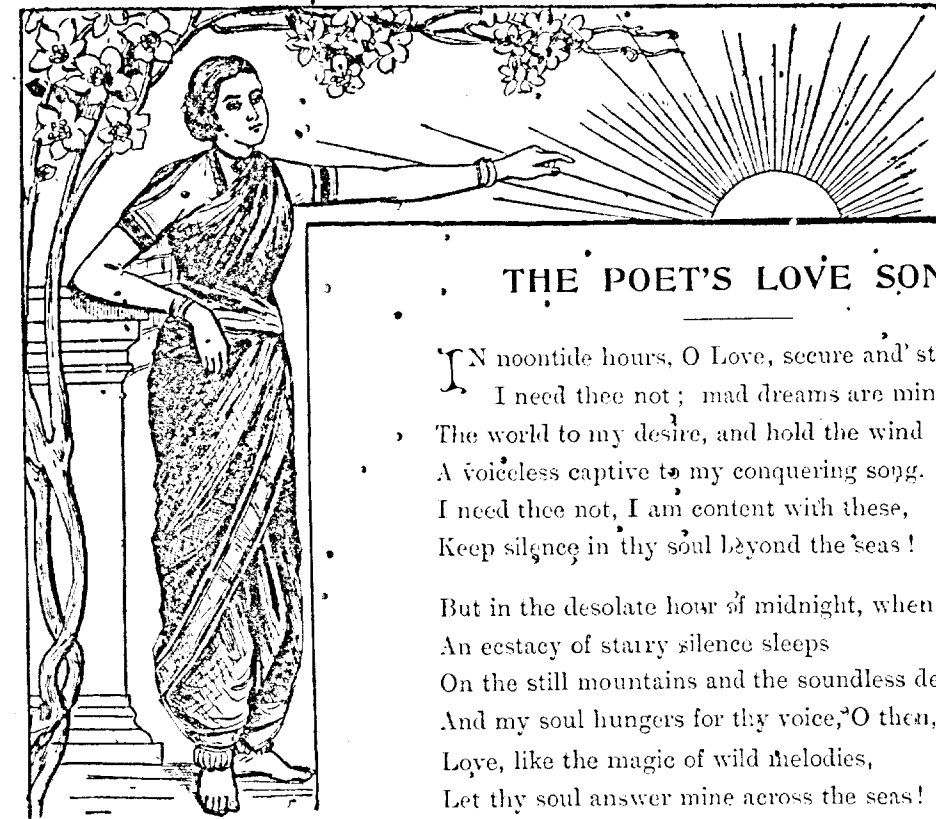
out by her words, "Far other was the Tristram, Arthur's Knight. But thou, thro' ever harrying thy wild beasts—art grown wild beast thyself." Isuelt as Tennyson portrays her, "soft, gracious, kind, save when her Mark is kindled on her lips," is a child of nature, full of untamed moods, passionate love lashed by fierce jealousy, ready at any moment to change to intense hatred. She says to Tristram, "O! were I not my Mark's by whom all men are noble, I should hate thee more than love." Under better influence she might have made a good woman, for she admires that which is noble in the King and Lancelot, and sees how imperfect is the man she loves: her conscience too is still alive, and makes her long to repent and turn to God. But she has none of the dignity and nobleness of Arnold's Isuelt; nor the imperious air of the lovely princess with "her raven hair and proud dark eyes, her petulant quick replies, her dazzling hand with its gesture of command." Afterwards a weeping Queen, humbled, pale, and still, with wasted fingers and sunken cheeks, but stately in her grief, tender and patient with the sufferer who chides her for not breaking the bands which held her and coming to him sooner. Nor is her's the passionate love of Tennyson's Isuelt, verging close on hate, but an enduring devotion, that "lives because so deep suppressed." How differently she speaks of Mark "her deep wronged husband", to whom she strives to do her duty, by hiding her grief and being "a smiling Queen upon her throne?" Neither does she bear any ill-will towards her younger rival, but only asks to share her office, in tending Tristram's dying bed. She has repented of her past, and pours out her soul in prayer before the Virgin Mother, and bids Tristram "call on God and on the holy angels"; and in death her features expressed "a tranquil settled loveliness, her younger rival's purest grace."

The two death scenes are a great contrast, but they have this in common, that each seems a fitting ending to the rest of the poem. Tennyson's fills us with disgust and horror, yet we feel that Tristram deserved the punishment meted out to him by Mark: while in Arnold's version it seems only right, that the "true long parted lovers are joined at evening of their days, and Isuelt leaves her Tristram nevermore." At the end of Arnold's poem one can feel nothing but an overwhelming pity for the three principal actors. It is hard to say which deserves the most sympathy; for both Tristram and Isuelt were fine characters; though circumstances had proved too strong for them, they were purified by suffering, and "since living they were united," death brought them peace, and in their graves they were not divided. Tennyson ends his story abruptly with the death of Tristram,

but Arnold does not let us pass straight from that solemn death-bed into the glare of every day life. Like Browning, when he has strung our feelings to their highest pitch, he changes the subject, and brings us to earth once more. Thus Arnold very skilfully relieves the tension by the description of the knight on the tapestried wall, gazing down upon these lifeless lovers. Had the poem ended here, it would have been very effective, for the third part which follows is somewhat long. It is satisfactory to hear how Isuelt of Brittany lived after Tristram's death, but the description of Meylin and Vivien, though very pretty, is wanting in interest after the painful sadness of Tristram and Isuelt's story, which stirs us till we almost wish one of the characters had been less noble, that some sentiment other than pity might have been aroused. Though Tennyson and Arnold have treated exactly the same subject, the latter seems to have imparted a higher tone to his characters and produced a much finer poem. One feels no inclination to read "The Last Tournament" a second time, but closes it with a sigh of relief at having reached the end of an unpleasant, and not very edifying poem, in which there is little to choose between any of the characters. But Arnold's version grows upon one more and more, and raises one's soul on to a higher plane; new beauties are disclosed each time one reads the beautiful story, and the music of its lines vibrates ever in the chords of memory.

The Viceroy, unveiling in Calcutta, last month, the statue of Queen Victoria, paid the following tribute to her memory:—

"Queen Victoria fills no smaller place in our minds and hearts to-day—in some respects perhaps she fills a larger place—than a year ago. I am not speaking for the English only. To the Indian Queen Victoria represented the Sovereign who had reigned for almost the longest period in history over the most powerful Empire that Asia has ever known. She was also the Royal woman and wife and mother who had borne more than her due share of human sorrow and suffering; but, above all, she was the ruler who had loved all her people alike, and had bent over her Indian subjects with mingled attributes of tenderness and majesty. To the Englishman she was even more. Through all our lives she had been to all of us, not merely the embodiment of gracious dignity and loving sympathy, and a pattern of every public and domestic virtue, but she was also the symbol of the nationality to which we rejoice to belong, and of the Empire whose citizens or instruments we are. The Queen to them was England, and England was the Queen. Institutions may fill a people with pride, race may impel men to deeds of chivalry or daring; but neither institutions nor race by themselves will ever exercise the same influence over the heart of men as will the living personality of one who typifies all that is best and noblest in both and who clothes with flesh and blood what might otherwise be a phrase or an abstraction. Such, in my judgment, was the service of Queen Victoria to the British Empire."



THE POET'S LOVE SONG.

IN noontide hours, O Love, secure and strong,
I need thee not; mad dreams are mine to bind
The world to my desire, and hold the wind
A voiceless captive to my conquering song.
I need thee not, I am content with these,
Keep silence in thy soul beyond the seas!

But in the desolate hour of midnight, when
An ecstasy of starry silence sleeps
On the still mountains and the soundless deeps,
And my soul hungers for thy voice, O then,
Love, like the magic of wild melodies,
Let thy soul answer mine across the seas!

Sarojini Naidu.

Is it Fair?

IS it fair for those in whom strength is manifest,
Strength to fight and strength to resist—
For those arrived in harbour safe—
Is it fair, I ask, for such to have no care
For weaker mortals less securely placed?
Is it fair?

Is it fair that they should rest in their security,
And lend no hand to thrust aside
Dangers that beset unsheltered ones,
But rather standing by cull pleasure from
Their vain weak strugglings against desperate odds?

Is it fair?

Is it fair even though they pity from afar,
With kindly heart-felt sympathy—
But giving pity, give no more—
Is it fair, I ask, even thus to stand aloof
From helping those who cannot help themselves?
Is it fair?

Ev. W.

A visit to Amarnath.

[By Miss ELIZA GOURI SANKAR.]



IN India, while the evolution of the idea of God was in an earlier stage, there was created in the minds of the people a love and veneration for the persons of the Great Religious Teachers and for the idolised deities created by them.

This idea of holiness, attached to the places which enshrine them, drew large masses of people to pay an adequate tribute of worship to them. And one of such places of pilgrimage is the famous cave of Amarnath, which enshrines the Snow God. Of all places of interest to which men from all parts of the land flock in hundreds and thousands, I have chosen this particular spot, not merely for the religious devotion displayed by the pilgrims, but also for the exquisite beauty of nature that one here observes. It would give me immense satisfaction if this small paper of mine induces some of the gentler readers of the magazine to witness the wonderful scenes unfolded around them in the beautiful valley of Cashmere, and especially on their way to Amarnath.

Situated on the borders of the Ladak, high amongst the Western Himalayas, the journey to this place is beset with troubles and dangers which only the stoutest of hearts can undertake. Not far from the source of the river Jhelum stands the beautiful town of Islamabad. I started from this, witnessing, as I passed through, some of the most beautiful scenery in the world. The earlier portion of the day is most pleasant for the contemplation of the grandeur of mountain majesty. But who can describe its beauty in words? Now the daylight bursts suddenly through the thin feathery clouds mildly shining on the gigantic rocks floating apparently in an ocean of white mist. Before another minute is over, we see a dark cloud gathering over our head darkening the whole scene, as it passes before the sun; and ah! how strange! A moment hence, we see the white shining mountains piled one over the other, clothed as it were with a bright sheet of silver. A few steps farther, we come to the neighbourhood of small rivers and streams, the mist and haze encircling the scene with a poetic and picturesque effect, which the pen of Byron, or the brush of Cellini alone, can adequately paint.

As it was the time of the full moon, when the most devoted worshipper of Siva travels to this holy spot for his *darsana*, I saw behind me hundreds of Sadhus, marching towards "these palaces of Nature," chanting peculiar hymns and devo-

tional songs that rang melodiously through the air.

When we look at the gay and fantastic sight, — tents of yellow cloth, tents of all sizes, shapes and colours, every kind of dress and turban, the glow of countless cooking fires, scarlet palanquin tops, and groups of Sannyasins and Yogis in their various garbs, — we are impressed with a mighty wonder; a band of devoted hearts seeking to pay adoration to Him in the fastnesses of mountain rocks; surely Religion is the over-mastering passion of the Aryan race.

The scene that creates the greatest impression on our minds is perhaps the one at nightfall, when the "cold round moon shines deeply down," reflecting her silvery beams on earth, now and then overshadowed by the thin clouds that flit over her. We really begin to doubt if all this is illusory; we are struck with the whole mountain scenery rendered mysteriously awful by the silent grandeur that reigns unsurpassed in that most heavenly of spots on earth. We are half appalled and half delighted with its grandeur and sublimity. Unperceived and unthought-of rise upon my memory those famous lines of the immortal bard—

"Oh, thou Parnassus! whom I now survey,
Not in the frenzy of a dreamer's eye
Not in the fabled landscape of a lay,
But soaring snowclad thro' the native sky
In the wild pomp of mountain majesty.
What marvel if I thus essay to sing?
The humblest of thy pilgrims passing by
Would gladly woo thine echoes with his string,
Though from thy heights, no more, no muse will
Wave her wing."

Moonlight is at all times lovely, but those who have not witnessed it in India can have no correct idea of the magic charm which it throws over the scenery. There is a brilliancy in its mellow light and an attractive delicacy about its tints which cannot be found beyond the tropics. The smallest stars glitter like planets and the whole sky seems to be overspread with a continuous sheet of spangling flame. Its effect upon the scenery is truly wonderful and more so upon an æsthetic mind. All nature breathes a tenderness over the soul. At least, this has been my experience when I was in the midst of mountains, lighted up by the soft and silvery beams of the rising Moon.

Feasting my eyes upon such a fantastic scenery, I reached Bawan with the moving crowd. And here the moonlight before the dawn is exceedingly beautiful. Plodding slowly onwards, we reached Pablgams. Here, under the solemn shadow of the mountain firs, we catch the first sounds of the roaring torrent of Lidar and stop for the day at this lovely spot. As we leave Chandrawara, we find the country rises a little,

and now begin the series of difficulties before we reach our destination. We make two tremendous ascents, and flesh and blood rebel against our fool-hardiness. We are entirely out of the region of plentiful fuel wherewith to warm our chilling frames.

We push on steadily upwards till at last we come to the source of the Lidar, lying in the half melted waters of Seshanaga, 500 ft. below us. The scene is cold and bleak and stormy; mountain peaks of snow in two or three directions are visible.

This is the first time in our journey when we are in the midst of perfect silence. No more we hear the rushing torrent blending its music with the whispering pines. Here, indeed, is a rivulet hushed in an icy cradle at our feet. High behind us, as we climb the grey peaks, rises the full moon touching the sacred peaks with her silvery white. Nowhere is the blue of the midnight sky so deep. The silent stars above us overlook the scene with apparent calmness, while night spreads her mantle over the mountain tops. Ah! one cannot help recalling Byron's description of the night at the siege of Corinth.

"'Tis midnight; on the mountains brown
The cold round moon shines deeply down
.....blue the sky
Spreads like an ocean hung on high
Bespangled with those isles of light
So wildly spiritually bright.
Whoever gazed upon them shining,
And turned to earth without repining
Nor wished for wings to flee away
And mix with their eternal ray."

Winding our course among peaks and glaciers, we reach next day the Place of the Five Streams, near Panchatarini. Here the ice ceases higher up, and from it begins to flow four small rivulets which, after a meandering course, join together at the lower end. Here again we come across one of the peculiar and characteristic display of the Sannyasins and Yogis; in spite of the intense and biting cold, men, women, and children, faithfully perform five ablutions while crossing the spaces between the streams with wet garments clinging to their shivering forms.

Right up on the high bank, the tents are being pitched, fires kindled, preparations for the midday meal are in full swing. Our meals over, we begin again our journey, and before we reach Seshanaga, we have to ford many a chill and half-frozen torrent. We have to climb two hundred feet above us, and there witness the "silent pinnacles of aged snow" holding converse with each other, undistracted by the sights and sounds of the little creeping animal-man.

There are usually three ways from Panchatarini to Amarnath; one is absolutely impassable as there are no ice bridges, while another is so

steep and high that it would be the veriest madness to attempt it. We, therefore, preferred the other way. Long before day-break, calls are made from tent to tent, pilgrims pass out one after another with shouts and songs, having for their theme love to God and to fellowmen.

Down the valley we go and the road is not without danger. The cold is bitter, but a little dry. The whole day the party moves; men, women and children, Sadhus and Sannyasins in their thin garments, the ash clad Yogis of all orders all move on, on and on with cheery hearts to reach the goal.

Now Gokul Doss chants a few slokas from the Gita, and the whole party moving hears them with enraptured souls. A moment hence the followers of Siva, shouts with upraised hands, "Parvatipathaya Namah!" and the whole crowd responds to him in accents more loud and piercing. There is a terrible hour or two before the procession is exactly at the cave. It has many slopes to ascend and descend; a false step in either case, means instant death. Notwithstanding these and similar dangers, the procession reaches the cave. Here again, we are struck with the pleasant confusion that generally prevails among the tumultuous crowds, — some bathing in the holy river, some shouting for joy as they enter the sacred precincts of the Temple of the god of gods, some muttering the monotonous Siva, Siva, and others chanting the Vedic Hymns with eyes closed in meditation. "Religion! What treasure untold is hid in that heavenly word." Verily, Religion is the over-mastering passion of our race.

The story founded on myths is reserved for a future paper.

Mahommedan Marriage Customs.



[By a MOSLEM LADY.]

ABOUT twenty years ago, Mahommedans married their children very early — when they were infants almost — but lately a change has taken place — the inevitable reaction has set in, and the custom is dying a slow but sure death. It is very seldom indeed now that a girl is married before

she is from thirteen to fifteen, or a boy from eighteen to twenty.

There are a host of ceremonies to be performed before a marriage can take place, but I have no intention of describing each and all of them, and so wearying my readers.

I shall just describe three or four of the principal ones and try to give an impression as to what a Mahomedan wedding really is.

The betrothal generally takes place in childhood and the proposal always comes from the boy's people. If it is accepted, the girl's mother sends or gives sweets to the bringers of the "Paigam," i. e., proposal, and the bridegroom's mother returns the compliment by sending dresses and ornaments for the girl. In the betrothal ceremony the bridegroom-elect has no part to play at all! Very often it takes place when he is not present. His mother gives clothes and jewels to the bride, cracks her knuckles over her head for good luck, and distributes almonds and cocoanuts and various other things.

The betrothal as well as marriage ceremony take place at the bride's house. Two or three weeks before the marriage, the bride is not supposed under any consideration to go out or see people. In some places, specially in Hyderabad, this custom "marja," as it is called, is very strictly observed. She not only keeps purdah with the men but with the women folk also! She is shut up in a room with some of her friends, where they sleep, eat, and spend all the time for a fortnight or so. The whole time the bride is in "marja" she wears saffron coloured clothes and none of the bridegroom's people are allowed to see her, much less the bridegroom himself!

Very often it happens that the bride and bridegroom never see each other till their marriage. But this custom too is gradually disappearing.

On the marriage day the bride has to undergo many tiresome operations. Her friends colour her hands and feet with "henna," or as it is more commonly known "metrendie," which occupies nearly four hours. This stuff is kept on the hand till it is quite dry and stains the hand a deep purple red. Of course all that time the bride is simply powerless to move or do any little thing, and she has to be fed and taken care of like a little baby! All day long singing and playing on the "dhole" (a sort of drum which is used to beat time) is kept on by way of amusing the bride; but sometimes it is a torture rather than a pleasure to hear it. While the bride's hands are thus coloured by her friends two of her sisters or cousins go and apply metrendie to the little finger of the bridegroom. This causes great amusement, for the bridegroom objects to having it done! Such things are for women, not for men! However after much fuss and supplications he condescends—but (man-like) invariably takes his revenge by wiping his finger on the saree of his sister-in-law! Rather an ungallant proceeding, but still it is done.

When the bride is being dressed and adorned for the ceremony which usually takes place after sunset, the bridegroom forms a procession and goes round on what is known as *shub-gusht*. This procession is headed by the priests and near relations of the bridegroom, followed by torch bearers and little urchins, who fire crackers and let off fire-works every now and then; the tom-toms make a terrible noise, and last but not least comes the bridegroom on a horse generally and his host of friends. The bridegroom is made conspicuous by his wearing a large veil of flowers, mostly jassamine and roses, tied on his forehead which nearly reaches his knees. This veil of flowers is called a "Sehra." The bride has to wear one also, but hers is much smaller and lighter. As a rule the bridegroom's sehra is sent by the bride's mother and vice versa.

The procession goes round a few streets till it comes to the bride's house and then it stops a good distance away from it.

The bridegroom declines to enter the house until his father-in-law comes and leads him in, and the father-in-law thinks it beneath his dignity to walk out such a distance merely to bring in a son-in-law! That would seem as if he wanted to get rid of his daughter! In old days they had quarrels over this sometimes, but now of course it is done simply as a matter of custom. The poor bridegroom has to wait a long time and his followers and friends keep up a running fire of fire-works, till he is taken inside, just to show that his dignity is in no way injured! After a great deal of fuss the father-in-law relents and meets his son-in-law halfway. When the mulla comes to that part of the ceremony where the girl's consent is asked to the marriage, two of her nearest relations, generally her uncle and brother, or any two appointed witnesses come and ask the bride whether she is willing to marry or not.

If she says "yes" it is all right, if not the marriage cannot take place. So it will be seen that a Mahomedan girl can never be married absolutely by force.

Then after the ceremony is over the same giving and taking of jewels and garments is repeated, but this time the bridegroom comes in for a share of it also. The bride, when she is being taken home, is carried in a palanquin or carriage, by her brother; in some places the bridegroom carries her himself.

Before the bridegroom leaves, his toes are washed with milk by his mother-in-law for good luck! When at last they reach home the bride and bridegroom are made to play any little game. If the bride wins, it is supposed that she will be the

supreme power in the house—if not, then the bridegroom triumphs!

But it invariably happens that the bride wins! I do not know how that is managed!

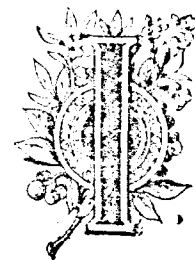
We have nothing like honey-moon. In fact, it is rather the other way, for the bride spends the whole day at her mother's house for two or three weeks after the marriage.

"ZENUT."

Hindu Heroines.

THE SITA OF BHAVABHUTI.

[BY PANDIT S. M. NATESA, SASTRI,
B.A., M.F.L.S.]



IT is the opinion of some of the Sanskrit scholars that the dramatist, Bhavabhuti, has excelled even Kalidasa, in his drama, the *Uttararamacharita* or "The later fortunes of Rama."

Uttararamacharite Bhavabhutih vishishyate.

This, in our opinion, is true in so far as the author's power of evoking the softer emotions of the heart is concerned. Bhavabhuti, who flourished in the first half of the eighth century, has done this to perfection in the *Uttararamacharita*. But as a poet his position must always be below Kalidasa in several respects. We need not here discuss their relative merits, but shall content ourselves in describing the type of Bhavabhuti's heroine, Sita, as depicted in his drama; enabling our readers, especially those who may not be acquainted with Sanskrit literature, to form a correct idea of the story of the drama.

'Uttararamacharita,' as the very name implies, is the history of Rama, after his coronation, and it is a very sad history. Confining ourselves to the play we find that just after the coronation ceremony was over the old ladies of the harem, king Dasaratha's wives, had left Ayodhya for the hermitage of Rishyasringa to be present there at a twelve years' sacrifice which had just then commenced; for the daughter of Raghu's family, Santa, was the wife of Rishyasringa, and the rules required that the ladies should honour the daughter of their family on such an occasion. Even the family priest Vasishtha and his lady, Arundhati, proverbial for every virtue, had gone to attend the sacrifice. Queen Sita, who, soon expecting to be a mother, was in a delicate state of health, was all the sadder to have lost the company of her father Janaka, who was also one of the guests for the coronation feast and who had left even earlier than the others to attend

to his religious duties. Rama tries his best to cheer his sad wife. While engaged in conversation with her, a messenger informs Rama that Ashtavakra has come down from the hermitage of Rishyasringa. The sage informs Rama that Vasishtha begs pardon of Sita for not having taken her to the sacrifice as she was in a delicate state, and also bids him that the sole duty of the newly-installed emperor should be to secure the good will of his subjects. After this scene, through a most unfortunate desire on the part of Rama to test public opinion, as to how his government was looked upon by the people, he learns that the only slur cast upon him is his acceptance of Sita after her temporary abode in the island of Lauka, under the Rakshasa chieftain, Ravana. Notwithstanding public rumour, Sita is the chastest lady to him. Nevertheless, to please the public, which he should do as a king, in accordance with the sage Vasishtha's advice, Rama banishes Sita and with her banishes his happiness. He considers himself to be the newly-installed Rama only reigning to please his subjects. The banishment of his dear wife was done with the sole object of following Vasishtha's advice to the very letter. This was taken as the greatest insult ever offered to chastity by all the greatest personages—Arundhati, Lopamudra, Ganga (the Ganges), Vasundhara (the Earth), Janaka and others. But Rama, after doing this cruel act, is never happy even for a moment. His cruelty to his chaste and confiding wife is always present to his mind. In her banished state, Sita becomes a mother and gives birth to Kusa and Lava, and, unknown to her, two goddesses take care of the twins and deliver them to Valmiki. After twelve years of suffering, Rama is again united to his wife and children, and this takes place in the presence of all his subjects, who were invited for this special occasion by the sages, gods, and goddesses.

Such is brief the story; but to understand the several touches of emotion which the poet has lavished upon the subject, the several scenes in it describing the undeserved calumny, the sympathies of the several female friends of Sita on the sad news of her banishment, the mourning of Rama, the weeping of Sita, the several methods employed by the sylvan goddesses to bring about meetings between Rama and Sita in a fashion unknown to each other (*traskarini vidya*), the nursing of the twins by the goddesses, Ganges and Earth, their education under Valmiki and a thousand other things, the drama must be read in the original, or in a literal translation.

Sita, to a Hindu mind, is a combination of every feminine virtue. There is a proverb among the Hindus which states that though Sita was living in the forest for ten years and for four years with

her husband Rama and his brother Lakshmana, she had never raised her head to a look at Lakshmana's face. The 'so-called ordeal' by fire in the island of Lanka 'to establish her chastity was the greatest insult ever offered to her, for she was purity itself—most pure from her very birth. She was fire itself which never required another fire to purify it, or the holiest of waters which never required extraneous help to make it holy.

Was all this mere exaggeration? No. Her birth, her education, her noble connections, in fact everything about her, made her from the very commencement of her existence such a high ideal of womanly virtues. The goddess Earth was her mother. The greatest of philosophers, Janaka, equal to the lord of the world himself in protecting his subjects, was her father. She was married into a family in which the Sun-God was born, a family of which Vasishtha was the presiding priest. She was the purest ray of prosperity to both the families of Janaka and Raghu, and came into existence from the divine sacrificial ground itself. Her father Janaka had such a high regard for her that when he heard it said that her purity had to be tried by fire he breaks out into a great rage and exclaims: "What is fire before my daughter? What power has fire to purify one of my race? It is my race that must purify fire. The word Sita is far above fire."

If this be considered the boast of an insulted father, let us hear what Arundhati says on behalf of Sita. Arundhati, the incarnation of womanly virtue, when weeping for Sita, exclaims: "You may be younger by several years and you may be my disciple. Let these considerations be set at naught. I am your slave, dragged to your side by the superiority of your unsullied life. You are a goddess to be worshipped by the whole world, notwithstanding your age and sex, for merit must always remain as the test for sincere devotion and not age or sex."

Thus was Sita meant by the very gods themselves to be the true and loyal wife of Rama, as perfect in her own way as Rama was in his. Sita lived only for Rama, as Rama did for Sita. Even to this day newly-married couples are blessed: "May you both live together as Rama and Sita!" From the very day of her marriage with Rama, Sita was his true companion. Whether in the palace or in the forest,—in youth or in old age—she followed him like his shadow, true and faithful to him. She was a companion to him in weal and woe, and accompanied him in all his stages of life. She ministered to all his comforts. The more he grew old, the more her love for him increased, for it was an intelligent love which ripened as their friendship ripened. She expected nothing in return from him.

Her sole and only ambition was to live and die with Rama, wherever he might be. She delighted in forests and exclaimed at every moment of her forest life, that she could spend any number of days in the forest living as she did always with him;—her attachment to her lord was so great.

When the arrival of Ashtavakra is announced to her lord, while he was talking to her, she replies at once:—"Why then delay in conducting him in?" She is thus always careful in following the inclinations of her noble lord. Sita was so endearing to all the elders in her husband's home, that the ladies of Dasaratha, her mother-in-law, Kausalya and others, refused to enter Ayodhya, as long as their dear daughter-in-law was not present in the city, a refusal in which Arundhati too joined. This will account for the high esteem in which Sita was held. The very servants of the palace stand dumb with astonishment, when they hear the impertinence of the people in speaking ill of Sita.

Sita, when banished, goes to the forest, only temporarily as she thinks, and when she misses her lord by her side, for Rama had promised to accompany her and show her the forest scenes, she says to herself that she will scold him on her return, if only her love for him would allow her to do so. For she knows, from her past experience, to be an impossible feat to be angry with him; and we know that she is a slave in his presence.

But at the very commencement of her pleasure trip to the forest her right eye throbs and forebodes the calamity in store, but even then like a devoted wife she exclaims to herself that the feet of her lord would protect her. Even before her journey, Rama had recommended her to the kind graces of the goddesses of the Earth and the Ganges.

Sita was banished. She had not as much misery as Rama; rather the reader, in the *Uttararamacharita*, is not informed of it to such an extent as that of Rama's. From what we gather from the drama, Sita's greatest and sole grief, even in her banishment, was Rama's absence from her. Throughout the third act of the drama, we find that Sita accuses her grateful companions, Vasanti, Tamasa and others for their accusing Rama, pities him for his sorrows, notwithstanding his extreme cruelty to her, and in his miseries forgets her own greater miseries and requests her companions to be more kind to her lord. She is anxious every moment to show herself to him, to fall down at his feet and to beg of him to take her back, though it was, as she knew it to be the case, impossible for her to succeed in this. Sita swoons for Rama's miseries and

(Continued on page 300.)



“SHAHINDA.”
(ONE OF OUR LADY CONTRIBUTORS.)

A SILVER WEDDING IDYLL.

THE GUEDEMAN TO HIS WIFE.

DEAR wife, the tide of the years has flow'd,
 Since, joyous and happy, and hand clasping hand,
 We started to journey adown life's road,
 That fair, far morn when it seemed that the land
 Was filled with the bliss that cometh from God,
 And our heartstrings thrilled to the beating of love;—
 I gaze back to-day on the path we have trod
 And utter a prayer to the Father above!

As year after year we've journeyed thro' life,
 And the laughter and love of the children came
 To add to the radiance of days ever bright,
 Our love shed a purer, a steadier flame.
 The years they have aged, our way has been long,
 But hearts are the same and feelings still young,
 And the tale of our days were they weav'd into song
 Would be sweetest of themes that poets have sung!

Your step, I admit, is no longer as light
 As on that day of all days I claimed you my bride,
 And I'm certain, dear wife, some traces of white
 In your once raven tresses you're attempting to hide—
 But no matter, my dear, ev'n if so be the case,
 Since love has not altered, but stronger has grown;
 I gaze on your trusting and beautiful face
 And know I have loved, and shall love, you alone!

The living-dead days have not been without pain,
 For the river of life ne'er unruffled doth glide;
 Still, dear, could I live my whole life o'er again
 'Tis you, only you, I would wish by my side.
 Then, while lov'd ones are round and the air breathes of bliss
 And Heav'n in its goodness has spared us till now,
 Come, sweetheart and wife, let me give you a kiss!
 What! you blush? you're getting quite bashful, I trow!

THE GUEDEWIFE'S REPLY.

Thro' the years we've spent together,
 In serene and stormy weather,
 Faithful we have been till now,
 To our holy altar vow.
 Heaven has blest our wedded days
 In a myriad different ways.

Children—called of poets, flowers—
 Lov'd and loving, they are ours;
 Peace has dwelt within our house,
 Binding closer husband, spouse;
 And to-day, with hearts elate,
 Our "happy day" we celebrate.

I mind the time when handsome, young,
 The tale of love you sweetly sung
 To me, and won my maiden heart;
 Tho' Then and Now be far apart,
 The love with which those days were blest
 Has never lost its early zest.

Hand in hand and soul to soul,
 Tho' time may flee and seasons roll,
 Unchanging will affection last
 In days to come, as in the past;
 And as with us, so let it be
 With the children whom round us we see!

On this our Silver Wedding day,
 Fond husband, be this little lay
 An earnest, if a feeble, token
 Of plighted vows that ne'er were broken,
 Of love whose flame has aye been pure,
 And like the stars, shall aye endure!

"ROLLO."

(Continued from page 298.)

Rama for Sita's, though the misery of each is unknown to the other.

The predominating element of the play, the emotion of sorrow, is worked to the highest pitch in the third act of the drama, and the substance of the whole act is nothing but the mutual love of Rama and Sita which never lost its keenness, notwithstanding the long separation of twelve full years.

There is no mention of Sita till the seventh act. Her asylum in the nether world, her children entrusted to Valmiki's care and everything about her are clearly given out at the several stages of the play. When Sita is again introduced in the seventh act, Rama is unable to hear the miseries of her life during her banishment, justly swoons, and it is again Sita's touch that revives him. And when he revives it is no less a personage than Arundhati that returns to Rama his Sita, admonishes him for his cruelty to his chaste and loving wife, accuses the people for their unworthy conduct towards that gem of womankind, and congratulates him on his having with him a Sita in flesh and blood, instead of her image in gold for completing the sacrifice.

Even after having heard such a strong recommendation, Sita's great fear was whether her lord would consent, and when he said 'yea', she felt herself to have been brought back to life. Thus, throughout the *Uttararamacharita*, we find Sita, the admired gem of womankind, the most virtuous lady whose sole object was only to please, and to be obedient to Rama, the true type of a Hindu wife to a Hindu husband, suffering calamities by the perversity of fate. When her evil days were over, she regained her position with renewed honour. The abode of Sita with the Rakshasa chieftain and her banishment were all the workings of her evil fate, and who could close that door of fate when Sita's one hundred friends, all gods and goddesses, saints and sages, were not able to do it.

Sita is not only not lessened in her virtue for all her hard trials, but she comes out all the more honourably out of them; for the goddesses—the Earth and the Ganges—say that they are the more purified by their contact with Sita. And not only do the goddesses, but the whole world must so deem itself.

Radha: a Story of Hindu Life.



HE curtain rises and we see one Vamana Sastri sitting on the muddy pial of his house, in the High Street in the humble village of Sitanagaram and conversing with some one who is handling a skin-bag full of glingling silver coins and currency notes. The time is about eight in the night and we take a peep into the house. We find his wife, Susila, busily engaged in cooking. Her maiden daughter, Radha, is sitting by her side talking sometimes and singing rustic songs. Now she has abruptly stopped and is helping her mother in the preparation of the meals. In the courtyard we find brass vessels full of water about to be offered as Arghya (handful of water) during the ceremony of Sandhya (evening ablution), by the master of the house who has just now returned from the shrine of Bhavani, the village goddess. The sounds of the temple gong ring auspiciously in our ears and in the ears of the two persons who have taken their stand on the pial; and the one with money in his hand suddenly beams with joy, and exclaims: "What! Vamana Sastri! Have you made a firm resolve to give away your fair daughter Radha in marriage to me, as I am now put to great trouble and inconvenience for want of a proper wife to look after my household business? Say 'Yes' or 'No,' I cannot wait, I am leaving for Vasantipore to-night to make arrangements in case you fail to give me a proper answer."

"That is all right, but you should not be in a hurry. I have already told you that I am worsted by that wretched fool of a fellow, Lakshmana Sastri, over a trifling matter. I have to pay him about Rs. 2,500, and unless I get Rs. 4,000 from you, I cannot give away my beloved daughter. Surely she is not born for nothing, poor thing! She is already twelve, and I admit that if she is disposed of this year, poor Vamana Sastri cannot hold up his head again. Stop! Stop! What is that? Is it not the sound of the temple bell? Very auspicious indeed, but she will be waiting for me, poor wife! What do you say to it? A pie less than that I won't receive. Go! Go!" so saying he rose up and made for the door of his house.

"Don't go! don't go! Wait sir, please," cried the first man and brought Vamana back to his seat. "What! Sastri, you are very greedy indeed, but all the same, here is your money—Rs. 4,000, take it and to-morrow when I return be ready with your Panchangam (Almanack) so

that we can fix an auspicious hour for celebrating the marriage. Now I go; all things considered, the business is settled I suppose! I shall take leave, Sastri. May you be happy. Long live my affianced Radha!" so saying he went his way to his house situated in the street on the other side of the Temple.

"Now my poverty has forced me," soliloquised the father who had just made his bargain, "to sacrifice my girl to this cursed Sankara Sastri, the Village Munsiff. I have to pay to that deceitful lawyer some Rs. 2,000, without any cause whatever. But my wife insists on giving Radha to that wicked Narayanan, the run-away son of the rice merchant, Ramalinga Aiyar. Alas! I am unable to follow any course. Curse the day when I was born!" Thus reproaching himself, he went in and was, as usual, accosted by his daughter. "Father, why late every day? If you go on in this way, I won't wait for you hereafter." "No, my dear Radha" said the Brahmin, "never will I do this again. To-day the Zemindar of Kalahasti sent his clerk to make offerings to the god and goddess of our Temple and I had to recite hymns on the auspicious occasion." "Have you brought any Prasadam or at least kunkuma from the Temple?" asked the loving girl. "Yes and something more," rejoined the father, handing to her the tiny packet. "It is a lucky day; I have arranged for your marriage which will take place very soon. What! Is it not good news to you, Radha?" This sudden information elicited from her an indifferent reply.

"You are always funny. Father, I am hungry. Do your Sandya soon and take your meals." So saying, she went in dejectedly to make preparations for supper. This Radha, as already said, was a girl of rare beauty and refined accomplishments. She had no English education, but she was well versed in Tamil, Telugu and Sanskrit, and she had also secured a diploma at the Mysore Telugu Lower Secondary Examination. She was now of marriageable age and a suitable match could not be obtained anywhere. Her father, Vamana Sastri, had tried his best to procure one, but there was this consideration that the bridegroom should be either a B.A., or a B.A., B.L., and this was the earnest desire of Radha and her mother. Our Shastri, despite his strenuous efforts, was at a loss to decide in favour of any of the candidates who came to claim her hand. For all the horoscopes were contrary to the welfare and prosperity of our Radha, and hence all the applications were rejected in utter despair. So he now decided in favour of any person, his position, wealth and means not being taken into consideration. But a new difficulty soon presented itself, and he had not money enough to celebrate the marriage according to his position and dignity. For

he was a debtor, tormented and bullied and dragged to the court by that notorious Lakshmana Sastri. Who would give him the required money? Who would trust a pauper? None but a grand rich man would do for him. This man was soon to be found in the village itself, and he was no other than our popular Munsiff, Sankara Sastri. His house gave Vamana Sastri a ready welcome, and when the subject of borrowing money from him was broached, rays of joy gleamed in the Munsiff's eyes, and he was glad to see that an opportunity had fallen by chance for him, to accomplish his long-cherished desire. He was a widower. With this man, our Vamana Sastri tried to make an alliance. Every day Vamana was paying homage to the shrine of Kubera (the god of wealth), who had for the present taken his abode in the house of the Munsiff, and was always returning without any blessing in return.

It was a few days before the one on which the conversation detailed above took place. It was a moonlit night and the moon with its clear crystalline light was playing hide and seek among the fleecy clouds. Vamana Sastri was sitting on the pial—the drawing and waiting room of the ancients—enjoying the cool southern breeze, when Sankara Sastri entered, and, saying "Namaska, ram," took his seat on the opposite pial. "Well, Sastri, how are you getting on? What about your money? Hush! I want to ask you one thing. Have you not a girl of 12 or 13 about to attain her age? When are you going to have her married? Have you got a bridegroom in readiness? Better do it soon, else you are a ruined man. Sankara Charya will not allow it, for my part I won't. Take care of the penalty." "What penalty?" asked our Vamana. "Penalty! why, it is social ostracism from the community. Are you not aware of the fate of that Neogi Brahmin of Krishna-thiram?" "Yes, your worship, I have tried my best, but everywhere I meet with failure. I will give her to any body old or young. I do not care for his position. What do you say?"

"Yes, I do agree with you. If so, why hunt after penniless old bridegrooms, when the candidate stands before you." This he said with a grin on his face. "You know I am in urgent need of a wife. But I do not like to press you. As for the money I am ready to give it. Interest 18 per cent. I daresay you understand that. Think over it."

"Yes, I thought as much; but I was afraid to introduce the topic of matrimony myself. I am perfectly willing to give my daughter to you;—but my wife."

"I know, I know. A graduate perhaps, who struggles for a 15 Rs. post at a Taluq Cutcherry. Yes,—yes,—your wife wants to have a B. A. son-in-law,—that thin lanky fellow who

made his appearance here some two years ago and criticised all our Vaidiks, and their modes of religious ceremonies, styling himself a reformer as if newly sprung from heaven. Do not think I am ignorant of what is going on around. I heard then that he had a great liking towards your daughter Radha and even had the audacity to call her and propose to her as if he had been the bride destined to be so by Brahma himself. But, why think of him? He quarrelled with his old grand-father and ran away to that—what do they call it—Pattnam or Madras, the most unhealthy and uncleanly city in the whole of Bharata Khanda. There reign supreme sin and corruption everywhere, and there the low-caste man claims equal rank with the Brahmin. In one of the dirty quarters he was found, and I do not know if he is dead already. He is a poor, ragged youth, even if he be alive, which I hope not. What if he be a B. A.; I challenge any B. A. to come forward and prepare the road cess accounts as neatly and accurately as I do."

"Ah, Munsiff, why so much? You are a man of lengthy speeches. I never entertained any such idea of giving away my beloved daughter to that mean and wretched son of a merchant. Never. My wife is very crazy and always imagines things beyond her vision. A diamond ear-ring will satisfy her. I shall go home. Let me know what you decide."

"Yes. Let me have your daughter for my wife and in return I pledge to give you Rs. 4,000 for ornaments and for the expenses. It is a secret. Do you understand? Mind, not a word outside."

"But I cannot give you, a positive answer: let me consult my wife and then reply. Meanwhile pay me the money."

"No! Sir, go home and let me have the decision day after to-morrow. Meanwhile I will have the document drafted by Lukshmana Sastri, so that we both may go the next day and have it registered before Narasinga Row, the sub-registrar of Kuppam. Do not fail to meet me; I will go to your house on my way to the Temple."

* * * * *

The day dawned and the sun had risen in the east and was busily engaged in shooting forth his silvery arrows from his celestial quiver, caring for nothing in the world. While, under the white coloured airy expanse, every mortal in the village of Sitanagaram seemed to be astir from an early hour. The fourteenth day of Tai was indeed a glorious day for the village. There was a marriage in the house of Mr. Vamana Sastri, at which the whole village was of course welcome. The entrance to the house had, as usual in marriage festivities, its festoons and floral wreaths made of leaves and twigs of variegated hues and balmy fragrance. Inside, a large avenue of plantain trees, decorated with

auspicious arches of tender yellow shoots of cocoa-nut-palm, stood with a majestic air. The Brahmins were reciting Vedic hymns and were all eagerly awaiting the approach of the auspicious *muhurta*, or marriage event. The native band was in attendance; the piper, a disciple of Kanda, a famous South Indian piper, was specially invited, and he was playing to the best of his ability. The drummer, the cymbal beater, the dancing girl, had all their respective posts assigned to them. Inside, on a decorated *Vedika*—a quadrangular courtyard—specially ornamented and designed by a Madras craftsman, there sat our lovely and beautiful Radha. On her left-hand side sat the bridegroom, who tried his best to look young, though not very attractive. But unmindful of popular criticisms, he appeared, in a sense, attractive in the eyes of the spectators who clustered around him like a bee-swarm around a honey-comb. Painted with the black collyrium round his eyes and clean-shaven, with diamond ear-rings suspended from his ears he appeared good-looking and even young.

Let us take a peep behind the purdah, the far interior of the house. Radha's mother, Sita, is sitting in a corner, now weeping, and now trying to suppress her sobbings. "Has my brother come? Where is he?" these words she murmurs to herself. "What is the delay due to? Perhaps ill feeling towards me natural to a step-brother. I was very kind to him. Has not my telegram reached him in time? Oh brother come and save me, my daughter, and my foolish husband. An hour more, she will be that old man's wife. Was she born to be thus sacrificed?" Thus many a gloomy thought, crowding one after another, sets her agitated brain in a constant state of nervous anxiety.

Now suddenly the sound of the drum grows louder and the piper is playing exquisite music in charming tunes, which enraptures every human soul present there. "What is the matter? Is the *muhurta* time coming nearer and nearer. Oh, I can't bear any longer, the mental agony. Brother! brother!" so saying, she rose from her seat to ascertain if the auspicious hour had really come. "Hurry on! Hurry on! make way, make way, where is she? Find her out, how can we perform the Kanyadana (giving away the daughter) without her. The time is coming. Go! go! Vamana Sastri, bring your wife." With these words ran the Purohit, Panchu Dikshit, to find out our unlucky Sita. These words, when they fell on her ears appeared like the familiar voice of her brother and she rushed hither and thither to see whence the sound proceeded. But learning that it was the Purohit she was disappointed in her expectations, and fell down in a swoon. But now other words fall on her ear. "Where is she? Sita, Sita, why

did you send for me? What is the necessity for a telegram? Any alarm! Come, do tell me what it is?" so saying, a fine-looking young man of twenty-five summers, elbowed his way through the crowd of Brahmins. Now Sita, regaining her consciousness, and adjusting her garments, ran to meet him. "Brother, brother, have you come at last to save my daughter from her premature doom? Poor innocent bird! No time for speech now, away to the pandal and stop that marriage. Further details later on, do it now, the *muhurta* time is fast coming." Her brother darted into the pandal and taking his stand on a dais, shouted with his voice raised to the highest pitch, "I declare this marriage null and void. A very bad omen has occurred now and Sitammal's request is that the marriage, if allowed to proceed, will bring shame, ruin and destruction to the bride in particular. Hence, on behalf of her and on behalf of the girl, I openly declare once more the marriage null and void," so pouring forth furious words suited to the time and occasion, he withdrew to the inner apartment with Radha following him, weeping and dejected.

* * * * *

Many months passed after the dissolution of this unfortunate marriage, which ended in the total collapse of the Village Munsiff. Many were glad of the fall of the stately Munsiff. But he was a wounded tiger, left on the field. I need not relate the many calamities and dilemmas which visited the family of Vamana Sastri. Suffice it to say that he was dragged to the Court on a charge of Criminal Breach of Trust, and a case was instituted against him by the said Village Munsiff through the cruel machinations of Lakshmana Sastri. Of the two leading Vakils that Vamana Sastri engaged for his defence, it so chanced that one was no other than the brilliant young Narayana Sastri, the same gentleman who had sought for his daughter's hand. He was on the right side of 25, had already made a name for himself in his profession, and was respected for his talents and integrity both by his clients and the Judges. Vamana Sastri, therefore, was extremely lucky in his champion who was able to vindicate his client to the entire satisfaction of the Judge. The Court was crowded to suffocation and all felt a keen interest in each argument of the Vakil. Vamana Sastri was acquitted and the old man swooned right away. He was, however, soon brought to his senses and the first feeling that he had was one of supreme gratitude towards his deliverer. His thankfulness did not stop with words. It ended in an act which ensured the future happiness of all the parties concerned.

Once more a marriage was announced in the

little village. The bride was Radha and the bridegroom Narayana Sastri. The preparations were organised on a grander scale than on the previous occasion, and the ceremony went off most happily without a single hitch. Soon after, Radha went to her husband's house; and at present, as I write, she is the happiest woman living. She has two children gambolling on her knees, two little cherubs in fact, and a very affectionate husband. What more could a good woman require for her happiness?

C. H. K.

The Heroines of Islam.

II. THE EMPRESS ZUBAIDA.



ALTHOUGH twelve weary centuries have rolled by since this good lady has been gathered to her fathers, yet, owing to certain historical incidents which we shall notice later on, her noble name is a household word in the Mahomedan world. Just as her dear husband, the Charlemagne or

King Arthur of Islamic history, has lent his august personage to many of the heroes in that masterpiece of Moslem imagination, known as the *Arabian Nights*, so has his better half given her illustrious personality to not a few of the heroines in those matchless stories. This is one of the reasons why Zubaida occupied a conspicuous place in the brilliant gallery of the women of Islam, during, of course, her golden age which, as far as the graceful influence of her fair sex in society is concerned, lasted from the halcyon days of the great Arabian Apostle of the Unity to the pontificate, spiritual and temporal, of Kadir b' Illah, the twenty-fifth Abbasside of Bagdad. So long as the priceless tales of the *Arabian Nights* do not fail to charm and delight intelligent students of Islamic history and ethnology, so long the glorious name of Zubaida will not fade from their cherished memory. The beloved wife of Harim has, however, left behind her far more enduring monuments than this one; and we shall point them out when we come to speak about her life-work.

Zubaida was the fair and accomplished cousin, and afterwards the loving and loved wife, of the good Harim ar-Rashid, or Aaron the orthodox, the faithful ally and the worthy contemporary of Charlemagne the Great. She was the beautiful and witty daughter of Jaafar, governor of Mosul, where she first saw the light in the Moslem year 146 (775 A. D.). Her grandfather was Mansur,

the second Abbasside sovereign of the 'Garden of Peace.' The maiden name of Zubaida was Ammat-ul-Aziz. Mansûr, however, called her Zubaida (derived from *zubda*, cream) from her cream-like complexion.

The Empress had a great hold over the imperious mind of her imperial lord. He did little or nothing without her consent or consultation with her, and it need not be said that her advice or reproof, whatever it chanced to be, was always for the good of those concerned. He was so much under her influence that, in spite of the loud promptings of his own heart, he selected an inferior son, Amin, for the pontificate in preference to Mâmûn, who was to prove afterwards the greatest and the wisest ruler of the famous house of Abbass. A second reason may also be advanced for this glaring political blunder of Hârim. The Hashimides, who were the kinsmen of Zubaida, were, on account of their having been in the civil and military services in large numbers, a considerable power in the land. And they were on the side of Amin. As it is not often that a child inherits her parent's qualities Amin had inherited neither the kingly qualities of his great father nor the womanly virtues of his loving and devoted mother. He was unfrugal, pleasure-loving and sensual. However, having himself been a brilliant scholar, he was an ardent patron of the *literati*.

We give here a very brief sketch of Zubaida's benevolent life-work. Under her inspiration, Hârim-ar-Rashid introduced chess into Western Asia, which soon displaced cards and dice. "Like her husband, the Empress Zubaida exercised a great influence on the fashion of her age. She invented the sedan chair, and introduced among her sex the use of jewelled girdles and jewelled shoes." Zubaida was a *hagin* (a woman-pilgrim). As "a fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind," she was fondly attached to the *hagees*. Her devotion to them was so ardent that, on the occasion of her pilgrimage (186 A. H. or 802 A.C.), she carefully enquired into the chief need or grievance of pilgrims and the Meccans, and on being told that that was the scarcity of water, she had an aqueduct constructed at her own cost of over a million and a half *dinârs*. This has always proved a God-send to the ever thirsty inhabitants of Mecca, and to the pilgrims of all times and climes. The re-building and re-population of Alexandretta, after its utter annihilation by the Greeks, is an everlasting glory to her noble name. These two noted acts of munificent charity and benevolence have made her meritorious name ever shine on the bright pages of history.

Zubaida was a distinguished poetess and a noted *savant*. Whenever her royal master was away from Bagdad for the purposes of peace or war, she communicated with him in verse.

We should like to render into English a few of her letters which portray great talent and deep feeling, but for fear of over-stepping the limits, generously allotted to us in this valuable journal, we give one letter only. The following is the substance of the letter which she addressed to her step-son Mâmûn, the seventh Abbasside Caliph, when she received the shocking news of the horrible assassination of her son Amin: "As I am writing to you, my eyes drop tears of blood. Through degradation, pain and sorrow, I lay all night on a sleepless pillow. This is the deed of Tabir, and he cannot acquit himself from its blame. He (Tabir) drove me out of my house, bare-headed and without a veil. He plundered my property, and pulled down my mansion. Although Tabir did the act at your instigation, I have submitted to the all-powerful will of God." These stirring verses forced tears out of the eyes of Mâmûn, but whether they were pretended tears or genuine ones, we cannot say. She composed in Persian verse an *In Memoriam* to her son Amin, and we give below the translation of two couplets from it:

O, life of the world, the world is unhappy without you,
Bagdad is restless and agitated without you,
You are gone, and I am in woe without you,
You lie in dust, and I have fallen in fire without you.

She was also a great lover of the Koran. Her unceasing devotion to the Holy Book is proved by the fact that, in her palace, one hundred women had been employed solely for reading or reciting the sacred texts daily.

On the sad and miserable murder of her son Amin, the sixth Abbasside Pontiff, the Empress Zubaida disappeared from the society which she had so long adorned, and her illustrious personage for ever ceased to shine on the arena of Abbasside politics. But she continued to live in sorrow and woe until about the year of grace 830 (214 A. H.), when she died.

In short, the favourite spouse of Hârim-ar-Rashid was unquestionably the most noted lady of the Abbasside supremacy at the 'Garden of Justice.' We have given only such facts of her useful life and humane work as are interesting and instructive; and have purposely avoided all reference to the part she played herself in the struggle for the Caliphate, on the death of her devoted consort, for fear of encroaching upon the time of the gentle readers of this valuable magazine. Our next heroine will be Sultan Raziya Begum.

KAREEM BIN RAHMAN.



The Education of our Girls.*

IT is comforting to think that, like almost every proverb, the saying, "speech is silver, silence is golden," expresses only a partial truth; for, otherwise, we would have to admit that we would have been better without all the talk there has been indulged in about the education of Indian women. I once heard a gentleman remark that he was tired of hearing about female education, and yet there is no great movement that has not been ushered in by a good amount, more or less, of talking. And so I hope it will be with the cause of female education in our country. We have reached a stage when theoretically at least all enlightened Indians admit the necessity of educating their daughters. And sooner or later, unless we shall be called hypocrites, this theory must be put into practice; as it has already been in some cases. Happily the old notion that it makes a woman unwomanly to be well educated is becoming obsolete. The value of female education is now, one may safely say, recognized not only by men, but also by women. One cannot deny that a great change for the better is coming over the position of women in India; and yet, after all, what has been done is very little compared with what has to be done. The proportion of girls in public institutions to the total female population of school going is only 2-10 per cent.; while the proportion of boys is 22-3. And one of the most discouraging features of female education is the exceedingly small proportion of girls pursuing their studies beyond the Upper Primary stage. It is only in the lowest stages that we find most of them. Is not this a sad state of things? It is a truism to say that one of the chief impediments to the advancement of Hindu women is the want of education, which accounts generally for the absence of enlightened influence over their husbands, absorption with trifles, and passion for jewels.

Does any man seriously think that an uncultured woman can make a better wife than a refined, educated woman? Does he desire a woman whose soul will never soar above the kitchen or nursery interests? Does a good man ever love a woman the more for reverencing her the less? Certainly not, should be the answer; and knowing this, a woman should not in the least be afraid of cultivating her own mind, fearing that she may lose her husband's love. And a man should never hesitate to allow his wife to be educated owing to his fear of her becoming unwomanly, for true education raises rather than degrades or effaces womanliness.

* A paper by Mrs. S. Sathianadhan read before the Madras Branch of the National Indian Association, April 5th.

In the same way a mother influences the life of her child, and one good mother is worth a hundred school-masters, directing far more than does the father the action and conduct of the child. And it is true of mothers as of wives also, that the most cultivated women make the best of mothers, for, not only does maternal love make many a woman heroic, but it also stimulates the intellect, calling forth in many an unsuspected reserve of mental power.

What kind of an education do women need? There are objections raised against the present system, which is considered unsuitable for girls. Said the late Mr. Justice Muthuswamy Iyer:—

"Another matter which requires attention is that the curriculum which is designed for girls should not be framed too much on the pattern of the curriculum prescribed for boys. It should be specially adapted to the wants of women in life. It should embrace subjects of study which supply information useful to women in their several life relations. It is not enough that they learn to read and write and keep accounts, but it is also necessary that they should be enabled to lay in a stock of knowledge which will be of service to them in managing the house, in nursing relations through illness, in bringing up and training children, in enforcing attention to cleanliness and to the loss of health, in rendering the home neat and tidy, in imparting to the home life a tone of cheerful contentment, in sustaining and raising that energy of female character, which creates a lovely and happy home out of bare competence, and in acquitting themselves well and honourably amidst all the vicissitudes of life as wives, daughters, and mothers. In proportion as education enhances their usefulness and value in life, it will secure a permanence in the country."

Of course a training that should fit her for the home should be the first consideration in the education of a girl; for one cannot too often reiterate that the first duty of a woman is to her home. As for the charge of the unsuitableness of the education given in our school, the reply, which Miss Carr gives seems very suitable. Referring to recent criticisms of the curricula of our schools, she says:—

"I presume that every one will acknowledge that reading, writing, and arithmetic, history and geography must be prescribed very much on the same lines for both boys and girls. Leaving therefore these subjects out of consideration, let us see what has been done for girls especially. Turning to the Code of 1880, which was the first that came under my notice, I find that needlework has been especially prescribed for girls. Then in 1885, hygiene was added for the girls of standards III and IV. Again in the Code of 1890 domestic economy and fancy needlework were prescribed for the girls of Forms I, II and III. In this Code also we find provision for the systematic teaching of object lessons, kindergarten and drawing. Next, in the Code of 1895, drill and calisthenics for girls, and singing in European schools

were introduced, and lately, in the Code of 1900, a curriculum for singing in native schools has been prescribed. I think it must be granted that, in these various changes, the cause of female education up to the highest form of the lower secondary stage has been well considered, and that the curriculum, as it now stands, affords ample means for the foundation of a sound education. For those who wish to prosecute their studies further, the courses for the Matriculation and Upper Secondary examinations remain. It is true that neither of these is especially adapted to girls, but Miss Ghosal thinks that the lines for boys and girls up to this standard, may be parallel, and the European and Native Christian girls of this Presidency seem to be fairly well content with things as they are. I am pretty sure, however, that, if the Hindu community could show good cause why special subjects should be prescribed for the higher education of their girls, concessions would be made to meet their views; but for the small number of Hindu girls who are now allowed to prosecute their studies above the lower secondary stage, it is impossible that any material changes can even be recommended.

The conclusion Miss Carr comes to is this:—

"Taking into consideration all these circumstances, it must be acknowledged that fair means have been provided for the education of Hindu girls up to present requirements. What is now required is prolonged attendance at school." Yes, this is just what is wanted. Girls come to school just before they are married, and after that their attendance is stopped; and even when they do attend school, their attendance is most irregular. What is wanted is a little more practical interest in the education of girls in the Hindu homes. The women must be shown by various means, by advice, by reading, by associations, by meetings, if possible, that they can be educated, and in this what can be better than encouragement by husbands as opposed to the constant censures by mothers-in-law? Then again it must be shown them that it is worth while to be educated, and here again what can be more effective than the influence of the husbands? The Hindu wife thinks her husband a god; she will reverence all his wishes. Consequently, if he plainly shows her that it is his desire that she should be educated, if he teaches her the value of literature by constantly reading or explaining to her passages from the best authors, she will do wonders to try to please him.

In two important respects our existing girls' schools are defective. A very large number of them are taught by male teachers, and nearly all of them are located in unsuitable dwelling houses. It is certainly a great pity that we should not be able to have our girls' schools taught solely by women and superintended by women. Certainly the Hindu parents, with their prejudice against their girls being educated, would object all the more to their being educated by men. And then, suitable buildings are so necessary. May not the rich gentlemen give donations for this laudable purpose? A building

which the girls can call their own, surrounded by æsthetic surroundings, such as will stimulate the imagination which is so powerful in women, enriched by beautiful pictures and flowers,—such a building, what will it not do towards stimulating the love of education in girls? Here they could form clubs and associations among themselves, here they could have a library, and when a library is formed there will soon grow up a growing desire for books; and here, last but not least, they could play games and foster that spirit of comradeship which is so essential to the progress of any society.

Why should not a girl go beyond the Primary standard? Even the Lower Secondary standard of education is too low. As Miss Ghosal says, up to the Matriculation standard there need be made no great difference between the education of boys and girls. I do not intend saying much about University education for girls here, because really the passing of examinations, and the securing of degrees are merely accidental circumstances and no one would seriously advocate the necessity of all our girls through the University mill. What we want is true culture arising from a liberal education. But while I say this, I do not agree with Mrs. Besant in thinking that University education for girls is perfectly useless. There should of course be no compulsion in any case; but it often happens that women do not care to study at all, especially the women of India, who have been so long used to an uneducated life. In such cases, the competition for degrees would often be an aim in life. Where they are too idle to study, it would make them study. And, after all is said and done, why should not such an education be as good as the general education to which Mrs. Besant draws our attention? For one thing, it will make the women more methodical, more orderly in their arrangements, more precise, and better able to weigh causes and results. Then there is no reason why it should unfit the women for their duty as mothers and wives. There is no reason why it should make them proud and vain of their own learning and inclined to look on the world as only made for themselves. There is the more reason that they should become good wives and mothers.

With regard to general education, nothing can be better than the course which Mrs. Besant sketches:—

"A sufficient knowledge of the Vernacular and Sanskrit and English, of hygiene, physiology and household medicine, music, painting, and needlework—an education comprising these subjects will indeed be sufficient for every woman; and if our Indian women are only given a fair knowledge of each of these departments of instruction, there will be no more complaints as regards the backwardness of female education in this land. There also need be no conservative objections raised against this general education, such as are raised against the higher education of women; for, as Mrs. Besant says, "such an

education would do nothing to injure the sweet grace of the Indian woman, while it would enlarge her mind, increase her influence and strengthen her character." It would indeed be "Indian in its aims and beneficial to India in its results."

It is with regard to the Home education of girls that the co-operation of Hindu gentlemen is chiefly necessary. What is the use of talking if it does not result in action? If they really wish their women to be educated, let them get them good teachers at home or educate them themselves. So long as early marriage is prevalent in our midst and married girls cannot go to school, their education will be very imperfect. It will be a case of a little knowledge being dangerous. Hence the absolute necessity of supplementing school education by home education. Everything depends on the men.

I am well aware of the special difficulties in the way of the education of our girls. Even in England where the women have such an assured position, their educational rights were not won without a hard struggle; but we in India, without going through the painful process of experiment, are inheriting all the blessings that Great Britain and the West have derived through centuries of hard struggle. And without going to the extremes which some mad advocates of women's rights in the West do, should we not give the opportunities for our women to develop their minds? What splendid possibilities are in the future for them, if only they are truly enlightened! Will not our men who have drunk deep at the fountain of knowledge, and who know what true enlightenment is, aid in this noble task of educating India's daughters?

Sri Lakshmi Bayi, C. J.

THE LATE SENIOR RANI OF TRAVANCORE.



To avoid a needlessly long preface, I must begin this article by saying that some fatality seems to hover round the reigning family of Travancore. For, not all the fervent prayers of several generations of the people of that country have been able to prevent the necessity for successive adoptions into that house. The first took place in the thirteenth century, during the reign of Aditya Varma, when two females were adopted from the Kolathanaad Raja's family. In 1858, came the

fifth adoption, when Lakshmi Bayi and her younger sister, Parvathi Bayi, were adopted into the Maharaja's family, from the Mavelikara branch of the Kolathanaad house. It is hoped that the sixth adoption that was effected last year from the same stock will realise the wishes of those who have the welfare of that progressive little State at heart.

At the time of adoption, Lakshmi Bayi was ten years old. She was carefully trained for the high place she was destined to adorn for well-nigh three and forty years. Teachers specially selected for the purpose gave her lessons in Malayalam, Sanskrit, English and Music. Her intelligence, industry and systematic habits were, even in those early days, talked of in terms of high praise by those who were privileged to know her.

In 1859, H. H. Lakshmi Bayi married His Highness Kerala Varma, c. s. r., the Valiya Koil Tampuran of Travancore. This was one of those ideal marriages, one of those "world's great marriages, chaste and calm." It is needless to enlarge here upon the many varied talents of this gifted prince. Poet, scholar, patron of letters and of arts, his name has been before the Indian Public for over a quarter of a century. Sanskrit and Malayalam Literatures are indebted to him to a very great extent. One trembles to think what, but for His Highness, the fate of the latter would have been. That, however, I shall leave to the historian to chronicle.

The Prince taught his consort Sanskrit and English while she, in turn, instructed him in the difficult art of playing on the Veena. They worked together and they played together. If men required any instance of conjugal felicity, they had only to point to this aristocratic pair.

The memory of those happy days is embalmed in the "Peacock Messenger"—a poem composed not many years ago by the Prince which, in sweetness, melody and pathos, and all that is implied in the word classical, stands unsurpassed in the Literature of Malabar.

Her Highness read, wrote and spoke English fluently. She was a proficient in Sanskrit and Malayalam. In these she composed hymns and poems of great beauty. I am sending you a copy

of the commentary she wrote to a few verses of St. Mathew. I wish you would get it translated for your pages.* Though the translator will hardly be able to give your readers an adequate idea of the grace and dignity of her Malayalam diction, his work will, at least, serve the useful purpose of making them acquainted with the wide and varied range of her learning and the catholicity of her views. As for her knowledge of music, those that are competent to speak on the subject say that it was a treat even for the most expert musicians to hear their Highnesses play on the Veena.

In all movements directed towards the bettering of the position of women, Sri Lakshmi Bayi took a leading part. Her purse and the great influence her position wielded were ever at the disposal of those engaged in such pursuits. In 1885, she started a girls' school. The expenses incidental to the maintenance of that institution were met from her private funds, till, in 1893, its management was handed over to the Sircar. Many ladies who received their training in the "Lakshmi Bayi Patasala" are now serving the State in the capacity of school-mistresses. In recognition of her high attainments, her philanthropic efforts and her exemplary character, Her Highness Lakshmi Bayi was made, in 1881, a Member of the Imperial Order of the Crown of India.

Her days were, however, not to close in peace. First came the demise of her sister Parvathi Bayi. Then followed, in close succession, the sad bereavements when their Highnesses the First Prince and the Elaya Rajah of Travancore were gathered to their fathers. Never after that did she feel herself again; and, in June of 1901, she also, after a term of 53 years, spent usefully in helping those who needed help, ceased to live.

Her loss will be felt not alone by those who were privileged to come in contact with her warm and sunny nature, but also by all those who care for the advancement of Malabar. For, she was a model for Malayalee ladies. She fully caught the spirit of the times, and yet she never failed to pay homage to reasonable custom. Compromise, she knew, was the soul of slow but sure progress. Though of a sweet and yielding

* We publish below a translation of this commentary.

temper, Her Highness still knew how to assert her rights and to maintain the dignity of her lofty position. I entirely echo the sentiment of a Malayalam contemporary when he says that her name will be honoured so long as true and dignified womanhood is honoured.

K.

A Commentary on Christ's Sermon on the Mount.*

BY THE LATE SENIOR RANI, OF TRAVANCORE.

ST. MATTHEW, CHAPTER V.

"Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted."



THOSE that enjoy uninterrupted happiness at all times will not be able to appreciate its value. For, what a world of difference there exists between the pleasure experienced by a man, who, after he is quite overcome by fatigue and thirst with walking in the hot sun, drinks delicious cold water, and the gratification felt by another who remains quiet at home and appeases his thirst as soon as it is felt! During the time of sorrow or misery and after it, we naturally think of the

Divine Being who is pleased to save us from it, and as a sort of requital, however humble, we dedicate ourselves anew to Him; and the inestimable rapture we enjoy makes us realize the solemn truth "Blessed are they that mourn."

"Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth."

The whole world will bestow their affections on a meek man. Even utter strangers will be desirous of conversing with him and knowing his whereabouts. What is perhaps of greater importance is that men in exalted position, when they happen to see persons of a gentle nature, send for them, speak to them and take delight in their company. As all people in the world are thus in their favour, it is very true that "they shall inherit the earth."

"Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy."

* This is a translation from the original Malayalam kindly made for us by a Malayalee gentleman to whom our thanks are due.

If we render what help we can to those who suffer from poverty, disease, or the innumerable mental anxieties that afflict mankind, we shall, should we fall into such predicament ourselves, doubtless meet with the same generous treatment at the hands of men, nobles and even God himself. Although people, who admirably evince a spirit of universal kindness, may also, in the ordinary course of nature, be subject to reverses, yet they will, before long, be emancipated by the grace of the Almighty and the help of men. Hence the merciful are really blessed.

"Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God."

The pure-hearted always perceive the Lord of Bliss. The mind of the impure will be defiled by passions and worldly desires. Even supposing that such people are struck with the importance of Divine contemplation and set about performing this sacred duty in solitude, the earthly thoughts that find their way into the mind through their senses, and the consequent temptations, pleasures and pains, will disturb their meditation, and they will at no time obtain the superb delight of communion with the Divine. Pure hearted people feel cheerful under every circumstance and they fully realize that their duty consists in the proper discharge of their work, be it what it may, which it has pleased God to allot to them. Above all, they are enabled always to perceive the Supreme Being, the Embodiment of Beatitude. Consequently they are freed from all further births and they enjoy heavenly bliss by the side of the Creator. Undeniable, therefore, is the assertion "Blessed are the pure-hearted."

"Blessed are the peace-makers: for they shall be called the children of God."

Whatever misfortunes befall us we must seek consolation in the patient endurance of them all. If, instead of doing so, we attempt an immediate escape, the result may, not improbably, be just the reverse of what we want and our hardships may thus be productive of double evil. We have all been created and placed in various conditions by the Being who is All-powerful. Nothing will take place against His will. Whatever mental or bodily pains visit us, we should consider that all those are preordained by God as a result of our deeds, and that He Himself will effect the desired rescue, when all our sins have been thus atoned for. And understanding this, we must either try, if at all, only such modes of relief as are perfectly sinless and harmless to others, or we must rest content with merely fulfilling the every-day duties of life. If we do this, God will look upon us with the same kindness and fondness as our own parents and save us from our miseries. Blessed, indeed, therefore, are the peace-makers.

"Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

People living under lawless sovereigns will of course find it difficult to walk always in the path of righteousness. But those who, unmindful of the attacks of others, however dangerous they may seem, bear the strain, and unflinchingly follow right, will, besides achieving boundless glory in this world, be favoured with Divine succour in the next. So, "blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness."

"Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you."

It is but natural that one should love one's relations; there is nothing remarkable about it. But if we love our enemies, God will reward us. People who invoke blessings on those that curse them are perfect types of humanity. They will obtain a full share of God's benevolence.

If, when any one does some injury to us, we remain peaceful and resigned, without any attempt at retaliation, only praying God that He may vouchsafe to our enemy an undebased heart, He will, in response, create in his breast a repentance much more effective than anything we could have done, and when this pain becomes unbearable he will of his own accord seek pardon of us, and make friends with us.

CHAPTER 7.

"And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?"

"Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and, behold, a beam is in thine own eye?"

"Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye."

It is a very unfair practice with some to find fault with and advise other people while they themselves possess vices of a much worse nature. How could men, whose character is stained with evil motives and wicked actions, presume to preach morality to others having defects far less serious? Do they actually forget their own crimes, or is it that they innocently fancy that other men are quite ignorant of them? The truth lies in neither. Those who adroitly find out the delinquencies of others and speak of them with hypocrisy must be either foolish; or devoid of any belief in God. Sensible people will be able to foresee that their own acts, being as much, if not more criminal, are likely to be similarly criticised by others. And as for those who have faith in God, they have the conviction that the wrongs they might have been led into in the common run of life, however hidden they may be from their fellow-creatures, will certainly be detected by the Omnipresent and All-powerful Being who looks into our innermost thoughts.

and witnesses each and every act of ours, no matter where, when and how it is done, and that, therefore, they stand convicted in the eyes of that All-pervading Power. If these people admonish at all, it will be in accordance with the golden adage "Do unto others as thou wouldst be done by," with the most generous intention of warning others against evil deeds, and thereby freeing them from the horrid fire of repentance which they themselves are being consumed by. Without this laudable and charitable purpose, if men, with the mere pretence of being good natured, while in truth they are guilty of the most hideous and unmentionable crimes, if such men go about counselling others, they will not only fail to secure happiness in this world or the next, but will heartily be despised by men and discarded by God. The last three texts quoted above are thus seen to be most true.

"Give not that, which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you."

If we are such as have undefiled hearts or as do not commit any wilful injustice and should we also be desirous of rectifying others, we must coolly consider, first whether, inasmuch as our words will be contrary to their wishes and inclinations, they will not censure us for our interference; secondly, whether besides publicly or privately denouncing our advice, they will not go the length of stigmatizing virtuous acts which are enjoined and sanctioned by God; and lastly we must also patiently reflect whether they are intelligent enough to understand and appreciate our admonitions. If, regardless of these considerations, we begin to administer advice to senseless people, ruin and Divine wrath are sure to follow. Hence the above text is also true.

"Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets."

When we behold any one abusing or otherwise behaving ill towards others, we ought to consider how much pain we should have felt had we been in their position. Every one of God's creatures is naturally found to entertain a special regard for self. But people fated to live under a cruel despotic ruler will have very often to patiently put up with all mental and bodily sufferings. In such a case, the ruler should mentally transport himself to the pitiable condition of his subjects, and realizing the enormity of sorrow he would feel in such a predicament, must help his men as far as he could and remove their hard lot. This is the long and short of this text. And this coincides with what Sri Krishna said to his friend and disciple Arjuna, thus:—

"He who, through the likeness of the self,

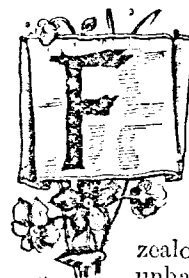
O! Arjuna, seeth identity in everything, whether pleasant or painful, he is regarded as a perfected Yogi." (Gita, vi. 32).

The Captive Lady Missionaries.

MISS STONE AND MADAME TSILKA.

By REV. JAMES JOHNSTON, A. T. S.

[From *Womanhood*.]



Far beyond missionary circles the story of the capture of Miss Ellen M. Stone and her fellow-worker, Mme. Tsilka, by brigands on the frontier of Southern Bulgaria, has excited intense concern and zealous efforts for their release. The unhappy incident occurred on September 3, when the two ladies were on their way from Bansko to Djumala, in the wilds of Northern Macedonia, which lies to the south of Bulgarian territory. This act of brigandage was carried out by some forty men in Turkish dress, though speaking Bulgarian, and, in all likelihood the plot was hatched by the Macedonian Committee with a view to obtaining funds for revolutionary agitation. Since Bulgaria has been made free, daring measures have been taken for the liberation of the province of Macedonia, where the Bulgarians, a Slavic race, form the largest element in the population.

Miss Stone was widely known in Macedonia, and, consequently, her capture was a primary object in anticipation of a large sum being secured for her ransom.

In her own land—the United States of America—Miss Stone bears an honoured name; her twenty years' untiring devotion, tried courage, and executive ability making her an ideal representative of missions on Turkish soil. Previous to her departure in order to go as a missionary to Turkey she was on the editorial staff of the *Congregationalist*, Boston, where her gifts and personality made her hosts of friends. Of a high type of womanhood, Miss Stone eventually resolved to exchange a lucrative profession and influential position for the hardships of missionary life. No mawkish sentiment animated her, but a lofty passion of self-sacrifice after the manner of those who

"Make the world within their reach
Somewhat the better for their living
And gladder for their human speech."

As may be surmised, Miss Stone (or as she is familiarly designated by her Boston friends "Nellie Stone") is a woman who thinks, feels,

loves, and toils with whole-souled energy, and therefore it is not astonishing that the deep mark which she has made at home should result in a sum exceeding £20,000 being speedily subscribed for her liberty. Her loyalty to friends in America has its counterpart in the love which she has awakened and the aspirations enkindled among hundreds of girls and women in Turkey and Bulgaria, where for so many years she has laboured. It has been eloquently remarked concerning Miss Stone, "She is the sort of individual whose personality makes a strong impression, and her crafty captors are aware that in seizing her they have taken one of the choicest representatives of American womanhood."

Her qualities of heart and mind have always elicited deep admiration. Sunny in disposition, capable and resolute in affairs, alert in emergencies, accustomed to "roughing it," touring alone for hundreds of miles on horseback, are qualities, indeed, which have been developed by romantic experiences in strange lands. Such a woman, fearless in nature and of uncommon gifts, is worth making a magnificent effort to save. It is certainly a pathetic circumstance that the lady who has done a noble life's work should be in the hands of Bulgarian brigands as a hostage for the emancipation of Bulgarians on Macedonian soil.

Miss Stone is a capital singer, good linguist, and a writer of rare endowments. Her dainty handwriting is not more pleasant than the many gracious and refreshing messages it has conveyed to friends across the sea. Not surprisingly, therefore, do the troops of friends of this Christian woman—brave, noble, unselfish, and lovable—pray for her deliverance from a band of misguided men, and for the comfort of an aged and venerable mother worn out with waiting for a beloved daughter's freedom. It is quite possible, a writer says, that the two ladies are now both well guarded in some family where there are women, since there are many homes in the secluded valleys all along the five mountain passes into Macedonia.

Not much has been said of Mme. Tsilka, the companion of Miss Stone in captivity. To many friends, however, in America, she was known under her maiden name, Katherine Demetrius Stephanood, the daughter of a Greek priest of Bansko, Macedonia. In early years she heroically made her way across the Atlantic, and under difficult circumstances obtained an excellent Christian education at Northfield and in New York. After marriage in America she and her husband, in the summer of 1900, sailed for Kortscha, Albania, where they have since been engaged teaching, preaching, and doing medical work in an entirely new field.

Mme. Tsilka is a rare, spirit, beautiful and

strong in the enthusiasm of young womanhood, with splendid equipment for signal usefulness in the land of her birth. In the brigands' cave she has endured the martyrdom of motherhood, and her friends fervently hope that she and her fellow captive may not suffer the martyrdom of death at the hands of cruel men unworthy to touch the hem of their garments.

To Miss Ellen M. Stone.

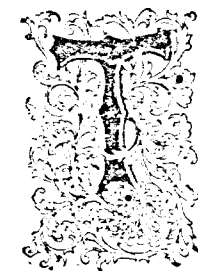
In Memory of Three Days spent with her
in the Peloponnesus.

[By HESTER DONALDSON JENKINS.]

THREE days were with your actual presence bright,
But months have not dispelled the fragrance rare,
Which your sweet soul left with us, like a prayer,
I mind me of your fresh and keen delight
In Tiryn's ruins and Mycenae's site;
In opalescent slopes and lambent air;
And that our human joy you made more fair,
As in all life you saw the Eternal Light,
So plain your loving soul was to our gaze,
That when your capture brought us keenest woe,
E'en in our grief, hope sprang up in our heart:
"She will not faint, how hard soe'er the days,
But, strong and selfless, to her captors show,
As she showed us, a life with God apart."

Miss Jenkins is professor of English in the American College for Girls, Constantinople, and she contributed the above sonnet to the *Boston Congregationalist*.

Speech by Mrs. R. S. Benson.



THE following are extracts from a speech made by Mrs. R. S. Benson, at the distribution of prizes of the Vizianagram Girls' School, Madras. After alluding to the excellent work of the manager, Mr. Tirumala Chariar, she went on to say:—

THE APATHY OF HINDU GENTLEMEN.

Would that this excellent work, so well begun, could be carried on and completed! No wonder there is not much enthusiasm about the education of Hindu girls in Madras, when girls are sent to school for only three or four years, allowed to attend most irregularly, and when withdrawn are seldom taught or encouraged at home to continue their studies. How can such elementary education fit girls to become intelligent wives and companions and sensible mothers? It does not require a very high degree of intelligence to cook well, but it does to keep the house wholesome, and sweet, and sanitary. It requires

the best intelligence possible to bring up children well, to be truthful, obedient, and physically and morally well developed. Until you have schools for them, officered entirely by women teachers, where the girls will be allowed to remain longer at school, you cannot hope for better results.

WANTED, A LEADER.

You aver that social habits and customs and the prejudices of the women prevent the realisation of this scheme. But can anything be said to be impossible that has not been tried? We say that in English there is no such word in the language as "can't!" I hope the word is also omitted from the Tamil and Telugu languages. We all hear a great deal about the submissiveness and obedience of Hindu women. I think this shows that the root of the difficulty about female education must lie with the men, for if they wished for the complete education of their daughters, and girl-wives, the obedient and submissive women would not raise any objections, but would comply with their lords' wishes in this, as in all other respects. What is really wanted is a leader—some one impregnated with enthusiasm on the subject.

Dewan Bahadur Srinivasa Raghava Iyengar, in his Convocation Address, said that reforms should be carried out by Associations. But have reforms ever been accomplished by Associations? Was it not John Howard, and Elizabeth Fry, who started prison reform, and Florence Nightingale nursing reform, and have we not had educational leaders in Miss Beale, Miss Buss, and Miss Soulsby? Was it not Mary Carpenter who started the "National Indian Association" which managed and still manages some of these schools? Leaders must come first, and Associations afterwards. Those of you who are reading Mrs. Sathianadhan's delightful *Indian Ladies' Magazine* will remember the account of Miss Thoburn's life-work in Lucknow. She started with 6 little girls in a small room in a bazaar in 1870. This was the beginning of the first girls' school in Oudh. That school has developed into the present Lucknow Women's College with its 200 students, five of whom have taken the B.A. degree; 27 have passed the F.A. Examination, and 48 the Entrance Examination. This was the work of an enthusiastic leader.

THE NEED FOR FEMALE EDUCATION.

When you realise that there are over 26,000 Hindu girls of the school-going age in Madras, and that only 6,003 of these are under instruction, and this mainly primary instruction, you will acknowledge that it is not a time to sit down quietly under this immense drawback to your Society. It was remarked to me the other day that the expense to be incurred would be very

great. It certainly ought to be, but what better use can you have for your money than the development of enlightened and noble women? How many thousands of lives has Florence Nightingale saved for England by her initiation of superior nursing, and by the diffusion among thousands of families of the knowledge and value of sanitation?

How far the heavy death-roll from plague in Bombay, Poona, and the Punjab may lie at the door of ignorant women in those Districts will never be known. But how can they be held responsible when they have never been taught the evils of the insanitary condition of their houses, and the danger concealed in infected clothes? One Florence Nightingale in your midst might be the means of saving millions of lives. Read her life, and you will see that no expense was spared on her education. Would not one such woman be of more value and pride to India than untold hoards of jewellery? Such advancement cannot be achieved without the knowledge of English. It is one of the most important subjects in connection with the education of girls at all times, and in all countries. The knowledge of a foreign language seems to have been necessary for the completion and continuance of learning. The Romans had to learn Greek; the English Latin; and Russians both French and English. In India, English is the language spoken by the ruling class; it is, year by year, becoming more and more the language of the world. Without it your girls cannot be put in touch with the best literature and education of the day. It is the only language that will enable them to hold intercourse with educated girls and women all over India, whether European or Indian.

The conditions of female education in Bengal are deplored by the Director of Public Instruction of Bengal, whereas the conditions of female education in Bombay are, on the contrary, accounted a matter of gratification in the report of the Director of Public Instruction in the Western Presidency. The Bombay Director writes, optimistically, that, in the remarkable advance that female education has made, "it is possible to see an indication that the prejudices against the education of women are yielding to the progress of the age, and this is in strict observance with the opinion held by expert observers." The Bengal Director, accounting for the non-progressiveness of female education in his province, writes, mournfully, that "the causes of this want of progress are, not only the indifference of the people, and opposing social customs, but want of earnestness in the efforts made to spread female education." The figures on which the optimism of Bombay and the pessimism of Bengal are, respectively, based, are sufficiently contrary for such contrary sentiments. In Bengal last year the number of girls attending school fell off by 2.5 per cent., whereas in Bombay the number increased by 1.1 per cent.

The Home World.

[We shall be glad to publish notes from our readers under this head, specially bearing upon the Indian home and the bringing up of children—Ed., I. L. M.]

Women know

The way to rear up children (to be just);
They know a simple, merry, tender knack
Of tying sashes, fitting baby shoes,
And stringing pretty words that make no sense,
And kissing full sense into empty words;
Which things are corals to cut life upon,
Although such trifles; children learn by such
Love's holy earnest in a pretty play,
And get not over early solemnized,
But seeing as in a rose-bush, love divine
Which burns and hurts not—not a single bloom—
Become aware and unafraid of love.
Such good do mothers.

—E. B. Browning.



TRUTH, absolute truth, each mother owes each child. The child should never have reason to doubt the unfailing truthfulness of either parent. The very first step towards untruthfulness towards children is a perception of untruthfulness in parents. Do our children deceive us?

Our first question must be, Have we at any time deceived our children? Nothing can be good in us that evil is in them; if we would demand it, we must give it. Some one may plead that it is not at all times wise to tell children the truth, it may not be expedient. It is always wise to tell nothing but the truth; always expedient to shun untruth. Many times it may be necessary to refrain from telling the children many things; when such is the case, a deft changing of the subject, or, if necessary, a firm refusal to answer the question at all is the better way. Above all things, practise no deception in the home. Let the children feel that every tone of the home is true, that there are no skeletons to hide, so shall the first lesson of perfect frankness and sincerity best be taught, "Thou desiredst truth in the inward part," should be before the eyes of every mother all the day long.

At a recent council of mothers held in Omaha a paper was read on the "Value of the First Three Years of a Child's Life." The writer, Mrs. Hellet, drew the attention of the council to the fact that these three most precious years of a child's life are too often considered, even by thoughtful mothers, as of no importance. The first year is largely a year of physical development, and is as such of immense importance,

as is now almost universally admitted. The second and third years should be devoted to the spiritual (in its widest sense) development of the child. A mother once stated that she had done most of the training of her three children in the first three years. Another leader emphasized the importance of co-operation between mother and teacher when the child enters school. She urged that all mothers should make it a point to know the teacher of her children, and to co-operate with her. A third speaker advocated "A National Training School for Mothers." "In this school woman should be taught the highest domestic science in all its diversities. She should be taught sanitation, disinfection, and the prevention and care of all diseases, because it is to her arms all the nation returns in sickness and death. She should be taught the care of infants and their foods, and the mysteries and possibilities of heredity.

"The necessity for proper training in order to secure the best results is recognized in every line of endeavour, and the making of homes and the training of children are not exceptions."

We mention these three thoughts as worthy of the attention and consideration of our mothers.

In America, it is said, the children are the most petted and indulged in the world. To accentuate the truth of the fact, it has been demonstrated that the United States furnishes the greater part of the inventions of mechanical toys. One manufactory in a New York suburb turns out 100,000,000 of toys per year. The machinery is never stopped, working night and day, the hands, of which there are thousands employed, working by relays. No doubt the children of other nations will envy the little men and women of America.

His Highness the Maharaja Sindhia has opened a school for nobles' daughters at Gwalior in the hope of inducing the higher classes of his subjects to recognise the importance of education for the ladies of their families. The institution, under the charge of a European Lady Superintendent, was opened in the presence of several European and native ladies by the Maharani Sahiba in person, who delivered a speech in Mahratti, setting forth the uses and advantages of education for ladies of high rank.

A woman who has quietly gone on her way without bothering herself with women's rights, although an object lesson in sturdy independence, is Mrs. Eva Anna Barlon, of Oswego, who for more than a quarter of a century has run a steam ferry-boat across the river. The business was started by her husband, but did not prosper till this energetic woman took it in hand. She oils, feeds, and tends the engine herself without assistance. Between times she knits the socks for the family. Everyone in the vicinity knows the queer old woman, who is always dressed in a calico gown and sun-bonnet.



Editorial Note.

We publish elsewhere, in our columns, extracts from a most interesting address

Wanted Leaders. delivered by Mrs. R. S. Benson, on the subject of education of Indian girls. Presiding at the distribution of prizes of the Vizianagram Girls' School, on the 5th instant, Mrs. Benson referred, at the commencement of her address to the noble work, in the cause of the female education, undertaken by Mr. Tirumala Chariar, who has taken upon himself the management of this school. After giving a history of this school, she alluded, in feeling terms, to the apathy of Hindu gentlemen in the matter of education of Indian girls, and deplored especially the absence of leaders. What Mrs. Benson says about the need of leaders is of the greatest importance. Organizations are good in their way, but the life and soul of organizations are individuals. It is from individuals that organizations get their best inspirations. What we need in India above everything else to promote the cause of female education is men and women of a self-sacrificing spirit who will throw themselves heart and soul into this cause, and work steadily away at it by every means in their power. We cannot do better than commend to all our readers the earnest words of Mrs. Benson. They ought to find a responsive echo in the hearts of every true son and daughter of India.

News and Notes.

Women are now admitted to the classes of the Faculty of Divinity at Edinburgh University.

—Mrs. N. Das, B.A., has been appointed Principal of the Bethune College, Calcutta.

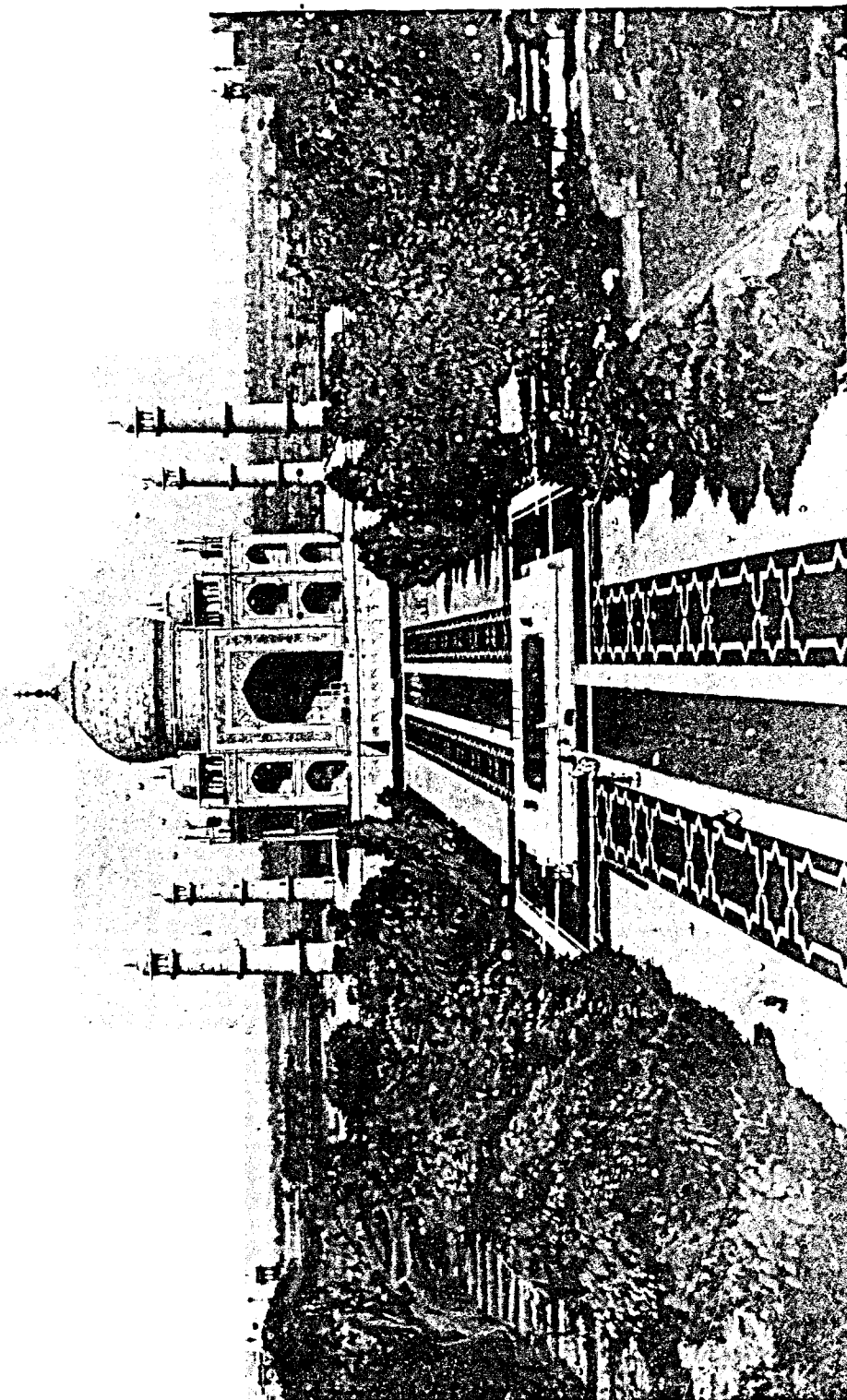
—We have the proud privilege of counting among our lady contributors, three Mahomedan ladies, and the photo of one of them we have much pleasure in presenting to our readers.

—We are glad to hear that Lady Harnam Singh has been invited by the Government of India to be present at the Coronation along with her husband, Sir Harnam Singh. No one will be able to represent the Indian Christian community so well as the Punjab nobility, more worthily than Sir and Lady Harnam Singh.

—Our readers will notice three new lady contributors to our columns:—Miss Billington, the well-known lady Journalist, who has kindly contributed a most valuable article on Medical education for women in England; Miss Eliza Sankar Gouri, whose descriptive sketch of the famous cave temple of Amarnath, will, we are sure, be read with interest; and last not least the Moslem lady who writes so charmingly about Mohamadan wedding customs. We also welcome once more contributions from the pen of Mrs. Benson and of Ierne as well.

—Lady Mackworth Young, on visiting Jullundur the other day, was presented with a joint address by eleven schools, and, replying to it in Urdu, she said:

"Female education is, as we all recognise, a most important work and one which is difficult to carry on in this land, mainly because of the *purdah* system and the custom of early marriage. However, here, at all events, every effort is being made to give a good education to those who will take it, and you, pupils of this school, are much to be congratulated on the advantages you enjoy. Some of you will, I hope, pursue your studies beyond the ordinary course, and, perhaps, become teachers, and so pass on to others the benefit you have received yourselves. I don't quite know why there should be so much difficulty in obtaining qualified teachers, for the work of instructing others is an honourable and interesting one. For the average woman who has a family a good education is most important. Every woman should be able to read her own language and to write it easily. She should also have a knowledge of arithmetic, and, at all events, of elementary hygiene. How can one keep one's house in order and comfort and bring up one's children if one is ignorant of the first rules of health? To a knowledge of the rules of cleanliness and ventilation, I would add an understanding, not merely in theory but in practice, of the rules of diet and of sick-room cookery. This, to my mind, is so important that I have had thoughts of compiling a handbook of sick-room and domestic wholesome cookery for use in *zenanas*. There is one more thing I want to say. Among all the things you learn you must give the first place to religion. A woman is nothing without religion, be she Hindu or Mahomedan, Sikh or Christian, and her religion will make her a docile daughter, a pure wife, and a patient and loving mother."



THE TAJ MAHAL.

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THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

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The Taj Mahal.

"Thou miracle of marble! who can paint
Thy glorious dome and goodly towers that rise
Against the clear blue of these cloudless skies
In snow-white splendour, pure without a taint?
Like solemn lawn-clad vestal or fair saint
Thou standest as for worship; all men's eyes
Gaze on thy majesty with rapt surprise;
Words fail upon the lips, the heart is faint
With too much beauty. In thy spiritual grace
Not of this earth thou seem'st; did ghostly might
Of faery hands thy slaphely features trace,
Or phantom music rear thee in thy place?
We watch half-trembling lest the vision bright
Fade, like the Enchanter's palace, from our sight."



HE person, who dares to describe the Taj Mahal, must needs be a poet, sculptor, architect and enthusiast in order to do justice to this most beautiful art-treasure that India possesses;—a "poem in marble," seen nowhere else in the wide wide world. Our description must needs be exceedingly imperfect, since we possess none of the qualifications demanded, but are simply one who was privileged to reside some years in Agra, and to visit the Taj, the palaces in the Fort,

the Umad-ud-Dowla, Futtehpore Sikri, and other places many times. It is now of the Taj we would speak. Other monuments may affect one by their massive and ancient appearance; this seems like a fairy vision, light, elegant, proportionate in all its parts, and so ethereal in its beautiful outlines, that one expects it almost every moment to vanish into thin air. Of snowy whiteness, it has well been compared to a "nun in her pure white robes"; though the comparison made by the late Dr. Ridgeway is, perhaps still more appropriate, when he said, "the Taj, kissed by the moon-beams, seemed most like a beautiful bride in her snow-white drapery." Surrounding this lovely monument—erected to the memory and for the keeping of the precious remains of an adored Princess—hovers a halo of romance and love, seldom seen except in poetry. Arjumand Bannu Begum was called by a pet name, *Mumtaz-i-Mahal*, or the "Exalted Beauty of the Palace," and was the much loved Queen of the Emperor Shah Jehan. Her father was the Prime Minister, Asaph Khan, brother of the celebrated Nur Jahan, wife of the previous Emperor Jehangir. The father of Nur Jehan and Asaph Khan was the famous adventurer from Teheran, Mirza Ghaias, the story of whose career, and that of his lovely daughter Nur Jehan, reads like a fairy tale.

Shah Jehan was so much in love with *Mumtaz-i-Mahal*, that he secured her in marriage, being only the niece of his step-mother. They were married when Shah Jehan was heir apparent; and she bore him seven children, and died in childbed of the eighth, when Shah Jehan was Emperor. Her body was carried to Agra, then the metropolis of the Mogul Empire, and was laid in the small mosque still pointed out, until her beautiful tomb was got ready for her. The vast undertaking, consisting of pure white marble, was estimated to cost three crores of rupees, and it is said to have been planned by a Venetian, named Geronimo Verroneo, and his plans were carried out by a French architect, Jules Austin, and a Byzantine Turk whose name is unknown. The collection of materials is said to have occupied over seventeen years. Tavernier, the Great Eastern Traveller, says:—"I have seen the commencement and the completion of this great work, which employed twenty thousand men daily for twenty-two years." The labour was all forced, and was paid for in a small daily allowance of grain, which was further curtailed by the rapacious under-officials. The work people lived in mud huts, and frequently were decimated by a frightful mortality, arising from poor food and insanitary dwellings. The poet describes them to have cried out:

Have mercy God on our distress,
For we die too with the Empress.

A native account of the Taj shows that the Rajahs and Nawabs subscribed Rs. 99,00,000 towards its erection, and from the Emperor's private treasury nearly two million pounds were contributed. The two silver doors which guarded the entrance to the Taj are said to have cost nearly two lakhs of rupees, and were studded with 1,100 silver nails, each having a head made of a Sonnat rupee. The Jats, those Vandals of the East, when they sacked Agra, melted down the silver gates, and removed many lakhs of valuable jewels which were inlaid in the tombs. The hollow places, from which the precious stones were dug, are being pointed out, as traces of their fearful plundering.

The Taj is approached by a road leading a mile and a half from the Fort, (where the palaces of the Mogul Emperors are to be seen) along the

bank of the Jumna, through great mounds, left by ancient ruins, with several old tombs and a grave-yard or two on either side. The Taj is surrounded by a lofty wall of red sandstone, enclosing a spacious garden. On the sides are arched galleries forming hundreds of spacious rooms, used in former days by visitors invited to the Gardens of Pleasure, which existed all around. It is supposed that before the Taj was erected, the gardens contained a summer Residence of the Emperor, when he was followed by a vast retinue of courtiers, for whose accommodation the caravansery without the gate and the large rooms within the garden were intended. Passing through this caravansery, you come to the main entrance to the Taj garden. It is a noble structure of arches, massive and tall, of old red sandstone. The gate is about 70 feet high, and over the archway are black marble inscriptions of inlaid work, forming sentences from the Koran. You pass through this great archway, and in the distance is seen the Taj itself. The *coup de oeil* is grand. On either side are rows of gigantic cypress and other trees, while the marbled floor has a cistern of a few feet deep running up to the Taj, in the centre of which hundreds of tiny one-jet fountains play. Half way you meet with an elevated platform of marble; and, ascending the terrace, you have another long set of fountains, and on either side cypress and other trees. The gardens are stocked with all kinds of beautiful trees and flowers, and forms a perfect paradise of coolness and beauty even in the middle of summer. Down the vista is seen the Taj in all its rare beauty. You ascend a flight of marble steps, and stand on a tessellated platform of black and white marble squares, curiously designed with octagonal inlaying; this platform is 313 feet square, and 18 feet above the garden entrance. On four sides (corners) of this square rise four turrets of marble, with black inlaying to the height of 137 feet. These can be mounted by spiral staircases, and the view of the Fort and Agra city from them is simply lovely. The mausoleum itself stands in the centre, and consists of a huge dome of white marble, supported by four immense arches, three of which are visible. It consists of a square of 186 feet,

cut off at each corner opposite to the turrets afore-mentioned. The entrance is by a magnificent archway over 40 feet high, the central dome, which covers the graves of Arjumand Bannu Begum and the Emperor Shah Jehan being 50 feet in diameter and 80 feet high. In the centre upper floor is the fac-simile tomb of the Empress, and by her side the tomb of her husband, the real graves being in a vault or sepulchre below, which you are shewn by torch light. The echo under the upper dome is simply startling in its distinctness, the words "Time, Death, Eternity," or the notes of a slow hymn tune being given back even more loudly than delivered. The chord of the seventh gives a beautiful effect. An American traveller describes the echo as "floating and soaring away in a long, deep, delicious undulation, fading away so slowly that you seem to hear it after it is silent, as you see, or seem to see, a lark you have been watching after it has been swallowed up in the blue vault of heaven."

On either side of the Taj is a mosque each with three domes of white marble, the basements being of red sandstone. One of these was set up in order to keep the balance of symmetry and proportion. Both are equally beautiful. The fact must be stated that words cannot describe the ethereal beauties and wonderful proportions of this triumph of the architect. No second Taj can ever be produced, and the place is such, that those who have been to see it long to see it again, and never forget the scene of light and beauty.

Surrounding the dome are panels of solid marble with fret-work drilled through, in a most enchanting manner. The walls are inlaid with all kinds of lovely stones, such as agates, colored marbles, cornelian, and other precious stones. The fret-work screens around the tombs are magnificent specimens of sculpture, and the perspective of some of the inlaid flowers and leaves is very perfect. The Taj is a place one never tires of beholding and admiring. In the palaces of the Fort—and they are grand even in their ruins,—one can wander about for days together and not feel tired, the heart being stirred by a thousand feelings. In the visit to the Taj one feeling alone possesses the mind,

the wealth of love as shown in the beautiful resting place designed for a beloved one. Added to this are the architectural beauties of the place and its surroundings. One beautiful incident can never be forgotten. When Shah Jehan lay dying in his palace in the Fort, he ordered his attendants to carry him to an open verandah, from which he had a full view of the Taj; and he died gazing on the beautiful resting place of his greatly beloved wife. He had intended, so it is asserted, to have built a sister Taj, as his own mausoleum, but died before anything was done further than laying some of the foundations. When dying he asked to be buried side by side with *Mumtaz-i-Mahal*, and his desire was granted. Side by side they lie in the sepulchre, over which is built the grandest and most perfect gems of architecture that this world has ever witnessed.

"Grandma-Land." *

BY A MOTHER OF THE SNOWS.

"There is a wonderful land far away,
And its name is Grandma-Land;
'Tis a beautiful witching place,
With grandmas on every hand.
Everywhere you may look or go,
Everywhere that the breezes blow,
Just grandmamas! Just grandmamas!"

In my second article on "Widows of Canada" it occurred to me to give you simple little incidents of my mother's womanhood and old age. In her type, your readers in the sunny land of India will glean some idea of the life of a typical mother and widowed grandmother in our great Dominion—a land that stretches from sea to sea.

She is now eighty-five years of age and has exactly eighty-five grand children. Mother was quite strict with us as children, but all the same she is a cherished and much prized grandmother; so we thought.

"In this wonderful country far, afar,
Where blow the candy breezes;
In this beautiful glorious pudding land
Each child does as he pleases;
All through the night, all through the day,
Every single child has his way
Each his own way! Just as he pleases."

There were seven sons in succession in my parents' family; their birth caused a feeling of

* This is the second of the series of articles giving glimpses of life in the Far Far West by a lady contributor from Canada.

disappointment; but when I was born—the first girl—there was wonderful rejoicing. The postman of his own will galloped from house to house on horseback, blew a horn and shouted "The squire has a daughter, the squire has a daughter." Then in came shoals of congratulatory letters with many presents. My advent was heralded in the newspapers, and for once in my life I was for a short space a little woman of great importance. Three wee sisters followed me, and thus I lost the proud distinction of being the only girl. During those days and for years afterwards I remember my mother as a busy home-maker and house-keeper. There was nothing which her shapely hands could not do. If the boys cut themselves, she sewed up the wounds. In glancing over the history of her people, I find that surgical skill was a family trait, and among her kin there was one who received knighthood for "his scientific researches in medicine." In fact there was a reputed magic in the very touch of members of the clan. She was also an adept in seying garments, at baking, ironing, and in each kind of labour connected with our large establishment. Everything seemed so easy for her to oversee and assist with. The "Domestic problem" is one greatly discussed in Canada. Our experience may be interesting as it is a phase of the "Women Question." My grandmother brought her maids from Scotland; for generations before her her ancestors had loyal loving service and this good gift seems to have descended to us. My parents, with a few exceptions, always engaged French servants. There was a little French nurse on hand to take care of me when I was born. She was my confidante when I reached womanhood. Nine sisters out of that one family gave us faithful affectionate performance of duty. The father and brothers did my father's bidding for years, and the grandsons and, for aught I know, great grandsons are among the thousands of men now employed by my brothers. Some of mother's maxims were—"Knowledge is no burden"; "A good mistress must have a practical idea of all household duties, then she will know exactly how things should be done and how much to expect." I have heard her say too that no woman in her employ ever rose and lit a fire during my father's life-time. A great reverence for womanhood had been instilled in him by his father, the minister. My paternal grandfather (who, by the way, had an only uncle who went to India, amassed a fortune and married a native lady) I am told was a very handsome man, his wife was exceedingly plain, but "My child, he treated her always as if she were a princess," said an aunt one day to me. Our house was built on the highest point of land in a distance of one hundred miles. It was between two sections where originally there had been depôts of the Hudson

Bay, and, to add to the romance, we are told that in by-gone days our birthplace was an old Indian fort. Many a time I have hid in the earth holes, that were sunk in the great hill at regular intervals. From these the Indians used, long years ago, to pop up and shower down arrows on the enemy. A magnificent river swept by our grounds and far away, over where the blue tops of a range of mountains seemed to reach the clouds, the "Dawn" was discovered.

Our home was something similar to that of the famous Dr. Guthrie of Scotland; one of his maids described it as being "exactly like a hotel, only there was no cellar." Company, company always, winter and summer. My father loved study, literature, literary men and characters. He drew around him all sorts and conditions of men. Especially did he like people of individuality. I close my eyes and call up some interesting notables. There was that young man from Burma. Now he is a well known divine in New York and devotes his culture to the "great unwashed" in the region of city "settlements." A kingly man with white hair, keen blue eyes, and erect commanding form, paces the drawing-room. He was a believer in the co-education of the sexes. This man became the originator of two Colleges and a University. All over Southern India are men and women who are reaping harvests of happiness through that man's influence. I could give you pen pictures for hours, but I shall just give you one peep, at an ordinary looking man—very ordinary indeed, but yet Canada considers him extraordinary now, and Queen Victoria created him a knight because of his valour with the pen. In and out among these men my mother moved, they laughed at my father's wit and praised any mother's home-made bread.

Billiards, chess, croquet, boating, fishing, driving, and riding, were our favourite past-times. In winter, skating, tobogganing and snow-shoeing helped to pass many an hour. In all these my father was a delightful comrade. Mother could paddle a canoe with any one, and in her girlhood days rode on horseback with ease and grace, but I never remember that she paid much heed to these pleasures in my young womanhood. She had so many duties, and then there were poor people to help, the sick to be visited, and, in her leisure, her reading. The news of the entire world, social, political and religious, must be followed. No matter how occupied she was, the newspapers, or the fresh cut magazines must be read. Very often too, my father brought in the latest book and read aloud. Whenever she was to be found sitting at her sewing, his papers or his books, with himself, were cheerfully given for

her amusement or instruction. She was a keen independent thinker, with a decided mind of her own, and together they frequently argued out the questions agitating the times. My father always liked women who could hold their own in an argument. Unlike his father, he was an exceedingly plain looking man, but he dearly loved beauty. My mother's light step, trim figure, pretty refined freshness and wealth of nut brown hair must have had a great charm for him. She won him when a mere child, became his wife at eighteen years of age, and his widow when she was over sixty years of age. He was always her devoted lover. Many a time when we were children, I have seen him coming home after a day in the woods, or a gallop over his fields in order to watch his men and the first words were—

"Where is your mother?" If he could not find her at once it would be—"Mother, Mother, where are you?"

When we grew old enough to understand house-keeping, he insisted on her remaining in bed every morning until the second bell rang for dressing. One of us had to overlook the maids and see that the family table was perfectly set. This was a fad of his. He had a great liking for a table that was pleasing to the eye.

The country people named our home, "The Castle." Mother always objected to this title. She has a distinct aversion to any sort of upishness and considered this name quite too grand for a big stone building, with a gothic roof and fine large verandahs. It is approached by an avenue of trees, which she helped to plant in her early married life. Then it stands so high up, and its commanding situation overlooking wide fields, noble river and magnificent mountains, all conspired to give the settlers of that vicinity a right, they thought, to call the squire's home, "The Castle."

It was too big, however, for her when her large family with one exception went to hearth-sides of their own, and my father died. "The Castle" was closed and a modest residence taken in the city.

About this time, a new law came into vogue and many women in Canada had their first experience of the franchise. Widows and unmarried women who held property or paid a certain rent were allowed the right of a vote in Municipal affairs. That is, they could help to choose by the ballot the Mayor and Councillors of the city, town, village, or country place where they lived. This was in 1885. Mother was quite accustomed to voting in a way. The church which my grandfather organized met in a substantial stone building which boasted of neither debt, pew rent or government assistance. In fact, my grandfather never received a salary although an advo-

cate of a paid ministry. Circumstances were such that he did not require one. Two of his sons had been educated for the navy and gladly gave their help to him in teaching the settlers around. In the church, the women had equal rights with the men, and were not forbidden to speak. At proper times, when there was a vote to be cast, they modestly shouldered their responsibility and did their duty. This orthodox company also believed in the total immersion of believers, by which they signified the death and re-surrection of our Saviour.

The 3rd and 4th verses of the VIth Chapter of Romans led them to this belief.

"Know ye not, that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into his death?"

Therefore we are buried with him in baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the father, even so we also should walk in newness of life."

Close by the old Indian fort, a brother of a Premier of England was baptized one lovely Sunday morning. Although not holding all our views, he frequently preached in my grandfather's church. As a young woman I remember him well, for he came with some other British officers and camped near our place. This gentleman was quite a study and amusement for my father, who delighted in keen character research. My mother's first advent at the polls was to her an auspicious occasion. When visiting her later, she told me with much satisfaction of the event.

"Were you nervous mother?"

"Not in the least. Mr.—," mentioning quite a distinguished gentleman, "called for me with his own conveyance, I took his arm, walked to the sleigh and his man drove us to the polls behind a fine pair of ponies. I was conducted to a quiet clean room and then I cast my first ballot for public affairs."

"Who did you vote for mother?"

"Good men, of course, child," was the decided reply; "I watch them through the newspapers. I chose the ones I thought would rule wisely."

Later on in life she decided to have a residence near the "Castle," and a cosy cottage was secured. This had originally been built for an Irish gentleman, a relative of a woman whose memory, the women of India will ever bear in loving reverence. It calls up the name of the wife of one of your Viceroys whose heart was touched for the suffering of her own sex.

"Frogmore" is called thus because of the frogs that croak at eventide in the marsh, and round this genial centre gather the 85 whenever it is possible. Not all at once, but in detachments; there are troops of little and big. Sometimes they storm the "Castle." Lights brighten the many windows; merry feet run to and fro, like a bit of old times, say the neighbours—or

they crowd, the "Bungalow" and swarm over "Frogmore."

"In this wonderful country far away
In this gorgeous grandma clime—
When tired children can eat no more
There are stories of 'Once on a Time';
Stories are told and songs are sung
Of when grandma was young
'Once on a Time,' well let me see."

The coming of our Royal guests last autumn created great interest among big and little. Every one flocked to the nearest cities where they were to be entertained. "Oh, I am too old for such festivities!" said the Grandma laughingly to her merry granddaughters, who were busy preparing for the august occasion, but when all the news of the brilliancy and magnificence, of the preparations with tales of the gracious sweetness of the princess May, reached her ears, she quite forgot her eighty-four years and called for her best bonnet, finest garments, and gold-headed cane, and away she went "all dressed up in her Sunday clothes," and soon managed to secure one of the best sites for a good view. Imagine her all in black of rich texture with dainty snowy lace at her throat—a fresh faced, sweet, aristocratic old lady standing, resting just slightly on her handsome cane! Slowly along came the carriage bearing the future Queen and King of England. Who is this charming white-haired Grandmamma? There is an instant interested attention, and up goes a royal hat, and down bends a royal bonnet. A smile and gallant bow all for herself was then a memory of across the sea, a nursery and

"A wonderful country far, afar,
Where only good things stay.
To this beautiful glorious Grandma-Land,
Royal children only find the way."

In closing this sketch, perhaps an account of her later birthday will be of interest. This one I copy from a newspaper.

HONORED ON HER 80TH BIRTHDAY.

"Wednesday morning, January 12th, will long be remembered by those who were present at the breakfast table of Mr.—It was the 80th birthday of his mother. After the meal Mr.—intimated that as it was the birthday of "Grandma," they should toast her health and wish her many happy returns of the day. This they did with unfermented wine most cheerily, after which her son in a suitable speech presented her on behalf of her family with a handsome fur-lined cloak and diamond ring. Then her daughter opened and read fifty-five letters of congratulations from sons, daughters and grand children far and near. It was an impressive and happy hour and brought tears of joy to the venerable lady's eyes. The idea was a happy conception

and perfectly executed. It originated with one of the sons who spends his winters in California, and when it is known that the sons and daughters are scattered far and near in all directions on the continent, some idea may be gathered of the work this presentation involved. May Mrs.—long be spared the memory of the many happy events which this incident must have brought to her mind."

In her pretty city home, mother frequently gives At Homes, Luncheons, Dinners and at the proper season a valentine tea or satire party. These with her books, magazines and games keep her fully occupied. Her mind is as strong and active as ever it was, and her health splendid. It is her great delight to win victories at bagatelle and beat any of her sons who dare handle the cue. All her friends delight in sending her flowers of which she is very fond.

On her 85th birthday, flowers were ordered for her by telegraph from the Klondike, presents and letters poured in from far and near, and there was a houseful of guests besides. This is the simple story of one Canadian widow whose old age is full of sweetness and love.

Long may she abide in
This wonderful country far, afar,
Where only good things stay.
To this beautiful glorious Grandma-Land
Good children only find the way.
But when they sleep, or when they dream,
Away they float on the gliding stream
To Grandma-Land! To Grandma Land!

Ethel Newcome.*

A CHARACTER STUDY.

[By Miss BENSON.]

ETHEL, when first we meet her, is a merry light-hearted child of thirteen,—rather older in thought and more interesting than other girls of that age. She despises the thought of dressing a doll, or wearing a pinafore, and finds no pleasure in associating with children of her own age. Her love of little children, which becomes so marked a characteristic later on, already appears, and the little ones adore her.

She appears at her best when with her uncle, Colonel Newcome, before she has come out into the world. Ethel is then a frank, bright, generous creature, full of affection and admiration for him, and little wonder that the Colonel finds himself building castles in the air, whereof Clive (his son) is Lord, and that pretty Ethel, Lady.

* The "Newcomes," by Thackeray.

This is while Clive and she are both mere children. But as Ethel grows up under the influence of her grandmother, Lady Kew, she gradually learns to believe that her one aim and duty in life is to marry a wealthy man and, if possible, one of high rank; and from the beginning we see Ethel steeling herself against Clive. For instance, when the latter makes his appearance at the riding parties a certain gene is visible in Miss Ethel—why so, if she were indifferent to him? and why should she treat him with distance and dignity, had she not felt uncertain of herself with regard to him?

Again we learn that Ethel lost her temper and burst into tears, when her brother Barnes used language even more than usually bitter and sarcastic against the Colonel and Clive. This was on the occasion, when she had omitted to mention Clive's name when telling her parents of her conversation with old Mrs. Mason, and when Alfred, the "infant terrible," announces to the whole company that "Ethel was in love with Clive, and Clive was coming to marry her, and Mrs. Mason had told him so." Ethel says to herself, it is for her uncle and his company that she is eager. Is it altogether so? Why such an outburst of feeling had there been no sting of truth in the little Alfred's artless announcement?

From this time Ethel begins to be constantly away with her grandmother, and under her influence, she develops precociously and becomes for the time being—I might almost say, a hardened woman of the world. At the present day it seems scarcely possible that so young a girl as Ethel should have so rapidly become thoroughly worldly.

It must be remembered however in considering her character, that in Ethel's day girls were brought into society at a much earlier age than they are now—and that at seventeen Ethel had for some time been almost entirely under the influence of her unscrupulously worldly grandmother, with practically no counter-influences, in the way of studies or quiet home life; and this, just at the most impressionable age, which is sufficient to account for the temporary warping of her naturally noble character.

Ethel continues to be affectionate to her uncle and has the sweet look of candour and love in her eyes, but is very reserved when he speaks of Clive.

Later on we see her in society, at a dinner-party, possessed of more than ordinary beauty and full of attraction and wit. She and Clive have not met for some months, and her eyes brighten with surprise and pleasure as she beholds him, whilst the blushing youth casts down his eyes before hers. And as they stand together Lady Kew turns to the Colonel and remarks, "Upon my word, my dear Colonel, I

think we were right to keep him out of the way. Ethel has been disposed of these ten years. Did not Amy tell you? How foolish of her. But all mothers like to have young men dying for their daughters. Your son is really the handsomest man in London."

"Ethel's countenance is somewhat grave and haughty, but on occasions brightening with humour and beaming with kindness and affection. Too quick to detect affectation or insincerity in others, too impatient of dullness or pomposity, she is more sarcastic now, than she became when after years of suffering had softened her nature. Truth looks out of her bright eyes, and rises up armed, and flashes scorn or denial too readily perhaps, when she encounters flattery or meanness or imposture. Her hair and eye-brows are jet black; but her complexion is dazzlingly fair and her cheeks are red. In her hair there is a slight natural ripple, as when a fresh breeze blows over the 'melancholy.' Her eyes are grey, her mouth rather large, her teeth regular and bright. Her voice is low and sweet, and her smile when it lighted up her face and eyes, as beautiful as spring sunshine." On her first appearance in society, Ethel is popular neither with men nor women. The former are afraid of her; she despises some, laughs at others, and is indifferent even to Lord Croesus whom all maidens and matrons are anxious to secure. The women too are frightened at her sarcasm, and jealous of her beauty.

Clive is lost in admiration of Ethel's appearance, but says, "anything so high and mighty, I have never seen since I saw the French giantess. Going to court, and about to parties every night, where a parcel of young fools flatter her, has quite spoiled her."

Weeks pass away, and the cousins meet again in Antwerp, and now that old Lady Kew and Barnes are away, the barrier between Clive and his family seems to be withdrawn. He admires Ethel more than ever, and his letters home are full of descriptions of her beauty and many charms. They see a great deal of each other, and are perfectly happy together as brother and sister. Clive is pleased at being in the train of so beautiful a person as Ethel, but it is not till they reach Baden that his brotherly feeling for her changes to something stronger. And when he fully realizes that Ethel is going to marry Lord Kew, he leaves Baden without attempting to persuade her to relinquish her prospects of worldly advancement; though, in the scene where he bids her 'good-bye,' he lets her see what the sacrifice means to him. Also it is evident that by this time Ethel felt more than a sister's affection for Clive, but it was not sufficient to make her forfeit being Countess of Kew, for his sake.

From this time we see Ethel revolting against being "sold in the marriage market," as she puts it. The very fact that she is not reconciled to her engagement with Lord Kew, who after all possessed all the qualities most girls could wish for in a husband, shows that Ethel's heart was not free, though she at the time was unconscious of the real reason for this.

At last Ethel's patience gives way and she openly rebels against her family and in a fury exclaims to her grandmother, "This most amiable man that you design for me, I know all about this most amiable man, and thank you and my family, for the present you make me. Every one of you have been filling my ears with cruel reports against a poor boy—when there was nothing against him, but that he was poor." And the end of this outburst is the breaking of Ethel's engagement with Lord Kew. During the whole period of her engagement she never pretended to care for Kew, she simply gave way to her family, and alas! that we should be obliged to confess it, the prospect of position, wealth and a coronet weighed very much with her. But after Lord Kew has released her—"Did she love him? She felt such an admiration for his gallantry, such a remorse for her own wayward conduct and cruel behaviour towards this most honest, kindly and affectionate gentleman, that the sum of regard which she could bestow upon him, might surely be said to amount to love." "But suppose," she said to herself "that there was another person in the world, to whom, did Fates permit, she could offer ten esteem, affection, pity only, but something ten thousand times more precious?" And thinking thus of Clive while she busies herself about her father's sick-bed, is it much "wonder that Ethel's cheeks are pale and her eyes look red? She has her cares to endure now in the world, and her burden to bear in it, and somehow she feels she is alone, since that day when poor Clive's carriage drove away."

This period of home life softens her temporarily, but when she is again brought under Lady Kew's influence, we see her immediately relapsing into her hardened shell.

Clive, on hearing that Ethel is free once more, hastily returns to London, and at last manages to see her.

But she lets him understand at once that when they parted at Baden it was for the best, and though she continues to love him as a brother, she can never look upon him in any other light. Clive, however, cannot relinquish all hope of her and still follows her about; and Ethel, who although she has absolutely no intention at this time of marrying Clive, and who knows that Lady Kew is trying her best to secure Lord Farintosh for her—yet allows Clive to follow her.

Her love of admiration is too strong for her and it outweighs all her nobler feelings.

Ethel at this stage in her life occupies a terribly undignified position, and the very worst side of her character appears. That she should allow herself to be dragged hither and thither by her grandmother in pursuit of a man who does not want her, is certainly very weak and wrong of her. But again we must remember how young she was and how influenced by her bringing up.

Ethel is quite aware of her folly in loving admiration, wealth and position, but the love of these things has gained so strong a hold on her, that she does not strive to resist it, and allows herself to drift on thoughtlessly.

And when at length Clive can be silent no longer, and offers himself heart and soul to her,—she refuses him—and why? Because she does not love him? No—but because, as she tells him and as she tries to deceive herself into believing,—she must sacrifice herself to her family. "In your speeches, my poor boy," she says "you forget one part of a girl's duty—obedience to her parents. They would never agree to my marrying any one, whose union would not be advantageous from a worldly point of view. Lady Kew said she would help my brothers and sisters, if I came to her, and it is the welfare of those little people that depends on me, Clive."

Thus Ethel salves her conscience with regard to Clive, but what is her real reason for refusing him? Is it not a selfish rather than an unselfish one? With her own lips she confesses "I love beautiful dresses, I love fine jewels, I love a great name, and a fine house." And these she knows Clive cannot give her. So he is dismissed.—But months pass away and still Lord Farintosh does not come to the point.

Meanwhile Ethel constantly meets Clive and her conduct to him at this is distinctly reprehensible. Having dismissed him, she yet calls him back, and gives him ground for renewed hope. There is certainly much to excuse her. She cared for Clive, of that there can be no doubt. But her mind is not made up. She is neither ready nor anxious to defy her grandmother's wishes, by declaring Clive as her future husband before the world. Again comes her love of admiration, and it amused her to lead Clive on, though surely, she cannot have realized what cruelty it was to him? Let us at any rate hope not.

At last Ethel's engagement to Lord Farintosh is given out, and again we find her almost excusing herself to Colonel Newcome for it, on the old plea of her duty to her family. But later on, after she has released Lord Farintosh from his engagement, she herself confesses to her great friend Laura Pendennis that when he

proposed to her, she accepted him because she was "pleased and vain." Also when actually breaking her engagement with Lord Farintosh, she acknowledged that she never loved him, and only accepted him for his rank and wealth.

Fortunately for Ethel, circumstances intervened and prevented her marriage with Lord Farintosh from taking place. Had Lady Kew not died, the marriage would undoubtedly have been celebrated, and Ethel would have become another victim to a "marriage de convenance." Then we should not have been able to watch the noble side of her character developing under the discipline of suffering and sorrow.

After Lady Clara's elopement with Lord Highrate, which finally decided Ethel to part from Lord Farintosh, and in consequence of which she came to keep house for Barnes, and be a mother to his little ones,—she was a very different person to the giddy and worldly girl who compelled our admiration of late in the days of her triumphant youthful beauty, and of her wayward generous humour."

Since these days of misfortune, distress and grief had brought out the noblest qualities of her disposition.

No one ever mentions Clive's name to her, now that he is married to Rosey. Had Ethel shed tears in secret over the marriage? Perhaps so, but she never mentioned the subject even to her confidante Laura, and "if Ethel felt regret and remorse, we can but admire the dignity of her silence, and the sweet composure of her now changed and saddened demeanour."

We see her now throwing herself heart and soul into her new life—mothering her brother's little ones, and attending to the poor and sick in the village. "Oh! what good there is in this woman!" cries Laura Pendennis. "Who would have thought this was the girl of your glaring London ball-room? If she has had grief to bear, how it has chastened and improved her!"

Often through the long lonely sad winter evenings which she now spends in her brother's house, Ethel's thoughts turn to the happy careless days she spent in company with the Colonel and Clive.

How cruelly she suffers when her old uncle turns against her—"I saw him only yesterday," she writes to Mrs. Pendennis "he would not even stop to give his Ethel of old days, his hand. I would have given I don't know what for one kiss, for one kind word—but he passed on and would not answer me."

She has indeed much to suffer now but—

"Time, so complained of
Who to no one man
Shows partiality
Brings round to all men
Some undimmed hours"

and so with Ethel—as the years rolled on, times softened for the old Colonel the memory of her frivolity and worldliness; and he could only recall her as in the days of her simple girlhood; thus she was permitted to be with him at the last, and to part from him assured of his love.

Shortly before this little Rosey died, setting Clive free, and we can leave Ethel with the conviction that with Clive happiness came to her at length.

From Hardwar to the source of the Ganges.

[BY MISS ELIZA SANKAR GOURI.]

"Oh, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme."

It is sometimes said that in no other part of the world is there to be found such a large profusion of natural scenery as in the north-western parts of the Himalayas. The magnificence and variety of the forests, the wealth and beauty of the 'alpine' flora, the countless streams and rivers, parting and joining, all these should really soothe the wearied eye of the Northern traveller. Moreover, it was in these cold secluded parts of the land that the ancient poets, sages and philosophers, who have all contributed their share to the glorious history of the Past, lived and passed their days in peaceful meditation, almost nursed in the Lap of Nature. And it is not unnatural that we should break into spontaneous outbursts of rapture and admiration at those scenes of wonder, especially when our eye lights on those spots immortalised by the high-souled Rishis of the past. It would certainly be a fruitless task, and probably impossible too, to adequately describe the majestic scenery of the Himalayan regions. Nevertheless, gentle reader, I propose to take you along to those mountain fastnesses, from amongst which the sacred Ganges courses its way, before it joins the mighty sea in the East.

High up the snowy ranges of the Siwalik Hills, about twenty miles higher up the holy city of Hardwar, join the two rivers Bhagirathi and Alakananda, which together with a few others sweep the low-lying plains of Northern India under the enchanted name of the holy Ganges. And it is our purpose to trace the source of this mighty river beyond Hardwar and reach the holy shrine at Gangotri.

To reach the sacred spot on the hills, there are generally two routes; the one leading round the great arm of Bandarpach mountain, and the other, a little lower, more circuitous, but less dangerous and wearisome. In spite of the dangers, troubles and privations reported of the former,

we proposed to cross into the valley of the Ganges by that more direct route, abounding in wild and romantic scenes of nature.

It is early morn. The soft and searching rays of the rising sun are turning into a glittering mass of silver the snowy peaks of the mighty Himalaya. A belt of white greyish cloud floats softly over our heads, while the deep blue sky above and beyond forms the fitting back-ground for the display of endless variety of picturesque scenes. The sight is, indeed, grand and impressive. As the sun climbed up higher, the air became more warm and bracing; and, after a little breakfast, under the open sky, by the side of a flowing rill, we started on our journey.

A mile beyond Kursalee; and a roaring sound! Nearing as we pass, the sound becomes more solemn and more vigorous! It is a torrent which pours its hoary waters down the face of a steep hill from a bed of snow near its summit. Fair reader! Pause awhile near this gigantic waterfall. Look around; what monotony! and yet how sweet! What enormous bales of ice are hurled from the mountain tops, by the leaping waters from rock to rock! We look above, below, beyond, everywhere, lost in admiration; and our impatient guide urges on our progress. The air around the striking scene is a little cold and the ground hard with frost, and the scenery wild and magnificent.

A few yards off, our eye meets a stern, steep mountain and here begins a little long and toilsome ascent over the hills of Unchighati. Here again we have to cross another stream stealing slowly through the rough stones and rocks coated with thick ice, a false step on one of these is sure to lead to a fatal slip, and it is a long time before we get past the slow winding stream. The river is crossed; and what a sight there is before us, to be sure?—a forest of cedar trees ringing now and then with the fierce cries of a wild bird or beast. The narrow pass leading up the hill through an irregular row of grey looking trees winds over many a massive rock glittering in the white sun. Speeding past this tangled forest which evokes fear, we pierce into a plainer region of birch and rhododendron.

The scene here assumes a wintry aspect and soon the appearance of anything like foliage is fast fading behind us, as we reach the snowy crest of the pass. Standing now on the top of a forest hill at an elevation of a hundred feet, we look back below on the regions covered by the Bandarpuch, Dutimanji, Buchunka peak and ridge. Surely, few scenes of more sublime grandeur are presented in this vast Continent of India! The sun shooting his rays across the hill side, the flowing waters glittering in the sun light, the tall gigantic trees clothing the hill far and near; the protruding rocks of snow meeting your wondering gaze, the dark blue sky

fringing the snowy tops with a picturesque effect, all these should be better imagined than described by this feeble pen of mine.

The thoughts that arise, as we contemplate the scene are many and various. The days during which India was looked upon as the foster mother of intellectual greatness, and the days when those gifted sages of the Past resorted to these wild forests and turned them into great seats of learning and meditation naturally fill our hearts with some sadness, when we reflect upon the present degeneracy in Indian Society.

As we turn our eyes a little to the north-west, the sombre mood of our mind is lightened, happily for us, by the tranquil beauty of the holy Bhagirathi, leaping and dancing as it flows from its gigantic bed of snow. "Let us move on," urges our guide, "as more interesting scenes lie before us."

We descend the south-east side of the pass and it is a beautiful region of pines and evergreen oaks. The rhododendron creepers grown into trees afford a bright relief as they clothe the sloping sides with a fantastic effect. The descent is, of course, long and painful; but the prospect of a beautiful landscape before our eyes lightens our footsteps as we slide down the slopes. We look below, from a considerable height, upon a scene of glowing vegetation, a series of hanging terraces waving with grain and watered by winding streams through woody ridges. As we raise our eyes a little above, the tall cliffs shrouded in thick mist seem to hold sweet discourse with their silent comrades; and as the sun begins to slant his rays against their sides, what glow of countless colours!—the venerable trees majestically grouped together, reflecting the sunbeams from off the ice-crowned leaves. Blessed indeed is he or she whose eyes catch the varied beauty of this wondrous scene between these impenetrable forests, softly lit by the evening sun; while the awful music of roaring torrents renders the scene more savage than the wilds of San Salvador.

As we thus move on, feasting our eyes with these scenes of wonder and delight, the beautiful halting place of Nangana closes in upon our sight with its grassy terraces welcoming our wearied footsteps. As the sun sank, the evening grew darker, the air chill and biting; finishing our night's repast, we drew round the fire-place to warm our freezing limbs. The soft round moon slowly and gracefully spanning the spotless sky above, and those far off "Isles of light" shining behind their peerless queen, the solemn stillness that holds the surrounding scene, now and then broken in by the thundering peals of falling 'avalanches,' and above all the peculiar sensation that runs through our

frame as we reflect upon the unknown Power that is the author of all these wonders, language itself cannot describe with any approach to perfect vividness. One is, indeed, struck with the supreme power of the Unknown, when one looks upon the starry heaven above and recollects those famous lines of the illustrious bard,

"Ye Stars which are the poetry of Heaven,
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and of Empires—'tis to be forgiven
That in our aspiration to be great
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create in us
Such love and reverence from afar
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named
themselves a star."

And surely, it would be no great cause for surprise to the readers, if under the genial influence of natural scenery I cry out with the poet—

"I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me; and to me
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
Of human cities torture: I can see
Nothing to loathe in nature, save to be
A link reluctant in a fleshly chain,
Class'd among creatures, when the soul can flee
And with the sky, the peak, the heaving plain
Of ocean, or the stars, mingle, and not in vain."

Thus allured to regions far beyond our powers to soar, and contemplating on the mysteries of the wonder-worker, "behind the Veil," we were lulled to sleep amid the sweet monotony of the falling waters and the harsh sounds of the falling snow.

It is morning, about eight o'clock, when we get up and prepare for our journey further. It is a cold and sleety morning and the magnificent scenery of the mountains cannot be seen to the best advantage, as their tops are enveloped in snow-clouds. We pass through a narrow footpass between tall mountains hiding the sun from our view; we find ourselves surrounded on all sides by thick-ribbed ridges of ice: and great was my surprise when our guide showed us a way to get out of this dreadful region of ice. We have now crossed the extreme limits of the river-territories between the Jumna and the Ganges. A mile or two we pass along, the guide narrating to us anecdotes and legends concerning the sacred names consecrated to the hearts of the Hindu pilgrims in this remote region of Gangotri. We now reach the summit of a ridge from which we obtain the first glimpse of the sacred Ganges, a sight that never will fail to arouse a feeling of pleasure and admiration in our hearts. What strikes us more with surprise is that our friend the guide breaks out in accents deep and hollow, as he pronounces, "O, Mother Ganges, Ganga Bavani! Purge my soul of all sins." It is with the utmost devotion that he

offers his morning prayers. As we descend the gentle slope, I begin to speak with our guide, who after an hour's conversation shows himself well-versed in Sanskrit literature and Indian philosophy.

We have now reached a spot in the middle of the way, when our good friend points to a dark glen of the deepest solitude; and our footpath to that sequestered vale winds through many a flowing rill and dense forest.

A considerable distance has to be crossed and there is no regular beaten-path leading before us. Here we scramble over rough rocky ridges; there we descend with slow pressing feet; here we climb flinty, pointed, and almost uncertain masses of stones; there we may chance to lose our foothold over the smooth surface of ice. Truly, it is with a thrill of fear that I now recall the instance, when my right-foot slipped on the ice-bed and a shivering sensation ran through my whole frame. Sometimes we climb from cliff to cliff; and at others, we find rough ladders of wood or cane, placed to aid the ascent. Perhaps, a thorough and detailed description of these difficulties might dullen the spirit of enthusiasm in the minds of the readers, who may perhaps have been induced to enjoy the sight of this Supreme Grandeur, as surely some must have been; but one will recall these ascents and descents, scrambles and falls, with evident pleasure and sweet remembrance. It is the difficult nature of the access that prevents many of us from journeying to these mountainous parts; but curiosity, stimulated by religious enthusiasm and scientific research, has induced some at least to break these insuperable barriers and difficulties.

After considerable difficulty, we reached this holy shrine of Gangotri. And O! who can describe the majestic grandeur of the surrounding scenery as we stand upon the threshold of this sacred spot. Here in a rocky glen, encircled by proud towering rocks, piled one on another, in pleasant confusion, here we stand gazing on this tiny river pouring its shallow waters through jutting rocks and snowy beds. We find, however, the real source of the Ganges lying still higher, in still more inaccessible solitudes. Here we stayed for two days amidst this glory and splendour of solitude, during which time I, urged by curiosity, visited the near-lying parts. My guide, a kind middle-aged man, followed me to these places telling me stories about the ancient Rishis and the sages who "ran their godly race" in these "palaces of Nature." The one spot that may perhaps interest the readers, is the asram of the sage Kapila, the founder of the Sankhya system of Philosophy. He showed to me a rough-hewn rock, beneath a tall shady tree protected on either side by carelessly thrown rocks, which he believed to have once been the hermit-

age of the famous sage. A small rivulet escaping through rocks flowing not far from this spot, adds to the immense beauty of the surrounding scenery.

And here our learned guide discoursed upon the teachings of Bhagavat Gita, now and then throwing light upon the Sankya philosophy; and for a moment I thought, this was Plato's Academy.

As far as I have seen, Gangotri is the sublimest and the most beautiful sight in India. The clear crystal stream, the shaggy steep, the falling snow, the dark and deep glen, the wild and luxuriant growth of gay-coloured flowers, the Ganges hastening along its course amidst these, and the clear-cut precipices overlooking each other, all these present scenes of the greatest beauty and combine together a wealth of infinite variety to the æsthetic mind. The deep blue sky, the pure white snows, the dark shady ravines, the dense primeval forest, all these impress on our minds the mysterious presence of God. The approach of nights in these Himalayan regions is especially interesting and in the words of Sir Richard Strachey, "the world of mountains, rises again into a new life, under the changed light of the thousand stars which stud the firmament and clear rarified atmosphere of the sublime heights."

Fair reader! I hope I have succeeded in creating in you an ardent desire to travel to these remote regions of the North and view with supreme pleasure the majestic splendours of "those creatures of God," which reared in the past the greatest men of our land, the pride and wonder of the Indian race. Of the influence of natural scenery on the mind of man so much has been said and written, that little remains to be touched upon. Suffice it to say then that Wordsworth, one of the greatest of English Poets, was essentially the product of Nature; and it was to the supreme influence of Nature upon him, that he owed the consolation of his life that

"Life is energy of love
Divine or human —
— and ordained,
If so approved, and sanctified, to pass
Thro' shades and silent rest to endless joy."



Philately or Stamp-Collecting.

[By M. P. S. RAMALINGA
MUDALIAR.]



NOT very many years ago, stamp-collecting was completely unknown even in European countries except to the very few, whereas now-a-days every boy and girl in England has got a stamp album. They know too how to gain interest in their collections, for every friend and every visitor is asked to see them and also to contribute to them. It is wonderful too, to see how many people, who formerly threw the envelopes and the stamps of their correspondents into the waste-paper-basket, now carefully remove the stamps from every letter they receive and put them aside; some members of the family will be enriched by them and often strive for them by real acts of virtue and good conduct. They are a coveted prize which no boy or girl can afford to lose.

It is strange that a study so interesting and so useful should receive the little attention it does in India. There are comparatively very few in India who know what stamp-collecting is, and yet India is a country that has many advantages for the philatelist. All, or nearly all, the Native States have stamps different from those of the Government of India. Hence in their own country boys and girls have a variety of stamps at their disposal, which the English boy or girl can obtain only with great trouble. This is surely an advantage which we ought to turn to good account.

The greatest hindrance to this highly interesting pursuit is the disparaging way in which ignorant people speak of it. In the opinion of many it is sheer loss of time. What an amount of time they say is spent in gathering, assorting, mounting, etc.! They do not see that it is something more than mere mechanical work. For them it is nothing more than an inducement to vanity or cupidity, as the stamp-collector's only desire is to show his neat little album to every friend and acquaintance, or to sell his collection for a good round sum of money as soon as it is of any value.

Now all this is very discouraging to the young philatelist, who otherwise might give himself up to this most useful work. Far from its being a loss or a waste of time, it seems to me to be a most useful employment of one's time, an amusement peculiarly adapted to this country where violent exercise cannot be indulged in for any length of time. Boys at school or college surrounded by so many companions coming from

different parts of India, and girls at home helped by their more fortunate brothers, have so many opportunities for obtaining stamps. There is no loss of time in asking a friend, a neighbour, or a visitor for a few stamps, and the labour of assorting and mounting, far from being a loss of time is perhaps the most useful employment of one's time that can be wished for, owing to the special training it gives to the mind and the useful knowledge which it teaches. An easier method of learning something of History and Geography can scarcely be imagined.

Take, for instance, the English boy or girl who would have the collection of all the stamps peculiar to India. Apart from the geographical names which he would constantly have before his eyes and constantly be repeating, will he not be curious to know why so many States have got their separate stamps and thus seek to trace the independence of those States and also the extent of independence each estate enjoys? The same may be said of the Indian boy or girl. How much more familiar would foreign names become to them if each had his stamp album! To learn the names of foreign countries, states, etc., by means of an interesting book made by oneself is far different from learning the long dry lists of names as given in most Geographies, as every school boy or school girl will readily acknowledge.

Again every stamp bears its value and the name of a coin of the country in which it is issued. Now what can be more useful for our intercourse with other nations than a knowledge of their coins and the value of each coin? Coins count for so much in this world, and money is such an important factor in our dealings with our fellow-men!

The different shades in the colours of stamps afford a most interesting study, and would alone be an attraction for the artist. We may often obtain from the figures on stamps, a knowledge of colours, emblems, and even a knowledge of national character and customs. The progress of civilisation can be traced in many cases when stamps are issued to celebrate some great event, as was the case at the time of the Centenary of the discovery of America. Ships of the old wooden type are placed side by side with the modern fast steamers. All these things, besides being an instruction in themselves, are sure to give a taste for looking up everything connected with the events and the persons and the things pictured on the stamp.

There is one advantage, however, connected with stamp-collecting which cannot be passed over, and that is the qualities of patience, neatness and accuracy, to which it necessarily gives rise. This it is that ought to recommend it especially to our young girls.

The stamp album, if not bought for the pur-

pose, must be carefully lined so as to have a small square for each distinct stamp, otherwise confusion will soon arise in the midst of such variety. Again each State must have one or two pages allotted to it for the different stamp issues. But that part of the work, where most patience and neatness is required, is the pasting of the stamps in the album. Pure gum must be used, or a stain will be left on the page when the stamp is removed, nay impure gum may cause the overleaf to appear quite dirty. If the whole stamp is pasted it will be found very difficult to remove it when we wish to make an exchange; hence different devices have been adopted to allow of the stamp being easily removed when required. The one most in use is to prepare little strips of paper about the breadth of the stamp and fold them so as to make a kind of hinge, one-half is then pasted to the square, usually at the top prepared for the stamp, and the stamp itself is pasted to the other half of the paper hinge. The stamp can thus be easily removed without injury to the page of the album, and without leaving any blot caused by the gum. This preparation is required for every different stamp. What an amount of patience is needed here and what habits of neatness it gradually develops in the stamp collector! Habits that grow within us from the very nature of the work we indulge in! How precious these virtues are in our everyday life and what happiness they bring to the home where they are to be found! The very thought that our album is not neat, or that the stamps are in disorder or have been put down to a country to which they do not belong will prevent us from showing our album to our friends and even will perhaps discourage us in our undertaking.

Of late years, stamp-collecting has developed into quite a study. Many eminent men have taken to it and they really display a fine discrimination in detecting the genuine colours of stamps. The young philatelist is easily taken in by the cleverly made forgeries of would-be stamp dealers. It is often necessary and always safe to appeal to the expert who at once sees the forgery. This soon gives us a habit of close observation and attention to details.

Surely an occupation that carries with it so many advantages is well deserving of our attention. If it were more widely known, chiefly among our girls, it could not but bear good fruit. Now one means of making it known would be for the few who are already in possession of albums to show them on every occasion and to try their best to induce others to make albums by explaining in an interesting way all the little details concerning stamp-collecting. Curiosity too is sometimes aroused by asking stamps from a boy or girl, and this curiosity can be turned to good account by a few words of encouragement and the offer

of a few stamps as a beginning for a collection. We might then hope soon to see Philately hold the place of honor it deserves among the amusements and the studies of our Indian boys and girls.

M. P. S. RAMALINGA MUDALIAR.

P. S.—To any reader of this Magazine who wishes to become a stamp-collector, I offer a packet of fifty different stamps on the recommendation of the Editress of this Magazine.

M. P. S. RAMALINGA MUDALIAR,
Melappannai, Alvarakurchy,
Tinnevely Dt.

[We are extremely obliged to Mr. Ramalinga Mudaliar for his most interesting article, and we also take this opportunity of thanking him for his kind offer of a gift of fifty stamps to readers of this Magazine, who wish to be stamp-collectors. To our Indian girls in particular the occupation should prove of the greatest interest, and we trust that many will be able to avail themselves of Mr. Ramalinga Mudaliar's generous offer.—ED., I. L. M.]

A French Estimate of the English in India.



NE does not often meet with a book of travel of such abiding interest and novelty as *Romantic India* (translated from the French of André Chevrillon by William Marchant); and what the *Spectator* said of another book of travels might fitly be applied to this:—"The golden era when each traveller brought back marvellous accounts of his wandering is almost over, but it has been temporarily revived" by the author "in one of the most fascinating books of its kind that has been given to the world of late years." The most interesting part of the book however is where the author discusses England's work in India.

The first thing that strikes the Frenchman is the ease with which English life and manners have been transplanted in India. Speaking of Calcutta, he says, "At times you might think yourself in the West End, near Hyde Park. The same broad, straight streets, the same monumental houses, the same porticos with Greek columns, the same broad side walks, the same parks with railings around them, the same English statues at street corners." In Darjiling the author finds an English summer resort of the type of Eastbourne or Scarborough, where the English have carried not only their customs,

institutions and prejudices, "but their whole national environment and the *mise en scène* to which they are accustomed." Mr. Chevrillon thinks that the Englishman in India is not affected by contact with a different world, but on the other hand persists in his own type and personality. Hence he thinks the Englishman has a limited sympathy and comprehension and makes little effort to understand the native. On the other hand the Indian races are plastic and seem "to become English from contact with the hundred thousand colonists."

Another fact which the author noticed about the English is that they civilise the native population as much for their own advantage as from a sense of duty. The English in fact consider that they have a mission to perform in India—"to cover India with railways, to enlarge and multiply its sea-ports, to increase ten-fold its commerce, to convert it to Protestant Christianity, to suppress its castes, to enfranchise its women, to open its zenanas." The author met several Englishmen on board, officers, business men, missionaries, with whom he conversed much about India. One of these gentlemen said to him "Our duty is the education of India; when this education is completed we shall have nothing further to do but to withdraw." The same conviction of duty towards India he finds in Miss M. of the Wesleyan Mission in Jaipur, whose work is to visit the zenanas, as a friend, a missionary and a teacher. Mr. Chevrillon finds in the English lady missionary a "sister of charity devoted like our own to a religious idea, toward which all the acts of her life converge, but preserving the exterior, the habits, the tone of an Englishwoman of the middle class, the wife of an official or a doctor." He admits that "her existence is wholesome, industrious and worthy of respect resting upon a grand serious idea."

The author met several English officers on board and formed most favourable impressions of them. Of one officer he says, he has "behind him a wholesome and merry youth; he respects himself, he is a master of others, his beliefs are clearly defined, his activity and energy are overflowing." Most of these officers seem to be sons of squires and they live like aristocrats, their pay being scarcely sufficient for their mess tables, wine and horses. And while they live like nobles, they are nobles in pride and courage, well fitted to lead. "The sentiment of duty backed by self-respect will easily make heroes of them." But the author has seen the *hauteur* of the British officer also, for he tells us that he met at *table d'hôte* a young officer who after having visited the Lama's temple at Darjiling, summed up his impressions thus—"a nasty hole, which I was only too glad to get out of."

In this book we have two pictures of the British soldier in India. "You see the arrogance, the haughty silence of him, of Tommy Atkins, realising in India the dream of the English lower classes to treat himself as a gentleman." Two British soldiers of the Scots Grays travelled with the author from Ulmar to Jaipur, an eight hours' journey; and he read in their faces "the calm decided will, the tenacity, the habit of self-control," which gave them dignity and repose of manner.

M. Chevrillon pays a high tribute to the impartial administration of justice in India by English judges. In this he discovers the arcana of British Empire. "Under this regime the peasant is unmolested. He is no longer hunted down and harassed by all the functionaries of the native or mussulman government: he pays a small regular tax, and he is master of his earnings. He has a feeling entirely new to the Hindu peasant, that of security."

With regard to the relations of the Hindus to the English race, the author thinks that in India the white man with his army of servitors is "the master, the noble, and many believe him a sorcerer"; but that to the contemplative Hindu, the Englishman "appears coarse, with his noisy laughter, his athletic sports, his many requirements, his vigorous movements, his activity always conspicuous." It also struck the author that the independent and mannish ways of the English woman were shocking to the Hindu; and that the European was secretly despised "as ceremonially impure, polluted by the daily use of liquors and meats." M. Chevrillon considers that the Hindu soul is a composite of a mysterious kind, and not only beyond the experience of the European, but, incomprehensible to him, whom may perceive the externals, but to whom "the substance of the soul" must ever remain impenetrable.

As to the effect of English education on the Hindu mind, M. Chevrillon notices that the Hindu student is beset by two contending forces, viz., there is European culture on the one hand tending to destroy his hereditary faith in his ancient religious rites, and on the other hand, "let us not forget that he lives among Hindu cults, that every morning he sees the multitude devoutly splashing in the river,..... that the first words he ever heard, those which he still hears most frequently are religious formulas, sacred syllables, Vedic texts and extracts from the Puranas," and that his every-day life must imprint "on the very depths of his being a stamp upon which neither reading nor reasoning can have the slightest effect." The author concludes his thoughts on the subject with the reflection that the Hindu brain so long paralysed by Mohammedan misrule and oppression, has begun

to work, and that India, once more conscious of herself, is giving to the world her own conception of life and duty.

We will conclude this paper with the author's humorous description of the city of Bombay where, he says, there is a curious blending of English and Hindu Life. "Great walls are covered with placards like these: 'Theistic Bombay Temporary Relief Association,' 'Hindu Cricket club,' 'Parsee Cricket Association'..... Elsewhere, red flags are flying above the heads of a Hindu crowd. 'Hallelujah,' say the flags. 'Are you saved? Are you fighting? If not, why not? When do you intend to get saved?' Sandwich men are going about announcing 'the arrival of the Salvation Army from Canada and, a general attack upon the Devil by Captain Hallelujah Smith, formerly a circus clown.' In the midst of the Hindu crowd the English Salvationists form a little ring: they are all barefooted, clad in oriental costume, the women draped in red, their blonde faces surrounded with orange muslin, the men in Bedouin mantles and turbans. Curious these English faces, the soft pink and white skin in Asiatic costumes."

"HISTORICUS."

—Although the Chinese woman is shut up from the outer world in some ways, she has more liberty than the European woman. By the law of the land she can represent her husband in all business transactions. She is permitted, under certain circumstances, to buy or sell what she thinks fit, even property which belongs to her and to her husband conjointly. She is free to close business contracts, and also to marry her children as she wishes. No Chinaman expects a dot with his wife (on the contrary he generally pays highly for the privilege of obtaining her). If a Chinaman suspects his wife of being unfaithful to him he simply kills her on the spot. This peremptory manner of settling affairs is said in China to save a great deal of scandal, and to have a very salutary effect on the morals of Chinese wives. As a rule the Chinese women are dutiful wives to their husbands, and good mothers—according to their light—to their children. Every Chinaman honours his mother above everything in the world.

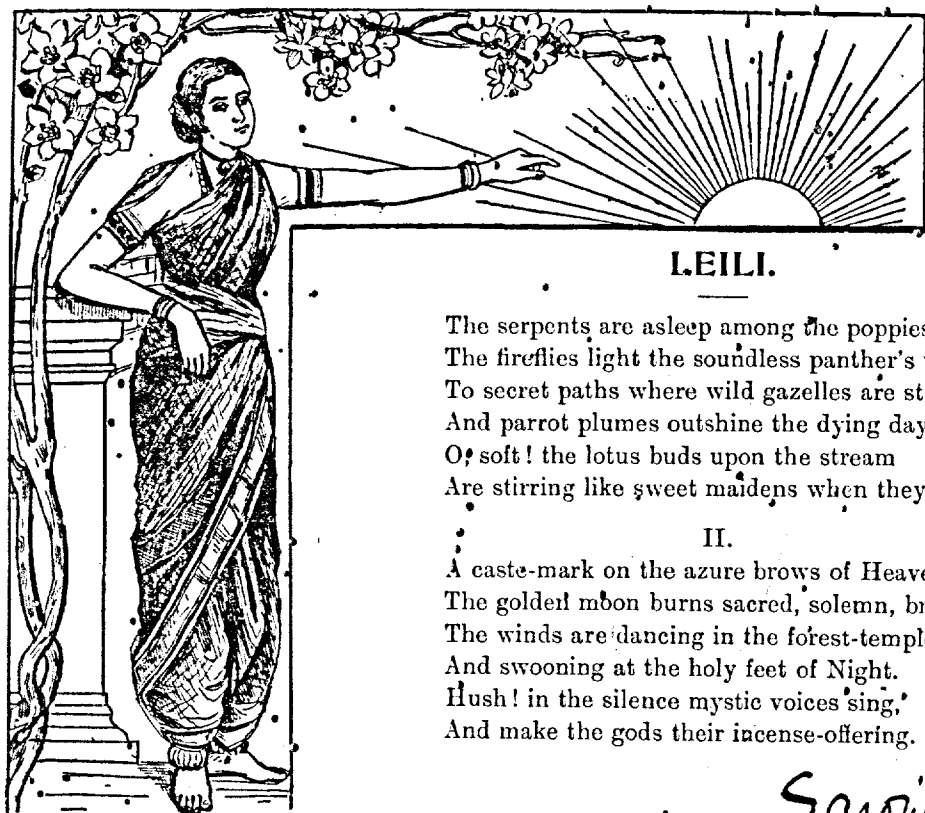
—In the *Pall Mall Magazine* Mr. Hangwin has a striking poem, "Blind children." He watches the blind children, happily playing:—

How should they know or feel
They are in Darkness?

Yet:
If a Redeemer came,
Laid finger on their eyes—
One touch, and what a world,
New-born in loveliness!

May we, too, not be as blind children, living in the midst of glories and wonders, of which we are all unconscious?

Do we sport carelessly,
Blindly upon the verge
Of an Apocalypse?



LEILI.

The serpents are asleep among the poppies,
The fireflies light the soundless panther's way,
To secret paths where wild gazelles are straying
And parrot plumes outshine the dying day. . . .
O soft! the lotus buds upon the stream
Are stirring like sweet maidens when they dream.

II.

A caste-mark on the azure brows of Heaven,
The golden moon burns sacred, solemn, bright,
The winds are dancing in the forest-temple,
And swooning at the holy feet of Night. . . .
Hush! in the silence mystic voices sing,
And make the gods their incense-offering.

Sarojini Naidu.

The Confession.

A SONNET.

"Many waters cannot quench love,
Neither can the floods drown it,
For love is strong as Death."

I love you dear,—and that suffices me
For what care I if you return not love?
Your charm of voice and mein, your perfect calm,
The midnight blackness of your speaking eyes,
Have 'witch'd me into worship and sweet love!
And yet I thought that I with love had done
And that, for me, the smile of woman was
More of a warning than a lure!—But Love
—'Creation's final Law'—repeats itself
And, aye, is Life's Alpha and Omega.
So, once more I love; and you, unconscious
Of my worship—like the Sun who shining
On his vot'ry, knows naught of devotion—
Smile benedictions—though I love in vain!

A. P. S.

They are all so cheerful, because they have not known real adversity. Orlando in the strength of early manhood; Rosalind and Celia, who through all their brilliant wit make their deep womanly tenderness felt; the Duke, who in his banishment can still say "Sweet are the uses of adversity," "are figures which quicken and restore our spirits, as music does, which is neither noisy nor superficial, and yet which knows little of the deep passion and sorrow of the world."

In *As You Like It*, Rosalind's character is the play. She is one of the most complex, and yet one of the most exquisite, of the female characters that Shakespeare has ever created. "She is like a compound of essences," says Mrs. Jameson, one of the most sympathetic of Shakespeare's critics, "so volatile in their nature, and so exquisitely blended, that on any attempt to analyse them they seem to escape us. To what else shall we compare her, all enchanting as she is?—to the silvery summer clouds, which, even while we gaze on them, shift their lines and forms, dissolving into air, and light, and rainbow showers?—to the May-morning, flush with opening blossoms and roseate dews, and 'charm of earliest birds'?—to some wild and beautiful melody, such as some shepherd boy might 'pipe to Amaryllis in the shade'?—to a mountain streamlet, now smooth as a mirror in which the skies may glass themselves, and anon leaping and sparkling in the sunshine—or rather to the very sunshine itself? for so her genial spirit touches into life and beauty whatever it shines on!" This language might at first sight seem too exaggerated; but it is not too beautiful for this exquisite Rosalind, this fascinating production of the great poet's fancy. Joyousness, buoyancy is the distinguishing characteristic of Rosalind, causing everything about her to breathe of "youth and youth's sweet prime." Her wittiness, her volubility, her viracious cheerfulness, how they dazzle and enchant us! But this is not the only side of her character. It is inextricably mixed with deep womanly tenderness, a high-hearted, and sweet intensity of passion, which, apart from its own beautiful effect, make her gaiety and playfulness still more graceful and charming. The pure and all-absorbing depth of her love is apparent from the beginning, in all she says and does,—from her first meeting with Orlando, when she first feels the great awakening in her heart; through all her happy, careless sojourn in the wonderful woodland scenes of the forest of Arden; during the trying ordeal of her masculine disguise, through which she comes out so triumphantly, never losing our respect, her feminine character so much to the front that, in spite of her dress and masculine airs, she is described as "fair, of female favour," and "bestowing himself like a ripe sister"; during her sprightly

dialogues with Orlando, her saucy airs of a witty page, the pretty waywardnesses, so careless yet so exquisitely proper, all through which the throbbing tenderness of her heart is manifest, waiting to reveal itself only till she can test her lover's sincerity; finally, when she throws off her disguise and with it her witty volubility, and appears for her happy bridal, with the true modesty and dignity of a noble woman, her heart too full for speech to say anything, but "give herself" to her father and lover—as Hymen leads her in:—

"Good duke, receive thy daughter:
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou mightst join her hand with his
Whose heart within her bosom is."

But, exquisite as Rosalind is, she never throws the not less exquisite Celia into the shade. As Mrs. Jameson points out, Celia rather yields to Rosalind than is eclipsed by her. Her character is softer and quieter and more retiring; and therefore though it might appear sometimes to be outshone by the more dazzling character of Rosalind, yet its loveliness is not less perfect. Just as the soft lustre of a pearl is outshone by the bright brilliancy of a diamond, yet never put out, but appears the softer and purer by contrast,—the subdued glow of the moon by the effulgent splendour of the sun,—the still softer sparkle of the stars by the larger shine of the moon,—the chaste beauty of the lily by the glowing loveliness of the rose,—so Celia stands by the side of Rosalind. To some, the character of Rosalind will appeal the more, to others that of Celia; but neither are to be blamed for their preference, for both are charming.

We meet the cousins for the first time in the second scene of Act I, just before they go to see the wrestling match between Orlando and Charles. They are together, and the first thing we notice about them is the love they bear to one another. We learn from Celia herself, later on, how united and loving had been their lives, from the time when they had lived "ever from their cradles together."

"We still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable."

Even the harsh and ungenerous Duke had seen the deep affection between his only child and the daughter of the brother, whose kingdom he had usurped; and, for Celia's sake, he had not allowed Rosalind to accompany her father into banishment. This sisterly love must have been the common talk of the people, for we find the wrestler, Charles, mentioning it: "The Duke's daughter, her cousin so loves her, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. Never two ladies loved as

they do"; and the courtier Le Beau remarks, "Their loves are dearer than the natural bond of sisters." It is this love, which causes the generous Celia to offer to give up all that she has to Rosalind, in short to make her cousin her father's heir. It gives her courage to revolt against the judgment of her father, and nerves her, gentle and retiring as she is, to leave the comforts and luxury of the court and set out on the long and wearying journey to the forest of Arden. "If she be a traitor, why so am I," she retorts to her father; but how her voice softens when in the same breath she turns to her cousin and gently upbraids her:

"Rosalind lacks then the love,
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:
Shall we be sunder'd? Shall we part, sweet girl?
No: let my father seek another heir,
Know'st thou not, the Duke,
Hath banished me, his daughter."

What a pretty picture of sisterly devotion are we given here! There are several such beautiful pictures of female friendship in Shakespeare's works, e.g., the friendship of Beatrice and Hero, of Helena and Hermia, of Gertrude and Ophelia. Shakespeare looked upon women with the spirit of humanity and deep love, and therefore he has done justice to their natural good tendencies, and his delineations of good women, "women fit indeed to inlay heaven with stars," are perfect and at the same time given with such power and simplicity that they force the same conviction on us. In these exquisite examples of womanly affection he has represented truth and affection rising superior to female spite and jealousy, and the mean spirit of feminine competition and mutual slander. And the beauty of this deep love of Celia for Rosalind is heightened when we think of the circumstances accompanying it. Celia is described as less fair and gifted than her cousin; and the jealous Duke even twists her with Rosalind's greater popularity with the people. "She is too subtle for thee," he says:—

"Her very silence and her patience
Speak to the people and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous
When she is gone."

But this in no way troubles the generous mind of Celia, who has no thought of comparing herself with Rosalind; in fact it rather heightens her tenderness and sympathy for her misused cousin than otherwise. "I cannot live out of her company," she reiterates to the Duke, and acts up to her decision with a courage and persistency that are admirable.

To this generosity, this unselfish, self-forgetting devotion, and this courage, of Celia, we must add the sweetnees and kindness of her disposi-

tion—a gentleness that will not allow her to look with indifference on her cousin's unhappiness—a refined, high-born culture that makes her jest kindly with the fool, Touchstone, that prompts her sympathy for Orlando—an inborn delicacy that enables her to penetrate the secret of Rosalind's sudden love for that youth. She has no pride of birth or position, as is shewn by her readiness to give up her high position; and the cheerfulness with which she takes up the lowly life of a shepherdess, shows her aptitude to suit herself to any emergency.

Celia is as witty as Rosalind, though her wit on the whole is not so apparent. She is the weaker of the two, as Rosalind herself must have seen, when she offered to personate the gentleman. She is somewhat less imaginative and more matter-of-fact than her cousin, less suited than the latter is for the free woodland life they are called upon to lead; and this is perhaps one of the reasons, added to her quieter and more retired disposition, why she talks so much less than Rosalind during their exile. But in the court, where her position is more assured and she has more opportunities for exercising her wit and her ingenuity than Rosalind, who feels her dependent position, she shows herself as cultured and as intelligent as the latter; and to her, Shakespeare has given the more animated parts of the dialogue. How she rallies her cousin's drooping spirits! how ingeniously she talks with the fool Touchstone and the courtier, Le Beau, jesting freely with them, yet never going beyond the bounds of true culture; how gently and persuasively she tries to prevent Orlando from joining in a match which is too unequal for him! and how roguish and sparkling and yet sympathetic, she is when she teases Rosalind, on her sudden passion. Besides, if Celia does not talk much, her silence expresses more than eloquence. What little she says shows us what is passing in her mind as perfectly as if she had spoken with all the burning eloquence of a Juliet, or the caustic wit of a Beatrice. Celia's disposition, moreover, is not without an adventurous element. When Rosalind is commanded to leave the court, it is Celia who suggests that they should go to their uncle in the forest of Arden. She has a vivid imagination, and the delightful vision of freedom opened out by the idea of a forest life quite attracts and charms her. She is not afraid of the danger, which Rosalind points out as likely to threaten them, and moreover she has a plan ready to meet it. And so, both entering with delight into the idea, they start from the palace,—Rosalind in the disguise of the youth, Ganymede,

"A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand";

And Celia as the shepherdess, Aliena,—

"Now go we in content
To liberty and not to banishment."

We meet these charming women again in the fourth scene of Act II., just entering the forest of Arden. After their long journey, both are so weary, that Rosalind exclaims, "I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman," though she tries to forget her fatigue and comfort her cousin as "the weaker vessel." Celia is described as "low and browner than her brother," and a delightful picture is given us of Rosalind by the coquettish Phoebe. The wild and sylvan life in this charming and delightful retreat, where they are at liberty to roam as they please, among forest glades, "under the greenwood tree," by murmuring streams, must have given them keen pleasure. They like the place so much that they resolve to purchase a cottage and settle there as shepherd and shepherdess. Rosalind especially has full scope for her gaiety. All the cramping influences of the court, where, in spite of Celia's kindness, she felt herself a stranger and a dependent, are gone; and everything about her is fresh and light and sweet. We see little of, and hear little from, Celia here; at least what we do see and hear of her is little in comparison with what we see and hear of Rosalind; but the feeling of love and admiration felt for her from the beginning is kept up to the end. Loveable and sweet, she appears at long intervals, like a gentle inward influence from behind the brighter figure of Rosalind, and so charms us that we long to see her again. We feel that Celia is there, and we feel satisfied with the thought of her gentle presence.

As You Like It is a true love-poem. Love is its ground-work as essentially as it is of any of Shakespeare's noblest love-dramas, as for instance that glowing passionate tale of love, *Romeo and Juliet*; for it is as full of its deep and passionate revelations, its rich fancies, its rapturous visions of glad hopes, its impulsiveness, its pathos, "its shadows of unborn joy—gay colourings of the dawn of existence, its soft and delicate images of whatever memory hath treasured up of bright and beautiful in nature or in art." Almost all of Shakespeare's women have been influenced, or are capable of being influenced, by love; and the women here are not exceptions. At the core of all that Rosalind does, as we said before, is her pure love for Orlando, a love which is not less intense because it is playful, or because, without any tragic heart-throbs, it is brought to a happy termination. And just as she falls in love with Orlando at the first sight of him, so Phoebe falls in love with her in her disguise as Ganymede:—

"Now I find thy saw of might,—
Who ever loved that loved not at first sight";

and so do Celia and Oliver fall in with each other, as Rosalind afterwards humorously describes:

"Your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked, no sooner looked but they loved, no sooner loved but they sighed, no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason, no sooner knew the reason but they saw the remedy."

Is Oliver worthy of Celia? He is represented as hating his noble brother, Orlando, as "having trained him like a peasant, obscuring and hiding all gentleman-like qualities." This is certainly very ignoble on his part; but at the same time we notice that he is forced to recognise the inherent worth of Orlando's nature; and this shows that Oliver must have had the germs of a noble nature in him. At any rate if it were not so, we may be sure Celia would never have fallen in love with him. A noble nature is always noble, especially in its associations and friendships; and the truly noble nature of Celia must have found something corresponding to it in that of Oliver, and afterwards we find that such is the case. Infinitely touched by the generous help of his brother in the hour of danger, he feels his heart awoken to its own true instincts; and how deep is the sense of his own degradation we see from the epithets he applies to himself. He calls himself unnatural and wretched, and yet is not ashamed to speak of his shame:

"I do not shame to tell you what I was, since my conversion so sweetly tastes, being the thing I am"; nor does he shrink from holding up his brother's conduct in the highest light. In fact, he now feels himself quite changed in heart, says that it was not really he who had behaved so unworthily at first, and with tears is reconciled to Orlando. And it makes us happy to think he loves his Aliena dearly, so dearly that he is willing to give up everything so that he may live happily with her.

Some of the expressions used by Rosalind and Celia are rather free and may appear, especially to us Indian women, somewhat immodest; but, as Mrs. Jameson points out, this was not the fault of Shakespeare or the women, but of the age, when, contrary to the present time, more importance was attached to things than to words. This freedom of speech, therefore, ought not to affect our estimate of the characters of Rosalind and Celia; and in fact we shall find that it does not, if we look at them with true sympathy and from the proper point of view.

As we pointed out before, we do not see much of Celia in the forest of Arden; but she is as witty and winning in the little that she says as Rosalind is,—in the humorous way, in which, untouch-

ed by love herself, she teases Rosalind with her sudden passion, first about Orlando's praises of his love, which are to be seen everywhere, and then at her depression at the short absence of her lover; in the sympathetic way in which she enters into the lovers' fancies, and the jesting manner in which she takes Rosalind to task for the unfavourable light in which she has represented her own sex. She pities the poor lovesick Silvius, but for her life she cannot help letting fall words of reproach at Oliver for his unkind treatment of his brother. It is interesting to note the different ways in which the different natures of Rosalind and Celia are affected by Oliver's narrative about his brother and the lion. Rosalind is all eager to hear only about Orlando; but Celia having no such deep interest in that youth thinks more of the past and of the elder brother's cruelty. She exclaims:

"O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;
And he did render him the most unnatural
That lived 'mongst men."

The readiness with which Celia, after this tirade at Oliver, falls in love with him, she who has hitherto mocked at love, is amusing and at the same time startling. But we must remember that the play has to be brought swiftly to an end; and, as the title itself shews, everything is 'As You Like It,' in this wonderful forest. Thus we can wonder at nothing. Everything is made right in the end;—the banished Duke gets back his kingdom; Rosalind and Orlando, Celia and Oliver, Phoebe and Silvius, are married; and we might exclaim with Hymen:

"There is mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together."

We may think of the happy couples.

"As sure together
As the winter to foul weather";
"Yoked in all exercise of noble end,
And so through those dark gates across the wild
That no man knows."

We may be sure that Rosalind and Celia are not separated. Their positions are now almost exactly reversed; but Rosalind can be as generous now as Celia was in the time of her own trouble. Besides Oliver has "land and great allies"; and so we may imagine these four dear friends all living happily together, or near each other, happy in their mutual love and sweet comradeship.



The Faithfulness of the Dog.



HERE is not even a single nation in the whole world that is not one with the opinion that of all the creatures created by God, the dog is the most faithful animal. The Hindus as a nation have from time immemorial been the worshippers of the dog for its excellent qualities. In the Puranic religion the dog is elevated to the position of a deity and no less a place than Benares has a temple for Kalabhairava. In the Mahābhārata, one of the two great epics of India, when Yudhishthira, in the last canto of the last but one parva, proceeds to heaven with his wife, four brothers and a dog, it is the dog that accompanies him to the last; and when the lord of heaven, Indra, requests him to give up the dog, he with a love truly pathetic exclaims that he does not want that heaven which would not give a little more space for his dog also. When questioned as to loving his dog so much, Yudhishthira explains:—

*Bhītam bhaktam nūnyat astīte ch-ārtam
Prāptam kshīnam rakshane prānalpsam. !
Prāṅtyāgād-apy-aham naira moktum
ateyam vai nityam-etad vratam me. ! !*

which freely translated means: It is the dog which fears and loves its master. It is always under the impression that it has nothing else in this world for it but its master. However weak it may be, it strives to protect the life of its master and when necessity drives it up to that end it will even give up its own life willingly.

How truly has Yudhishthira, that pattern of piety and virtue, gauged the noble qualities of the dog! How noble does he appear to us when he says to no less a person than Indra, the god of heavens, that he would prefer not abandoning his dog to going to heaven without it! Stories there exist in thousands in the literature of every country illustrating the faithfulness of the dog. We propose to relate here two short stories, one a Hindu and the other a Muhammadan, which bring to prominence the greatest virtue of the dog, i.e. its preparedness to sacrifice its life to save the master. Our readers will notice that in the Hindu tale the dog actually gives up its life, and that in the Muhammadan tale the dog repeatedly attempts to give up its life, for its master, but, being saved every time, it comes out triumphant in the end.

THE HINDU TALE.

In a certain village there lived a peasant who was keeping a dog to look after the house in his

absence. He went out to the fields early one morning and returned home rather later than usual. Before sitting down for his breakfast, he wanted to have a plunge in the tank which was in a garden adjoining his house. The dog, which was carefully watching the movements of the peasant, observed that he was proceeding to bathe. It went to the bathing ghat of the tank before the master came down there and as it had observed a crocodile near the ghat-steps, it eagerly wished to prevent its master from getting into the water. Poor animal! How could it express its wish? It ran before the peasant barking piteously and obstructing his way. The peasant in his hurry did not notice that the dog was announcing danger, for he had no reason to suspect any of such a kind.

He descended down the steps of the tank and approached the margin of the water. Again the dog pulled him desperately by the cloth but with no effect. When the poor and mute animal saw that all its endeavours proved vain and when at the same time it noticed that the peasant was ready to plunge in, it jumped in advance of him with the sole object of supplying the desired prey to the crocodile and thus save the master. The crocodile snatched the dog at once and swam away. The peasant opened his eyes at last and the good intentions of the dog in its attempts to bark at him and pull him by the cloth became all plain to him; it was however too late to save his faithful animal. He praised its good nature and returned home with his eyes swimming in tears.

THE MUHAMMADAN TALE.

In Iran there were three brothers, the last of whom was fourteen years old at the time of the father's death. The two elder brothers wanted to divide the paternal property and proposed the same to the youngest brother, who replied that he wanted no property of any kind and that he regarded it as his father's. The elder brothers, taking advantage of this silly statement of the youngest, had a deed of release drawn up to that effect and had the same registered before the Kazi. Their next step was to drive out of the house their poor young brother, who took with him as his property a dog and a few personal presents given to him by his father while he was alive. By the sale of these presents he realised a small sum with which he set up a small shop. As fortune would have it, he, in the course of three years, became a very rich person. Within that same period, the two elder brothers had wasted all their wealth in vice and were being led to the prison one day, for their inability to pay certain debts which they had incurred over and above their property. The youngest brother

learning this sad news paid down the sum and saved the brothers. He brought them home after their release and after keeping them with him for a short time, supplied them each with Rs. 10,000 and started them on a trading expedition to Bokhara. These brothers join a caravan and reach Bokhara. The caravan returns after a year and there is no news of the two brothers. Every one in that caravan knew well the history of these two, but was ashamed to communicate the same to the third brother, who after some time learns that the first brother had gambled away the Rs. 10,000 and was serving as a scullion in a gambling house, and that the other brother had given away all the money to a barmaid and had become her slave. On learning this, the youngest proceeds to Bokhara, reclaims the two brothers from their fallen state, and brings them home back.

After a time he starts them, again on an expedition and himself accompanies them, and the dog also follows him. The route taken is by the sea and in the middle of their voyage, the third brother is treacherously thrown into the sea by the two brothers and the dog also jumps into the water. Master and dog struggle for life in the water for seven days and at last reach shore in an unknown country, to which had also come the two treacherous brothers. While begging his bread in the street, the youngest meets his brothers, who are stunned on thus seeing him alive. They at once report him to the authorities as the murderer of their third brother; a lie of course, but they were then rich. By liberally bribing the authorities, they had this kind brother of theirs thrown into a dark cellar. The faithful dog manages to keep him alive by dropping into his cellar every day a loaf of bread and a bottle of water. After a period of long suffering he escapes from his underground prison by the help of a lady whom he marries and he sets up again as a trader in which as usual he makes a large profit. While thus thriving, he learnt that two of the worst criminals had been caught redhanded while thieving and that they were to be stoned to death. Proceeding to see them in the prison, to his amazement he finds the two criminals to be his own brothers. Again he saves them and brings them back to his home, where after some time they plot against his life. A proposal is made to return to Iran, their native place, and on the way both the brothers attack the last brother and his dog and leave them in a jungle almost dead. A princess comes there accidentally and saves them after a tedious and prolonged treatment. The first wife of the third brother had committed suicide by stabbing herself on learning the fate of her husband; and so the third brother now marries this princess and lives with her happily. While thus hot of

living in comfort, he one day meets his brothers carrying bundles on their heads. He recognises them and again they are received with kindness and helped. Again the two attempt against his life, but now the patience of the youngest brother is exhausted. He imprisons them in an iron cage and always keeps them before him, lest their evil nature might drive them to do more mischief if left to themselves. These inhuman and unkind brothers were fed from the leavings of the faithful dog.

Thus in outline is the story of the dog and the story is related in a pathetic manner in a hundred pages of the *Bagh-O-Bahar*, to illustrate to the world the loyalty and fidelity of the dog. The third brother is on this account called *Khwaja-sak-parasat*,—the dog-worshipper

S. M. N.

Things Seen.

THE MIDNIGHT HOUR.

[FROM THE PEN OF AN INDIAN LADY.]



It was a lovely night. All around was quiet and a hush had fallen over the great city, which was unbroken, save by the screech of an old owl as she sat lone on her bower, or the chirping of crickets as they merrily called one to another. The stars shone forth splendidly and seemed as if to intensify the darkness of "black browed" night by their lustrous brilliancy. A light summer wind had sprung up and the faint swish-swish of the waving branches seemed a gentle response to the loving touch of the zephyr. As I sat and looked on charmed by the beauty of the night and the stillness and hush, I could not help thinking of all the sin and sorrow and misery underlying this fair exterior. What may not one see if one wandered but a little way into the starlit night? perhaps a tragedy but a few yards from our door: or the story old but for ever new in its power of, dark despair, pale misery clutching her helpless victims in a grip of vice, with sorrow hovering near. Perhaps fairer sights may meet one's view. The rosy warmth of nestling children making sunlight on the shadows of age, the dreamless sleep of manual work, the peace and brightness of a home where duty and ugliness, virtue and vice, temptation are always striving as they, which will succeed? But

hush, what is this message borne to me? the gentle zephyr as it sighs itself through the rustling branches seems to whisper peace to my troubled thoughts. The chirping and the occasional twittering of birds speak of the expectation of hope and joy. The night is but for a moment, they seemed to say, joy cometh in the morning with the dawn; while from the deep dark blue vault of heaven, the stars sent forth their lesson through their tiny silver radiance—"love, my child, love makes all things bright and beautiful." But hark to the midnight chimes—the sweetly solemn midnight hour, ringing the knell of another departing day and also to my illusion, proving what it was—a dream, a waking fantasy!

N. ILOTHPALAM.

THE HOT-WEATHER IN INDIA.

[FROM THE ANGLO-INDIAN NOVEL OF B. M. CROKER, ENTITLED "ANGEL."]



THE hot-weather was in full possession of Ramghur, and, as a natural consequence, the station became deserted. Various bragging individuals, who had announced their determination to "face it this year," had at the first boom of its artillery,—that fierce midday blast,—closed their bungalows, lent their cows and carriages to their friends, and departed precipitately to cooler regions. It was a sickly season; already the bazaar prediction had been more than justified. Only those whom duty or poverty chained to the cantonment, were to be found at their posts, and these were to be seen, very late or very early, driving about the dusty roads, with haggard white faces.

It is a well-established fact, that one hot-weather endured in company, draws people more nearly together than a dozen cold seasons. There is a gentle relaxing of stiffness, a putting off of armour, a reliance on one another, and a liberal exchange of sympathy—and secrets; and undoubtedly a fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind. For example, if a cynic happened to remark what friends two sharply contrasting ladies had become, "Oh, they spent a hot-weather together in Kalipore," would be accepted as an unanswerable reply. Moreover, it is undisputed, that some of the best matrimonial prizes have been snatched out of the heat of the plains, by maidens who clung to their parents, and braved the consequences. Thus, they occasionally made the acquaintance of some bored and solitary bachelor, who failing to obtain leave, presently consoled himself with a wife.



Women's Work in India.

MRS. ROSHEN LAL'S TECHNICAL SCHOOL FOR WOMEN.



WE have received the prospectus of a Technical School for Women, which Mrs. Roshen Lal (Shrimati Hardevi), the wife of Mr. Roshen Lal, B.A., Barr-at-Law, intends starting at Lahore for Hindu and Mahomedan women. It is intended chiefly for helpless Hindu and Mahomedan widows of good families. At a preliminary meeting held at the residence of Mrs. Roshen Lal recently about hundred ladies of all communities were present, and a committee was formed to give effect to the project. In the school, the inmates will not only be taught Vernacular reading and writing, but also sewing, lace-making, phulkari-work, embroidery, carpet work, and other useful industries. The idea is most excellent and we hope that Mrs. Roshen Lal will receive the practical sympathy and co-operation of all public-spirited ladies and gentlemen in her praiseworthy undertaking. Her appeal to Ranis and Maharanis should meet with special encouragement, for this is a kind of work which Indian ladies of culture and enlightenment are well fitted to take

up. Donations and subscriptions will be acknowledged in the *Bharat Bhagini*, the Hindi paper which Mrs. Roshen Lal edits. We shall be glad to hear from her as the progress of her work.

MRS. SORABJI'S WORK IN POONA.

Among the pioneers of higher female education in India none occupy a more conspicuous place than Mrs. Sorabjee of Poona. His Excellency the Governor of Bombay paid a just tribute to her good work, when he said the other day, presiding at the Quarter Century Commemoration of the Victoria High School Anniversary: "This opportunity of the 25th anniversary, has been taken to record the tribute of my predecessors, and of educational authorities in the Bombay Presidency, to the valuable work done by this Institution in the past, and the general consensus of opinion seems to be that the principal factors in bringing about these results have been the unrelenting zeal and energy of Mrs. Sorabji and her family, who have laboured to support the school, and we offer her our very hearty congratulations." His Excellency himself is a great believer in the education of the women of India and in the course of his speech, at the anniversary of Mrs. Sorabji's school, he gave expression to the following sentiments:—

"Only a few days ago, I had an opportunity of expressing my conviction that few greater public services can be rendered to India than the promotion of female education. It gave me great satisfaction to note that His Excellency the Viceroy, in his address at the Educational Congress, at Simla, laid stress on the great importance of female education. Some of us, perhaps many of us, are disappointed at the slow progress this is making in India. I venture to remind you that even in Europe it has been the work of centuries to make Governments see that the education of girls is as important or almost as important as that of boys, and only lately has this been understood in England, in the United States of America, and amongst a limited circle in Germany, and other parts of the Continent, therefore I do not think that we need be unduly discouraged. After all, India has great female traditions. Two and a half or three centuries ago, the contemporary of our own English Queen Elizabeth, Chand Bibi, the noble Queen of Bijapur was a case in point. I was reading only the other day, that she not only knew Arabic, Persian and other languages, but was an expert musician, an artist, a daring equestrian, and a wise counsellor to her husband. The truth is that up to the end of the 17th century, female education was really in advance of male, and then, men finding the advantage of it, pressed forward, and that is how they have acquired that superiority of knowledge which has come to be looked upon as hereditary and traditional. Unfortunately, women in India and the East, have been content to remain where they have been thrust, but I hope that that will not be permanent. It is people like Mrs. Sorabji, who by their interest and efforts in the cause of education, play the Promethean part of inspiring a love of learning.

Glancing over the report of the Victoria High School which has been kindly sent to us, the progress of the school seems very satisfactory. The numbers on the rolls have improved; the results of public examinations were good and the school had the special distinction of carrying away the first Senior Government Scholarship. Moreover, a Parsee girl from the school secured a scholarship at the High Schools competition and one of the old pupils, Miss Alice M. Sorabji, who was the first woman in India to get the Bachelor of Science degree, and to whom reference was made in the article contributed by Miss Billington in the last issue of our Magazine, has just succeeded in passing the Intermediate Examination for the degree of Bachelor of Medicine in the London University. One special feature of the school is the kindergarten attached to it, which has served as a model to the whole Presidency. Altogether the work of Mrs. Sorabji and her daughters is a remarkable instance of indigenous effort which Indian women of culture and enlightenment are able to carry on in this country. Mrs. Sorabji has besides the High School three Vernacular and Anglo-Vernacular Schools, for Mahrattas and Mohammedans. The Bishop of Bombay speaking of the work of Mrs. Sorabji and her daughters said:—"They have a thorough grasp of all the subjects, they have enthusiasm, resource, spirit, method, which inspire the children. They are full of resource and cleverness, and there is every evidence of perfect sympathy between teachers and taught." Every word of it is well deserved. We wish God's richest blessings on the work of these devoted and zealous ladies.

Correspondence.

The Story of Kadambari.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *Indian Ladies' Magazine*.

DEAR MADAM,

In an interesting account of the story of Kadambari in the November number of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*, it was said that there existed no translation of it in any European language, or in any Vernacular. You may therefore like to hear of three translations, one Bengali, and two English. The first is by Tarasankar Tarkaratna, and contains both parts, though with some abridgments. The sixth edition was published at Calcutta in 1859; and it was then a very popular book. Of the English translations, one by C. M. Ridding (published by the Royal Asiatic Society, and sold at 22, Albemarle Street) contains the First Part, i.e., Banā's work, with trifling omissions, and a full abstract of Bhūsana Bhatia's continuation of the book, while the other, is a literal translation of the last half of the Second Part, made by a native of India, and published by the New Britannia Press Depository, 78, Amherst St., Calcutta.

Possibly a reference to the British Museum Catalogue would show other translations in the vernaculars.

Yours, &c.,

*ST. JAMES' HOUSE, }
HOLLAND PARK, LONDON. } C. M. RIDDING.

[We thank Miss Ridding for her letter. One other Correspondent also drew attention to our mistake. We are specially pleased to learn of the translation of Kadambari by Miss Ridding.—ED., I. L. M.]

News and Notes.

We are glad to learn that Miss Krishnabai Kelavkar who took the L. M. S. degree with Honours at the last Convocation of the Bombay University is proceeding to England to prosecute her studies there.

—Lady Cook nee Tennessee Claplin, who is a great writer, intends to devote much of her large income to opening schools and institutions and arranging lectureships, for the purpose of teaching people to understand their duties to themselves and to their children.

—Women gardeners are proving a great success in England. The Horticultural College established for ladies at Swanley is on the high road of prosperity, and the report states that there is a greater demand for duly qualified women gardeners than the institution can supply. What is more, every student from the college has given satisfaction and found remunerative employment.

—The landlady of an hotel in a Southern district of New York, some years ago gave a tramp a breakfast. This tramp has just died in another part of the States and has left the whole of his earnings, £4,000, to the landlady, out of gratitude for the breakfast she gave him, which he said was the means of saving his life and procuring work for him. Tramps in New York are said to have breakfasts showered on them since the papers reported this unexpected legacy.

—Settlement work among the poor is undoubtedly one of the practical results for good for which the higher education of women is responsible. In England resident settlement work has been in existence for years, but in Scotland this branch of philanthropic work is comparatively in its infancy. The Southwark Settlement, the first of its kind, was founded in 1887 by the women students of Oxford and Cambridge and now there are a score of women's settlements in London.

—Who does not know of the achievements of the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission during the fifty years of its existence? These years have been the years of great work accomplished and among records of devoted women there are none to match it. Fifty years ago, when it was originated by the Church of England, there was neither education nor trained medical assistance for the women of India. To-day there are over four hundred workers, teaching, preaching, saving body and soul. Twenty-four thousand patients are treated annually by qualified women doctors; there are sixty-eight schools for girls; missionaries and Bible-women preach the Gospel in a thousand villages. Liverpool is a mighty centre of missionary work; nowhere is the Church more active, more militant, more strenuous, and it is not surprising that the Zenana missions find the most cordial support here.



HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA.



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.

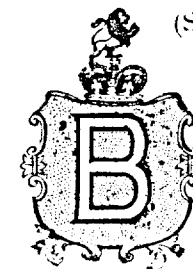
JUNE, 1902.

No. 12.

✧ CORONATION ODE. ✧

IN HONOUR OF EDWARD VII. AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

(SELECTED FROM *The Lady's Realm*.)



BRITANNIA'S SOVEREIGN, hail!

On this thy Coronation Day
Thy subjects homage pay to thee;
The teeming millions bend the knee,
And own thy gracious, loving sway.

India's great Emperor, hail!
Hearts true as steel acknowledge thee
As ruler 'neath the tropic sun,
And, ere to-day's long hours have run,
Shall chant aloud their loyalty.

Lord of the Empire, hail!
Australia's shouts proclaim her praise;
Canada bows before thy name;
South Africa echoes thy fame;
Isles of the Sea, their voices raise.

Edward the Seventh, hail!
God bless thee on this happy day,
And that dear Lady at thy side;
For King and Queen, the Empire's pride,
Our loyal hearts shall ever pray.

Our Queen—God Bless Her!

And she who came as his girlish bride,
And has grown to his realm endeared—
Who stands to-day at King Edward's side,
And bears the title revered
Of Mother-Queen—may God spare her long,
Our Empire's throne to grace,
While round her a grateful people throng,
As befiteth a loyal race.
Oh, with heart and voice in united strain
Great Britain's millions shall shout amain
'God save our King and Queen.'



HERE is something deeply touching in the way the people of India, and especially the women of India, regard their reigning Sovereigns. The belief that an overruling Providence chooses special individuals to guide the destinies of nations is strong in them. The conception of a *personal* Providence may not be fully developed in the Indian mind, but, all the same, the idea of pure chance playing a part in the selection of rulers of nations is entirely alien to the Indian mind. The old theory of the Divine right of sovereigns is still, so far as India is concerned, an unexploded theory. The loyalty, therefore, of the people of India is based on the peculiar sanctity which they ascribe to Kings and Queens, and hence is of a unique nature. When coupled with this general fact is the other fact that all that is noblest and greatest in the British *Raj* has been inseparably associated with the name and personality of Victoria the Good, who was, to the people of India, all that was pure and noble and majestic their minds could conceive of, we can easily imagine the strong ties of reverence and affection that bind India's sons and daughters to the British throne. Victoria has done her work, and has passed behind the veil; but Indian hearts have had their feelings of affection and loyalty drawn with equal force towards Victoria's son, whom Great Britain's millions are about to crown with joy as their King and Emperor, and also towards "the Sea king's daughter from over the sea"

Who stands to-day at King Edward's side,
And bears the title revered
Of Mother-Queen.

The life of Queen Alexandra is likely to furnish many an instructive lesson to Indian women, and hence, in the pages of this Magazine, we hope to give, from time to time, glimpses of her many-sided life-story. On this occasion, we shall content ourselves with a brief sketch of her career.

Queen Alexandra was born in Copenhagen on the 1st of December, 1844, and hence she is at present fifty-seven years of age. But the years have passed lightly over the fair queen's head, for she retains, even to this day, her beauty which was so captivating when she was young. Her father was Prince Christian; now the present reigning King of Denmark. Her mother, Louise, was a princess possessed of great ability, a good linguist, an accomplished musician and painter; qualities which her eldest daughter, the Princess Alexandra, has inherited. Though of royal lineage, Prince Christian and his family lived simply and without ostentation, and, to this day, an unaffected simplicity is characteristic of Queen Alexandra. The education of the Princess as well as of her

brothers and sisters was conducted on exceptionally enlightened principles, and from childhood they were made conversant with English. From her earliest years, we are told, she was remarkable for a gentle amiability of demeanour and great discretion of speech; and we are, therefore, not surprised at Queen Victoria writing of her: "Dear Alix is so tactful and true." Quiet common-sense has been one of her leading characteristics.

Very romantic is the incident of her marriage with the Prince of Wales. When the latter was nineteen years of age,—that was about the beginning of 1861,—he chanced to see a photograph of the Princess in the hands of one of his companions. He was so impressed with it, that he made up his mind to make the acquaintance of the original, and in the autumn of the same year he met his future bride, for the first time, in the Cathedral, in the old German town of Speier. The two saw in each other the fulfilment of their highest expectations, and, in the words of the Prince Consort, the young people took a "warm liking for each other." Royal marriages are not always marriages of love, but this was an exception to the rule. It was, when the British Parliament met in February, 1863, that Her Majesty declared her consent to the marriage. The House of Commons voted the Prince £40,000 a year and £10,000 a year for the Princess. The Prince had besides the annual revenue derived from the Duchy of Cornwall, which is estimated at nearly £60,000 per annum.

Princess Alexandra's welcome to England was most enthusiastic. She left Copenhagen on the 26th of February, 1863, by way of Kiel, Hanover, and Cologne, to Brussels, which she reached on the 2nd of March. All along her way she was received in the most regal style by Dukes and Duchesses. At Gravesend she was met by the Prince. Says an eye-witness:—"As he reached the deck, Princess Alexandra, clad in white and wearing a little white bonnet, advanced to the door of the State cabin to meet him. His Royal Highness, with a quick step, proceeded towards the doorway and taking his bride by the hand, gave her a warm, lover-like kiss." Thousands assembled at the pier witnessed this appropriate greeting, and they set up a cheering, which only Britons are capable of giving. The Princess stepped on shore, treading on flowers, which had been strewn on the pier by sixty young ladies dressed in red and white, the national colours of Denmark. More flowers were scattered before her, as, pale with excitement, she walked to the railway station, leaning on the arm of her lover. Her reception in London was most enthusiastic, and the Poet Laureate, Tennyson, has well-expressed in verse the sentiments of the English nation in welcoming the Young Princess.

"Sea-king's daughter, as happy as fair,
Blissful bride of a blissful heir,
Bride of the heir of the Kings of the Sea.
O joy to the people and joy to the throne.
Come to us, love us, and make us your own!
For Saxon, or Dane, or Norman we,
Teuton, or Kelt, or whatever we be,
We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee, Alexandra!"

We pass over the magnificence of all the preparations for her wedding and come to the wedding itself, which was described by the then Bishop of Oxford as "the most moving sight I ever saw—the Princess of Wales, calm, feeling, self-possessed. The Prince of Wales with more depth of manner than ever before."

It did not take long for the wish of the Poet Laureate to be fulfilled. The Sea-king's daughter soon became a joy to the people of England, and her adopted country became to her as dear as the sea-washed land of her forefathers. Though much of her time was spent in the business and gaiety of royal and court life, still it was in her own comparatively secluded home at Sandringham that the best part of her life has been spent. Dean Stanley, who administered the first Communion to the Princess in Sandringham Church, on Easter

Sunday, immediately after the arrival of the Prince and his bride, wrote as follows of her: "The Princess came to me in a corner of the Drawing Room, and I went through the Communion service with her, explaining the peculiarities and likenesses and differences to and from the Danish service. She was most simple and fascinating.....I was there for three days, read the whole service, preached, and then gave the first English Sacrament to 'this Angel in the palace.' I saw a good deal of her, and can truly say that she is as charming and beautiful a creature as ever passed through a fairy tale."

The Princess took the greatest interest in the people around her, and her name is a household word in every cottage in and around Sandringham. Her life in this home was soon brightened by the presence of children. Prince Albert Victor was born on the 8th of January, 1864. Her second son, Prince George, the present Duke of York, was born on the 3rd of June, 1865. These two sons were followed by three daughters—the Princesses Louise, Maude, and Victoria, who were born respectively on the 20th of February, 1867, 6th of July, 1868, and the 26th of November, 1869. Last of all came a son, Alexander, whose birth occurred on the 6th of April, 1861, but he only lived a day.

The life of Queen Alexandra as a mother is full of lessons to mothers in all stations of life. She devoted herself entirely to the up-bringing of her children, attending even to the minutest details of nursery life, playing with them, reading to them, encouraging them in their studies, and, in fact, becoming so absorbed in their pursuits, that people even began to think that she was neglecting public duties. But, like good Queen Victoria, she knew that the first business of the wife of even the heir to the throne consisted in the wise management of her own family. In 1867, the Princess was attacked by a rheumatic affection, which threatened to make her a cripple. But, with skillful treatment, she soon recovered, though for a time she walked with a slight limp. Our readers would be amused to learn that the rage to imitate distinguished people is so great in certain circles of English society that even the infirmity of the Princess was imitated, and the "Alexandra limp" became quite the fashion, and might have continued so to this day, had not the Princess recovered completely.

The life of Queen Alexandra has not been without its shadows. In 1871, the Prince of Wales was attacked by typhoid fever, and was perilously near death's door. His devoted wife watched by his bedside, and the self-sacrificing courage that she showed throughout this crisis, made her a greater favourite with the people than before. It is in these times of affliction that the deeply religious character of the Princess comes out with full force. When there was a slight improvement in the state of the Prince, the Princess wrote as follows to the Vicar of Sandringham: "My husband, thank God, being somewhat better, I am coming to Church. I must leave, I fear, before the service is concluded that I may watch by his bedside. Can you not say a few words in the prayer in the early part of the service, that I may join with you in prayer for my husband before I return to him." And, when the Prince completely recovered, she put up in the Church at Sandringham a handsome brass lectern, bearing the inscription—"To the glory of God, a thank-offering for His mercy, 14th December, 1871—*Alexandra*. When I was in trouble, I called upon the Lord, and He heard me."

In October of 1875, the departure of the Prince on a tour in India caused the first prolonged break in her home-life. During the absence of the Prince, she lived quietly at Sandringham, enjoying the country life with her children. The cargo of curios, the menagerie of birds and animals, which the Prince brought with him, gave her some unique house-keeping experiences. In 1877, her sons left their home for a two years' training on H. M. Ship, *The Britannia*, and in 1880 the Young Princes set out on a yet more extended voyage, travelling round the world and calling at the various colonies.

The Princess and her husband celebrated their silver wedding in 1888. And in the following year, their eldest daughter, Louise, was married, on the 27th July, to the Duke of Fife. The next year, however, was one of sorrow and mourning to the Royal family. For it was in that year that their eldest son, the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, after a brief illness, died, 14th January, 1892. One, who knew him well, said, "nothing about him was more remarkable than the affection he bore to his mother and sisters." The second son, Prince George, became heir to the throne, and an engagement was entered into between him and the Princess May who was to have wedded his brother. The marriage took place on the 6th of July, 1893.

Such is a brief record of the leading events of the life of Queen Alexandra, and now that she has been called to fill the high position, of Queen Consort, we have not the slightest doubt that, in this exalted sphere, she will have even greater opportunities afforded her for exhibiting those beautiful traits of character, which have made her the loving personality she is to all British subjects. "Beauty in woman is like flowers in Spring, but virtue is like the stars in Heaven." Her unaffected simplicity, her unobtrusive ways, her devotion to her husband, her affection for her children, her thoughtful consideration for those about her, her sympathy towards suffering, and, above all, her intense trust in God, and her deep piety, these are qualities which will stand her in good stead in the exalted position to which she has been called, and her name, we have no doubt, will become as honoured and revered as that of Victoria the Good. With all our hearts we say:

"HEAVEN BLESS QUEEN ALEXANDRA!"

How to make Life Worthwhile.—Not long ago a leading New York preacher uttered a striking sentence in the course of a discussion of the familiar question, "Is life worth living?" "Life may not be worth living," he said, "for what you can get out of it; but it is always worth living for what you can put into it."

Most moral failures are due to the mistake of attempting to enrich the surroundings of life instead of life itself. The acquisition of a fortune makes a great difference to the circumstances in which its owner spends his days, but it does not always put anything into him. On the contrary it often takes a great deal out of him, and leaves him weaker than he was before.

But a career of unselfish consecration to the service of God and man is like the waxing of the sun, which shines more and more unto the perfect day. Every year of diligent toil develops the character and fills up the gaps in it, just as the intellect of the student is further matured by every year of study. All experiences which, though painful at the time, leave behind them a keener moral sense and a more determined will to do right are really helping us to escape from spiritual poverty, and making life itself a nobler and a richer thing.

"Love of scandal, rudeness, unkindness, back-biting, untruthfulness"—into all these most injurious habits we may almost unconsciously fall if we do not consciously and conscientiously keep strict guard over our words. And let no one imagine that saying an unkind thing, or speaking scandal is but a small matter and of no great consequence, for those who think thus are quite wrong. A blow is more readily forgiven and forgotten than an untrue or an unkind remark. And as for talking scandal, I doubt if there be any habit more degrading, or which more conclusively proves that the mind of the speaker is of a low type, absorbed in the most selfish earthly concerns and utterly forgetful of its high spiritual calling.



Woman.

[THOUGHTS OF AN INDIAN GIRL.]

"A perfect woman nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command,
And yet a spirit still and bright,
With something of an angel light."



I HAVE taken as the subject of this paper, Woman, such as she ought to be, such as she should aspire to be. The sole object with which woman was created was that she should be the "helpmeet of man," because none other was found equal to him in the whole creation. Thus beauty and sweetness were placed side by side with courage and intellect to make two perfect halves into a complete whole.

As related by Milton, when Adam described to the angel the first impressions made by Eve, as she burst upon his view, a radiant being, he does not represent her as a Grecian Venus, nor does he dilate upon the beauty of her form and face, but upon the charm and beauty of expression, which intellect and sweetness of temper lend to features. Milton makes him say:—

"Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,
In all her gestures, dignity and love."

Without this irradiating power, the features of the most beautiful woman are soulless and dead. Beauty of form and features is common. We share it alike with the birds and flowers, and with nature: moreover, it is perishable. What is more beautiful than the rose in full bloom,—the blending of delicate tints, the softness of the velvety petals, the lovely formation of the flower itself?—but that which endears it to us is the perfume: it is the fragrance which intoxicates the senses; hence, it is the fragrance and beauty of the mind and soul, as reflected in the features, which attracts, which fascinates and which maintains its influence. Such being the case, should she not cultivate her intellect, "fill and temper her mind with all knowledge and thought which tend to confirm its natural instincts of justice and refine its natural talk of love," and control and regulate her temper, and last but not least attend to her physical training, so that strength may enhance beauty?

Woman has an important position to fill in this world; more than half the sum of human happiness and sorrow is attributed to her share. As a poet has pithily remarked:—

"There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whispered 'yes' or 'no,'
There's not a life, or death, or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth,
Without a woman in it."

Hence should she not make herself worthy of the responsibility thus thrown on her? The happiness of hearth and home are made or unmade by the wife: the children's character and disposition are formed and moulded for good or for evil by the mother: the refinement and polish of society depend upon the women present in it. As wife, mother and member of a society, she has the highest duties to perform, and hence should not every means be used by herself and others to invigorate, by principle and culture, her innate refinement and grace?

Perhaps the reader may accuse me of talking platitudes; but what is our existence? Is it not one long course of monotony, varied but by a few events, as sorrows and joys overtake us? Is not life more monotonous for the woman than for man? Man has larger and more varied interests, but woman, in most cases, is limited to her home. A thousand little things daily vex her: the ennui caused by the necessity of keeping house overtakes her; she has to contend with all these and above all keep a serene and smiling face for her loved ones. Hence, her patience, self-control and discretion are called into play, yet it is her tenderness, which helps her to conquer all difficulties, and to make home what it is, the only dear place of refuge, to which the heart turns again and again, wherever it may roam:—

"Sunshine more oft may o'er us fall,
To greener shores our bark may come.
But far more bright, more dear than all,
That dream of home, that dream of home."

It is through her affections that woman reigns supreme. Love makes the impossible seem possible. It is when her affections are roused that she is capable of performing the most heroic deeds and of bearing the utmost difficulties calmly. Take the quality of courage, for instance. The following distinction is made by Mrs. Jameson between masculine and feminine courage. "A man's courage is often a mere animal quality and in its most elevated form, a point of honour. But a woman's courage is always a virtue, because it is not required of her, it is not one of the means through which she seeks admiration or applause; on the contrary, we are courageous through our affections and mental energies, not through our vanity or our strength." This is the courage of all the brave women we read of in history. This is the courage of Juliet, who is strung to the highest pitch of excitement, yet woman-like almost maddens herself with terror by fancying horrible images, and yet even in that extremity drinks the sleeping potion for the sake of her lover. Take, Lady Macbeth, as another example. Most people condemn her as unwomanly. Her absolute self possession, her strong will and reason, and her love for her

husband, combined in helping her to do the horrible deed of murder. Yet recollect that the same woman bled; she speaks callously of a little water cleansing the stain from her hand, yet sees in imagination that fair white hand for ever stained with blood, for ever polluted. And when reason is failing, the feelings of womanhood prevail, and "we behold her making unconscious efforts to wash out that 'damned spot,' and sighing heart-broken over that little hand which all the perfumes of Arabia will never sweeten more." The development of affection and sentiment is less observed and more quiet than that of intellect and passion; it is more common also, therefore less noticed; but in women it generally gives the prevailing tone to the character.

We find that our natural sphere is our home. We do not seek to look beyond it. But have we no larger interests? Have we not as members of a state, our own function to fulfil? Must not woman mourn over the misery around her and seek to comfort the broken-hearted and sorrow-stricken? Must not motherhood yearn to see the delicate children, whose flower-like freshness and innocence are blighted by the heavy dew of ignorance, poverty and vice? Always there is plenty to do, and some are doing it. But means are wanted, more to bear the burden and heat of the day, more to soothe and cherish, to comfort and encourage, and to love and sympathise. "A kind word, a gentle act, a modest demeanor, a loving smile are as so many seeds that we can scatter every moment of our lives, and which will always spring up and bear fruit. Happy are they, who have many around them. They are rich in opportunity and may sow plentifully."

H. R. K.

English Girls.

[BY AN INDIAN SOJOURNER
IN ENGLAND.]



GIRLS are girls all the world over. An English girl is not a very different 'article' from an Indian one. The types of character, the features and peculiarities which we are familiar within the East, are reproduced, with more or less faithfulness, in the West also. In impulsiveness, fitfulness, changeableness: in love of talk, especially such as abounds in superlatives: and in the attention paid to personal decoration and ornament an English girl is no whit behind her Indian sister. There, as here, the heart is the strong point, not the head: and it is in the home

that the softer and milder excellences of feminine intellect and character appear to the best advantage. The familiar lines of Scott are equally true of both:

O, woman in our hour of ease
Uncertain, coy and hard to please
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow
A ministering angel thou!

But the agreement is by no means complete. Owing to climatic differences and differences in the environments in which they are brought up and the training which they undergo, many faculties and traits of character which are neglected or only meagrely developed in an Indian girl are particularly well developed in an English one. In hopes that you will not be displeased, fair and gentle reader, but rather entertained and interested, I propose to let my musings rest a wee while on this pleasant subject. If you object that a mere man cannot know much about such things I will remind you of the fact, as old as the hills, that men are better judges of women than women themselves, and vice versa.*

In the first place an English girl has a spirit and liveliness about her, a buoyant and delightfully infectious cheerfulness which I miss in India. If you are a philosopher, you may ascribe this to mere fulness of physical energy: and to the free and exhilarating surroundings in which she is brought up, or perhaps to her course of education, which aims rather at developing the individual bent and genius of her mind than at prescribing a hard and procrustean rule. Whatever it be due to, I know it is there: and while I think of an Indian girl, with her limited experiences, and brought up in the seclusion of home, as a kind of hot house flower often possessing an intense and subdued beauty, but almost always of a delicate and more or less sickly hue, I compare the English maiden, with her spontaneous vivacity and vigour, to a hardy flower of Nature's own and most cunning workmanship. The modesty, pensiveness and submissiveness which one admires in the best type of Indian girls often degenerates into melancholy; while her Western sister is an airy creature, full of cheerfulness and energy. This

* Pursuant to this principle, two little booklets have recently been published entitled "Girls: their faults and ideals," "Young men: their faults and ideals." They are written by a man of parts and a devotional writer of some eminence, by name Dr. Miller. He sent round to his friends among young men the following two questions: "What do you think are the common faults of young women?" "What do you think are the qualities that ought to enter into every young girl's character?" and has embodied the answers he received in these booklets (10/6 each).

spirit is seen, not merely in her readiness to enter into games and sports of all kinds; whether they be in-door games like bagatelle, pingpong, whist, or vigorous out-door exercise like tennis, hockey, rowing, skating and riding, the pluck and vigour they display in these are marvellous in themselves. It is also visible in an eager and restless curiosity which prevents them from being contented and quiet, and leads them to examine the surrounding world; the why and wherefore of things, and the interesting features connected with them. An Indian in England discovers sooner or later that when conversation flags a little he can always entertain any party of ladies with accounts of snakes and tigers, ghosts, and conjuring tricks; it matters little whether they are true or not, but the liveliness is seen to its best effect and in its utmost perfection in conversation which never gets dull in their presence. If it is an argument, the girl enters into it with vehemence and sticks to her point with more pertinacity than reason: one is not angry with the unreasonableness because it makes her the prettier. Quick and effective repartee is their strong point. "Why, he claims he could not live without his wife"—the girl replies "all his property is in her name, you know." An importunate lover protests that he would go to the ends of the earth for his lady; she quickly rejoins "Suppose you begin your travel now." They are also very clever in describing events, persons, taking off peculiarities and otherwise giving zest and tone to conversation. In India, however, topics of conversation to which girls can be parties are very limited. If the art and practice of courtship were ever introduced into India (which the fates portend), it can never be a long affair, because the silly young pair must soon get tired of each other with only two or three common subjects. Their range must be extended by observation, meditation, conversation and above all by reading. It must be a long time before our talk can rise to the level of the inspiring, the brilliant or the witty, but you and I, can, if we take pains, be intelligent, bright and interesting.

Another feature that strikes me is the taste the English girl displays,—the gracefulness in doing little things—the attention to beauty in the selection of even trifles. Some one has remarked that the English character is a composite of Saxon sagacity and Norman refinement. I hope I shall not be judged ungallant in saying that in the ladies one forgets the sagacity in the refinement, the fine and delicate taste. Here as before I do not pretend to be able to give due reasons. The requisites for the cultivation of a fine taste are intimate acquaintance and sympathy with Nature, familiarity with the best models, so that the mind learns to separate the coarse, the vulgar and the

bizarre from the graceful, the elegant and the pretty, and a fine eye; and English girls have excellent opportunities as regards the first two. They show their taste in all matters from the smallest to the greatest. In selecting wall papers, curtains, carpets, pictures, in the hanging of pictures, duly adjusting them to light and shade in the room, in the colour and arrangement of furniture, in the distribution of flower vases and pots, even to the selection of tea-cups it is visible; and a woman's gift as contrasted with a man's appears in the elegant little trifles with which she loves to fill her room and adorn her mantel-piece, while the man's coarser and more prosaic fingers prove unapt in such delicate matters. A young husband remonstrated with his wife for buying 20 lbs. of tea at one time: he said they should never get through it. "Oh but Jack," she said "you do not know what I got for buying so much. The loveliest little shilling tea-pot you ever saw." In India the difference between a rich girl's jewels and a poor girl's, between a rich girl's dress and a poor girl's is often only in the cost or money value of the articles. Here the richer the lady the more anxious is she to show her taste in household matters as well as in the selection of her dress. Take such a simple matter as eating. The rich man in England does not eat more than the savage in Melanesia. He finds pleasure on the other hand in clean table cloths, beautiful dinner sets, flower vases, excellent pictures and a nice view out of the dining room. So in dress also. I have heard it said of English dress that it is only suited to conceal defects: however true this may be of their winter clothing there is no doubt that their summer things and evening dress generally are selected with a view to improve upon such shapelessness of form as they may possess. In the question of colour of garments and cut and decoration, so much ingenuity and taste are displayed that it is often a delightful art-study to look at the dresses of the ladies at a gathering. Indian husbands will never quarrel with their wives for extravagance if they had only taste in view in the selection of their garments and jewels, instead of having mere quantity or price.

A third point I note is their sympathy,—their readiness to take interest in the pursuits, in the failures and successes of those about them. The bitterness of a failure is halved if there is some one to share it, and the joy of a success is enhanced by the approbation of a lady whose opinion one values. Ladies who thus sympathise not only diffuse cheerfulness and comfort around, but get some experiences and wisdom themselves. If, for instance, one listens patiently to the accounts of a man who has travelled in Brazil, she in a manner undergoes the man's experiences

herself. Now English girls express their sympathy very nicely and extend it impartial as the sun, to all alike. If it is a boy in the bird-nesting stage of his life, whose knowledge of natural history grows slowly and fitfully by the destruction or death of many a bird and insect around, she is ready to ask questions and join in the sport: perhaps also to show him her own pets; among which I have noted white rats, guinea-pigs, tortoises and owls. If it is a young man eager for distinction in the world of athletics, her words of counsel and encouragement are not wanting: in fact, in all gatherings for sports, there are twice as many women as men present. To the sick, the infirm and the needy, to the toiling husband or brother, they fail not to mete out a full measure of their sympathy. On one occasion five of us played a game and when the players were arranged in order of merit, a lady who was visiting in the house came last. The daughter of the house says, "Don't mind, Molly, we will make two classes of it and say you are the first in the second class."

The last quality of the English girl I shall dwell upon is her self-respect, her sense of female worth and responsibility. The poet says:

Self-knowledge, self-reverence, self-control
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.

Now, though an Indian girl may possess a fair share of self-knowledge and control, she cannot lay so much claim to self-respect as her English sister. She will not boldly lay claim to the possession of such excellence and so many virtues that men cannot help worshipping her for them, after the manner of the mediæval knight and the lady of his love, or even the modern lover who oft-times forgets his dignity as lord of creation and goes on his knees to press his suit. She does not yet believe with the English girl that "as many of our faults arise from our not esteeming ourselves enough as from esteeming ourselves too much." The ideas of chivalry long prevalent in the West: the similarity of the training to which boys and girls are subject: and the feeling that as a woman she has the happiness of man in her gift, and not merely obedience to him when she plights her troth, may account for this. It is seen in the reverence she exacts from the ruder sex: in her firm belief that she is a better judge of her own happiness than her parents; in the mother's fearlessly leaving her daughter with a man without setting third persons to guard them or spy over them. I have even heard of ladies pouring forth floods of mellifluous eloquence from municipal benches, church committees, and socialistic platforms. On deeper analysis, this self-respect turns out to be only one aspect of a strong and forceful character developed by intercourse with

society (not large S). Much fault has been found with the Indian systems of education—that they turn out graduates and not men and women; keen intellects and not sound characters. Now it must be apparent to any one who thinks about it that a strong character cannot be developed by any course merely of book reading and lectures or examinations, but only by free and frequent intercourse with good society, which serves to knock out angles and corners in one's nature and bring out its best features: Genius may develop in solitude, but character only in society. The men and women of strongest character are those who have been put into the world in early youth and have gradually pushed their way up. An English girl has more character, more self-respect than an Indian one, because, both in the boarding schools where she spends her early years, and in society after she enters it, she has many opportunities of moulding herself.

"These are the features in which English maidens excel us," you say, "but where are those in which they fall behind us?" This I say is an idle curiosity neither interesting for me to examine nor useful for you to satisfy—a turning wrong side out of the coat where only the seams and stitches are visible,—or a going behind the mirror like a child to see what is behind and discovering perhaps cobwebs and dust. But lest we separate in anger I will tell you a story before I make my bow and depart. An artist painted a picture and exhibited it in the market place, asking the passers-by to mark with a brush what they thought blemishes in it. He was very disappointed on his return in the evening to find it full of marks. He went and repainted it and exposed it again, this time asking them to mark the excellent features. What was his joy when he found it again full of marks—"the more fool I, I ought to have done this last time," he said, and went home clothed with a thick mantle of that vanity of which you and I have such excellent shares.

First Impressions of Zenana Life.

[BY MRS. SUSHILA TAHL RAM.]



My eyes opened to day-light in a bungalow on a Thursday (Brihaspati)* hence it probably happens that I have a certain status with more 'light' and 'liberty' than my Hindu sisters are allowed. My elders tell me that there was neither the merry tinkle of the thali, a brass dish, that heralds the birth of a son, nor the melancholy croaking of the tara—a iron pan for cooking

* Brihaspati is also the god of Wisdom.

bread upon—announcing an 'intruder'; but unusual merry-making at my birth. It is human nature to crave for what one has not, and my mother's desire was fulfilled as I nestled in her arms, which already had lapped sons and even twin-sons; and, though thirteenth on the list, I was none the less welcomed.

A few years after, Brihaspati wafted me to scenes and life in London, and there my chaperon impressed on me that I was on no account to speak to or answer a strange lady or gentleman; that when landed in a dilemma to enquire at a shop or of the policeman, but the safest plan was to take a cab home. Even now this wise instruction is stamped so vividly on my memory, that though I am all affability at a social gathering, yet, among strangers, there hovers an air of frigidity and distance about me which greatly contributes to my protection. After seven years' sojourn in Europe, I returned to India, a perfect stranger to the customs and etiquette of my people. The houses in the city are not detached, and my first city abode in Benares was a lofty, four-storied Koti, which the Marwaris usually engaged for their yeddings. The dark, ill-smelling entrance opened into a bright courtyard, with airy halls, and each flat contained spacious rooms; but a chilly air pervaded the smaller ones, which were so ill-ventilated and gloomy as to remind one of the Chamber of Wrath, to which noble ladies in olden times befook themselves when offended or sulky. But the pleasantest and most essential part of an Indian home are the wide, lofty terraces, without which the enclosed, narrow lives of females would be insupportable. As the Summer evening closes in, the terraces become decked with rows of beds cooled by gentle gales, and the inmates watching the old lady spinning in the moon join her in dreamland; whilst in Winter, after the midday meal, and when the men have departed to their respective works, the women bask above in the glorious sunshine, and, whilst embroidering, or rubbing their crowing babes with oil, enliven the time with fierce scandal. The Kotis, with spacious halls divided by graceful pillars, are handsomer than a bungalow. With a little trouble and small expense, they could be arranged quite artistically, with the mellow light of coloured chandeliers gleaming through soft draperies and ferns prettily arranged here and there. But 'cleanliness is next to godliness,' and no matter how gorgeously a house may be furnished, cleanliness must ever remain the crowning beauty of a home; besides, pure air is essential to health, and a tidy, clean home exercises a beneficial influence on the character and disposition of the young. It is really surprising that Hindus, who are so particular of their daily baths,

and wash their hands so often have grown so indifferent to the supreme chaos that generally surrounds them that they are averse to beneficial changes; moreover, habit becoming second nature, they do not feel and see the happy confusion around them.

I marvelled at the holes, as big as a man's head in different parts of the wall, that separated my Koti from that of my neighbours. They were a puzzle to me as were the numerous little drains to an English lady who visited me; and certainly sometimes 'ignorance is bliss.' To prevent 'unhealthy' odours a careful house-keeper would be wise to block every blessed drainage in the rooms, except that of the kitchen and the bath-room, until the inmates had learned better habits of order and cleanliness. I had scarcely looked about the place, when muffled voices and whispering proceeded from those mysterious holes, whilst now and then heads bobbed over the parapet exclaiming, "Bahu-ji! Bahu-ji, come here; A-re Bibi-ji, why are you hiding like a bride?—Aji, what pay does your husband get? Have you engaged the entire Koti? How rich! But, O father! are you not afraid?" and other pert remarks and questions. Drawing my sari closer, I haughtily turned my back upon the intruders. With my strict ideas of reserve among strangers, these exclamations seemed so impertinent that I sat down aghast, and meditated packing out, instead of unpacking my things. Happening to mention my fears of being molested by troublesome neighbours, my bearer muttering, 'dogs may bark,' snapped up a newspaper, and labelled it over the formidable apertures.

When Kripa Devi, an old friend, dropped in to set me in order and comfort, I could hardly forbear from remarking on the intrusive conduct of the zenana folks. "Well, it's a good sign," broke in Kripa Devi.

"What! to be impertinently questioned?" said I indignantly.

"They want to be friends," was the reply.

"Friends!" interrupted I in surprise. "Without an introduction, and when neither of us know anything about each other."

"Bah! you are too cold and English-like," exclaimed Kripa Devi in disgust. "As soon as a house becomes occupied, sympathy and goodwill unite it to its neighbours, and they form into a social party. We, whose lives lie in a nutshell, with our jat-bradarics meeting only on stated ceremonies, festivals and hurried dips in the Ganges, would fade away if this liberty was withheld from us. Of course, men do object; but when the 'cat is away the mice will play.'"

"And do the men follow the 'Jack in the Box' style as well, bobbing over parapets and whispering through these holes to their male friends?"

"Ram! Ram! they would get their face blackened," remarked Kripa Devi. "A man dare not peep in another's zenana. After their work, they usually drive out or spend the evening with special friends."

"Why cannot something similar be arranged for the zenana who could receive and visit particular sets of their own caste or standing, instead of this indiscriminate and unsafe acquaintanceship?"

"As I told you, we do much on stated occasions, otherwise a man prefers, his family to lead a solitary, confined life, hence we fall back on our neighbours for chats. Besides, our visiting entails worry, for it is not a question of a few hours, but we usually make a day of it with our children and babies. The Koti to your right is occupied by a Kshatri Engineer. The inmates are full of 'airs' and keep to themselves; but the others are occupied by three and four families in each, differing in caste, position and wealth. What matter? The highest and the wealthiest pocket their pride for the sake of company, and will merrily chat away even with a desolate, poor woman, who recognising no purdah brings home a fund of news gathered in her wanderings from house to house or through the streets. Indeed, a reserved woman is insufferable!"

"But, how can the better class endure this indiscriminate kind of friendship, and it must certainly be injurious, particularly for the young, growing mind!"

"Ram! Ram! don't screw up your nose so!" remarked Kripa Devi. "Just cast your books aside and abstain from your circle of friends; well, I wager, before the week is out you'll begin chirping to the crickets and the sparrows that make themselves at home in your room. Try and imagine your menagerie-like existence. Even the engaged parrot, spotting a visitor, begins nodding to it, and joyously fluttering its wings opens conversation. Well, I fancy, woman is also a social animal, and cannot exist without sounds and her lips moving. When a pure fountain is denied, the thirst must be allayed at a ditch!"

As my good friend initiated me into the mysteries of zenana-life, her eye fell on the plastered targets which made the walls appear as if they had been bombarded. At my explanation, she rolled on the floor screaming, "Bap-re, O father! I'll die laughing." Then taking me by the hand, she called through the apertures, "sisters, sisters!" and as birds suddenly gather at a handful of grain, the zenana folks peeped over the wall, thrust their hands through the targets, and thus I was introduced and goodwill established.

Certainly, the zenana-folks are very volatile, and hardly able to restrain their tongues in

the presence of their own sex. Before the week was out, their joys and sorrows and their heart-aches and head-aches had become a part of my own. Notwithstanding the odd mixture which seemed to me most injudicious, I was drawn towards them, and felt a great pity for their listless and confined life. I found them remarkably bright and intelligent, and desirous to learn a number of things at once, but as usual it must be without expense and obtained in a shorter period than even the cramming-system allows. In their eyes knowledge at present has no value, and money could be better invested in bright jewels than wasted over books. There is no doubt that with a liberal education—one that would diffuse within them the spirit of wisdom, and enable them not only to discern what is essential for this Transitional Period, but gradually to create a healthy change which would prove beneficial to their own welfare, as well as for their family, with wholesome surroundings and suitable companions, they would make a steady progress to become the bulwarks of India.

Early one morning I heard subdued whispers at one of those mysterious holes, and some one urgently wanting me. As I placed my ear near enough, my neighbour remarked, "Don't light your kitchen fire yet." Seeing that I did not take in the meaning, she explained, "Poor Lala Amir Chand has gone to another world, and in deference to the dead, the kitchen fire is not lit until the removal of the corpse for cremation." I kept silent, for I had already taken my chhota-hazri; but in informing my Brahman cook, he put away his pot of tea until two in the afternoon, when the funeral procession had passed out of our street. The whole day, telegraphic messages were flying among the Kotis and one neighbour remarked, "Amir Chand's bride arrived from her mother's last evening. The husband was very restless with laboured breathing, but at sight of her he seemed to gain fresh life and calmed down. Begging to be left alone, he told his wife to bolt the door. With his dying breath he whispered words of comfort, and entreated her bravely to endure the miserable and cheerless life in store for her; whilst she begged of him between her sobs to take her with him; and thus locked in each other's arms, he passed away without her knowledge. Before dawn, the household was aroused by a heart-rending shriek and bitter wailing. On unbolting the doors they found the bride almost faint from grief and fear, as she lay locked in the dead man's grasp."

"Who is Lala Amir Chand?" enquired I.

"He was an Assistant in the Hospital," remarked my neighbour. "Barely thirty, he lost two of his wives, and little Kosi is his third, whom he married a year ago. As he had been

unfortunate in the loss of his former wives with- in short periods, nothing was good enough for this one, and he treated her with marked indulgence. Decked in tinsels and jewels, he would make her sit on the bed like a doll, whilst he potted about as a woman would, preparing the daily meals."

"She must be very young," remarked I.

"About fourteen—was as thin as a starved rat, and couldn't say 'yes' or 'no,' except in nods, and a shake of the head. But the poor man, may his soul rest in peace! in his fondness fed her—fattened her with handfuls of almonds and plenty of milk and ghee. When Kosi's brother came to take her home, he stared at her in astonishment. There she stood beaming with happiness, and as the lotus unfolds and expands at the warm rays of the sun so she had developed."

"What will the poor little widow do now? she will not marry again, I suppose."

"Ram! Ram! no!" said my neighbour in horror at the idea. "Her people are orthodox. As her mother is unable to maintain her, she will go to her husband's relatives. Her elder brother-in-law has arrived to perform the funeral ceremonies, and he will take her back with him. If his family are kind to her, she will become an household drudge and the guardian angel of young ones; otherwise, as she becomes acquainted with the ins and outs of the world, she will probably do as many a widow does—fast and go on pilgrimages."

My Garden.

MY readers will perhaps think, writing as I do from Bangalore, that I am taking such a title to be able to tell them of the lovely kinds of flowers I can grow here favored by climate and soil. We are not quite so favored as many think, and to make a garden even in Bangalore means much up-hill work and patient labour.

I had been away from my home for two years, and returning to it even after that lapse of time did not make it the less a sad Home-coming; but I had been convinced that it was my duty to return, and do my best in my beautiful but desolate Home, and I think I learnt to take up my duties bravely there by first working in my garden. There were trampled bowers to set up once more, fresh flower beds to be made, and the old sweet favourites in flowers to be brought back to give the garden its old look and beauty. I spared no pains and labour, till the garden became to me my evening sanctuary for lessons in faith, trust, love and prayer, and the garden

lessons all seemed interwoven into Life's lessons, so much so, that after a time experiences became similar. A kind friend, who had inspired me with the courage and faith first to face my duty, took great interest in the working of my garden. My garden at last inspired me to write "Garden Friends,"—a piece I dedicated to this friend, but which I feel I must put before you, my readers, so that you may better understand why I prize "My Garden."

GARDEN FRIENDS.

In a garden sweet, is a calm retreat,
Hid from the world away,
Where friends I meet, all kindly greet,
And bid me rest and stay:
Each tired guest finds here the rest,
These garden friends prepare;
No fears molest this spot so blest,
Where peace seems everywhere.

Then come with me, these friends to see,
In their sweet garden Home,
With bird and tree, you will agree
You would not further roam.
Here Peace we'll meet, Faith we'll greet,
For they love all the flowers;
Their power, complete, gives us, replete,
These happy quiet hours.

And, if beside, at Even-tide,
Our faith and trust be dim,
Because we've plied, and vainly tried
A harvest soon to win,
"From plants that grow, the truth now know,
That blossoms late are best"—
So Faith would show to hearts that sow
With all this deep unrest.

The weary climb is not sublime
Up Life's steep, rugged hill!
No pathways shine in clear outline
As we toil upwards still!
The Blue Bells say—"In heights we stay,
But the climb each day was ours,
The upward step, each weary day,
Brings blest triumphant hours!"

Where roses peep, and birdies sleep,
The wren her lesson teaches,—
Her text is "keep"—her lesson—deep,
'Tis Faith her sermon preaches.
The bulbul gay passes this way
Trilling his song of cheer!—
"Wait dear," he'll say on a sad day,
And the troubles disappear.

With bird and flower, in garden bower,
We glean Life's meaning true,
To take each hour, with Faith's sweet dower,
As birds and flowerets do!
To bird and tree, a lullaby
The night winds softly sigh,
It's time you see, for you and me
To bid such friends good-bye!

"MYRA."

The Women of Shakespeare.

V.—OLIVIA.

[BY THE EDITOR.]



I CONFESS that it is with a little reluctance that I write of Olivia, for, though admirable in all other respects, yet in one—in the open persistency with which she expresses her sudden passion for the disguised Viola—she does not quite rank among my favourite heroines. Yet we can well account for this, and from one point of view it appears as if Olivia, the real Olivia, could have acted in no other way. She is perfectly consistent in her demeanour, and being so, she is a character whom we can well love and admire. Olivia, though she does not at the first glance appear so, is the central character of the play of Shakespeare, entitled "The Twelfth Night." She is essentially a domestic character, a quiet figure fitted for and only wanting home comforts, and as such she is a good example of how a simple character, extraordinary in no way, can be made attractive as a heroine by a good setting-forth. We think that it is only men and women, who are rendered unique by a particular trait of character or by a particular history, who can become heroes and heroines, who can take an important part in human affairs. We despise the every-day figures of life, the "little drops of water and little grains of sand," the figures whom we consider so ordinary, and yet without whom life would seem no life at all. "The noble, silent men," says Carlyle, "scattered here and there, each in his department; silently thinking, silently working; whom no morning newspaper makes mention of. They are the salt of the Earth!" Indeed they are, and not the brilliant meteors, which flash across our paths in a dizzy stream of light, to be extinguished soon, never perhaps again to rise. Every man and woman cannot attract notice as the centre of a tragedy; but every man and woman can show his or her worth by silently fulfilling the duties laid to the hand. It is the true, the quiet, the simple natures, which constitute the real kernel of life; and among those what office can there be more important than that of a sweet, gentle woman, doing her duties quietly and unostentatiously, round whom revolves the simple routine of home life, by whom home is made the "shrine of love and peace?"

Olivia is a good example of the unobtrusive beauty of Shakespeare's heroines, of the gentleness and meekness of womanhood rendered piquant and attractive by the "ladylike wil-

fulness," which is so winning. She is a beautiful woman, of a beauty

"Truly blent, whose red and white

"Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on";

"If you were the devil, you are fair,"

says Viola; and the Duke apostrophizes her loveliness as

"That miracle and queen of gems

"That nature pranks her in."

She is a woman of a quiet, modest bearing; we are told that she "sways her house, commands her followers, takes and gives back affairs and their dispatch with a smooth, discreet and stable bearing." Her seal is the chaste "Lucrece," and she is called "the mouse of virtue." She has great energy and strength of character, as shewn by her deep and prolonged mourning for her brother. Indeed, her affections are so strong that it is no wonder she is led into the excess of passion she exhibits afterwards. She is generous-minded, frank, open-handed and open-hearted. Above all, she is essentially the lady. "I would have women," says Ruskin, "desire and claim the title of Lady, provided they claim, not merely the title, but the office and duty signified by it." Olivia can certainly claim this title. She never forgets her dignity or her noble behaviour. Through the simple course of her life, she moves with all the quiet majesty of bearing which seems so natural to her. And, above everything, she is transparently honest and open in whatever she does. We can trust her perfectly, and we are assured that whatever she says and does is from the depths of her heart, without a shadow of hypocrisy.

Olivia's attitude to her servants and to her relatives is characteristic of her. She has a good reputation in public opinion. She is called "a virtuous maid" by the captain. All her servants are eager to serve her, and she is kind to them. Tolerant of their faults and humorous fancies, she yet keeps order among them. She is calm and cheerful, enjoys their merry-making, and yet never loses her dignity among them. Toby, with his wild habits, must have been a great trouble to her, and yet she is not hard-hearted enough to deny him the shelter of her house. Toby is not afraid of her, he even dares to joke about her to his boon companion; but he knows this leniency on her part is but the outcome of a kind heart, and he respects her. He says, "I'll drink to her, as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria: he's a coward that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top." And when Malvolio dares to aspire to her hand, Toby defends her and punishes the aspirant with a revenge worthy of his humour. As for Olivia, she is ever careful of the safety of her uncle,

even when he is the greatest trouble to her. The Clown knows her kind heart and dares to jest with her. She listens to him and can afford to jest herself; and yet the Clown's opinion of her is a high one, "The Lady Olivia has no folly." Olivia has a bright mind, full of practical and placid wisdom. She knows the place of everything. She knows there is a time to be glad and a time to be sorry; and, far too gentle-tempered not to appreciate the efforts made to cheer her up, and considerately listening to the Clown's little jokes, she yet has spirit and penetration enough to disapprove of the self-love that cannot bear to look upon the harmless pleasantries of others without scorn. "O, you are sick of self-love," so she chides Malvolio, "and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no slander in an allowed fool though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove." However, her attitude to this love-sick Malvolio is kindness itself. Even in the midst of her greatest trouble, when she is full of anxiety about Viola, she is careful of the comfort of her steward. Malvolio is eager to serve her and is faithful in her service; his presumption in aspiring to her hand is but the result of his vanity.

We now come to the two questions, the answers to which it seems to me will determine the nature of Olivia's character. Why did she refuse the Duke with such persistent—*cruelty*, we might almost say? and why did she seek to gain the disguised Viola's love, though her own was unsought and even rejected, with such persistent passion?

First, with regard to the Duke. Olivia is perhaps too proud and high-handed in her dealings with him. She does not care to become acquainted with him; she does not consider his feelings, she refuses him with persistent coldness. But, after all, is not this kindness on her part? She knows his character; as she says

"I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well-divulged, free, learn'd and valiant;
But yet, I cannot love him";

and, knowing this, is it not but right on her part that she should not encourage him? Olivia knows her own mind; she can, with fair precision, estimate the characters of others; "I have read it (the Duke's heart)," she says, "it is heresy." She knows the Duke does not love her, that his love is but a poetical sentiment on his part. And indeed she is quite justified in this, for does he not turn suddenly to Viola's love? Perhaps another reason for her refusal is that she does not wish to marry above her. "She'll none o' the count," says Toby; "she'll not

match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear't." But the chief reason seems to me that he is not suited to her, nor she to him. She feels this, and hence her persistent coldness towards the fanciful Duke.

But she is not really cold-hearted, she is not all "sovereign cruelty," as the Duke terms her. She is proud, but where her heart is touched, she is at once subdued. And it is because her heart has found its mate in the disguised Viola, that she at once fixes her choice on him, or rather on her. "A woman's affections, however strong," says Mrs. Jameson, "are sentiments when they run smooth; and become passions only when opposed." So it is with Olivia's love. From the very beginning, as soon as she hears and sees Viola, she is attracted towards her. Olivia's strength of character, as we have noticed before, is very great. She is perfectly serious in what she feels, says and does. She is very open-hearted and frank-natured. She is too, as we see now, very impulsive. And she is a woman, who is almost like a princess. She is well-born and well-bred, has never been opposed; and hence, when she is opposed for the first time, she, who has ever been obeyed, feels that she must have her desire. She is not in the least self-conscious, she can even jest about her own beauty; therefore she cares nothing for the world's opinion. And then, there is the difference of birth. She knows Viola cannot aspire to her hand, and in her magnanimity of heart she tries to make it easier for the other. Above all, she is a true woman, with a woman's impressionable nature; "Alas! our frailty is the cause!", as Viola exclaims. The greatness of her love must be Olivia's chiefest excuse.

"She that hath a heart of that fine frame" says the Duke,

"To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath killed the flock of all affections else,
That live in her; when all are supplied, and fill'd
Her sweet perfections with one self-king."

After all, Olivia is right. She feels that she has nothing to be ashamed of. She but shows her thoughts to the world, without any fear of the restrictions of society. And we must remember the play is called "What you will;" all are made to act as they would in a free world, where there are no conventional restrictions or limitations. It is fortunate that all turns out happily, that there is a Sebastian corresponding to Viola; that Sebastian is as noble-natured as Viola, as the disinterested love of Antonio for him proves. Olivia must be blamed for throwing herself on a man, who does not care for her, but we must remember that just before her hurried marriage, Sebastian, who appears to her to be Viola, consents to marry her. He appears to his

lady to have been softened and changed, and hence any little hesitation on her part is removed. And it is but poetical justice that Olivia should suffer from an unrequited passion, as she makes the Duke suffer. This is her punishment for not controlling herself. She has to suffer a keen moment of anxiety, before her happiness is secure. But Olivia does try to control her passion. She does not understand Viola, "Are you a comedian," she asks. This very inability to understand the eager impetuosity of Viola, so unlike that of the Duke, at once captivates her. This passion comes so suddenly on her that she almost thinks it is Fate; and if it is so, this appears to her unanswerable; she says:

"Fate, show thy force, ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed must be, and be this so."

Olivia feels she is forward, though she takes matters into her own hand by sending the ring to Viola—

"So did I abuse
Myself; my servant and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours."

She tries to control herself:

"Why then, methinks 'tis time to smile again";

But immediately her love breaks out, her admiration for the hard Viola,

"How much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf";

She feels she is mad and forward,—

"I have said too much unto a heart of stone
And laid mine honour too unchary out:"

And yet she feels she is right;

"Such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof."

She justifies herself:

"How with mine honour may I give him that which
I have given to you?" she asks.

She is not ashamed of her hasty marriage

"The heavens so shine
That they may fairly note this act of mine!"

She is not afraid of the Duke. She bravely owns her love for her new-made husband. She is ever constant. She hates hypocrisy, and almost for a moment despises Viola,

"O do not swear!
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear."

And when everything comes right, she is too shy to speak. In fact, her great passion, her frank nature which despises convention and hypocrisy and concealment of any sort, and "the beautiful colouring of poetry and sentiment" that her love takes, more than excuse her, and free her from reproach. And one point it is well

for us to notice is that when her happiness is secure, her hopes all fulfilled, her love returned, her first thought is for others, for the love-sick, much abused Malvolio.

"Not by looking within, but by living without.
This centre of self, shall a man grow wise."

From Bombay to Cashmere.

[BY SHAHINDA.]



THE occurrences and observations during a journey usually tend to make very interesting reading, specially in a country like India; and more especially when the traveller is a Muhammadan lady, for travelling is still almost unknown amongst the Purda Nasheens, and when performed is considered a wonderful feat, and elicits profound admiration: India with its bewildering diversity of people, gorgeous palaces, beautiful mosques, splendid temples, magnificence of princes, the exquisitely graceful architecture of a refined past, the beauty and grandeur of scenery, the quaint conveyances, is one of the most intensely entertaining countries in all the world.

From Bombay to Cashmere, via Jeypore, affords all that can be wished for to a traveller desirous of new experiences. Bombay to Ahmedabad is a work of a few hours. Here the ever ready bullock cart may be advantageously seen; this typical vehicle is within the reach of all. The driver is seated under a stretched cloth, his supposed umbrella, clad in a loth cloth of short dimensions! Baniās and Bhātīās, with twisted turbans, their eager faces intent on business, carrying heavy weights, are often met with. The pretty hill station of Abu is soon passed, the hot city of Ajmere next comes in sight; the nation is mixed here, and studying the various types is itself a highly pleasing task. Thousands flock daily around the marble and gold shrine of the great Saint, in hope of being forgiven their sins or of a complete cure of their diseased bodies; but all they do is simply to stare idly and most impertinently at any visitor that may chance to cross the sacred steps. The elevated hill of "Taragadh" rising protectingly behind is reached on uncomfortable and very small doolies, with the constant fear of being overthrown at each lurch presented by the rugged narrow path.

The city of Jeypore is extremely picturesque. It is surrounded by wild hills crowned with forts—remnants of a warrior nation. Jeypore streets

and bazaars are full of activity, fascination and colour. This reminds me of an interesting incident which occurred while I entered the ladies' waiting room in the station. I was completely enveloped in the Turkish Charshup, closely veiled, with dark coloured gloves on my hands. There was a young lady, reclining on the sofa, I could not help staring at this perfect specimen of a rich Jeypore woman in showy costume, laden with masses of jewellery, fearful and curious in the extreme. With the simple unceremonious custom prevailing all over the land, she beckoned to me with her hand. I lifted my veil and responded to her wish by seating myself close beside her. Quickly she uttered a cry of surprise and began talking rapidly to her women in attendance, gazing alternately at my gloved hands and face, and saying compassionately, "Oh poor thing, what a misfortune, both her hands are burnt!" She had never seen gloves before! It is needless to say with what surprise my explanation was hailed!

The visitor to Agra is always pleased to find himself under the immediate vicinity of the grand old fort, near the station. The city is rich with beautiful buildings. The loveliest of the most lovely is the unrivalled "Taj," for the world has nothing remotely like it. It stands on the Jumna, ethereal, like a large drop of flawless pearl. This artistic creation, with its delicate curves, its lace work, its soft flowing lines, its exquisite ornamentations, and its nameless grace, seems a singularly appropriate resting place of the much beloved and lovely Queen, Mumtaz Mahal. There is a secret in the fascination of the "Taj." The dream-like loveliness, the graceful swelling curves of the glimmering white marble holds one in a spell. The last home of the favourite sovereign is truly wondrous fair.

Delhi is another city of historical interest and fine architecture. In the pompous Dewan-é-Khas once stood the famous peacock throne whose superb jewels excited universal envy and admiration. A glorious mosque, indeed, is the Jumna Masjid. Amritsar is the holy city of the Sikhs. Situated in perhaps the most crowded part, rising with imposing effect, is the far famed "Golden Temple." The cost and elaboration, spent on its interior and exterior decoration, is almost inconceivable. Worshippers and priests occupy the marble courtyard; the inspection of sacred spots in India is a task requiring an amount of courage and endurance not possessed by every one, specially in the case of a Purda Nasheen. Striving, pushing, crowding through a frantic and excited throng, it becomes almost unbearable sometimes.

The much favoured abode of the Emperor Jehangir was Lahore. A keen lover of all that was most exquisite and refined in art, he has left

more traces and remembrances behind than any other Indian Monarch. The great mosque at Lahore signifies the triumph of Islam. The Shahinâr garden must have undoubtedly been unique in its time. A native guide is a wonderfully tiresome person, he talks unceasingly in a parrot-like way, unable to answer any direct question that may be put to him, unless he takes up his narrative again at a particular point! He is usually awarded a rupee for his trouble, he seems disgusted with the trifle, implying "Gold Mohurs" at least as his usual fee! The rupee is then asked to be given back, when he professes himself charmed beyond measure with the liberality of the gift, a method practised everywhere I surmise. At "Rawalpindi" you take leave of the faithful old fire-carriage and with mingled feelings enter the strong hardworking tongas, in readiness to carry you to the heart of Cashmere. The women of Rawalpindi possess a great deal of personal attraction and charm of manner. I was present at a large gathering of the handsome Punjabi ladies. They dress their hair most becomingly, parted in the middle. The ripples fall low on the forehead and are taken behind their jewelled ears, the ringlets



SHAHINDA.

coiling most effectively round the long sweeping carvings. They wear slippers of solid silver with bunches of tiny bells trailing on the ground.

The tonga drive is over two hundred miles from Rawalpindi to Srinagar. The scenery is bold and purely mountainous, the hill ranges ascending in some places to a height of about 8,000 ft. There is a continuous sweep of the mighty mountains on either side, their snow clad tops almost piercing the heavens. The road is cut marvellously deep into the sides and there is always a fear of dangerous landslips, specially in the monsoons. Winding its way through the deep valley, the Jhelum flows with a rushing roar over deep pools and big boulders.

The "Happy valley" is one of the most beautiful of God's creations on earth. The passage up the calm expanse of placid water, in houseboats, affords the most enchanting views of the vast sunny plains, relieved exquisitely by countless crystal streamlets, eminences embowered by groves of splendid "Chinars", with masses of dense foliage, undulating woods, golden with delicious fruits,—in such innumerable thousands that the poorest of the country value them not—extensive defiles, where the wild vines are laden with clustering grapes. Choicest blossoms in every conceivable hue and shape are the common flowers of the clime. The banks of the Jhelum are richly studded with the cloud-like azure of "Forget-me-nots," rendering the atmosphere sweetly perfumed with their soft fragrance. The velvety purple-green leaves of the graceful "Lotus" carpet the lakes thickly in all their elegant beauty.

"A vale of purple glens, and snow-clad streams,
Broad meadows lush with verdure, flower and fruit,
The broad leaved maple towering in his pride,
The temple's noble ruin on the height.
The poplar lines that mark the homestead there,
Calm lakes that bear the lotus on their breast,
A hundred miles of snow-clad mountain peaks,
On either sides uprear their heads to Heaven;
And, flecked with light and shade and yellow foam,
Broad bosom'd Jhelum wends her stately way."
—"TOLLEMACHE"

Fair as the beauties of the Harem are the pleasure gardens of Cashmere, where Emperor Jehangir and the lovely Nur-Jehan, or "the light of the world," must have roamed in the shady walks, bordered by the silver poplar and gigantic Chinar. From the hill-side, successive terraces, marble pavilions, stretches of green turf, flower-besprinkled, gently slope to the water's edge; a clear stream forming cascades and waterfalls, expanding into numerous fountained tanks, rippling merrily, runs through the centre. The fountains in full play are really worth a sight. We were fortunate in this, for we visited the Shalimar garden, on the day when one of the official's wives, with a large party, had halted, en route to the sacred Amarnâth (13,000 ft. high). We were highly amused when they undressed and frolicked in the water for some time

like so many children, eating fruit meanwhile handed to them.

Loads of Cashmiri articles of all kinds, almost slops, were brought to us in boats, instead of our going to them—a mode which struck me as most convenient; for the Cashmiris are a wonderfully filthy race. We were thoroughly disgusted to see a high official being scrubbed with curd by two domestics, while another couple were sousing him with soup—coloured water, characteristic of the stream between the black shiny banks of Srinagar.

The Cashmiri women are world-renowned for their beauty. They have the fabled large black almond shaped eyes, languishing in expression, fine cut features, creamy complexions of a delicate transparency, long raven tresses, and pearly teeth. I longed to see an ugly face for variety's sake, though I do believe they age quickly amongst the lower classes. Their dress is to the great disadvantage of their figures, a loose sack-like gown, which hangs most unbecomingly.

Before closing, I must make mention of the favourite summer resort of those residing in Srinagar. Under the shelter of the lofty Apharwat lies Gulmarg (8,500 ft. high) or "The Meadow of roses;" and a veritable flower-garden it is. The forests are fringed with dark, scented pines. The views from the ridges are magnificent beyond all human conception. The hoary "Nanga Parbat" rises high above the surrounding groups of white capped mountains, 18,000 to 20,000 ft. high. The valley smiles below, the mysterious effects of light and shade playing midst verdant pastures and rounded hills, and the silvery waters of Jhelum coiling through. Towards sunset, this Elysian world gets enveloped in a fleecy veil of soft violet, pale tints of saffron enrich the snowy range in the far distance, the hazy clouds light up with flame colour, ravishingly beautiful to the admiring gazer.

The great white pyramids of "Haramonk" rise sheer from the valley,

"Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
And whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer in a vale of flowers,
Is sleeping rosy at his feet."

Woman's lot on Earth and its Compensations.

[AS TOLD IN THE TALE OF SHATARUPA.]



THE following account of Shatarupa, the first woman created, according to Hindu Mythology, is not without its interest, professing as it does to show the balance evenly between the supposed dis-

advantages of woman's lot on Earth, and its set-offs *per contra*,

From the right side of his own body, Viraj or Bramha created Swayambhu Manu, the first man; and from the left side, Shatarupa of matchless beauty, the first and foremost of her sex.

Intending as he did to carry on the work of peopling the world, then still in its infancy, through the instrumentality of this couple, Bramha gave Shatarupa in marriage to Swayambhu Manu, but a strange thing happened, for no sooner was the benediction pronounced over the heads of this first-wedded pair, than the bride gave vent to unrestrained grief in the following words:—

"To be one of the weaker sex, is misery enough in all conscience: for we, women, are, as it is, destined to a state of life-long thralldom, whether as daughters, wives, or mothers; so that from the cradle to the grave, we are utter strangers to freedom, being ever dependent on a father, a husband, or a son. But add to this the burdens of maternity, of bringing children forth into life at the peril of our own, of nursing and rearing them from day to day, of attending to their personal cleanliness and every detail of their welfare, and of patient and perpetual endurance under a thousand and one nameless trials—truly our load of cares is overwhelming.

How then in the midst of these ceaseless and distracting cares is woman to find a moment to bestow a thought on her own soul and its salvation? When is she to think of the Creator and pour forth her prayers to Him? Life, in this vale of tears, is miserable enough to creatures, all alike; but the added disadvantages of womanhood well nigh drive me to despair."

Yielding thus to uncontrollable grief, she betook herself to the performance of a "Tapas"—a penance—which lasted nearly a thousand years of celestial time.

Overcome by the austerity of her devotion, and moved by remorse and pity into a sympathetic frame of mind, Bramha appeared to her at the end of this period, tried all his eloquence, and promised countless boons in order to dissuade her, and win her back from penance to join her affianced husband; but all in vain. Tempted with an offer of whatever she might wish for, she but prayed for immediate salvation and deliverance. This, of course, was out of the question, as it cut at the very root of Bramha's object in bringing woman into existence. He was, therefore, induced at last to endow her with certain substantial advantages, as a compensation against her heavy burden of cares, and also promised ultimate, though not immediate, salvation if she but fulfilled her homely mission.

"Henceforth," said Bramha, the first duty of woman shall be to her husband, whom she shall cherish and faithfully serve in every thought, word, and deed. She shall study, nay, even anticipate, his wishes, and win her way to heaven by proving herself the most faithful of his friends and companions. The care she takes of her offspring, and her devotion to the simple duties of her household, shall count for salvation and secure her position in heaven, as certainly as even the most costly sacrifices and laborious penances performed by men. As to her so-called state of perpetual dependence, that shall be only in name, for; in reality, she shall wield unbounded influence and power over the opposite sex. At a mere word, or look, or gesture from her, man shall fall prostrate before her, and become her veriest slave and puppet. That even such as have abjured the world and are "ripening for immortality" as it were,—even the most rigid ascetics, may succumb to her fascinating influence, she shall be endowed with a thousand winning graces and bewitching charms of speech, look, and manner. Her ready and nimble wit shall enslave her auditors, and to her eyes shall be given such power and softness, "that may soothe the tiger's rage, or thaw the cold heart of a conqueror," so that though she be of the physically weaker sex, she shall practically command more power and influence in the real control of affairs.

"Let Man still be lord of the creation—and welcome to the name—for it is Woman, that shall really rule him and hold him captive by the magic of her eye and voice, that shall be the real sovereign supreme. Woman that can even twist and turn him round her little finger, and so render him worthy or otherwise of his patent of nobility.

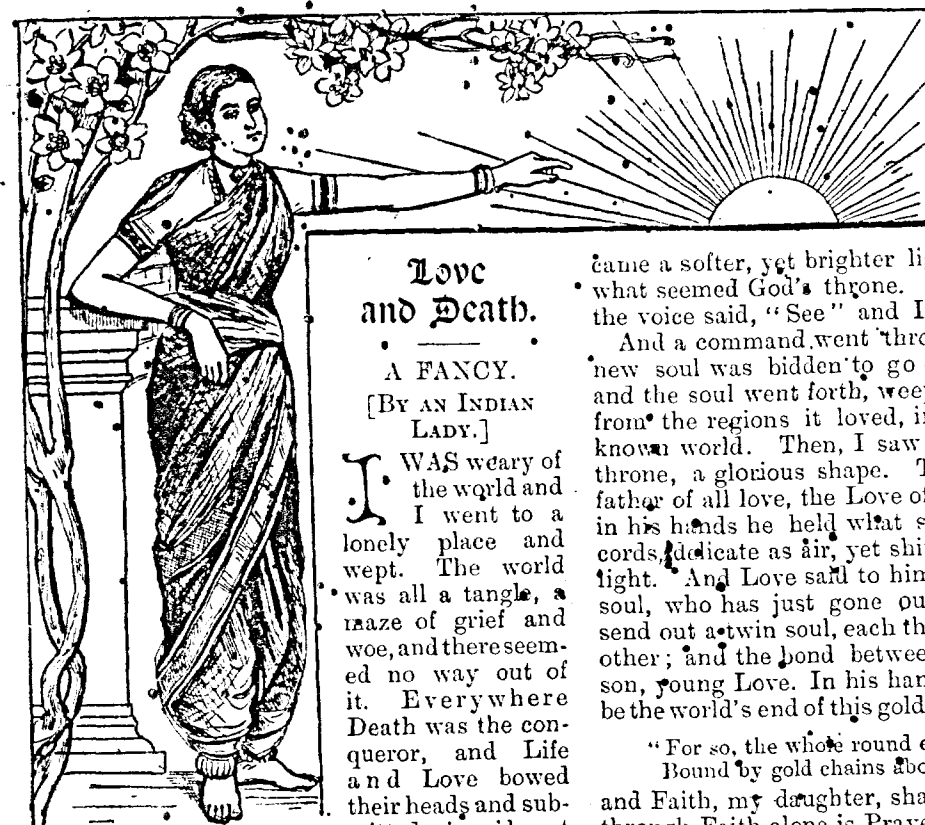
"All the knowledge that the sage Brihaspati learnt with so much toil, and all the art that his rival Usanas acquired after years of patient waiting on his Guru, shall be to woman, her natural birth-right."

Thus spoke Bramha, and thus was Shatarupa—the mother of mankind—reconciled to her lot on earth.

She therewith concluded her penance, and joined her affianced husband, Swayambhu Manu, and the couple ever after lived together "as happy as the day was long."

She gave birth to two sons, Priyavrata and Uthánápada, the earliest sovereigns of the world, and to two daughters, Prasuti and Akuti, who married, respectively, Daksha Prajapati and the sage Ruchi, and thus helped to people the entire globe.

P. R.



Love and Death.

A FANCY.
[BY AN INDIAN LADY.]

I WAS weary of the world and I went to a lonely place and wept. The world was all a tangle, a maze of grief and woe, and there seemed no way out of it. Everywhere Death was the conqueror, and Life and Love bowed their heads and submitted in silent

agony. So I wept, and weeping I slept and dreamed. And in my dream it seemed to me that a voice whispered, "Love will never die, for Love is of God. Come with me and I will show you a vision." And I went, and thought I came to a dark and empty, void, full of whirling darkness and whispering voices. The winds rushed by on the swift wings of destruction, the noise of their conflict was everywhere, the dull sound of whispering waves on a far-off shore came faintly and gloomily. And, as I watched in grief and trouble, it seemed to me that slowly a soft light was shed over the scene, the twilight of an approaching night. And in the tremulous light, I saw empty space everywhere, space full of gloom and terror. And as the light reached upward, I saw a wonderful sight. Far overhead stretched a maze and a tangle of shining silver cords, the beginning and the end of which I could not see. The voice said to me, "These are the cords of life, the souls of men. See, how they are interwoven together. They—" But I was impatient and interrupted, "Where is the vision of Hope you promised me? There is no way out of the tangle." And the voice said, "Wait and see."

Slowly the night approached, and the twilight fled away, till all was dark again. But there

came a softer, yet brighter light, and I saw in it what seemed God's throne. I hid my eyes, but the voice said, "See" and I saw.

And a command went through Heaven, and a new soul was bidden to go out into the world; and the soul went forth, weeping and trembling, from the regions it loved, into a cold and unknown world. Then, I saw at the feet of God's throne, a glorious shape. This was Love, the father of all love, the Love of God to man. And in his hands he held what seemed to be golden cords, delicate as air, yet shining with a glorious light. And Love said to himself, "To keep the soul, who has just gone out, company, I shall send out a twin soul, each the counterpart of the other; and the bond between them shall be my son, young Love. In his hands, henceforth shall be the world's end of this golden chain of Prayer—

"For so, the whole round earth is every way Bound by gold chains about the feet of God;" and Faith, my daughter, shall hold this end, for through Faith alone is Prayer made perfect and "the heaven on its stable foundation Draws she with chains down to earth."

Then the vision was shut out, and by another twilight, the twilight, I knew, of approaching dawn, I saw again the empty void with the maze of silver cords above. The tangle was as great as ever, but it seemed to me that the path of two single cords was made, clear, as if they were alone. "These," said the Voice to me, "are the two souls you saw sent out from Heaven. The bodies may die, but the souls are immortal."

And each cord was spun out by the shuttle of a fair angel shape hovering over it and seeking to shelter it from harm. And between the cords was the golden chain of Prayer, held by Faith and young Love. And slowly and unconsciously the silver cords approached the golden cord. The wild winds of the world swept by. I trembled lest the cords should be whirled away. But another wind came from Heaven, and the golden cord waved to and fro in it, and the two silver cords caught on the golden cord and were safe. Death, a grim shape, came by with uplifted sword to sever them; but the three together held firm, made secure by Prayer and Faith and Love. And the Voice said to me, "Many are called, but few are chosen. Some are guided

aright, some are swept away in the fierce, whirlwind of the world. Blessed are the pure and the faithful." Then the landscape was once more blotted out; but far off, the dawn of a brighter world woke, and I seemed to see the two silver cords still winning their way upward, glad amid sorrow, for they were together.

"Hope came to me last night in grief and tears,
And sat beside me in this silent place,
With the cold moonbeams on her ashen face,
Speaking of pain and of long vanished years:
Hope came, and touched my sad wet eyes, and said—
"Look up: light breaks: the Spring is not yet dead."
Faith came to me last night, and brought again
The shadow of our vows I would forget—
I saw, with her, the spot where we last met—
Faith spoke of trust that triumphs over pain:
Her eyes were wet as mine, but still she said,
"Have courage: morning breaks: Love is not dead."
Love came to me, so tenderly, last night,
And laid her face upon my breast and wept—
And over all the shadowy twilight crept,
And everything grew grey with sombre light:
Broken and faint, she came, but smiled and said,
"Morning is near, and Love is never dead!"

Then one more vision came to me. I came back to earth. In a small and squalid room, I saw a motionless form stretched on a bed, and by the bed knelt a girl, with tears running down her face, but a slow joy shining in the midst of her tears. I heard her lips murmur "Death may kill for a time, but Love is immortal, for Love is of God."

"PADMINI."

The Vicar of Wakefield.

[BY STEPHEN BALM, HYDERABAD, DECCAN.]



AT this time of day, it would not only be a work of supererogation, but presumptuous to write about a book which is so widely read and appreciated as the "Vicar of Wakefield." We cannot, however, resist the temptation to dwell upon the excellencies of this charming story.

In his modest advertisement, the immortal author writes, "There are a hundred faults in this thing, and a hundred things might be said to prove their beauties." It is true there are many faults and inconsistencies in it; for instance, the fact of Sir William Thornhill moving about in the neighbourhood under disguise without detection seems rather unlikely. But the author justifies himself by remarking,

"a book may be very amusing with numerous errors, or it may be very dull without a single absurdity." Whether this justification is correct or not, we leave it to the taste and judgment of our readers to decide; but who can gainsay the fact that the "Vicar of Wakefield" is the best English novel of its kind? The oftener we peruse it, the more it rises in our estimation. It has no pretensions to style. It is written in pure and simple English; wit and humour run through the whole narrative. Its merits, however, lie deeper. It strives to adhere closely to truth, reality. Every page in it throbs with life: the characters depicted are of the human, not super-human sort.

Dr. Primrose, the hero of this piece, is a character worthy of admiration. He is a pastor, husband, and father of a family. With him, religion is not an empty or vain thing. In all his actions and utterances, he proves that religion is the bond of charity, the curb of evil passions, the consolation of the wretched, the support of the timid, and the hope of the dying. His reliance on the Providence of God is marvellous. He is the same in wealth and in poverty; in glory and in obscurity. The loss of his fortune is to him a trifling circumstance, and in order to bring down the pride of his family, he comforts them with these words of wisdom, "You cannot be ignorant, my children, that no prudence of ours could have prevented our late misfortunes; but prudence may do much in disappointing its effects. We are poor, my fondlings, and wisdom bids us conform to our humble situation. Let us then, without repining, give up these splendours with which numbers are wrecked, and seek in humbler circumstances that peace, with which all may be happy. The poor pleasantly live without our help, why then should not we learn to live without theirs? No, my children, let us give up all pretensions to gentility; we have still enough left for happiness if we are wise, and let us draw upon content for the deficiencies of fortune."

No worldly reverses can disturb the equilibrium of his mind. It is only when the honor of his children is concerned that he forgets himself for a moment. For instance, when he hears from his little son, Dick, the fatal news of the abduction of Olivia, he threatens to wreak his vengeance on the villain who deceived his daughter and forgets the Divine injunction of "leaving vengeance in His hands who alone can repay it." But this passion is only temporary and is curbed by a sharp remonstrance from his wife and his son, Moses. He now draws his chief comforts from the Bible which is his only staff and support. "And now my son," he cries, "I see it was more than human benevolence that first taught us to bless

our enemies! Blessed be his holy name for all the good he hath given, and for all that he hath taken away!" It will be observed that throughout his moments of anguish, he never breathes a word against Olivia; on the contrary, he checks his wife who, in the throes of her agony, appears to disown her unfortunate daughter. Addressing his wife, he says, "do not talk thus hardly: my detestation of her guilt is as great as yours; but ever shall this house and this heart be open to a poor returning repentant sinner. The sooner she returns from her transgression, the more welcome shall she be to me. For the first time the very best may err; art may persuade, and novelty spread out its charms. The first fault is the child of simplicity; but every other the offspring of guilt. Yes, the wretched creature shall be welcome to this heart and this house, though stained with ten thousand vices. I will again hearken to the music of her voice, again will I hang fondly on her bosom, if I find but repentance there. My son, bring hither my Bible and my staff; I will pursue her wherever she is, and though I cannot save her from shame, I may prevent the continuance of iniquity."

He is charity personified. The blind, the maimed, and the halt, all seek his assistance, and "never was the family of Wakefield—known to turn the traveller, or the poor dependent, out of doors." Out of the profits of his living he supports the orphans and widows of his diocese. And he does all this because he feels a secret pleasure in doing his duty without reward.

As he is humility itself, he detests pride and vanity, and the following passage illustrates the wise manner in which he checks these evils, which he discovers in his wife and daughters:—

"The first Sunday, in particular, their behaviour served to mortify me: I had desired my girls the preceding night to be dressed early the next day; for I always loved to be at church a good while before the rest of the congregation. They punctually obeyed my directions; but when we were to assemble in the morning at breakfast, down came my wife and daughters, dressed out in all their former splendour; their hair plastered up with pomatum, their faces patched to taste, their trains bundled up in a heap behind, and rustling at every motion. I could not help smiling at their vanity, particularly that of my wife, from whom I expected more discretion. In this exigence, therefore, my only resource was to order my son, with an important air, to call our coach. The girls were amazed at the command; but I repeated it with more solemnity than before—'Surely, my dear, you jest,' cried my wife, 'we can walk it perfectly well: we want no coach to carry us now.' 'You mistake, child,' returned I, 'we do want a coach, for if we walk to church in this trim, the very children in the

parish will hoot after us'—'Indeed,' replied my wife, 'I always imagined that my Charles was fond of seeing his children neat and handsome about him'—'you may be as neat as you please,' interrupted I, 'and I shall love you the better for it; but all this is not neatness, but frippery. These rustlings, and pinkings, and patchings, will only make us hated by all the wives of all our neighbours. No, my children,' continued I, more gravely, 'those gowns may be altered into some thing of a plainer cut; for finery is very unbecoming in us, who want the means of decency. I do not know whether such flouncing and shredding is becoming even in the rich, if we consider upon a moderate calculation, that the nakedness of the indigent world may be clothed from the trimmings of the vain.'

"This remonstrance had the proper effect; they went with great composure, that very instant, to change their dress; and the next day I had the satisfaction of finding my daughters, at their own request, employed in cutting up their trains into Sunday waistcoats for Dick and Bess, the two little ones, and what was still more satisfactory, the gowns seemed improved by this curtailing."

It is amusing to observe also the Vicar's way of checking the vanity of his daughters, without giving them the least offence. As an illustration of this, we quote the following passage:—

"As we expected our landlord the next day, my wife went to make the venison pastry; Moses sat reading, while I taught the little ones; my daughters seemed equally busy with the rest; and I observed them for a good while cooking something over the fire. I at first supposed they were assisting their mother; but little Dick informed me in a whisper, that they were making a wash for the face. Washes of all kinds I had a natural antipathy to; for I knew that instead of mending the complexion they spoiled it. I therefore approached my chair by sly degrees to the fire, and grasping the poker, as if it wanted mending, seemingly by accident, overturned the whole composition, and it was too late to begin another."

Observe, too, how he views with disfavour the introduction into the family of the new and great acquaintance in Squire Thornhill:

"Whatever may be your opinions of him, my children," he says, "to confess the truth, he has not prepossessed me in his favour. Disproportioned friendships ever terminate in disgust; and I thought, notwithstanding all his ease, that he seemed perfectly sensible of the distance between us. Let us keep to companions of our own rank. There is no character more contemptible than a man that is a fortune-hunter; and I can see no reason why fortune-hunting women should not

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be contemptible too. Thus, at best, we shall be contemptible if his views be honourable; but if they be otherwise, I should shudder but to think of that! It is true that I have no apprehensions from the conduct of my children, but I think there are some from his character." Further on, he states that he merely points out the danger of such a friendship but leaves it to the discretion of his family to avoid it. In this instance, and, in all his dealings with his wife and children, he is never arbitrary. He teaches them obedience, not by threat or fear of punishment, but by his judicious counsel and unbounded love.

Many a husband and many a father may take lessons from this character. What a powerful influence does the good Vicar exert over his wife and children! How he instils into their minds principles of wisdom and rectitude, and governs them without meaning to control!

Let us now turn to some of the principal female characters introduced in this novel.

Mrs. Primrose, the Vicar's wife, is a good natured, amiable woman, well-bred, able to read any simple English book, a good cook, and, in her own opinion, a good housewife. She is a virtuous wife, but it is more than doubtful whether she is a good mother, though undoubtedly she is very kind to her children. As can be expected from her education and surroundings, she is vain and frivolous. She is proud—rather too proud—of her daughters and is over eager to procure them husbands of birth and fortune. In her opinion, Olivia has a great deal to say upon every subject and is very well skilled in controversies. And she sees no reason why the two Miss Wrinkles should marry great fortunes, and her children get none. It is amusing to notice how the Vicar takes her off when she speaks in this lofty strain, although he is "never much displeased with those harmless delusions that tend to make one more happy."

Olivia and Sophia, the Vicar's daughters, are types of English girls brought up in the country remote from towns or cities. They can read and write English, play music, conduct themselves with decency in society, and help their mother in house-keeping. As regards their nature, Olivia wished for many lovers, Sophia to secure one. Olivia was too often affected from too great a desire to please. Sophia even repressed excellence from her fears to offend. The one entertained me with her vivacity when I was gay and the other with her sense when I was serious. But these qualities were never carried to excess in either, and I have often seen them exchange characters for a whole day together. A suit of mourning has transformed my coquette into a prude, and a new set of ribands has given her younger sister more than natural vivacity."

In this narrative, none of the fair creations of

the author's fancy are endowed with an elevation of character or superiority of intellect. Even Sophia is only a gentle, loving, amiable creature, distinguished by no superior gifts of mind or soul. This at once reveals the then conditions of the women of England, for novels not only serve as the model but as the reflection of the age.

This article will be incomplete without a few remarks on the merits of the book in general. The chief charm of the book consists in the picture of a domestic fireside, which is drawn by the hand of a master. Is not the following description typical of home—an English home?

"The little republic to which I gave laws, was regulated in the following manner: by sunrise we all assembled in our common apartment; the fire being previously kindled by the servant. After we had saluted each other with proper ceremony, for I always thought to keep up some mechanical forms of good breeding, without which freedom ever destroys friendship, we all bent in gratitude to that Being who gave us another day. This duty being performed, my son and I went to pursue our usual industry abroad, while my wife and daughters employed themselves in providing breakfast, which was always ready at a certain time. I allowed half an hour for this meal, and an hour for dinner; which time was taken up in innocent mirth between my wife and daughters, and in philosophical arguments between my son and me.

"As we rose with the sun, so we never pursued our labours after it was gone down, but returned home to the expecting family; where smiling looks, a neat hearth, and a pleasant fire, were prepared for our reception. Nor were we without guests; sometimes farmer Flamborough, our talkative neighbour, and often the blind piper, would pay us a visit, and taste our gooseberry wine; for the making of which we had lost neither the receipt nor the reputation. These harmless people had several ways of being good company; while one played, the other would sing some soothing ballad—'Johnny Armstrong's last good night,' or 'the cruelty of Barbara Allen.' The night was concluded in the manner we began the morning, my youngest boys being appointed to read the lessons of the day, and he that read the loudest, distinctest, and best was to have a half penny in Sunday to put in the poor's box."

We can quote numerous passages to illustrate this beautiful fireside picture, but we refrain for fear of trespassing on the patience of our readers.

Does not the book also breathe the genuine spirit of philanthropy and give to a suffering world the angel-spirit of a Howard; or in truth,



B. V. SUBBAMMA



Miss Krishnabai Kalaokar, L.M. & S.



Miss H. R. Krishnamma, M.A.



Mrs. B. Shrinivasa, B.A., L.T.



Miss Kashibai Nowranje, B.A.

Is it not the forerunner of Howard? It exhibits to the view of men the horrors of the dungeon, to enable them to feel for the sufferings of others, and to learn the great lessons, that the guilty are still their brethren, that it is better to reclaim than to destroy, that the punishment which is excessive is immoral, that that which does not aim to reform is unjust, and that which does not actually do so, is unwise.

To sum up. The chief moral and purpose of this novel is, that the good predominates over the evil. It teaches us also the lessons of contentment, temperance, and sobriety—and, above all, of forgiveness of the faults and infirmities of others.

Indian Lady Graduates.

THE TWO DECCANI HINDU LADY GRADUATES.

[BY D. G. VADYA, BOMBAY.]



IN the January number of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*, there appeared a short note giving some information about the two Guzarati Hindu Lady Graduates of the Bombay University. The present writer hopes that the information given here about the two Deccani Hindu Lady Graduates of the same University will be found interesting to the readers of this Magazine.

Miss Krishnabai Kelavkar, who passed the last L. M. and S. Examination of the Bombay University with honours, is the second daughter of Mrs. Rukhmabai Kelavkar, the Lady Superintendent of the 'Abhilyabai Girls' School at Kolhapur; her father, Mr. Krishnarao, who is now leading a retired life, was a medical practitioner at Kolhapur. She passed her Matriculation Examination from the Poona Female High School in the year 1894, when she stood very high amongst all the successful candidates. She took up the First Arts course, passed her Previous Examination in 1895 from the Fergusson College, Poona, and then joined the Grant Medical College of Bombay. Here, her career has been throughout very successful. Owing to ill health Miss Krishnabai could not appear for her First Examination in Medicine in 1897, when she was expected to, but passed the same in 1898 in the First Class, and in the following year she stood First Class First in the Second Examination in Medicine. Last December, she passed her Final Examination for the Degree of L. M. and S. and carried off the Lady Reay Gold Medal, now given every three years, the Queen Empress Silver Medal, the Bai Hirabai Pestanji Hormasji Cama

Gold Medal, the Scholarship of the Medical women for the India Fund of 1883, and the Charles Morehead Prize. All these medals and the scholarship she got by competition among lady candidates, but the C. M. Prize is awarded to the highest in Clinical Medicine amongst all the successful candidates of the year. During her College career she secured a number of scholarships from the College and University. As the Kolhapur State had given her substantial help on condition that she served the State for three years, after passing her Final Examination, early in January last, Miss Krishnabai had to take charge of the new Hospital for women and children at Kolhapur. It has been her great ambition to go to England to advance her medical knowledge. She has been fortunate enough to receive substantial help from Mr. Tata, who has taken very special interest in her. Dr. Krishnabai left Bombay for England by the P. and O. Mail of 19th April last. It is her intention to study the special subjects of midwifery and diseases of women and children and secure the L. R. C. S. of the Dublin University. For the present, Miss Kapadia, a Parsi lady, practising in Ahmedabad, is the only Indian lady who has the honour of being an L. R. C. S. of Dublin. After her return, Miss Kelavkar has to serve her State for 3 years. Her career at Dublin will now be watched with much interest by her many friends and well wishers and looking to the past, the present writer feels confident that brilliant success awaits her at Dublin.

It will interest many readers of this magazine to know that Mrs. Dwarkabai Kamalakar, who is studying Medicine at Madras, is the elder sister of Miss Krishnabai, and one of her younger sisters, Miss Yamunbai, passed her Previous Examination from the Rajaram College at Kolhapur, last year.

The other Deccani Hindu lady, who graduated last year, is Miss Kashibai Vasudevarao Nowrange. Miss Nowrange's father, Mr. Vasudevarao, now nearly 75, is a self-made man in the true sense of the word,—a well-known merchant of Bombay and a practical, social and religious reformer. During the latter half of the sixties of the last century he visited England. Miss Kashibai too is the second daughter of her father, like Miss Kelavkar. Both of these ladies were educated in the same school and Miss Nowrange passed her Matriculation two years after Miss Krishnabai, i.e., in 1896. After her Matriculation, the two joined the Fergusson College. The students of this institution, it is well-known, are mostly from the orthodox circles and not having been accustomed to see the fair sex amongst them, some of the students at least tried to make the College life somewhat troublesome to these ladies and so both Miss Krishnabai and

Miss Kashibai had to go through some strange experiences, such as contriving a means for overcoming the obstacle of a heap of benches piled one over another in going from one class to another. Miss Nowrange joined the Wilson College of Bombay in June 1897 and graduated last year from that College. It reflects great credit on her that she should succeed in passing two difficult Examinations, her B.A., and the First Examination in Medicine, in the same year. Like the two Gujarati Lady graduates, Miss Nowrange too did not take up Literature as her optional subject, but selected Physics and Chemistry, which even the male students find it very hard to master. Miss Nowrange is now in the third year class of the Medical College. She is the first Deccan Hindu lady who has graduated in Arts at the Bombay University. Both Miss Krishnabai and Miss Kashibai are members of the Bombay Parthana Samaj. Miss Nowrange's father is now the oldest Brahmo in this Presidency.

Such, in brief, have been the careers of the Deccan Lady graduates of this year. It is true there is not much romance and poetry in the lives of Indian lady students. The school and college life of an average lady graduate is as prosaic as that of an average male student, with the difference that in the case of the boy it is one to which he devotes himself through motives of ambition and the desire to distinguish himself in the world, whilst with the girl it is partly a labour of love uninfluenced by the externals of life. But although the lot of both the male and female students is equally hard and common place, it is a mistake to place the girl student on the same level with the boy. The path to graduation is not strewn with roses, but in the case of the girl it is made peculiarly thorny by the traditional prejudice of Hindu society against the higher education of females. In consequence the girl who makes up her mind to be a graduate has to brace herself up for a life of self-sacrifice, drudgery, and even much misrepresentation. Hers is a life of self-sacrifice, self-discipline and self-abnegation. All honour to those who have the courage to choose such a life, knowing that, in choosing it, they have to give up many of the legitimate pleasures of young womanhood and share much of the abuse and obloquy that generally falls to the lot of those who have the courage to depart from the conventional. Till her graduation the life of the girl student is comparatively smooth. It is after one has taken her degree that the conflict really begins. Except medicine and teaching, there are no professions open at present to her, and even here her presence is not quite welcome. One has to compete with men none too chivalrous—and who are apt on a woman in their midst, holding her

own against them, with eyes none too kindly. But the courage, firmness, the ability and, most important of all, the very high character of those who were the first recipients of University honours amongst the fair sex, have done much to blunt the edge of opposition and the path in consequence to their latter day sisters has become a little smoother. But if we expect every girl who graduates herself to cut a distinguished figure in life, we shall no doubt be disappointed. The majority of the lady graduates, like the majority of the men graduates, are bound to lead a common place, hum-drum sort of life. But like the educated men they too will exercise on their surroundings a silent but potent influence which in the long run will be felt in the four corners of their society. The chastening influence of the presence of a good and true woman, it is said, radiates throughout the whole of the household. How much more will it be felt when the lady at the head of the household happens to be not only a good and a pure woman but a cultured one with her mind open to receive light from all sides. Diverse are the troubles that are brought to bear on the Indian lady graduate and no one is watched with more critical eyes at the present juncture than she. It mainly rests with her to give the lie to the charge that the Indian lady graduate is a failure, by so conducting herself, as doubtless, she has done in the past, as to shame her accusers and set an example of inspiration to her less enlightened sisters. The careers, therefore, on the wider theatre of the world, of these two Deccan lady graduates will be watched with much interest by all friends of higher female education, and it is the earnest prayer to God of the present writer that they may be spared long to serve their sisters and their country.

A CONGRATULATORY ADDRESS TO MRS. SHRINIVASA, B.A., L.T.

We also give the photos of the two Indian Christian ladies, Mrs. Shrinivasa, B.A., and Miss Hannah Ratnam Krishnamah, who took their degrees of Licentiate in Teaching and Master of Arts, respectively, at the last Convocation of the Madras University. The following account from the pen of an Indian lady of a congratulatory address presented to Mrs. M. A. Shrinivasa, B.A., L.T., at Vizagapatam, will interest our readers:—

A public meeting was held in the London Mission High School on Wednesday, the 23rd April, to present Mrs. Shrinivasa, B.A., L.T., with a congratulatory address and to welcome her as the first lady graduate in the district of Vizagapatam.

Mr. Balijipilly Suryanarayana, B.A., B.L., who occupied the Chair, opened the proceedings by intro-

ducing Mrs. Shrinivasa as the youngest daughter of the much lamented late Rev. P. Jagannadham, a revered citizen of this town. He then called on Mr. B. N. Sarma, B.A., B.L., to read out the following address:—

"We have much pleasure in taking this opportunity of congratulating you on your success in the recent L. T. Examination. We feel proud that we have in you the first Lady Graduate of this District. Your success in the B. A. and L. T. Examinations, in spite of your family afflictions and the many ordeals you had to pass through, is all the more creditable and speaks volumes for your intelligence and perseverance. We hope that the bright example set by you will be followed by many a maiden. The spread of education, especially of higher education among females, is destined to play a great part in the amelioration of the condition of the people, and we have no doubt that you will, in your sphere of life, make a mark in that respect. We welcome you also as a worthy daughter of our worthy citizen, the late lamented Rev. P. Jagannadham, who led such an unblemished life of usefulness that it will be long before he is forgotten. We wish you a successful and prosperous career and a long and happy life."

The Chairman then invited others to make a few remarks. Mr. Lazarus at the request of a few friends rose to speak; he thanked the friends who had so kindly convened the meeting on behalf of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Shrinivasa. He spoke of her College career and remarked that she would have been the first lady graduate in the Presidency had not marriage come between her and her studies. He also showed how Vizagapatam stood far ahead in the Northern Circars, in the matter of higher female education, although it was behind hand in civilization. Vizagapatam, though comparatively a small station, had produced four Indian Christian girl Matriculates, besides a number of Eurasian girls. Mr. Lazarus was, however, sorry that Hindu girls, because of the intolerant caste system—the most blighting of human institutions as Sir Henry Maine terms it—did not avail themselves of University education. Mr. S. Paul then spoke highly of Mrs. Shrinivasa's bravery in completing her degree after the loss of her husband, and also taking a second degree—Licentiate in Teaching—to boot. He was in favour of the education of females and proposed that a school should be established in the town for women who wished to study for the University Examinations. He wished that like the late Mr. A. V. Narasinga Rao some wealthy gentleman or Zemindar would found a high school for women. Mr. Sarma said that Indian women were debarred from continuing their studies not on account of caste but because of their social customs. He said that social reform was needed, but that change, of religion was not indispensable to its fulfilment.

Mrs. Shrinivasa then read out the following response to the address presented to her:—

"I thank you for the honour conferred on me this evening by you. I am not in the least worthy of all the kind things you have said of me. When I received a letter from you about your intention, I felt inclined to beg of you to give up the idea of a public meeting, and to tell you that your good wishes were quite enough. But I felt I would be doing injustice to your kindness, and depriving the public of Vizagapatam of an opportunity of knowing with what friendly eyes you view the advance of higher female education. I

regard this meeting not so much as an honour shown me personally, but on the whole Vizagapatam community of which I am proud to be a member. I take it too, as I have already said, as a sign of the times—that you regard higher female education not in an adverse light, as some of the present day delight to do, forgetting that if India is to be raised, it must be through her daughters. I know that those of us who are Hindus have many difficulties, religious and social to contend with, and it is this which deprives our University of the honour of having a large number of lady graduates from this place. As you are aware, it is my intention to make use of and impart the knowledge, I in a small measure possess, and the least I can say is, that I shall try my utmost to use it for the advancement of education among our women. I note with pride the feeling terms in which you allude to the life and character of my late father. I thank you once again for your very kind address of congratulation on my success in the Degree Examination."

The Chairman then spoke on behalf of higher education for women and mentioned that Indian women had many disadvantages, and he quite agreed with Mr. Sarma in looking upon their social customs as obstacles to the progress of education. He confessed that he and his fellow Hindus did not take advantage of the labours of missionaries in the cause of female education—men and ladies who had so kindly left their home-land to work for their fellow-men and women in India and that the Hindus instead of opening their doors to such generosity actually seemed to put a veto on Zenana work by not giving the missionaries a warm welcome as they ought to do when it was for their own welfare. The Rev. N. Carter Daniell then proposed a vote of thanks a speech to the Chairman and followed it with in which he said that he was glad such a meeting was got up in honour of Mrs. Shrinivasa's success in the degree examinations, but regretted it had not been done before this. With regard to female education, if he were a Hindu he would not wait till it was decided which prevented its progress—caste or the social system—and whether the present system of University Education would benefit the girls; but he would take it as it stood and see that Hindu women by being sufficiently educated were on a par with the men and fit to be their help-meets. He said that Mrs. Shrinivasa was the only one of her sex who had come to the front in taking a degree in this town and hoped that it would be an impetus to others also, thus even excelling Madras which had hitherto stood first in education. Miss E. D'Prazer then spoke and welcomed Mrs. Shrinivasa; she hoped the heroine would remain in this her native place and lend a helping hand in raising women to a higher scale in education.

A SUCCESSFUL BRAHMIN GIRL.

It is extremely gratifying to note that B. V. Subbamma, a Hindu Brahmin girl of thirteen years of age, has passed the Lower Secondary Examination in English from Cocanada, this year. This young lady is the daughter of the late Mr. P. Venkatappiah, B.A., who was the Sheristadar of the Godavari District Collectorate for a

(Continued on page 373.)



Under Indian Skies.

Here, in our homes, under Indian skies,
Where the heat of our sultry day scarce dies;
Where the round of Duty is ever the same,
To envired hearts with no greater claim;
Where the weary brain and the tired heart
Go on, day after day, doing their part!
What portion have we with a rapturous throng,
Crowning King and Queen, with a burst of song?
Here duties forbid that our willing feet
Should ev'n carry our gift of love complete.
There'll be princes and warriors, brave and true,
Attuning their songs to the deeds they do.

What place could we hold in that radiant throng?
What note upraise of their glorious song?
There is always place for each loyal heart,
And the song needs its minor notes and part.
To us, who but seem to live for a day,
There comes then this tribute of Love to pay.
Each duty well done, . . . we greet this glad hour,
Inspired by Duty, to give our small dower.
No work need be left, . . . from hearts within.
We raise our crowning loyal hymn.
No barriers impede, by land or by sea,
When Thought flashes message of loyalty!

For King and Queen.

God save our King and Queen!
Bless them thro' shade and sheen,
On Life's new way!
We, as their subjects, pour
All our hearts' loyal store,
Bless them, still more and more,
Humbly we pray!
Chimes of sweet mem'ries claspt,
Echo from out the Past—
"God save the Queen!"—
Words of the old sweet strain—
Merged now in glad refrain—
Welcome, Her children's reign,
Our King and Queen!

Victoria's children now,
Twain, with Her sceptre bow,
She held—alone!
Sad mem'ry-tears will fall,
As we this truth recall,
As now in mem'ried hall
Her vows they own!
Two now have clasp'd Her right,
Two, less'ning care, not might,
Blest King and Queen!
Prayer now needs no sad tear,
Joyous the nation's cheer.—
"Bless,"—rings out far and near,
"Our King and Queen!"

MYRA.

(Continued from page 371.)

long time. She was educated for only one year in the Timpany Memorial School, Jagannaikpur, which was founded about eighteen years ago, by the late Rev. A. V. Timpany for the education of European and Eurasian children, the caste children being since very lately practically shut out of it. The Rev. H. F. Laflamme, at the request of the father of the girl, wrote to the General Assembly at Canada and obtained their special permission for the admittance of the girl into the Institution. As this young lady is the first high class Brahmin girl who has steadily attended the course of her studies at the school regularly and studied with a determination worthy of her father's culture and patriotism even after the age at which Hindu girls are generally prohibited from attending public schools, and has come out successful, she may be supposed as the pioneer of English education among Brahmin girls in this part of the country. It is hoped that the patriotic local missionary to whom all this credit is due will so develop the Institution as to afford facilities for the Higher English Education of Caste Hindu girls, who but for want of opportunities would have come out successful in scores every year. This instance has again afforded one an opportunity to remind our country-men that one practical example is a thousand times much better and more useful than hundreds of lectures or platform orations in the noble cause of Higher Education among Hindu ladies. The young lady is continuing her studies in English, and also studying Sanskrit. It is earnestly hoped that she will be of great use to the country in uplifting the standard of her ignorant sisterhood by her own culture, education and example.

Ceylon Buddhism.

(By M. P. CHELLIAH, COLOMBO.)



WENT the other day to Kandy, the old native city, the ancient capital of the Singhalese kings. The Singhalese kings! The words have a singular charm. Do they not evoke, in our mind's eye, an impossible, enchanting fairy land,—a little court, all fanciful as ever poet dreamed of? The old palace is there, on the edge of a lake of black water, under tall palm trees.

All round the little city, sloping to the foot of low hills, the happy roads wander among flowers near the palace. On the shore of the black lake, wherein swans mirror their white splendour, is a

Buddhist temple, an old, strange temple, somewhat Chinese of aspect, with its conical roofs, its round pavilions, its carved balustrades, its doors guarded by monsters,—a grotesque, outlandish edifice, all white under the thick shadow of the trees. I know not why I had so much trouble in believing that this was a temple. At the first glance, you suspect you feel, that an Egyptian mosque is a sacred spot. But the Semitic world is near our own, and interpenetrates it. This Singhalese world is completely separate from the Christian and has always been so. It is impossible to understand it by sympathy, to discover the habitual mental condition of the race which reproduces itself under these palms, whose vague aspirations are expressed by these architectural forms and by daily offerings of flowers to the smiling Buddha.

Whence come they, and what do they signify—these three formidable monsters grimacing upon the portico? And of what are they thinking all day long, these monks who wander over the marble pavements? Barefooted; with shaven heads, one bare arm emerging from the great yellow robe which drapes them, they glide along the passages; there are five or six going noiselessly past, lighting the inner darkness with the soft gleam of their saffron-coloured garments. They smile, mysteriously, with a gentle seriousness that is indescribable. A monk conducted me into the great central court-yard, to the sacred fig-tree which consecrated the monastery. It is supposed to be a scion of the Bo-tree, which, for five years, sheltered the meditations of Sakya-Muni. With a slow bend of the head, the monk gave me a leaf of this tree; at the moment I seemed to read the meaning of his face; the pallid face of a vegetarian, quiet and refined, the prominent forehead, the intelligent, close shut lips—yet always with the same half smile so serious and tranquil. Silent, they wander among perpetual flowers in the shadow of the giant bamboos, fed with the few grains of rice that they receive from charity in the gold darkness of the marble corridors, at the foot of the serene image of the great Buddha.

What is there under this immutable smile? The Buddhist priest, Sri Smangalo, Superior of the monastery of Kandy, a very wise man, had the kindness to converse with me for half an hour. He indicated to me certain books and gave me an idea of the life of these monks.

There are two classes of monks: the novices (Samenera) or mendicants properly so called, and the elders (Sratnana) those who control their wills. To attain mastery over one's self, which is their grand aim, the monks follow the precepts laid down, in the "*Pittri Makkhu*" the oldest of the sacred books of Buddhism which is admitted, even by the severest critics, to date from the year 350 B. C. A monk is allowed to

possess eight things: three robes, a girdle, a wooden bowl to receive alms, a razor, a needle, and a filter to remove from what he drinks the particles of organic matter, which are held sacred because they have life. In the monastery, all the minor rules concerning this life of poverty are strictly observed. The novice rises before daylight, washes his garment, sweeps the corridors of the temple, and the ground around the sacred fig tree, then draws the water for the day's use and filters it. He then retires into a solitary place and meditates. Having placed flowers before the sacred tree, he thinks upon the virtues of Buddha and upon his own failings. After this, he takes his bowl and accompanies his Superior, who goes out to beg. They ask for nothing, but they stand silently before the door. Returning, the novice washes his master's feet, washes his wooden bowl, boils his rice; and thinks upon the goodness and charity of Buddha. After an hour, he lights his lamp and begins to study, copies manuscripts, or perhaps, sitting at the feet of his Superior, receives instruction from him and confesses to him the faults of the day.

The elder monks enfranchised from manual labor give more time to meditation; not to prayer, for the Buddhist does not invoke aid from the divinity—to escape from suffering he depends upon himself only; using the methods which Spinoza and the Stoics also recommend, namely, to forget the fleeting self in a consideration of the universe of existence. This universe he contemplates in five meditations.

The first is called "*Maitri-bhavana*" or reflection upon love. Thinking upon all creatures that live, and reflecting upon what happiness would be his, if he were himself free from all sorrow, passion or evil desire, he wishes to all beings this felicity; and then, for his enemies, remembering only their good actions, he strives in all sincerity to wish the same happiness that he would desire for himself.

The second meditation—"Karuna-bhavana" is that of pity. Thinking of all beings who suffer, and endeavouring to imagine their sufferings, he seeks to awaken in himself the grief that others feel and to have sincere pity for them.

The third is the meditation upon joy—"Mudita-bhavana." Thinking of all people who are happy or believe themselves to be so, the monk represents to himself the happiness of others and rejoices in their joy.

The fourth meditation—"Asutha-bhavana" is upon impurity. Thinking upon the wickedness and the pollution of the body, the monk says to himself that this is all transitory as the foam of the sea, that all this exists only as an appearance.

Lastly, comes the meditation upon Serenity—"Upeksha-bhavana." Thinking of all things that are esteemed to be good or to be evil,

and that are evanescent: power and dependence; love and hate; wealth and poverty; fame and ignominy; youth and beauty, old age and disease;—he contemplates them all with invariable indifference, with absolute serenity.

There are in this monastery a hundred and twenty monks; it is a learned and moreover a legal institution respected, as in old times some great abbey, such as Citeaux or St. Germain was, by the Westerns. I visited the library, a quiet hall with a domed roof where the palm leaf manuscripts are kept, enveloped in linen. In a corner, some Japanese novices—pilgrims and students from the other end of the Buddhist world—were reading. I was shewn a beautiful red book containing three "*pitakas*" or sacred writings from the Buddhists of the South. On the first page were these words:

"To The Very Reverend Sri Weligama, Superior of the Monastery of Kandy, in token of respect."

"EDWARD PRINCE OF WALES."

Kandy is undoubtedly one of the most picturesque of inland places in Ceylon and a description of the town will be interesting to your readers. This native town, composed of straight streets and low little white-washed houses, nestles under a ring of green hills covered with the richest equatorial vegetation. One of the last of her native Kings "bundled" up the streamlet which flows from the largest of these ridges, thereby converting a swamp and some paddy fields into a pretty little lake which gives coolness and much additional charm to the town. All round this water and along the wooded shoulders of the hills run delightful drives and bridle paths, following which the explorer may find enchanting views suddenly opening from the various points where the thick verdure of the trees has been judiciously cut away. The trees are all tropical, the most conspicuous being the giant bamboos, which grow here to a height of a hundred and fifty feet, and the silk cotton rearing its lofty branches, naked of leaves, but covered with red blossoms. Rattans and climbing plants knit and interlace this wilderness of stems; the perpetual green foliage contrasts pleasantly with the red soil.

At the side of the lake stands the famous temple containing the so-called "tooth of Buddha." It is a curious building, with a circular raised library attached to the columned gallery at which the Kings of Kandy were wont to exhibit themselves to the people. I attended an evening service in this edifice and was conducted by the priest through some little frescoed halls to a massive silver door. Flower sellers were offering for sale to the votaries, male and female, as they entered, blossoms of the champak, the frangipanni and the iron wood trees,—all meant to

be deposited upon a silver table before the great shrine—the only offerings made. Every morning the priests clear away piles of simple sacrifices, which are constantly renewed so that a faint and grateful perfume of delicious flowers ever pervades the dark chambers. When the silver door was opened, there was disclosed another silver table, and behind it a barred receptacle containing the sacred relic, hidden under seven successive "daghobas" of precious metal adorned with the most costly jewels.

The International Brotherhood.



DEEM it a great privilege to let the readers of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* know something about the above-named institution.

This institution was founded in March 1897 by Miss Bertha M. Skeat, Ph. D., to bring about social intercourse between persons of different nationality. It is strictly *non-political* and *non-sectarian*; it has been started with a view to produce kindly feelings between individuals of various nationality, by promoting private friendships between them. Persons of either sex and of any nation are enrolled as members on payment of the minimum annual subscription of one shilling, or as life members, on payment of a donation of one guinea. Persons intending to join it have to forward applications for membership mentioning their occupation or profession, permanent address, date of birth (optional), nationality, knowledge of languages, special subjects or interests, the ways in which they might help the cause and the ways in which other brethren and sisters might help them.

Members have to pledge themselves:—

- (1) to render any help in their power to those in need of such help *without distinction of nationality*. (*Monetary help is strictly excluded*).
- (2) to undertake to use their influence towards promoting a kindly feeling between individuals and
- (3) to endeavour to uphold, while residing in a foreign land, by their personal example, their ideal of character.

The questions which would naturally arise in readers' minds are:—

- (a) Why should one at all join it?
- (b) What advantages does it offer? and
- (c) Why should Indians join it?

These are legitimate questions and worth our consideration. I deal with them in their order:—

(a) The late Robert Louis Stevenson, in one of his letters to Mr. Sitwell, wrote as follows:—

"To-day I sat down on a tree stump at the skirt of a little strip of planting, and thoughtlessly began to dig out the touchwood with an end of twig. I found I had carried ruin, death and universal consternation into a little community of ants; and this set me a-thinking of how close we are environed with frail lives, so that we can do nothing without spreading havoc over all manner of perishable homes and interests and affections; and so on to my favourite mood of a holy terror for action and all inaction equally—a sort of shuddering repulsion from the necessary responsibilities of life."

If, then, our actions have such a far-reaching effect how much imperative it is for us to have a careful watch over all our actions, be they great or small, lest they add to the already sufficient burden of the world's misery. Our spoken word "takes root outside us, and the poisonous or healing plant pushes its way through centuries of time and through generations of men. It has made the world a whispering gallery round which it will roll and reverberate for ever." The written or printed word outlives the spoken word; it is indeed inscribed as "with an iron pen on the rock for ever." Let our deeds influence others more than these two. No human action ends in itself. "Every action," says Richter, "becomes as certainly an eternal mother as an eternal daughter." Let us then see that our actions are good; for our thoughts may be bad, yet produce no poison; they may be good, yet produce no fruit. "Our actions," as Colton says, "are the only title-deeds of which we cannot be disinherited; they will have their full weight in the balance of eternity when everything else is as nothing."

Where else therefore can we find a better opportunity of extending our influence for good, than in fully culturing and developing the faculties and capacities of our nature by intercourse with our brothers of different nationalities. Again what an extended range of fellowship we have got! The nations which have been already represented on the Brotherhood are those of England, France, Switzerland, America, Scotland, Norway, Ireland, the Straits, Germany, Denmark, Holland, Russia, India, S. Africa, Italy, Iceland, Turkey, Wales and Sweden. What a great opportunity for influencing our brethren and sisters by our thoughts, words and actions and thereby increasing the sum of human good! Friendships with the members of some or other of these represented nations are sure to do us lasting good. There will be a free interchange of hopes and fears, joys and griefs, gains and losses, defeats and victories. It is only when the beautiful relation of friendship is formed between persons of different nationality that "fears will depart, disappoint-

ments will be lightened, courage will be inspired, rebellious tempers will be quelled," and each nation will receive from the other "some accession of peace, or confidence, or power."

(b) As for the advantages to be derived from the Brotherhood, much depends upon the members themselves. There are some advantages which have been suggested in the prospectus of the Brotherhood, and I cannot do better than quote them verbatim:—

SPECIAL METHODS OF HELP SUGGESTED.

A. To *New Students*, on their first arrival in a University; or to *Students* residing in foreign Universities.

B. To *Teachers*, especially, those residing in a foreign land, by social invitations.

C. To *Literary persons, Educationalists and Scientists* by sending international notes of new books, or articles in their special line of work.

D. To *Students of Language*, by exchanging English newspapers for foreign ones, with residents abroad; or by International Correspondence.

E. To *Government officials* resident abroad, *Colonists and Pioneers*, by sending them newspapers or letters from their mother country, in exchange for their experiences of life abroad, notes on native customs and languages, photos of scenery, or foreign newspapers.

F. To *Young Men or Women in business* abroad, by the sending of letters and newspapers, or the giving of introductions.

G. To *Travellers*, by giving information, addresses and introductions.

H. To *Hospital Nurses*, by social invitations. Also to *Invalids*, by visits, or sending letters and papers.

I. To *All Members*, by collecting materials to form an International Bureau of Information.

(c) The third question needs no answering. India is a nation and Indians are sure to reap the same advantages which the other nations already derive from the Brotherhood. The suggested helps alone are wide in their sweep and include different kinds of help, which the generality of men and women are likely to be in need of. Special cases require special attention. India is very poorly represented in the Brotherhood. A line or two to the Founder and Hon. Secretary, Miss Bertha M. Skeat, Ph. D., Baliol School, Sedburgh, Yorkshire, will be sufficient to enroll them as members of the Brotherhood.

Children we are all

Of one great Father in whatever clime
His providence hath cast the seed of life.

..... neither after death

Shall we be sorted into languages

And tints,—white, black, and tawny, Greek and Goth,
Northmen and offspring of hot Africa;

Th' all-seeing Father.—He in whom we live and more
He the indifferent judge of all,—regards
Nations and hues, and dialects alike.

According to their works shall they be judged

When even-handed justice, in the scale,
Their good and evil weighs.

B. N. M.

Coronation Notes.



THE crowning of monarchs is of very ancient origin, and there is hardly a single country in which the practice has not been followed in some form. As a rule, the placing of the crown on the sovereign's head has been accompanied by the still more ancient rite of anointing with oil, a ceremony which from time immemorial has been significant of consecration to the service of God.

One of the events of the Coronation will be the great entertainment of the King's Dinner to half a million of London poor. The estimated cost of the dinner is £80,000 which will be borne by His Majesty. The task of feeding 500,000 guests simultaneously is a gigantic one, but the Mayors of the different districts of London will unite in promoting His Majesty's beneficent scheme. The willing and loyal assistance of many hundreds of workers will doubtless be turned towards his Majesty's great scheme. At the coronation of the Czar, many lost their lives in the crush that took place at such a feast, but we have no doubt that every precaution will be taken to avoid a similar catastrophe.

The physical strain on the sovereign at coronation, in the olden days, was very great, as he was bound to go through the whole thing fasting. Hence it is no matter of surprise that Richard II is described as being, with his nobles, *labore maximo fatigati*. According to old prescribed rules, the sovereign was directed to prepare for his coronation by fasting on three previous days, and by spending some hours in meditation, when the Abbot of Westminster was to explain to him the ceremonies and to warn him to strive and cleanse his conscience "before the holy anointing." On this account, at the conclusion of the ceremony, a meal was provided for the king, which eventually developed into the coronation dinner or banquet, when a number of curious services came to be performed by certain individuals who held property in grand serjeantry.

The Coronation ceremony is made up of old customs which have, from time to time, been greatly modified, whilst others have altogether disappeared from this the greatest of all Royal pageants. A picturesque custom which added to the charm and grace of the ceremony was the strewing of flowers before the Royal procession as it proceeded from Westminster Hall to the Abbey. At the coronation of James II and Mary Beatrice this was done by Mrs. Mary Dowie, hereditary herb-woman to the queen; assisted by six young ladies. We may presume that violets, primroses, cowslips, blue bells, and numerous other sweet spring flowers formed the staple commodity, which the gold-embroidered slippers of the queen and her noble attendants trod daintily on

that proud day, as they proceeded from the hall to the western entrance of the abbey, the drums beating a march, the trumpets sounding levées, and the choir singing all the way to the church the anthem commencing, "O Lord grant the King a Long life."

We are threatened with a rush of Coronation literature, and foremost in this rush is Mr. Arthur H. Heaven's interesting and illustrated compilation, *Crowning the King* (Pearsens, 2s. 6d.) which deals, in a gossiping manner, with most English coronations from that of King Arthur; with Crown Jewels; with the meaning and ritual of coronations and other matters. The author has collected some curious facts as to the prices of seats to view the different coronations. Here is a little list: William I, a token of the lowest value; Edward I, the eighth of a penny; Edward III, 1d.; Richard II, 1d.; Henry V, 2d.; Henry VIII, 4d.; Elizabeth, 6d.; James I, 1s.; Charles II, 2s. 6d.; William and Mary, 5s.; George II, 10s. 6d.; George III, £700 for a small house; George IV, 2 to 5 guineas; William IV, various; very high and very low; Victoria, 10s. to 2 guineas. We wonder what this list indicates. Does it indicate the increase in the worth of British sovereigns; or the greater development of the spirit of curiosity in the English nation; or the growing wealth of the English?

The decision that Queen Alexandra to be crowned by the Archbishop of York has led to the unearthing of some curious lore about the exact standing, politically and historically, of the Queen-Consort, or, to use the charming old term that prevailed before the Norman Conquest, "The Lady of England." In Saxon times the Queen-Consort was anointed and crowned with her husband, and seated by him on a chair of state. Long before the separate right of a married woman to her own property or earnings was recognized by the law, the Queen-Consort had an independent and privileged position. She had some curious perquisites, one of which was a right to the tail-end of every whale caught on our coasts. There was also a tax called Queen-gold, which was payable to the Queen on receipt of any honour from the Crown, which might be supposed to have been granted at her intercession. Charles I. bought this privilege from his Queen, Henrietta Maria, for ten thousand pounds; and during the Civil Wars it went the way of other survivals of feudal times, and has not since been enforced.

Coronation Ceremony.

IMPRESSIVE RITUAL OF THE ABBEY SERVICE.

The official "Form and order of the service that is to be performed, and the ceremonies that are to be observed, in the Coronation of their Majesties King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra in the Abbey Church of St. Peter, Westminster, on Thursday, the 26th day of June, 1902," are as follows:

The Archbishops and Bishops, vested in robes, shall await outside the west door and not begin to move into the church till notice is given them of the royal approach.

As the King and Queen enter and pass to the

theatre they will be received with the anthem, "I was glad when they said unto me, 'We will go into the House of the Lord,' etc."

Preceded by the Garter King, the Archbishop, with the Lord Chancellor, Lord Great Chamberlain, Lord High Constable, and Earl Marshal, goes to the four corners of the Theatre, east, south, west, north, and the King stands and faces each way as the Archbishop speaks to the people.

"Sirs, I here present unto you King Edward, the undoubted King of this Realm. Wherefore, all you, who are come this day to do your homage, are you willing to do the same?"

THE OATH.

After the sermon the Archbishop, standing before the King, asks:

"Sif, is your Majesty willing to take the Oath?"

The King answers:

"I am willing."

His Majesty then gives the solemn pledges of the English sovereign, having a book to refer to, finally kissing the Bible and signing the Oath.

The King and Queen kneel, and Garter King summons four Knights of the Garter, who obtain from the Chamberlain a rich pall of silk, which they hold over His Majesty. The Dean pours the oil into the spoon, and the Archbishop anoints the King—

On the crown of the head, saying:

"Be thy head anointed with Holy Oil as Kings, priests, and prophets were anointed."

On the breast, saying:

"Be thy hands anointed with Holy Oil."

On the palms of both hands, saying:

"Be thy breast anointed with Holy Oil."

"And as Solomon was anointed King by Zadok the priest and Nathan the prophet, so be you anointed blessed and consecrated King over this people whom the Lord your God hath given you to rule and govern. In the name," etc.

BLESSING AND VESTING.

The King then kneels for the Archbishop's blessing; his heels are touched with the spurs taken from the altar, and he receives the Sword of Justice.

The Dean then receives from the Master of the Robes the Armilla and Imperial Mantle of Cloth of Gold, the Robe of Righteousness, and invests His Majesty the Lord Great Chamberlain fastening the clasps. His Majesty afterwards sits down, and the Dean bringing from the altar the Orb and the Cross, they are placed in his hand by the Archbishop during a prayer, after which the Dean replaces them on the altar.

The Archbishop receives from the officer of the Jewel House the King's Ring of Dignity and places it with prayer upon His Majesty's right-hand little finger. The glove presented by the Lord of the Manor of Workshop put on, the King takes the Sceptre with the Cross, the ensign of power in his right hand, and the Sceptre with the Dove, the rod of equity and mercy, in his left.

PUTTING ON THE CROWN.

The Crown is first laid on the altar. As the Archbishop places it upon His Majesty's head the people shout, "God save the King," trumpets sound, the peers and peeresses put on their coronets, and the great guns at the Tower are fired.

After the presentation of the Bible, the Benediction and the *Te Deum*, comes the Inthronisation, the King being lifted into his throne by the Archbishops, Bishops, and peers.

The homage of the peers concludes the ceremony of the King's Coronation, and His Majesty sits in his throne while the Archbishop of York proceeds with the Coronation of the Queen.

The Communion service is then celebrated, the King at the offertory giving an altar cloth and an ingot of gold, a pound in weight, and the Queen an altar-cloth and a markweight of gold.

The ceremony concludes with the singing of "Glory be to God on high, and in earth peace," etc.

Indian Ladies and the Coronation.

Arrangements have been completed by the Nawab Begum of Murshidabad, etc., to present an Address to His Majesty the King on the occasion of the Coronation from the ladies of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa. The Address, which is published below, has been signed by upwards of a thousand ladies representing the Nizam's family of Murshidabad, the families of the late ex-King of Oudh, and of the Mysore Princes. It has also been signed by the Maharanis of Natore, Cossimbazar, Burdwan, Dumraon, Hatwa, Durbhanga, Mahj (Tributary State, Orissa), and the Ranies of Nashipore, Banwariband, Searsole, Bhagakul, Joydepore, Testa, Pakur, Susang, Dindia, Kakina, Rungpore, Ramnagore, Hitampore, Naldanga, Seographuli, Chowgram (Rajshahi), Narhan, Athmalic, Parkud (Orissa), and others.

To His Imperial Majesty, Edward VII., by the grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, King-Emperor of India.

May it please Your Imperial Majesty.—We, the Ladies of Bengal, Behar and Orissa, in Your Imperial Majesty's Indian Empire, Members of Ancient Houses and of the families of the Gentry of the country beg most respectfully to approach Your Imperial Majesty and Your Imperial Majesty's Gracious Consort, Queen Alexandra, with our respectful and loyal congratulations on the joyous occasion of the Coronation of Your Gracious Majesties. The loyalty of a nation depends on that of the Mothers, the Wives, the Sisters and the Daughters of its Soas. We, the women of the Bengal Presidency, hold our Sovereigns in the highest reverence. Not but only do we give to them our perfect loyalty and obedience, but our love, the love of a child for its parent, and we inculcate the sentiments in our children from their very births. The loyalty of our Provinces springs from their daughters! It is therefore with some pride and exultation that we venture respectfully to approach the Throne and to lay before Your Imperial Majesty and Your Majesty's Consort, Queen Alexandra, this our humble offering of our deep and perfect loyalty, and of our reverential love and attachment. We earnestly pray that God will bless Your Imperial Majesty's reign with peace and prosperity, and that He will grant to Your Majesties perfect happiness and length of days.—We remain, Your Imperial Majesty's loyal and devoted subjects.



News and Notes.

The leading Indian ladies of Bengal, Behar and Orissa are presenting, at the instance of the Nawab Begum of Moorsshedabad, a congratulatory Address to the King on the occasion of the Coronation.

—Female education is making some progress in Burma. Last year there were 336 schools, solely for girls, with an attendance of 8,582. There were also 26,201 girls who attended boys' schools to which girls are admitted, and private schools with an attendance of 3,367, making the total attendance 38,144.

—Lady Henry Somerset was the chief speaker at a recent meeting held at the Church House, Westminster, in support of the homes which she has established in Surrey for the reform of female drunkards. Since these homes were established, about 60 per cent of the women who had been taken in have been cured of drunkenness.

—A deputation of women university graduates, among whom was Miss Beatrice Harraden, B.A., the author of "Chips that Pass in the Night" waited recently upon the House of Commons to urge the claims of women to be represented on the coming new educational bodies. The deputation received a sympathetic hearing.

—Queen Wilhelmina of Holland leads a quiet and regular life. She never rises later than 6.30. At 9.30 she breakfasts on bread, eggs, cheese, cakes, and coffee. Then she devotes some hours to official duties. Lunch, at one o'clock, consists of five courses, and at 6.30 there is an elaborate dinner. At ten o'clock, she retires to her apartments, and at eleven, silence reigns all over the palace.

