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 10 மார்ச் 1996.
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AN INDIAN ROSARY.

ONLY a string of beads,

Only a silver cross;

Only black lotus seeds

Of pearliest gloss.

Only a string of prayers

Winging their way above;

Only your tale of cares

For sorrowing Love.

Pass me thro' gentle fingers,

Make me your loving task

And while memory lingers;

And your voice can ask;

Murmur each dawning day

"God bless my absent friend,

Teach him to live and pray,

Faithful till life shall end."

W. G. K.

Colleges for Women in Cambridge.

(By MRS. ADAMS, LECTURER, GIRTON COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.)



HE names of Girton and Newnham Colleges must be familiar to all readers of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*, as those of the earliest and most successful institutions of their kind. One or two colleges for women had indeed been started in London, a few years before the foundation of Girton College, but these were planned upon different lines, and occupied a kind of half-way house between a girls' school and a college, which should aim at giving to women the advantages intellectual and social afforded by the colleges for men in the older Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Looking back over a period of more than thirty years, and seeing the large buildings and flourishing grounds now owned by the two colleges, we find it difficult to realize how much courage and faith in the future was needed by those who ventured, in the year 1869 to take a house at Hitchin, some three-quarters of an hour's railway journey from Cambridge, and there installed five or six students, for whose instruction lecturers were found willing and enthusiastic enough to come over expressly from Cambridge to Hitchin. The difficulties in the way of those early students were very great. Though educated women in those days were often extremely well read, few had received any exact training in the rudiments of classics and mathematics required of candidates for degrees at Oxford or Cambridge, and for the first year students prepared themselves anxiously for the preliminary examination of the University of Cambridge, known familiarly as the "Little-go." Of course the examination was not open to women candidates, but the examiners were persuaded to allow the students from the newly-opened institution to do the papers under the same conditions as the men, and to look over their work. When this trial was successfully gone through, the next step, after the lapse of a year or two, was to make application for a similar permission for the

students to shew, what was thought at that time very unlikely by most people, whether they could cope with the difficult tests set for honours students in classics and mathematics. In each case the examiners had to be approached privately, but as a rule they complied with the request, though here and there an examiner's conscience might refuse to allow him to inspect and certify the work of these novel candidates for academic distinction. Though the University of Cambridge ignored the small knot of students beyond its borders at Hitchin, the students themselves and the wise authorities who directed their efforts, led by Miss Emily Davies, the chief pioneer of the College, were careful to see that all conditions required of candidates for degrees were duly fulfilled. Neither in point of curriculum, nor of length of time allowed in preparation for the various examinations, was any slackening of the regulations prescribed by the University permitted on the part of the college governing body to the women students who aspired to earn a Degree Certificate, that is to say, a certificate shewing that they had in all respects fulfilled the conditions which would have entitled them to a Cambridge Degree, had they been men. From the earliest attempts it was proved that the women, in spite of their lack of previous training, could pass the required examinations with credit in the prescribed limits of time, and subsequent experience only tended to confirm more and more fully these first results. Meanwhile a great step was taken: an appeal to the public—a limited but generous public—was made, some land was bought at a short distance from Cambridge and thereon a small block of buildings was erected and named Girton College from the neighbouring village of Girton about two miles from Cambridge. These buildings, to which the Hitchin students migrated in 1873, have received many successive additions, till at the present time they cover a very large amount of ground, and resemble a gigantic game of dominoes, with red-brick wings stretching in every direction.

Some time after the opening of the house at Hitchin, Miss A. J. Clough,* whose name will ever be revered in the history of women's edu-

* The sister of the poet of that name.

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cation, settled in Cambridge in a house where she received resident women students who wished to attend certain lectures for women, which were instituted about that time in Cambridge, in connexion with an Association for promoting the Higher Education of Women; and with an examination called the Higher Local Examination, held under the auspices of the Cambridge University, but open to women (or men) candidates from any part of the country. Miss Clough's students, unlike those from Hitchin, did not aim from the first at following a course exactly similar to that prescribed for Cambridge undergraduates, but took various lines of study with greater freedom and perhaps less strenuousness. After a few years Miss Clough, and those who with her, deserted her house of residence, determined to form a more permanent institution, and the result was the first buildings of Newnham College—called at that time Newnham Hall and opened in 1875—which grew out of Miss Clough's house just as the house at Hitchin had developed into Girton College. Students from Newnham soon began along with those from Girton to ask permission to present themselves for the degree examinations of the University, but with this difference that the authorities of Newnham College did not insist upon their students fulfilling the same preliminary conditions as men, with regard to earlier examinations and time allowed for preparation, but allowed them to take, if they wished, an indefinite period for their course of study.

Now that it has become a matter of everyday occurrence that women should enter upon a University course and pursue it with success, it requires an effort to realize how audacious and enterprising were the imaginations of those who between the years 1870 and 1880 undertook to disprove, either by their own achievement, or by encouraging students, the widespread belief that such aspirations were beyond the reach of women. By the year 1881 a considerable number of women had passed in a manner nominally informal, but in reality strictly conforming to the conditions required by the University as in the case of its undergraduates, preliminary examinations and triposes, such as would have given them, if men, the right to a degree. The distinguished

success in mathematics of one Girton student, Miss C. A. Scott, led to the presentation of a memorial to the University, signed by over 8,500 persons, praying for the admission of women to Cambridge degrees. In response to this memorial, the Cambridge triposes, or Degree Examinations in Honours were formally thrown open to women in the year 1881, but the request that the women students should receive degrees was not granted, and has since been refused again. Since 1881 the position of women has stood and still stands thus: they may enter for any of the honours examinations of the University after fulfilling the same conditions as men with regard to preliminary examinations and residence, or they may take as an alternative other preliminary examinations which allow modern languages to be offered instead of Latin and Greek. Medical courses, and pass examinations are not open to women. Following its former policy, Girton College has always declined to avail itself of alternatives offered to women only, and none of its students have taken advantage of these somewhat doubtful privileges. At Newnham on the other hand, a large majority of the students in the earlier years took the alternative course, but during the last twelve years the proportion of those who follow the strict line required of candidates for a degree has steadily increased, and at the present time there is very little difference between the two colleges as regards the course of study.

I have dwelt at some length on the history of the opening of the triposes to women, because it should always be kept in mind that the fixed determination of the two colleges, particularly of Girton College, from the outset to aim at nothing short of the highest available standard, has had the most salutary effect on the whole course of the women's educational movement not only in this country, but in India, the colonies, and foreign countries. I think it may safely be said that nowhere, at any rate in the British Empire, are new Universities now started which do not admit women on terms of equality with men; and in the British Isles, Oxford and Cambridge, which have constitutions in many respects unlike those of other Universities, are now the only Universities remaining which

refuse to give the usual reward of a degree to the work of their women students. Even Trinity College, Dublin, which has up to the present excluded women entirely from its lecture-rooms and examinations, is now suddenly about to throw open all its privileges unreservedly to women on the same footing as men. It is easy to see that a little less firmness might have led to the establishment of very different women's colleges, which by framing courses of study at their own pleasure, would have lost the definiteness and certainty of efficiency which has been won by submitting the work of the students to the well-recognized tests already in force for men.

The life of students at both colleges is admitted by those who have passed through it to be a singularly happy one. The surroundings are attractive, the work interesting, and the opportunities for friendship and for recreation, either in the shape of out-door games or of college clubs, musical, literary and social, or of the various interests in Cambridge outside the colleges are endless. Indeed the chief difficulty for a girl who at 18 or 20 finds herself planted in her own college rooms, is to exercise judicious selection in the management of her time. As regards her work the matter is comparatively simple. When she has made up her mind what subject is to be her special study (in most instances this is done before entering upon residence) she finds plenty of advisers to point out suitable courses of lectures and reading and to set papers and other exercises by means of which the lectures and reading may be more thoroughly assimilated and any originality on the part of the student brought to light. If the newcomer is wise, she will act cautiously at first and will not join more than a very small proportion of the numerous college societies that offer themselves. Cases of real overwork are fortunately not common, and instances of vastly improved health after three or four years of college life are frequently found. Both colleges have beautiful gardens that in the summer or May term as it is usually called, look their best in the glory of English spring-flowering shrubs. Girton, being some way out of the town, has more extensive grounds and fresher air to make

up for its distance from the centre of things, but both colleges are well equipped with tennis courts, hockey grounds, and other means of out-door exercise.

The way in which the teaching is conducted depends largely on the subjects studied. Classical and mathematical students receive most of their instruction within their college, either in small classes, or in private teaching given by the resident staff of women lecturers or by Cambridge men engaged by the college authorities. In other subjects, such as science, history and modern languages, students go to lectures in Cambridge, where women students are permitted to attend most of the lectures open to undergraduates. This privilege has now been granted for nearly 30 years, but it should not be forgotten that, so long as Cambridge refuses membership of the University to the students of Girton and Newnham, its continuance depends chiefly on the courtesy of individual professors and lecturers.

For practical work in Natural Science, in some cases students are admitted to the University laboratories, and in other subjects there are separate laboratories at the two colleges, and a joint one open to biological students of each college.

The majority of students reside for three years. Some remain for a fourth year, at the end of which a more advanced examination is usually passed, and there are a small number of advanced studentships which may be held by those who have gone through the examination stage and give evidence of being able to pursue independent study with profit. Those who desire the welfare of the two colleges greatly hope that in the future generous benefactors will increase the number of these studentships. Apart from the very good work often done by the advanced students, their example and influence upon their juniors is of a very inspiring kind.

Now that the daughters of the earliest students are beginning to come up to Newnham and Girton, it is possible to disprove conclusively the gloomy prognostications of those who vowed that a University education would incapacitate women from becoming wives and mothers, or at any rate that they would be hopelessly incapable

of bringing up a family. Teaching in some form or another is of course the most obvious profession for Newnham and Girton students to take up and the great majority of those who have not married are engaged in it, but medicine, business, literary and scientific work, philanthropy and missionary work have all found recruits among former students, and among the more unusual posts held may be mentioned that of H. M. Principal Lady Inspector of Factories, and an Assistant Superintendence in the Bank of England; while Miss Fawcett, whose name is well known as the most distinguished mathematical student yet produced is organizing education in South Africa.

HOW ENGLISH GIRLS LIVE.

THE PHILANTHROPIC GIRL.

(By Miss M. C. SIDGWICK.)

Before closing our remarks about the Philanthropic Girl, it may interest some of my readers to hear a little more of some of the various branches of work that come in her way.

There is a large society known as the I.C.A.A. which stands for "Invalid Children's Aid Association" to help and further the workings of which, some of the Settlement ladies devote much of their time. Amongst the poor of London, there are hundreds and hundreds of these invalid children who but for the kindly care that seeks them out, would either die young, or—still worse fate—would eke out a miserable life, in some dreary attic, or gloomy collar kitchen. Many of these children are born into the world under such unhealthy conditions, that the least accident, such as a blow or a fall will bring out the disease latent in their blood, and they will develop curvature of the spine, shrunk legs, or other terrible maladies. The work of the I. C. A. A. is to rescue these children from the miserable existence that seems in store for them and place them under happier conditions. The aid of a doctor is called in. Sometimes the child is sent away to live in the country, or it is sent to a hospital, or a complicated and expensive surgical

instrument is bought for it by the Society. It is often found that a child who is quite unfit, is going to school everyday with its healthy brothers and sisters. This is stopped, and the child is sent to a special class of invalid children, taught by ladies who are very patient and gentle with the little cripples and sufferers. A special work of the I. C. A. A. is to visit these children in their homes every week. A number of ladies each have a certain number of children whom they visit, taking them little presents, teaching them to read and write, and generally mothering them, and befriending them. Wonderful cures have been accomplished by the simple process of sending the child into the country. There is a case on record of a little hump-backed boy named Sammy, who could neither walk nor speak and was more like a little animal than a boy. He spent all his time lying on a little bed, in a small room, in which the rest of the family lived, slept, and ate. When he was six years old, the I. C. A. A. discovered him. A doctor was called in to inspect the queer little scrap of humanity, but even he shook his head, and said, he feared Sammy's was a hopeless case. Then a lady suggested that he should be sent into the country, and see what that would do for him. She knew of a woman, who lived in a clean roomy cottage, on a wide stretch of breezy land, who had lately lost her own child, and might be willing to look after Sammy for a small sum of money paid every week. This plan was carried out, and Sammy transferred to his new home. At the end of four months, the lady who had suggested the idea, went to the cottage to see the result. I will give the rest of the story in her own words:—

"My friend and I had to wait some time before our knock was answered. At last we heard Mrs. Brown's quick footstep and a queer straggling patter patter accompanying her. I turned to my friend. 'Surely that cannot be Sammy!' I said. Just then the door was opened and we saw Mrs. Brown, and wonder of wonders! clinging to her skirt with both hands, and peering up at us with frightened but intelligent eyes, was Sammy! 'Yes ma'am,' said Mrs. Brown, in answer to our astonished enquiries. 'It is wonderful aint it? He gets about all over the place, and he's beginning to talk too after a fashion, while as

for sense, that child's as sharp as a needle, bless his little heart.' And this wonderful transformation was simply the result of pure country air, and wholesome food."

But the I. C. A. A. does not confine its attention to cripples and deformed children. Children who are deficient in their senses, whether of sight or hearing or understanding, come also beneath its care. Special classes are instituted for them, where they will not have to compete with normal children and where the most will be made of their remaining faculties.

Basket-making, carpentering, knitting, anything that can be made with the hands, is taught to the blind or the lame. The deaf and dumb are taught to speak, by watching and then imitating the movements of other people's mouths when speaking; but perhaps the work that has of late, made the greatest stride, is that among the mentally deficient. There are many grades of these, from the hopeless idiot, to the child whom its parents call "soft," and who is sent to the ordinary school with its brothers and sisters. It is these "border line" children, that are now being rescued and put into special classes, and carefully watched and taught by experts trained for the purpose. The effects of the work are most interesting, from a psychological point of view, showing as it does the effect of mind over body, and the curious physical influence that one person can exert over another. Many of these children have been cured of certain physical weaknesses, or mental aberrations simply by the new surroundings, and new mental atmosphere. In some cases, a return to home life is enough to reawaken the disease. The persistent belief of the relatives that it is there, creates it afresh.

The work of the I. C. A. A., appeals to all the motherly instincts of the Philanthropic Girl. It does not call for those qualities of tact, persuasion and diplomatic wisdom, that characterise the work of the Mabys, but its goal is higher, for it aims at lightening the burden of the little ones who suffer through no fault of their own, and the reward of the worker lies in the warm glow of affection and general ennobling of the spirit which a child's grateful smile and a child's love alone can give.

But it must not be thought that it is only invalid children that come under the care of the Philanthropic Girl. An immense Board School visiting.

amount of work is done amongst the poor and healthy children of London, one branch of which I will now speak about, namely, that of Board School visiting. A board school is a large day school, to which the children may—nay indeed must—go without paying anything. Here they are given a very extensive and elaborate education at the expense of the Government. The teachers in these schools are also paid by the Government, but it is not about them that I am writing. Board School visiting is a purely voluntary work, and has nothing to do with the teaching. It is undertaken entirely by the Philanthropic Girl, and is part of her training at a Settlement. She visits the school in the morning when lessons are going on. There are great numbers of these schools in the poor neighbourhoods of London, and they swarm with children of both sexes, from two years old to about fourteen. She is taken into a room holding about seventy little girls between the ages of seven and ten, and divided up into classes of about 20 in each. Two or three teachers come forward; they are not surprised to see her, for they are accustomed to these visits. "Oh! we have a good many missing children to-day!"—one exclaims; and they begin to consult their ledgers. This is what the Philanthropic Girl has come to do. She is going to visit the homes of those children who will not come regularly to school and find out the reason, and the teachers furnish her with lists of names and addresses of the missing ones for that purpose. Then the Philanthropic Girl starts on her round; she will not pay all the visits in one day, for there will probably be a good many of them. The excuses that she will meet with to account for the children's absence are many and various. One has no book for her little boy, another cannot spare Eliza, who is just beginning to be useful at home. Another declares that her little girl complains of headaches, and she thinks that her eyes are wrong, or that they are overworking her at school. Another says that she sends her child to school but he plays truant within the

streets, instead of going to school, and this is the most difficult of all to deal with. Some say that they do not think it is necessary for their children to go to school, and they prefer to keep them at home. All these cases the Philanthropic Girl must meet, with persuasion, tact, and good management. The spectacles and book must be provided, if the circumstances of the family are such that they cannot get them for themselves, Eliza's mother must be reminded that her daughter is not of an age to leave school, and if she does not send her, the inspector will be down upon her. The little boy who plays truant must be entrusted to the care of some companion going to the same school, and the parents who cannot see the necessity for their children's education must be seriously admonished, and all the advantages of school put before them in as attractive a light as possible. The board school is, in fact, the only hope for some of these children. The advisability of Free Education is a question upon which there is much difference of opinion. Some say that it takes away the just responsibility of parents to their children and that parents will value both their children and the education itself far more, if they have to make a little effort to provide the one with the other. This is no doubt perfectly true; but the children to whom the Board School comes, not only as a boon, but as a salvation, are of the lowest strata of the population,—the children, whose fathers and mothers neglect every duty towards them, who look upon them merely as encumbrances, to be shoved aside, left out of doors, fed upon an occasional crust, and forgotten as soon as dead. These parents would as soon think of parting with their coins for their children's education, as with their own teeth. They acknowledge no sort of responsibility towards them, and these children, if they survive the hardships of their youth, will in turn become fathers and mothers themselves with an accumulated weight of sin and misery to hand down to their successors. The Board School cannot give them all, but it gives them something; for a certain number of hours every day, they are sheltered and warmed, they are put in touch with other lives that may interfere to rescue their own, they are given opportunities of earning and knowing that which may prove use-

ful to them afterwards. And yet in spite of the vigilant watch of the Board School inspector, who insists upon regular attendance at school, and finds the parents who refuse to obey, the children are not yet safe. The Board School, mighty and imposing in bulk though it is, sometimes loses its hold upon their little lives. The inspector cannot be for ever reminding the parents of their duty. A fine is paid perhaps and the offence will not occur again and perhaps it does occur and when a child's name has been marked absent many times, it somehow gets omitted from the school ledger altogether, and once let this happen, and the child is lost, its existence is forgotten, and it is sucked back into the sea of poverty and vice, from which the Board School had for a brief space sought to lift it. But here comes in the work of the Philanthropic Girl. It is she who can and will prevent the absent child from slipping through the fingers of the authorities. She has time at her disposal, which school officials have not, and if she has also the heart and the will, mountains of obstacles can be overcome. In one case where both mother and child conspired to battle her, as a last resource she took the child to school herself every morning not leaving him till he was safely delivered into the hands of his teacher. At the end of a few weeks he began to look for her coming with pleasure, and finally as the school influence began to tell, she had no more trouble with him, and he went cheerfully alone. The home and relations of this wail were of such a terrible description, that had he lapsed permanently he would have been completely lost. Though much of Board School visiting may be trivial and irksome, it may entail the noblest of all work—the saving of a child's soul. And when we remember that it is the children who will make the coming nation, can we be too zealous and careful for their welfare?

"The world is never all we could wish; but if it goes wrong, let us not act so as to make it worse. Rather let us try to make it move a little smoother, and a little pleasanter by our disposition, manners and actions."



Her Sacrifice—A Story.

(BY AN INDIAN LADY.)



HEY were doing the Santi ceremony for the little baby. He had been born under an evil star, and it was the custom that the fathers of such children should not see them face to face, till the Santi ceremony, performed a few days after the birth, had averted the evil star. On either side of a white sheet sat the father and mother, the latter with the child in her lap. The old Brahmin Purohita, none other than the grandfather himself, sat in front, cross-legged, muttering prayers and mantras. Around were a few relatives. The moment was come for the ceremony, which was that the child's face should be shown reflected in oil to the father for the first time, after which he could see him face to face. In front was the oil in a polished brass vessel. A corner of the sheet was being gingerly lifted, when suddenly the whole fell down, and the startled father's eyes fell upon his little son's face. Groans and ejaculations were heard from all sides, and from a curtained door in a corner came cries and moans; "avert the evil omen," "avert the evil omen" was heard on all sides. The old grandfather, startled, lost his wits like any other. But it was not to the credit of his family that such an occurrence should be made much of and he was equal to the occasion. "Nonsense, nonsense," he cackled gruffly. "Even this can be averted," and so it was. And there was peace again except for a few uneasy hearts among the women.

Later in the day, the mother sat crying over the child, sleeping peacefully in its little cradle, which was nothing but a broad cloth slung to a rope hanging from the roof, in which the child was rocked. It looked very uncomfortable, but the baby seemed to like it. Softly the door opened and the young father stole in. That hasty glimpse of his son's face, puckered up and crying as it was, had made him anxious for more. But his wife's weeping annoyed him.

"Nonsense," he said gruffly, "what are you crying for? What! the evil omen? Nonsense, was it not averted? Hullo! is this the child? what an ugly—", then suddenly, trying to hide the softness which had crept into his voice, "give me the child." She put it shyly into his arms, but he was so awkward that the babe woke up and began to scream. Suddenly the door opened and the old grandmother rushed into the room, as angry as a cow which sees its calf ill-used.

"What, what", she was screaming, then burst into a roar of laughter. Her tall son dropped the child like a hot coal and bolted, followed by shrill jokes. But with the daughter-in-law it was different.

"You bold hussy," the old woman cried, "Talking to your husband? Who gave you the right"; then, changing into a softer tone as she saw the tears, "What, crying! the evil omen. Pshaw," tenderly bending over the child, "it is nothing. Come, let us bathe him." Then followed the bathing—putting him on the legs, anointing his head and body with oil, and pouring any amount of water on him, a rough bath, accompanied with much choking and crying, into which we need not enter. That night there was a stormy interview between the grandfather of the baby and his son. The former was a priest, the descendant of generations of priests. But his only son had broken the tradition and had elected to get into the Government service. Now the old man was pleading that his grandson should be trained up as a priest. But the father refused. "We have been priests from generations," quavered the old man's voice. He was sitting huddled up in a corner on a mat. Beside him was the *Pramida* lamp, a wick burning in castor oil in a tall stand. There was no furniture in the room; across the old man's bare chest was the sacrificial thread. On his bare arms were sacred marks. His head was clean-shaven, except for a knot of hair at the back.

"My son shall not be a priest," answered the young man.

"What! you disobey me? What is there more honourable than priesthood?"

"What is there more hypocritical—", he checked himself. "Father, I do not like a priest's life. I do not believe in his profession. What is there in his prayers and mantras? He mutters them and what do the others understand?"

"I have done so much for you, I am sending you to an expensive school."

"You need not send me if you do not like," grumbled the son, but stopped at the old man's quivering face. It was not the custom for sons to contradict their fathers. But this son had a peculiarly determined nature.

"Then, look at the evil omen. It cannot be averted, until he becomes a priest. I see it in his horoscope." But the young man was already out of the room.

A year later, the house was steeped in gloom and sorrow. In a room at the back, a number of women were crying. In their midst was a low charpoy bed, on which a child was laid. The black eyes were half closed. The little fair-complexioned, but sallow face, was drawn

and blue; the pretty features were pinched. Suddenly the doctor strode in. He was a European called in for consultation. He looked in disapproval round the room, close-shuttered, hot, with the smoky oil wick burning, the crowd of women round. "Open the windows, get a better light, clear the room," he ordered. The mother-in-law, grumbling, was led out, but the mother would not be dismissed. There was none in the room beside her, her husband, and the doctor. The latter bent over the child, "No hope," he said gruffly, turning away to avoid seeing the misery his words had caused. A few moments later he left the room, followed by the father.

The mother was left alone in the room with her dying child. Suddenly she fell on her knees and cried, "O Vishnu! spare the child. Avert the evil omen. What shall I do to please Thee? If the child lives, I shall make him Thy priest."

"What is this?" cried a voice roughly behind. She started up. "See, see, he is better. He is opening his eyes. O Vishnu, I thank Thee."

It was true the child seemed better and in a few minutes was in a deep sleep. "What nonsense were you talking," said the father to his wife, when the room had again been cleared of the women who had rushed in. "He shall never become a priest."

"That is the only way to avert the evil omen." "Nonsense, who remembers it now. You are making a mountain out of a mole-hill."

Six years later, the child was sent to a pial school, and daily he was drilled by the irate cane-using Sastri, learning but little with the small boys, who played and made mischief under the sing-song monotone they kept up of their lessons. Some years afterwards, the father went to a distant place and the old grandfather was left to his own devices. Day after day he took the little boy with him on his Purohita's visits. Day after day would the boy listen to the old man, sitting cross-legged in different houses, muttering the calendar, the day of the month, the year, etc., and warning them of the *Vargam*, the evil time which comes during a certain part of every day, when no ceremonies or any special duty may be done.

"Grandfather!" said the boy one day, "Why do you not take me to that rich Vakil's house? You go there every day."

"He is a bad man, child. He will not listen to prayers and mantras; he sends me away when I go; and the other day he refused to have the *Samasrayanam* (the marks of the god burnt on the arm) done."

"But, take me, grandfather," and the boy coaxed so that the old man took him.

Arrived there, the old Purohita was sent away as usual to the women's quarters to do Puja there; and the boy was left alone with the Vakil, a tall, strong man with determined features.

"So, you are the son of my old friend, are you?"

"Old friend?"

"What! you did not know? Yes. I have been wanting to see you, but the old man makes excuses. How old are you?"

"Thirteen."

"Are you married?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. Listen, boy. Your father wants me to send you to a good school in M—, a town far from here. But you will not be allowed. But if you like, you come to me and I shall send you. Your father left some money with me. Till he returns, I am your guardian."

This conversation bred a great desire in the boy's mind to go to school. But Fate, as he thought it, seemed to ordain otherwise. For one black, sorrowful day, a telegram came from the place where his father had gone and it contained the news of the death of the son of the family. No words can describe the misery that followed. But there was worse to come. The next day, great consternation prevailed. The grandson was nowhere to be seen. The day passed, many days passed, without bringing him. The old priest went to the rich Vakil, who professed ignorance of the affair, and nothing more could be done.

Words cannot picture the anguish that followed. All was gloom, followed by still deeper sorrows. For the wife took ill and was soon on her death-bed. But before dying, she called her daughter-in-law to her; a little flower-like slip of a girl, ten years old, too young to bear the burden falling on her shoulders. "Listen, child," she said, "you must make me a promise. You do not know the evil omen that fell on your husband soon after his birth. All have forgotten it, but I have not. That is the cause of all this misfortune. You must get him to follow the religious profession. If not, there is no hope for him, or for you. May you be accursed otherwise."

Little girl as she was, she was deeply impressed, and never after did she forget the scene—the gloomy room, the dying woman in the bed, her gasping words, the hollow, anguish-stricken eyes, and last, the promise.

..... So many years passed. One evening round the village well, a number of girls were standing, their attention centred on a middle-aged woman who was talking excitedly. Beside her was a tall, weary looking girl, with drooping head.

"Yes, it is true," the woman was saying, "the

prodigal has returned, and he is worn out and famished, and—"

"He drinks," whispered one girl to another.

The woman heard the whisper. For a moment she was taken aback. But she determined to confess the truth. It would soon enough be known.

"Yes, he drinks," she said roughly, "and he is not a good man. What more could you expect? Marrying my daughter into such a poor family—"

For a moment, the girl beside raised her head angrily. Then it drooped. What could she say. It was all true.

Yes, it was all true. The prodigal grandson had returned. One morning, the little daughter-in-law, now grown to a tall girl, had been at her usual duties; she had swept up the house, had sprinkled the front entrance and was deftly drawing some chalk patterns on it, when a strange voice addressed her. Looking up, she saw a tall, gaunt man, young, for all his bowed shoulders and famished look. "Are you Menakshi?" he asked; "Do you not remember me? I am your husband."

The frightened girl ran inside. Soon all was commotion. Like the Prodigal in the Parable, the young man was received with welcome and rejoicing. In the far-away town, he had gone through many evil experiences, and his heart was worn and famished, like his body. No wonder, he had contracted evil habits. Worse still, his mind was full of suspicion. He could not trust anyone.

One morning, he came unexpectedly into the women's apartment. He thought there was no one there. But a low voice attracted his attention. Turning towards it, he saw his wife kneeling humbly in front of a little plant—the Tulasi, which is worshipped. She had placed flowers, saffron, etc., on a stone in front, as her humble offering, and was praying.

"O goddess," she was saying, "make him a priest. Turn him from bad habits. Tell me what to do. I am ready to sacrifice myself."

The man, behind, smiled sardonically, "Sacrifice herself," he muttered. "Much she will do that. I must try her."

"Menakshi," he said suddenly—there were very few there to find fault with them for talking together. All the old women of the family were dead, except Menakshi's mother and there were no young women, besides Menakshi.

"Menakshi, if you want to sacrifice yourself for me, I shall tell you what to do. Give up the world and come with me to the jungle. I am going to be a Sanyasi. I do not like the priesthood. But I shall be a Sanyasi."

The girl stood with bowed head before him.

"Why don't you talk?" he said roughly.

"Let me tell you something else. We are rich now. You can have all you want, clothes, jewels, oh! any amount. Here is a hundred rupees. Do with it as you like. If you come with me to the forest, you will have to give up everything. But you are free to make your own choice. I will not, and cannot, blame you."

Two days passed. The third night, the young man stole out quietly, with a bundle under his arm. As he left the old house,—for ever—a hoarse and unpleasant laugh escaped him. "Much she would care," he muttered; "If she were a good wife, she would be waiting for me. But she is sleeping soundly, I suppose. So much for the devotedness of women. But—" he pulled himself up roughly. He knew he was half-demented. He walked on to the gate.

But there he started back. A white apparition was waiting for him.

"Who are you?" he cried, half in fear.

"Menakshi," came the answer in a low voice.

"What do you want?"

"I am going with you to the jungle."

"How did you know?"

"I have been watching you," said the girl quietly.

"Have you counted the cost?"

"My duty and my pleasure is to follow my lord."

"Come on then," he said gruffly. But his heart was warm. A little way on, the girl came to his side—she had been walking behind—and slipped something into his hand. "It is the hundred rupees you gave me," she whispered.

The village folk called her a foolish woman.

"She might have stayed behind," they said, "and pretended not to know. He went off in the night. Why should she watch for him like a dog?"

But the mother, whose eyes were red with weeping, spoke up for her daughter.

"She is right," she said slowly, "she is a Pativrata. I wish we all were."

"We may overcome depression by duty. It is a blessed thing to have something to do. Some disaster overtakes us or a great sorrow swoops down on our spirit, and it seems as though life can have nothing in store that is desirable. But life still has its wants, it still has its humble duties and we take them up, almost mechanically at first, but before long we find that they are medicinal. Thank God for something to do!"



The Tomb of Itmad-ud-dowlah.



MIRZA Ghaias, an adventurer from Tehran, emigrated to India, and he and his wife became so poor, that they parted with their only child, a beautiful girl, whom a wealthy merchant adopted. As the

merchant was a man of influence, Nur Mahal afterwards named Nur Jahan, was allowed frequent admission to Akbar's Zenana. Jehangir saw her and was desirous of marrying her, but Akbar sternly refused permission, and gave her in wedlock to a nobleman named Sher Khan, who was provided with a jaghir in Bengal. Some years after Jehangir succeeded to the throne, and having had Sher Khan murdered, he married Nur Jahan, who had untold influence over him all his life. Nur Jahan brought her father into prominence, and he became Vizier, while his son, Nur Jahan's brother, was given a high commission in the army. The character of Mirza Ghaias is very original. He is said never to have been angry or sad. He was never idle, so all his official work was in the best order. His influence with his headstrong son-in-law was unbounded, and he often restrained him from many excesses and cruelties. Ghaias was a poet, and his Persian verses are still much admired. He was fond of money, and not above taking bribes, so he amassed a huge fortune, which he bequeathed to his daughter at his death. Many years before his death he had built a pleasant health-resort in the large garden which now holds his remains. Crossing the river by means of the pontoon bridge, you are driven to the gate of the large garden and enter into the lower hall, where lie the actual tombs of Itmad-ud-dowlah—(the official name conferred by the Emperor) and his wife. The whole is built of white marble, with large inlayings of colored marbles chiefly in arabesque, with some very beautiful flower work. It stands on a sandstone terrace 142 feet square, and a few feet from the ground. Four turrets or kiosks stand at the four corners, and as you ascend the marble steps you enter a

smaller upper chamber surrounded by the most beautiful pierced marble work in panels, and ornamented more delicately than the lower hall with inlaid designs of a fine description. All around are inscriptions from the Koran and selections from the Persian poets. The upper room has facsimile tombs of the same size as the actual sarcophagi below. The date inscribed on the corner stone shows it to have been finished in A.D. 1628. The Empress desired to erect a shrine of pure silver in memory of her beloved father, but was persuaded to allow her tribute of affection to be worked in marble. What the fate of a silver mausoleum would have been, is not difficult to conjecture, in a land where the precious metals are in urgent demand by the million. Besides her father's tomb, Nur Jahan erected a beautiful mausoleum to her royal husband. The mausoleum of Itmad-ud-dowlah is not as large and imposing a structure as many others, but the whole erection is beautifully and severely chaste in its pure white marble adornments. The inlaid work of the upper room rivals that of the Taj and the numerous inscriptions setting forth the vanity of life make one feel that the mausoleum is a sermon in marble.

Thoughts on Tennyson.



TELL me what I am to look for," Michael Faraday, the older man, used to say when his young disciple in science, John Tyndall, called him in sometimes to watch an experiment by which he would show some new method or new discovery. "Tell me what to look for; then my attention will not 'scatter' on all sorts of things, but will concentrate on the essential thing, expect it, and make the most of it!"

Yes, there was true science and good sense in Michael Faraday's frequent request.

What, then, may we look for in Tennyson? Let us select a verse here and there in his writings. Take this from "Locksley Hall":—

"Comrades, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis early moon.
Leave me here, and, when you want me, sound upon the bugle horn."

or take this from "The Throstle." Note that the first three lines are supposed to be sung by the happy bird and in the last the listening bard replies and calls it "the poet":—

"Summer is coming, summer is coming,
I know it, I know it, I know it;
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again,
Yes, my wild little poet."

Take one more selection from "In Memoriam." Comparing Wisdom and Knowledge he says of the latter:—

"For she is earthly, of the mind;
But Wisdom heavenly, of the Soul;
O, friend, who camest to thy goal
So early, leaving me behind.
I would the great world grew like thee,
Who grewest not alone in power
And knowledge, but by year and hour
In reverence and in charity."

Now, what is it that one notices or rather feels about every one of these selections, which are just average specimens, and by no means exhaustive samples of Tennyson's various styles?

(1) I think, the first thing we feel about Tennyson's poems is their charm. Somehow or other the lines and verses lay hold of us as if by some magic power. There is a peculiar witchery about the words and the way they are put together. What it is that charms, we may not be able to say. But charm there is in almost every poem we turn to. And that is, as it should be. The first thing that the true poet should do is to charm us. He must do other and deeper and greater things for us, if he be a true and a great poet. But we cannot do without his charm. That we must have to begin with, and all through; and we have it always and everywhere in Tennyson. As near perfection in form as the work of any poet that ever lived, we have only to know his poems even slightly to feel their charm; and the more we know them, the more we marvel at their beauty.

(2) Another thing to notice is their clearness. I would say simplicity, but for the fear that the word may be misunderstood, I am referring now both to the words and to the thoughts of Tennyson's poems. Clearness or simplicity is characteristic of them in this sense, that, whatever the thought or feeling, it is never in a state of confusion—it is clear, and it is clearly expressed. However deep, it is clear—clear in thought and clear in word. In this Tennyson was the true artist. He knew what to leave out, he knew what to set forth. Pouring water from a full bottle in a hurry is not the type of a true artist! Not everything that is in a man's mind must be poured out just as it comes, to be sorted by the reader for himself. Author, artist, or poet, should clear his own mind and clearly say what he sees. Tennyson was one of the clear-

headed or clear-souled—not easily so but by hard labour and long, patient searching. And more than any poet of our age, perhaps through sixty years, he cultivated the art of saying with clearness the thing he believed. Hence clearness is characteristic of all his work. This does not mean that everything is definite and nothing indefinite in the thoughts he deals with. That could not be. All great things are indefinite and the great poet must deal with great things, as we shall see in "In Memoriam." But what I mean is that all thought is clear and simple as far as it goes, and so clearly expressed by Tennyson that the ordinarily intelligent reader can fairly grasp it.

(3) Still another thing to notice in all his poetry is Tennyson's knowledge and love of nature. Turn almost to any page and you meet with it. As

"The seven elms and poplars four,
That stand beside my father's door"

or "The little speedwell's darling blue; how, in spring," "The rosy plumelet stuff the larch"; or how autumn "Lays a fiery finger on the leaves"; how

"...Twice a day the Severn fills
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye
And makes a silence in the hills."

(4) We are prepared now to notice that Tennyson was to a very large extent, and as far perhaps as any one man could be, the poet of England of the nineteenth century. Within that large limit he was, as much as one man can be, the poet of the nineteenth century. Other poets and other thinkers we should have to consult upon sides of life and problems of mind which did not seem to appeal to Tennyson. Still, we shall not be far wrong in saying that, if we want to have the higher thought of the nineteenth century clearly gripped and clearly given out again in melodious and memorable words, we cannot do better than go to Tennyson and especially to his greatest work, "In Memoriam." Darwinism, or the doctrine of evolution, with its watchwords, "the struggle for existence" and "survival of the fittest," at first so shocked, and has now so re-shaped, men's thinkings on life and science and religion that our past century has not had an easy intellectual time of it. Tennyson, whose poetic career began in the early thirties, and whose mind and soul had been all the time deeply and keenly sensitive to its great intellectual changes, felt the full force of the evolution theory and like a prophet, as a great poet is, he sought the way to a surer faith, and showed it in words of charm and power. Hence the higher thought of the nineteenth century—in this line—lies in Tennyson's poetry, and all who wish to know that thought, in the interest

of clear conviction, can find it there. Like his own beloved Arthur, the poet himself

"Fought his doubts and gathered strength,
He would not make his reason blind,
He forced the spectres of the mind
And laid them; and thus he came at length
To find a stronger faith his own."

Though he was never much ahead of the higher thought in England, yet in some respects Tennyson led it, for he aimed in all earnestness and reverence to see and to say, even as his own ideal "Poet," who

"Saw thro' life and death, thro' good and ill;
He saw thro' his own soul
The marvel of the everlasting will.
An open scroll
Before him lay."

So that he could declare at length:—

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me."

Lord Dufferin, in a letter to Tennyson, once told him how, for the first twenty years of his (Dufferin's) life, he cared nothing for poetry—disliked it—although his mother read to him Dryden, Pope, Byron and others. "Then" says he at length, "I fell in with a volume of yours, and suddenly felt such a sensation of delight as I never experienced before. A new world seemed open to me, and from that day by a constant study of your works, I gradually worked my way to a thorough appreciation of what is good in all kinds of authors." May something of this be felt by our readers of "Tennyson."

V. E.

The House and its Surroundings. and Town and Village Sanitation.

BY MRS. ISABEL BRANDER.



IN the last paper we saw the great importance of cleanliness in our houses. There are, however, some other points that must be considered, in addition to cleanliness.

For instance, it is not enough to keep the floors clean, if bad air and damp rise through them into the rooms, and it is comparatively useless to open doors and windows if bad air comes in, through them, from the surrounding neighbourhood.

The site of a house, town or village affects their healthfulness in many ways. Naturally

sites on high ground are healthier than those on low ground, since rain water and drainage run downwards, away from them and leave them dry. Again some soils are much healthier than others. Clay, for instance, retains water and houses built on clay are generally damp. Made soil, containing animal and vegetable refuse, is most unhealthy, since the refuse decays, gives off bad gases which pollute the air, and forms a favourable nidus for microbes.

Sites for dwellings should be of clean, firm soil, consisting of sand or gravel (through which water can pass freely) or of hard, rocky ground (into which water cannot penetrate). The site of a town or village is of even more importance than that of any individual house in it. It should stand high and be open to winds. Towns on hills and plateaux are generally healthy, because the soil is dry and they are exposed to winds. The sea-shore is often a good site for a town, because it has the advantage of the pure air that flows off the sea. Towns and villages that lie in valleys, hollows and at the foot of hills are often, as might be expected, unhealthy, because rain water runs down into them, drainage is difficult and the air is stagnant and hot.

Besides being built on good soil, every masonry house should be provided with what are called damp-proof courses. A damp-proof course is a water-proof layer of masonry, made of hard, glazed bricks. One course should be laid a little above the level of the ground, to prevent moisture from rising through the walls. Also the entire site should be covered by a damp-proof course of good masonry, to prevent damp and ground air from rising through the floors.

The surroundings of the house should next be considered. If possible, the latter should stand alone (so that it is open to air and light on every side) and in a garden, as this provides a space of clean ground around it and forms a delightful play-ground for the children and an open-air resort and place for exercise for every member of the household. Trees should not grow too near the house, as they shut out light and air. It is only the favoured few, however, who can live in "garden houses." If compelled to live in a street, we should endeavour to choose a house in a clean, wide, light street, where the

Houses are built in straight regular rows and are not crowded together. The neighbourhood of grave yards, burning grounds, marshes, factories which give off much smoke, &c.,—all such places should, of course, be avoided. If there are pits and inequalities in the ground near a house, they should be filled up with clean earth. If not, rubbish is sure to be thrown into these openings and to decay and pollute the air. Rain water will also collect in them and mosquitoes (some of which, called anopheles, carry malarial fever) will breed in the water. Kerosine oil, poured upon the surface of water containing mosquitoes' eggs, kills those eggs and useful experiments are now being made with the purpose of destroying by this means the larvæ of anopheles. It is reported that success is attending these experiments.

No refuse of any kind should be thrown down near a house. We should do all that we possibly can to keep the surroundings of our homes sweet and clean.

The neighbourhood of waste jungle should not be selected as a site for a village, for the following reasons: A tangled thicket shuts out fresh air and the roots of the plants and trees attract water and render the soil damp. Also portions of the vegetation die, decay, and contaminate the air.

The streets and open spaces in towns and villages should be kept perfectly clean. Plants, weeds and shrubs, such as prickly pear, should be cut down and burned. It is not sufficient to cut them down and leave them on the ground, because they then decay; dirt and refuse collect among them and the old story of polluted air and encouraged microbes is repeated. After jungle growth has been burned, the ground in which it grew should be dug up, and the roots should be turned up and destroyed. Then we may be sure that we have done with that bit of jungle growth and that it will not come to life again to worry us.

The arrangement of the houses in a town or village is very important. If houses are crowded together, without method, in narrow crooked lanes, neither the houses nor the lanes can be properly lighted, ventilated, cleaned or drained. Streets should be straight, broad and regular and,

when possible, the houses should be detached, so that air and light can enter each on every side. The streets also should be well made and well drained. Government is anxious that this matter of well arranged houses should receive careful attention. Not long ago a Government Order was published, ruling that sites for new houses should be granted before towns and villages become crowded, so that "the growing population may build themselves houses, with commodious back yards, suited to the various requirements of individuals and castes."

One point of great importance is the drainage of towns and villages. It depends greatly on the site, which, as we have already seen, should be of such a kind that water will drain readily away from it. If cement or earthenware drains are used, they should be kept in thorough repair and should be cleaned daily, by flushing and sweeping. If mere dug channels are used as drains, the foul earth in them should be often removed and clean earth should be laid in its place.

Refuse of every kind should be removed promptly beyond the inhabited area and there be properly disposed of.

These remarks regarding sanitation do not apply only to the good masonry houses of the well-to-do. The principles are the same for the huts of the poorest people in the humblest parcherry. There also the site and the soil should be good. Each hut should stand alone, with sufficient space round it for air and light. It should be well-ventilated and well-lighted, constructed of the best materials that can be afforded and guarded against damp. There should be a good water supply and good sanitary arrangements.

Some may exclaim: But will not the insanitary habits of the dwellers in the parcherry neutralize many of these beneficial arrangements? Alas! It is to be feared that there is some reason for the question, but we need not despair. With the spread of education such difficulties diminish, and there is many a school in the land now where some of even the poorest boys and girls are learning something of the elements of hygiene. Also there are other means of education, after school has been left behind,—wit-

ness this Magazine itself and other such publications, some of them in the vernaculars.

In the first of these papers on health I mentioned the Ladies' Sanitary Association (in England) which has existed for more than 30 years and has done much to spread a knowledge of the laws of health. One of the Association's many means to this end is the publication of booklets (sometimes in the form of stories and conversations) setting forth the laws of health in so simple and yet interesting a way that even uneducated persons can understand them. These little books are adapted to the lives and habits of the poor and are distributed among them, or sold to them at a low price.

Perhaps the time may not be far off when an Indian Ladies' Sanitary Association may be formed. It would have a wide scope for usefulness, especially if its members pledged themselves to gain more and more enlightenment on all that relates to the laws of health and also to spread some knowledge of those laws among their less favoured sisters, who dwell in the parcheries and chawls of the great cities and towns and in the many insanitary villages of this vast India.

Isabel Brander

The Heroines of Islam.



III. THE EMPRESS RAZIA.

THE empresses, we had the honour and pleasure of noticing in the first two sketches of this series, were the queens consort of Islamic history; but the sultana whom we shall presently notice was the queen regnant of Moslem India. Ferishta and Jamal-ud-din Badauni are the only historians who have recorded something worth preserving about this renowned Moslem lady. Therefore, they are our sole authorities in this short sketch of the sultana.

Razia Begum was born at Delhi, wherein she was destined to be afterwards crowned. She

was the fair and accomplished daughter of Gham-ud-din Altamsh, the greatest and the wisest of the Slave Kings of Hindustan proper. Happily a good deal is on record about the early history of our noted heroine. Her education commenced in the little school, attached to the palace, which was solely intended for the princesses of the realm, in her fifth year. It began with the Holy Koran, which she finished in her eighth year. With it, she was also instructed orally in the very essentials of Moslem theology. She afterwards commenced Persian Literature; and for the following five years, she was subjected to the usual military and political training. Very early in life, she had also received the usual training in music and drawing. And in her fourteenth year, she became the right-hand of her father, and began to take an active part in practical politics. She sometimes took part with the grandees in their discussion of State affairs, and was often found on horseback with the Ring in his perambulations and shooting expeditions, gracefully acting the part of the spokeswoman between her father and his subjects. Early in life, Sultana Razia gave many proofs of her after-greatness. Once, her father had gone on a shooting excursion with his Begums and his daughter, the Sultana. Accidentally the royal party came upon a huge tiger, and ere the king could handle his weapons, the ferocious animal made a desperate bound at Altamsh, but was struck down by the sword of Razia. This conspicuous proof of extraordinary valour on the part of his daughter, together with many a social and moral virtue which she had formed very early in life, forced Altamsh not only to transfer his whole love from his worthless son, Rukn-ud-din, to Razia, but also to think of her as his worthy successor. Rukn-ud-din was lazy, pleasure-seeking and sensual. He was thus a perfect contrast to his elder and wiser sister. Nevertheless he contrived to succeed his father in the year of grace 1236, but only to be speedily dethroned.

During one of his military exploits Altamsh handed over the affairs of the capital to Sultana Razia, thus causing the mean envy of her worthless brother and paltry rival, Rukn-ud-din, whom we have just now very briefly noticed. In her short but brilliant regency, which secured for her the full confidence of her father, and the love and esteem of the body politic, she revised the *daftar* (records) of her father's kingdom, and thus improved its finances. She increased the commissariat, and reorganized the postal system and kept up an uninterrupted correspondence with the king. When Altamsh returned to the capital and saw what his enterprising daughter had done, he resolved to make her his successor in preference to his sons at the point of the sword.

As Altamsh increased in years, Razia began to aim at his throne, and by her grace and accomplishments won many a nobleman of the kingdom to her side. This, however, roused the dormant envy of her brothers, and estranged her from many a refractory governor of the realm, who thought it below their dignity to pay homage to a woman. But Razia brushed aside all opposition, and ascended the throne, in accordance with the desire of her father, in the Moslem year 634 (1236 A. D.); and 'Eastern eyes beheld for the first time the spectacle of an unveiled and diademed empress.' For the next four years, our heroine was the undisputed sovereign of Delhi.

The early portion of her beneficent rule was, however, marked by much discontent and many risings; but she soon put them down with considerable firmness and justice. For over two years, her reign was the calm that precedes a storm; and thus Razia devoted herself heart and soul to the welfare of her kingdom. She laid aside the veil, granted audience to the humblest of her subjects, and undertook many an administrative tour throughout her sultanate. She encouraged commerce, and thus increased the finances of her dominions, and put down corruption with a high hand. One sterling characteristic of her sovereignty was that her Rajput subjects not only enjoyed an absolute religious freedom, but they also received pecuniary helps for improving their temples. She had thus not inherited the iconoclastic tendencies of Shams-ud-din Altamsh, but in the teeth of a vehement opposition from the bigotted Mullas of her court she loved and respected her Rajput subjects, and often interceded with her father on their behalf.

Before receiving the crown, Razia had not thought of marriage. But a year or two after she became queen, she set her affections upon an Abyssinian slave, whom she dubbed Amir-ul-Omrah, 'the chief of the nobles.' This offended her proud courtiers who rose in open rebellion under Altania, a Turki chief; but Razia soon put it down with a firm hand. The history of the world affords sundry instances of the strange fact that the proud inmates of palaces and mansions have often found objects for their affection in cottages and huts, and vice versa. To give another instance of the same oddity, Humayun, the second Moghal emperor, married in spite of dead opposition, Hamida, a poor but respectable girl, who, however, gave birth to the great Akbar. Humayun's marriage with Hamida was purely a love-at-first-sight match.

In putting down a Rajput insurrection (1239 A. C.), Razia was taken up, and then killed by her captors. But a less reliable authority attributes her death to her brother, Behram.

We now close this brief account of our heroine with a few extracts from different authorities. Ferishta says, "those who scrutinise her actions most severely will find in her no fault but that she was a woman." Elphinstone says, "Sultana Razia had all the qualities of a sovereign, and, if we scrutinise her actions and manners, we find in her no other fault than she was a woman." (Translation from Urdu). Jamal-ud-din Badauni remarks, "Save that grace which, by nature, characterises the faces of women, she gave no other proof of being a woman." Altamsh remarks, "Though a woman, she has a man's heart and head, and is better than twenty such sons as God has given me." When Islam has produced hundreds of such distinguished representatives of the fair sex, as Razia, we are at a loss to understand how the mean calumnies, such as "Islam denied souls to women," and "Mohammed lowered the status of women," could have been originated and sown broadcast.

KAREEMBIN RAHMAN.

"A Bengali Journalist" writes in *The Voice of India* :—

"Your recent remark that 'the indifference of the Bengalis towards female education—outside the Brahmo community—is a remarkable phenomenon' has given rise to comments in certain quarters here. If you had written in the above strain seven years ago, you would not have been much beyond the mark. But looking at the fact that during recent years the Hindu community in Calcutta and also in some places outside of it have begun heartily, though not largely, to favour the movement for educating Hindu girls, from which has originated the Mahakali Patshala of Calcutta and of some other Moffusil towns, I for one must say that the indifference to female education betrayed by Bengali Hindus up to a recent time is now slowly passing away. When there are five hundred girls studying in the Calcutta Mahakali Patshala and all of them belong to the orthodox Hindu community, we cannot charge that community with indifference to the education of their daughters. Nor is the education imparted in these Patshalas at all such as does not deserve to be taken into account. If the object of school education is, as Sir John Lubbock says 'Pleasures of Life,' to infuse into the mind a love for all instructive and elevating knowledge, then the Mahakali education must be accepted as serving the true object of education. The Mahakali girls have turned out to be very good specimens of educated Hindu girls, and it is already admitted that their influence on the homes over which they have gone to preside is of a distinctly hopeful character. I entertain fervent hopes that, through the instrumentality of the Mahakali Patshalas, Hindu indifference to female education will before long be rendered a thing of the past."



SACRIFICE.

There is a Law based on eternal Love,
That has existed since the dawn of time.
It links the earth unto the heavens above,
And leads the hearts onward to the Divine.

Where'er you look you may this truth behold,
In nature everywhere its workings trace,
And fading nations all the same unfold:
"One ever to another yields its place!"

Thus while a star moves in the firmament
Another gives it its respective place,
One through the other is; so moves the whole
In the immensity of space.

And while the dewdrop nourishes the rose,
It slowly dies and leaves no trace of self;
While the chrysalis lies in dead repose
A new life breeds within its dusky cell.

The raindrops as they trickle from the clouds,
Soon lose their clearness in the thirsting sand,
And while the grain is dying in the ground,
It gives its life up to the growing plant.

Without the breaking dawn, there is no day,
Without the clouds; no rain, we know it well;
To yield the fruit, the blossom dies away;
The pearl could not exist without the shell.

And you, image of Truth, creation's crown,
For what noble purpose live you?
Do you struggle for gold and false renown,
Or do you work for a cause real and true?

Because you see not to-day a result,
Do not think that your work has no gain;
For a noble act will never be lost,
Nor a true word e'er spoken in vain.

Behold the reformers that passed away;
Filled with sorrow and woe were their years.
They gave their labours to a future day,
A new life reaped the fruit of their tears.

Then give your efforts in a noble strife
And question not is there of self a trace.
But let the labours of the single life
Be lent to the uplifting of the race.

And seeing thus the labour of your hand,
Another will to stronger work aspire,
And following your footprints in the sand,
Will climb to lofty summits high and high.

A. CHRISTINA ALBERS.

A few words about the Education of Women.



So long has the subject occupied our attention, and so much has been said on it, that it seems almost impossible to say anything new. And yet so rich is the field that even the most haphazard worker may find his labour amply repaid, though perhaps his reputation for originality may not immediately get ablaze. Moreover, it seems to me that, though, relatively to doing, we have talked too much, yet absolutely speaking we have not, nor can. What we have done so far is that we have convinced ourselves that the education of women is *not an evil*. This has been comparatively easy work but none the less momentous. It might be that the adventurous reformer-hero has been disappointed at the smallness of the obstacle, as Alexander is said to have wept that his father was leaving him no countries to conquer. But the real scope of genius is in the work of reconstruction and consolidation. We have yet, our leaders of Reform have yet, to convince our countrymen that without the elevation of women, the regeneration of India is impossible. This positive task has not yet been accomplished. We have exorcised the phantom-devil, but have not yet brought in the Inspiring Angel. Even the better section of the Hindus are still lukewarm—which is proof that the matter has not sufficiently been brought home to their minds. For, I hold that true conviction and even true knowledge can seldom be dissociated from a strong desire to act upon the conviction or the knowledge. No doubt, I am using the terms to denote somewhat ideal states of mind, but, were it not for the fact that a failure to notice this would result in an unnecessary and unwarranted congratulation of ourselves upon our success, I should not thus have run the risk of being called a pedant and hair-splitter. I am very much grieved to observe how fathers who spend no small amount of money and time upon the education of their sons, think it a matter of secondary importance to raise their daughters above the level of mere playthings or household drudges. This shows that they do not look upon education as an evolution of the higher capabilities of the being, but merely as an investment of personal capital. The investment will pay in a boy but not in a girl. Not that I deplore the system of making the education the main qualifications for holding situations. On the other hand, it has proved a very strong incentive

to the education of our boys. And, thank God, true to the instincts of human nature by which every habit acquires a good deal of inertia, the "mania" for education is raging wilder than ever, although, economically speaking, the point of diminishing returns has been reached and although it does not now pay so much to give a boy a good general education as to put him to a trade. (I deliberately eschew the problem of the Indian Industries.) And I am glad to see that some, who perceive the real state of things from the mercenary point of view, still realize that education gives their boys a status, a dignity and a polish which are worth having even at a sacrifice. They feel that with all the pitfalls incident to the transition stages in the progress of a Society, their boys are better and nearer the achievement of the ideal of human existence than what the young men of a hundred years ago presumably were, or at least than what, under existing circumstances—at the present critical time of the confluence of diverse civilizations,—these very boys would be without education. They accordingly feel that the pecuniary side of the question is only secondary.

It is not very difficult for such men to feel that education should be an end in itself for girls as well. But unfortunately such men are few. The great majority still have no clear conception of the ennobling influences of education. Alas, it is not given for us to know definitely what culture can do for a woman without actually moving in the circles of ladies about whom it would be no compliment to say that to know them is liberal education. Knowledge is largely, though not entirely, by experience. From the actually existing, we infer what will exist, especially in matters in which it is so difficult in an abstract manner to trace effects to their causes, with minds permeated through and through with pet theories of Fatalism and with unmanly diffidence lest causes should not be followed by their natural and probable consequences. It is very hard for anybody, and specially so for us, to conceive *a priori* what a cultured lady would be like. And when, ever and anon, we come across one, we perhaps explain that she is born and not made. But I trust that my countrymen may feel the analogy of the educated boy. Before they do this, they will of course have to recognise that education is improving us.

Would that there were an indirect motive for the culture of our girls as there is for that of our boys! For, it is really astonishing to find how effective in the training of children is the supplying of motives direct or indirect—either towards something good or away from something bad. Merely tell a child that a certain habit is bad and he may not leave it off—partly

on account of a certain reluctance to leave off anything he is getting used to and partly on account of the spirit of adventure so common among lads of any mettle. But put him to doing anything good and attractive and in his eagerness he will be weaned away from the pernicious habit; and you may be sure he will not return to it when the new motive is wanting—provided it has acted sufficiently long,—the inherent tendencies of the individual and the nature of the surroundings being taken into account. It is of course neither policy nor morally right to bribe him. So, too, in the matter before us—although I hope I am not insulting my countrymen when I compare them to children, yet, I fear, they are generally children intellectually.

Harangue after harangue has fallen more or less flat on audiences, who have sat gaping and staring while the man on the platform made the air ring with exclamations about heredity, physical and intellectual deterioration and the natural equality of man and woman and presented graphic pictures of Mother India bewailing the forlorn condition of her daughters, with a hundred other devices of men who make a desperate attempt to tell, at all events. I strongly doubt whether the heaven has leavened the whole community or even a large portion of it. I doubt whether some of the speakers themselves do not indulge in mere meaningless Reformer's cant. I admit that they are not conscious hypocrites. But that is small credit. They may still be jugglers dealing with words. To them, every word they utter may not be instinct with life and meaning, so as to carry conviction all round—such conviction, mind, as tends largely to show itself in action, and does so show itself, unless opposed to strong natural emotions, etc. This comes of their not realizing the full importance of female education and consequently of their not feeling sufficient horror at its absence. But I will not blame them for this. Theory is never complete before practice; nor can practice be perfect without theory. The two re-act upon each other—causes and consequences are strangely commingled together in this world of ours.

Talking of selfish motives for the education of girls, I am glad to notice that some fathers now feel it a better bargain to turn out an accomplished girl than to produce into the marriage-market an uncultured girl with a big dowry on her head. I am anxious that, if only in response to this increasing demand for girls of the former kind, their supply may be increased, if not from the noblest of motives. I wish that, on account of the same ignorance of the exact amount of the demand as exists in the case of boys, the markets may be overstocked,

until, making a virtue of necessity or knowing better, the fathers come to entertain altered views on the subject of the culture of women.

G. A. R.

The Peepul Tree.

(*Ficus Religiosa*.)



THE Hindus are the greatest slaves to time-honored customs, social and taste practices and domestic ceremonials and observances. The Sacred Rishis or Sages, to whom are ascribed all the immemorial rites and ceremonies, had sugar-coated all Hindu practices and observances whether social, political or domestic by attributing to them a divine origin and sacredness such as to merit the pleasure or displeasure of God according as they are duly observed or not. The Rishis had probably done this out of their wisdom as this was the most effective means of making an uncivilized and unthinking people properly observe social rules and doctrines as well as religious precepts. This accounts for the sacredness and divinity attributed by the Hindus of to-day to various animals, birds and things of Nature which a rational mind cannot differentiate from the rest of Creation in point of Godliness or Divinity. A striking instance of this method of ascribing divine reasons for a purely scientific and hygienic practice is found in the Hindu worship of the Peepul Tree, technically known as the *Ficus Religiosa*. This is a tree whose bark, leaves and juice have according to scientific opinion many medicinal properties. The bark is astringent and is used as medicine. An infusion is given internally in scabies. Water in which the freshly-burnt bark has been steeped is said to cure cases of obstinate hiccup. The fruit is laxative and helps digestion.

Ignorant of all these, the Hindus religiously adore the tree by performing Pratakshanams, i.e., going round and round the tree 108 times especially on Somavaram Amavasai day (New Moon falling on a Monday). Women generally make a vow to do this Pratakshana a certain number of times every day after their baths with the wet cloths on, in expectation of being blessed with children. Evil destinations are said to be removed by performing this on Saturdays and on the day of the Star under which one is born. The tree is considered so sacred that a Hindu will shrink to tell a lie when in its vicinity even to this

day; and no pious Hindu would dare cut this tree or use it for fuel or any other earthly use, the only use made even of the decayed tree being to make sacrificial fires. In Sanskrit the tree is called Aswatha, literally "Horse Stand" and according to Hindu mythology the roots of the tree represent Brahma, the trunk, Siva, and the branches Vishnu, thus forming an emblem of *Trimurti* or Trinity in unity. Being thus associated with the quintessence of Divinity it is considered to be a very meritorious act to plant and rear an Aswatha tree. It is believed that he who plants a tree will after death enjoy bliss in Heaven so long as the tree remains growing on earth. The superstition surrounding the tree has acquired such a hold on the Hindu mind that after it is planted, ceremonies corresponding to the Upanayana or the Holy-thread ceremony and the marriage ceremony of the Brahmins are performed for the tree with all formalities and devotion. It is generally married by planting near it a margosa tree. This is done with great pomp and generally costs a good round sum of money. Those who honor the tree by thus performing Upanayana and marriage to it, it is believed, will be pardoned of all their sins in the next world and enjoy eternal bliss, besides being blessed with children and fortune in this world. The Aswatha tree is planted in the front yard of every temple and is pre-eminently consecrated to the god Vishnu as he is said to have at one time assumed the shape of this tree. Whatever may be the pet belief of a pious Hindu with regard to the sacredness of the Aswatha it is rather difficult for a reasonable man to believe that it possesses any supernatural or divine powers or influence potent enough to atone for sins and reward its worshippers. Even Feticism does not go so far. The only rational explanation one can give for the supposed rewards of doing Pratakshana to the tree is that the good exercise and pure air which are undoubtedly gained by the votaries contribute perhaps more than a little to the accomplishment of their desires. For instance a lady of some means worships the tree with a view to get children. She goes round and round the tree 108 times a day for about 45 days. She has good exercise which a Hindu of her station in life might badly want and breathes fresh and pure air with all the medicinal qualities the tree gives. Very often the Aswatha has a margosa tree also growing by its side; and this tree too has very many medicinal properties. "The bark is a bitter tonic, astringent and febrifuge. The oil is useful as an application in erysipelas, scrofula, and similar skin diseases, and in rheumatism. It has been recommended in combination with Chalmugra, and Gargan oils as an application in leprosy. It is also

"used as an anthelmintic and insecticide. The leaves are applied as a stimulating poultice to boils; in decoction they form a valuable anti-septic and healing lotion or a fomentation to unhealthy sores." The benefits of exercise and of fresh air coming from such medicinal trees are unmistakable. More than this, none but the superstitious can conceive of any supernatural virtue in it. The spiritual and temporal rewards for planting these trees as an act of special liking to the gods also belong to that system of teaching adopted by the Rishis in which religious and spiritual grounds were given for purely worldly actions, in order to secure respect for their doctrines from the uncivilized masses. The Hindu Sastras all along recommend as a very meritorious thing the planting of shady trees, as they afford shelter and rest to the weary wayfarers and the travelling mendicants and friars. The Aswatha and the Margosa being large trees with spreading branches of thick foliage have been particularly chosen for this purpose from time immemorial. As observed by Mr. Mayne in his book on Hindu Law and Usage, "a belief in the propriety or the imperative nature of a particular course of conduct produces a uniformity of behaviour in following it; and a uniformity of behaviour in following a particular course of conduct produces a belief that it is imperative or proper to do so." Probably from either of these causes a usage of planting these trees arose and persisted long enough to mould the life and deeds of the Hindu, so as to impose upon him a divine virtue in planting and rearing them.

V. R. V. ARYAR.

Suggestions for English Reading.

VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE (TO "GIRLS AND BOYS")



EXPECT you all have heard of R. L. Stevenson, even if you have never enjoyed the pleasure of reading any of his books. I have chosen "Virginibus Puerisque" because it is a good specimen of his style, it is light too, and humorous (in most of the essays) and laughs at us in such a convincing way, that even whilst enjoying the fun, we are taught something new about this in every-day life of ours, which does us good, and often as not, it points out some faults we had before treasured as virtues.

"To travel deliberately through one's ages

is to get the heart out of a liberal education," and Stevenson did 'travel deliberately' through his life. To read his letters alone convinces one of that fact, and so his thoughts are well worth reading even if we only read them to amuse ourselves. R. L. S. gives us advice on marriage, tells us which men and women make the best husbands and wives, but he owns that, "these notes.....will amuse the reader more when he differs than when he agrees with them; at least they will do no harm, for nobody will follow my advice," and I think that is the charm of the book,—its reckless disregard of all things that a serious person would consider necessary to the subject, which of course without humour would be merely dull.

The first part of "Virginibus Puerisque" is full of humour, with unexpected, interesting truths scattered here and there, which impress themselves, perhaps particularly, because of their surroundings, on one's memory. For instance: "Hope looks for unqualified success, but faith counts certainly on failure, and takes honourable defeat to be a form of victory." "You may go safely to school with hope; but ere you marry, you should have learned the mingled lessons of the world: that dolls are stuffed with saw dust, and yet are excellent playthings; that hope and love address themselves to a perfection never realised,—and yet firmly held, become the salt and staff of life;" and so on.

Let us skip a little and turn to the fourth part of "Virginibus Puerisque,"—"Truth of Intercourse." "Truth of Intercourse is something more difficult than to refrain from open lies. It is possible to avoid falsehood and yet not tell the truth." How often it happens in our daily life that the temptation comes upon us to let an untruth pass, when it only needs a word from us to dispel it. It is often simply laziness, probably no thought of what wrong we are doing enters our brain, and yet what incurable harm such a silence may do, nay, too often does. R. L. S. says "the cruelest lies are often told in silence. A man may have sat in a room for hours and not opened his teeth, and yet come out of that room a disloyal friend or a vile calumniator." "It takes two to speak the truth, one to speak and another to hear," is quoted from Thoreau, which is recognisable I think to all.

"Crabbed Age and Youth," the second article in this book, really illustrates the saying "That there are two sides to every question," and that 'youth and age' both have their duties to perform, and that what is right for 'youth' would be decidedly wrong for 'age.'

"An Apology for Idlers" justifies its title. R. L. S. says "A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five pound note." I decided-

ly agree, do you not? If he or she radiates happiness and causes others, from his or her mere presence, to become happier or more contented, surely that is a 'Gift of the Gods?' But I think there are enough idlers in the world, so I do not add my plea to the author's. The 3rd article, "Ordered South" is an account of the imaginary feelings of an invalid, ordered from England to a warmer climate.

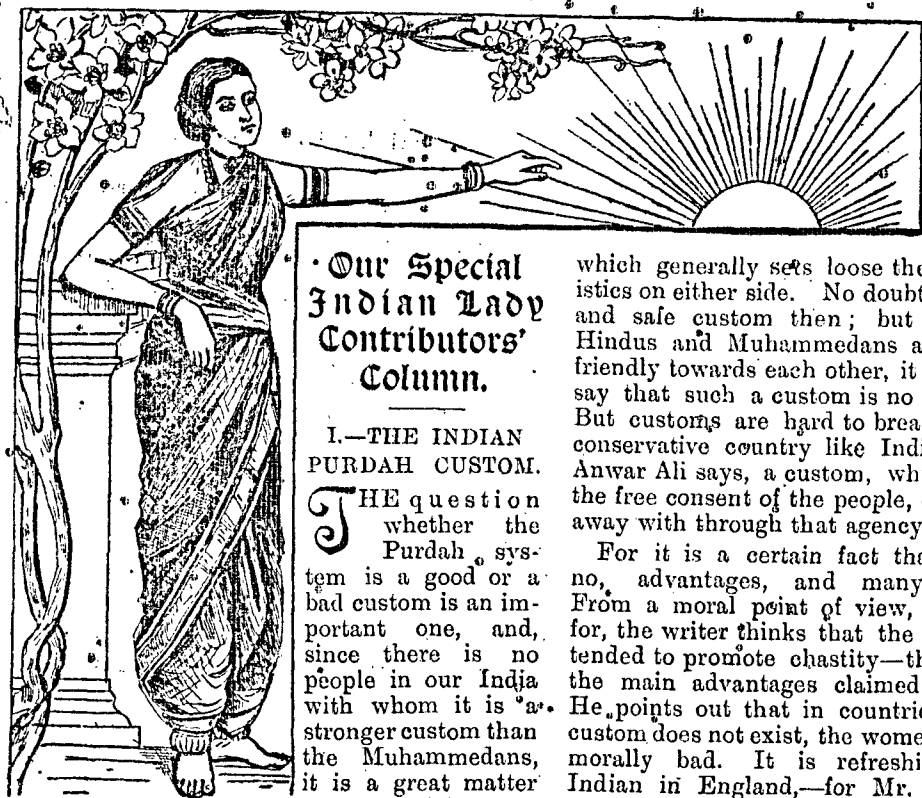
The 4th article, "Aes Triplex" ("Threefold Mail," or "A Bold Heart") is about death, and is a warning to those who coddle themselves a great deal, and therefore indirectly try to keep off death. R. L. S. says,—"It is better to lose health like a spendthrift than to waste it like a miser. It is better to live and be done with it, than to die daily in the sick room." Meaning that we ought to live our 'fullest' and best, being prepared for death, but not letting it hinder us in our life's work, and then "surely, at whatever age it overtake the man, this is to die young." The 5th essay, "El Dorado" ("Gold-mines") is a summing up of our best endeavours, and what they lead us to, and the ending, "Little do we know your own blessedness; for to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labour," is just what we need to egg us on, despite all difficulties, to the best we can do.

The 6th Essay—"The English Admirals," appeals to all members of the Empire—but perhaps more to the English portion thereof; it is all about the sea, the "English Admirals," and the wonderful deeds done by men like Greenville, Nelson and a score of others, of whom naturally we are inordinately proud.

The 7th Essay—"Some portraits of Raeburn" are, I am afraid, too local in interest to be of great attraction to the Indian reader, but they most forcibly bring out the diversity and interest of R. L. S.'s style. The 8th essay, "Child's Play" is a plea for the child, it explains the child's state of mind in play, and on all points, and I cannot do better than ask those of my readers who love children, to read it for themselves.

It reminds me of a charming book of children's poems by Stevenson—called "A Child's Garden of boxes." The 9th Essay "Walking Tours," pictures the delights of walking, and walking alone, enjoying nature in a way which is impossible at any other time. Those, who have never taken long walks, (and perhaps India is not the best country for walking tours) can hardly be expected to know the delights of communing alone with nature. The two last essays on "Pan's Pipers" and "A Plea for Gas Lamps" will well repay reading.

AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN INDIA.



Our Special Indian Lady Contributors' Column.

I.—THE INDIAN PURDAH CUSTOM.

THE question whether the Purdah system is a good or a bad custom is an important one, and, since there is no people in our India with whom it is a stronger custom than the Muhammedans, it is a great matter when a Muhammedan gentleman himself protests against it. Even among them, there are some who are giving up the custom as pernicious; and Mr. Mohd. Anwar Ali's remarks on the subject in "The Indian Magazine" are very useful, inasmuch as they point to the same conclusion.

First, he discusses the question whether this custom was found among the customs of any of the countries to which the conquerors of India belonged; and therefore whether it was brought to India by the conquerors of India, inasmuch as the custom was never found in India before the Muhammedan conquest, or whether it arose by the mixture with an unfriendly people.

Certainly it never existed among the Muhammedans before they came to India. The ladies were ever allowed to go out into public and mix with the others. Ayesha, the wife of Muhammad, even led an army against her enemy. It was a custom of the old Mahomedans to take their wives with them to the battle-field. The great bravery of Khula cannot be passed by; and it is worthy of notice, that even at the present day the Muhammedan ladies are forced to say their prayers in public, when they make a pilgrimage to Mecca.

It is obvious then that the second solution is true. The Purdah custom did arise by the mixture of two unfriendly peoples, a mixture

which generally sets loose the worst characteristics on either side. No doubt it was a suitable and safe custom then; but now, when the Hindus and Muhammedans are no longer unfriendly towards each other, it scarcely needs to say that such a custom is no longer necessary. But customs are hard to break, especially in a conservative country like India. And, as Mr. Anwar Ali says, a custom, which sprang up by the free consent of the people, can only be done away with through that agency.

For it is a certain fact that it has few, if no, advantages, and many disadvantages. From a moral point of view, it is of no use, for, the writer thinks that the custom has not tended to promote chastity—this being one of the main advantages claimed for the system. He points out that in countries where such a custom does not exist, the women are in no way morally bad. It is refreshing to find an Indian in England,—for Mr. Anwar Ali is a student at one of the Inns of Court in London—bearing testimony to the chastity of English women; for Indian students who proceed to England, as a rule, see the seamy side of English life, and then come to most uncharitable conclusions about the morality of English women.

Whilst there is hardly any advantage that can be claimed for the Purdah system, the disadvantages are many. The most obvious disadvantage is that it is a bar to elementary education. When a girl above six years of age is not allowed to appear in public, how can her education be prosecuted? She cannot go to school, and there are not many homes that can give, or afford, a good home education. And, where such elementary education is given, how can it be wide? Practical experience must enlarge theoretical teaching, and it is scarcely possible for Purdah ladies to get much practical experience. Not to mention many evils arising from such a want of experience, the least that can be pointed out, is the resulting want of patriotism.

How can they be patriotic when they know so little of India? "It is the mother who is entrusted by nature with moulding the tender minds of her children, it is the mother who ought to enlighten them with useful lessons; but their natural guide is herself blind."

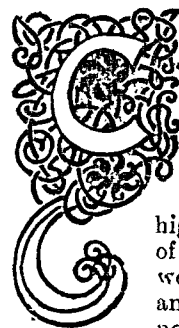
Another great disadvantage, the injury done

to health by this seclusion, is too obvious to be enlarged upon. And, where the mothers are weak and unhealthy, the future generations cannot be strong. As Mr. Anwar Ali says, "the sapling is planted in a barren soil with no hope of future prospects. There lies the fate of the future sons of India in the total darkness of despair."

May we then, with Mr. Anwar Ali, plead with the people of India to try and do away with this pernicious custom? As he says, "I appeal to your sense of honour to do away with the custom sprung up for political reasons. I appeal to you to open the door of the dungeon in which the mothers of the rising sons lie concealed. I appeal to you to let them come out and unseal the future fate of their promising sons; and lastly, I appeal to you to give them their due share in the privileges hitherto exclusively enjoyed by you."

"NILA."

II.—SHAKESPEARE'S IDEAL OF WOMANHOOD.



CHARACTER is the individual shape of our mind, the representative of our spiritual self. But it is very hard to define what it is, owing to the many different estimates of character.

But in all cases, it is of the highest importance that our ideal of character should be high, that we have definite standards of right and wrong; and this can be obtained, not by confining ourselves to one view of character, which will perhaps be our own; but by examining and digesting other people's views of character, chiefly the views of great men. And what greater man—because what greater poet—can there be than Shakespeare?

One of Shakespeare's greatest claims to be a great poet is his high ideal of womanhood. For, as Carlyle says, "Is it not reckoned a proof of what we call a 'poetic nature,' that we recognise how every object has a divine beauty in it; how every object still verily is, 'a window through which we may look into Infinitude itself?'" "The seeing eye! It is this that discloses the inner harmony of things." Man is the highest product of nature; and woman is the "helpmeet" of man. And therefore, in all humility we say it, is Shakespeare a great poet.

Because Shakespeare's ideal of Humanity is high, he has real insight, an insight of depth and truth and clearness, into the characters of men

and women. He gives us real men and women. He sees through their inmost hearts. His analysis of them is a very 'part of nature,' herself. So true is it indeed, that his characters are never exaggerated, or depreciated, but are just in real life what they are in his creations. And this, because he unfolds them from the centre, not the surface, because he develops them step by step, but in such a manner that from a little said, we are left to infer the rest. His characters, even the smallest of them, come for themselves, not as appendages, though they are appendages in another sense. And therefore are they all equally developed.

Therefore is it also that his insight into humanity is wide, complete, universal. No two of his characters are alike, but they are taken from the whole of humanity. As an example of his universalness, let us take his delineation of love. He shows us the many-sidedness of love; we see love depicted under every aspect of feeling, passions unfolded on all sides, not only in their varieties, but in their every development. Gervinus gives so able an analysis of Shakespeare's representation of the two-fold aspects of love, that it is worthwhile making an abstract of it.

In Venus and Adonis, there is a curse upon love which contains, as it were, a development of the whole subject. For we see, on the one hand, how in this passion, the rich man is humiliated and the poor man elevated as in the Merchant of Venice; how, as in the Tempest, the highest innocence, without losing its purity, may be associated with love; how love may be the source of poetry, as in the Midsummer Night's Dream; how jealousy, caused by love, may be overcome by trust, as in Cymbeline; how it may be felt by all and though begun in bitterness end in sweetness, as in All's Well that Ends Well; how it exalts man, as in one aspect of Troilus and Cressida;—but, on the other hand, we see also how it works upon the weakness of man and makes him worse, as it does Rodrigo; how, as in Othello, the truly heroic mind may be enervated by love's idle pleasures; how it undermines wisdom and reason, as in Measure for Measure, for, "in the sweetest bud, the eating canker dwells"; how it is full of fraud and falseness, and is an incentive to friendship-breaking, as in the Two Gentlemen of Verona; how it is the cause of war and terrible deeds, as in Troilus and Cressida; how, as in Romeo, Proteus and Antony, the idle man may be surprised and corrupted by love; how jealousy is the attendant and false accuser of love, as in Othello; and how lastly, as we see in Romeo and Juliet "all love's pleasure shall not match his woe."

Shakespeare's ideal of humanity is, as we said, very high. He selects the best that is in man or

woman; and yet his good men and women are so simple and so little exaggerated, that we perceive our own nature somewhere among them, not as it ought to be, but what it can be, if we so wish. And Shakespeare is genial even to wickedness. His laughter is so sincere, and "like sunshine on the deep sea." He does not satirise the littleness of the human heart, but with his placidly deep and kindly eye, does justice to its natural good tendencies. He shows how much good there may be in evil things, and yet he depicts wickedness so truly, that he leaves us no resource to pass it by and congratulate ourselves that we are not such; but we are frightened into reflection, made to believe and tremble. But we do not turn away from his base, miserable things. We can, as Carlyle says, "laugh over them, we can, at lowest, hold our peace about them, till the hour come for practically exterminating and extinguishing them." No wonder then that we find the highest instruction in Shakespeare's plays. There is moral justice and moral unity throughout his every creation. Upon them all, the great poet hovers with such a superior and sound judgment and heart, with so true a wisdom, and with such an absence of party-feeling or prejudice, that we shall find every reward, if we choose him, in all humility, as our leader and guide in matters of morality and practical life.

Especially is this true about Shakespeare's ideal of womanhood. Unlike other writers, who satirise and condemn feminine weaknesses, our great master of thought, looks upon and through them with the true spirit of love and understanding. "Shakespeare," says Ruskin, "represents women as infallibly faithful and wise counselors, incorruptibly just and pure examples—strong always to sanctify, even when they cannot save; so that in all cases it is the woman, who watches over, teaches and guides the youth." As a critic of the great poet says: "I am bold to say that, next to the Christian religion, humanity has no other so precious an inheritance as Shakespeare's divine gallery of womanhood." What a wealth and assemblage of moral beauty have we here! Unconsciously true and naturally good, indifferent to the criticisms of the world, familiarly and commonly—so natural is it to them—thinking and speaking beautiful and tender thoughts; through every difficult situation and every bitter trouble—and great indeed are their troubles—they walk before us in majestic procession, laying bare their true and uncorrupted hearts. And sweet and wholesome indeed is the lesson we learn from them, that however bitter the sufferings we may pass through, however unjust God's dispensations may seem to be, it is all for the best, it is all for the discipline and perfection of human souls.

"Woman," says Ruskin, "must be enduringly, incorruptibly good; instinctively, infallibly wise—wise, not for self-development, but for self-remuneration; wise, not that she may set herself above her husband; but that she may never fail from his side; wise, not with the narrowness of insolent and loveless pride, but with the passionate gentleness of an infinitely variable, because infinitely applicable, modesty of service—the true changeableness of woman." What a man's or a woman's character is can only be shown by the way of his or her performance of duty; for deeds, not words, must be the true criticism of life. A woman then, to be a true woman, must nobly do her duty; what are her duties then? None better or nobler than those of maiden, wife, and mother. And nowhere, as we said before, can we find a greater teacher for us, in these respects, than in Shakespeare. Therefore let us earnestly and eagerly try to fix our own ideals of womanhood by humbly seeking for them in the writings of this great master of poets.

III.—RANDOM NOTES.

[BY A MOSLEM LADY.]



IN addition to the human attraction of the streets of any thoroughly oriental city like Bombay or better still of any of the old Moslem cities of India, the peculiar architecture of the houses is interesting. The ground floor usually consists of shops, and above are the jutting upper stories. The supporting corbels are deeply carved and many of the large arched doorways of the houses are richly moulded. The entablatures are frequently enriched by perforated stone windows, decorated with that intricate geometrical design so peculiar to Saracenic Art.

The upper stories are rendered remarkable by the projecting carved balcony or window. In the small cages of lattice-work, are placed vessels of drinking water, in order that the breeze and evaporation might cool them. As buildings increase in size and architectural embellishment, these lattices gradually become enlarged and decorated, and eventually develop into roomy balconies of fine trellis work, which are such a feature of Indian Streets; and from behind which the Purda Nasheens could, unobserved, enjoy the air, and see all that occurs in the street below.

Unfortunately these designs lend themselves so readily to the making of screens and ornaments, that the demands of dealers and tourists

are practically stripping Hindustan of one of its most beautiful and characteristic features.

Modern necessity must inevitably clash with mediæval quaintness and to-day the historic places of the early Moslems resound to the clanging bells of bicycles and cars; and year after year must witness the slow but certain disappearance of other equally characteristic features.

Though in my opinion the Indian has many traits which command respect, it is impossible that here as in all great centres of population immorality and crime should not exist.

I am afraid that association with Europeans has had a somewhat demoralising influence, and the former single-mindedness of the Mohammedan has to some extent succumbed to Western indulgence, while the large introduction of that nationality, the so-called Anglo Indians of the lowest class, into the life of the cities, has had the effect of destroying much that is good in their religion, while at the same time introducing nearly every European vice.

It is a crying shame that every place is overrun with wine bars of the commonest kind, whose tenants apparently are not required to submit to any control whatever, and where wines and spirits of the vilest and most inflammatory nature are retailed.

Surely something in the matter of supervision might be attempted; for it is a most regrettable fact that when once the Mohammedan violates his religion by indulging in strong drink, he almost invariably becomes a sot, even if the regular consumption of opium and brandy to which he becomes a slave does not make of him a criminal or a lunatic.

Another consequence of Western association may be noticed in the gradual modification of costumes. Why will weak-minded Indians be so influenced?

A few years ago all natives of whatever rank wore the flowing garments and turbans of their station. Latterly there has been an almost universal abandonment of their picturesque garb, by the younger generation of the well born, who dress in the same manner as the European gentleman. This perhaps is natural and not to be wondered at, when such intimate social relationship exists between them; what however is lamentable is the mixture of an ill cut, ill fitting cast-off tweed with a stylish native head gear!

To me the culminating interest lies in the carpet bazaar, where the rich embroideries and Eastern rugs are to be found. Certainly the soft grey light within a Kashmeeri shop adds an additional tenderness to the harmonious colouring

of its contents, and would lead anyone into extravagance by making him fall a prey to the blandishments of the traders, and the charm of the lovely fabrics so seductively spread before you.

Purchasing is a matter not to be undertaken lightly and requires time and patience. Except in a few instances, fixed prices are unknown, and the article is only worth what can be obtained for it.

Exorbitant prices are often asked, to which you object and offer a quarter of the sum as a basis of discussion, and sometimes days may be spent in negotiation before anything is fixed.

Bargaining is a game thoroughly enjoyed by both parties, and if played with proper patience and good feeling, is productive of mutual admiration if not respect!

From an artistic point of view, the "bazaar" in India is one long sequence of animated pictures, in which appear types of almost every Oriental race, all readily distinguished by costume and facial characteristics.

Various incidents of greater or less importance attract attention. How strangely also trivial facts strike the keen observer.

In one place a poor man has stretched a ragged awning of sack-cloth upon two sticks, inserted between the joints of masonry and beneath its partial shade he exposes the juicy water-melon or baskets of fruit he wishes to sell. What a simple, yet how rich a picture! The fruit half in light, half in shade contrasts with the faded clothes of the vendor—all the colours of the rainbow in the 6 ft. square, combined with an astonishing variety of texture and effective light and shade!

Such pictures surround you everywhere until the mind becomes bewildered by the wealth of subject the streets afford.

Behind the principal streets are quarters little known, but rich in monuments of domestic architecture and decoration. What were once palaces of the glorious past, at present in the occupation of the lowest classes, watch mournfully over narrow lanes, practically deserted; the subdued scenes however still retaining some flavour of its bygone magnificence.

Handsome doorways whose splendid carvings are partly hidden by the accumulated debris of generations speak of the sumptuous life of former days. It is all so sad and pathetic.

In a small portion of the great Akbar Badshah's mausoleum, the ceiling is still resplendent with the rich painting and gilding which has to some extent withstood the ravages of time. The colours employed are of great

purity and brilliance, so as to shine through the gloom of the lofty interiors.

I have noticed in some places that instead of mixing pigments into greens and purples, the effect of these colours is produced by painting the whole surface in blue, through which run series of small lines or tiny spots of yellow or red as the case may be and the eye from the distance transforms the whole into the desired hue.

Whether in stone carving, or in wood work, or in decoration, people in former days excelled; and a painter of modern times, in the intervals of work may learn much from a study of such samples of each as are still left.

In the mosques in India the most perfect expressions of that elegant and distinctive art, which is called Saracenic, is embodied. Forbidden by his religion to produce human or animal forms, as savouring of idolatry, ordinary pictorial representation is denied the Moslem Artist. This results in a development of a form of applied art, rich in its elaboration, most suitable to its purpose and in every way original and artistic.

Two dominant features at once strike the beholder, firstly the pendentive mode of carving and the plaster work which ornaments the corbels and brackets and lends such an air of grace and lightness to canopy and arch. And secondly that curiously involved geometrical design which occurs in all the schemes of decoration.

"SHAHINDA."

IV.—A PLEASANT ENCOUNTER.



ATELY in the course of my work, one morning, I met a young woman of a somewhat fair complexion, short in size, about 20 summers in age, standing with a baby four months old in her arms.

Her dress was one that could be called neither graceful nor attractive, consisting of a short shirt of some coloured material about 10 or 12 yards wide, gathered up at the waist, and reaching a little below the knees, leaving the legs bare. Covering the upper part of the body was a loose shirt of white cloth falling over the skirt a little below the waist, with a white handkerchief tied to the head, which ended in a knot over the nape of her neck.

Her hair which was of an auburn color, artis-

tically plaited into several plaits, fell gracefully over the chest, shoulders, and back. Her whole attire was a picture of utter filthiness.

What a barbarous condition does ignorance keep its victim in!

She appeared timid and spoke in rather a low tone, but gradually when questions were put to her she felt more at ease, and answered them rapidly with smiles.

She was an Iranî (Iran being a term applied to Persia) and had come along with several others of her own class about 30 or 40 in number—brought on a charge of theft. They were actually natives of Teheran, and bore a resemblance to the Persians, although not so refined in look and manners, and talked Persian and Hindustani very well.

They looked like the nomads of ancient days itinerating from place to place with their tents and horses for sale, carrying also with them innumerable other articles such as pearls, corals, crude knives of different kinds; stones for jewelling, &c., &c., for the same purpose. Their chief trade seemed to consist in dealing in horses, several of which they sold while travelling.

It was quite evident from the charges against them and from the large sum spent in paying the pleaders, that their trade also consisted in committing daring thefts in which some of their women are said to be great experts. The way they do it is surprising! When they meet a man, some of the gang pounce upon him most unexpectedly, and before he is aware of his position, he becomes fixed to the spot as if by some magic, while the others in the interval hasten away with the contents of his pocket; and dispersing as quick as lightning show themselves perfectly innocent of the deed to the outside world; while the man still under the spell remains stock dumb and stupefied, and it is some time before he can recover his temporary loss of consciousness and know where the culprits are. An incident was related to me by a servant of mine who happened to be once upon a time the unfortunate victim of their avaricious game, but fortunately for him he had only a few annas in his pocket which he lost, but escaped.

The woman, referred to above, in course of conversation about herself mentioned that she was the daughter-in-law of the man under arrest, who was a rich man. But her husband, who was quite a young man of about 22 or 23 years of age, she said was very indifferent to her and to her child.

What amused me most was her saying in a most pathetic manner:—"Wub admi shakar sab ghoomta, maja marta; khatha, peetha, aur leap ka mal oodata; leal basha ka kooch lehi phikar nâbi hai." This meant to say that he rambles all over the town, has his pleasures,

enjoys his father's goods, and cares not for his family.

What must have been the woman's condition under these circumstances can better be imagined than described.

On being requested to be shown the child's hand, I was remarkably struck with the whole appearance it presented. It was a fair pretty looking child with the front part of its face only visible, and adorned with a gold nose ring so early at this stage of life.

The head was covered with an ordinary white cap as the ones used by the natives in India, but it differed from them in having been adorned with 8 or 10 rupees worth of silver coins of different sizes placed in circles, and stitched on to it by means of tiny rings attached to them. (The number of these depended on the wealth of the parents). The rest of the child was unmercifully wound up with dirty white cloth. The way it had been done was this:—

The child's upper limbs were placed straight by the side of the body, the same was done with the lower ones also. A square piece thickly padded was placed under the child, which was wound up several times round the body with a cloth and secured in position by a tape passed over it like an Egyptian mummy lying in the mother's arms, with not a finger or toe to be seen moving, except the eyes which were rotating round as in an English doll. It was indeed a spectacle!

The reason assigned for this cruel treatment was to straighten the child and keep it quiet. Two or three times in the day this strange dress would be removed to make it surgically clean.

This was the rule followed by all the people, and continued for 6 months, after which their usual skirt was put on. What a relief! The poor little mite!

It little knew when it first peeped into this world, that its first step in life would be one of being completely bound-up!

A short time ago when I was going to a village close by, I came across the place where these Iran-ees or Kandarees had encamped; there I noticed several groups of them varying in number; all of whom were females with only one man seated in the midst of them, near their hearths or "choollas" as they are called, busily engaged in preparing their morning meals—some grinding curry stuff, some rolling out chappaties (hand cakes) some poking the fire, some laughing, chatting, joking, and thus having a pleasant time. It was indeed a picnic party for them, they seemed to enjoy it immensely. Evidently they were all helping one another and thus lightening their burden, and making the tedious work more enjoyable. It was indeed praise-worthy and showed a good spirit.

K.

Editorial Notes.

We are glad to find that the Baroda Marriage Bill is receiving

The Baroda Marriage Bill.

support from educated Indians all over the country.

Though exception is taken to a detail here and a detail there, the main principles of the Bill are approved of as a whole. A writer in the *Bombay Gazette* points out that the Bill will have the effect of putting an end to ill-assorted matches by raising the marriageable age, and thus leaving a wider margin for female education. He also thinks that the Bill in question will serve as an example to the British Government, which has up till now followed the policy of non-intervention with regard to infant marriages on the ground of their being sanctioned by the Hindu Scriptures. The concluding words of the correspondent of the *Bombay Gazette* touch upon two other evils, and as coming from a Hindu they deserve the consideration of Hindus:

"It is for the educated classes to give to the Bill their moral support and thus help the Gaekwar in his endeavours to better our social status; and in the name of the enlightened section of the Hindu community I beg to thank His Highness for his solicitude for our social welfare. But before I conclude I will draw the attention of His Highness to two most pernicious customs that obtain amongst us, and that require the help of the legislator to be eradicated—viz.—beast-beating on public roads and dinner parties at the time of deaths. It requires no efforts to see that they are a disgrace to our nation which boasts of such an ancient civilisation; but when the people themselves have not the moral courage to weed out these evils, the States as representing the people, has every right to step in."

We publish in this issue the last of Mrs. Brander's series of articles on Health in the Indian Home, and we take this opportunity, on behalf of our readers, of thanking her for her most valuable contributions. A wider scope of usefulness than that afforded by the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* has been given to these articles, for as they have been appearing in these columns they have been translated into several of the vernacular languages; and we believe also that the Christian Literature Society intends publishing them in a cheap pamphlet form. The special value of the articles consists in their practical applicability to Indian homes, inasmuch as they embody the experiences of a keen observer who has lived long in this country. Mrs. Brander's

suggestion in the last article regarding the formation of an *Indian Ladies' Sanitary Association* is excellent. The organization need not be elaborate. If a number of Indian Ladies join together with the simple object of spreading useful literature on the subject among their countrymen and countrywomen that would be work enough for such an Association. We trust some of our readers will take up this suggestion and try and give effect to it.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. Hassanali Fezhyder at his residence, Mount Towers, Mount Road, Mazagon, Bombay, on 12th June.

The deceased had been in indifferent health for some months but it was hoped that a change to Murud with his daughter H. H. the Lady Nazli Begum Saheba of Janjira would restore him to complete health. Soon after his return however to Bombay from that place, apparently much better for the change, paralysis supervened from the effects of which he died. The deceased gentleman had travelled extensively in Europe and America, and was particularly well-known in Constantinople where his business had kept him for many years and brought him the decoration of the order of the "Imtiyaz" from his Imperial Majesty the Sultan.

He was a cousin and son-in-law of the late Mr. Shujaoodeen Tyabjee, and the head of a highly gifted family which included H. H. the Begum Saheba of Janjira, Mr. Ali Akbar, Executive Engineer, Ahmedabad and Miss Fyze known to readers of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* as "Shahinda." Mr. Hassanali not only held advanced and liberal views regarding education of Moslem girls, but also gave practical effect to these views by giving his daughters the highest education.

Our readers have been made acquainted recently with two or three practical schemes for the training of widow teachers.

In the Mysore Province a successful scheme has been in operation for some years past. It is in the Madras Presidency that much has been done for the training of women teachers. The Presidency Training School for Mistresses and the Mission Normal Schools have been instrumental in sending out hundreds of well trained primary-grade teachers. And this satisfactory feature of female education in South India is merely due to the appointment of Inspectresses of Girls' Schools and the organization of a separate female inspecting agency—a plan which the Bombay and other Presidencies are now following.

What is now needed is the encouragement of women teachers to qualify as teachers in secondary schools. Miss Carr's scholarship scheme for widows, to which reference has been made in these columns more than once, is likely to meet this want, and we are also glad to see that the scheme is meeting with success. In fact Miss Carr has addressed the Government on the necessity of even enlarging the scheme, and the following extracts from her letter to Government on the subject will give our readers an idea of the actual possibilities of her new scheme:—

"In submitting my original scheme I had in view the central circle only leaving it open to the Inspectresses of the Northern and Southern Circles to ask for its extension to their circles if they should think such a course desirable. While, however, the sanction accorded extends to all the circles, I find that in the central circle alone I have already four applications for scholarship No. (2) on Rs. 5 and three for scholarship No. (3) Rs. 6, with two guardian allowances. Such being the case even the present number of No. (2) scholarship is insufficient to meet the demand in the central circle alone and as there will doubtless be applications in the other two circles there appears to be a necessity for an immediate increase to meet the demand.

Again I did not think that for some years to come, there would be a demand for scholarships on behalf of any widows reading above the third form but I have had an application from the father of a young widow of 16 years of age who became a widow before she was 11, and who, after studying for a few years in the Presidency Training School for Mistresses passed the last lower secondary examination in English in the first class. In connection with this matter I submit copies of the father's letters of the 8th and 17th instant, respectively, and letter No. 67, dated 16th February 1903, from the Acting Superintendent of the Presidency Training School for Mistresses. From the former it will be seen that a high caste Brahmin has, contrary to usual custom, been allowing his young widowed daughter to continue her education in a public school and that it is his intention to give her the highest general education possible before having her trained as a teacher. It will also be seen from the Superintendent's letter that the character, conduct and attainments of the widow are exceedingly good. Taking into consideration the great need of well-educated Hindu teachers and the fact that more similar instances may exist now or will occur in the near future, there appears to me to be a necessity for an immediate extension of the scheme as well as for an increase in the number of scholarships."

Our attention has been drawn by one of our lady readers to a thoughtful speech on Female Education delivered in Madras recently by a distinguished Hindu official, Dewan Bahadur M. Audinaraniah. This gentleman ascribes the hesitation and lukewarmness of the people of India in regard to education of girls to "the unsettled state of opinion in the community as to the aims, the limits and methods of the instruction to be imparted." He goes on to point out what the old Hindu ideal was:—

"The old Hindu ideal in practice was not a literary ideal. It simply aimed at moral instruction and at

turning out the girls to be good housewives. The instruction, such as it was, was imparted altogether at home and under the supervision of the mother, or such other near relative as took an interest in the girls. The moral instruction was conveyed through songs, which were themselves popular and easily understood versions of those perennial stores of moral truths, the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*. The duties of a housewife were learnt by apprenticeship at the hearth and in the nursery. Whatever may have been the great heights of learning reached by exceptionally talented Hindu women in the past, systematic education of the females does not appear to have been a prominent feature of the social economy of India in the more recent past. We owe to the old primitive method of instruction the saintly mothers, sisters and wives of our households; but we feel the old tradition is dying out and we realise that it is becoming unequal to the larger duties which we expect of our womankind. The impact with the civilisation of the West has introduced new conditions of life for us. New aims and larger vistas of activity are opened to us. In the fancied security of the self-sufficient communities of the past, where every interest was allotted its definite place under religious sanction, and was freed from the dread of competition, our virtues were satisfied if they sought their fulfilment within the limits of the household or the community."

We do not quite follow the learned gentleman's line of argument. If by systematic education of girls is meant an organized educational department with schools and colleges everywhere and an elaborate system of examinations—such a thing, it is true, never existed in ancient India, but there are clear evidences to show that the Hindu girls were not allowed to grow in ignorance in the ancient days as she is at present. Apart from evidences of women like Maitreya taking part in highly abstruse metaphysical discussions, there are proofs to shew that Hindu women were given the rudiments of knowledge which enabled them to at least take an important part in the elaborate religious rituals and ceremonies of the day. There seems also a fallacy underlying Mr. Audinaraniah's speech. He seems to think that a liberal education is not necessary for our girls so far as their homelife is concerned, though he himself admits further on that on account of their ignorance they are shut out from many of the beauties and pleasures of life and that the educated men realise now the need for greater help from women, not only in the household and as regards the proper bringing up of children, but also as members of a large undifferentiated nation. The fact is the advocates of education are all agreed that what is needed for the present is a sound liberal elementary education for our girls in their own vernaculars to begin with. This surely can afford a basis broad enough for immediate action, and to postpone the education of our girls till the whole community comes to some settled state of opinion as to the "aims, the

limits and methods of instruction," would be postponing for ever the introduction of a reform which more than anything else will brighten and ennoble Indian homelife. There is of course the usual talk about education on national lines. By all means let education on national lines be tried, and yet is it not a fact that even where education on so-called national lines is being tried, the support given by the public is very meagre? Higher education on university lines may appear a luxury to some, but a sound liberal education in the vernaculars is an absolute necessity to the Indian girl, and if this is fully realized we shall have less of elaborate speech-making and more of downright, earnest action on the part of India's educated sons.

Selection.

THE RAJPUT WIFE.

(BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.)

ALL in the wide Five-Waters was none like Soorj Dehu,
To foeman who so dreadful, to friend what heart so true?

Like Indus, through the mountains came down the Muslim ranks,
And town walls fell before them as flooded river-banks;

But Soorj Dehu the Rajput owned neither town nor wall;
His house the camp, his roof-tree the sky that covers all;

His seat of state the saddle; his robe a shirt of mail;
His court a thousand Rajputs close at his stallion's tail.

Not less was Soorj a Rajah because no crown he wore
Save the grim helm of iron with sword-marks dinted o'er;

Because he grasped no sceptre save the sharp tulwar,
made
Of steel that fell from heaven,—for 'twas Indra
forged that blade!

And many a starless midnight the shout of "Soorj Dehu"
Broke up with spear and matchlock the Muslim's "Illahu."

And many a day of battle, upon the Muslim proud
Fell Soorj, as Indra's lightning falls from the silent cloud.

Nor ever shot nor arrow, nor spear, nor slinger's stone,
Could pierce the mail that Nella the Ranee buckled on;

But traitor's subtle tongue-thrust through fence of steel can break,

And Soorj was taken sleeping, whom none had ta'en awake.

Then at the noon, in durbar, swore fiercely Shureef Khan
That Soorj should die in torment, or live a Mussulman.
But Soorj laughed lightly at him, and answered,
"Work your will!
The last breath of my body shall curse your prophet still."

With words of insult shameful, and deeds of cruel kind,
They vexed that Rajput's body, but never moved his mind.

And one is come who sayeth, "Ho! Rajputs! Soorj is bound;
Your lord is caged and baited by Shureef Khan, the bound.

"The Khan hath caught and chained him, like a beast, in iron cage,
And all the camp of Islam spends on him spite and rage."

"All day the coward Muslims spend on him rage and spite;
If ye have thought to help him, 'twere good ye go to-night."

Up sprang a hundred horsemen, flashed in each hand a sword;
In each heart burned the gladness of dying for their lord.

Up rose each Rajput rider, and buckled on with speed.
The bridle-chain and breast-cord, and the saddle of his steed.

But unto none sad Neila gave word to mount and ride;
Only she called the brothers of Soorj unto her side,

And said, "Take order straightway to seek this camp with me."
If love and craft can conquer, a thousand is as three.

"If love be weak to save him, Soorj dies—and ye return,
For where a Rajput dieth, the Rajput widows burn."

Thereat the Ranee Neila unbraid from her hair
The pearls as great as Kashmir grapes Soorj gave his wife to wear;

And all across her bosoms—like lotus buds to see—
She wrapped the tinselled sari of a dancing Kunchenee;

And fastened on her ankles the hundred silver bells
To whose light laugh of music the Nautch-girl darts and dwells.

And all in dress a Nautch-girl, but all in heart a queen,
She set her foot to stirrup with a sad and settled mien.

Only one thing she carried no Kunchenee should bear,
The knife between her bosoms;—ho, Shureef! have a care!

All day lay Soorj the Rajput in Shureef's iron cage,
All day the coward Muslims spent on him spite and rage.

With bitter cruel torments, and deeds of shameful kind,
They racked and broke his body, but could not shake his mind.

And only at the Azan, when all their worst was vain,
They left him, like dogs slinking from a lion in his pain.

No meat nor drink they gave him through all that burning day,
And done to death, but scornful, at twilight time he lay,

So when the gem of Shiva uprose, the shining moon,
Soorj spake unto his spirit, "The end is coming soon."

"I would the end might hasten, could Neila only know—
What is that Nautch-girl singing, with voice so known and low?

"Singing beneath the cage-bars the song of love and fear"
My Neila sang at parting!—what doth that Nautch-girl here?

"Whence comes she by the music of Neila's tender strain,
She, in that shameless tinsel?—O Nautch-girl, sing again!"

"Ah, Soorj!"—so followed answer—"here thine own Neila stands,
Faithful in life and death alike. Look up, and take my hands!"

"Speak low, lest the guard hear us;—to-night, if thou must die,
Shureef shall have no triumph, but bear thee company."

Then the chief laid his pale lips upon the little palm,
And sank down with a smile of love, his face all glad and calm;

And through the cage-bars Neila felt the brave heart stop fast.

"O Soorj!" she cried "I follow! have patience to the last."

She turned and went. "Who passes?" challenged the Mussulman.

"A Nautch-girl, I."—"What seek'st thou?"—"The presence of the Khan."

"Ask if the high chief-captain be pleased to hear me sing."

And Shureef, full of feasting, the Kunchenee bade bring.

Then all before the Muslims, aflame with lawless wine,
Entered the Ranee Neila, in grace and face divine;

And all before the Muslims, wagging their goatish chins,

The Rajput Princess set her to the "bee-dance," that begins.

"If my love loved me, he should be a bee,
I the yellow champak, love the honey of me."

All the wreathed movements danced she of that dance;
Not a step she slighted, not wavered on glance;

Sang the melting music, swayed the languorous limb,
Shureef's drunken heart beat—Shureef's eyes waxed dim.

From his finger Shureef loosed an Ormuz pearl—
"By the Prophet," quoth he, "'tis a winsome girl!"

"Take this ring, and, prithee, come and have thy pay.
I would hear at leisure more of such a lay."

Glared his eyes on her eyes, passing o'er the plain,
Glared at the tent-purdah—never glared again!

Never opened after unto gaze or glance
Eyes that saw a Rajput dance a shameful dance;

For the kiss she gave him was his first and last—
Kiss of dagger, driven to his heart, and past.

At her feet he wallowed, choked with wicked blood
In his breast the katar quivered where it stood,

At the hilt his fingers vainly, wildly, try;
Then they stiffen feebly—die, thou slayer, die!

From his jewelled scabbard drew the Shureef's sword,
Cut atwain the neck-bone of the Muslim lord.

Underneath the starlight,—sooth a sight of dread!—
Like the goddess Kali, comes she with the head,

Comes to where her brothers guard their murdered chief.
All the camp is silent, but the night is brief.

At his feet she flings it, flings her burden vile:
"Soorj, I keep my promise! Brothers, build the pile!"

They have built it, set it, all as Rajputs do,
From the cage of iron taken Soorj Dehu,

In the lap of Neila, seated on the pile,
Laid his head—she radiant, like a queen the while.

Then the lamp is lighted, and the ghee is poured:
"Soorj, we burn together: O my love, my lord!"

In the flame and crackle dies her tender tongue,
Dies the Ranee, truest, all true wives among.

At the morn a clamor runs from tent to tent,
Like the wild geese cackling when the day is spent.

"Shureef Khan lies headless! gone is Soorj Dehu!
And the wandering Nautch-girl, who has seen her, who?"

This but know the sentries; at the breath of dawn
Forth there fared two horsemen; by the first was borne

The urn of clay, the vessel that Rajputs use to bring
The ashes of dead kinsmen to Gunga's holy spring.



News and Notes.

"You cannot treasure up too carefully good and beautiful thoughts, for they will colour your whole life."

—In the Editorial Note in last month's issue, announcing the marriage of Miss Chunder Mukhi Bose, M.A., we regret a Printer's error in the name of her husband. It should have been Mr. Keshavanand Mumgain.

—The German Empress last year distributed no fewer than one hundred and seventy-six gold crosses to women for forty years' faithful service in the same family. At the same time nearly three hundred midwives were presented to. Her Majesty with gold brooches for forty years' activity in their vocation.

—A cafe, to be run by women for women only is to be opened in Berlin, and a hotel for women only has just been opened in New York. Many prominent Americans are interested in the project, among them being Miss Helen Gould and Mr. J. D. Rockefeller. The Martha Washington Hotel contains four hundred single rooms and suites, which are to be let by the week at rents varying from twelve shillings to three pounds.

—A young Esquimaux girl has recently arrived at San Francisco in order to attend school. She is known as the "Kongrouche Queen," and is from far away Alaska. This young girl has been long known as the miners' friend, for, when footsore and weary, miners always found a warm welcome in the Esquimaux hut. The most wonderful thing the young woman saw in California was an automobile, which she believed was propelled by dogs inside.

—Special interest attaches to the article on "Women's College at Cambridge" by Mrs. Adam, which we publish in this issue of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*. Mrs. Adam, who is the wife of Dr. Adam of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, passed the honours examination in classics with many distinctions out of Girton College, and she still keeps up her connection with it by lecturing to the students on classical and philosophical subjects. We hope our readers will have the privilege of perusing other contributions from her pen.

—The mother of the great Napoleon was a remarkable woman. "My excellent mother," said the Emperor once during his days of exile, "is a woman of courage and of great talent, more of a masculine than a feminine nature, proud and high-minded. She is capable of doing everything for me. I allowed her a million a year, besides a palace, and made her many presents. To the manner in which she formed me at an early age I principally owe my subsequent elevation. My opinion is that the future good or bad conduct of a child entirely depends upon the mother."

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Acknowledgments for July.

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THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Vol. III.

AUGUST, 1903.

No. 2.

A THOUGHT.

And once I read within an ancient tome—
Whose every page was jewelled with the art
Of limner, and was writ in script of some
Far eastern scribe—the strange mysterious part
We play upon this one of many spheres,
That gild the universe with starry dust.
"Life is," so ran the text, "a sea of tears
Whose waves are sin, which every vessel must
Voyage to reach the shores of Death. Beyond
New lives and changes. In the dim before
A kingdom lost in some fair star; so bound
Of life corporeal chaineth to earth's shore,
Until we expiate our fault. And then
The gates that closed on us from aeons vast
And numberless, shall open to welcome men
Who ruled as angels in the far off past."
Yet who can tell what was, or what will be?
Too few will ponder on what is. Oh, trust,
My brother, in the God that loveth thee,
Trust, and thou shalt find immortality
Writ large upon the palm of death in dust.

W. G. K.

A PERSONAL INTERVIEW WITH MISS HELEN KELLER.



FOLLOWING the delightful sketch of the life of Miss Helen Keller in the May number of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*, it may interest your readers to hear from one who has just been privileged to meet her personally in her own home at Cambridge, Mass., where she is just finishing her course at Radcliffe College.

She was brought in by her teacher, Miss Sullivan, and coming directly toward us said in welcome, in a bright and cordial way, "I am very pleased to meet you."

We sat upon a couch together and Miss Sullivan read the conversation into her hand, but she replied in vocal speech which was not, however, altogether intelligible to a stranger though her friends seem to understand her quite readily. Her face becomes animated in conversation and her file of quick perception gives it a look of rare sweetness and intelligence. She even laughs aloud and seems actually to hear and see all that is going on through that wonderfully sensitive hand of hers.

She was much interested to hear of India and asked particularly of Bombay and its people, mentioning the Parsis and speaking of them as a most interesting people. Her conversation showed how wide her reading and instruction had been and reflected as great credit upon her wonderful teacher as upon herself. During these last days of her college course, Miss Sullivan assured us that she was very busy preparing for her examinations, for every one of which her teacher must read for hours into her hand, but at the actual examination she is not allowed to be present.

Most of her papers are prepared on the type writer and presented without one erasure or correction. Her rooms are delightfully arranged with flowers and pictures, the most prominent of which is perhaps the face of her devoted friend and spiritual adviser, Phillips Brooks. The book shelves, reaching to the ceiling, are filled with ponderous volumes in Braille which is her favorite system, though she reads other systems with ease.

A beautiful and valuable dog, which had been presented to her, came bounding into the room. He is her great pet and companion.

As Miss Sullivan was called from the room for a few moments, she placed her hand upon our lips and we continued the conversation, she reading our speech from the motions of the lips and the scales of the throat. So wonderfully delicate and sensitive is her touch!

She asked about the school for the Blind in Bombay and rejoiced that such a work had been begun. Upon our departure she handed us a beautiful letter written to the Bombay blind children with her own hands upon her type writer and signed in pencil.

In confidence that it will be of interest to your readers, we herewith enclose a copy.

"DEAR FRIENDS,

I am sending you a message by Miss Millard, because my heart goes out to you most tenderly. I know the darkness which you see, and I feel through sympathy the sorrow that you have known.

But now God's loving kindness has found you, and you will be happy in your school and in the knowledge that you are His children. The light of love is shining upon you as it shone upon me, when Miss Sullivan, my dear teacher, came to me and opened the eyes of my mind, so that I saw many strange and wonderful things. You shall see these wonders too. Your finger tips shall open to you the world of beauty and goodness. By touch you shall share in the work of the world. I am deaf as well as blind, but I am very happy. Do not be discouraged if you find difficulties in your way. One obstacle surmounted makes all the others easier.

If we put our hands in God's Hand will lead us safely and we shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Your loving friend,

HELEN KELLER."

May, 1903.

Could any thing be more inspiring than this and should it not bring a blush of shame to the cheek of every one of us who, endowed with every faculty, are still so often discouraged and willing to accomplish so little in the world?

Shall we not then follow the inspiring example of Miss Helen Keller and "Do with our might what our hands find to do."

ANNA L. MILLARD.

New York, June 19th, 1903.

Social Intercourse between English and Indian Ladies.

[BY AN ENGLISH LADY.]



DO not think that Indian ladies realise, from our point of view, the difficulties there are to be overcome before English and Indian ladies can mix freely as friends.

Taking, as examples of the general feeling, amongst

Indian ladies, the two short articles under the above heading in the June number of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*, I personally find their way of looking at the whole subject quite a different one from mine, for instance.

Both these articles dwell on the superiority we English show towards Indians, and our habits of looking down on the natives altogether. Well, this is not really at all just, we do not "look down on the natives in general," but we do feel that where we can help those in need of aid, we should much like to do so. I know at least half a dozen Indian ladies amongst my small circle of acquaintances, to whom I look up with great respect for their learning and general culture. Yet there are many, and how sadly many, on whom I look with profound pity. But I do not look down on them, I pity and long to help them; still I think that till they are educated to meet the requirements of a general intercourse with their more cultured European and Indian sisters, they must be treated as children.

'A Parsi Lady' writes:—"A modern Parsi lady is quite equal to the ordinary social duties altogether of meeting the English ladies on an equal footing, but how many are there in a large place like Bombay who are treated as friends or equals by English ladies." Yes, she, the Parsi lady, is probably able to do all your contributor says, as far as intercourse with her own sex goes, but what happens when the intercourse, as it is bound to do with Europeans, includes the mixing of the sexes? And 'there's the rub'; it is more largely due, than you think, to the way the generality of Indian husbands

treat their wives, that the mingling of Europeans and Indians is not more free and happy. I ask an Indian friend in to tea, my husband comes in, as is natural in his own house, and in nine cases out of ten, absolute silence, or a general freezing up of all conversation is the result.

Then I think, as an 'Indian lady' writes of zenana ladies and missionaries, that the subject of religion is a great drawback between us; the intercourse between zenana ladies and missionaries is bound to be a different sort to that enjoyed between the ordinary English and Indian women, who have no desire to convert the Indian to their ways of thinking. No Indian lady, if she can help it, I find, ever mentions anything of her religion; it may be because she fears attempts at conversion, but just think what a subject of interest that cuts off!

Personally nothing interests me more than different views on religious questions; think how much we might benefit each other in this way, because especially with the Indian woman, religion must occupy a very big share of her thoughts.

I have often discussed religion with Mohamadan, Parsi and Hindu men, but never once has the subject been broached between an Indian lady and me.

First to learn to know each other, we must exchange thoughts; on what subjects have we thoughts in common? Outside the few who have studied deeply, of what do Indian ladies think? Their religion—that has already been discussed; their children—that is always a bond of sympathy between any two women of whatever creed, colour or position all the world over; their neighbours, and the English ladies around,—but loyalty forbids us to discuss our neighbour with a person we hardly know, whether European or Indian; on principle I never do it, it leads to grave errors.

And have we anything else left? Yes, perhaps something of purely topical interest, a gymkhana or native gathering, which is so soon exhausted, and then where are we?

Do you love scenery, as most, (not all though by far,) of us do, do you take an interest in the garden, in your flowers, in the beautiful things of nature one sees everywhere, in animals, in

art, in books, or any of the thousands of things we English love? No, for you never talk of them, or at least so my experience teaches me; and I think till you learn to know many of the numerous things, whose knowledge has been our heirloom from generations of educated ancestors, I do not believe, except in a few exceptional cases, where the Indian lady is really educated, and not only learned, that intercourse between us two different kinds of women can ever be perfect. But let us not therefore assume that intercourse is to be discouraged, no, for both our sakes, I think it ought to be fostered to its utmost, for the good of us both. But how?

Well, I tried inviting Indian and English ladies if they cared to come, once a week to my house, not preparing any set amusements for them, but making it what we call a "tea-party,"—and the result? For three weeks all went well, curiosity brought almost as many as were able to come; and then, even after expressing 'their happiness and desire to come again,' not one of the original party has returned. I expressed my willingness and pleasure to visit one of these ladies, but as the lady said she would fix a date, and has not yet done so, I am led to believe she never did want me to visit her. And so there is another failure to add to the probable many gone before, and can any one explain why? It was not the language question that was the difficulty; I speak Hindustani, three or four of those present spoke English well, and the one or two remaining joined in the conversation through their friends, who explained things to them in their own vernacular. I fear it was the want of common interests, but then how is this to be rectified?

I have to spend a good many more years in India, and I should be heartily sorry did I think that the result of all endeavours to exchange friendliness were to end like the above example, but I know that is not so by the successes I have heard of, and the one or two I myself have been happy to accomplish.

(Do you note, I say "exchange friendliness" and not "give," the give and take must be mutual, otherwise it is useless.)

But Indian ladies should tell us what we are to do, and how to do it, if our present efforts are all

at fault, as you practically acknowledge they are. Give us your advice, and then if we do not take it, blame us; but do not do so till you have thought of all the difficulties on our, as well as your, side, and how best they can be overcome.

Above all forget the 'Shibboleth' of a 'conqueror and the conquered'; it never enters the mind of any true gentleman or woman when associating with Indians,—also give many of us the credit for trying our best, which I do not think you do now.

HOW ENGLISH GIRLS LIVE.

THE PHILANTHROPIC GIRL.—VI.

(By Miss M. C. SIDGWICK).

Another branch of work in which the Philanthropic Girl can interest herself, is that of a Society for befriending young servants, known as the M. A. B. Y. S., and many are the curious experiences that a worker in this Society may have. The M. A. B. Y. S. has several offices in different parts of London, to which mistresses in want of servants, and servants in want of situations can apply. When these are suited however the work of the M. A. B. Y. S. is by no means over, for the young servant has to be watched and guarded in her new career. First of all a visitor is sent to her new home, who politely asks to be allowed to see the bed-rooms in which the servants are to sleep, for the kind of people who engage their servants through the Mabys are often not very careful of their welfare. They are of the lower middle class, such as clerks, tradesmen or artisans, and often keep only one maid of all work, who but for the Mabys would often find life a very sad affair indeed. Sometimes the mistress refuses to allow her servants' quarters to be inspected; sometimes the visitor is taken into a draughty attic with no fireplace, lighted by a small skylight; the creaking wooden floor is uncarpeted and full of holes; a small table, a mattress on the floor and a chair comprise the furniture, and she is told that this is where the servant is to sleep. Or perhaps she is to share a small room and bed with two other servants, or she is to sleep in a dark cupboard-like room with no ventilation at all, in the basement. In any of these cases, the servant is strongly advised not to take the place and another is found for her instead. Another duty of a Mabys worker is to visit a servant when she

is established in her place every few months to see if she is well and happy. Some mistresses resent these visits very much, thinking that it is an encroachment upon their rights and have even refused the visitor entrance. Others welcome the visitor gladly and give forth a long list of grievances and complaints about the servant. The visitor often has to act as a mediator between mistress and maid, who stand one on each side of her, the mistress relating the misdemeanours of the poor little maid, and she as volubly defending herself.

A Mabys visitor must have a great deal of tact and patience. If she is to perform her part successfully, she must appear to sympathise with the mistress, though all her real sympathies may be with the poor little maid of all work, who, if this appeared for a moment would be in far worse case than before. She has to soothe and calm them both down, and when she sees them separately, she must gently remind the mistress, that Betsy, or Mary Ann, is but fourteen years old, and that although it was no doubt annoying that she over-slept herself yesterday, and broke a dish this morning and left dust on the parlour bookshelf and left the pie too long in the oven, still we must remember that she has a good many things to do, considering that she is cook, and housemaid and nurse to Mrs. R.—'s four children, and we cannot expect to find old heads on young shoulders, etc., etc. Then on the other hand, Betsy must be carefully admonished to keep herself clean and tidy, not to answer again when Mrs. R.—scolds her, not to slap the baby when it cries, and always to speak the truth. The Mabys visitor must report this, and all the cases she visits, at headquarters, and keep a watch over Betsy to see whether life is really too difficult for her, or whether she can survive the struggle and be none the worse. That much to be pitied class—the maid of all work, from whom everything is expected, and so very little given in return, should find in the Mabys, not only a means of getting employment but a refuge in emergency, and a champion in trouble. The standards of Mabys work vary considerably; some consider that their duty only consists in finding situations for the servants who apply to them, and that no further trouble need be taken about them. Others try to keep in touch with the servant long after she has ceased to ask for their help. It is a work that if properly undertaken is always multiplying itself a thousandfold. It offers great attractions to the Philanthropic Girl, for it demands in its workers all the qualities that are peculiar to her race. It calls for tact, unselfishness, practical commonsense, and methodical application to detail, and it offers in return, a wide study

of human nature, from whose book alone the ripe fruits of Wisdom may be culled.

Among the many schemes for helping the poor, the Charity Organisation Society plays a leading part; and, as it is a work in which the Philanthropic Girl interests herself deeply, I must not omit a short description of its aims, methods, and results in these pages.

The C. O. S. (as it is called by its followers) deals with yet another class to any we have been considering. It does not confine itself to children and servant girls. Its aim is to help the deserving poor, and though all kinds get caught in its net, they are carefully sifted out, and only those who are suffering through the force of circumstances, and through no fault of their own, are helped to recover their self-respect, and once more play their part in life's battle.

The C. O. S. was founded about thirty-five years ago by five men, namely, Lord Lichfield, Dr. Hanksby, Mr. Hicks, Mr. Alsagar Hay Hill, and Mr. Wilkinson. Since that time it has extended itself widely. There are now more than forty offices in London, and it is represented in most of the big towns.

As we have before stated, the object of the Society is simply this, to help the poor to help themselves, and it is entirely opposed to the system of small doles, and pauperisation, which only degrades, instead of helping them. It will be seen therefore that the standard for such work is very high. But, it may be asked, what part does the Philanthropic girl play in this somewhat complicated scheme of benevolence? Surely she cannot jump straightaway into the position of a Secretary, for whom, as we have just seen, so much experience and training is required. There is plenty for her to do nevertheless, and work too of a very varied and educational kind. She has to play the part of a Helper, an assistant under the Secretary; she must do whatever that potentate tells her, and leave herself entirely in their hands.

The C. O. S. never goes out to seek the poor. Those who want its help must come and ask. A poor person who comes to the office in this way is described as an "applicant"—one who applies for something. When the applicant arrives, the most important part of the whole work begins; some one has to listen to this person, woman, man or child, find out exactly what he or she wants, why they want it, how they came to be in such a position, all the circumstances of their past and present history, in fact everything about them, and write it all down upon a printed paper. This is called "taking down a recipient." The Society consists of a Secre-

tary and a Committee. The Committee meets once or twice a week, and the various cases in hand are discussed and their treatment decided upon. The Secretary's position is extremely responsible. It is held by either a man or a woman and all real power lies in their hands, for while the Committee talk a great deal and have the nominal settling of affairs, the Secretary, if he (or she) is popular and up to his work, can influence them to any extent he pleases.

The following are some of the qualities that go to make up a good C. O. S. Secretary. They apply of

course to man or woman alike. They must have great powers of penetration of character, quick wits, wide sympathies, and a clear judgment. They must be well versed in every point of Poor Law Legislation, and must know all about the working of other existing charities. They must be attractive in appearance and able to make friends of what might otherwise prove dangerous enemies, and to embue the young workers under them with the ardour and enthusiasm, that they must themselves feel. A man must have a high order of intellect and a woman's heart. A woman must be womanly in the best sense of the word, and have a man's brain and it must be done in such a tactful way, that the applicant will not resent having all his private affairs raked up. This work is done only by the advanced and skilful "helpers," and sometimes only the Secretary undertakes it. Then the applicant is sent away and told that he shall be informed in a few days whether he can be helped or not. Generally two or three more have arrived by that time, women with babies in their arms perhaps, or unhappy looking men, and are sitting about in the little room reserved for them to wait in. Perhaps a mother wants spectacles for her boy and cannot afford to get them, or a man is out of work and wants a loan of money to help him over the slack time, or some one else wants a letter for a convalescent Home. Many and various are their petitions, from a pension for life to a pair of boots, and all have to be carefully listened to and enquired about. Now comes the work of the Philanthropic girl. Each case has to be separately dealt with, and a vast amount of fresh information obtained, before it is considered ready to be talked about at the Committee meeting. Letters of enquiry have to be written to all the addresses that the applicant has given; his home has to be visited, his wife seen, his landlady perhaps, or a past employer, or his relation. All this work the Philanthropic girl can do. Then she comes back to the office laden with fresh information and writes it all down upon the "case paper"

as it is called, upon which the applicant first had his case taken down. These documents swell gradually until sometimes they are quite four inches thick. The Philanthropic girl does not work upon only one case at a time; she visits several in the course of one pilgrimage. Some are old cases that have to be revisited periodically to see that they are going on happily. Some are pension cases, these are certain families who are allowed a small sum of money every week. This is only granted on the most convincing proofs of former lives of thrift and hard work. So that the pension is always sure to be deserved, when it is administered through the hands of the C. O. S. Inside the office there is unlimited work for the Philanthropic girl. Letters and reports, enquiries and accounts, all the work connected with the busy routine of office life, is going on and her help is eagerly welcomed. It is a work which demands all her energies and all her wits. She must be "on the spot," in every sense of the word. Her memory, her intelligence, her powers of resource, of imagination are all called into play. Then too she must be able to compose a difficult letter, to write a short account of a person's life in clear concise language, to put a novel in a nutshell as it were. She must be methodical and tidy in her work, punctual and accurate in her habits and besides all this, she must have an elasticity of character, a margin of unsuspected power both to do, and to love, that will enable her to grasp a situation, or penetrate an unforeseen difficulty, and will protect her from sinking into the narrow groove, bounded by ruler and ledger. That is the danger that besets a life devoted to the work of the Charity Organisation Society.

And what are the results of this work? How does it help the poor to help themselves? Does it in truth teach them self-respect and self-reliance? In many cases Yes; but to those who refuse to see their point of view, No. To the sober and practical, in time of need, it is of immense value. It sends away their sons and daughters to convalescent homes, it makes loans of money in time of distress, it provides elastic stockings, spectacles and boots for the aged, and the children. It insists that the best persons to support the old folk are their own relations, and that while these can help to maintain them, no one else shall undertake the duty for them. But to that great mass of poverty stricken individuals, who trade upon their position, and shirk opportunities of work, when they present themselves, to the drunkard, the thriftless and the improvident, the C. O. S. is a terror and a bugbear. Its aim is not Reform, but Re-establishment. It seeks not to proselytize nor convert, but to lend a helping hand to the

deserving and yet unfortunate in life's battle, and set them once more marching steadily along the high road.

I will close this series with a short sketch of a Philanthropic girl of an extreme type, as it may serve to bring her more vividly before the eyes of my readers, than a mere account of her work can do.

A Modern Philanthropist.

Among the upper middle class girls, there is a certain section who have grown tired of the trivial round of shopping and paying calls, (all that is considered necessary in the life of a fashionable girl) and have taken up instead what they somewhat widely call "poor work." These ladies have grouped themselves into colonies known as "Settlements;" which may be found in various poor districts of London. It is my purpose here to describe a Settlement lady of an extreme type, but I do not wish the reader to imagine that they are all cast in the same mould. For convenience sake we will call her Miss Bushton. She is seldom addressed by her Christian name, and only a few of her most intimate friends know what it is.

In appearance Miss Bushton is of medium height, and very thin. Her figure is naturally good, but she wears bad corsets, and has an habitual stoop. Her complexion is of that dull unhealthy hue seen in people who live much indoors. Her pretty curly hair is strained tightly back revealing a well developed forehead, and is twisted into a small hard knot behind. Her dress is of the plainest description. Her habitual costume consists of a flannel shirt, a very short skirt, square toed boots. When she goes out, a hard, felt hat, and a badly cut Jacket are added. Miss Bushton's expression would be pleasing were it not for a harassed look that never leaves her. She has the air of one who seeks but cannot find, and is always trying to attain something just beyond her grasp. She comes down to breakfast with it, it gradually deepens as the day goes on. Her first care on coming in to breakfast is to see that the kettle is boiling and that the tea is freshly made, tea is her staff of life, without it she would have succumbed long ago. She eats her toast in silence reading her letters the while, and only raising her eyes to ask her neighbours to pass her things.

During the morning she may be seen hurrying along mean and squalid streets with the quick shuffling step peculiar to her kind; she carries a basket and several little books and the harassed expression is steadily growing. When Miss Bushton enters one of the houses in her district, she invariably assumes a smile and, however ill and tired she may be feeling, utters in a high pitched and extremely cheerful voice, a never varying formula: "Well Mrs. S...and how are

you to-day, you don't look very well, oh" (in answer to a long list of grievances) "I am sorry to hear that &c." For the time being the pucker has left her brow, but the seeking expression is still in her eyes.

In the afternoon, she attends lecture committee meetings. A veil, a clean collar and a fresh pair of gloves are added to her costume and the basket is exchanged for a note book and pencil.

In the evening she is very tired, but the hard part of the day has yet to come. After a dinner eaten very fast and washed down with hot water, she sallies forth again to her evening classes, where under glowing gas jets, she teaches young shopmen mathematics, and factory girls how to sing and dance.

Is Miss Bushton happy as she closes her eyes at night in her little hard bed? She is too tired to think whether she is happy or not, and this (though she does not know it) is the reason that she has chosen, and continues, her present life. There has come to her a time when not to think was a necessity, and that need is satisfied by the life she leads: violent physical exercise, and work which aims at something outside of and beyond her own personal cares and vexations leaves no time or place for superfluous thought.

The Story of the Great War.

By "I. C. S."



THE two principal poems in Sanscrit are the Mahābhārat (or the Great War) and the Rāmāyana. The former is ascribed to the poet Vyāsa, and was probably written in the fourteenth century before Christ. The Rāmāyana was written by Valmiki, and is in all probability of a still later date. Whenever the authors of these poems lived, it is evident from the context of them, that the Rāmāyana relates the history of events of greater antiquity than those narrated in the Mahābhārat. In the Rāmāyana a simpler state of society is depicted, and a more general purity of manners. The Mahābhārat appears, on the other hand, to narrate the events which led to the breaking up of a great kingdom, consequent on the introduction of wickedness and excess. It was owing to the "Great War" that the kingdom, founded by Rama, the hero of the Rāmāyana, was broken up and divided into the numerous petty states, which for so many centuries have been the cause of India's weakness,

and have placed her at the mercy of so many conquerors.

The plot of the Mahābhārata is as follows:—Yudhishtara was the king of the Pandu kings. At a large entertainment given by him in his castle, he begins to play with his cousin Duryodhana, at a game, which, from the description, would appear to have been dice, though it is not improbable that there was more skill in it than we understand from the same game. Yudhishtara is most unfortunate; he loses at each successive throw, and one is almost led to imagine that his cousin had clogged or tampered with the dice. Yudhishtara stakes his horses, his jewels, his treasures, his kingdom, the freedom of his brothers, and at last his own liberty; but each stake in succession is lost. At length he stakes his wife, Draupadi, and again he loses. Draupadi is summoned, but she at first refuses to come, and is at last brutally dragged into the banqueting-hall by the hair. There she is told that she has become the property of Duryodhana, but she at once refuses to obey her new master, and argues, that as her husband had already lost himself before he had staked her, he was only a slave of the winner, and possessed of nothing. Being possessed of nothing, he had nothing to stake; and the wager in which she was concerned is not therefore binding. This nice point is referred to the winner for arbitration, and he gives it against himself, and allows Draupadi to go free. Yudhishtara, with his wife and followers, then go into banishment, and Duryodhana takes possession of the vacant throne.

Before many years have passed, the banished king grew tired of his exile. His friends urged upon him that Duryodhana had made use of foul play, and he therefore makes an attempt to regain his throne. It is the war which follows which forms the subject of the poem. It has the regular Homeric ring, and the poem rolls on majestically to the sound of trumpets and war-horses.

Throughout the poem, the side of Yudhishtara is distinguished for its cunning and its stratagems; whilst that of Duryodhana has heroes of a more manly and honest mould, who, however, fall victims to the wiles employed by their opponents, the Pandus. As in Homeric conflicts, the principal part of the fight is borne by the chiefs on either side, and each hero has some favouring deity. Until the chiefs meet each other, any one of them individually appears to be irresistible. He slaughters far and near in the opposing ranks, until at last he meets with a hero of his own calibre. The others then form a ring, and leave the two mighty ones to fight it out, whilst they look on with interest.

The fighting is supposed to extend over nine days, and has more the character of one continuous battle than of a prolonged war. At the close of each day, the warriors return to their respective camps, discuss the events of the day, and agree as to the tactics of the morrow. At first the side of Duryodhana is successful, owing principally to the prowess of Bhishma. The position of Bhishma is a very peculiar one. He was the only son and heir of Santanu, the former king. Santanu, however, fell in love with the daughter of the King of the Fishermen. Her father refused to allow his daughter to marry Santanu, unless the kingdom should pass to her children. This, however, Santanu refused to promise, for he was mindful of his son Bhishma's rights. Santanu, disappointed of his bride, became sick from love, and pined away. The cause of his grief became known to Bhishma, who then went to the King of the Fishermen, and promised that he would waive his claim to the throne, on condition that the maid his father loved should be given to him.

"I can believe you," replied the girl's father; "but should you ever marry, and have children, how do I know that your sons will not claim it?"

"Then," said Bhishma, "I promise never to marry, so that no son of mine may stand in the way of your daughter or of her children."

Upon this the father consented to give his daughter to Santanu. From this union was born a son, who was married to two wives. The young king died early, but a posthumous son was born to each of his wives, and from these two sprang the race of the Kurus and the Pandus. The young children, and their sons again, were brought up by their uncle Bhishma, and the two leaders of the rival armies were equally related to, and beloved by, this grey-headed hero. Other complications make the relationship of Bhishma a still closer one, but the foregoing is sufficient to show the difficult position in which he was placed. Though his age must have been great, he was still the bravest warrior of the two armies. He who had taught the chiefs of either side how to use their weapons was still invincible. At first he endeavoured to arrange matters between the two cousins, so that the dreadful consequences of a civil war might be avoided. The side he at length declared for was that of Duryodhana, but all his speeches in favour of peace were rejected by the fiery young spirits who assembled in the council chamber. One of these chieftains, by name Karna, plays afterwards a most prominent rôle. He appears as the most gifted and the most brilliant of all the Kuru warriors. Karna's birth is wrapped in mystery. His childhood was protected by a charioteer, but it was alleged

that this was Karna's fosterfather, only, who had found the child, and then brought him up. Karna is said to have been born with a golden breastplate and rings of gold in his ears, which possessed the virtue of making the wearer invulnerable; and which caused most people to think that a child born with such divine gifts could have no base or ignoble parentage. Karna replies to Bhishma's speech in favour of peace, by insinuating that he is jealous of the younger chieftains, and that he fears that in a conflict their younger deeds will outshine his now weakened valour. To this Bhishma retorts, that so unworthy a remark proves the author of it to be a base-born churl, and adds such words of biting sarcasm that Karna loses his temper, and vows that he will never more fight with Bhishma, and that as long as that veteran commands the army of Duryodhana, he will remain in the camp. Besides this, he declares that he has been so insulted at Duryodhana's council table, that unless the king himself comes to him and entreats him to do so, he will not fight at all, whether Bhishma is in the field or not. With this he leaves the council and withdraws to his own encampment, where for some days he remains in a state of sullenness. In the meantime the daily conflict goes on, and Bhishma is invincible. The love, however, which he has for the royal house, of which the members are Pandus equally as Kurus, induces him to spare the chiefs of Yudhishtara's forces, and to confine his slaughter to the lower ranks. Nor is he prevented in this: the Pandus know the prowess of his arm, nor do any of them, like Karna, affect to despise him. They are only too glad to be treated leniently by him, and aware of the division in the Kuru camp, they resolve to wait until some fortunate chance removes Bhishma before they engage with Karna.

Duryodhana, in the meantime, is disappointed by Bhishma's clemency. He can understand the reason of it, but he feels that as long as the chiefs of the Pandus are spared, there is but little hope of victory being complete. He accordingly resolves to conciliate Karna, who after Bhishma, is the mightiest warrior in his army, and who is actuated by less humane motives than the veteran. Duryodhana therefore humbles himself so far as to go in state to Karna's tent, and to implore him again to take an active part. Karna receives him kindly, acknowledges the honour paid him, but states that, bound by his vow, it is impossible for him to resume his sword as long as Bhishma is still in the field. He promises, however, that if on the morrow Duryodhana will persuade Bhishma to give to him (Karna) the command of the army, and himself to remain in the camp during the day, he will take a part in the fighting, and

endeavour to kill as many of the opposing heroes as possible. Duryodhana accordingly proceeds to Bhishma's tent and makes him this proposal, and tells him also the reason why he wishes him to accept it. As might be supposed, Bhishma is deeply wounded by the proposed change, and in order to clear himself from the suspicion of being lukewarm to his prince's cause, he declares that on the morrow he will spare none, that he will avoid no hero, and that he will destroy as many of the Pandu chiefs as come in his way. With this Duryodhana is obliged to be contented, and retires full of anxiety as to what the next day's fight will bring forth. Before he goes, however, Bhishma makes one exception. He states that he will not fight with Sikhandi under any circumstances whatever, because it was generally supposed that Sikhandi was a woman, whose sex had by divine interference been changed. He tells his reasons for crediting this rumour, and the story which follows forms one of the many interesting episodes of the poem, but which I shall abstain from introducing here.

In the meantime, the Pandus have not been idle. They knew of Bhishma's reluctance to meet Sikhandi, and Krishna had devised a stratagem by which this reluctance might be made use of. Krishna plays the part of a Ulysses throughout the poem. He is the charioteer of Arjuna, the principal of the Pandu heroes. He is always ready with some wily device, by which not only his master but also the whole army benefits.

Throughout the poem, the charioteers take a very prominent part. They are not so much their masters' servants as their companions, friends, and advisers. On their skill in driving depends, in a great measure, the success or defeat of their masters. A false turn of the reins would leave the warrior exposed, whereas skill and presence of mind in taking advantage of any mishap or bad driving of the opponent would render his success more easy. The stratagem of Krishna was as follows:—His master, Arjuna, should go into the fight in Sikhandi's chariot, and with Sikhandi's banner. He should endeavour to meet Bhishma, and when the latter should refuse to defend himself against the man he supposed to be but an unsexed woman, Arjuna was to take advantage of his defencelessness, and shoot him dead with his arrows. Krishna's advice was adopted; Arjuna put on Sikhandi's disguise, and went forth to meet Bhishma. The meeting took place on the day when Bhishma had promised the king that he would spare no one except Sikhandi. When he saw the banner of the supposed Sikhandi approach, and recognised the chariot and the horses, Bhishma threw down his bow and arrows,

and contemptuously exclaimed, that Sikhandi might shoot as long at him as he pleased, for no woman's hand had strength enough to hurt his tough old skin with an arrow. The advantage thus offered was eagerly seized. The false Sikhandi drew his bow, and discharged at Bhishma a volley of arrows, which only too surely hit their mark. Bhishma fell headlong from his chariot, exclaiming, "The arrows that have killed me were never shot by Sikhandi; they come from the bow of Arjuna." The chiefs on either side are respectively terrified and delighted at the fall of the veteran Bhishma. They gather around and the dying hero sees around him all the members of the family he has so faithfully served. With his last breath, Bhishma implores the cousins to forget their unhappy differences, and to put an end to the war, which can only end in their mutual ruin. Duryodhana is moved by his words, and after the hero has breathed his last, he offers Yudhishtara the half of the kingdom he had won from him at that fatal game of dice.

"What!" exclaims Yudhishtara; "shall I take the half of what now lies wholly in my grasp? The chief of your heroes is dead, and I shall gain an easy victory. I will have the whole or none."

Duryodhana, of course, refuses such terms as these; the passions of both sides are again excited to the utmost, and the two armies withdraw to their respective camps to consult upon the tactics of the morrow.

The Pandus now feel that their arms have a better chance of meeting with success; but still, though Bhishma is slain, there remains the redoubtable Karna, who is not only a mighty warrior, but is also said to be invulnerable, because of the breast-plate and rings of gold with which he was born. The mother of Arjuna feels that the meeting between him and her son is full of danger to the latter, and she resolves to try what a woman's voice can do to prevent it; for she fears that, now Bhishma is dead, this meeting is inevitable. Accordingly, she goes by stealth to Karna's tent, and tells him a long story, the upshot of which is, that, to hide her shame, she had deserted Karna (with the golden breast-plate and rings in which he had been born), who was afterwards found by the charioteer, who adopted and brought him up. After this, she married Arjuna's father, and now she implored Karna, since he was in reality Arjuna's brother, to refrain from meeting him, lest by any chance he should become a fratricide. Karna refuses to believe this story. He fancies that she knows that the Sun God is his protecting deity, and has therefore fabricated this legend, in order to avert the conflict with her son. Whether her story be true or not, he re-

solves to reject a mother who had been so unnatural as to desert her son, and Arjuna's mother retires from his tent disappointed in her hopes.

After this interview, Karna falls asleep, and in a dream the God of the Sun appears to him in the form of a Brahmin, and tells him that Indra, the chief of the gods, has determined to help the Pandus, and has therefore determined to come to him in the form of a Brahmin, since Karna had once sworn an oath never to refuse a Brahmin any request he might make, and to ask him to give him his breastplate and rings, the possession of which made him invulnerable to the Pandus' arrows. The Sun God advises Karna to give these, but tells him in return to ask for something, which he mentions, and which Indra will by honour be bound to bestow. Soon after this, a holy-looking Brahmin comes to Karna's tent, reminds him first of the oath to refuse no Brahmin's request, and then asks him to give him his golden breastplate and ear-rings. Karna replies that he will do so; but, in return, he asks the fictitious Brahmin to obtain for him the miraculous spear of Indra, which, whoever it may be thrown by, possesses the power of killing a hundred men; and then of returning to the hand that threw it. Indra, seeing himself discovered, is obliged to grant this request, but does so with this limitation. The spear when thrown shall kill one man only, and that one the man at whom it is aimed; it shall then return, not to the hand of the thrower, but to Indra himself. Karna accepts the spear on this condition, and knowing that there is no warrior in the Pandu army that can push him so hard as to compel him to relinquish for it his ordinary weapons, except Arjuna, resolves to keep this spear until he meets that hero. With this intent, Karna next day takes the field in command of the Kuru forces.

The Pandus, however, have been informed by their protecting deity, Indra, that the miraculous spear has come into Karna's possession. The wily Krishna, Arjuna's charioteer, easily persuades his master that it would be madness to meet Karna as long as he owns this spear. Krishna knows the limitation placed by Indra on his loan, and devises a stratagem by which Karna may be deprived of his spear without having used it on Arjuna. On the following day, when Karna comes into the field, Krishna avoids him; he drives Arjuna's chariot in an opposite direction, and allows Karna to deal death and destruction among the warriors of lesser mark. Karna is invincible; flushed with success, he fights his way through the Pandu ranks, and allows himself to be overtaken by evening before he attempts to fight his way back again. This is the moment

for which Krishna has been waiting. He seeks out one of the Pandu heroes, named Gatokatsha. This man was sprung from a giantess, and the episode narrating his birth is interesting. It reminds one of the days of Childe Roland and of the early Christian giantkillers. Gatokatsha, by virtue of his descent, possessed certain wonderful powers. During the daytime, he inherited from his father the ordinary powers and qualities of a man; at night, he was endued with the supernatural strength of a giant. During twilight, however, he enjoyed the virtues of both—the sagacity and knowledge of the man, and the superhuman strength of the giant. Him, accordingly, Krishna addresses; reminds him of the power he now possesses, and persuades him to attack Karna. The giant does not know that Karna possesses the wonderful spear, and is delighted with the thought that he will now achieve eternal fame for himself by the destruction of the Kuru hero. He rushes forward to meet Karna, and with little difficulty annihilates those who oppose his way. Karna, however, is surrounded by a band of warriors, some of them his dearest friends, who endeavour to protect him from accident. One of these attempts to oppose the giant's progress, but with a blow from his mace, Gatokatsha kills his chariot horses, and hurls him to the ground. The giant's arm is then raised to deal the death-blow, but Karna is near, and sees his friend's danger. He grasps the first weapon at hand; it is the spear of Indra, and he casts it at the giant. Gatokatsha falls mortally wounded, but then the spear rises to heaven, and is lost to Karna. After this both armies retire for the night.

Krishna is delighted at the success of his stratagem. The foe his master had most cause to fear is now almost defenceless. His invulnerable armour has been given away, and he has lost the spear he received in return for it. Now or never is the time for the meeting between him and his master. Arjuna, too, is convinced of this, and determines that on the following day he will meet Karna.

In the meantime, in the Kuru camp, there has been an animated council. The loss of the spear is known, and it is feared that Karna will not be able now to vanquish Arjuna. Karna, however, tries to console the chiefs. He tells them that though it is true that he has lost his spear and his armour, still he can now meet Arjuna on even terms, and he feels confidence that he will be able to conquer, though he is unaided by divine weapons. One request, however, Karna makes. He states that he has not a charioteer so skilful as Arjuna's servant Krishna, and he fears that in this respect

Arjuna may perhaps be able to gain some advantage; he therefore begs that the King of Madra will guide his chariot, for this prince has the reputation of being most skilful. The King of Madra at first rejects his proposal with scorn. "What!" he exclaimed, "shall I, a king, drive the coachman's son? No; let him drive himself." Urged, however, by Duryodhana and the other chiefs, the haughty prince at last consents, but does so with a bad grace, and with a heart full of wrath and jealousy.

The eventful morning at last dawns, and Salia, the King of Madra, commences his distasteful task. Karna at first tries to encourage him, and prophesies a victory and fame for both; but Salia retorts by comparing Karna to a jackal, that calls and howls and thinks itself a lion, and tells him that he will now find his level when he meets with Arjuna, a true hero, a lion. Karna answers kindly, and asks Salia to withhold his criticism until the meeting is over; but the angry king answers by telling him the often-quoted fable of the crow, which tried to compete with the swans in their flight across the ocean, and likens him to that vain-glorious bird. Stung by this, Karna reproaches Salia with the faithlessness of his nation, and tells him that he is worthy to be king of a people whose women sell their very children for a piece of silver. At this moment Arjuna's chariot approaches, but Salia, whose passion boils over at Karna's last taunt, pulls the reins on one side, and the wheels of the chariot stick in the bog. Karna sheds tears of mortification at this ignominious meeting which he had looked forward to with such longing, and springing from the chariot, he exclaims to Arjuna:

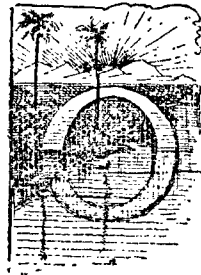
"I know, noble prince, that you are too honourable to take an unfair advantage even of a foe. Stay therefore a moment your hand until I lift this wheel from the mire, and then we will resume the fight like generous enemies!" Without waiting for an answer, he flings aside his bow, puts his shoulder to the wheel, and heaves at the motionless chariot. But, alas! he had trusted too far. The valiant Arjuna could not resist the temptation of an unarmed enemy. When Karna's back was turned, he seized his bow, and sent an arrow at him. The arrow wounded, but not fatally, and Karna, enraged at his opponent's unfaithfulness, seized in his turn his bow, and sent an arrow at Arjuna, which not only struck home, but brought down the Kuru warrior to the bottom of his chariot. Thinking there was yet time to draw out his chariot, Karna, disdaining to hit a fallen enemy, again put his shoulder to the wheel. Arjuna, however, recovers quickly (healed by some magic of his charioteer), grasps his bow

once more, and shoots Karna this time in the back. Karna falls, fatally wounded, and the valiant Arjuna remains the victor. The death of Karna is the signal for the defeat of the Kurus. The most are cut to pieces, and only a few manage to escape. Amongst these is Duryodhana, the leader. He escapes on horse-back, but, wearied and spiritless, he falls from his horse into a pool of water. Hidden by the rushes, he remains there the whole night, but is found the next morning by Yudhishtara and the principal surviving chiefs of the Pandus. Duryodhana challenges any of the heroes present to single combat with the mace, and Yudhishtara appoints Bhima as his champion, and agrees to abide by the issue of the combat, and consents that the victor be considered the conqueror in the war. This is by far the most chivalrous proposition that Yudhishtara makes throughout the poem, but is at the same time a very foolish one, for he has everything to lose and nothing to win in such a conflict. By those who surround him, and especially by Krishna, is this concession greatly disapproved, for Duryodhana has the reputation of being a master with the weapon to be used. The duel, however, commences, and at first Duryodhana appears likely to succeed. He succeeds in beating his opponent to his knees, but then Krishna, who appears to be his backer, whispers in Bhima's ear, that in the next encounter he should strike Duryodhana on the legs. A stroke of this kind was considered unfair, but Bhima adopts the advice notwithstanding. A blow from his heavy mace breaks both of Duryodhana's legs, and Yudhishtara remains the undisputed conqueror, whilst the unfortunate Duryodhana is left on the field to die.

Three of Duryodhana's chiefs still survive, and they resolve to try a night attack upon the Pandus, when the latter, flushed with victory, are overpowered by sleep and wine. The attack is carried out, but, owing to Krishna's vigilance, is defeated, though most of the Pandu chiefs are slain. Here the interest of the narrative stops, and though the poem continues for some length, it merely records the somewhat prosy reflections of the survivors.



The Tragedy of Marie Bashkirtseff.



Of all the books which women have written about themselves, there is none that can equal in interest and pathos the journal by Marie Bashkirtseff. It is the writing of a young girl who is rich, talented and pretty, and belongs entirely to the present generation of women. It is indeed a journal *intime* of a deeply sensitive girl who longed for something indefinite and never got it. Marie Bashkirtseff's book which has run through many editions is a perfect mine of the psychology of young girls.

Marie Bashkirtseff belonged to a noble Russian family who had settled at Nice in France in 1870, when she was twelve years of age. It was at Nice that she began her remarkable journal which was published after her death at four and twenty. She was also an artist of no mean order, and some of her pictures are hung in the Luxembourg museum. She had been educated by ladies, by a gentle and refined though rather shallow mother, by an aunt, a domineering grandmother, two governesses and "an angelical" doctor who lived with them. When she was twenty she became possessed of an intense thirst for everything in life, knowledge, enjoyment, sympathy. Her inner life was stirred with tumultuous passions. Even when she was thirteen she fell in love with a distinguished Englishman, a Duke in fact, but nothing came of this. A passion for notoriety takes possession of her. She would like to be a great singer, a great actress, have the whole world at her feet. For a couple of years or more she lives upon this dream, studies, reads, cries and suffers that unnecessary overplus of secret pain and anxiety which usually accompanies the development of richly gifted natures. Her social intercourse does not diverge a hairbreadth outside her family and a small circle of friends. Her voice which has been tried and praised by the highest musical authorities in Paris is being gradually undermined by a disease of the throat, and the Duke marries—thus her hopes of becoming famous and of gaining a great love are gone, gone for ever.

Life was empty around her, and in the void her exerted nerves became even more and more centred upon her own ego. She was sixteen when she experienced her second disappointment in love. She falls in love this time with an Italian, who after having trifled with her for

some time slips past with the dexterity of an eel, when the family set to work in good earnest to bring matters to a climax. In the midst of these experiences however she preserves her purity intact.

Later on in Paris she comes into contact with Bastein Lapage the painter, whose pupil she became. She worshipped him from a long suppressed desire to worship someone, but her worship was calm and passionless, and when her master too dies of a painful illness she becomes completely broken down, and consumption setting on she follows him to the grave in the following year.

Marie Bashkirtseff's journal is not merely a contribution to the psychology of girls, it is a young girl's psychology in the widest, most typical sense. She died young, but she had no wish to die. She took twelve years to write this book, and she wrote it on her travels, in the midst of her pleasures, in the midst of her work, in the despair of her loneliness, and in her fear when she shrank from death. She wrote it during sleepless nights, and on days passed in blessed abstraction in the beauties of nature. She always addressed the unknown hearers who were ever present to her imagination; she spoke to them so that, in case she should die young, she might live upon earth in the memory of the strangers who happened to read her journal. She reveals all and she lets us follow her from the rich beginnings of her youth onwards, until the stream of life trickles away drop by drop, leading us on to the weary resignation of her last days.

There is no doubt that she lived too intense and self-concentrated a life. "My blood boils," she writes at the age of thirteen, "I am quite pale, then suddenly the blood rises to my head, my cheeks burn, my heart beats, and I cannot remain quiet anywhere, the tears burn within me, I force them back, and that only makes me more miserable; all this undermines my health, ruins my character, makes me irritable and impatient. One can always see it in a person's face whether they take life quietly. As for me, I am always excited." And again:—"I want to live faster, faster, faster. . . I am afraid it is true that this longing to live with the speed of steam foretells a short life."

When she was sixteen she writes:—"If I am as pretty as I think, why is it that no one loves me? People look at me! They fall in love! But they do not love me! And I do so want to be loved." In 1882, at the beginning of her illness: "So I am consumptive, and have been so for the last two or three years. It is not yet bad enough to die of it. . . Let them give me ten years longer, and in these ten years, fame

or love and I shall die contented, at the age of thirty."

We have no doubt that her life would have been happier if she had the joy of requited love, but there is no difficulty in diagnosing her case. Her depressions, her longings, her pessimistic estimate of life—all are due to the absence of a hold on that Power which ordereth all things aright. If only she had had a true insight into the all-wise workings of God in the lives of men and women here on earth, and had laid hold of some ideal of life which was not of the earth, earthy, her life would have been a brilliant success; as it was, it was nothing but a tragedy. Reading of this girl who was afflicted with a grievous illness and who was only longing to do great things, but left no good influences behind, we are reminded of another, Francis Ridley Havergal—the saint and poet of England—who from her bed of illness has sent forth words of peace and consolation which will have their influence for good for all times, and on all nations. For even from a bed of intense suffering the latter could write:—

"O give thine own sweet rest to me
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season as from thee,
To weary ones in needful hour."

Our readers will be interested in the following description of Marie Bashkirtseff:—"Her portrait represents the face of a typical beauty of Little Russia; the firm, dark eyebrows, arched over eyes that are far apart, give the face an expression that is peculiarly honest and straightforward. The eyes gaze fixedly and dreamily into the distance, the nose is short, with nostrils slightly distended, the mouth soft and determined, with the upper lip passionately compressed. The face is round as a child's and the neck short and powerful, on a squarely built, fully developed body."

"ALPHA."

The Report for 1902-03 of the Alexandra Native Girls' English Institution, Bombay, marks steady progress in almost every direction. The Directors have many difficulties yet to surmount, perhaps the chief being lack of appreciation from Hindu and Mahomedan parents and the withdrawal of girls from school when they are well up the way of progress. But, as the President, Mr. Justice Chandavarkar, observed, there seems to be a distinct improvement in the matter. The Alexandra School was examined this year by competent ladies and gentlemen in all the subjects taught, and it managed to elicit warm approval. The range of study leaves little to be desired. Financially, the school seems to be getting on very well, looking at the prizes, medals, and scholarships distributed by Mrs. Chandavarkar. Donations were received from public-spirited citizens, among them from Mr. Cursetji M. Cursetji, son and successor of the founder of the institution, whose services to the cause deserve special mention every year that we witness an advance in it.

Shelley's *Epipsychidion*: A Study.

By MISS KRISHNAMMA, M.A.



WHAT do we not owe to Imagination that wondrous faculty, which is for ever new, ever fresh and exhilarating, that "open sesame of a huge, obscure endless cave, with inexhaustible treasures of pure gold scattered in it," that wonderful fairy with the star-crowned forehead, that veiled enchantress, whose touch

of her magic wand leaves us intoxicated? Every great conception of the painter, every noble verse of the poet is actuated and developed by this faculty. It takes up the harp of life and makes

the lost or broken chords thrill with passionate music. It calls to the surface "springs of pure delight and bids them gush forth in an arid desert." It sheds a soft radiance on the stern realities of life. It gives an added glow to the beautiful: the angular is made graceful, the rough picturesque, and the beautiful sublime. Yet we do not prize it as we ought. Criticism is harsh on

those writers who have yielded too much to her sway. They are called visionaries, dreamers, men too busy with the people of their own creation to be of much use in this work-a-day world. Yet who can say that they are not great teachers? The world's best benefactors have been poets and prophets: it is this very ideal element in their writings and sayings, which makes them so valuable, which causes them to "burn as a pure star, fixed there in the firmament, at which the great and high of all ages kindle themselves."

No man has revelled more in the glowing beauties of the true poetic vision than Shelley, that "pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift," that "Turner of poetry," and that "king of verse melodists." "No, nobody," says Leigh Hunt, "had a style so Orphic. His poetry is so full of mountains, seas and skies, of light and darkness, and the seasons, and all the elements of our being, as if nature herself had written it with the creation and its hopes newly cast around her."



MISS KRISHNAMMA.

Shelley's was a gentle ethereal soul in hard struggle with the problems of life. He was in the highest degree sensitive to the discordant influences around him, either physical or mental. The evils of mankind, tyranny and oppression, roused in him a righteous indignation and made him early shun the haunts of men. Had it not been that his soul was formed as it were of the very essence of love, and had it not been for his large sympathetic heart, he would have sunk into a mere misanthrope and a sneerer of mankind.

His brief and sad career is too well-known to be commented upon. Except for a few short intervals of quiet happiness, his life from the cradle to the grave, was one of pain and disappointment. Even in his brightest moments when the sweet strains seem to flash and bubble forth from a spring of ecstatic delight, there is an undercurrent of unutterable sadness, of deep longing and yearnings unsatisfied, recurring again and again like a line of haunting music. Even when he soars through the brightest realms of thought, when he shadows forth a most glorious era of future happiness for the world, there seems to be ever present with him a curse of helplessness, of beholding iniquity yet "incapable of doing away with it. If ever there was a moral hero, he was one, for though he felt that the times 'were out of joint' with him, yet with all the strength and intensity of his nature, he strove for the cause of truth, justice and freedom.

One of the chief reasons why the poems of Shelley prove so attractive and precious to us is, that because they are so full of the personal element. They are an outpouring of himself and of his hopes, fears, joys and ambitions and of his soul's intense yearning after that perfect ideal, which he vainly sought for in this world. Foremost among such poems is the *Epipsychidion* that most glorious of love songs, and the finest of poems to those who care for Shelley's ethereal world.

"The *Epipsychidion*," says a critic, "the most impassioned of his narrative poems, is, indeed, a sort of celestial grape, and of such divine virtue, that once having touched our lips, we are set dreaming of visions of the most enchanting loveliness and of love which satiates not for evermore." It was written in the year 1821 when Shelley was residing at Pisa under the warm beauty of Italian skies, where his heart seemed to kindle and respond to the loveliness around him. An Italian acquaintance of his once related the pathetic story of a beautiful lady, the Contessa Emilia Vivani, who had been imprisoned in a convent by her father to await her marriage with a man who was hateful to her. Shelley, as warm a champion of the oppressed as ever, eagerly sought her acquaintance. He visited her and was enthralled by her loveliness, her

intelligence, while her forlorn condition roused his warm sympathy. He took Mrs. Shelley over to see her and they both tried to make the dull life of the fair captive as pleasant as possible, by occasional visits, by letters and presents of books, flowers, &c. Soon Shelley's sympathy grew into liking and the liking into love, which though however ideal and Platonic, yet was none the less passionate. The result was the "*Epipsychidion*," a poem so full of the "deepest deep of Beauty," so abounding with his pre-eminent love of loveliness, so rich in gorgeous imagery and wealth of sentiment, and so melodious with the most charming music that it forms one of the rarest and most brilliant gems in "the crown of British song."

The opening lines are a dedication of 'these votive wreaths of withered memory' to the gentle imprisoned spirit, to the 'poor captive bird' struggling vainly against the 'unfeeling bars.' He bewails her sad lot and with all a lover's ecstasy gladly offers his life-blood for her rescue. Following this is an impassioned apostrophe to Emily Vivani as the perfect incarnation of the ideal beauty he worshipped, an embodiment of noble womanhood, a visible apparition of universal loveliness:—

"Seraph of Heaven! too gentle to be human,
Veiling beneath that radiant form of woman,
All that is insupportable in thee
Of light, and love, and immortality."

The next passage is ablaze with the riches of imagination: image upon image, epithet upon epithet, beauty on beauty are revelled in, describing the loveliness, the worth and character of Emily. She is incomparable—neither the earth, nor the firmament above, nor the world of nature can produce anything to equal her. Even in "the world of fancies" he can find none to like with her. For is she not

A Star
Which moves not in the moving heavens, alone?
A smile amid dark frowns? A gentle tone
Amid rude voices? a beloved light?
A Solitude, a Refuge, a Delight?
..... a buried treasure?
A cradle of young thoughts of wingless pleasure?

Thus he allows his imagination to wander at its sweet will. But he is not satisfied with a general description. With a lover's fond devotion he dwells on her particular physical charms. This passage is so interwoven with rare flowers of thought, beautiful fancies and bright visions that it seems "a thing woven as out of rainbows on a ground of eternal black." His whole soul is so inspired with the vision of universal loveliness that to him Emily appears as an angel of sweetness, an ethereal spirit, "a creature of elemental light and air."

"See where she stands! a mortal shape endued,
With love and life, and light and deity,
And motion which may change but cannot die;
An image of some bright eternity;
A shadow of some golden dream; a splendour
Leaving the third sphere pilotless; a tender
Reflection of the eternal moon of Love
Under whose motions life's dull billows move."

And yet, she is a woman, a warm creature of flesh and blood, whose very womanhood has inspired this passionate love in the poet, whose sufferings and tears first won his sympathy. He tells her that he loves her, that rather he should have first met her in "the fields of Immortality." The sense of his own unworthiness is so great, yet there is this consolation, love banishes all barriers, aye, love makes all things equal.

After this passionate avowal of his love, Shelley goes on to describe the troubles and deceptions of his earlier manhood. It is in this exquisite passage that the purely personal element creeps in. Aye, stirred by the recollections of his griefs and bitter disappointments, these strains are rich with the treasures of thought and imagination of that bright poetic mind. Yet, underlying this is an undertone of such deep pathos and sorrow, such an intense yearning for love, and loveliness. A voice of infinite wail seems to pierce our very hearts. It is "like the wail of Æolian harps, soft, soft; like a child's young heart." But what a great heart it was! What love and sympathy it had for the sorrows of mankind! Early in life he had dedicated his soul to the ideal of beauty and to that phantom spirit which seemed to possess the solitudes, the whispering woods, the laughing flowers and the dancing rivulets. To him the gentle zephyrs, the sweet summer birds, all sounds, aye all silence whispered but of her; and above all "Her spirit was the harmony of truth." To such a vision had he dedicated his life's being. But vain, very vain and weary was his eager search for her, and many times had despair racked his soul:—

"Then I—'where?' the world's echo answered
'where?'
And in that silence and in my despair,
I questioned every tongueless wind that flew
Over my tower of mourning, if it knew
Whither 'twas fled, this soul out of my soul."

Aye, for long his soul was as a "lampless sea." False visions had lured him on, but he had discovered their falsity, and his soul loathed the very idea of them. At last in grief and despair he had almost given up the search, when lo, once again, hope, "never dying hope," the only loophole of escape for the overburdened heart, dawned for him; and this time, it was true. Then the light of heaven seemed to illumine his soul. Nature around him woke into

Toru Dutt's *Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields* contains nearly 200 poems, all translations in verse from leading French poets such as A. de Musset, Victor Hugo, T. Gautier, Saint Beuve and others. These translations are of a high order, and though they do not come up to the level of some of the best of her Ballads and Legends of Hindustan they still have high poetical sense. To the end of her days Toru was a better French than an English scholar. She loved France best, she knew its literature best, and wrote its language with more perfect elegance. Her love of France comes out strikingly in the spirited poem which she wrote in 1870, entitled France. We quote the following verses from it:—

Not dead,—oh, no,—she cannot die
Only a swoon, from loss of blood!
Levite England passes her by,
Help Samaritan! None is nigh;
Who shall staunch me this sanguine flood?

Range the brown hair, it blinds her eyne,
Dash cold water over her face!
Drowned in her blood, she makes no sign
Give her a draught of generous wine,
None heed, none hear, to do this grace.

No she stirs! There is a fire in her glance,
Ware, oh ware of that broken sword!
What, dare ye for an hour's mischance,
Gather around her, jeering France,
Attila's own exultant horde.

Lo, she stands up, stands up e'en now,
Strong once more for the battle-fray,
Gleams bright the star, that from her brow
Lightens the world. Bow, rations, bow,
Let her again lead on the way.

We shall not have space to quote several extracts of Toru Dutt's translations, but as specimens we shall give just a few.

Victor Hugo seems to have been her most favourite author and some of the translations of this great poet's lines are exquisite. Here is one entitled "Morning Serenade," which has often been quoted:

Still barred thy doors!—the far east glows,
The morning wind blows fresh and free,
Should not the hour that wakes the rose
Awaken also thee?
No longer sleep,
Oh, listen now!
I wait and weep,
But where art thou?

All look for thee, Love, Light and Song;
Light, in the sky deep red above,
Song, in the lark of pinion strong,
And in my heart, true Love.
No longer sleep
Oh, listen now!
I wait and weep,
But where art thou?

Apart we miss our nature's goal,
Why strive to cheat our destinies?
Was not my love made for thy soul?
Thy beauty for mine eyes?
No longer sleep,
Oh, listen now!
I wait and weep,
But where art thou?

The accompanying Sonnet, "To my Mother" translated from Henry Heine will be found interesting:

Proud from my birth, I never care to pay
Homage to men, whatever be their place;
No king may boast that looking me in face,
He—mortal—made me turn my eyes away;
But in thy holy presence, let me say,
My pride, O mother, fades and leaves no trace,
And the wings drop that bear me up through space

To scale the skies in veriest open day.
Am I o'erwhelmed because thy powerful soul
Penetrating all earthly things is lost
In God's own bosom, its predestined goal?
Or is it rather that my mind is crost
By memories sad of wounds I often gave
A heart so tender, loving, patient, brave?

Here is another short poem from Victor Hugo, which is excellent both in thought and expression. It is called "The Rose and the Tomb."

The tomb said to the rose,—
Of the tears the night strows,
What makest thou, O flower of the dawning?
The rose said to the tomb,—
Of what falls in thy womb,
What makest thou, O gulf ever yawning?
The rose whispered—O tomb!
From those tears shed in gloom,
Is the scent famed in song and in story.
The tomb said—O my pet!
Of each soul that I get
I create a winged angel of glory.

Of course the original English poems by Miss Toru Dutt which have been published by Kegan Paul, Trench and Co., under the heading "Ancient Ballads and Legends of Hindustan" must be considered her chief legacy to posterity, but all the same her "Sheaf Gleaned from French Fields" deserves recognition by the English-speaking world, for as Mr. Edmund Gosse says: "It is a wonderful mixture of strength and weakness, of genius over-riding great obstacles and of talent succumbing to ignorance and inexperience. That it should have been performed at all is so extraordinary that we forget to be surprised at its inequality. 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 discordant in an English ear. The notes are no less curious, and to a stranger no less bewildering. Nothing could be more naive than the writer's ignorance at some points, or more startling than her learning at others. On the whole the attainment of the book was simply astounding.

Indian Sights and Scenes.



THIS is one of the grain-shops, which are so common in our towns. Here are sold rice, ghee and the other stores, without which curry and rice eating people cannot do. One man is measuring out rice, the staple food of Indians. Mark how those around are listening, some smiling—they seem to have very little to do. Probably the woman who is purchasing the rice is making some joke—it is easy to joke and laugh, when one has driven a good bargain. And stiff bargainers as are the Chetties, who are generally the sellers—as we can see in the picture, the man who is standing up with his hands on his hips is a Chetti, which is indicated by the thread across his chest;—there are few working women; as this woman seems to be, who cannot gainsay them, at least who cannot find out the exact and proper price.

By the side of the man who is sitting, is the ghee pot with the measuring stick by the side. It is very seldom that the ghee sold in bazaars is good; it is generally adulterated with oil and other stuff, which is certainly not ghee. Behind are the store-rooms, from which unlimited supplies, as it seems, are taken out. Lastly, notice the swollen leg of the man who is sitting, a very common complaint among the Madrasis due to mosquitos and the drinking of bad water.

2. The Sanyasis have been known among our Indians from ancient times. And, though looked upon as saints, very different are they from the ancient Munis and ascetics. But they claim to lead simple lives like them, though they do not live in jungles and forests. Look at their matted hair, matted generally with filth of all kinds. It is never combed, indeed it is looked upon as a mark of asceticism. It is not the only mark of dirt upon them; indeed they are very unclean, these Sanyasis, and a sore sight to eyes, as they walk the streets. Neither are they good people, I think, though there are even among them those who are honest but these generally are in jungles and forests, and do not care to beg. See the eyes of those depicted in the pictures, how crafty and mean and covetous they are. They go about the streets singing or playing the conch, as one man is doing. These are their staff, and there is the begging pot, into which rice or anything which comes to the hand is thrown. They sometimes drive a thriving trade, as they are generally looked upon with reverence.

Our Special Indian Lady Contributors' Column.

1.—FELIX MENDELSSOHN—THE MUSICIAN.

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night
And his affections dark as Erebus;
Let no such man be trusted."

Who has not felt the wondrous power and charm exercised by music, the sweetest friend, the most sympathetic companion and the tenderest of consolers to man? In youth and manhood, in the prime of old life and in old age, it is with us. In sorrow or trouble, it heals the gaping wound and is as balm to the tempest tossed soul. In joy or happiness it is the instrument for expressing our brightest and most beautiful thoughts. In poverty or distress the man that hath music in himself is lifted out of his sordid surroundings by the divine necromancer; "Vistas full of transcending beauty" are opened before him, and for a time at least his afflicted self is fed with sweet celestial joys. Such being the sweetness, the power and charm of music, it is but right that we should cultivate the musical talent within us and allow art to perfect the blessing endowed by nature. So shall we raise up for ourselves a heritage of pure delight, which perhaps in the distant future will become an ever fresh oasis in the arid desert of vanished hopes and withered affections.

It makes one glad to see that many of our Indian girls are now being taught music—not only Indian but also English music; and as classical music in the latter holds a prominent part in the best course of tuition, I thought perhaps that the lives of the great composers would prove interesting. Recently I have come across a book called "The Great Composers" by C. B. Bourne, where the lives of the great musicians are treated with much insight and sympathy; so I have ventured to make a short abstract of the life of Mendelssohn, who to me has always seemed the sweetest and most sympathetic of musicians.

I think nothing seems to bring us so much in touch with the great men of history as the reading of their lives. While doing so we feel that they are but like unto ourselves, men of the same aspiration and thoughts, hopes and fears, yet so exalted to grandeur by genius, and transformed to sublimity by their exquisite delight in and love for the beautiful, the true and the good, that they appear to us something noble and unattainable, yea truly great.

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy was born on

on the part of the applicant for this career, is being raised yearly. It demands hard physical labour for long hours, untiring energy and watchfulness, strict attention to orders, prompt obedience, meek submission to often undeserved censure, quick wits, clear eyes, steady nerves. It gives in return, to the successful nurse, increased powers of resource and energy, a certain hard imperviousness to neurosis and modern nerve maladies, a comfortable consciousness of *raison d'être* in her life, and assurance that she is not living in vain, and a future prospect of either becoming a sister in charge of a ward, retiring upon a small pension, or marrying a doctor, the common fate of young and pretty nurses.

Let us look a little more closely at the details of the work and life. There are many large hospitals in London, and the regulations for the nurses vary of course in each. We will take one as a type, but certain rules apply roughly to all. For instance, a girl may become a nurse in one of two ways. She can either go into a hospital without paying anything, in which case she receives no salary for the first year, only her board, lodging and uniform; during the 2nd year she gets £15 and during the 3rd year £20. She is then a fully qualified nurse and can do what she likes. All nurses are known as "Probationers," during the first two years of their service, and as "Staff Nurses" in the third year.

Or again, a girl may, if she chooses, pay a premium on becoming a nurse. She will still have the same work to do, but she will be entitled to certain privileges. She will have a bedroom to herself, and a bath room and sitting room in common with the other paying nurses. She will have her meals with the "Sisters"; more than this, she can leave when she chooses, as she does not, on entering the profession, bind herself to a three years' engagement, as do the non-paying nurses. It is only a paying nurse too that can ever become a Sister.

Hours of work.—The hours of a nurse's working day are very long. She usually rises at 6-30 A.M. and does not finish her work till 9 P.M. Her duties are many and varied, and do not consist only of nursing. The work varies in different hospitals. In some, the nurses have to scrub the wards, scour, and keep bright and clean, all the different utensils requisite for nursing; make and wash dusters, towels and bandages, and other like branches of manual labour. In some hospital wards where each bed is divided from the next by a large and heavy screen, it is the nurse's duty to fold up, remove, and afterwards replace, sixteen or twenty of these heavy screens, and that before 9-30 in the morning, when the doctors make their rounds. Some of the uniforms worn by nurses are very pretty; at one hospital they wear a plain gown of pale blue

Turkish twill manufactured especially for the nurses; a small muslin cap, a large white apron, and white collar and cuffs complete the costume. When they go out, they wear a small black bonnet and long black cloak. This well-known costume is a great safeguard to a nurse: no one will molest or speak to her, on account of her respected office.

Hours of rest.—Each nurse gets a rest during some portion of the day. At one hospital, which is said to be the hardest in London, she gets four consecutive hours every day. The first week from 7 to 11 A.M.; the next week from 10 to 2 P.M.; the third week from 2 to 6., and the fourth week from 5 to 9. This seems a liberal allowance, but it is not so restful as it sounds; for she still has a working day of 10½ hours in which not a moment's rest can be allowed her. Eyes, ears, feet or hands must be busily employed during the whole of that time.

Modes of relaxation.—Some nurses spend their hours of relaxation in lying on their beds; others again get on to the top of an omnibus and go as far as its route and their own time permits; the lively bustle of the streets, and the easy motion in the open air, refreshes their tired nerves more than sleep in a darkened chamber. It is purely a matter of temperament. Sometimes the nurses sleep at the top of the hospital—always a very large and high building—sometimes in the basement. Each nurse has a cubicle partitioned off to herself, with a common ceiling running over all.

Holidays.—A nurse's holidays are few and far between. At one hospital, she has during her first two years, three weeks in the year, and one day every month; after this time, when she has become a Staff-Nurse, she has four weeks, instead of three, and once a month may go away from a Saturday to Monday.

In spite of the hard work, nursing as a profession is extremely popular, as is shown by the large number of applicants and the rising standard of necessary qualifications. The success or non-success of a nurse depends partly upon her physical powers, but largely upon the motives with which the profession is entered. Some cannot stand the hard work; the many hours they have to spend in walking about on slippery boards—for the floors of the wards and corridors are almost always highly polished, the long time spent in standing, the lifting of heavy weights, the hurried meals, will tell upon all but the most iron will, or cart-horse constitution. Others again fail, because they do not find in the life what they expected. The companionship is not congenial. There is not enough variety or change; too little nursing and too much drudgery, etc., etc. But to the nurse who enters the career, not in the spirit of the young lady

who declared she had "a paralysed father and a blind mother and found home so dull that she became a hospital nurse," but in the knowledge that no other niche awaits her, and in the desire to expend herself for others, and develop the unguessed possibilities of her own being, the life brings at last its own reward. A full, useful and happy existence along an ever brightening path, and ever widening fields of opportunity and knowledge.

Millinery and Dressmaking.—A fashionable and not uncommon resource of the girl who wishes to supplement a slender income, is that of Millinery or Dressmaking. A small shop is taken in a fashionable street, and all the young lady's friends are invited, to visit, inspect and purchase. If she has a large connection, and does not commit the mistake of charging very highly for her hats and bonnets, she may work up the business into a profitable little concern; but it is sad to think, how often the scheme, which her friends look upon as a new whim, a good joke, or an amusing speculation, means grim life or death to the little saleswoman, who has risked her all in the project.

Millinery is more profitable than dressmaking. People are willing to pay large prices for pretty hats and bonnets, prices far exceeding the cost of production. The success of a toilette can be completely destroyed by an unbecoming hat. There is more power in the hat to attract or repel, than in any other item of the toilette. Who does not know the satisfaction lent by the consciousness of a becoming hat? or again the uneasy mental picture of one's self that an uncomfortable or unbecoming hat calls up? The art of millinery then is of no mean order. In blending harmonious shades of colour, devising new shapes, finding out what will best suit each different face, there is scope for artistic gifts of a high and peculiar kind. But the successful proprietor of a hat shop need not necessarily possess all these qualifications. She must be able to recognise the beautiful and the correct when she sees it—that is all. A good forewoman will actually carry out the work. She must, however, have a certain amount of business power, and above all, she must possess tact and diplomacy in dealing with customers.

To the lady, who produces from a crumpled paper wrapping, the hat she has bought a few days previously, and flourishing the same with a disgusted air, announces that "it is extremely unbecoming as it is, unless it is altered satisfactorily, she cannot think of keeping it," etc., etc., the milliner must smile sweetly, and agree heartily with every word the lady utters; then with admirable diplomacy she must suggest the addition of a curve here, the change of a flower there, and fall into raptures over the effect pro-

duced, till the customer at last departs smiling and consoled, and entirely reinstated in her former shaken opinion of her own good looks. Then there will be her own friends to consider, the friends who must be dealt very tenderly with in the way of price, at their first order, so as to encourage them to come again. Then there are the smart and fashionable customers, that give large orders, but only pay their bills—if then—after long waiting and much pressure. To them the reckoning shall be large!

If a milliner's business prospers, she sometimes launches out into dressmaking as well: another lady is then generally taken into partnership; her premises are added to, and some extra hands and another forewoman are of course employed. In setting up these businesses, it is usually the custom for the lady to adopt a business name. A French name is often chosen, or something coquettish and pretty such as "Marian Marigold" or "Rose Thorn," to attract the attention and stick in the mind of the public. To attract the customer—that must be the one motive, never to be lost sight of, and working through all. Of course when a well-known woman of fashion starts a bonnet shop, or a tea club, or any other money making venture, as they occasionally do, their own name is an excellent advertisement, and for that reason they keep to it, or bracket it with a pseudonym.

Tea shops and Book shops.—The keeping of Tea shops or Book shops is another resource of the girl who wants to fill up her time and earn a small livelihood. The former are much more common than the latter, requiring a much lower order of skill in their management. There are several well-known Tea shops now in London, kept by ladies. These are often two or more sisters. Everything is promptly and daintily served, and at one shop each customer is provided with a little fringed napkin scented with Eau-de-Cologne. The young ladies themselves wait upon the customers. They are dressed all alike in some simple yet elegant costume, to which the large white apron lends a finishing grace.

If only plenty of customers come, these Tea shops pay well, as the prices asked—about a shilling a head—well exceed the cost of the small cups of tea or coffee, dainty slices of bread and butter, and little cakes and bon-bons that are consumed. The ordinary London Tea shop, not organised by ladies, and known as an A.B.C., which stands for "Aerated Bread Company," is of a very different quality. Here the marble-topped tables are not always spotless. The cups of coffee, if large, are tasteless and weak; the rolls and buns limited in kind. The company too, is not so select, for they aim at supplying a different class, with wider wants. The City

the 3rd of February, 1809. His father was a Jewish banker in Berlin, the son of Moses Mendelssohn, a philosopher of some repute. A quaint saying of the composer's father is generally related. After his son had grown up to be great, he used to say, "Formerly I was the son of my father, and now I am the father of my son!" The young Felix had a very pleasant and happy home. He knew not what grinding poverty was nor the worries of strict economy, like Schubert and Beethoven, nor was he opposed in following up his musical bent, as was Handel. He had all the advantages that love and wealth could bestow. Though neither of his parents were trained musicians, yet they early fostered and cultivated his musical talents. His sister Fanny is said to have possessed remarkable musical gifts and thus the brother and sister passed many a pleasant musical hour. At the age of 12 Mendelssohn began to compose. His early masters Zelter and Berger did not spare him, but impartially pointed out the merits and demerits of the pieces; "Felix receiving, as indeed he did all his life, the criticisms expressed, with the utmost good-natured readiness."

In 1824 he became the pupil of the celebrated pianist Moscheles, who was then on a visit to Berlin. Concerning the lessons Moscheles says, "Felix has no need of lessons; if he wishes to take a hint from me as to anything new he can easily do so." Thus the young musician won laurels wherever he went, but was not satisfied and had not as yet decided about his career. But at about this time were composed such lovely pieces by Felix that his father on the advice of many good musicians finally decided that his son should have a musical career. The following year appeared a work of wonderful merit, viz., the overture to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, which of itself was sufficient to rank him among the immortals. Speaking of this Mr. Bourne says: "Full of lovely imaginings, with a wonderful fairy grace all its own, and a bewitching beauty revealing not only the soul of the true poet, but also the musician's, profoundly skilled in all the art of orchestral effect, it is hard to believe that it is the work of a boy under twenty, written in the bright summer days of 1826 in his father's garden at Berlin." The next important event in his life was his visit to England, where he was received with the greatest enthusiasm and appreciation. His letters show that he had thoroughly enjoyed his visit and had made many good friends. He was elected member of the Philharmonic Society and took a prominent part in concerts and other musical entertainments. Then followed his tour in Scotland, which has been made memorable by two beautiful pieces, the 'Scotch symphony' and the 'Hebrides.' He visited Holyrood Palace

and the Chapel with the altar where Queen Mary was crowned, "open to the sky and surrounded with grass and weeds and ivy, and everything ruined and decayed; and I think," he says, "that I found there the beginning of my Scotch symphony." A visit to Fingal's cave was the inspiration of 'Hebrides'. On his return to Berlin his sisters asked him for a description of Fingal's cave. "It cannot be told, only played," he said, and then sat down to the piano and played a picture of it. Later on, followed a tour on the continent, particulars of which are published in his "Letters from Italy and Switzerland," which form most interesting reading. On his return he again paid a short visit to England to arrange for the publication of the first volume of his 'Songs without words' and as the result of a commission from the London Philharmonic Society "that symphony of undying beauty, 'the Italian' in A minor, the 'Meeresstille' and the 'Trumpet Overture' appeared. After this he paid several visits to England all of which he thoroughly enjoyed. During his stay in England in 1842 he paid two visits to Queen Victoria at Buckingham Palace, and in his letters to his mother he gives a most charming description of his reception by Prince Albert and the Queen. He held many important posts on the continent. In 1833 he was made the entire musical manager of the town of Dusseldorf; the church, the theatre and all the other singing societies were under his charge. But here the many worries of theatrical management seemed to have proved too much for him and so he soon gave up the appointment. It was at about this time that his grand Oratorio 'St. Paul' was commenced, which was publicly performed only in 1836. It is said that the words for his Oratorios were chosen by himself and that solely from the Bible, for as he said, "the Bible is always the best of all."

After giving up his appointment at Dusseldorf, he became the conductor of the Gewandhaus concerts at Leipzig, a post which he loved and held for many years, and where he had an opportunity of assisting many composers and virtuosi, who otherwise would have sought in vain for a hearing. In 1837 Mendelssohn was married to Cecile Jeanrenaud, the daughter of a pastor of the French Reformed Church and from this date began for Mendelssohn a life of "pure unclouded happiness to the very end. Cecile Mendelssohn was a beautiful, gentle-hearted and loving wife, just the one to give a weary and nervous artist in the home-life with herself and the children near him, the blessed solace of rest and calm that he so needed."

The next great event in his life was the composition and performance of the "Lobgesang" or "Hymn of Praise" in 1840. Mr. Bourne has very prettily described its first appearance

thus:—"None who have heard this work can forget the first impression produced, when the grand instrumental movements with which it commences are merged in the majestic charms, 'All men, all things, praise ye the Lord' or the intensely dramatic effect of the repeated tenor cry: 'Watchman will the night soon pass?' answered at last by the clear soprano message of glad tidings, 'The night is departing, the day is at hand.'" Grand as this was, yet a greater work was in progress. The 'Elijah' had been begun.

The next few years until 1846 were filled with busy work. Some of his most noble compositions, such as, 'Aubogone,' 'Odipus,' 'Athalia,' and 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' appeared. But it was in 1846 that he reached the summit of his greatness. The 'Elijah' was completed and given to the world. It was warmly received and eulogised. Of the conception of the grand Prophet of Carmel, I give the musician's own words: "I figured to myself," he says, "Elijah as a grand, mighty prophet, such as might reappear in our own day, energetic and zealous, stern, wrathful and gloomy, a striking contrast to the Court myrmidons and popular rabble—in fact, in opposition to the whole world and yet borne on angels' wings." How exquisitely beautiful these last words are!

After this he began another Oratorio "Christus" on even a grander scale; but his health began to fail, and he was ordered complete rest from work and he had a bracing holiday tour in Switzerland. He returned to Leipzig in September in fairly good health, but in October he was seized with a sudden illness, and on the 3rd of October 1847, Felix Mendelssohn, the great composer gently breathed his last. His own grand strains "the solemn funeral march in b minor" followed his last remains. The coffin was then taken to Berlin and buried in the family vault there. Mendelssohn is thus described: "He was of middle height, slim, well-proportioned and of very muscular frame. He was an excellent swimmer, gymnast and dancer. His features were of decidedly Oriental type, his forehead high, but depressed about the temples and his large dark eyes, as Dervient describes them, 'with drooping lids, and a peculiar veiled glance through the lashes,' were singularly expressive." He is supposed to have possessed a wonderful memory. Once, when the score of "Midsummer Night's Dream" was lost in a hackney coach after a concert, he calmly said, "Never mind, I will make another," and so he did and on comparison it was found that not a single difference was found between the separate parts. Mendelssohn was a very genial company. A lady writing of him says, "Mr. Mendelssohn was not a bit 'sentimental'

though he had so much sentiment. Nobody enjoyed more fun than he, and his company was the most joyous that could be." A most dutiful son, a loving and devoted husband and father, a genial and affectionate friend, he was sincerely respected and loved by all who came in contact with him. And as to his music, there is something so pure and ideal in it that at times it seems far removed from us. I can do no better than close this short account with the opinion of a critic with regard to his music: "Refined and beautiful, pure with the strength of noble thoughts, so full of exquisite grace, so spiritual (as Rossini happily described it) in all even his slightest work, sublime in his greatest, the music of Mendelssohn will never cease to delight and bless those to whom music appeals with a voice as from the heavens."

II.—THE POSITION OF WOMEN IN ANCIENT INDIA.

[BY AN INDIAN LADY.]



HE direct evidence we get regarding the position of women in Ancient India, from the Vedas, which are the earliest records from which such information may be gathered, is scant; but it is sufficient to show that the position held by the Aryan women in the Vedic period was a most honourable, gay, exalted, one. Without any unhealthy restrictions on their actions, they were allowed a freedom in society, which now in India would be wondered at and perhaps considered unbecoming. There was no attempt made to keep them uneducated and they seem to have been on a footing of perfect equality with their husbands, subject to no one, not even their mothers-in-law. And what is more, the Hindu wife was considered as the intellectual companion of her husband and as his friend and helper in life; she was honoured and respected by him, and her supremacy in his home was absolute as wife and mother. Such was the position of women in ancient India; but what a terrible falling off from this high standard is presented by their condition as modified by later Brahmanism and Hinduism. That their present position is deplorable and is one of the chief hindrances to the further advance of Indian civilisation, no one, not even the most enthusiastic patriot of India's glory, can deny. It is better far to admit it, to be ashamed of it, and then try to do something to remedy their condition and make them better

fitted for the important duties which, as women, they are called upon to fulfil.

As has already been shown, in early Vedic times, we have a very plain picture of women, who moved on a footing of perfect equality with their husbands. In numerous places, we even find mention of wives joining their husbands in the performance of sacrifices. They offer the oblations together and thus hope to go to Heaven together. Then there is the picture of cultured ladies, some of whom themselves were Rishis and composed hymns like the men. They often distinguished themselves in science and in the learning of the times; and, what is more astonishing, they even had a certain amount of influence on politics and administration. They attended great assemblies; they openly frequented public thoroughfares; and in fact, altogether they have never mixed so freely in the society of men as women do in modern Europe, yet absolute seclusion and retirement are, or at least were, not Hindu customs. Innumerable passages can be quoted from Vedic literature showing the high esteem in which women were held; but it will be enough if we give one example which is often brought forward. There is an account given in the early Brahmanas of a conversation, which is reported as having taken place between Yajnavalkya, a great saint and his cultured wife, Maitreyi, on the eve of his retirement into the ascetic state. Yajnavalkya is said to have proposed to divide his wealth between Maitreyi and her co-wife. But the former refused the money and asked in return that she might be taught the knowledge of immortality; and it is recorded that that knowledge was granted to her. This example goes at once to prove what we have been trying to set down here. The very fact of Maitreyi asking for the knowledge of immortality shows that women then must have been in the habit of asking for such things and that it was not thought improper to keep them well-informed on religious and other matters of general interest. In ancient times, not only were child-marriages unknown; but on the contrary, we have numerous allusions to the marriages of girls at a proper age. There was also no religious obligation that every girl must be married; and we even find mention of unmarried women, who remained in their fathers' homes and obtained a share of the paternal property.

It would seem that girls in ancient India had a voice in the selection of their husbands. It was customary, no doubt, to make the official demand through third persons; but it is more than probable that the girl's consent was made sure of first and therefore that she was a willing bride. Indeed, a little later on, the fine old custom of the Swayamvara, in which the girl

was given the privilege of choosing her husband out of many suitors, was originated, and was not abolished till a long time afterwards.

The sacredness of the marriage tie and the marriage itself is emphasised in Vedic literature by the description of a marriage in heaven, which forms the introduction to the grand wedding hymn there given. This is the marriage of Suryah, the sun-maiden or Dawn, with Soma or the Moon. The interpretation of the myth presents no difficulty and there is no doubt that it was intended as the type of all earthly marriages, the harmonious co-operation of the two rulers of the Universe, signifying the love and union which ought to exist between a husband and his wife.

In ancient times, widow marriage was not prohibited; on the other hand, we find a distinct sanction of it in the rites which are prescribed for the widow's performance, before she enters into the married state again.

Such is the position of women in Vedic times. Coming down to a later period of Indian history,—the times of the Mahabharata and the Ramayana,—we find that there is not much difference in their condition. They hold the same honoured position as they did before. Indeed, in exhibiting pictures of domestic life and manners, the Sanskrit epics are particularly life-like, and even more so than the Greek and Roman. In the delineation of women, the Hindu poet throws aside all exaggerated colouring; he draws from nature and from life; and the many heroines that we meet with engage our affections and interest far more than any of the heroines in Greek or Roman classical literature.

There is a remarkable definition of a wife given in the Mahabharata, which it will be worth our while to notice:

"A wife is half the man, his truest friend—
A loving wife is a perpetual spring
Of virtue, pleasure, wealth; a faithful wife
Is his best aid in seeking heavenly bliss;
A sweetly-speaking wife is a companion
In solitude; a father in advice;
A mother in all seasons of distress,
A rest in passing through Life's wilderness."

Thus we see that the great freedom, which was then granted to women, did not,—as it is sometimes thought now it might do, if ever it is granted in the same way,—prevent them from leading lives of perfect conjugal fidelity. From time immemorial, the Hindu women have been justly celebrated for the possession of domestic virtues, such as devotion to husbands, affection for children, careful attention to household duties, modesty, gentleness, hospitality. The many pictures we

have of *Pativrata*, or "devoted wife" are truly touching and at the same time interesting, because they throw so much light on the purity and simplicity of Hindu domestic manners in early times. No doubt the devotion of the Hindu wife implies an inferiority, which is incompatible with modern European ideas of independence, but it is at the same time none the less touching; nor do we fail to see from the many legends and stories that we find in the epics that submission and independence go hand in hand. Wives are loyal and devoted to their husbands, yet show much independence of character and do not hesitate to express their own opinions; husbands are tenderly affectionate towards their wives and treat them with respect and courtesy; daughters are submissive and obedient to their parents, yet, when occasion requires are spirited and courageous; in fact love and harmony reign throughout the family circle. Nothing can be more beautiful and touching than the pictures of domestic and social happiness that the Ramayana and the Mahabharata abound with; and many are the high-souled heroines that we meet with, showing clearly that in those days there was much dignity and elevation about female character. There is, for example, the chaste Sita, the heroine of the Ramayana, the memory of whose noble purity and unflinching devotion to her husband, every Hindu woman holds dear even to the present day. Though young and bred in the palaces of kings, this delicate maiden pleads to follow her husband into the dreariness of a forest life, when he is condemned by the selfishness and ingratitude of a stepmother to an exile of fourteen years; and there, in spite of the horrors and temptations with which a demon-king surrounds her, and in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties, she remains true to her lord, till in the end she is reunited to him. Some of her pleadings for permission to accompany her husband into exile are so touching that we cannot help quoting them:

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, even hell itself would be to me a heaven of bliss."

The story of Savitri, the heroine of a pathetic legend, is the story of "the wonderful temple of exalted chastity." Savitri, the daughter of a great king, has chosen a hermit son for her husband, but there is a curse on him that he should die within a year. But in spite of all the terrors of a premature widowhood that are held out before her, she remains true to her plighted faith and marries the youth of her choice. Then she watches over him so unceasingly and, when the dread hour of the fulfilment of the curse arrives, she pleads for his life with such courage and tenderness, that the great King of Death himself is touched by her devotion, and gives back her husband again to her.

There are many such stories like these in the Hindu literature, and they all deserve to be read over and over again, both for their own sakes and also because they are such touching mementos of the early days of our brave, old ancestors.

Coming down to a later period,—the age of the Sutras and the laws of Manu,—we find that, though the women still enjoyed considerable liberty, there was a distinct decline in their position. The ancient law-giver, Manu, speaks of women as having no will of their own and unfit for independence, but he was probably describing a state of society, which it was the aim of the priesthood to establish, rather than that which really existed then. Women were regarded as dependent upon their male relations; but nevertheless, as distinctly appears from the tone of all Sanskrit literature, they were honoured in their families and held in esteem by the society in which they lived. "The teacher" says Manu, "is ten times more venerable than a sub-teacher, the father a hundred times more than the teacher, and the mother a thousand times more than the father." Thus we see that women were held in great respect; but still the feeling that they had no independent aim or existence was fast growing with the degeneracy of the times.

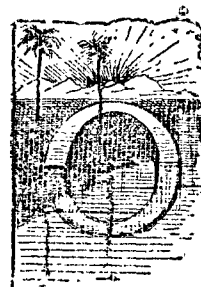
The marriage of girls at an early age was, as we have seen, probably unknown in the Vedic and even the Epic period. It gradually however came into vogue with the Rationalistic and the Buddhist periods; but even then it was not obligatory. But it is insisted upon by the writers of the Puranic period, or the last period of Hindu rule in India; and now it has become so firmly rooted a custom that no Hindu, unless he be a very brave man, would ever dream of transgressing it.

The marriage of widows, which was a prevalent custom in the Vedic and Epic periods,

became gradually restricted in the Rationalistic period, and except in the case of child-widows, was not looked upon with favour. Manu especially is very indignant against it, though in one place he says that widow marriage still prevailed in his time, although it was, not approved by the orthodox and nowhere prescribed for virtuous women. The feeling against it, however, grew very strong; and though even to the close of the Puranic period it was not altogether prohibited, still in the end it culminated in the complete abolition of the despised custom and even in the introduction of the terrible custom of *Sati*, or the burning of widows. But the latter was never a Hindu custom. It was introduced into India by the Scythian invaders, who poured into the country during the Buddhist age. It seemed to exercise a great fascination however for the Hindus, and the inhuman practice was often practised till the merciful intervention of the British Government led to its abolition.

Thus gradually the position of women in India declined till about 1000 A.D., when woman's subordination to man became complete. The pride of Brahmanism and the influence of the priests, whose authority became more and more firmly established and who denied to the women along with the lower castes all the learning of the times, no doubt with the object of perpetuating their sway, seem to be the chief causes of this sad change. But it was the Mahomedan conquest of India, which finally completed the degradation in the position of Hindu women, the result of which was a seclusion, which led to a complete cramping of their intellectual faculties, owing to the absence of even that education, which contact with and observation of the inside world imparts. At the present day no Hindu woman has in theory at least any independence, for, as we have shewn already, one of the principal precepts taught in the Hindu books is that women should be kept in a state of subjection all their lives and never on any account to be allowed to become their own mistresses. She belongs to her father first and then to her husband to whom she is given away for ever; and even after his death she is not free, for her own sons have the right to order her about.

III.—A TEACHERS' CONFERENCE AT THE ISABELLA THOBURN COLLEGE, LUCKNOW.



[BY ONE OF THE INDIAN LADY PROFESSORS OF THE COLLEGE.]

ON the 9th of July about sixty teachers representing twenty different girls' schools gathered together at the Isabella Thoburn College, Lucknow, for the purpose of holding the Sixth Annual Meeting of the Teachers' Association of the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh. The Convention lasted till the 13th. Three sessions were held every day, the morning ones commencing with short devotional exercises, and the evening ones being lectures. Papers on various helpful subjects were prepared by persons appointed by the Association, and read at the Convention. It might be well to mention some points especially brought out in them.

The work of the Conference commenced with two-minute reports from the different schools on "Benefits Derived from Last Year's Conference." These were followed by a paper on "School Discipline" by Miss Sellers of Naini Tal. It proved full of helpful suggestions, especially to the younger teachers. They learnt that a teacher must herself be what she wants her pupils to be; that she must prepare the lesson so as to make it interesting; that to keep order in class the children must be kept busy; that there must be punctuality in beginning, as well as closing, the lesson; and that there must be some relation between offences and punishments, though the best school is that where there is the least need of the latter.

Miss Rogers of Dehra Doon read an excellent paper on "Thoroughness." She began by saying that the teacher herself should have a thorough training, and be a person of conviction, firmness, courage, and tact. One suggestion given for maintaining discipline and obtaining good work from the pupils was, that attention should be called to their good points rather than to their faults; a teacher should always be quick to notice the good in her pupils. Each day's lesson should be finished, and different lessons connected with each other; the children should be taught to learn intelligently, the use of book-words being discouraged; and lastly, old lessons should be revised as often as possible.

Miss Livermore showed very clearly how the most can be made of "Defective Children," by a little additional attention, love, and care.

She brought forward Helen Keller as an example, and gave another very interesting illustration of a girl in her school who was at first thought to be hopelessly dull, and useless, but who has proved herself so helpful in taking care of the sick and doing other 'extras' that she has become almost indispensable to the school. If the teacher would only take the time to find out the talents and abilities of such a pupil, she would be fully repayed for her trouble. One of the subjects which excited the most interest was Kindergarten. It was taken up by Miss Brouse of the Isabella Thoburn College. The kindergartener, we were told, must always be true, sincere, and polite herself, and see that her pupils are the same. She has no favourites; she very seldom inflicts punishments, except such as are the natural consequences of wrong-doing. The child in the kindergarten learns to know about God through everything that he sees, or comes in contact with. The materials used are the common things which every child is familiar with,—such as sand, wood, sticks, and stone,—but they give him his ideas of form, colour, relation, and everything else his mind can grasp.

Mrs. Mansell of Bijnor showed us how with patience, perseverance, and a little ingenuity on the part of the teacher, almost every pupil can be taught to sing correctly.

As Dr. Fullerton of Fatehgarh was unable to be present, she sent us her lecture on "Personal Hygiene." It proved very instructive indeed, and gave us many useful hints on taking care of our bodies.

Some very important points were brought out in the paper on "Practical Hints on Teaching English Grammar" by Miss Snelson of Benares, the following being a few of them:—The use of text-books at the outset should be discouraged, lessons should be illustrated by suitable examples; answers should be elicited from the pupils themselves by means of careful questioning. Miss Wyckoff in her paper on the "Teaching of History" showed the great importance of the subject, emphasizing the necessity of the teacher being full of enthusiasm, of her having a growing knowledge of the subject, and of her bringing out the relation between cause and effect. On Saturday a most enjoyable afternoon was spent listening to two lectures. The first,—"Indian Plant Life,"—was written by Mrs. Messmore who made many practical suggestions for the best way of teaching our children, to observe and study nature, the names, and uses of different parts of plants, flowers, and other objects being mentioned as a good point to start with. Benj. Aitken, Esq., of the "Indian Daily Telegraph" lectured on "Indian Animal Life." Many were surprised to find how wonderful and

full of interest is the study of the common animals around us, such as the ant, the spider, the rat, the fly, the bat, etc., Mr. Aitken took up the different animals in turn and told us the points of difference between them. He showed us that by careful observation one may learn to distinguish different species of the same animal. To learn to know birds it is better to call them at first by names given by one's self, rather than by the long Latin names used by naturalists. Then one must learn to notice their appearance, calls, habits, and frequenting-places; for every bird has peculiarities by which it may be recognised at once.

The same evening another lecture on the "Song birds of India" was delivered by Mr. Aitken in the College Hall. It was open to the public, and was greatly appreciated by all present. The lecture was illustrated by specimens of birds borrowed for the purpose from the Lucknow Museum.

The prayer-meeting on Sunday was led by Miss Hoge, and the Conference Sermon was preached by the Rev. A. H. Ewing, Ph. D. of Allahabad, who took as his text "I am among you as he that serveth."

The Convention closed on Monday after the business-meeting and a short Praise Service.

The few days spent thus were blessed ones, the good derived from which cannot be fully realised. The discussions which followed the papers were especially helpful, as they gave us opportunities to state our difficulties, and receive suggestions from the older and more experienced teachers for solving them. Besides this the Convention widened our interest and sympathies, and gave us the inspiration and encouragement a teacher so much needs.

We hope that next year, when the Conference meets at Dehra, as many teachers as can will take advantage of, and profit by, the opportunity.

IV.—A TRIP TO MATHERAN.



THE Summer holidays began and we made up our minds to go to some hill station, to breathe the fresh mountain air and revel in the beauties of nature, which India alone can boast of.

Matheran is a hill Sanatorium in the Thana District of the Bombay Presidency. The hill was first discovered in May 1850 by Mr. Hugh Malet of the Bombay Civil Service, and to him belongs the credit of making its advantages known to the people of the Western Presidency.

Matheran is delightfully situated on one of the spurs of the Western Ghats, commanding noble views of the Konkan plain which separates the mountain chain from the sea.

The nearest Railway Station to this Sanitarium is Nasik. From here people ascend up the hill either on horse back, or in Palafiquins. It is seven miles up to the hill station itself, with its pretty cottages and hotels, and we reach it in about two hours time from the station.

The day after our arrival we began our wanderings in the beautiful shady forests of the hill.

Matheran has peculiar charms of its own and the views from the prominent points are lovely. There are six leading points namely—Hart point, Chawrt point, Panorama point, Garbat point, Porcupine point, and Louisa point. There are also others which are all named.

The most beautiful of them is the Panorama point. We arranged to get a Manchin (Palacquin) and two horses, and starting very early in the morning reached the charming spot at about 8 A.M. Ah! the beautiful scenery! How could I describe it? We stood on the loftiest point and looking down saw a picture of the utmost loveliness spread before us, and far away we noticed the huts of the poor farmers. Our hearts were full of sublime thoughts for such sights cannot help drawing us out of ourselves and make us think of the Great Creator, and I exclaimed unconsciously:—

"O Lord, how wonderful are Thy works; in Wisdom hast Thou made them all." "What is man that Thou carest for him and what is the son of man that Thou visitest him."

We returned home after wandering here and there and felt ourselves elevated and ennobled in every way by the sights we saw.

Matheran is altogether free from malaria. Here there are two large springs of water, the one is called Harrison's spring and the other is called Malet's spring. There is a nice little Church with a cemetery close by.

There is a nice open place and promenade also called "Rugby," just in front of the Rugby Hotel. In the evenings it is a pleasant sight to see people gathering in numbers from all sides walking together or sitting on benches, and chatting and enjoying themselves generally. You see Parsees in large numbers here. Many of the wealthy Parsees from Bombay come here with their families, and they are very social and agreeable in their manners.

After staying at Matheran for a fortnight, we started on our journey back to our home. While descending we saw several waterfalls, as we had a storm and heavy rain during the three previous days. I gathered some nice silver-ferns while descending and stamped them in my book in

sweet remembrance of the happy time we spent in that lovely place.

P. KANE.

AMRAOTI,
29th July, 1903.

The Late Mrs. Pittendrigh.



THE sad event of the death of Mrs. Pittendrigh, the wife of the Rev. George Pittendrigh, M.A., Acting Principal, Christian College, Madras, which took place at her residence, Hardgate Manse, Duntoher, Scotland, on the 3rd May, 1903, should not be allowed to go unnoticed in the columns of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*, for the deceased lady belonged to the noble band of women who devote their lives for the betterment of India's daughters. She arrived in Madras in November 1889, and after learning Tamil for a year she was appointed Superintendent of the Home Educational classes in connection with the Free Church of Scotland. She threw her heart and soul into her work and made many true friends among the Hindu ladies she visited. She was also appointed Superintendent of the Girls' Schools of her Mission and her talent as an educationalist found full scope in this capacity as well. After five years of successful work she was married to the Rev. George Pittendrigh of the Christian College on the 14th December, 1893. She always took a warm interest in the Free Church Tamil congregations, visiting the sick and helping the needy at her leisure hours. She kept up her studies of Tamil and excelled in it to such an extent, as to compose a Hymn and write a little book—"The Carpenter of Nazareth,"—which is read largely by Christians and Hindus. Her interest in work among Hindu ladies did not abate, and she did all in her power to further the cause of education and help in every way in promoting the interests of Hindu ladies. She was a welcome visitor in many a high class Hindu home, and her counsel and advice was even sought in domestic matters, so great was the confidence she gained among Hindu ladies by her large-hearted sympathy and her kindly disposition. She wrote articles on the education of Indian women, and in 1894 arranged for a series of Ambulance lectures to be delivered to Hindu ladies in Black Town under the patronage of Lady Wenlock. Many were the influences that flowed from her life, which was full of good deeds, and in her early death India loses yet another daughter of Scotland, who loved the country and the people dearly.

Lectures on Health to Indian Ladies.



THROUGH the efforts of Mrs. Brander, who has been contributing a valuable series of articles on Health to our columns, a course of lectures on health to Indian ladies has been instituted in Madras. We print the prospectus in full as it is likely to be helpful in getting up a similar course of lectures in other Indian cities

and towns:—

"Notwithstanding strenuous efforts on the part of Government, Doctors, Sanitary Officers and private individuals, the health of the people of India and the sanitary condition of many Indian towns and villages remain unsatisfactory.

This must be so until the people themselves possess a knowledge of the laws of health; and something is being done towards this by the teaching of hygiene in schools and the publication of papers on health, magazines and newspapers.

It is felt, however, that the laws of health will not be properly put in practice until Indian wives and mothers understand them and follow them in their home life.

To further this end, a free course of lectures on health will be given to Hindu ladies, at the Government Hobart Girls' School, White's Road, Rayapettah, Madras, on every alternate Saturday, 5 P. M., beginning on August 8, 1903. The lectures will be in Tamil, and those who attend them are requested to bring note books and pencils and to attend as regularly as possible. Admission will be by tickets, which can be obtained from Mrs. Gordon, 4, Condy Chetty Street, Black Town.

The following is the syllabus of the lectures.

- Lecture I. (1) The chief conditions of health.
(2) Necessity for some knowledge of the human frame.
(3) The skeleton.

Illustration. A human skeleton.

- Lecture II. Ligaments, Joints, Muscles, Sinews, Glands, Skin, Mucous Membrane.

Illustrations. A joint, india rubber diagram showing glands and skin.

- Lecture III. Organs of the Body.

- (1) Lungs and breathing.
(2) Heart, blood and circulation.

Illustrations. Diagrams showing lungs, heart, veins and arteries.

- Lecture IV. Organs of the Body (continued).

- (1) Digestive Organs.
(2) Brain, Spinal marrow and nerves.

Illustrations. Diagrams showing brain, spine and nerves.

- Lecture V. (1) Digestion and assimilation.
(2) Fat-making, Flesh-forming and Bone-making Foods.
(3) Cooking and Serving Food.

Illustration. Diagram of digestive organs.

- Lecture VI. Purification of the Blood.

- (1) Pure air.
(2) Over-crowded houses.
(3) Cleanliness.
(4) Ventilation.
(5) Sunlight.

Illustration. Diagram showing lungs, heart, veins and arteries.

- Lecture VII. Exercise and Rest.

- (1) Advantages to the organs of the Body.
(2) Dangers of over-exercise.
(3) Exercise in the open-air.
(4) Sleep and recreation.

- Lecture VIII. Cleanliness.

- (1) Bathing.
(2) Care of the hair and nails.
(3) Care of the teeth.
(4) Cleanliness of clothes and bedding.
(5) Cleanliness of dwelling.
(6) Disposal of refuse.
(7) Latrines.
(8) Drainage.

Illustration. Diagram showing structure of the skin.

- Lecture IX. Sanitation of Towns and Villages.

- (1) Site and surroundings.
(2) Jungle growth.
(3) Order and arrangement of houses.
(4) Drainage.
(5) Disposal of rubbish and refuse.

- Lecture X. Sanitation of Towns and Villages (continued).

- (1) Water-supply.

Illustrations. Lantern slides of good and bad wells, tanks, rivers and channels.

- Lecture XI. (1) Purification of drinking water.
(2) Milk supply.
(3) Food supply.

Illustrations. Filters.



A Speech by Lady Cowasjee Jehanghir.



AMONG enlightened Parsee ladies—and we have a large number among them of whom any country may well be proud—Lady Cowasjee Jehanghir occupies a prominent place. She is well known in the highest social circles in London, and a speech made by her at the Women Writers' Dinner, lately held in the English Metropolis, has received graceful mention in several of the English Journals. We give her speech together with the comments on it as it appeared in one of these Journals; and our readers will agree with us that the speech is a little gem in itself quite worthy of the cultured Parsee lady:—

"It must have been a rather severe ordeal for Lady Cowasjee Jehanghir but she passed through it with success. It was an audacious little speech but it was spoken with conviction and in the most simple conversational manner and was a palpable hit from the moment she styled the company—there were no men present, waiters excepted!—'a Purdah Party.' The conclusion of the speech caught on like magic and was received with a storm of applause. It was all very short, perhaps three minutes in delivery, but it struck a simple note which at once went to the heart of every woman present, for it touched the very foundations of the whole animate universe. The Parsees should be proud of Lady Jehanghir's eulogy of their archaic domestic economy. The speech is so short that I embody it in this letter instead of asking you to publish it separately. Addressing the 'chairman' the speaker said: 'Mrs. Green and Ladies—I profoundly appreciate the compliment of having been invited to this most interesting 'Purdah Party,' and I thank you most gratefully for the high honour implied in your courteous request that I should address a few words of good fellowship to you on this distinguished occasion. But while I have heartily enjoyed the hospitality extended to me this evening, I feel very embarrassed in attempting to give expression to my fraternal feeling towards you in words and those words in a language so to say foreign to me. My only resource therefore is frankly to tell you exactly the thoughts that have been passing in my mind amidst the delightful company about me. I have called this a 'Purdah Party,' a party of ladies exclusively 'screened,' literally curtained off, from the other half of the human race—the dear man.' But there the connection of this assembly with anything vernacular in the life of the very Ancient East ends absolutely. Women have no public life in the East or only on the rarest occasions and quite casually. Their lives are wholly domestic within the doors of their houses. There they reign as Queens with a sovereignty of which you have no parallel in the West of to-day and over subjects—their husbands and

their children—whose devotion to them knows no bounds. Outside their doors they have no real life. I confess I regard our Eastern economy of social life as the more natural, and certainly, so far as the Parsees are concerned nothing could be happier in its results. Your social life was apparently organised in a similar manner in ancient times; and it would still seem to be truer to your own instinctive ideas, if I may judge from a delicious incident that came to my knowledge a day or two ago. Two dear English children, a brother and sister of 8 and 7, respectively, were asked what they intended to be when grown up. The boy said "I intend to be a soldier and fight the King's enemies all over the world"; while the little girl drawing herself up to the height of all her little inches, replied, 'And I intend to be a Mamma.' Ladies, I have felt quite unequal to address you in your responsible, brilliant, and proud position as writers; but I think that in the words of that dear little girl, I have found a way to the heart of all and each one of you, as a fellow woman. Yes, in the East, in this matter of woman's mission in life we live nearer the divine beginnings of all things, for happily we still recognise throughout the historic East, that the 'True Sovereignty' of woman is based, as alone it can be securely and most beneficially based, on Motherhood, on the ever divine miracle of the Mother and her pure, born Child."

Womanhood Competition.

PRIZES, consisting of (1) a Silver Medal, (2) a Bronze Medal, (3) a Bound Volume of "Womanhood," are offered for the three best letters or essays on the subject of

"SOCIAL INTERCOURSE BETWEEN ENGLISH AND INDIAN WOMEN."

Four sets of these prizes are offered to the writers of the best letters or essays in each of the following groups:—

- (1) ANGLO-INDIAN LADIES. (2) ANGLO-INDIAN GENTLEMEN. (3) INDIAN LADIES. (4) INDIAN GENTLEMEN.

I.—All letters or essays in this competition must reach the Editor on or before October 12, addressed to the office of WOMANHOOD, 5, Agar street, Strand, London, W.C., with the words, "Indian Competition, No. 1, 2, 3, or 4," as the case may be, according to the sex and race of the writer, in the left hand corner of the envelope.

II.—Letters or essays must be written on one side of the paper only, as clearly as possible, leaving a wide margin on the left hand side of the paper.

III.—Competitions must not exceed one thousand words in length.



Editorial Notes.

All true lovers of Indian art will be thankful to Mr. E. B. Havell of the School of Arts, Calcutta, for his article in the *Nineteenth Century* on the Taj and its designers. In this article he completely explodes the theory that the designers of the Taj were Europeans. In the course of his article he speaks highly of Indian art and its possibilities, and takes his countrymen to task for bringing conventional European standards to bear upon Indian art. "If," says he, "throwing aside pre-conceived notions and insular prejudices, we approach Indian art with the same spirit as animated the European pioneers of Sanskrit research, we shall like them revel in new fields of wonder and beauty, the fancy-land of Eastern romance and poetry." It is true India has not produced a Phidias or a Raphael, but it has created the most imaginative architecture in the world. The Taj has a unique place of its own and to compare it with the classic buildings of Europe is as absurd as comparing Homer with the Mahabharatta. The Taj

is an ideal in itself. There is something in it difficult to define or analyse, which differentiates it from all other buildings, and Mr. Havell thinks that Sir Arnold White has struck the true note of criticism when he writes:—

Not architecture! as all others are
But the proud passion of Emperor's love
Wrought into living stone, which gleams and soars
With body of beauty, stirring soul and thought;
..... as when some face
Divinely fair unveils before our eyes—
Some woman beautiful unspeakably—
And the blood quickens and the spirit leaps
And will to worship bends the half-yielded knees,
While breath forgets to breathe. So is the Taj.

We publish in this issue an article from an Anglo-Indian lady on Social Intercourse. We have had several articles in the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* from the point of view of Indian ladies, and it is but right that the other side of the question should also be considered; and we thank the writer of the article for her clear and able presentation of the question from an Anglo-Indian point of view. Though the writer has not signed her name, still we may be allowed to say that she is one who is bringing the influence of her position as the wife of a Bombay Civilian to bear upon Indian ladies in her province, by trying to help them in every way she can. We are inclined to agree with her in her views as to the obstacles to social intercourse that at present exist in Indian society. In this connection we would draw attention to what Mrs. Benson, the wife of the Honorable Mr. Justice Benson of Madras, has written on the subject in the *Saturday Review*, in reply to Mrs. Steel. Mrs. Benson lays stress on the language difficulty, but this difficulty does not exist to the same extent in other provinces, for we believe that in Bombay and in the North all Indian ladies speak Hindustani. She is also very indignant with Mrs. Steel for speaking of the "frivolous" life of the average Anglo-Indian woman. It is very difficult to decide on this point, for human standards of what is frivolous and what is not frivolous are so different; but what both Mrs. Benson and the lady who contributes to our columns from the Bombay Presidency agree in is this,—they both are of the opinion that until educated Indians are prepared to give their women all the privileges of enlightenment and culture which they themselves so freely enjoy, social intercourse between European and Indian ladies will be a mere sham. Mrs. Benson puts it very effectively when she says:—"All who have lived in India know that the solution of the problem of the ultimate progress of Indian women lies almost entirely in the hands of Indian gentlemen. They (with a few noble exceptions) are content with

their wives as they are, and the majority have no wish whatever that they should be educated. This is the simple, plain truth, and not until Indian men desire it is there likely to be any appreciable progress among their women or real social intercourse between them and English-women."

We have in Her Highness the Begum of Bhopal, a lady of high culture and education who takes a real practical interest in everything concerning the education of women. Quite recently Mr. Jafar Ali Khan, B.A., of the Nizam's service seems to have had an interesting interview with this enlightened Ruling Princess. Our readers will be interested in Her Highness's views on education:—

"Her Highness in the course of the interview remarked that the women of India were for the most part unlettered and superstitious, and it was high time that an effort was made to impart to them a healthy and sound education, for the truism that ignorant and superstitious mothers must beget sons with the same unfortunate predilections presented itself with stronger force than ever in the case of India and especially the Mahomedan India of to-day. Of the privileged section again, which Her Highness observed was initiated in the art of reading and writing, the majority were addicted entirely to reading novels. Novels, Her Highness pointed out, did not in their very nature partake of mischievous potentialities, which she might be called upon to unhesitatingly condemn, but she repudiated them because the uncultivated taste of her Indian sisters was prone to imbibe the poison and reject the nectar which they contained. Her Highness then remarked that, for a long time past, she had been thinking of founding an institution in Bhopal, for the benefit of the female section of her subjects and for girls from other parts of the country beyond her dominions who cared to reap the advantages of a liberal education.

"A liberal education for Musalman girls in my opinion," Her Highness went on to say, "consists in imparting to them in the first place, a thorough religious education, so as to enable them to form a clear perception of the groundwork of Islam, and then to initiate them in such secular lore as may make them refined but practical women of housewifely predilections, ready to accept the various trusts which Nature, at different stages of life, means to confide to them. For this purpose, suitable curricula may be prepared, but the chief difficulty which we have to grapple with, is the lack of qualified female teachers, and the initial effort is, accordingly, to be directed to the training of a body of competent tutors, who shall themselves be models of those womanly virtues which they will be required to expound and illustrate in their own characters to the young minds entrusted to their charge." To a suggestion that the difficulty may be overcome by training female tutors through the agency of either Missionary ladies or male teachers of advanced age and of Islamic persua-

sion, Her Highness observed that the employment of Missionary ladies as an agency for the purpose was quite out of the question, as, apart from the consideration that they were not versed in Urdu, the teaching medium of the Mahomedan community, their inability to teach Islamic theology, precluded the possibility of giving them a trial. The idea of training women through the agency of competent men of advanced age was, however, deserving of consideration. Her Highness concluded observing that ever since assuming the reins of Government, her whole time had been taken up by weighty affairs of State and that even now some important administrative questions were engrossing her care, but if God spared her, she would lose no time, on the occurrence of the very first opportunity, to give practical effect to the scheme of establishing the proposed institution in Bhopal which, she hoped, would some day become the centre of female educational activity in the land."

Her Highness is bringing to bear upon her State the beneficial influence of her exalted position, and she would be furthering effectively the cause of education of Mahomedan girls, not only in her State but throughout India, if she established, as she proposes to do, the institution to which girls from all parts of India will be admitted. The scheme which Professor Morrison of Aligarh College has proposed, (vide *Indian Ladies' Magazine*, 1903,) is an excellent one and if Her Highness takes up this scheme in earnest and gives effect to it she will be conferring a great boon on the whole of the Mahomedan community.

The Indian Ladies' Magazine Prize Competition.

A Prize of Rs. 5, will be offered each month to Indian Lady contributors for the article judged to be the most interesting and best written among those published in the INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE each month. The articles will be judged by "An Englishwoman in India." The competitors should be bona fide subscribers to the Magazine.



Some useful Household Hints for Indian Ladies.

GOOD HAIR OIL.—Cocoanut oil, 1 pint; oil cinnamon, 2 drops only; oil bergamot, 2 drams; mix cold and color with a pinch of alkanet root in rough powder. To bring out the color, heat the cocoanut oil over a fire slightly till the red color is imparted. Then add the rest when cold.

ANOTHER.—Scent the cocoanut oil with oil of roses—attar, and add a pinch of powdered borax.

ANOTHER.—Olive oil, 1 pint; cocoanut oil, 1 pint; castor oil, 1 pint. Boil with 2 drachms of alkanet root, strain. When cold add 3 drops of cinnamon oil, 1 oz. of bergamot oil, 1 oz. of oil of orange flowers.

A GOOD HAIR WASH.—1 bottle (small) Eau-de-Cologne, 20 drops of oil Macassar (best), 5 drops oil of Tincture of camphor. Rub well. Removes dandruff, &c.

A GOOD CHEAP BLACK INK.—Kuddakah pinj, or young myrobalans, 1 viss; gum arabic, 2½ pollums; copperas (கொண்டி) 10 pollums; Aleppo galls (அலெப்போ) 5 pollums, 8 quarts soft rain or distilled water. Pound up the galls and then the gum and boil in the water for ½ hour. This yields a good strong black ink.

TO DETECT LEAD IN TINNING STUFF (கண்ணாடி) (Kullai). Pure tin is of a crystalline nature and structure, and if bent close to the ear, a crackling sound is heard by the rubbing and breaking of the crystals. A small quantity of lead destroys this quality, and also very much diminishes the malleability. If a piece of stiff unglazed paper or better, a piece of white unglazed porcelain is rubbed with lead, a mark is easily made thereon. When rubbed with tin a streak of a yellowish brown color is, with some difficulty, produced. With a little practice lead adulteration can be traced in this manner.

FURTHER.—Drop a little acetic acid on the kullai heat quickly and expose to the air for a few minutes. Then add a few drops of solution of Iodide of Potassium, and if any lead is present, the yellow iodide of lead will be produced.

ANOTHER.—Scrape with a knife the surface tinned, or the kullai itself and put the powder thus detached into a glass. A few drops of water, and about the same quantity of strong nitric acid. This dissolves the lead if any, which is then in the form of a nitrate. Add a few drops of this to a solution of 5 grains to the ounce) of Iodide of Potassium, a deep yellow precipitate will be thrown down as iodide of lead.

A quicker way is to clean the tinned surface, drop on it a little Nitric acid. Heat the place gently to cause the acid to attack the metal and to evaporate the excess acid. A little white spot will remain. Wash this spot with very dilute caustic potash. Dry it again and moisten with a 5 per cent. solution of Iodide of Potassium. If it becomes yellow, lead is present of a certainty.

News and Notes.

The Report of Miss Swainson's Deaf and Dumb and Industrial schools, Palamcott, for 1902 is before us, and it shews that during the year under review these institutions have been making marked progress. The children in these schools are from all parts of India and Ceylon and of all castes. These schools cost Rs. 21,744 and about half of this amount is met from subscriptions and donations from English friends.

—Mrs. Cecilia Netto, (known otherwise as Miss Cecilia Lopez) was awarded a silver Medal by His Excellency Lord Amphill, the present Governor of Madras in 1901, for the best essay written in Malayalam on "Duty of kindness to animals." It is remarkable that she has written the essay in a tongue entirely foreign to her and succeeded in obtaining a medal for it when the competition was opened to all the students of both sexes of every school or college in the Presidency.

—Another woman eager for the education to be acquired in the United States is Madame Chang, who has come all the way from Korea for the purpose. This little lady managed to persuade her husband to permit her to come, and she brought her little child with her, both being domiciled at the Methodist Mission in San Francisco. Unlike most of the women of the Orient, the Korean is a distinct factor in her home life, although a nonentity in the community. After marriage she has a voice in family affairs.

—Miss Krishnammah, M.A., who has contributed several articles, both signed and unsigned, to the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*, embarked for England from Madras by the S.S. *Manora* on the 4th instant, for a year's post-graduate training at Cambridge. For obvious reasons we do not refer to the nature of the help she has rendered in the conduct of this journal. Though away from India, her pen will not be idle and we hope to have several contributions from her in which her experience in English literature will find expression.

—A magnificent triumph of the woman's cause has recently been scored in Dublin, when, after a struggle of twenty years, by a majority of seventy-four votes in a House of eighty-five, the Senate of Dublin University resolved that the degrees in the University should be thrown open to women, and that the necessary steps should be taken to obtain a King's Letter giving effect to the proposed change. It is to be hoped that the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge will before long follow the example set them years ago by the University of London, and now by the sister University of Dublin.

—Miss Grata Flos Greig, at the Victoria University Commencement last month, received the degree of Bachelor of Laws. Miss Greig is the first lady in the Australian Commonwealth to qualify herself for this distinction. By a fortunate coincidence, an Act of Parliament has within the last fortnight been passed admitting women to the Victorian Bar, so Miss Greig's qualification preceded her opportunities by only a few days. Somewhat strangely, Miss Greig's sister, Dr. Janet Greig, was the first lady doctor to be appointed to the resident staff of the Melbourne Hospital. There is an agitation in England to admit women to the Bar.

—The celebration of inter-racial and inter-provincial marriages is to be welcomed as auguring well for the strengthening of the new sentiment of Indian nationality. Unfortunately there have not yet been many such. It is encouraging, however, that they are steadily becoming popular. And we gladly chronicle the latest instance thereof. On Sunday, the 12th instant, a grand-daughter (son's daughter) of Maharshi Debendra Nath Tagore was married to Pandit Jwala Prasad, M. A., a Hindustani Statutory Civilian of these Provinces, who is at present the District Officer at Etah. Miss Chandramuki Bose, late Principal of the Bethune College, was also married the other day to a Punjabi gentleman of the Forest Department. The parties in this case, however, were Christians.

—*Shakinda* writes, regarding a Landslip she has just witnessed, as follows: "To one who is renewing

old acquaintance with high mountains in the rains in India, the frequent roar of minor landslips comes as a something without which the country does not seem altogether itself. The sound is merely incidental and the hearer never pauses to think of its real meaning, even a note in the daily paper, which tells, of one more landslip fatality finds no particular connection in his consciousness with the distant dull roar, like the firing of heavy guns, which is the sum total of his acquaintance with this dread danger of the mountains. It is well for him, if his awakening does not come by way of actual personal disaster. A great wave of mountain came sweeping down in Murud, Jangira, a few days ago, a little off the residence of H. H. The Nawab Saheb, blocking the entire traffic for some days. This is quite an unusual occurrence, for landslips rarely occur in that country. No loss of lives was however sustained."

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Acknowledgments for July.

	RS.	AS.		RS.	AS.
1. Mrs. Atchamamba, Pachmari	...	4 0	36. K. V. Lakshmana Rao, Esq., Kistna	...	4 0
2. Mrs. Arthur, England	...	4 12	37. R. R. Lahiri, Esq., Calcutta	...	4 0
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10. Miss D. Sakeral Desai, Surat	...	4 0	45. Miss Narayani, Cannanore	...	4 0
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19. Mrs. Gour, Raipur	...	4 0	54. N. Raghavan, Esq., Madras	...	4 0
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23. Mrs. Gorakshakar, Hyderabad	...	4 0	58. P. Sivarama Iyer, Esq., Chingleput	...	4 0
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28. V. Kandaswamy Pillai, Esq., Kristinaganaram	...	4 0	63. Manager, Shanti Asrama, Muthra	...	4 0
29. Mrs. Krishnan, Calicut	...	4 0	64. Mrs. R. J. Tata, Bombay	...	4 0
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32. R. Konstubhan, Esq., Coconada	...	4 0	67. N. Veloo Pillay, Esq., Quilon	...	4 0
33. G. Krishna Rao, Esq., Mangalore	...	8 0	68. K. T. Viraraghavengar, Bangalore	...	2 0
34. H. H. The Maharaja of Kapurthala	...	8 0	69. Rao Bahadur Pundit, K. Vereslingum Madras	...	4 0
35. K. C. Kunjuranan, Esq., Quilon	...	4 0	70. Miss Wylie, Punjab	...	4 0
			71. T. Yeshodi Ammal, Tellichery	...	4 0
			72. Mrs. Zafanulabdin, Chingleput	...	4 0

dress, manners,—each has its own important bearing on this question.

If then the Mussulman community seeks free intercourse with other communities, then it is confronted with the various difficulties just mentioned in a greater or less degree in addition to the almost insuperable difficulty of the purdah-system.

If we Mussulman ladies and gentlemen are not able to cultivate free and friendly social intercourse with the members of our own special community, it stands to reason that we should be able to do so still less with the members of the other communities.

Speaking therefore as a Mussulman lady it does not seem to me becoming that we should be complaining of the arrogance, the haughtiness, the reserve, and the other real or imaginary defects in the other communities, until we have removed from our own system those difficulties and obstacles, which now prove to be an absolute bar to free intercourse with other communities, even if the latter were in every way anxious and desirous of cultivating friendship with us. I am convinced that our absence of free intercourse with the English community is due in a far greater degree to the defects and obstacles in our own social system than to anything that I can discover in the conduct of the Europeans themselves.

I am happy to number among my friends many belonging to the European races—many belonging to the other Indian communities, but I have found that our social intercourse is enormously impeded by the difficulties in our system to which I have alluded above.

It is of course obvious that the mere fact that an individual member of a particular family is opposed to the purdah, or even gives it up, does not remove the whole difficulty until and unless all the members of the family give it up also.

I have purposely dealt in this article with the difficulties in the Mussulman community only. I have already pointed out, that it is unfair for us to lay the whole blame on other communities; but I must not be understood as at all implying that there are not faults and defects in the other communities also, which add more or less to the difficulties which are inherent in our system.

Those faults and defects in the other communities I must leave to them to point out, and if possible to cure and remedy. I only desire that this discussion should be conducted in a friendly and conciliatory spirit, and that each community should try to discover its own faults and remedy them. It will be then and not till then that any such free intercourse as we all desire could come into existence.

I am afraid I have trespassed too long on your space, and must therefore conclude with the hope that the discussion in your magazine will lead to some really useful result.

In some future article I may, with your permission, perhaps point out the ways and means by which we can remove the difficulties to which I have referred, while not in any way giving up our own peculiar national characteristics, which I think every self-respecting citizen must always endeavour to maintain; some of which, in my opinion, are very admirable customs.

How English Girls Live.

VII.—THE COUNTRY GIRL.

[By Miss M. C. Sidgwick.]

HITHERTO we have confined our attention to the town girl. We have seen her under several aspects, that of taking life seriously, taking it lightly, working for herself, working for others, and doing no work at all. Let us now turn to her country sister and see the kind of life that she leads. The girl who is brought up in the country views life from an entirely different standpoint. Her range is restricted in some directions, and wider in others. The occupations and pursuits that a country life affords are more varied, but do not lead so far in any one direction. In a word the whole tendency of life is towards the cultivation of the physical rather than the mental powers.

To the girl who means only to enjoy herself, life in the country is a much more healthy and wholesome affair than it is to the same girl in London. It is true that she cannot shop, or go to the theatre but nature's book is always open to her, and in long rambles through the lanes and fields, or busy quiet hours spent in gardening, she may inspire those gifts of content-

ment and repose, for which the jaded Londoner sighs in vain. Picnics and garden parties in the summer take the place of the crowded London tea party or "At Home," and all sorts of out-door games and pastimes afford opportunities of intercourse between young men and girls, that the London girl never has at all.

The country girl we will consider is the girl who is not very rich and not very poor. She has several sisters and lives in a roomy house surrounded by a large garden in a country village. Several other houses of the same description are scattered about the neighbourhood and she has a great many friends and neighbours. Her family possess a pony and cart, and some of her sisters have bicycles. Her chief occupations are gardening, keeping bees, photography and lawn tennis. One of her sisters sketches in water-colours, visits the poor people in the village and teaches in the Sunday School; another sister is more athletic and she plays hockey and watches at cricket matches, while a fourth divides her attention between golf and playing on the violin. They are all healthy happy looking girls, who take life much as it comes, do not trouble their heads about keeping up with the fashions in clothes, and find the days hardly long enough for all that has to be crammed into them. We will now explain rather more in detail some of the occupations in which these girls spend the greater part of their time.

A few years ago it was quite the custom for girls to spend every afternoon of at least five months in the year in playing lawn tennis.

They would ride on bicycles long distances to play this game at their friends' houses, and many people give tennis parties once or twice a week during the summer at their own. It is an excellent means of seeing one's friends and capital exercise; hence its popularity. Of late years however it has been discarded in many neighbourhoods for the sake of croquet, which is coming very much to the front. This is a game of quite another order of skill. It is much more scientific and exercises the mind instead of the muscles. Croquet can be brought to such a pitch of perfection that it creates as much interest and excitement in the players as billiards. No running about is necessary, so it is a game in which the old people delight; no particular dress is required (as is the case in lawn-tennis) so it is very popular at garden parties, where ladies may be seen gracefully wielding their mallets, their pale glowing dresses, trailing over the smooth grass lawn, without fear of detriment or tear.

Archery is an old-fashioned amusement that is coming once more into vogue. Archery parties and

competitions are held in keen delight in many a country neighbourhood in which the gentler sex predominate. A target is placed at one end of a field, and the competitors shoot at it with bow and arrows. Whoever hits the bull's eye in the centre of the target, oftenest carries off the prize.

Golf and hockey are both games in which ladies can take part. Golf is played on wide broken stretches of breezy land, known as golf-links. The most suitable spots are to be found near the sea, where broken shelving sand banks and the wide waste spaces add to the difficulty and interest of the game. There are many inland golf-links as well however and they are on the increase. The implements used are golf clubs and balls. The former are of several varieties and shapes and to the uninitiated look something like deformed walking sticks. Eighteen small holes are made in the ground at wide irregular intervals varying from about 60 to about 400 yards, and the player tries to hit a ball from one hole to a spot as near as possible to the next. Sometimes several strokes are taken between each hole, and these have to be all played in different ways according to the distance of the ball from the hole. The game is very difficult and requires years of practice before anything like skill is reached. Two or four persons may play. Some of the golf-links are about 5 miles round. The game has a peculiar fascination, partly owing to the wild undulating beauty of the ground on which it is played, partly to the great difficulty of playing well, and partly to the fine steady exercise that it affords. Certain it is, that it has a soothing, entrancing effect upon most of the followers, quite different to that of other games of a more violent type.

Hockey is another very popular game in most country villages. It is played by about twenty-two girls, eleven on each side, and is of a somewhat violent, scrimmaging description. Half of the girls try and prevent the others from hitting a ball into a certain part of the field, and much fun and laughter and rushing about, and some knocks and bruises are the result. Hockey is a winter game and the different villages play matches against each other. It is played with sticks which the player wields over her head, in a way, which if she is not skilful, may prove dangerous to her companions. It is a pretty sight to see. The whirl and rush of the girls as they swoop down in one corner of the field, then part suddenly and scatter like snowflakes, only to re-form in fresh groups at a signal from their leader. Glowing cheeks and high spirits, bright eyes and smiling faces are seen, while a fringe of spectators looks on and cheers approval.

But we have said enough now about the out-door amusements of a country life. Let us look for a moment from the point of view, at which Society and social duties are regarded in the country.

It is on an entirely different basis to that of London. Society is no longer a formal duty, but people come together much, oftener with a mutual object in view and much more seldom, merely to exchange platitudes. You cannot pick and choose friends, as you can in a large town, but though your choice is restricted, opportunities of meeting are much more frequent—so that you know a few people intimately, instead of a great many slightly. People drop in and out of each other's houses in the morning, in a way that they would never dream of doing in London. This freedom of intercourse helps to fill up time, and makes the days pass quickly, but though it is easy to make friends in the country, it is much more difficult than in London, to avoid those with whom you have no sympathy and whose society only frets and disturbs you. In the country you must be satisfied with the neighbours amongst whom you are placed, or else go without them altogether; and thus in one sense, individuality is restricted and the tendency is to level down character to a broad universal type. I know that there are some who complain that this is the danger that besets town life, that in a country life we escape this and are free to expand. It is entirely a question of temperament. Certain types of character will be restricted in either life, but to a quick intellect and lively mind, life in a town amongst the stimulus of other minds yet livelier than its own, in the centre of the busy throng that makes the world go round, offers much more scope than vegetation in the country. It is only to the morbid, the shy, and the exclusive, that a town life means repression. They dislike the whirl and rush; they shrink into themselves and wait for their neighbours to call them forth, forgetting to make the effort which all intercourse demands.

The bicycle has caused an immense change in country social life. It has entirely redistributed whole neighbourhoods, by its quick flight. People who formerly met perhaps twice a year, have by its means become near neighbours. In partially overcoming the barrier of distance, it is one of the most important features of modern progress. Most country girls possess a bicycle and wonder now how they ever lived without them and had to depend upon a horse or their own legs, for seeing their friends and doing their shopping.

A very favourite amusement, to be had only in certain parts of England and indulged in only by the very well-to-do, is hunting. The delights of

hunting cannot be described in words; it must be felt in order to be understood. The wild rush through the air, the wild gallop over fences, through wood and dale, hold a delight and exhilaration that is all their own. Then there is the lively company, the pleasant social freedom—every one is cheerful, good tempered and merry on the hunting field, the leisurely jogs home, at the end of the day with a boon companion, along twilight lanes, through which "the quiet coloured end of evening smiles," and the landscape slowly settles into the darkening gloom of night. And then, there is the delightful sense of pleasant fatigue, the hour spent in an arm chair when the exhilarating events of the day are enjoyed once more; the blessedness of repose after a day spent in the open air, and in the finest exercise in the world. What girl who has ever experienced it, would exchange a day's ride to hounds, for a hundred balls or theatres, or any of the delights that a London life can offer?

A girl's dress in the country is of a different style to that of her London sister, and fills a more subordinate place in her thoughts. As she has few opportunities of shopping, she is not tempted by the thousand and one pretty fripperies that are constantly succeeding one another in the shop windows of London. If she lives near London, she will probably go there for a day's shopping every six or eight weeks. If she lives in the heart of the country, she will deal at the nearest country town, or write to London. In any case shopping will be a necessary duty, to be got through as seldom and as expeditiously as possible, not the almost daily development of a fine art. The kind of clothes too, in demand, are different. There are few dinner parties in the country; with the exception of an occasional dance, all social gatherings are in the afternoon. Evening dresses, opera cloaks, the fretted and purbelowed creations of loveliness in which the London girl delights, the gorgeous hats, the dainty parasols, the delicate gloves and high heeled shoes are out of place in the country. Here short serge skirts, strong shoes, cloth hats and caps are the order of the day. The best dressed girls are the simplest dressed girls, and in the smartest country houses, the girl is quite correctly dressed, who comes down to breakfast in a flannel shirt and a skirt that reaches only but half way below her knee. Pretty coats and skirts, with a few muslin frocks and shady hats for the summer, golf caps and driving coats for the winter complete a girl's wardrobe in the country. A great simplification of the toilette thus takes place, and a girl's mind is freer to attend to other things. She finds her interests in nature rather than in people.

Some girls spend much of their time in looking after the poultry yard, cultivating certain breeds of fowls, rearing chickens, and selling eggs. When this is taken up in earnest, it often not only pays its own expenses, but leaves quite a nice little margin of "pin money" over for the girls' own pocket. Then it must absorb a great deal of her time and attention.

Others make bees a hobby, or roses, or have the special care of the green house. There are many natural, wholesome out-of-door interests to be had in the country.

I have said much about the advantages of a country life, and nothing about its drawbacks. There is a failing however, which, in a London life, is almost unknown, but which is very prevalent in country villages and small country towns, and that is gossip. Every one knows the affairs of every one else. Nothing can be done or said, without comment and criticism from his neighbour. New clothes, new ways of doing the hair, an absence on Sunday at church, the reason why a servant leaves, or a fresh one is added to the household, even a difference in the luncheon hour, or an unaccustomed time for walking, are made the subject of criticism, be it approval, wonder or blame. In some small country towns the members of a household spend much of their time in gazing out of the window, commenting on the passers by, most of whom they of course know, exchanging remarks, and after they have passed on, inventing reasons for their being out, for their haste, or their slowness, for their warmth or their coldness. Wondering at this, conjecturing at that, and very often entirely failing afterwards to disentangle their own surmises from the truth.

There is nothing of all this in a large town. People are too numerous, and too busy, and meet too seldom, to trouble themselves about the petty details of other peoples' lives. And in this way a town life tends to a broader outlook and more generous thought. Gossip in the mouth of persons who prefer speech to action usually becomes ill-natured; curiosity is generally at the bottom of it, and when this is unsatisfied, and they have no resources in themselves but have to look to their neighbours' doings and sayings for the daily food of their minds, they either grow angry, or invent something to satisfy the thwarted interest. The instinct that its gossip is not wholly bad; it arises from too much interest in others but develops if unchecked into untruth and slander.

In a crowded London drawing-room, however well dressed she may be, the country girl is

immediately recognizable by her manners. They are conspicuously different to those of the London girl. Perhaps they may by some be more admired, but in a large assembly of comparative strangers, where the object is to set people at ease, and the ball of talk rolling they are not nearly so useful. The country girl has no small talk. She cannot talk for talking's sake, to fill a gap or cover an awkward silence. If she dare speak at all, she will say what comes into her mind, but it will either be in response to a question, or something upon which she is interested and about which she knows. She cannot draw out other people's interests, or find topics in common. She cannot roll forth a string of pretty nothings, or platitudinize about the weather, the influenza, the theatres, etc. In a word, conversation with her is not an art, it is merely a means of communication. But if the country girl cannot vie with her town sister in the graces of social etiquette and savoir faire, if she cannot set the ball of talk arolling amidst a company of strangers, while she pours out tea with one hand, distributes it with the other and is in three places all at once, yet by her very inaction she may prove herself a power. She is a symbol of repose; her silence is restful. Like Phellida, the heroine in Austen Dobson's charming little poem,

"Her colour comes and goes
It trembles to a lily,
It wavers to a rose...
And Phellida, my Phellida
Her shy and simple words
Are clear, as, after rain drops,
The music of the birds."

The Story of a Mixed Marriage.

[BY AN INDIAN LADY].



It was a happy day for the old parents. They had just received a letter from their beloved and only son who was in England, containing the joyful news that he had passed his final examination and was at last free to return home. They were very simple people,

these old parents. Mr. and Mrs. Sreenivasen were both converts from Brahminism. Mr. Sreenivasen had been a very influential man as a Hindu, for his father had belonged to a very high family, and he himself had distinguished himself very creditably in his examinations. Of course he had lost most of this influence by becoming a Christian; but he and his

wife did not mind this in the least, for the peace and joy that they found in their new lives more than compensated for all that they had lost in the old. And the influence that Mr. Sreenivasen lost as a Hindu, he soon recovered as a Christian, for, from the position of a Catechist he had risen to that of an ordained missionary, respected by everyone with whom he came in contact and literally idolized by his congregation. They had saved something out of their scanty earnings; and Mr. Sreenivasen's father, when he died, had left him a small inheritance, so that they were not badly off for money. But for all that they preferred to live simply. Their tastes were easily satisfied, and they wanted to save enough money to satisfy one cherished dream of their lives, and that was to send their only son to England, and get their only daughter educated up to a high standard. So seven years ago they had sent their son, when he was fifteen years of age, with some kind friends to England, to qualify for the Medical service, and he had won high honours in all his University examinations, and now came the news that he had passed his last examination very creditably. So they thought their dream was fulfilled and were happy; and they knelt down and thanked God for his blessings.

But they did not notice that a tone of indifference had of late crept into his letters. He had written to them affectionate letters regularly for some years; and if at times he missed the post, they found a ready excuse in the belief that he was too busy to write. Now they were anxiously waiting for a letter from their son telling them of his starting for India. But week after week passed and no such letter came; and the tone of indifference was becoming more manifest. But his parents were so happy that they never criticised his letters except with fond pride, and never noticed what was becoming so plain to their friends to whom they sometimes showed the letters.

At last, after three weary months of waiting, came the happy news that he would start for India within a week. O how happy the old parents were! How their hearts bounded with joy that they should see their beloved son so soon! How many eager arrangements they made in fond anticipation of his arrival! The weary time of waiting passed away soon, and yet the day of his arrival seemed advancing so slowly. But at last it had come. Their hearts were all one flutter of happiness, and their joy was so great that sometimes they scarce knew what they were doing. They met him at the harbour and oh! the joy of that meeting. How the father and mother hugged their long-absent son and how they wept over him tears of

joy and thanked God for His mercies! Again and again the mother held him off at arm's length to see how much he had changed. He looked so different from the slender stripling of fifteen that they had left on the England-going steamer with such heart-rending tears of farewell, seven long years ago, that the mother felt a pang at her heart that she had lost so many years of her son's companionship, when she could have watched over every stage of his development. But he looked so handsome and manly withal that she felt her heart bound with pride and the pang was forgotten in the greater surprise of what seemed to her such a sudden change. "How noble he looks," thought she with fond pride, "how handsome and distinguished! I feel so proud of him, and yet I must not be vain that God has given me such a fine son. I must rather thank Him for his mercies."

Yes, indeed, a fine man he looked, as he stood there, with the dark hair curling over his low broad brow, and the son-browned bronze of his complexion showing clear under the warm sun. There was no mistaking the refined expression of his regular, clear-cut features, or the air of distinction that showed itself in his every word and look. He appeared very glad to see his parents, and was almost as excited as they were over their meeting. They were looking much older than when he had seen them last, but they were not feeble, and the excitement of the moment had given them quite a youthful appearance; so that there was nothing to make him feel anxious about them. They took him to their home, and tried to make him comfortable there, sacrificing their own simple tastes to supply him with some at least of the luxuries he had been used to in England. And he tried to respond eagerly to their warm-hearted efforts, partly that he may not cause them pain, and partly because it pleased him to come back to some of the old Indian ways of life, after the English manners and customs he had been used to for such a long time. But there were times when, in spite of himself, he seemed to regret having come back to India, even though it was his native land; and there were certainly some points in which he appeared estranged from his countrymen. But his parents never noticed such moments, or if they did, it was only with a vague half-consciousness, which caused them a momentary uneasiness and then was lost in the absorbing pleasure of his presence. He had a strangely fascinating manner about him, and he won many friends by his rare smile and refined address, and these found no fault with him. But there were some who became very jealous of the perfect manners and good breeding of Mr. Sreenivasen's son; and it was only they and

some of their neighbours, who took advantage of his faults, and noticed the extreme fastidiousness of some of his habits, and his dislike to certain Indian customs, and his shrinking from the society of some who wished to be his friends. It was not that he despised his countrymen or their manners; he knew that many of their uncultured ways were but the result of their own earnestness and intentional disregard of artificialities, and he honoured them all the more for their simple and unconventional habits. It was only the natural shrinking of a nature hitherto brought up in the cultured atmosphere of English society, from some of the uncultured ways of his countrymen that, exaggerated by the jealousy of some of his neighbours, seemed the arrogance of a proud youth, spoilt by an English education, and despising the society of a community from the midst of which he himself had sprung. He knew that, in a few months more, he would get accustomed to the old life, where he had passed his early youth, and would adopt himself to his old surroundings.

The young man was in truth too much absorbed in himself and too much unconscious of the society in whose midst he was, and there was no doubt that his conduct was not all that was right in some respects. His old parents however continued full of their happiness and happily unconscious of the whispers flying around them; and no one dared to hint to them of what they suspected or noticed. But, in the meantime, Government had ordered their son to go to his work in the town of M.—, which was far away from the city where they lived. So, with tears and farewell blessings, Mr. and Mrs. Sreenivasen had again to bid farewell to him, but this time with the hope of seeing him again soon; and he went to join his work, and their lives fell back into the old routine. But their neighbours could no longer hold their tongues, and decided it was time for them to do their duty of awakening their old friends to what they thought was the real state of things. One day, an old lady, whom Mr. and Mrs. Sreenivasen had long looked upon as their friend, called upon them, and led the conversation easily enough to the subject, which was indeed always engrossing the minds of these old parents, the subject of their son.

"So your son has gone back to his work, is he, Mrs. Sreenivasen? I am sure we should all be proud of him. How much he has changed to be sure during his stay in England!"

"Yes, is he not changed?" said the old mother with fond pride. "Why, I scarcely knew him at first. He is so noble and handsome that I feel so—, but there, I must not praise my own son too much."

"O yes, he is very noble and distinguished,

but do you not think he is a little too distinguished; I mean do you not think he despises us."

"Despise you! Why Mrs.—you must be out of your senses, my son would never do that!"

"But Mrs. Sreenivasen, I do not want to offend you, but we thought we noticed that his manner was a little too proud and that he was getting to think too much of himself."

"What do you mean Mrs.—; I am afraid you are mistaken very much."

"O well, if you get offended, we shall keep quiet. But, you know, we think of you as our dear friend; and we only wanted to make you know the real state of things before it is too late to mend matters. Never mind! Mrs. Sreenivasen, please excuse me for what I said."

Hints of this kind were not slow in coming; and though Mr. and Mrs. Sreenivasen pretended to pay no heed to them, but always defended their son with eager pride, they could not shut their ears to them for ever. Slowly their minds were filled with many misgivings and they thought that perhaps what their neighbours were saying may be true after all, at least in part; and the letters they received from their son seemed to confirm them in the suspicion. He was writing very irregularly, and when he did write his letters were generally very scrappy, and there seemed a melancholy tone of regret running through them. So they thought sorrowfully; "Perhaps our son really does despise us. He has indeed cause to do so, for he is much more cultured and educated than we are." But then the thought would come, would their son really despise them? He loved them, the dear lad, and would he despise them? Surely the others must be mistaken. But before long they were forced to come to the conclusion that he was perhaps alienated from their community in some respects, and the thought caused them great grief; but through it all they never ascribed anything base and unworthy to him; but only thought that it was so because he was so far above them all. He was so refined and cultured, they thought, and so far above them all, and surely he had every right not to like some of the customs and manners of their community. And likewise old people, they set about to find a remedy to this state of things, and one expedient was not long in suggesting itself to them. They would get their son married to a good, educated Indian Christian girl, whom he might come to love, and, influenced by her, he would come back to them their own old son again. "There might be a girl somewhere," thought the mother, "good enough to be his wife; and for her I will seek

far and wide and he will marry her and never despise any of us any more."

So thought the fond parents; but "man proposes," says the old proverb, "and God disposes;" and their hopes were destined to be soon overthrown. One day a letter came to them from their son; and they sat down to read it together as they always did. But alas, what a letter it was! It began with excuses for having, as he said, "gone contrary to one of their wishes." What had he done? Was it anything so bad that he should think it necessary to ask for their pardon in such terms? Perhaps it was some silly thing he had done, the foolish boy! and all would be well. But alas, it was not to be. The next sentence came like a thunderbolt on their dazed minds. He said he had been deceiving them all along and that he was married. Married, good God! and what next! He was married to an English lady whom he had left behind, and "mother," he wrote, "do not be angry with her or think she entrapped me into the marriage. She is a sweet, lovely girl, and I loved her and married her, and I love her still. She is anxious to come out here, and I too want her to be with me. Only forgive me, you and father, and I shall be happy. I could not deceive you longer."

That was all there was in the letter. But the father and mother could read between the lines. She wanted to come to India, and he wanted her, and they knew what the result of that would be. She would despise them, and teach him also to do the same, and—Ah, well, that was their fate they supposed; and the letter fell from the father's hands and the mother hid her face and sobbed. They had specially warned him against this, to beware of being drawn into the nets of the English girls, and he had done the very thing that they had told him not to do. So their neighbours were right after all. He would come to despise his father and mother, and oh, what would their lives be worth if he did so. They never looked to him for any help in the way of money. It was not for that they had sent him to England. They only wanted to give him the good foundation of a solid education and leave him in the world with a fair start for life. They only wished for his happiness; and had he gone and wrecked it by this rash act? Forgive him for what he had done? Of course they would. He was their own dear son after all. It was only that woman that had come between him and them. They could see that their son loved them truly. That letter was full of sorrow for them, half expressing remorse on his part, and trying to prepare them for the grief that he knew they would feel. But had it come to this after all?

So they wrote to their son and told him that

they forgave him, and that he ought to get his wife from England, especially as she was so anxious to come. They were obliged to tell their neighbours what had happened. Many sympathised with them in their trouble, but some, as expected, sneered and said:—

"Oh! did we not tell you so?—So your son has become a grand gentleman has he, marrying an English lady? Well, well. We must thank you for giving us a good lesson. All this is the result of sending our lads to England."

But Mr. and Mrs. Sreenivasen put on an air of pride, and defended their absent son gallantly; and the result was that they also were thought proud and vain.

Meanwhile their letter had reached their son, William, and he for some time did not know what to do. His wife was a pretty English girl, to whom he had been introduced two years ago by some of his friends. In spite of all his efforts to keep away from her, for he remembered his parents' warning, he could not resist her spell, and had grown to love her with all his heart. But he never for a moment thought that she would become his wife. Still the depth and, as he thought, the hopelessness of his love impelled him to make an attempt, and he had proposed tremblingly for her hand. But strange to say, contrary to all his expectations, she had accepted him. She was attracted by her lover, by his handsome face, his intelligence and success in his examinations, and above all by his character, his strength of purpose and moral courage and the very strength of his love; and she thought she loved him enough to become his wife. So they were married and spent three months of great happiness, and during that time he came even near to forgetting his parents, for he loved her very much and had found in her all that he had ever dreamed of finding in the woman he would make his wife. But the time came for him to return to India, and though she was very anxious to go out with him, he knew that that would not be advisable. He knew what reception they would get if he and his English wife went to India together. Here in England, he thought, it is all right; the English here have none of that prejudice towards Indians which the English in India, and the Anglo-Indians have. Here they have the greatest esteem for us, and this marriage was a pleasure to many. But in India—Ah, he knew what to expect there. His wife would come to know the small respect and esteem in which the Europeans held the Indians, the way in which the latter were despised—and "what right have they to despise us?" he thought, a great feeling of anger rising in his mind. "We are as good as they, and in some ways better, and why should they look down upon us?" but such was

the case, and he knew it would be so for many centuries more. And she would come to despise them also; but what was worse, she herself would be despised for having married an Indian; many of his own people would scorn him for what he had done; he would have to give the cold shoulder to his old parents who had done so much for him; there would be quarrels between him and his wife, and—Oh, it would be unbearable. He thought he would go out to India alone, and if things looked better, he would get his wife there. So, much against her and his own wish, he left her behind and started for India. When he arrived there, he found he had been alienated from his people in some respects; but for the sake of his parents he determined to make himself one with them. But he found that a more difficult process than he had expected it would be; and his heart sank, when he thought of the effort his wife would have to make before she could be happy in India. But his heart was hungering for her; and she herself was writing again and again, asking him to allow her to join him. So, against his own better judgment, he determined to get her. After much hesitation he had written to his old parents and told them everything; and now he had received their answer. It was quiet enough and calm enough, but he could see that their hearts were bleeding all the time, for they knew as well as himself all the evils that would follow his act. What could he do? Oh! he could not look into the future. He would get his wife, and let things take their course.

So she came. She was a good sailor; but she had not enjoyed her voyage much. Even so early as that she had begun to feel the difference in the treatment of the Indians by the English in England and the English in India. Already many of the passengers avoided her society, and hints were not long in reaching her that this was so because she had married an Indian. She was astonished and painfully surprised. She had never heard such a thing in England, and she could not understand the process of thought which had given rise to such an idea. Her husband was a noble gentleman, and why should she be despised for having married him? She tried to laugh it all off, but it was not such an easy matter; and many misgivings rose in her mind and troubled her. But she was nearing the end of her voyage; she would meet her husband soon; and she thought he could explain everything to her and make it right. Besides, the scenes and the people whom she now saw were so different from those she had been accustomed to hitherto, and yet so interesting that she felt she had done well in coming to this new land. Her husband met her at the Bombay harbour and their meeting

was full of happiness. After a few days spent in that great city, he took her to the town where his work was, and which was near Bombay; and there the first few months were spent by her very pleasantly in the arrangement of her new home, and in seeing the new sights and scenes which met her at every turn. She was very happy too in her husband's company, and she felt as if the disagreeable time of her voyage was after all only a long-passed dream. But soon this state of things changed. She felt that that she was really being avoided by the European residents of the place. Scarcely any one called on her; she was invited to no parties or picnics; and there was none of that social intercourse and friendliness which she had imagined to herself with such delight in England. She longed to ask her husband about it; but she remembered the hints that had been dropped before about her having married an Indian; and she was afraid to hurt his feelings by any question about it.

He on his part was very unhappy. He was of course very happy with his wife; but his heart ached when he thought of his parents. They were living in a town quite near the one where they were; and if they had all been on friendly relations, they would have paid him many visits, and he could have gone to them in his holidays. But as it was his parents never made mention of such a thing and he never invited them to come. They were proud and independent and they did not wish to thrust themselves into a home where they were unwelcome. Meanwhile, the Indian Christians about the place had noticed all this. The prejudice was then very strong against an English education for Indian boys, for they thought it would spoil their character; and, in the present case, they ascribed every thing to the influence of the English wife; and very few of the Christians called on Mr. Sreenivasen's son, and he was not getting much practice as a doctor. Everything looked hopeless to him, except for one hope which lay in the thought that one day his wife might come to assimilate herself with the people among whom she lived and the old relations with them would be established.

As for her before she left England, she had dreamt much of helping the people of India in various ways; and when she came to India, she tried to carry out some of her plans, but she was met coldly; and though she liked the people very much she found it very difficult to get used to their customs and make herself one with them.

Meanwhile she was feeling very dull at home. Her husband was out the greater part of the day doing his work; and even when he came home, she was not altogether happy, because a new

constraint had risen up between them, arising out of the secret thoughts which each kept hidden in order not to hurt the other's feelings. The coldness of the Europeans hurt her very much and filled her with anger; and she was eager to take her revenge on them. One day she was invited to a picnic given by the military men. She was a pretty woman and they thought she would be an acquisition to the party. But even there she found that the other Europeans avoided her; and out of sheer spite towards them, and in the bitterness of her heart, she talked and laughed so brightly that all the men were fascinated and gathered round her; and this made the others more jealous still. After this, the military men used to go to her house, at first seldom, but afterwards frequently, and she encouraged their visits, simply with a desire to pass away the time that hung heavily on her hands. But by this time all sorts of rumours were being spread about her "flirting with the soldiers," and about her despising her father's parents. Her husband too was very unhappy. He was getting very few letters at long intervals from his father and mother; and when many people asked him how they were getting on, for Mr. and Mrs. Sreenivasen were well-known people, he was forced to confess his comparative ignorance about them. And the rumour that he and his parents were not on good terms was intensified and all the blame was laid on his English wife. His heart ached to see her thus accused, and he longed to draw her to himself and soothe her; but the constraint between them had been rapidly becoming wider and deeper. He thought she did not love him truly, for if she did, he thought, she would be anxious to know his people; and when he saw her growing pale and thin, he thought that she was pining for her English home. Her parties to the military men also displeased him for he knew that they were giving rise to many rumours. But she was unconscious of them all, being innocent of any desire of offence, and he did not like to awaken her to the real state of things. But she was not unconscious of the rumour that she was the cause of all the trouble between him and his parents. Often when he and she went to parties and meetings, as they sometimes did go, they heard people talking about them—Europeans pointing to her and calling her a silly woman for having married an Indian; and the Indians themselves not behind-hand in their remarks against her. She felt a great bitterness rising in her heart at this treatment and a part of it was directed against her husband. She thought it was his duty to see that such remarks should not gain acceptance, and concluded that he was indifferent to it all. She did not know how much pained he was by this insulting treatment and

how he quarrelled with many people on account of it; and no one told her of it.

Many months passed. The relations between William and his wife were getting more and more strained day by day. She was of quick temper and her nature was being soured and his also by the treatment that was being accorded to them. William longed to see his parents, and one day he proposed to go to the place where they were. But his wife was afraid that the Europeans would despise her more if she became intimate with her husband's people. So she refused to accompany him, and he did not like to go without her. But she had heard that Mr. and Mrs. Sreenivasen were very good people, and she knew she was doing wrong in repelling them. Often he longed to end all the misery in some way or another. She was also spending a great deal of money on her entertainments to the military men, for, poor thing! she was anxious to show that she was as good as the other Europeans. But William's practice was not large, and he could not afford to waste much money. So one day he remonstrated with her on the subject. She flared up and her long-boarded bitterness found vent in the answer "But what am I to do, if I do not do that at least? No one cares for me here, and as for you, you do not love me at all. You never care to see how meanly I am being treated by all, as if I were a dog. Even your people hate me. O I wish I were dead and have done with it all." That was the beginning of a long quarrel they had; and next morning she told him that she was going to the house of some friend in another town. He said nothing and she started soon. He would have given anything to keep her back; and she hated the thought of going, but both were too proud to utter the words that lay ready on their tongues. So she went away. But the reception given to her by her friend was very cold, and she felt she was very unwelcome. It was only an old invitation that she had taken advantage of and now she felt that she had done wrong in coming. She stayed there some days and they were days of misery to her. One evening she went out a long distance and sat down to think it all over. When she was first married she had made so many resolutions about making her home happier than anybody else's was; and now what was the result of it all? She was unhappy; her husband was unhappy and all was misery. Whose fault was it? It began with the treatment of the Europeans. What right had they to avoid her? She had married a good man and why should they despise her? After all, her husband was her best friend. She had done wrong in minding the others. It was all her fault. She ought to have tried to make herself

one with her husband's people. But most probably they also despised her. Her husband was her only refuge. She loved him and he may love her a little after all. After every thing was set right between them, she would try to understand her husband's people and incorporate herself with their community. All would be well yet.

All this time she had not noticed the strange stillness of the air, and the black thunder clouds gathering thick and dark above. Suddenly there was a peal of thunder and she started to her feet and prepared to go home. But the storm burst at once. The vivid flashes of lightning, the deafening peals of thunder, the strong wind and the rain frightened her so much that she could not go on. And by the time the storm stopped and she went home, she was soaking wet. But she did not change her wet clothes. She was too miserable and tired and cared too little about herself to do anything but drop into a seat and close her eyes. That night she felt feverish; and the fever soon rose very high and she was even delirious, calling to her husband always, and her mother and father who had been dead long ago. The lady in whose house she was staying, telegraphed for William, and he came, and soon found out what was the matter with her. Everything was done to cure her; but it was no use. She lingered a few days longer in great pain and then she died. She had been unconscious from the first; but at the last she opened her eyes with the light of reason in them and called to her husband who was sitting near, utterly heart-broken and miserable, expecting every moment her death. "For a moment he felt a little hope; but soon he saw that it was only the last flicker of the soul, before it took for itself wings and flew away. "William," she said, but so low that he had to bend his ear to her, "I have not been a good wife to you, dear; I have made you so unhappy. But I love you so much, and only the other day I was thinking of making it all up and making myself one with your people. But it is no use, dear. I am dying and it is all over. Go back to your parents; and, William dear, forget all my faults, but just keep a little corner in your heart for me, and tell your parents that I always admired them and tell them to forgive me." After a time she became incoherent and rambled on for a few minutes longer in great gasps; but as she felt his tears on her and saw his body shaking with his sobs, she tried to sit up in bed and wipe his eyes. But it was her last effort. With a cry she fell back in his arms and died.

The next day she was buried and William went back to his home. But what a home it was. At every step he missed her face and voice, and his heart was very bitter as he

thought of it all. What right had every one to despise her as they did, such a poor innocent creature? It was all his fault. He should never have married such a bright girl and brought her away from her nest to this strange land to be scorned and despised, and pine and fade away. And who among all those who avoided her, was good enough to be by her side? His heart swelled with his bitter grief and remorse, and life did not seem worth living. His parents—what were they doing now? He would go back to them, but would they forgive him? Ah yes, they would, but he could not go back to them after having treated them so shamefully. No, no, there was no hope for him. He would die. He was no good to the world.

Just then a letter was handed to him in his father's writing; and what a letter it was. They still thought his wife ill; and their letter was full of forgiveness and sympathy and prayer for her life. The letter fell from his hands and he wept, wept as he had not done after his wife's death. His stony calm melted and he felt there was hope for him after all. He would go back to his parents, go to them like the prodigal son.

He started that very evening and late at the next night, knocked at his father's door. His mother opened it and the light fell full on his features as he stood humbly there. She gave a great cry and the lamp fell from her hands, and she clasped him in her arms. The father heard the cry and came out, and saw his son, and they three wept like children. "Father," he cried, "I am come back to you like the prodigal son. I have sinned and I am not worthy to be called your son. But, mother, it was not her fault. It was my fault; and before she died she told me to tell you that she admired you all very much and that you were to forgive her. If she had lived, she—"; but he could not go on more, and with a great sob he stopped. As soon as they had seen him, they had known that his wife was dead; and now they were silent, and only soothed him with silent caresses. After a while he became quieter; and that night they three talked over it all, and both the old parents heard the whole account and before they separated it was with the full assurance to him that they forgave his wife, and then they fell on their knees and prayed to God, unburdening their griefs. In spite of all, they felt He had been good to them and protected them with His loving hand.

Some time afterwards I met a friend who had been with Dr. William Sreenivasen for some time. He told me what a fine man he was and how he helped the people, and what a great deal of good he was doing to those around as a doctor.

"The people simply worship him," he said. "Every one comes to him for any little illness, and he is so patient and attends to them all. His parents are such fine people too. They are quite old and they are staying in his house, and he comes to them for advice in every little matter. It is such a happy household."

I told him the story of the young man. He was silent for a moment and then he said:—

"Ah! that explains a remark made to me by Mr. William. I could not understand it at the time, and I had no time to ask him about it. He said, 'I hope parents in India will not fear my example and not send their sons to England, for fear of their turning out as badly as I did.' Now I see why he made the remark. Why, if we take his example, I think we should every one of us send our sons to England, if only we had the means to do so. He is doing God's work and there is no mistake about it. His wife must have been a good woman too, for I often heard him and his parents talking about her, though I never heard her story. Only, such marriages are not a success in India, whatever they may be in England, because of the surroundings, the artificial pride of race and colour, so strong in this land, and because of the prejudice which exists against such marriages both among Indians and Europeans. If only we—; but never mind, such a question must be discussed very deeply, and we cannot do it now."

The Brahmin Women of Malabar.



[BY C. RAJA RAJA VARMA.]
O little is known to the outside world of the small but very interesting community of Malayali Brahmins inhabiting the Malabar Coast, that I propose to give a short sketch of them for the benefit of the readers of this Magazine. These Brahmins go by the name

of Namburis, a word the meaning of which is not very clear. Cut off from the rest of the Indian Peninsula by high ranges of mountains on the one hand and the sea on the other, the Brahmins of this picturesque land have, in the course of long ages, developed social laws and customs which to a foreigner would appear incomprehensible and even puzzling. The Namburis are so conservative and so opposed to all reforms that while all the world around them has been moving forward in the path of progress they have remained stationary. And yet, it must be said to their credit that they are an honest, law-abiding and independent people.

They seldom seek government service or stoop to do menial work for others. They lead quiet and contented lives in the country far removed from crowded and noisy towns and villages, engaged in their religious rites and the management of their estates. No Namburi is so poor as to be obliged to beg for his livelihood. The personal appearance, dress and manners of the Namburi women differ as much from those of the Brahmin women elsewhere, as their own beautiful land differs from the rest of India. They have much fairer complexions than their sisters on the east coast, and the white muslin cloths in which they are usually dressed lend them an appearance of innocence and saintliness. Their ornaments are few and simple and of a very primitive fashion. Namburi ladies of even the richest families are not sanctioned by their custom to wear on their hands anything but pewter bangles. Is not this very strange? But there are stranger customs than this. Unlike other Brahmin women of Southern India they observe strict *Purdah* system. Their ways of happiness and freedom terminate after a time and they are shut up within the four walls of their house never to be seen by strangers. I do not know if they think that their lot is a hard one, but certain it is they never complain of it. When they have to go out on visits to their female relations in the neighbourhood, they do so always attended by maid servants however poor their condition in life might be. They are besides protected from profane eyes, by large umbrellas of palmyra leaves which they hold side-wise, so as to conceal their persons from the passers-by. The natives of the soil, who are acquainted with their prejudices, show the greatest respect to them and never venture to do anything that is likely to outrage their sense of modesty. One looks in vain for Namburi women among the crowds that gather at public places of worship, bathing ghats and market places. Their time at home is devoted to cooking and other domestic duties in which they sometimes show great skill.

If the stigma of ignorance and superstition is attached to the Brahmin women of India generally, it can be applied with double force to the Namburi women of Malabar. In the case of these latter the *Zenana* system, as with the Mohamedans and the higher class Hindus of Northern India, stands as an additional barrier to keep back the light of education and progress. All the instruction that they receive is imparted to them at home during their girlhood, before they enter the thres hold of the *Zenana*. Those who can read and write their own vernacular, form only the minority, though the early process of initiation into the mysteries of the alphabet and the tables of arithmetic is compulsorily

gone through by every Namburi girl as enjoined by Hindu *Shastras*. But their education is over long before they are able to think for themselves. They never attend girls' schools of a public nature even if they exist in their neighbourhood, owing to the rigid caste system in which they are brought up. And yet with all these drawbacks the moral tone that prevails among them is far higher than among any other community of Brahmins. Not a single Namburi woman has ever been heard of having been convicted for crimes punishable under law. The *Purdah*, which obtains among them, does not owe its origin, as is supposed by some to any Mohamedan influence. It is a custom of purely indigenous growth that had taken a firm root on the soil long before the advent of Mohamedans in India. It is well known that the Malabar Coast which includes the native states of Travancore and Cochin had never been under Mohamedan sway long enough to leave any permanent trace of it over its population.

The marriage system of the Namburi Brahmins presents many curious features. Only the eldest male member of a Tarwad or family is permitted by their custom to enter into holy wedlock. The junior members either remain as bachelors through life, or contract morganatic alliances with women of the next lower castes, such alliances having the sanction both of the law and usage of the land. As a result we find that there are more marriageable Brahmin girls than there are eligible bridegrooms, who, on this account, demand such large sums in dowry as most parents cannot afford to pay. It is therefore not an uncommon thing to see unmarried women of twenty and even twenty-five years of age, among the Namburis. But this cannot, from a modern point of view, be looked upon as an altogether unmixed evil. For, while it has checked infant marriages—the bane of modern Hindu society—it has also served to keep down the Namburi community from outgrowing its means of subsistence. The minimum marriageable age for girls among them is fourteen to fifteen, even in cases in which their parents can well afford to pay the exorbitant dowers demanded. When strenuous efforts are being made elsewhere, to raise the age limit to fourteen, it is gratifying to find that in Malabar that limit has remained, from a very long time past, the recognized minimum age for marriage among the Namburi women. Widowhood is strictly enforced on them, though we rarely find infant widows among them for the reasons already given. A custom which other Brahmin communities might with advantage adopt, is the prohibition of the disfigurement of Namburi widows. They are never subjected to the humiliation of parting with their usually luxuriant growth of hair. This

is not the result of any internal reform effected in recent times, but has existed from time immemorial.

Breaches of conjugal fidelity among these Brahmins are treated even in these days of enlightenment with a severity often amounting to inhumanity. As soon as a woman is suspected of misconduct she is separated from the rest of the family and lodged in a room by herself. Information of the occurrence is at once conveyed to the neighbours, and they hold a preliminary enquiry at which, if it is proved that there are reasonable grounds for suspicion, the sovereign of the land as well as the high priest of the Namburis are communicated with in a formal manner. A *Punchayet* or tribunal, consisting of a certain number of privileged Brahmins and a representative of the ruler of the state, is held in the house of the accused. In the first place the servant woman of the house is questioned as she is supposed to be implicated in such love matters, and then the accused herself is subjected to a severe examination. It is stated that the questions are so subtly framed that the truth is sooner or later extracted from the guilty woman. The trial lasts for days and sometimes for months when the woman is disposed to be perverse and obstinate. She is permitted to be behind her *Purdah* until her guilt is conclusively proved. The expenses of the commission which have to be borne by the family of the accused often run up to such enormous sums as to land it in complete ruin. Pending the result of the trial all the members of the family are put in a state of isolation. Should it be found that they had been in any way privy to the misconduct of the girl, they are put out of caste along with the culprit. Many well-to-do and respectable families have been thus reduced to misery and degradation by the thoughtlessness of a single woman.

The judges try their very best to elicit from the woman the name of her seducer, and if they succeed, he shares the same fate as his victim. At the conclusion of the trial, if the woman is found guilty, her umbrella which is considered to be a symbol of chastity is torn to shreds, she is deprived of her *Tali*—the gold ornament tied round her neck by her husband on the day of their wedding—and her pewter bangles are splintered to pieces. She is treated to all intents and purposes like a widow to whom her husband is lost for ever. A Tamil Brahmin, usually called a *Pattar* in Malabar, is employed for publicly proclaiming her an outcaste; for it is too delicate a duty for a high born Namburi to do. This done, she is rejected from her home without much ceremony. The departure of the fallen woman from her home and all that she had held precious in it, would remind my Christian readers of the

expulsion of Eve from Eden. The poor outcaste is prohibited from entering temples and using tanks and wells reserved for Hindus. She is avoided by all her Hindu fellow-creatures as they would a leper. Driven from her home and all her friends, she leaves the neighbourhood of the scene of her disgrace never to be heard of again. In some cases these unfortunate creatures seek the protection of non-Hindus who are willing to keep them; in others they sink deeper and deeper into vice and perish in misery and starvation. The states of Travancore and Cochin are bound, according to the ancient usage of the land, to give protection to these helpless creatures, when they desire to live virtuously for the remainder of their lives, but, in the majority of cases, they choose to become self-exiles, rather than reside in their own native places where they are least likely to meet with sympathy and kindness from their country-men.

Sister Dora.



HE was born in 1832, in a little village, called Hauxwell, near Richmond. Her father, the Reverend Mark James Pattison, had twelve children and Sister Dora was the youngest but one. She was naturally of a very delicate and weak constitution which caused much hindrance to, and irregularity in, her education but she always enjoyed the company of wise and good men. She was very cheerful and took much delight in games, music and dancing. In her youth her health had improved and she became a fine horse-woman. In her 20th year she was a tall, strong and very beautiful woman, known to all classes in her village and neighbourhood. What pleased her most was to help others and she was ever ready to respond to the call of distressed people. She soon discovered that home-life did not satisfy her, and she desired to join a Sisterhood but her father disapproved of this idea. After a few years she became a village school mistress in the parish of little Woolston, near Bletchly, where her work was excellent. She had an attack of Pleurisy which broke down her health. She was obliged to move to Redcar for medical treatment. This place was the Headquarters of a Sisterhood and the associations of this place finally made her enter the Sisterhood of the good Samaritans. In 1865, Sister Dora was sent to nurse the poor people at a cottage hospital in Walsall. One cannot omit a short story connected with this place which

proves how kind and gentle a nature Sister Dora possessed. One day while she was going to visit a patient a boy threw a stone at her which struck and wounded her forehead. Not long afterwards the same boy was brought to the hospital. Sister Dora at once recognizing him took him under her own charge and bestowed more than usual attention upon him. One day the boy said, "Sister, I threw a stone at you." "Oh," she replied, "Do you think I did not know that?" "Why, I knew you the very minute you entered the hospital." "What?" returned the boy, "you knew me and have been nursing me like this?" With her skill in the art of healing she also increased her literary knowledge. While she was in Walsall, a terrible epidemic of small-pox invaded the town and she spent her spare hours with the sufferers, sitting up at night with the worst cases. In the course of her experiences she came in contact with many forms of sufferings. She prayed for her patients daily and never touched a wound without lifting up her heart to God and entreating Him to help her in healing it. The daily study of the holy scriptures was her first work. It is related that once she said to a servant who wanted an employment in her hospital: "This is not an ordinary house or even a hospital. I want that all who serve here, in whatever capacity, ought to have one rule, Love of God, and then I need not say love for their work." Thus she worked for 15 long years, but at last her health gave way. Though there was no external signs of it in her appearance nor any change in her usual spirits, cancer was doing its deadly work. She bore her sickness heroically, and after suffering for a long while breathed her last. The day of her funeral witnessed an outburst of affection scarcely surpassed. There was not a single soul left in Walsall that did not lament for her. The funeral procession included the clergy, the priest, the choirs of all the churches, the physicians and surgeons, the Mayors and all other representatives besides the common multitude.

On the uncovered coffin was the inscription:—"Sister Dora entered into rest, 24th December 1878." Thus passed away this remarkable woman, who sacrificed herself for the sake of the poor and sick people, having lived an ideal life of practical duty.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feeling, not figures on a dial.
.....He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

S. ABU ALI JAFFREY.





SONG.
A POEM BY VICTOR HUGO,
Translated from the French.

The Morning dawns and Sleep shuts close
Thy door, my Sweet, why lie and dream,
When blushing opes the scented rose,
And Phœbus tints the Morn with cream?

My Heart's delight,
Oh! listen, see
Thy lover sings,
Weeps ay, for thee!

At thy blest Portal Nature taps,
The dawn is whisp'ring, "I am Day!"
The lark with song the Mead enwraps,
While, "I am Love," my heart doth say!

My Heart's delight,
Oh! listen, see
Thy lover sings,
Weeps ay, for thee!

Thee Angel at thy shrine adore,
Thee Woman at thy feet I fall:
With Thee what lack my nature more?
God made my love for thy dear heart,
God cleft mine eyes, that at thy Mart
Of Beauty's Self I might fling all.

My Heart's delight,
Oh! listen, see
Thy lover sings,
Weeps ay, for thee!

W. GAWEN KING.

Women in Islamic History.

[By MD. IBRAHIM QURAISHI, B.A.]

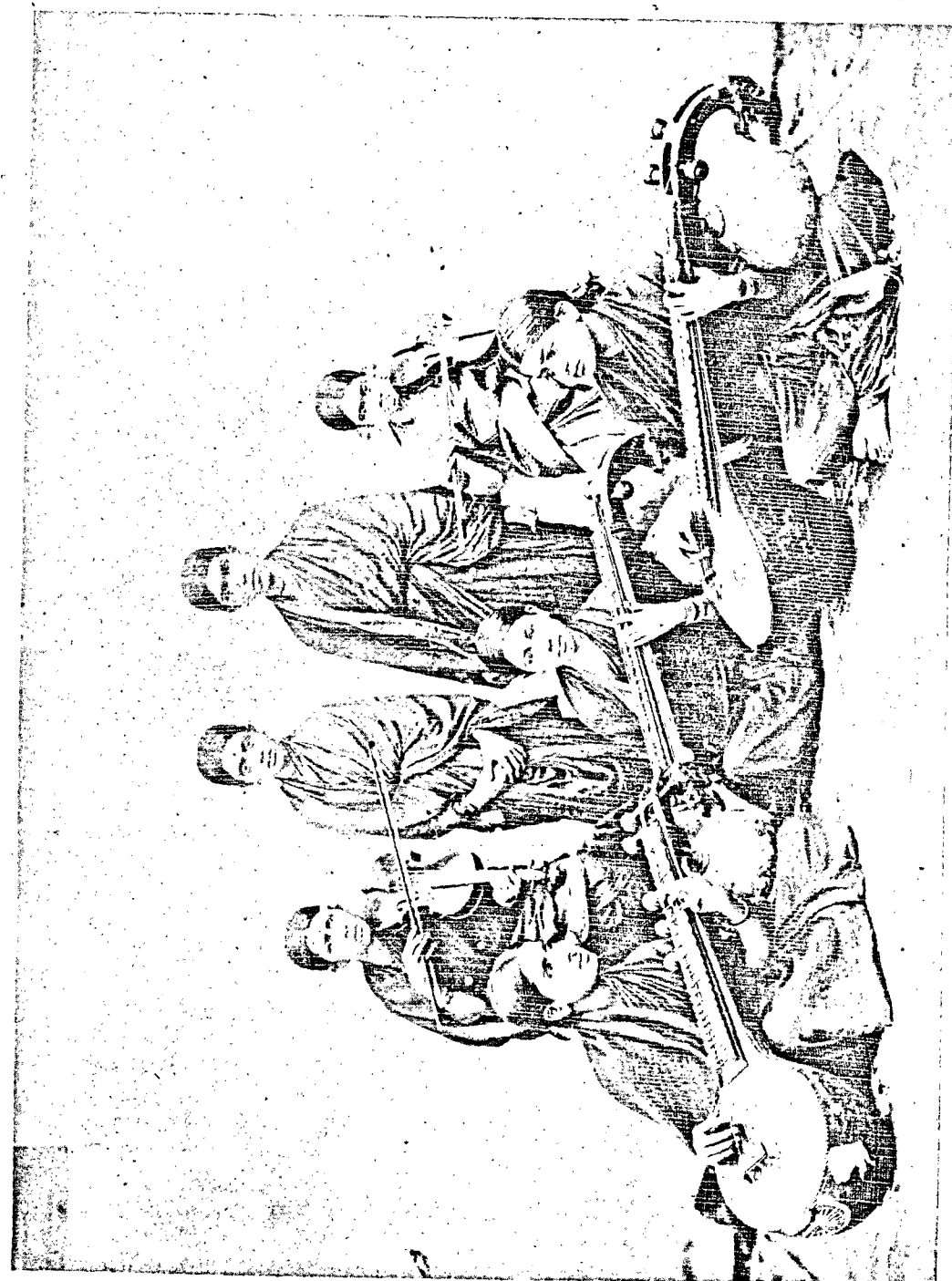
I.



THOUGH the Arab had attained to a high degree of culture and civilization in the pre-Islamic times, they were yet foreign to the idea of respect for womankind. They held in contempt every person who was not able to bear arms, and as, might be expected, a large portion of the resulting degradation fell to the share of the weaker sex. The Arabs regarded the birth of a daughter as a misfortune, which they would avert by the inhuman practice of burying her alive. In those exceptional instances where parental instincts revolted against the barbarous usage and she was spared the cruel death common to her kind, they sent her, clothed in a garment of wool or hair, to keep camels or sheep in the desert. Girls as well as boys were often sacrificed to their gods and goddesses in satisfaction of the vows made by the heathen parents. The manners of the pagan Arabs were quite corrupt and their morals of a very loose type. Women wandered about in reckless freedom and their modesty was frequently outraged. In the matter of matrimony, women were not consulted, but were disposed of according to the pleasure of the headman of their family. There were no prohibited degrees of relationship for marriage, and one could marry the wives even of one's own father. Plurality of wives was quite common. Men of quality and fortune were the greatest sinners in this respect, as their indulgence knew no bounds. Men could put away their wives and take them back at any time they pleased. Wives were usually treated with harshness, and widows with great injustice. Women had no right of property or inheritance; on the other hand, often enough it was their mournful lot to pass from hand to hand as if they were no better than live chattel. Thus among the Arabs of old, both law and custom combined to keep womankind in perpetual subjection to man.

It was left to Islam to emancipate woman from this state of degradation. The teachings of the Koran placed her on a position of equality alongside of man. It is remarkable that there is not a word in the Mohammedan Scriptures which would support the current belief that woman was created after man and for the sake of ensuring his comfort. Respect for womankind was one of the important principles which Muhammad preached. To begin with, he denounced the inhuman practice of slaying female children

and enjoined upon his followers both by example and precept the careful education of their daughters as much as of their sons. Kindness to mothers was inculcated in the strongest terms. Promiscuous marriages were done away with and those with persons of a certain relationship strictly prohibited. Marriage was taught to be regarded as a quasi-religious contract, in which the consent of woman was as important as that of man. The rights of women were clearly defined, and kindness to wives was emphatically ordained. "Ye people," said the Prophet, "ye have rights over your wives and your wives have rights over you..... Treat your wives with kindness..... Verily ye have taken them on the security of God, and made them lawful unto you by the words of God." "God hath given you wives that ye may put love and tenderness between you." Monogamy was recommended, though a limited kind of polygamy was allowed in the case of men who felt confident that they could "render justice unto women" which, however, it was added, was beyond the power of the sons of Adam. In certain cases, divorce was allowed, the wife having as much facility to resort to it as the husband himself. In houses, special apartments were set apart for women. At all times, they were directed to pay due regard to the rules of modest behaviour. They were given the rights of property and inheritance, and thus made independent of the sterner sex. Human chattelhood was strictly forbidden and laws were enacted to safeguard the interests of orphan girls and widowed matrons. Slander was strongly condemned and those that molested women were chastised with severe punishment. And accordingly we find that, during the lifetime of the Prophet and the continuance of the Republic under his immediate successors, Mohammedan women enjoyed rights and liberties which it is impossible for their modern representatives in India to realise even in the highest flights of their imagination. In those palmy days of the rise and development of Islam, woman occupied a position as important as that of man in the social organisation. She attended the lecture halls in Medina and listened to the discourses of Ali and Abdullah on the abstrusest problems of science and philosophy. She went to the public mosque, not only for her devotional exercise, but also to learn from the reigning Caliph how the highest and most difficult questions of theology and politics could best be solved. She learnt music and her chief recreation consisted of singing and playing on the flute and the guitar. As a maiden, she was the absolute arbitress of her own fortune, while as a wife she was the mistress of her household and the custodian of her family. She was the inspiring friend of man and his sustaining comrade in life.



A GROUP OF INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC STUDENTS OF THE MAHARANI'S GIRLS' COLLEGE, MYSORE.

Title Article on "INDIAN MUSIC AND THE VEENA."

She instructed her own children and was materially instrumental in raising the Saracenic race to be enlightened champions of learning and chivalry. The learning and erudition of Fatima, the daughter of the Prophet; the simplicity of her life and habits; the sagittleness of her character; the nobility of her soul; the reverent obedience she paid to her husband's commands and the earnest solicitude she manifested for his happiness, coupled with a strong and graceful independence all her own; the liberal education she imparted to her children in the ways of virtue and philanthropy, not to speak of her strenuous endeavours for the spread of popular education and enlightenment;—all these



MOSLEM LADY IN SUMMER DRESS.

are indeed so remarkable that the Musalmans of the highest culture have always looked up to "Our Lady of Light" as the noblest ideal of womanhood. Ayesha, the wife of the Prophet, is well-known to have taken a leading part in the political history of her time, and her presence at "the Battle of the Camel" and the consideration and respect with which she was treated even after she was taken prisoner are facts illustrative of the honor and admiration which women could command during the continuance of the Islamic Republic. Musalman women were also present at the momentous battles of Kadesiah and Yarmuk and did splendid service to the cause of Islam by lightening the sufferings of the wounded soldiers with the help of their superior skill in the art of nursing.

At this period, according to Mr. Justice Ameer Ali,* "the women's dress consisted of the loose *Shalwar*" (trousers), "the shirt open at the neck, over which was worn, especially in cool weather, a close-fitting jacket. But the main dress was a long robe something like those worn by Anglo-Saxon dames. Over this, for out-door purposes, a loose robe which could be drawn round to hide the figure or to protect the clothes from dust or mud. The head was covered with a kerchief tied round the forehead. In pre-Islamic times the women's shirt and jacket were worn open over the chest; the Prophet recommended for out-door use the long robe."

II.

With the assassination of Ali (661 A.D.), the Islamic Republic of Medina came to an end. The Ommeyyades rose to power and introduced the system of hereditary succession. In them intense selfishness and love of intrigue was combined with laxity of morals and depravity of tastes. They were given up to pleasure, and in its pursuit did not care for decency or good behaviour. Intoxication was their curse and with it naturally came the disregard for all social conventionalities. The standard of public morality began to decline. Singing and music were lavishly patronised and dancing was given a liberal encouragement. The servile classes were induced to become professional singers and dancers. Society was demoralised and this led to the segregation of the respectable section of the female community. The Harem system, along with the Byzantine custom of employing eunuchs in the household as confidential servants and guardians of female honour, was introduced. The Persian custom of female seclusion also came into fashion; and the character and habits of the sovereigns of the time—the daring and coolness with which they broke into the privacy of families, added to their shameless profligacy and filthy dissoluteness—favoured the growth and development of the practice into a sanctified custom.

Notwithstanding these unfavourable circumstances, the Arabian women continued to enjoy an extraordinary amount of freedom. They could still hold converse with men without embarrassment and could entertain their guests without shyness. They knew their own worth and were held in respect by all around them. Among men, the old chivalry had not yet died out. "Fathers were still proud to assume surnames after their accomplished and beautiful daughters;

* In his *Short History of the Saracens*. (Macmillan and Co., London). The other passages quoted in the course of this sketch are also from the same volume.

"and brothers and lovers still rushed to battle acclaiming the names of their sisters and lady 'lovers.' The ladies of the period received the highest education then available. They were extremely fond of poetry and not a few have left compositions of great merit. Sakina, the daughter of Hussain, the Martyr of Kerbela, was the most remarkable woman of this period. She was famous not only for her surpassing beauty and virtue, but also for her sparkling wit. Her house was the resort of the learned and the pious, whom she delighted with her brilliant repartees. Kharka is another celebrated woman whose praises have been sung by one of the greatest poets of the time. Umm-ul-Banin, the wife of Valid I., took a leading part in state affairs and exercised immense influence on her husband. The saintly Rabiha lived about this epoch and was surnamed Umm-ul-Khair, "the mother of good," on account of her eminent godliness.

III.

The earlier Abbassides were men of extraordinary ability and it was under them that the Saracens attained their greatest splendour. Learned and virtuous as they were, they devoted themselves to the advancement of the public weal, with a zeal and assiduity unusual in the sovereigns of the age. Taken all in all, the country enjoyed peace and security under them and the people were happy and prosperous. The Abbassides were patrons of learning and culture and under them science and art flourished. Several new branches of knowledge came into prominence. Schools and colleges were built. Literary and philosophical reunions came into existence. Further works of public utility were also undertaken. Hospitals were established. Public roads were laid all through the empire and a system of water-supply was introduced. Trade and manufacture was encouraged and commerce increased in consequence. In a word, we see in this epoch the beneficent results of the great triumphs of Islamic civilization and its still mightier possibilities.

It would have been strange if the gentler sex had no share in this national upheaval; but as it was, we have records of women who distinguished themselves, not only in the glorious achievements of peace, but also in the skilful art of war. The clever Umm Salma, the wife of Saffah (749—754 A.D.) wielded unbounded influence over her husband and was materially helpful to him in keeping within restraint the cruel ferocity of his nature. In Mansur's time (754—775) we hear of two royal princesses, clad in mail and armour, going to war against the Byzantines. The empress

* The dates occurring subsequently also refer to the Christian era.

Zubaida, the wife of Rashid (786—809), was a woman of great talents and has left a large number of verses of acknowledged merit. "She 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." She is also memorable for the aqueduct she constructed at Mecca at her own expense. It was during Rashid's reign that Laila, a beautiful girl and accomplished poet, headed the rebellion of the Kharijis and frequently gave battle to the Imperial troops. Amin (809—813) was the patron of the most beautiful *danseuses* and the most accomplished songstresses, and in his time we read of a real Saracenic ballet. "A hundred beautiful girls,



MOSLEM LADY IN WINTER DRESS.

"in splendid attire, decked with pearls and blazing with diamonds, danced in rhythmical unison to the soft harmony of music, advanced and retreated, waving palm leaves; then breaking into groups often formed a labyrinthine maze, passing and repassing, turning and bending—a fairy circle of light and colour." Khadija, surnamed Baran, the Queen of Mamun, (813—833), was notable for her beauty and accomplishments alike. She had a remarkably charitable disposition and always used her influence over her husband for the welfare of others. Rashid had elevated music into a noble profession by establishing degrees and honours in that enchanting art even as in science and literature; and not long after, we hear of several ladies of rank and position who

were distinguished for their musical talents. Princess Oliyéh of the reigning house was celebrated not only for her learning and piety, but also for her skill as a musician. During the reign of Māmūn the Great, lived Ubeidah, the lady tambourinist, whose superior accomplishments and genius were testified to by Ishakh and other famous musicians of the period. Women of rank and culture held re-unions and conversaziones at their residences, to which all persons of distinction were invited whatever their sex or creed. Princesses and ladies of high position often gave musical soirees (Noubat-ul-Khātūn), the orchestra consisting of as many as a hundred musicians, who were led by a conductor beating time with a stick.

The decline of the Saracenic power commenced under the later Abbasside sovereigns and with it came a corresponding alteration in the position of women. Orthodoxy, narrow and rigid, came into dominance, and liberalism was denounced. The system of absolute seclusion of women became general. Music was placed under the ban. Literary and philosophical re-unions were suppressed. Still, many a woman of this period has left behind her a historic reputation. Fazl, the poetess, whose position is considered equal in merit to that of the foremost poets of the time, flourished under Mutawwakil (847—871), who on account of his cruelty has rightly been called the "Nero of the Arabs." The mother of Muktadir (907—932) was a woman of remarkable ability and statesmanship. She herself presided at the High Court of Appeal to hear petitions and complaints. She issued edicts and ordinances under her own hand, and held audiences to receive dignitaries and foreign envoys. In the eleventh century the struggle between the Cross and the Crescent commenced and materially checked the development of the daughters of Islam. The social and political fabric of Western Asia was almost in a state of dissolution; but "woman was still the object of chivalrous adoration and of delicate care and attention. Marriage was regarded as a solemn act, the domestic hearth a sanctuary and the birth of children, especially of sons, a blessing from heaven. To the mother belonged the training of her sons and daughters; the sons were brought up by her until they passed into the hands of tutors; the daughters were trained to be virtuous, pure-souled women—the future 'mothers of men.' Even in the midst of the great turmoil attending the Crusades, women rose every now and then, who made their influence felt on the history of the time. Fatima, the daughter of Sultan Mohammed, was married to Caliph Muktadi (1075—1092), and was known as a woman of great learning and

considerable political talent. The twelfth century produced a number of enlightened ladies who were either themselves scholars of renown or patronised learned men with unprecedented liberality. The mother of Nasir li din-Illah (1180—1225) founded at Bagdad a celebrated college which flourished until the city was sacked by the murderous hordes of Halaku (1285). Zamarrud Khātūn, a sister of Saladin, is also known to have founded a college at Damascus. The Shaikha Shuhda lectured in Bagdad on history and *belles lettres* and was also celebrated for her powers of calligraphy. Zainab Umm-ul-Muwayyid was a famous lady-jurist who was licensed to teach law, having received diplomas from some of the prominent doctors of the age. In the thirteenth century, we hear of two Mohamedan ladies who were remarkable for their political sagacity and statesmanship. Sultana Razia, the Queen Regnant of Moslem India (1236—1239), showed considerable talents in establishing her power and in quelling down the rebellions of refractory governors who would not acknowledge her sovereignty. According to the chronicler of her time, she "was a great monarch: wise, just, generous, a benefactor to her realm, a dispenser of equity, the protector of her people, and leader of her armies; she had all kingly qualities except sex, and this exception made all her virtues of no effect in the eyes of men, may God have mercy upon her!" Shajr-ud-Durr, the Queen of the Moslems, ruled for a time at Bagdad with characteristic ability. She it was who defeated the crusade of Louis IX. and afterwards spared the life of the "Saintly hero." The eruption of the savage Tartars from their mountain homes and their barbaric invasion of the Moslem dominions caused the ruin of Saracenic civilization, and with it passed away in the East the greatness of Islamic women.

"The dress of the ladies had altered considerably since the Ommeyade times. Ladies of high rank or great wealth wore for head-dress a dome-shaped cap studded with jewels. At the bottom of this cap was a circlet of gold inlaid with jewels.....Some sort of charm, with ancient characters inscribed on it, was often worn as a chatelaine hanging from the girdle. Among the middle classes, the women generally adorned their heads with flat ornaments of gold, a kind of fillet, often interspersed with pearls and emeralds. These were extremely tasteful in design and are worn even now. Anklets (Khal-Khalā) and bracelets were also in common use. Adventitious aids to beauty were not unknown. The art of tinting the cheeks and lips was evidently borrowed from the Persians, among whom it seems to have been in vogue from the earliest times, although

"artificial beauty spots had always been in fashion among the Arabs. The Arab maiden, in order to be considered beautiful, had to be tall, of slender figure, well-proportioned, fair, with large, long, black eyes."

IV.

It was in the beginning of the eighth century that Andalusia was conquered by the Arabs and placed under their African governor. When the Abbassides came to power and the cruel Saffah proscribed the Ommeyades who had survived the struggle, Abdur Rahman, a fugitive prince of the fallen house escaped to the West and established himself at Cordova. Under him and his successors Spain flourished and Musalman ladies in that country occupied a position not less prominent than their sisters in the East. Cordova, "the ornament of the world," was not merely "the abode of culture, of learning and arts, of industry and commerce," but the home of chivalry which is innate in the Arab character. Here, "the old custom of warriors rushing to battle shouting the names of their sisters and sweet-hearts had gone out of fashion; the knight now entered the lists wearing some token of his lady-love on his shoulder or helmet. The Saracen lady was an undisguised spectator at the frequent jousts and tournaments which enlivened the capital, and her presence at the festivals lent a charm and fascination to the scenes. The dignified association of the sexes gave rise to a delicacy of sentiment and refinement of manners, of which the domiciled Moslem of India in the present day can have but faint conception."

Many are the daughters of Cordova, the story of whose lives and achievements has been handed down to us; but suffice it to refer here in passing to a couple of women who may be regarded as representatives of their sex. The Empress Subh, the "Aurora" of Dozy, was a woman of great ability whose commanding power was felt in the political history of the time. Princess Waladéh was the most eloquent woman of her age, and, in learning and taste, rivalled the best poets of the period. She died (May 8, 1087) a maid at an advanced age, and during her long life was equally celebrated for the purity of her character and for her unequalled beauty.

After the fall of Cordova, chivalry found a congenial home at Granada, where it attained its highest development. As in the capital of the Caliphs, women occupied a pre-eminent position, mingled freely in the society of men, and by their presence enlivened fêtes, tournaments, and the perpetual succession of spectacles which delighted the Granadans. Much of the chivalrous spirit and gallantry for which the Saracens of Granada were conspicuous

"was undoubtedly due to the ennobling influence of women. The Arab cavalier entered the lists, or went to war with some device emblazoned on his arms, either a heart pierced with darts, a star directing a vessel, or the initial letter of the name of his lady-love. The knights contended openly in her presence for the prize of valour, and often joined her in the graceful dance of the zambra. It is said that the women were handsome, mostly of a middle stature, witty and brilliant in conversation. Their dress consisted of costly robes of the finest linen, silk or cotton, with a girdle and kerchief. The historian, Ibn ul-Khatib, characterises their 'luxury of dress' as a madness. Perfumes were used to a lavish extent, and women, especially ladies of rank, were passionately fond of decorating themselves with hyacinths, chrysolites, emeralds, and other gems, together with ornaments of gold and precious stones; and such was the variegated splendour of their appearance when in the mosques, that they have been compared to the flowers of spring in a beautiful meadow."

Granada was also the birth-place of eminent scholars and it is gratifying to note that some of her daughters were as famous in literature and arts as her sons whom the historian describes as "men fit in every respect to serve as models." Nazhūn was an eloquent poetess who was universally admired in her time for her unbounded knowledge of history and literature. Zainab and Hamda were two sisters of whom it is recorded:—"They were both excellent poetesses, thoroughly versed in all branches of learning and science; they were beautiful, rich, amiable and modest. Their love of learning brought them into the company of scholars, with whom they mixed on perfect terms of equality with great composure and dignity, and nobody could accuse them of forgetting the rules of their sex." (Ibn un-Abbar). Safia was a lady of eminence who added to her poetical talents considerable powers of oratory. She also excelled her contemporaries in the calligraphic art, "so that her penmanship was at once the subject of admiration and an example to be copied by the most skillful scribes." Hafsa, Kalayyéh and Maria who has been called "the Arabian Corinna" were some other Musalman women of Spain whose scholarship and attainments shed an ineffaceable lustre on the religion and the land that gave them birth.

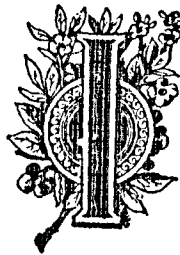
Sufficient has been said to illustrate the exalted position which Mohamedan women occupied under the Prophet and during the period of Islamic greatness. Neither his religion nor his practices are responsible for the ignorance and

misery under which Mohamedan women are now suffering, and people are not justified in talking of the disabilities which women were subjected to under Mohamedan domination. The present degraded condition of the daughters of Islam is entirely due to their having adopted from their alien neighbours certain evil and baneful customs which, we trust, will gradually be abandoned, as Musalmans come to have an increased knowledge of their own history.

Suggestions for English Reading.

[BY AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN INDIA.]

MARK TWAIN'S "THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER."



I n recommending you to read this book, which I think will interest you and also amuse you, I may say I have chosen it principally because of its introduction to English History in the time of Henry the Eighth and his son Edward the Sixth.

Of course we must not take this book as a literal chronicle of the facts, but as a miasma of History and Fiction, with a very fair share of the former.

England of that day was a very different England to the England of the 20th century; men and women are changed, the country is changed, everything is changed, even the law is changed. Theft is no longer punishable by the stocks, or by death; begging is no longer punishable by lashing, and so on ad lib.; yet though the squalor and wretched poverty is of a different kind and fashion, I fear that all is not so much changed as we fondly hope and fancy. The rascally pauper and humbug, John Canty is not an impossibly imagined villain in the worst parts of London now-a-days.

The book begins at the birth of the little Prince of Wales, Edward the Sixth, the much longed-for Heir to the Throne, in 1537, and it then goes on to explain and describe the rejoicings and feastings on this occasion amongst high and low. It compares this birth with that of the other little hero, Tom Canty, who was born on the same day,—in the dirtiest and worst part of London.

We skip then a number of years till both boys are about twelve. Tom's upbringing was one which gave him the opportunity of becoming the greatest ruffian in London, but he neglected his opportunities, and instead worked hard at his

studies under old Father Andrew, who seeing the promise in the boy, taught him very willingly all he himself knew. So Tom grew up to believe himself one of the kings he had learnt about day by day, he taught his companions, who willingly followed his lead, and became his courtiers and he their king in play; this play went on between the blows he got from his father and grandmother, so you can imagine he enjoyed the play part of his life best of all.

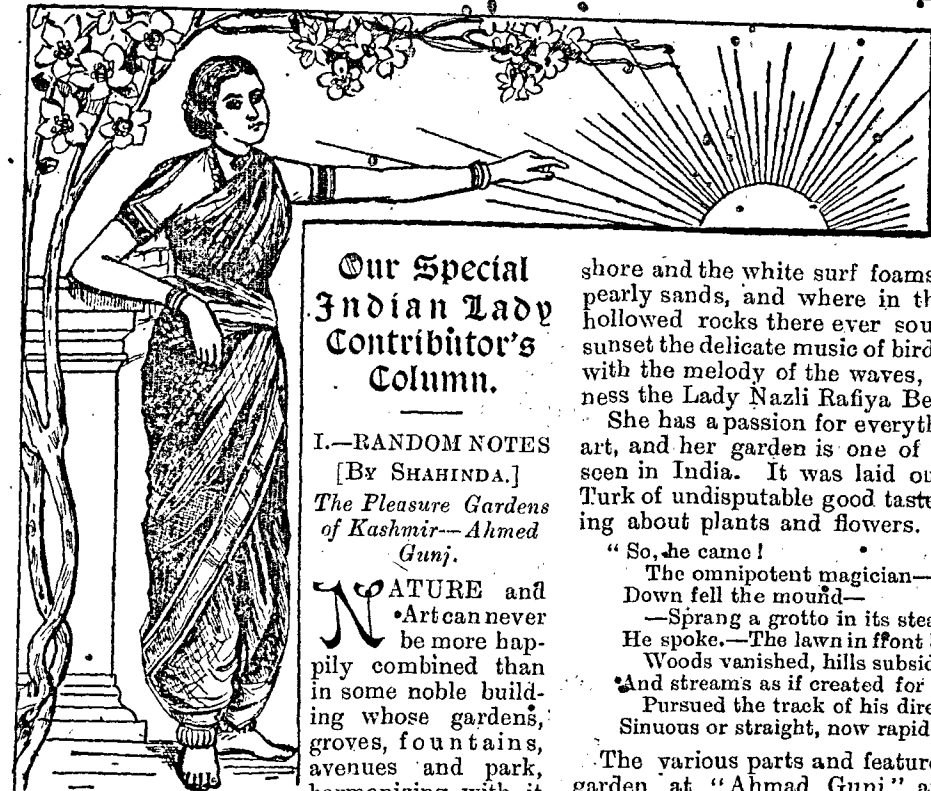
Tom's play, and the constant reading about kings, caused him to adopt a princely bearing unconsciously, and his conversation was tinged also with the same ceremonious manner to the great amusement of all around him; consequently his longings to see a real Prince became greater day by day. His opportunity came sooner than he expected. One day he was wandering down the street near the King's Palace, when he suddenly came on the royal enclosure outside the Palace; he saw the little Prince! The wish of his heart was gratified, his joy knew no bounds, and in his excitement he pressed right up to the gate bars. He was rudely awakened by a blow from a soldier near, and the jeering of the crowded throng, but the Prince saw the blow from within and running out, sternly reproached the soldier and ordered the gate to be opened to allow Tom to enter.

Tom was feasted by the Prince, to whom he told his history and his life; this all so enchanted the Prince that he longed to become Tom Canty, and Tom longed to be clothed in the Prince's garments, if only for a moment. So they changed clothes; And lo, a miracle; there did not seem to be any change made at all.

The Prince discovering a bruise on Tom's hand runs out "to right the wrong," and his troubles begin. These you must read for yourself. Tom being left alone, found out all about his wonderful garments, but later courtiers and ladies come in to him; they never dream it is not their Prince at all, but think it is their Prince gone mad. Then poor Tom's troubles begin; with his father king Henry the Eighth; with the courtiers all of whom think his brain deranged, and they all try their best to hide the Prince's condition from the world, and begin to teach him his Princely duties over again. It is very amusing reading of all his mistakes, and how all poor Tom's endeavours to explain his position are said to be only the words of a poor mad Prince.

We follow Tom for a short time, then return to the real Prince, whose troubles increase as he gets into the toils of thieves, mad hermits etc. His imprisonment and the accounts of the prisons of those times will interest my readers.

(Continued on page 87.)



Our Special Indian Lady Contributor's Column.

I.—RANDOM NOTES

[BY SHAHINDA.]
The Pleasure Gardens of Kashmir—Ahmed Gunj.

NATURE and Art can never be more happily combined than in some noble building whose gardens, groves, fountains, avenues and park, harmonizing with it

and forming, as it were, a setting to the jewel, evince that taste in design and sense of fitness in the accessories which lend such a peculiar charm to some of the fairest palaces and mansions of India.

The "pleasure gardens" of Kashmir all prove that the art of gardening in combination with architecture had been systemized and developed in a truly grand manner during the time of the great Moghul Emperors.

India took the lead in the formation of gardens for the growth of remarkable trees and plants, and also in the adaptation of ground and the addition of artistic accessories for the purpose of giving to them an architectural character in combination with the natural beauties of site.

Some of the most magnificent results of shady walks, columns and pyramids of marble, fountains that spout water one round the other, upon which are perched small birds that stream water out of their bills, were achieved, examples of which are still preserved to us and demand our admiration for the extensive scale they are carried out in and for the art evinced in their design.

Where the waves wash on the South-western

shore and the white surf foams upon the ribbed, pearly sands, and where in the shadows of the hollowed rocks there ever sounds from dawn to sunset the delicate music of birds' voices mingling with the melody of the waves, dwells Her Highness the Lady Nazli Rafiya Begum of Janjira.

She has a passion for everything pertaining to art, and her garden is one of the finest I have seen in India. It was laid out by "Nafiez" a Turk of undisputable good taste and understanding about plants and flowers.

"So, he came!
The omnipotent magician—
Down fell the mound—
—Sprang a grotto in its stead.
He spoke.—The lawn in front became a lake,
Woods vanished, hills subsided, valleys rose,
And streams as if created for his use,
Pursued the track of his directing wand,
Sinuous or straight, now rapid and now slow."

The various parts and features of the artistic garden at "Ahmad Gunj" are full of wide gravelled walks, velvety grass plots, beds of the sweetest flowers, near enough to scent the air with sweet scents wafted on the breezes into the house itself.

The lake is strikingly beautiful when the rose coloured lotus begins to flower—

"With the rich buds that o'er it lie,
As if a shower of fairy wreaths
Had fallen upon it from the sky!"

(Concluded from page 86.)

Then I hope they will read on till they come to the coronation of Edward the Sixth; (Henry the Eighth having died during the course of the story). They will then see how the real Prince is discovered in time, and crowned instead of the sly prince, Tom Canty. Tom's behaviour is admirable throughout, in spite of temptations and he thoroughly deserves the kindness meted out to him by the young King.

"The Prince and the Pauper" is a very amusing, interesting, innocent book, which will, I hope, pass a few hours not entirely without profit and yet very agreeably, for my Indian friends.



II.—THE TRUE IDEAL OF WOMANHOOD.

From the hour that the first man and woman were created, God has not put one human being into the world without something to do there, some visible tangible work to be left behind when death comes; and women as well as men are responsible for their lives, for the talents and gifts given them, which they are on no account to waste. But then comes the momentous question which every Indian woman may ask with no hope of a satisfactory answer, at least at the present time, "What am I to do with my life?" A definite answer to such a question is always impossible, owing to the diversity of characters, tastes, capabilities, and circumstances of each individual, and much more so is it in this case, where even where the taste and the capability for work exist, no opportunity is given for their exercise. But what are women to do? A diversity of opinion exists on the point. It is the dictum of many that home is woman's sphere and that beyond home she has no work to do. Some say that she has duties outside home as well; but there are two parties among those who hold the latter opinion. On the one hand there are many who agree with Mr. Ruskin that it is foolish to speak of the superiority of one sex to the other, because each has what the other has not, because the woman is the complement of the man. On the other hand the opinion is—and it is slowly gaining ground—that women are the equals of men in all things, that they are joint-partners with man in making the world better and that sex has nothing to do with the arrangement. But all are agreed that the first duties of woman are at home, and these are the duties of maiden, wife and mother. Innumerable are the ways in which a maiden can be useful to those around her, as daughter, as sister, as friend, as a helper of the poor, as a sweet sympathiser, as a true woman. What can be nobler than noble maidenhood, distinguished by all the attributes a good woman ought to possess—by courtesy, in the widest sense of the word, the courtesy which regards with indulgence the views, wishes and even the whims of others, which respects their prejudices while not yielding to them, which volunteers no harsh judgment; by industry, by constancy, by endurance, by modesty, by grace and dignity—all indications of that higher sympathy and purer feeling which woman is said to possess as her distinguishing characteristic.

As wife, a woman's first duty is to her husband. To her with her gentle nature, with the sterner and bolder outlines of man's character changed in her into softer and more delicate outlines, is granted the privilege of standing by the side of her

stronger companion and helping him on in life. Mr. Ruskin says there are five classes of duties which are included in woman's work, and these are (1) to please people, (2) to feed them in dainty ways, (3) to clothe them, (4) to keep them orderly, (5) to teach them. But, says some one, these are old-fashioned duties and women have talents for better things than these. Certainly they have, but because that is the case there is no need to undervalue women's work at home, of which the duties above enumerated form part. A wife should be her husband's nearest and dearest friend and therefore his equal in the qualities of heart and mind, as capable of advising as of consoling him. Perfect happiness can exist only where there is perfect equality, for in the close intercourse of domestic life, the wife and the husband must necessarily act and react upon each other. But to be a man's equal, a woman must be educated and truly enlightened. For what does a man want in his wife? Only sufficient power and tact to serve her husband aright? No; he requires also intellectual tastes and sensibilities to make her companionship a source of life and light to him, such high thoughts and aspirations as will enter into his highest ideals, and such love for him as, remaining nobly blind to his faults, will help to lift him above the gross atmosphere of this work-a-day world. Where there is such an entire compatibility of temper, there will never arise any question of superiority, each will know when to yield to the other, and when in after-life the husband is filled with care and trouble, what a help the woman is to him then. She smooths away his sorrows, she props up his flagging spirits, she puts new hope into his soul, and he goes forth with new strength and new zeal to wrestle with life and its responsibilities. It is impossible to exaggerate the influence for good that women may have upon men. Mr. Ruskin says, "The soul's armour is never set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it: and it is only when she braces it loosely that the honour of manhood fails." "Oftentimes," says Oliver Wendell Holmes in his "Professor at the Breakfast Table," "I have seen a tall ship glide by against the tide as if drawn by some invisible tow-line, with a hundred strong arms pulling it; her sails being unfilled, her streamers were drooping, she had neither side-wheel, nor stern-wheel; still she moved on stately in her serene triumph as if with her own life. But I knew that on the other side of the ship, hidden beneath the great hull that swam so majestically, there was a little toiling steam-tug dragging it bravely on, and I knew that if the steam-tug unturned her arms and left the tall ship, it would drift hither and thither and go off with the reflux tide, no man knows whither. And so I have known more than one

genius that, but for the brave toiling arms and warm-beating heart of the faithful little wife that nestled close in his shadow and dragged him on against all the tide of circumstances, would soon have gone down the stream and been heard of no more."

In the same way a mother influences the life of her child, for 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. Mr. Ruskin says about the first education of a child, "Do you suppose it makes no difference to it that the order of the house is perfect and quiet, the faces of its father and mother full of peace, their soft voices familiar to its ear; or that it is tossed from arm to arm, among hard, or reckless, or vain-minded persons?" The mother it is who supplies the grace, the beauty, the atmosphere of purity, of the home, who maintains its harmony and order. A mother's love,—what will it not bear? A mother gives up her heart to her child and becomes absorbed in its existence. "A true mother's love is a love which years cannot wither, which is always ready to answer any demands made upon it, which gilds the darkest clouds with shine. Her love it is which provides childhood and manhood with happy memories, so illuminating the home that to the day of death it serves as a beacon-light attracting the weary wanderer back to its peaceful light. What would Shakespeare, Bacon, Goethe, the great geniuses of the world, have been without their mothers? Thus we may say, not that we may trumpet forth our own glory, but that we may encourage ourselves and others to do our duty, "that posterity lies in the person of the child in the mother's lap." The memory of a good woman will live after her, both in the work she has done and in the lives of those she has brought up and influenced.

"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."

"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."

Consciously or unconsciously a woman, if she be true and tender, loving, patient, will organise and put in operation a set of influences that mould the destiny of a nation.

The idea that woman is the complement of the man is brought out in Tennyson's Princess. Tennyson does not say that marriage and home alone are woman's sphere, though he comes back to such a position sometimes. Woman has to be a true woman at home and form true men and women for the State and for humanity. But he takes a larger view also. He appears to ridicule the scheme of the Princess; but there is no malice in his treatment of the case. He dwells with admiration on the fine character of the Princess and the essential nobility of her cause. Knowledge, he says, is as necessary for women as for men, but with a difference, not in the matter of the principles of nature, but allowing her to assert herself, allowing womankind to have free play and then supplementing it with knowledge as the means by which to rise upwards. "Everywhere," he says,

"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."

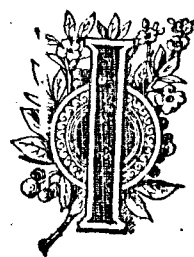
Finally we come to that large-hearted view of womanhood, which, as we said before, is slowly gaining ground—that women are equals of men in every way, and that therefore to women as to men, is to be given every opportunity for the full development and exercise of their faculties and gifts. "There is no sex among souls," says a writer, "and hence there is none in success." That women are capable of every improvement which will better their judgment 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 woman 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. The convolutions of the ordinary female brain are said indeed to be less complex than those of the ordinary male brain; but it does not appear as a fact that ordinary women are duller of comprehension than ordinary men. Each has to cultivate mind and heart and soul, each has to make the best possible use of time as a preparation for eternity. A writer says "woman, like man, has a being to develop, physically with more of grace and loveliness, though with less of strength; intellectually with more of taste and fineness of perception and discrimination, though with less of logical power and continuous application; morally, with more of meekness and kindness, of patience and endurance, though with less of determination, energy

and activity; but still the great object, in both cases, is the development of the qualities of that being with which God has endowed us." Woman as the enthusiast and reformer may be as great as man, for courage is not only a manly, but also a womanly, virtue. Woman is capable of the highest courage, the courage which endures the sharpest arrows of pain without a murmur, which sacrifices itself for another's sake, which gives up everything willingly for a cherished cause, which can bear unjust censure with a tranquil spirit and not despair. A male writer himself says, "The courage of men is based upon custom, discipline, ordinary habit; that of women is inspired by some elevated motive or strong passion. Hence women always rise to the occasion; men frequently fall below it." But it was only lately that such a view has been gaining ground. Until a few years ago, men planned and worked as if there were immense difference between themselves and women. It was claimed that women should avoid higher education because they had less ability than men. But all such errors are gradually being exploded and we trust will never be held again. But there is a basis of truth on which they rest, and that is that women in the present time are not as capable of work as men, because very few of them have cultivated business habits. Women complain that it is more difficult for them to get work than men. Are they as much to be relied upon? They must be prepared for hard work, for persevering work, and not suppose that because they are women the race of life will be made easier for them. They must have exactness, punctuality, endurance, thoroughness; for superficial knowledge will not do, and whatever work is undertaken must be gone through to the end. Especially must women be on guard against the emotional elements of their nature and strive to acquire that power of application which is the chief element of victory. Happily the old notion that it makes a woman unwomanly to be well educated is being lost sight of. But, while claiming higher education, we must guard against that very danger. Why is it we have sometimes such ridiculous pictures of educated women? It is because they go to the other extreme. Educated women sometimes think they are above the simple duties of woman's life. They are filled with pride at their own greatness. But education does not consist in such pride, but in identifying one's self with every good and noble work. As a clergyman once said in a sermon, "None of you, girls, I hope, will ever think yourselves too fine or too cultivated to attend to your domestic duties; for even in such humble services as these, you may be pleasing, serving the end as devoutly as in any act of public benefit." We will sometimes find work lying very near at

hand. Nothing on earth is too mean for us, if we only look at it in the spirit with which God intended us to look on his creations, every object of which is "a wondrous thing through which we may look into infinitude itself."

NALINI.

III. INDIAN MUSIC AND THE VEENA.



It is curious to note that while so many works upon the arts and industries of India have in recent times been written, the subject of Indian music has been generally thought devoid of all science, and therefore unworthy of any serious consideration. The common idea of Europeans with regard to Indian music is that the Indians have no music worth the name, and almost every one of them who has been in India returns to Europe with the idea that the music of the country consists of "mere noise and nasal drawling accompanied by contortions and gestures of the most ludicrous description." But they would change their mind, if, instead of listening to the ordinary music of India sung by ill-instructed people, they would take the trouble to get access to the really classical music. Not only this, but Indian music to be appreciated, must be studied, at least in part; and then without any doubt it would be found to be as technically and intricately perfect as even the English music. One of the best works of scientific value on Indian music I know of is Captain Day's "The Music and Musical Instruments of Southern India."

The great disadvantage of Indian music to an English ear is that it contains no harmony. It treats entirely of simple melody; and though by not admitting harmony, it deprives itself of a great power of expression, yet, as consisting of melody alone, it is not without advantages. To use the words of an appreciative critic of Indian music, "What the Europeans lose is, that they are effectually barred from the use of a more pliant melody, free from the fetters imposed by consonant chords, a melody which has a great privilege in easily touching the emotions. One must first put away all thought of European music and judge of Indian music by an Indian standard and impartially upon its own merits—of the ingenuity of the performer—the peculiar rhythm of the music—the extraordinary scales used—the recitatives—the amount of imitation—and the wonderful execution and memory of the performer; and then his contempt will gradually give place to wonder, and possibly to love." It is not possible here to go into the principles of

Concerning Indian Women.



HE discussion in our columns regarding Social Intercourse has not been without its practical results. On the lines of Mrs. Besley's proposed Victoria Guild there has been at work in the small town of Gooty, for more than a year, an institution whose object is to bring Indian and European ladies together. The life and soul of this movement is Mrs. Stevenson of the London Mission—a lady who is a true friend of India's daughters. The following account of a recent gathering will interest our readers:—

"We had another social gathering at Gooty, on the 6th August, on the lines of the Victoria Guild. Mr. P. Kesava Pillay, one of our prominent Pleaders, kindly consented to allow the gathering to be held in his house. Hindu ladies, Native Christians and Englishwomen were invited. I am only sorry that more of the former did not avail themselves of the pleasure of being present. The hour fixed was 4 P.M., and not long after that time we all had met together in a comfortable room. After chatting for a while we Englishwomen were asked to adjourn into another room to partake of refreshments which the ladies of the house most hospitably had prepared for us. We were sorry not to be able to do justice to all the good things which were placed before us. After we had finished, the same hospitality was shown to the Native Christian ladies. The ladies of the house then entertained us by showing us their very pretty bead-work, and they also showed us several native games. A Telugu lady read a paper on the advantages of such social gatherings and a Tamil lady read a similar paper. Then after more chatting and looking at pictures the lady of the house asked us Englishwomen to sing together in Telugu, and we sang 'God bless our country.' Next the ladies of the house sprayed scent upon all and gave flowers, fruit and *pan supari*. I think all enjoyed the time spent together, and I am sure it would do us all good if we could have such gatherings more frequently."

The *Mysore Standard* has had an important article on the 'Education of Widows.' The Census statistics in Mysore show that among 5½ lakhs of widows, only 2,224 represent the number married a second time. Of the 522,838 widows in the Province, one in every five women is a widow who is over forty years of age. Five out of 1,000 widows among Hindus are under the age of 10, and 32 are under 15, so that between the ages of 1 and 15 there is in the Hindu community a total of about 20,000 widows. Says the *Mysore Standard*:—

"We do not therefore ask for the suppression of widowhood. The 20,000 widows under the age of 15 who are to be met with in Mysore mostly in the higher castes, appear to our eye as a sacred band of humanity, a little battalion of feminine abstainers from the intoxicants of life, whose services must be employed for purposes to which their position is best suited. They are free from the turmoil of life. The troubles and cares of a family do not worry them. They are naturally endowed with infinite sympathy and a will

Indian music. Suffice it to say that many of its melodies are extremely beautiful, and the simplicity of many adds to their charm. Many exactly reproduce the feelings inspired by the words; and the airs of different countries are in general a reflex of the character of the people to whom they belong.

It is very encouraging to note that Indian girls are more generally taught Indian music at present than they have been previously; especially is this the case in Southern India. Schools of Indian music are in existence; and it is becoming a common, but none the less a most pleasant, sight, to see a number of Indian girls joining together and playing in assemblies, chiefly composed of women. Among the institutions which encourage Indian music we must not omit to mention the Mysore Maharani's College. Indian Music—both vocal and instrumental—is taught to a large number of girls. The teaching of music is very desirable in all girls' schools, for is not the cultivation of music, the cultivation of one of the best sides of our nature?

The violin and the veena are the favourite instruments, accompanied by the thrilling voices of the fair performers. The violin is too well-known an instrument to be described here; the veena is not so well-known. It is rather an unwieldy instrument—stringed, with frets, played with the fingers, or rather finger-nails, somewhat in the same manner as a mandoline or guitar. It has seven strings; four of which pass over the frets, and the other three are at the side of the finger-board, used chiefly as a kind of accompaniment. Its tone is rather thin, but very soft and plaintive, of not much use in large public assemblies, unless accompanied by other instruments, but very pleasant to hear if accompanied by a soft voice. The veena and the violin go very well together and if a group of girls can be trained to sing in chorus to the accompaniment of the veena and the violin the effect will be most charming. Chorus-singing is not encouraged among Indian girls. Our girls' schools can do a great deal in this direction. Now that there is a separate female Inspecting agency why should not something definite be done to encourage Indian music both vocal and instrumental?

NILA.

—The Report of the Syndicate of the Madras University for 1902-03 shows that as many as 162 girls appeared for the Matriculation Examination, 63 passing. Of the total number 2 were non-Brahmin Hindus, 97 were Europeans, 58 Indian Christians and 5 Parsees and the figures of passes were as follows: 1 non-Brahmin Hindu, 36 Europeans, 24 Indian Christians, and 2 Parsees. For the F.A. 31 girls (3 Brahmin, 2 non-Brahmin Hindus, 23 Europeans and 3 Indian Christians) were examined, and out of these 1 Brahmin 11 Europeans, and 1 Indian girl passed. For the English language division of the B.A. degree examination, two Brahmin ladies from the same College appeared and passed.

to be of use in the service of others." Over 20,000 girls under 15 in Mysore can undertake to devote the whole of their life to any deserving cause. There is no other sect or group of humanity whose service can be so fully employed for the sake of society. In what way can they be employed? It seems to us that they can all be employed for improving the condition of widows in this province. Nothing, we fancy, would appeal more to their nature, than to be of service to their fellow-sisters. They should be housed and trained as teachers, and as teachers they can be expected to do far more efficient work in girls' schools than any others new employed. They can then be trained in sanitary and medical professions and employed to teach domestic sanitation in houses to the womankind. Both in education and sanitary lines, the services of trained widows are particularly well suited. Married women cannot be expected to devote their entire attention to these services as much as widows can. A good deal remains to be done for the education of women in this province, and the lack of suitable teaching staff is much in the way. Similarly if the ignorance of women in home should be overcome in respect of domestic hygiene, the rearing of children, the elementary principles of home nursing and the ordinary care to be adopted in sickness, the agency of trained widows as Sanitary Inspectors should be largely availed of. But where are these trained women?

Here we have quite a small army of 20,000 young women, mostly high class women under 15 years of age, who are by position cut out for a kind of missionary work, but who are at present left to idle away their life in wretchedness and misery. Nothing would, in our opinion, be more beneficial to the progress of society than to rescue them, put them in a well-organised widows' home, train them up for popular educational and sanitary services, and employ them thus for the bettering of the condition of our womankind. It would be the easiest thing in the world to induce the young widows to undergo necessary training which is quite in conformity with the spirit of their social position."

Our readers have been made acquainted already with the excellent work for Hindu Widows carried on by Prof. Karve (*vide* Christmas number of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*, Dec. 1902). The following account of the progress of this work taken from one of the Bombay papers will interest our readers:—

"The report of Professor Karve's Hindu Widows' Home Association for the year 1902 has been out and will be read with great interest by all who have the cause of the Hindu widows at heart. Professor Karve is the life and soul of the Home and has been doing his level best to bring it to a grand success. More money, however, is necessary to provide the residence of the Home, and quarters for the teaching staff and library rooms, mess-rooms, etc., for use of the students and the teachers. Professor Karve has, however, already commenced to erect buildings on a small scale. Professor Karve, who resides in the premises, directly superintends the Ashrama; but the internal management is entrusted to a lady who has successfully completed her course of instruction at the Female Training College and has nobly resolved to devote the rest of her life entirely in the service of the Widows' Home. This is indeed a commendable example of self-sacrifice, which is very rare

amongst us. In the Home the instruction imparted is in Marathi, Sanskrit and English. Mathematics is also attended to. Special attention is also paid to tuition in practical household work. A laudable attempt is being made to impart moral education by reading to the inmates selections from the saintly poets of Maharashtra and from the Bhagavatgita. The whole course is so nicely arranged that it may be called a compromise between the old orthodox practice and the new system prevalent in the various educational institutions of the Presidency. The girls of the higher classes are asked to look over the studies of those of the lower classes and are sometimes required also to teach in those classes. The Home contains at present in all twenty-one inmates of whom fourteen are widows, four are unmarried girls entirely dependent on them and three are admitted according to a rule which allows admission of married or unmarried girls, provided their guardians pay the charges and provided there is spare accommodation."

Literary Notes.

(Specially compiled for the readers of "The Indian Ladies' Magazine.")

In the last issue of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* there appeared an interesting personal interview with Helen Keller. A writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* gives some interesting particulars concerning Miss Helen Keller's "Story of My Life." The writer says: "Here is the narrative of a young woman who has been deaf and blind from infancy, written in idiomatic English, and indicating the possession of a culture well above that owned by the average college girl of her age. Such an achievement is a new thing in the world." If Miss Keller is a heroine, the teacher who taught her, Miss Sullivan, is equally an heroine. Such a triumph of education and development is full of life for the deaf and blind of the future. We should like to see Miss Helen Keller's "Story of My Life" widely read in India and, if possible, translated into the vernaculars as well.

The very large number of women writers who have achieved success as novelists is noteworthy. Among educated Indians, I find that the only lady novelist who is popular is Marie Corelli. Her sensational writings, such as *The Master Christian*, *Sorrows of Satan*, are devoured eagerly, and her descriptions of life are taken as typical of everything Western. But she is not quite a fair representative of the best of English lady novelists. There are scores of others more eminent as writers and more faithful as delineators of English society; and among them we would mention Mrs. Humphrey Ward, John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Craigie), Mrs. Wilfred Ward, Miss Jacob. Among recent novels by women writers that have gained wide popularity, owing to their intrinsic merits of both matter and style, I would mention *Love and the Soul Hunters* (John Oliver Hobbes), *Lady Rose's Daughter* (Mrs. Humphrey Ward), the *Sheep Stealers* (Miss Jacob).

Miss Cornelia Sorabjee contributes now largely to some of the leading English journals. Besides

an article of educational interest in the *Empire Review* which gives the history of the Fergusson College, he has contributed a most interesting article on Benjamin Jowett to the *Nineteenth Century and After*. Miss Cornelia Sorabjee's style is unique. It is clear, forcible, and epigrammatic, and she excels in condensing ideas in short pithy statements. Miss Sorabjee came to know the great Master of Balliol, where she was at Somerville College, Oxford; and from then she became a personal friend of Jowett. The reminiscences of "the Master" are most interesting. Jowett always took a great interest in India and it would appear that he encouraged Miss Sorabjee in her scheme for providing legal aid to Indian women. The last words Jowett wrote to Miss Sorabjee were these:—"Life is short, and youth is a great deal shorter. Try to get something done as soon as you can for Hindu women."

Mrs. Steel contributes regularly to the columns of the *Saturday Review* and one of her latest contributions is on "Ladies' Papers." She does not seem to be a great admirer of Ladies' papers as they are conducted in England. In the six penny and three penny papers, she says, it is the corset that plays the most important part. In the cheaper papers the dainty blouse be- comes the panacea for downtrodden femininity, and in all the papers three forms of mental agony force the first complaint even from the lips of Griselda. The first is when her hair falls out. The second is when she has spots on her face. The third is when a man is cold to her. On these three fundamentals hang all the woes of womankind. Mrs. Steel fears that the woe of womankind. Mrs. Steel fears that judging by the Ladies' papers the Englishwoman—God help her—seldom faces anything but a looking glass. It is a question however how far these silly papers represent the higher life of Englishwomen; and that this higher life is being led strenuously and consistently is witnessed by the admirable series of articles on "How English girls live," that are being contributed to the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* by Miss M. C. Sidgwick.

Mr. P. V. Naidu writing in the *Indian Review* on "English Poetry by Indian writers" makes the following graceful allusion to Mrs. Sarojini Naidu's poetry:—

"Another Hyderabad poet I should like to introduce to your readers is Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, a name that must by now be very familiar to the readers of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*, daughter of the well-known Hyderabad Educationist. An ardent Scientist, who might have accomplished grand things had his lines been cast in more congenial places, no man could do more than Dr. Aghornath Chattopadhyay has done, both privately and publicly, to discourage the fittering away, as he thinks, of youth's valuable time over poetry-writing. But on his own daughter his teachings have had no effect: a testimony, no doubt, to the impossibility of suppressing the prodigious spark within. And she may be said to have literally lisped in English numbers. She has written much; and much of what she has written has been put into print. But like Toru Dutt's poems, hers are remarkable chiefly for the promise they hold forth for her future work in this line. The finished smooth-

ness, that means laborious days, and definiteness of imagery, which grows out of experience, have yet to be attained. But among her writings are scattered passages of real poetic beauty, which put them into a class altogether apart from the monstrous productions that now and again figure in Native Indian Newspapers as poetry. I shall quote two specimens:—

WOOD-SONG.

Thro' the woods I love to wander
Where the gushing bird-notes swell,
Where wild flowers in rainbow myriads
Glimmer thro' each glade and dell;
Where thro' midst of whispering boughs,
The golden sunlight softly glows,
And the purling streamlet flows
In silver-tinkling melody—
Trembling shadows kiss its breast
Beneath some old majestic tree.
Above are the heavens of azure splendour,
Where the pearly cloudlets gleam,
Silent, glorious, like the lovely
Spirits of some mystic dream.
Earth lies steeped in vivid haze,
Of the dreamy summer days,
And my soul doth leap ablaze
In rapture's wild intensity,
Where the pulse of nature thrills
In one sweet living harmony!

TWILIGHT.

On Western clouds the crimson blaze
Of sunset lingers still,
A spiritual, purple haze
Enshrouds the distant hill;
Soft shadows rest
On the streamlet's breast
Where the water-lily gleams,
And the wind reveals,
As by it steals,
The roses' secret dreams.
And patient kine now homeward turn
Thro' fields and silent plains
Where bright the yellow poppies burn
Amid the mellow grains;
Sweet incense curls
Like vap'ry pearls,
Up to the bending skies.
Warm hints and good
Of savoury food,
From lowly huts arise.

Editorial Notes.

The article contributed on Social Intercourse to this issue of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* by Mrs. Ali

Mrs. Tyabjee on Social Intercourse.

N. Tyabjee is of special interest both on account of the

valuable suggestions it contains and the source from which it proceeds. If there is any single family in India that has done much to bring about a better understanding and a more cordial social relationship between Europeans and Indians it is the Tyabjee family, the members of whom, both male and female, scattered in different parts of India and occupying various positions of influence, have, by their large-hearted sympathy, their refined culture and high moral qualities, won the respect and regard of all communities. Among Indian ladies, therefore, no one is better fitted to speak with authority on the subject of Social Intercourse than Mrs. Ali N. Tyabjee. Though this article is, as she says, her first contribution in English to a public journal, still our readers will agree that the matter and manner of the article are such as any highly cultivated lady might envy. The sum and substance of Mrs. Tyabjee's contention is this:—There is no use complaining of the absence of social intercourse between Europeans and Indians, unless the position of Indian women themselves is raised, and a better understanding is brought about among the various Indian communities themselves. Social Intercourse, like charity, should begin at home. The various obstacles that exist in the way of a freer and a healthier intercourse between the male and female members of the same Indian community, and between members of different Indian communities should first be removed. While agreeing to this view we at the same time hold that there is room for a freer intercourse between Europeans and Indians than what exists at present. We shall be most happy to publish a second article from Mrs. Tyabjee containing practical suggestions on the subject, which she has kindly promised to send us.

By the departure of Her Excellency Lady Northcote, the Bombay Presidency suffers a great loss. Her popularity among all classes of people is great, and this popularity she has won by her efforts to do good and her spirit of active benevolence. Her sym-

pathy with movements of all kinds for the betterment of the condition of India's women was genuine, and she herself took an active part in promoting several such movements. She was one of the first to lend her support to the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*, and she manifested her appreciation of the object for which the Magazine was started by sending her photo for publication. We reproduce her likeness as many of our new readers would like to possess it. The address which was presented her by the National Indian Association on the 25th ultimo states in brief her services to the cause of Indian women in general, and those of the women of Bombay in particular. The address was as follows:—

Your Excellency,—We, the members of the Poona Branch of the National Indian Association, desire on the eve of your Excellency's departure from our midst to express our feelings of sincere gratitude to you for the great interest you have taken in the work of this Association during the time your Excellency has filled the office of president. One of the main objects of this Association is the promotion of social intercourse and friendly feeling between the European and the native communities. In promoting these objects, your Excellency has ever been indefatigable. You have presided over our committee meetings, attended our parties and entertainments, and by your keen interest in the affairs of the Association generally your Excellency has proved an ideal president. It would be no exaggeration to say that your Excellency's work in other spheres also has ever been ceaselessly directed towards the promotion of objects which the National Indian Association has most at heart. Your Excellency has striven very successfully to improve the financial position of the Bombay Branch of the Lady Dufferin Fund for providing medical aid for the women of India. During the time your Excellency has presided over the entertainments at Government House the receptions have been extremely popular. The warmth of welcome and the consideration extended by your Excellency to high and low, gave the gatherings a unique interest, and everyone of us who had the privilege of attending them, felt that he or she was personally welcome. Your Excellency held several 'purdah' parties both here and in Bombay to promote social intercourse among the ladies of all communities, and for the special convenience of those who observe the Eastern custom of the zenana. Your charities have been numerous; your kindly sympathy for the poor and visits to their homes have brought cheer and comfort to many a distressed family. By your high aims, suavity of manner, and true practical sympathy, your Excellency has won the esteem and affection of all classes of the community who came within the sphere of your influence. When you leave these shores, the public will keenly feel the loss of a kind and warm-hearted friend and a tactful and sympathetic leader of society. We shall long retain very pleasant reminiscences of your Excellency's gracious presence among us. It is our fervent hope and prayer that you may enjoy many years of health and happiness, and that you may long be spared to carry on your mission of benevolence in the new spheres in which your work will lie.

Her Ladyship, in reply, thanked the members for the kind expressions they had made use of. She hoped that the Association would continue its good work, and concluded by wishing it every success. After some short time spent in conversation the members left.



Indian Cookery.

MADRAS CURRY POWDER.

Very hot.

Half a viss of coriander; $\frac{1}{2}$ a viss of red chillies; $\frac{1}{4}$ viss of salt; $\frac{1}{4}$ viss of turmeric; $\frac{1}{4}$ viss of cummin seed; $\frac{1}{4}$ viss of garlic pods; five pollums mustard seed; five pollums allspice; two pollums pepper; a few curry-pilly leaves.

GINGER TEA.

Braise two or three pieces of white dry ginger; put into a saucepan with a little more than half a pint of cold water and a dessert-spoonful of coriander seed (dried in a frying-pan and bruised); let the whole simmer till the tea tastes strong of the ginger; strain through a muslin into a tea-cup; add milk and sugar. An excellent remedy for indigestion.

RAGGI PUDDING.

Half pound of raggi flour; 1 cupful of cow's milk; 4 ounces of butter; 2 table-spoonful of soft sugar; $\frac{1}{4}$ tea-spoon of salt; 4 oz. of plums; 4 oz. of almonds or cashewnuts.

Scrape the cocoanut and extract first milk; $\frac{1}{2}$ tea-cup second milk; 1 tea-cupful; mince the almonds, put the cow's milk on the fire, when boiling, add the sugar and flour mixed in the second cocoanut milk; keep stirring all the time, when it thickens, add the first milk, boil till it falls in masses from the spoon, remove from the fire; mix in the plums and almonds, pour into a buttered dish, put the remaining butter in lumps on the top and bake.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING GHEE.

Any quantity of butter may be used; put into a preserving pan and set on a gentle fire; let it melt gradually; when it comes to the boil, be careful it does not run over; sprinkle with a little cold water occasionally to keep the froth down; when the sound of frying entirely ceases, throw in a few sprigs of green mint and a little rosemary or bay leaves, then set on the hob for a few minutes; strain through a sieve into a stone jar; when cold, cover close and keep in a dry place.

HOPPERS.

Half a measure fine rice, 3 cocoanuts, 1 olock (=8 table-spoonful) cocoanut toddy, $\frac{1}{2}$ olock flour, 1 tea-spoonful of salt—for 2 dozen hoppers.

In the evening, clean and powder the rice, of the coarse part, take half an olock, let it rest in $1\frac{1}{2}$ olock of hot water for 5 minutes, then pour all on to the fine powdered rice and add one olock of cocoanut toddy, also $\frac{1}{2}$ olock of flour and a tea-spoonful of salt on the top, and cover the vessel. In the morning, add the milk of three cocoanuts, stir, and thin with water if necessary, and pour two table-spoonful at a time on a well buttered cooking pan or chatty, placed on a clear charcoal-fire. Place a flat chatty cover over all, with burning charcoal on the top. When both vessels are properly heated, each hopper will be cooked in four or five minutes.



News and Notes.

Mr. T. Ramakrishna Pillai, B.A., has brought out yet another novel of Indian life called *Padmini*. The preface is written by Mr. Bryce.

—Lady Robertson opened the Victoria Girl's School at Mysore, which is a high class institution for girls, conducted by the Wesleyan Mission.

—Miss Pailthorpe, Principal of the Maharanee's College, Mysore, having proceeded on leave, Rukmani Amma, who passed her B. A. in the English Language division last year, is acting for her.

—The August number of *Womanhood* contains an illustrated article on the Women of Southern India, but the types taken to represent Southern India are chiefly of the working classes.

—Among the seven distinguished recipients (in England) of honorary degrees in connection with the hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the University of Heidelberg are two ladies, Mrs. Dunlop Gibson, and Mrs. Smith Lewis.

—The highest legal position in the world secured by a woman has been attained by Miss Gibmore, who was lately appointed Assistant Attorney-General in the Philippines. The first woman to be admitted to the Dutch Bar was Madame Adolphine Kok, who recently took the oath before the legal tribunal, her husband taking it at the same time.

—Devamaya Devi, the widow of the late Babu Ramaprosad Roy, daughter-in-law of Raja Ram Mohun Roy died in the first week of this month at the age of 75. She did not believe in idolatry and performed her domestic ceremonies for a long time according to Brahmo rites. She had great admiration for Raja Ram Mohun Roy and his religion.

—An enterprising young person is Miss Sallie Frichler, of V. Vey Forge, who is but seventeen years of age, and runs a flour-mill of her own. She is the only woman miller in the United States, receives customers, keeps her own books, and attends to the entire business herself. She learned the trade by assisting her father, and when he died, instead of selling out the business, as most women would have done, she went to work, and has made it a success.

—The Russian Government is endeavouring to regulate the age at which girls shall marry in Turkestan. Mohammedan girls have been married at from ten to twelve years of age, but an order has now been issued that none shall marry under fourteen. Russian officials report that seventy-five per cent. of the girls who marry under twelve die before reaching the age of twenty. The Tartar and Turkoman chiefs are exceedingly angry at this new law, as they like to obtain their brides as young as possible.

—Among Indian visitors to England at present are Mr. and Mrs. Abbas, C. Tyabjee. Mr. and Mrs. Abbas Tyabjee have already travelled considerably in Europe. Mr. Abbas Tyabjee is the judge in Baroda. They have three children one of whom is a daughter who has received a good education both general and musical. They have done a great deal for the education of Mohammedan girls in Baroda. It is some years since the happy inspiration of a girls' school entered the mind of Mrs. Abbas Tyabjee, and notwithstanding the difficulties in the way she succeeded in establishing the school, and it is now in a flourishing condition.

—A woman in France, who was known as 'the sleeping woman of Thenolles,' after being in a trance

for twenty years, recovered consciousness last week and died the following day. The case is said to be without precedent in medical science. Her condition was the result of a shock when she was twenty-one years of age, and she had remained in a profound slumber ever since, her respiration being perfectly normal. During the whole time she had been artificially fed. She had wasted away to a skeleton, and her death was really due to consumption, she being too weak to bear the strain of consciousness. On waking she failed to recognise her mother who had tended her for the whole twenty years.

—The Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who is now in her ninetyeth year, inherited her great wealth from her grandfather, the banker, who died in 1837. Her philanthropic activities are very numerous, and include the building of churches, as that of St. Stephen's, Westminster, the endowments of bishoprics, as those of Adelaide, Cape Town and British Columbia, the organization of shoeblack brigades and sewing schools, as in Spitalfields, and the assistance of fishermen as at Cape Clear. The mention of the last leads inevitably to the Columbia Fish Market, which she built and equipped for the people of London. Miss Coutts was made a peeress in 1871, and the next year was presented with the freedom of the City of London. She married the present member for Westminster in 1881. "Lady Burdett-Coutts has lent her countenance and aid to all the best forms of the practical benevolence of the present day." It may interest the readers of the Indian Ladies' Magazine to know that Lady Burdett Coutts surpassed all other subjects in the decoration of her London house on the occasion of the celebration of Queen Victoria's Jubilee in 1887.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Acknowledgments for August.

	RS.	AS.		RS.	AS.
1. Mrs. James Andrew, Coimbatore	...	4 0	23. Miss May, America	...	4 7
2. P. Anjaneyulu Esq., Madras	...	4 0	24. V. Rama Badra Naidu, Esq., Periakulam.	...	4 0
3. Miss Abdullah, Punjab	...	4 0	25. B. Ramaswamy Naidu, Esq., Bezwada	...	2 0
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8. Miss A. Bopana, S. Coorg	...	4 0	pore	...	4 0
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19. Miss Harding, Lichfield	...	4 8	40. N. R. Sundrumma, Mylapore	...	4 0
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			45. Mrs. Rajama Visvanath Aiyar, Mylapore.	...	4 0



ONE OF MR. RAVI VARMA'S PICTURES.



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

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No. 4.

INNER LIFE.

Thoughts and feelings manifold
Wander through the heart untold;
Changing, changing, who may find them,
Who may fathom, who may bind them?
Light and shade together lying,
Were they born for dying?

Through the weak yet earnest heart,
Living in its world apart,
Hourly through its silence stealing,
Flows the stream of thought and feeling;
Holy wishes, self denying,
Yearning love,—can these feel dying?

Seeking, striving, day by day,
Turning from its dreams away,
Lest their too-seducing beauty
Dull the aching sense of duty,
Melt the soul with their sweet sighing:
Thoughts like these, can these feel dying?

Yet through the weary march of life,
Battle-field and lonely strife,
Shrinking even from a flower,
Lest it gain too deep a power;
Crushing many a human feeling,
Lest it fill the heart, concealing
The cold path before us lying,—
Inner life is daily dying.

Courage! onward to thy rest!
Grieve not, if within thy breast
Safer in thy silent keeping
Deep and tender thoughts be sleeping
Grieve not, for they yet shall waken
In the land whence they were taken;
In the eternal sunlight lying,
All too beautiful for dying.

John Oliver Hobbes on Imperial India.



AMONG the many illustrious visitors to the Delhi Durbar last year was "John Oliver Hobbes" (Mrs. Craigie), the well-known lady novelist who has won a reputation which places her among the front ranks of novelists of the day. Many have been looking forward to reading her impressions of India in general and of the Delhi Durbar in particular, and we are glad to find that her impressions of India, written originally in the form of letters, have been published in book form.* It goes without saying that the writer excels in powers of description, and though the subject of the little book does not afford full scope for that power of subtle analysis of character in which the author of *Love and the Soul Hunters* excels, still the reflections which she gives expression to in this little work on Indian things in general shew her to be no ordinary observer.

John Oliver Hobbes travelled to the East in the company of a brilliant group of men and women who constituted chiefly the Viceroy's party to the Delhi Durbar. "Among the men every profession was represented by one of its most distinguished members; every interest had its follower. The women were unusually remarkable in their appearance and their amiability; they showed a real disposition to spend the hours in kindness. The small steamer, therefore, which conveyed the Viceroy's party from the *Arabia* to the private landing stage contained the best-humoured, the most animated, the least affected crowd ever seen in English society of the present day." We are glad to see this testimony borne by John Oliver Hobbes to the absence of affectation and naturalness of a high-class Anglo-Indian crowd. And yet why does not this naturalness and unaffectedness always manifest themselves in the relations of Anglo-Indians towards Indians on Indian soil?

Mrs. Craigie's impressions of Bombay are interesting:

"The spirit and pride of Empire must fill the heart of the least ambitious Englishman when he sets foot on Indian soil and beholds the life, the colour, the imposing buildings, the strangeness, the fascination of the city of Bombay. We were driven swiftly in small victorias from the docks to the railway station, but, during those

* *Imperial India: Letters from the East* by John Oliver Hobbes, London: T. Fisher Unwin.

brilliant moments when one unforgettable impression succeeded another as weird and unforgettable—I saw, for me, a whole new continent revealed,—new in feeling, action, motive, form, philosophy, thought, achievement. The eternal energy of the world was manifesting itself in ways, for objects, on principles and under conditions magnificently unfamiliar to the European."

Comparing her first impressions of Bombay with those of New York our author says:—"Whereas New York has already an appearance of too much luxury, too much ease, and of being, as it were, the haunt of mere pleasure lovers, Bombay, built as Venice was built, on small islands, seems still in her first youth—a rising city, not over-rich; a city where all men go forth early to their labours, and dream at night of ambitions hardly to be fulfilled, of wishes which must wait, at best, for many a year before they may be gratified; a city of patient hearts, watchful eyes, hopes long deferred." The vast Indian plains through which the train had to pass on the way from Bombay to Delhi impressed Mrs. Craigie immensely. They seem to "hold a terror which strikes, captivates, appals the imagination."

We are rather disappointed at Mrs. Craigie's descriptions of the Durbar. They are rather meagre and not in keeping with the magnitude and grandeur of the unique spectacles she must have witnessed. We quote just a few extracts. The following is a description of the famous State Entry:—

"The State entry, seen from this height, looked like the curious old flat woodcuts, drawn without regard to perspective, of historic events in the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. One saw the splendid, haughty stream winding along more than a mile away, for there were no buildings, trees, or impediments to block the sight. Commissioners headed the procession, then Pathan chiefs, strangely attired; Baluch chiefs, with dark, passionate faces, long hair, and twisted beards; then carriages of English officials, Lord Kitchener and his staff on horseback, then the carriages and staff, and escort, and bodyguards of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, the Governors of Madras and Bombay, the Grand Duke of Hesse; then the elephants, with the great chiefs and native retainers, indescribably clothed—some in old coats of chain armour over faded rose velvet, others in antique brocade, gaudy stuffs, tinsel coats, unbleached, hand-woven linen—an Eastern survival of the old feudal grand seigneurs of Catholic Europe.

The chiefs themselves wore embroidered velvet, satin, and cloth of gold, chains of emeralds and pearls, diamonds and immense white sapphires; turbans covered with hanging gems, or tiaras set in Paris. One Maharaja, half insensible from opium, had a loyal, beneficent smirk, which could neither fade nor falter, painted, out of purest courtesy, on his inexpressive countenance. On and on they passed, in their howdahs of fantastic design—fifty-five ruling princes of the Indian Empire, from Hyderabad, Baroda, Travancore, Mysore, Kashmir, Central India, Rajputana, Bombay, Bengal, the Punjab, Burma, and the United Provinces. What histories, what traditions, what crimes they represented! This portion of the procession seemed a horrible medley of the infernal and the grotesque, the ancient barbaric and the modern vulgar, the superb and the squalid, a manifestation of power without glory, and rank without grace, of riches

without beauty, of pomp without philosophy, and pride without strength. All processions of the kind are the same: in Rome, in Seville, in France, in London, these exhibitions display little that is beautiful in the human countenance; here and there one may see a fine face, and little ashamed, but most faces bear the fierce light still. The native spectators looked, but were silent; the Europeans exclaimed, stared, marvelled, appraised extravagantly, were, indeed, dazzled and impressed—mainly by the display of jewels. To the average Western mind, a man who can carry £500,000 in ornaments on his own person is to be regarded with something a little deeper than reverence."

The great Durbar is described as follows:—

"The great Durbar, for instance, which took place two days after the State entry, will count beyond question as the most significant, the most brilliant, the most successful pageant of its kind. There were nearly 40,000 troops outside, and 12,000 persons within the amphitheatre. The latter included the chiefs and their personal attendants, high dignitaries, British officials, councillors, governors, generals, every distinguished civil and military officer in all India. Judges in Court robes, Chief Justices, Consuls in uniform, European guests of the highest rank; and "over one hundred rulers of separate States, whose united population amounts to sixty millions of people, and whose territories extend over 55 degrees of longitude. The officers and soldiers present were drawn from a force in India of nearly 230,000 men—the King's Army. The leaders of Indian society, official and unofficial present, were the mouthpieces of over 230 million souls. One-fifth, therefore of the entire human race was represented in that arena." This is a quotation, which will bear much repetition, from Lord Curzon's impressive and nobly delivered address. The twelve trumpeters in scarlet and gold, the Royal salute of one hundred and one guns, the firing of the *feu de joie*, the march of the Mutiny veterans, the playing of the massed bands, the homage of the native Princes and the veiled Begum, the dashing Imperial Cadets in their embroidered white tunics, their blue kumerbunds with crimson tassels, and their blue turbans with gold aigrettes, the snow leopard skins on their black chargers, the Shan chiefs in gold coats like pagodas; the young Maharaja of Patiala, in pale blue velvet, embroidered with pearls, have all been described by telegraph to every corner of the globe. But the exhilaration, the movement, the atmosphere cannot be telegraphed; they cannot be reproduced in any form or any language."

Mrs. Craigie's final verdict on the Durbar is that it was neither vain glorious nor a show to impress the better vulgar. It was a worthy expression of all that is best in Imperialism—the desire and aim to administer justice, to deliver the oppressed, to give freedom from anarchy, to dispense mercy in the hour of suffering. Needless to say that Mrs. Craigie speaks highly of the esteem and regard in which Lord Curzon is held in India. "Few men of impatient and authoritative genius," she writes, "could have met, during their own lifetime, with the cordial expressions of appreciation which greeted Lord Curzon when he passed the Jumna Musjid. It is not possible to be at once a just ruler and a popular idol; the essential charm of an idol or fetish lies in its supposed potential and frequently active injustice. But it is equally impossible for the least gracious and bigoted to

deny the concentrated devotion, the energy of the intellect, the special distinction of the gifts which have combined to make the present Viceroy's reign so remarkable in the history of the Empire."

The readers of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* will remember the delightful account of the State Ball and of the Diwan-i-Am in which it was held, by "Dame Durden." Compared with that description Mrs. Craigie's is very meagre. But her description of the palace, which we quote here, is exquisite.

"Less than a hundred years before Horace Walpole commenced his imperishable correspondence; a little more than a hundred years before *The History of Clarissa Harlowe* set sentimental Europe into floods of tears; while Innocent X. was struggling in vain against the policy of the Hapsburgs and the decline of the Holy Roman Empire; while Charles I., of unhappy, if blessed, memory, was fighting his doomed cause with Cromwell; in the year that Louis Quatorze was born (as some pretend, miraculously), and Richelieu was at the summit of his fortunes; when America, little valued by the English, was beginning to attract the notice of French commercial enterprise, thirty years after the founding of Quebec, seventy-four years after St. Peter's at Rome was finished, Shah Jehan was building the most magnificent Palace in the East—perhaps in the world—the beautiful Palace of the Moguls at Delhi. It is made of red sandstone and white marble; some of its walls and arches are still inlaid with malachite, lapis-lazuli, bloodstone, agate, cornelian and jasper; there were once silver ceilings, silk carpets, and hangings embroidered with gems; the pillars were hung with brocades; the recesses were filled with china and vases of flowers; treasures of the goldsmith's craft, also, no doubt from Italy and France—the Italy of the Renaissance, and the France of Mary of Medici; beyond doubt there was the famous Peacock Throne—"a sort of large fourpost bed, all made of gold, with two peacocks standing behind it, their tails expanded, and set with sapphires, rubies, emeralds, pearls, and diamonds, while a parrot cut out of a single emerald perched upon the tester." On the front side of the canopy was a diamond—the Koh-i-noor, now among the Crown Jewels of England.

Tavernier, the jeweller, who was at Delhi in 1665, beheld these wonders and thought they represented, all told, "two hundred millions of livres." And the terrible Nadir Shah came from Persia in 1739, drawn sighing by stories of luxury and pomp. He sipped his coffee on the glorious couch; he dreamed dreams; he saw visions; and next day, after watching a massacre of the citizens of Delhi, he broke up the Peacock Throne. But although he took much plunder (valued at eighty millions sterling), he left the proud inscription under the cornice, where it remains to this day, ironically triumphant:—

"If on earth be an Eden of bliss,
It is this, it is this, it is this."

Nor could he take away the great Audience Hall, "similar in plan to a Gothic Cathedral," with its two-and-thirty columns sustaining as many arches, "inlaid with finest work, like the great Duke's chapel—the Medicean chapel—at Florence;" he could not take away the Jasmine Tower, the gardens, the fourteen courts, the baths, the grilles of alabaster, the little pavilions and kiosks, the nobility of the vast design, the genius of the master-builders. Many descriptions have been written of this Palace, but in giving the rich details one loses the delicacy of the whole effect. A precious stone is not

beautiful because it is large, or costly, or extraordinary, but because of its colour, or its position, in some decorative scheme. Carved marble may be easily vulgar. Nothing, indeed, is so repulsive as inferior marble-work. The streets, cemeteries, restored churches, and modern edifices throughout Europe offer testimony to this fact. It is not the splendour of the Diwan-i-Am and the Diwan-i-Khas, but their exquisite symmetry which enchant the eye; it is the design of the inlay, not the rarity of the materials employed, which seems to cast upon the walls some far off reflection from "the City not made with hands." Nevertheless the atmosphere of the Palace, and its appeal to the heart, is that of the earth and the fulness thereof. After two-and-a-half centuries of tragic, mysterious history it stands, true to its inscription, a supreme pleasure-house—the one perfect temple in existence for pride and the flesh."

Our lady readers in particular will be interested in the following account of Lady Curzon given by Mrs. Craigie:—

"But among the many charming beings to be seen in the vast crowd, the woman who presented the most romantic appearance and embodied the romantic ideal was Lady Curzon herself. A perpetual reason for this lies, no doubt, in the fragile beauty of her countenance; it does not follow, however, that the possession of beauty makes, in the modern, for romance. Lady Curzon suggests this rare sentiment, because she does not smear her face with red-and-white washes, not disfigure her head by the pyramids of curls, pads, fringes, tulle and ribbons, which, pinned on without regard for proportion, balance, or kne, alter many handsome members of English society until they resemble the ignoble advertisements of fashionable wig-makers. English women have, as a rule, far better hair than other Europeans, the Germans, excepted; but they dress it in the most extravagant styles; they have also fine complexions—which they take pleasure in hiding—and good figures. Nevertheless, they seldom wear their clothes well. Dress counts for so much in picturesqueness; clothes now-a-days are made of everything except ideas. Lady Curzon always wears elaborately woven or embroidered materials, but she never overloads them with ornaments; she does not pile lace on passementerie, mix ostrich plumes with flowers, and sprinkle the whole with spangles; nor, affecting homeliness, does she trust to a necklace, some bracelets, and a tiara to counterbalance the deficiencies of soiled or ill-made garments; nor, for the purpose of inspiring the sense of what is called a "presence," does her hair visibly augment in proportion to the considerableness of the occasion."

Speaking of Calcutta she thinks that though it may not be impressive at first to the stranger, its charm grows on one slowly, and is for that reason more enduring. Here is a description of Calcutta by day:—

"As I crossed the bridge over the Hoogly, I was reminded, for a moment, of Dublin, of Cork, of the quarter near the great wharves of New York, of the earliest streets in old Boston. Then I saw the Hindoos bathing, and the curious, irrelevant, unexpected association of memories faded away, and I was conscious only of the strangeness of the whole scene. On the east bank of the river, the first white or yellow buildings with green shutters, the warehouses, the mean shops, and the saloons—so curiously like those of the Bowery in New York—are not imposing. The individuality of Calcutta is not felt till one reaches the Maidan, a plain about a mile and a half in diameter, bounded by the river and Fort William on one side, and on the other by buildings of every sort, from the principal hotels to the Presidency

fail, from the fashionable shops to the Cathedral, from the theatre to the private villas of merchants and others, from the clubs to the Bishop's palace. Some of the streets leading from the main road are Italian or Spanish in character; beautiful white or purple or blue vines hang over the garden walls and gateways; the houses have fine verandahs, pavilions and balconies, imposing porticos and large, green-shuttered windows. Much time is spent daily in paying calls between noon and two o'clock—a custom which, apart from its inconvenience, has compensations. A morning drive through these attractive roads and grows, where the leading officials and their wives live during the season, is a pleasure which gains by familiarity—new effects of light and shade—fresh aspects, unexpected notes of colour, constantly strike the artistic sense. In India the best domestic architecture is admirable, and it suggests—what the same thing too often fails to suggest in the cities of Europe—individual existences. Anatole France has pointed out, in a passage of sardonic humour, the ignominy of the huge, modern flat-buildings, where the routine of modern life under civilisation, deprived of any possibility of reserve, or mystery, or sentiment, is symbolised by row upon row of sleeping, eating and living rooms, all identical in plan, position and outlook, and differing only in the prices paid for their rent by the graduated luxuriousness of their furniture."

The following is a description of Calcutta at night when illuminated:—

"Illuminated—as the Orientals understand illumination—it becomes beyond description picturesque—the crowds on the pavement, the thousands of lights placed on bamboo frames, the barbarous music,—(it is claimed, nevertheless, that the musical scale of India is doubly more delicate than ours); the archways and roof gardens hung with Japanese lamps; the odd open shops, which are in reality three-walled rooms without windows, or so many miniature stages; the effigies of gods and goddesses; the Nautch girls made of cheap balloon silk, and worked ingeniously by wires, the gaudy prints of the Royal family and their Excellencies, drawn by native artists, and all made to resemble, in some curious way, the Hindoo deities. Then the river is covered with lighted ships, and the noble designs of the chief public buildings stand out in lines of disciplined fire, where now and again, a lithe coolie, as dark, deft, and noiseless as some insect on a vine, balancing himself at a great height on the framework of bamboo, re-lights some flickering or faded lamp."

The Eden gardens is one of the sights of Calcutta:—

"In the afternoon one can hear the band play in the Eden Gardens, or walk in the Zoological Gardens—of their kind the prettiest in the world. There, too, the lion's roar seems as natural as the twittering of swallows in England. At sunset the greedy otters (Dante himself speaks of their greediness) squeal at every passer-by for more supper; the flamingoes by the lake strut through their pavane—the primeval measure of the Court minuet—one may wonder at the mandrill's blue cheeks and scarlet nose. Then there is the racecourse—a brilliant scene on Saturday afternoons. The Botanical Gardens—the Kow of the East—is on the other side of the river. Wise people spend the day there, wandering down shady alleys, resting in palmhouses made without glass, telling stories about the famous banyan tree, and making unpardonable mistakes in botany."

Mrs. Craigie had a sight of the Himalayas as well. She says that language is utterly incapable of describing the sunrise on Kinchinjunga and Mount Everest: "One receives a stupendous

and stupefying impression of forces unrealised, heights unreachable, depths incalculable, worlds elsewhere, cities without sites, towering it may be, between the earth we know a little and the sky we question in vain. We may send our souls there, but we must leave our language, our daily similes and metaphors, our secret idols, our weights and measures, behind."

The whole account is written under the influence of the glamour of the great event, which has aroused in Mrs. Craigie, as it ought in every patriotic Briton, the pride of Empire but we should, all the same, like such a distinguished writer and observer to visit India in its every day garb as well, by going a little out of the haunts of Viceroys and Governors and seeing the people as they are in their own simple homes, the villagers in the fields, the labourers in the great cities, and, more than this, to have some-thing of the great ferment of religious and social thought and activity that is the outcome of the contact of the East with the West.

How English Girls Live.

VIII. THE PROFESSIONAL GIRL.

[By Miss M. C. SIDGWICK.]

IN this paper I want to tell my readers something about girls who are a step lower in worldly position than those into whose lives we have hitherto glanced. The girl I mean, although brought up in a comfortable home, in which want never appears, and all the necessities and even luxuries of life are to be had, yet sees before her a future, which (unless marriage intervenes) promises to be dreary, pinched and meagre. She is the girl whose father provides for, amply during his life, but can only promise her a scanty pittance after his death. She goes through her girlhood therefore, with the vague realisation that somehow, she will have to make efforts, lift herself out of her present life, carve out a life of her own, that will supplement her future income, and plant her firmly on her own feet. In the present paper I propose to indicate some of the many openings possible to a girl of this type.

Up till comparatively recent times, the only work thought possible for a lady, was that of being a governess. No exceptional powers were required; she must be able to read, write and sew, know the rudiments of arithmetic, play a little on the piano, and impart the usual school

routine of grammar, history and geography. Her chief care must be to look after the children and prevent them from getting into mischief. If we can believe all the accounts handed down to us by our grand-parents, and the literature of their time, these governesses often held most unenviable positions. In many a large and rich household, the governess had no place; she fell, as it were, between two stools. The lady of the house looked down upon and snubbed her, and considered her a tiresome necessity, the servants disliked and despised her, for giving extra trouble and belonging to a class, which in their limited eyes should not exist. She went on her solitary way, an incubus to some, a butt to others, and an inconvenience to all. What wonder that she should have been the source of a cycle of literature in which the sufferings of the unfortunate governess were always brought to an end by her marriage with a rich and handsome heir, to the intense mortification and crushing defeat of the arrogant young ladies of the neighbourhood. Now-a-days all this is altered. Governesses no longer choke the market, for many other outlets are open to girls seeking to earn a living. Moreover, as education advances, mothers are increasingly particular about the kind of person to whom they intrust their children. The modern governess must bring certificates and diplomas to prove her powers, or she will seek for a situation in vain. Partly on this account, and partly because of the increasing popularity of schools for educating children, instead of private tuition, the rôle of governess is not so popular as formerly. There are many openings perfectly legitimate now for girls, that in past years would have been considered impossible and degrading. Let us glance at a few of them.

Hospital Nursing.—So long as woman is what she is, the profession of nursing will rank first among the many openings possible for girls. It is perhaps the only profession in which woman holds paramount sway. For although upon emergency, men have proved themselves efficient and skilful nurses, yet they could never take to it as a profession while a woman can be found instead. It is essentially a woman's sphere, and calls upon all the most womanly elements of her being. It is sought as a career for many reasons. Only an average amount of brain power is needed, the entrance is not barred by stiff examinations and long excursions into special branches of knowledge. Again it offers a full, and often exciting life, and the study of various types of human nature. Many a girl has turned to nursing as a relief from a dull and monotonous home, and has found health and happiness in its wholesome and arduous duties.

And very arduous they are. It is one of the hardest professions, and the test of good health

on the part of the applicant for this career, is being raised yearly. It demands hard physical labour for long hours, untiring energy and watchfulness, strict attention to orders, prompt obedience, meek submission to often undeserved censure, quick wits, clear eyes, steady nerves. It gives in return, to the successful nurse, increased powers of resource and energy, a certain hard imperviousness to neurosis and modern nerve maladies, a comfortable consciousness of *raison d'être* in her life, and assurance that she is not living in vain, and a future prospect of either becoming a sister in charge of a ward, retiring upon a small pension, or marrying a doctor, the common fate of young and pretty nurses.

Let us look a little more closely at the details of the work and life. There are many large hospitals in London, and the regulations for the nurses vary of course in each. We will take one as a type, but certain rules apply roughly to all. For instance, a girl may become a nurse in one of two ways. She can either go into a hospital without paying anything, in which case she receives no salary for the first year, only her board, lodging and uniform; during the 2nd year she gets £15 and during the 3rd year £20. She is then a fully qualified nurse and can do what she likes. All nurses are known as "Probationers," during the first two years of their service, and as "Staff Nurses" in the third year.

Or again, a girl may, if she chooses, pay a premium on becoming a nurse. She will still have the same work to do, but she will be entitled to certain privileges. She will have a bedroom to herself, and a bath room and sitting room in common with the other paying nurses. She will have her meals with the "Sisters"; more than this, she can leave when she chooses, as she does not, on entering the profession, bind herself to a three years' engagement, as do the non-paying nurses. It is only a paying nurse too that can ever become a Sister.

Hours of work.—The hours of a nurse's working day are very long. She usually rises at 6-30 A.M. and does not finish her work till 9 P.M. Her duties are many and varied, and do not consist only of nursing. The work varies in different hospitals. In some, the nurses have to scrub the wards, scour, and keep bright and clean, all the different utensils requisite for nursing; make and wash dusters, towels and bandages, and other like branches of manual labour. In some hospital wards where each bed is divided from the next by a large and heavy screen, it is the nurse's duty to fold up, remove, and afterwards replace, sixteen or twenty of these heavy screens, and that before 9-30 in the morning, when the doctors make their rounds. Some of the uniforms worn by nurses are very pretty; at one hospital they wear a plain gown of pale blue

Turkish twill manufactured especially for the nurses; a small muslin cap, a large white apron, and white collar and cuffs complete the costume. When they go out, they wear a small black bonnet and long black cloak. This well-known costume is a great safeguard to a nurse: no one will molest or speak to her, on account of her respected office.

Hours of rest.—Each nurse gets a rest during some portion of the day. At one hospital, which is said to be the hardest in London, she gets four consecutive hours every day. The first week from 7 to 11 A.M.; the next week from 10 to 2 P.M.; the third week from 2 to 6., and the fourth week from 5 to 9. This seems a liberal allowance, but it is not so restful as it sounds; for she still has a working day of 10½ hours in which not a moment's rest can be allowed her. Eyes, ears, feet or hands must be busily employed during the whole of that time.

Modes of relaxation.—Some nurses spend their hours of relaxation in lying on their beds; others again get on to the top of an omnibus and go as far as its route and their own time permits; the lively bustle of the streets, and the easy motion in the open air, refreshes their tired nerves more than sleep in a darkened chamber. It is purely a matter of temperament. Sometimes the nurses sleep at the top of the hospital—always a very large and high building—sometimes in the basement. Each nurse has a cubicle partitioned off to herself, with a common ceiling running over all.

Holidays.—A nurse's holidays are few and far between. At one hospital, she has during her first two years, three weeks in the year, and one day every month; after this time, when she has become a Staff-Nurse, she has four weeks, instead of three, and once a month may go away from a Saturday to Monday.

In spite of the hard work, nursing as a profession is extremely popular, as is shown by the large number of applicants and the rising standard of necessary qualifications. The success or non-success of a nurse depends partly upon her physical powers, but largely upon the motives with which the profession is entered. Some cannot stand the hard work; the many hours they have to spend in walking about on slippery boards—for the floors of the wards and corridors are almost always highly polished, the long time spent in standing, the lifting of heavy weights, the hurried meals, will tell upon all but the most iron will, or cart-horse constitution. Others again fail, because they do not find in the life what they expected. The companionship is not congenial. There is not enough variety or change; too little nursing and too much drudgery, etc., etc. But to the nurse who enters the career, not in the spirit of the young lady

who declared she had "a paralysed father and a blind mother and found home so dull that she became a hospital nurse," but in the knowledge that no other niche awaits her, and in the desire to expend herself for others, and develop the unguessed possibilities of her own being, the life brings at last its own reward. A full, useful and happy existence along an ever brightening path, and ever widening fields of opportunity and knowledge.

Millinery and Dressmaking.—A fashionable and not uncommon resource of the girl who wishes to supplement a slender income, is that of Millinery or Dressmaking. A small shop is taken in a fashionable street, and all the young lady's friends are invited, to visit, inspect and purchase. If she has a large connection, and does not commit the mistake of charging very highly for her hats and bonnets, she may work up the business into a profitable little concern; but it is sad to think, how often the scheme, which her friends look upon as a new whim, a good joke, or an amusing speculation, means grim life or death to the little saleswoman, who has risked her all in the project.

Millinery is more profitable than dressmaking. People are willing to pay large prices for pretty hats and bonnets, prices far exceeding the cost of production. The success of a toilette can be completely destroyed by an unbecoming hat. There is more power in the hat to attract or repel, than in any other item of the toilette. Who does not know the satisfaction lent by the consciousness of a becoming hat? or again the uneasy mental picture of one's self that an uncomfortable or unbecoming hat calls up? The art of millinery then is of no mean order. In blending harmonious shades of colour, devising new shapes, finding out what will best suit each different face, there is scope for artistic gifts of a high and peculiar kind. But the successful proprietor of a hat shop need not necessarily possess all these qualifications. She must be able to recognise the beautiful and the correct when she sees it—that is all. A good forewoman will actually carry out the work. She must, however, have a certain amount of business power, and above all, she must possess tact and diplomacy in dealing with customers.

To the lady, who produces from a crumpled paper wrapping, the hat she has bought a few days previously, and flourishing the same with a disgusted air, announces that "it is extremely unbecoming as it is, unless it is altered satisfactorily, she cannot think of keeping it," etc., etc., the milliner must smile sweetly, and agree heartily with every word the lady utters; then with admirable diplomacy she must suggest the addition of a curve here, the change of a flower there, and fall into raptures over the effect pro-

duced, till the customer at last departs smiling and consoled, and entirely reinstated in her former shaken opinion of her own good looks. Then there will be her own friends to consider, the friends who must be dealt very tenderly with in the way of price, at their first order, so as to encourage them to come again. Then there are the smart and fashionable customers, that give large orders, but only pay their bills—if then—after long waiting and much pressure. To them the reckoning shall be large!

If a milliner's business prospers, she sometimes launches out into dressmaking as well: another lady is then generally taken into partnership; her premises are added to, and some extra hands and another forewoman are of course employed. In setting up these businesses, it is usually the custom for the lady to adopt a business name. A French name is often chosen, or something coquettish and pretty such as "Marian Marigold" or "Rose Thorn," to attract the attention and stick in the mind of the public. To attract the customer—that must be the one motive, never to be lost sight of, and working through all. Of course when a well-known woman of fashion starts a bonnet shop, or a tea club, or any other money making venture, as they occasionally do, their own name is an excellent advertisement, and for that reason they keep to it, or bracket it with a pseudonym.

Tea shops and Book shops.—The keeping of Tea shops or Book shops is another resource of the girl who wants to fill up her time and earn a small livelihood. The former are much more common than the latter, requiring a much lower order of skill in their management. There are several well-known Tea shops now in London, kept by ladies. These are often two or more sisters. Everything is promptly and daintily served, and at one shop each customer is provided with a little fringed napkin scented with Eau-de-Cologne. The young ladies themselves wait upon the customers. They are dressed all alike in some simple yet elegant costume, to which the large white apron lends a finishing grace.

If only plenty of customers come, these Tea shops pay well, as the prices asked—about a shilling a head—well exceed the cost of the small cups of tea or coffee, dainty slices of bread and butter, and little cakes and bon-bons that are consumed. The ordinary London Tea shop, not organised by ladies, and known as an A.B.C., which stands for "Aerated Bread Company," is of a very different quality. Here the marble-topped tables are not always spotless. The cups of coffee, if large, are tasteless and weak; the rolls and buns limited in kind. The company too, is not so select, for they aim at supplying a different class, with wider wants. The City

clerk can here for the moderate sum of ten pence, enjoy his plate of cold beef or ham, washed down with tepid coffee. The poor governess finds a quiet corner in which she may sip her chocolate and eat her boiled egg in peace, knowing that the few pence demanded is well within the range of her means. The A. B. C. does not clash with the ladies' Tea shop. Each has its appointed place.

Book shops.—To start and maintain a successful Book shop, two conditions must be observed. It must be established in a place where there is no already existing book shop; and one at least of the partners must be of a literary turn of mind. Many of the large shops in London have a book department, but this does not at all supply the place of a real, genuine book shop, however small it may be. The proprietors of the book shop must—if they wish to be successful—be able to inform and advise their customers on many points connected with the books they want, or think they want. They must appear to make the interest of each their own. They must be prompt and eager to send for books not already in stock, good-natured in changing those already ordered, and ready to wait for the payment of bills. They must always appear smiling and unfussed, calm and equable even when the shop is crowded to overflowing and each customer desires instant attention to his or her complicated order. Upon the observance of all these details, hangs the success or failure of a book shop. It is only the contrast of all this, with the rough and ready attention, scant courtesy, and absence of help in discovering what she needs, that the customer so often meets with in the book departments of the large shops that will make her gradually neglect them more and more, until at last she makes her purchases exclusively at the ever civil, ever obliging and supremely intelligent Ladies' Book Shop.

Type-writing as a profession.—The schemes of Dress-making and Millinery, the starting of Tea shops and Book shops already referred to, cannot be carried out without the assistance of a certain amount of capital on which to base them; but there are other openings in which a girl may earn a small livelihood, in which no such condition is necessary, or the capital required is so small that it cannot be looked upon as a barrier.

Type-writing is one of these openings. The cost of one of the best type-writing machines is about £20, and if a girl can afford to purchase one, she will be given one or two free lessons in the art of using it. Type-writing, and the management of the machine, are simple and easy enough to learn. The action of the machine somewhat resembles that of playing a piano. The keys are arranged in a group, and on each key is a letter

of the alphabet; those oftenest required being in the centre, the others round the edge of the group. In pressing down the key, the typist leaves a printed letter on a sheet of paper slipped in at the back of the machine. All that the typist has to learn is the order in which the letters are arranged, so that her finger-tips may fly like lightning all over the key board at once, for the great thing to aim at is speed, as the proficiency of type-writing as a profession is reckoned by that alone. A girl may take up its practice in one of two ways. She can either go every day to an office where type-writers are kept, work all day at a machine, and be paid a weekly salary of from 20 to 25/-, or she may hire or buy a machine to keep at her own home, and do her work on it there. By this latter method, she may make more money, but she will have to find the work first, and this is often a great difficulty. There is so much competition in the trade, for it is one that can be easily learnt, and the typing machine, once bought, involves no further expense. If a girl is doing it privately at home, she will be fortunate if she can get some business man to send her his work to type; or she will beg her friends to recommend her, and send out cards announcing her new profession. The usual charge made is one shilling per 1,000 words; this does not sound very much; but a good typist can work at the rate of about 60 words a minute from printed matter. If she is copying MS. in handwriting she cannot work so fast. It will thus be seen that a girl working at home for say—six hours a day, will be earning a guinea a day, an income of £250 a year, and that is allowing for a fair margin of holiday. The thorns in the path of the novice in the profession, are of course the difficulty in obtaining work. In offices, etc., girls are paid from 20-25/- per week, and in some Government offices, where the hours are short, only 16/- a week. The far smaller income thus obtained, is compensated for by its regularity, and the lifting of the responsibility of obtaining the work, from the shoulders of the typist. We are now speaking of girls who are only typists. A girl who is both a typist and a short hand writer can command a much higher salary. Women-typists who work thus, away from home and for a weekly salary, are paid less than men. This always seems unfair, but it is supposed that they attack the work with less power, do not in fact possess such high wage-earning value. Other reasons might be brought forward to explain the wide and universal fact that women are never allowed to compete with men in the amount of wages they receive, though the work they do is often practically the same; but perhaps this is hardly the place to pursue the discussion. At any rate, where a man will receive 30/- to 35/- a week for

a child, a husband or a guest, and how in consequence, she is doomed to the curse of sterility in a number of future births, and thus to be debarred the happiness of maternity. She even declares the most efficacious method of wiping off all lingering traces of her crime, which generally turns out to be to repeat the "Muggu" ceremony as many times as she has unhappy births to undergo. Each performance of the "Muggu" is deemed to be equal to the merit of manifold good works, and to wipe out a multitude of sins. The whole ceremony, from start to finish, lasts from three to seven days,—according to the susceptibility of the subject and the gravity of her sin—which latter entails repeated tracings and obliterations of the "Muggu"—twenty or thirty times being by no means uncommon. Needless to add that the length of the interested people's purse is an equally potent factor in determining the duration of the ceremony. The priest (of whom it is not required that he should have a soul above cash) gets from Rs. 35 to 50 for each ceremony, during which he is feted and feasted in right royal style by the anxious votaries, and at the end of which he pronounces the subject fully absolved, and ties an amulet round her wrist in token that her sin has been cast off, root and branch, and for ever.

Whether it be that the fasts, genuflexions, privations, etc., gone through by the subject preliminary to the seances, and an unquestioning faith in the efficacy of the cure itself, often effect a physical improvement in her condition, which goes a great way towards removing the causes of barrenness, or whether it be mere coincidence, several women who have undergone this purification have been afterwards blessed with progeny. Popular reverence of this tradition gains no small strength from such instances, which are cited with irresistible logic, and made much of as proof positive that the ceremony under notice is no mere make-believe or imposture.

P. R.

A Visit to an Indian Zenana.



I MUST confess that I had never heard of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* till quite lately, when a friend in England mentioned, in a letter to me, that Mrs. Swiney, the authoress, had spent a short time with her and had told her of this excellent little paper.

Since then I have seen a few numbers, through

the courtesy of the lady-editor, and found them very bright and interesting. Most interesting of all, perhaps, were the articles dealing with the subject of social intercourse between Indian and English ladies. Much has been said on this subject lately; much more remains to be said. It is a many-sided question, as various, indeed, in its different aspects as the creeds, castes and customs of India, for all these influence it more or less.

The two greatest barriers to social intercourse between English and Indian ladies are, perhaps, the *pardah* system, and religion. Or, I should say not religion,—for with education comes toleration,—but caste restrictions.

With regard to the *pardah* system,—Is full social intercourse possible between a woman who is educated and free, her life and thoughts full of wide and varying interests, and one whose narrow life is spent within the four walls of a Zenana, who knows nothing of the outer world, and who, most cruel thought of all, is estranged from "Nature, the dear old Nurse," ever ready to teach and comfort her children? I have lived chiefly in the mofussil, where the population consists wholly of the agricultural peasant class, so I have had but little opportunity of social intercourse with Indian ladies. I was once upon a time, however, on a visit to a large city in the United Province, and while there an English Governess asked me to visit the two daughters of a Nawab who had been her pupils for a short time, and I was delighted to have this chance of seeing for myself what an Indian Zenana was like. The drive through the crowded streets of a noisome bazaar brought me at length to a gate in a high brick wall. This opened upon a small courtyard adorned by a few dusty shrubs in broken flower pots. We went up a steep staircase, through some large rooms, bare except for two or three divans and a few prints of ballet-girls and race horses, and entered a small room neatly furnished, with the usual furniture of an English sitting-room. My dreams of Oriental splendour had by this time received a severe shock, and it was a pleasure and surprise to me to see the two young girls who entered the room in their graceful draperies of glowing silk, encrusted with rich embroideries of gold thread, their massive gold ornaments and transparent crimson veils, with gold-embroidered borders. The younger was a girl of ten or twelve years with a plump merry face and bright eyes, but it was the elder sister that interested me most. A tall graceful creature she was, and looked more than her fifteen years. Her delicate aquiline features and large lustrous eyes, her dark soft hair and complexion, the tint of an almond shell, were fitly framed in the brilliant colours of her dress and

her rich jewels. Who could help feeling drawn to so beautiful a creature with a face so gentle, proud, and sad? Do you think any feeling of patronage, of the "pride of a conquering race" entered my mind when I saw her? No, nothing but the deepest pity and sympathy for this caged bird, the deepest sorrow for her narrow empty lot, for the starved soul that looked out from her beautiful eyes. For narrow indeed was her lot and empty of all that to a free woman makes life worth living!

The sisters took us into their inner room, a bare apartment; their beds at one end, a few wooden stools, a box for their work materials, —they both embroidered exquisitely—a bird in a small cage, this is all I can recall of its furniture. Without was a narrow walled-in terrace, which provided all they ever had of exercise and fresh air. The city they lived in was not many hundred miles from a magnificent range of mountains, a broad river ran close by, without the city walls were fertile fields, beautiful gardens, orchards alive with song-birds. I asked this girl if she had seen the hills, the river, the gardens. To every question she answered sorrowfully "No," then flung out her arms with an eloquent gesture and exclaimed "Miss Sahib, why ask me? In all my life I have seen nothing but this."

"This," meant the bare, unadorned rooms, the narrow terrace. Here was she born, here, in the room where we sat, was her mother murdered, (stabbed, it was said, by a servant,) here had she lived her poor cramped life of fifteen years. Think of it, women who are free. All she knew of nature,—those dusty shrubs in the courtyard on which she looked down through her shuttered window, that meagre strip of sky above her walled-in terrace, the pitiful chirp of birds caged like herself! Her lot was soon to be changed for one a little wider and fuller, a little more, or perhaps a little less sorrowful; a husband had been chosen for her, suitable in rank and wealth, a man she had never seen. In a few years, probably, baby fingers would comfort her, baby voices sweeten her captivity. Yet, even this, how different to a mother living in a free and happy world! For what could she, with her fettered, uninformed mind, teach her children? How could she train and educate their young minds? She could never join in their happy out-door play, never hear their little feet patter along the garden paths or teach them to love and reverence the God-given life of tree and flower, of insect and bird. Is it surprising that so many Indian children grow cruel and callous when they are left to the care of ignorant unprincipled menials, while their mothers are shut up in dark Zenanas and denied the pleasure, the privilege, the duty which God

has appointed to them in the care and training of their young children? I have heard the argument used that Indian women love their captivity and dread to change their lot. Even so does the caged bird fear the liberty, that is, its birthright, so does it shrink from the bright warm sun and blowing wind and limitless blue air above it, until it learns the bliss of freedom; then its wing grows stronger, its song more loud and joyous, and it knows that the wide world is beautiful and good.

I sometimes see Indian journals and newspapers. I find in them a constant cry for freedom, freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom for Indian men. I find no word in them of freedom for these prisoned lives. Can they truly love Liberty, who deny it so utterly to their wives and daughters, who have a right pride in their country who deny souls of the Mothers of their race? Can they to their nearest and dearest the vision of its beauties and splendours, its glorious mountains and verdant plains? This is the freedom India needs. The Mothers will make free sons, free in the largest, truest, noblest sense of the word. Not till Indian women live closer to Nature, that large, wholesome, out-of-doors Nature,—which is, perhaps, but another name for God,—will Indian thought grow more clear and healthy, and less morbid, and Indian character increase to its full strength and steadfastness of purpose.

"Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher;
She has a world of ready wealth
Our minds and hearts to bless,—
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness."

A. T.

The late Marchioness of Salisbury.



THE London correspondent of the *Madras Mail* in the course of a lengthy article on the death of Lord Salisbury, —one of the greatest statesmen of the nineteenth century —published in the *Madras Mail* of the 15th September, writes:—"Lord Robert Cecil's bride was the daughter of Sir Edward Alderson, a Baron of the Exchequer, who in his early days obtained a most unique distinction at Cambridge by becoming Senior Wrangler, Smith's Prize-

man and Senior Classical Medallist. The Judge was of good extraction, but there was no "blue blood," as it is called, in his veins, and the Marquis, with his old-world ideas, did not consider that such a man's daughter could be a good enough wife for a Cecil, who was a son of his. He therefore disapproved of that son's choice, and the latter married to please himself, with the result that the indignant parent cut off supplies. So the young bridegroom had to seek the means of subsistence, for resources of his own, apart from his fellowship—which he did not forfeit by marriage—he had none. Thus it was that he gravitated to journalism, as also did his bride.....The secrets of editorial sancta are never divulged, and the anonymity of contributors is habitually respected, but it was widely believed many years ago that a caustic and very clear article in the *Saturday Review* about the "Girl of the Period" emanated from the pen of his wife.

"Mention has been made of Lady Salisbury's death (1899). There can be little doubt but that that was the one great calamity of her husband's life, for she was well-known to have been his guide, counsellor and true friend,—his exemplary helpmeet—during two and forty years. She succumbed at Hatfield to a painful malady that she had long endured with fortitude and resignation. She inherited brains, if not exactly "blue blood," from her distinguished father, the judge; and she had characteristics that rendered her a particularly congenial companion at all times to Lord Salisbury. She shared his aversion to clap-trap, publicity, pomp, ceremony, show and glitter; and she did not attempt to play the rôle that it is still remembered Lady Palmerston played so graciously, and so successfully, during the "fifties," when "Pam" was master of the political situation. But on occasions she was an admirable hostess at Arlington Street, Piccadilly, and at Hatfield. Like her husband, she belonged not to the many but to the few. The privileged few who knew her best held her in the highest esteem for her goodness, her sagacity, as well as for her devotion as wife and mother. She was not oppressed, as he often seemed to be—the result, doubtless, of temperament—by what a recent writer calls, in another connection, "the mournful sense of man's weakness and the world's instability which haunts all meditative and poetic minds." She was disposed to be much more buoyant than pessimistic, although she may have seen with him—as he explained in a memorable speech at the Guildhall, London, five years ago—that with the rapid increase of the strength of nations there is a proportionate increase in the perils of the peace of the world. She is known to have

been the repository of all his views and projects, and being highly intellectual herself she shared his own intellectual tastes, and was interested by his pursuit of scientific knowledge. Her death caused a terrible void in his life, and it doubtless explained the speedy ageing of himself that was so noticeable afterwards. He would perhaps have been glad to have been wholly relieved from public responsibilities, but he may have been deterred from tendering his resignation by fear lest his doing so would cause distress to the venerable Queen, whose right hand he had become."

In this connection, it may be well to give here a few extracts from an article contributed to *The Woman At Home*, by that clever and indefatigable writer Mrs. Tooley, a year before Lady Salisbury's death.

"Though Lady Salisbury has not entered the public arena in the way of speaking, writing, or as the leader of a movement, and cannot be said even to have formed a political salon, yet she has undoubtedly been a force behind the leader of the Conservative party.

Lady Salisbury has aided her husband in his career, step by step, from a comparatively obscure place to his present exalted position. In the early days, when Lord Robert was maintaining his family as a hard-working journalist, his wife acted as his amanuensis, a post which she had been fitted to fill by the literary training received from her father.

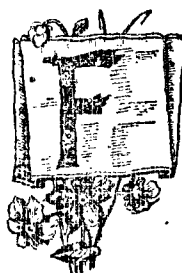
"The first eight years of Lady Salisbury's married life were spent in this way; then her husband, on the death of his eldest brother, became Lord Cranborne, and entered upon a more responsible social and parliamentary career. Steward, practical, and of steady judgment, Lady Salisbury knew well how to hold her own as the wife of a rising politician and the heir of the Cecils; and when her husband succeeded to the marquise she took her position as the mistress of Hatfield with distinction. Lord Salisbury has been four times Foreign Secretary, and three times Prime Minister, and this has entailed upon Lady Salisbury very heavy political social duties.

"It is well known that the Premier has unlimited faith in his wife's sagacity and judgment, and there is little doubt that she has wielded considerable influence in the party. When the Primrose League opened its doors to women, Lady Salisbury was naturally chosen as the head of the Ladies' Grand Council, and the development of women's work in the League has been greatly promoted through her efforts. She sees in this organisation a powerful adjunct to the Conservative party.

"In private life Lady Salisbury is perhaps at her best. Amongst her intimate friends she is greatly beloved for her kindly sympathy and the

steadfastness of her regard. With them the *hauteur* which sits well upon her as a political hostess at Arlington street vanishes. When she was stronger Lady Salisbury gave charming entertainments at Hatfield, in which "brainless" people predominated."

The Spirit of Sympathy.



Far away on a golden Island in a Silver Sea there dwelt long ago a good and gentle spirit called Sympathy. A lovely being with deep blue eyes, whose fair flowing hair was entwined with the never fading flowers that bloomed around her. Robed in snowy white, her only ornament was a large heart-shaped pearl of priceless value in a golden setting, on which was engraved the word, 'Charity.'

Now the Spirit of Sympathy had no other companions than the angels, who were sent from Paradise to train her for her future Mission to mankind. Many were the sweet and holy lessons which Sympathy learned from these wise and beloved teachers. Such as compassion for the poor and needy, tender pity for the weak and suffering, counsel and help for the ignorant, and last, but not least, protection and shelter, as far as lay in her power, for the humble ones of God's creatures, from ill-treatment and neglect. At last one day the angels told her that her training was complete and that she must hold herself in readiness to enter upon her Mission, as soon as two messengers should arrive who were to be her guides to the shores of Earth. As a parting token of their affection these angel-teachers bestowed on Sympathy a pair of exquisite wings, wrought with their own hands and as they bound them to her shoulders said that she was now endowed with two powerful and beneficent gifts 'Peace and Goodwill.' Then they embraced her, bidding her 'be strong and of a good courage' and wishing her 'God speed' the angels soared away to Paradise, while Sympathy stood with clasped hands and upturned face gazing at their glorious forms till they were out of Light.

As she looked down again she observed two boats approaching the shore. One of them was conspicuous by a heavy black flag while the other was bedecked with gaily colored streamers. Each boat contained a single occupant, wholly unlike in appearance. The person who steered the boat with the black flag was clothed in sombre trailing garments. Her pale face wore

a serious, even severe expression, and on her breast lay a wooden cross whereon the word *Faith* shone in letters of solid silver.

"I am come—Spirit of Sympathy," she cried, "at the bidding of Heaven to guide thee to the shores of Earth. My name is *Sorrow*. Know that henceforth thou must share in my Mission to mankind. Without thine aid I could not rightly fulfil it. O Sympathy! I have longed for thee." Scarcely had she finished speaking when the other boat pushed forward. Bright and pleasing to behold was the being within it, dressed in a light texture of rainbow tints. Her countenance was rosy and beaming and an anchor made of precious stones, bearing the word *Hope* sparkled on her bosom.

"Welcome" she said. "Welcome art thou to me, Spirit of Sympathy. My name is *Joy*. Vain would be my Mission on Earth without thy help and now thou wilt be my constant companion for evermore."

And the good and gentle Spirit of Sympathy looked wonderingly for a moment at these two strangely dissimilar beings. What could be more inharmonious apparently than the austere demeanour of the one and the radiant presence of the other! Then her heart glowed with the thought that Heaven had sent her to be the link of love between them, and that her part in the three-fold Mission to mankind would be to 'weep with them that weep' and 'rejoice with them that rejoice.' Eagerly she cried,—"I am ready—lead on—I follow"—and raising herself lightly and easily from the ground by virtue of her celestial wings, casting one lingering loving glance at the Golden Island, she flew after *Sorrow* and *Joy* in their house across the Silver Sea—

Still the Spirit of Sympathy continues her Heavenly Mission, and I know not to which of her companions she is most dear. She is as beautiful as ever. Her snowy robes have remained 'unsullied and unspotted,' fitly adorned by the priceless pearl in its golden setting.

Her wings are as perfect as on the day the angels gave them to her, and wherever they bear her through the world they bring a blessing. In Sympathy's sweet company *Sorrow's* stern nature is softened and her aspect grows more mild, while the charms of *Joy* are enhanced by the pure influence of the Spirit of Sympathy.

WILLOW WAND.



Suggestions for English Reading.

MRS. BROWNING'S "AURORA LEIGH."



BY AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN INDIA.

THIS is a poem written by a woman, principally about women, painting woman, Aurora Leigh, as she is when most highly educated; Aurora Leigh, the poet and would-be reformer through the arts; and Marian Erle, the sweet woman of the people, whose true, in-born gentleness prove her to be a true lady, though only a poor sempstress; then there is Lady Waldemar, the selfish unscrupulous woman of the world.

Of all these, I wonder whom you will like best; my heart has gone out to Marian Erle, in spite of all the fine thoughts attributed to Aurora, who, I fear, is what she says all women are prone to be, talkers and not workers.

The hero, Romney Leigh, will appeal to you, regardless of his failures, and in spite of Mrs. Browning's attempt to make woman out as equally able to do the philanthropy and work in the world, which a man can do and do well. Romney's failures do much more good than Aurora's successes.

My little edition, published by G. Bell & Sons, London, has a very descriptive introduction telling the story at length better than I can do; so I shall only draw your attention to the beauties of the poem and essential facts, as I read them, and leave you to find out the why and wherefore from this same introduction or the poem itself. Our poet calls this a "novel poem" of the period 1852. It paints life much as it is now, things essential not changing much in fifty years, though fashions alter and seemingly are different. They say "there's nothing new under the sun." So this story holds as much human interest for us, apart from its poetical charm, as it did fifty years ago.



The story, briefly is, one in which Romney Leigh tries to relieve humanity of its sufferings; it consists of his fruitless endeavours to bring the upper and lower classes together and the attempt of Aurora Leigh, his cousin, to do much the same thing, not by acting and working amongst the people, but by writing principally as a poet for, and to, the people. Practically she thinks to reach and better the classes through the intellectual side, and he tries to do so ministering to their material side. I think the poem points to failure on both sides, because each is too narrow in her or his aims, but the finis is a blending of these two lives, with a probable future successful working line of philanthropy. The incidental acts in each of these two heroes' lives accentuate their individual characters, and I cannot help feeling that Mrs. Browning was hardly fair to her sex, when she made Aurora look on and judge the abominable treatment of Marian,

as a punishment to this poor unfortunate woman. Finally Aurora sees her mistake and alters her attitude, but had it not been for the sweet character of Marian, she would already have done irredeemable harm past rectification.

There are some very fine scenes and descriptions in this poem, and the whole "novel" is I think, one calculated to interest you. It is full of human life, though there is a scene here and there showing the very 'rusty' side of life, which may slightly hurt your susceptible feelings. But it is no good being blind to the evils in

this world; better to know them and be prepared to fight them!

The following hardly applies to this book, but is worth remembering:—

"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,
'Tis then we get the right good from a book."

This pretty description of England, I must quote for you:

"(As if God's finger touched but did not press
In making England,) such an up and down
Of verdure,—nothing too much or down,
A ripple of land; such little hills, the sky
Can stoop to tenderly and the wheatfields climb;
Such nooks of valleys lined with orchises,
Fed full of noises by invisible streams;
And open pastures where you scarcely tell
White daisies from white dew,—at intervals
The mythic oaks and elm-trees standing out
Self-poised upon their prodigy of shade.
I thought my land was worthy too
Of being my Shakespeare's."

When twenty, Aurora refused her cousin's offer of marriage in a way which proves her a very independent young lady; and soon after this her guardian, an aunt, dying, Aurora has to face the world alone, as a poor woman. And she works in a garret for three years.

"Get leave to work
In this world—'tis the best of all;
For God in cursing, gives us better gifts
Than men in benediction."

After a long interval Aurora again hears of Romney, and she learns he is about to carry his theories to the extreme practice, by marrying a girl of the people, Marian Erle. The marriage does not take place, but that is not his fault. The scene in the church, whilst the company wait for the tardy bride is fully descriptive and true, and the howlings of the mob when they discover the bride is never coming are very realistic.

The account of Marian's former life is like hundreds of others led by the lowest class, with its never failing pathos.

Later we come across Marian with her child and the description of this child is beautiful:

"There he lay upon his back,
The yearling creature, warm and moist with life
To the bottom of his dimples,—to the ends
Of the lovely tumbled curls about his face;
For since he had been covered over-much
To keep him from the light-glare, both his cheeks
Were hot and scarlet as the first live rose
The shepherd's heart-blood ebbed away into
The faster for his love. And love was here
As instant: in the pretty baby-mouth,
Shut close as if for dreaming that it sucked,
The little naked feet, drawn up the way
Of nestled birdlings; everything so soft
And tender,—to the tiny hold-fast hands,
Which, closing on a finger into sleep,
Had kept the mould off."

The whole scene with the child will, I believe, appeal to mothers all the world over.

Read the description of the heroine's trip into Italy, and, I fancy, you will want to start at once on a tour through Southern Europe. Marian's refusal of Romney's offer to marry her, even after she has this child, is inspired, and therefore touches us most deeply. The final love

scene between the hero and heroine is an appropriate ending to a charming, fascinating poem.

"Besides pleasure, there are two other things which are essential to happiness as a part of character. They are health and goodness. When a man is in ill-health he finds it difficult to be happy. Robust health is of first importance to the enjoyment of life. Goodness is not less so, for the incrimination of an offended conscience is a sure destroyer of happiness. Health is of more importance in this matter than you are perhaps aware of. The relation of mind to body, and body to mind is intimate, and each exercises considerable influence upon the other. The peevish, irritable, morose temper so often found in those who are out of health is probably well known to you, yet, mayhap, you have never thought of connecting their pessimistic outlook upon life with their ill-health as its cause. Still less have you thought of seeking the cause of your own unhappiness in the weak physical state you are in." It is, nevertheless, a fact that ill-health is responsible for much of the unhappiness existent in the world to-day. If you would be happy seek then first to acquire a sound bodily vigor. Above all things do not think that health is beyond your attainment. The whole trend of Nature is towards the establishment of health. Goodness is not less essential to happiness than health and pleasure. Indeed, goodness is mental health, and in itself one of the greatest sources of pleasure. Selfishness cuts you off from the enjoyment of life, whilst the habit of doing good to others develops the sympathies, and opens up to you many pleasures which are not otherwise procurable. We betray our ignorance when we seek to work harm to our fellow-men, as greatly as when we breathe impure air, eat bad food, or drink poisonous intoxicants. We should esteem it our duty to so live, as to promote to the utmost of our capability the happiness of those amongst whom we live. It should be our delight to acquire the praise of benefactors. It is in such paths as these that we shall acquire happiness. Mere wealth cannot give it to us. There may be a certain amount of pleasure procurable in the pursuit of riches, for we are all susceptible to ambition, and delight in the gaining of advantages. But the mere possession of riches cannot be said to be a source of happiness, though there may be a negative pleasure in the reflection that we have escaped the miseries of poverty." *Selection.*



Our Special Indian Lady Contributors' Column.

I. — UMA — THE MOUNTAIN- MAID.

WE live in a steam-worked, rail-girdled world," says Mr. Romesh Dutt, "read the latest novels about the complications of modern society, and smile at our fathers whom the sentimentality of simpler works could

please, whom the story of Sakuntala or of Griselda would interest." Such a criticism cannot apply to all; for dear to many natures, at all times, is the sweet simple sentimentality, the tender love-stories of ancient times. And they love to read such stories in the immortal creations of their ancient writers and ancient poets; and especially so, when they portray at the same time, pictures of the life of their ancient land. Especially is this the case with us Indians. Very pleasant to us is it to recall our ancient and mediæval India in the pictures of true life artists, whose work lasts for ever.

To Kalidasa, "the melodious Kokil among the singers of India," as Mr. Romesh Dutt points out, is given the seat of honour among all Indian poets; and two of Kalidasa's characters stand pre-eminent for loveliness among all his lovely creations—his Sakuntala and Uma. Of Sakuntala one reads very often, though we are never weary of hearing her story. But Uma is very seldom written of; and therefore it is with great interest and pleasure that we read the account of her story as told in the Kumara-Sambhava of Kalidasa, by Mr. Romesh Dutt in *The Calcutta Review*.

Uma was the daughter of the spirit of the Himalaya mountains. In the loveliness of

primeval woods and sylvan scenes, of which Kalidasa specially loves to write, she grew to sweet and lovely maidenhood. Here is a beautiful description of the child growing into woman:

"As the waxing moon in splendour
Flings a bright and brighter ray,
So the sweet child sweetly added
Lines of beauty day by day!
Parvati—so gossips named her,
Heir unto her father's fame,
Uma,—so her mother called her,
Uma was her cherished name!
Still on her the fondling father
Eyes of soft affection bent,
As the bee is drawn at springtime
By the blossoming mango's scent;
For as flame is to the bright lamp,
Milky way to starry heaven,
Poetry to soul of genius,
She unto her sire was given!
And the sands of Mandakini
Witnessed gentle Uma's play,
Girt by maidens of the mountain
Merry as the morning's ray!
And as swans to Ganga's waters,
Light to living plants on earth,
Grace and culture came to Uma,—
Culture of a former birth!
Youth disclosed a woman's beauty,—
Nature's grace devoid of art,
Wine's sweet languor void of madness,
Love's soft flame without the dart!
And as painter's pencil traces
Blushing bloom of brow and face,
Soft as sun-beams ope the lotus
Youth disclosed the maiden's grace!
.....
And from Uma's red lips issued
Voice of song so sweet and clear,
In the woods the startled Kokil
Hushed his lay that voice to hear!
And her glances! Did the wild deer
Learn the dark charm of her eye,
Did she from the deer of jungle
Learn that secret mystery?"

Uma had been sent into the world with a special purpose—as the predestined wife of the great god Siva. And therefore she is sent with her maidens to attend the god, as he pursued his contemplation on the Himalaya mountains. Tenderly and devotedly she attends on him, and the purpose of the gods would in due time have been fulfilled, Siva would have been won to the love of Uma, had not the god of Love tried to force matters by shooting his love-arrow at Siva. The irate god will not be forced into love, and he kills the over-bold Cupid.

Uma's sensitive heart is humiliated by this cruel repulse of Siva, who thinks it fit to visit with such punishment the mention even of love to him. She institutes a severe penance on herself.

Sternest rite and penance
Now the maid begun,
For by highest effort
Highest meed is won!
And her frame so tender
Hermit's toil did bear,
Like a golden lotus,
Strong, though fresh and fair!
Flaming fires in summer
Round her radiant shone
As she sat in prayer
Gazing on the sun;—
Till, like sun browned lotus,
Crimsoned was her face,
And a darker shadow
Dimmed her eyes' soft grace!
Springs that fed the creepers
Drink to Uma brought,
Save the moon's soft moisture,
Food she never sought;
Rains that after summer
Cooled the parched soil,
Drew a sigh of gladness
From her in her toil;
.....
Blasts of hoary winter
Saw the tireless maid
In the ice-bound water
Where the Chukwas strayed;—
Silent hills and mountains
Marked her fragrant face
Midst the water-lotus
Tinged with lotus-grace!

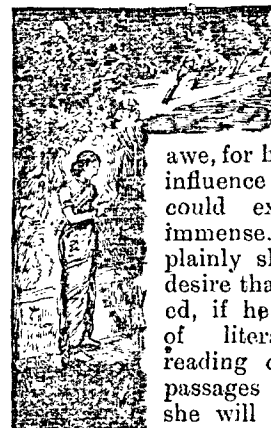
One day, a young and glorious ascetic pays her a visit, hears of her devotion and tries to dissuade her from the love of so unlovely and so unapproachable a god as Siva. But the maiden turns away in wrath, extolling with all the love of her heart the being whom she cherishes. But the ascetic is the god Siva come in disguise to test the heart of the woman, whose patient love has won his heart. And all ends well. Siva and Uma are married, and to them is born a son, Kumar, who defeats the Titans and leads from their bondage to their heavenly home the gods he had been born to save.

Mr. Ramesh Dutt does not speak much of the lovely character of Uma. He leaves us to infer its beauty from the tests it has passed through. He compares Uma to Sakuntala, a fit comparison. But to me, it seems also, and essentially, that Uma resembles the Hermione of Shakespeare, in the grand and majestic dignity and patience she displays. Like Hermione, she waits till the man she loves finds his own heart, to crown him at last with the full fervour of a long-cherished passion. In her earlier maidenhood, she resembles the more ethereal characters of Shakespeare; she has some of the characteristics of the innocent Miranda, the womanly Imo-

gen, the passionate Juliet and of many others. It would be interesting to enlarge the comparison; but that would necessitate quite another paper.

NILA.

II.—THE VALUE OF ENGLISH EDUCATION FOR INDIAN WOMEN.



IF there is anything characteristic of the Hindu wife it is her reverence, almost amounting to awe, for her husband; hence the influence that a Hindu husband could exert on his wife is immense. Therefore, if he only 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. And here, let me say

a word about English education. Now-a-days we hear a great deal about the revival of vernacular studies. These studies have certainly their great value and there is need of creating a better literature for women in the vernaculars than now exists. But, so long as the English are our rulers, so long as the present-day literature, which is read everywhere in our midst, is more in English than in the vernaculars, so long as the best thoughts and the most recent scientific discoveries and philosophic speculations are recorded in English, so long again as the common language of Government and other departments is English, so long as conversation with the English and even among our own people to a great extent is conducted in English, so long then it is obvious that it is the English language we must cultivate, though the vernaculars are by no means to be neglected. Western education and Western culture have done a great deal for us, and if we wish to derive any more advantages from them, we must put ourselves in a position in which they can easily reach us.

By learning English, we women can do a great deal. As has been said, the young men of India are all pursuing their studies in English, and if their mothers, wives and sisters also knew English, how much true sympathy there would be between them all! There will be real companionship in work—companionship which will lighten the most difficult task; there will be mutual exchange of ideas, leading to

mutual advantages and mutual improvement. We women ourselves will have our ideas enlarged and our character strengthened and we shall come to see that the petty occupations and amusements with which we are now satisfied do not make up all the world; and thus, inspired in every way for a noble life, we shall stretch forth our hands and embrace the means and opportunities that are before us for the pursuit of such a life.

An English education will enable the Hindu mothers to be more in touch with their children, both young and grown-up, for then they can help them in their studies both before and after they go to school.

English education will accomplish another great result; it will promote that social intercourse between European and Hindu ladies, which is so necessary now, and from which the latter can learn so much. At present, in spite of the eagerness of both parties for such an intercourse, the want of a common language is greatly felt and is the chief hindrance in the way of such a desirable result. Then again, there will be less monotony in the lives of the Hindu women if their education is once begun. English literature is a never-ending literature, and Hindu ladies are sure to find in it much that will interest them and occupy their spare time. There will also be a better management of home affairs, a more intelligent observation of the rules of health, more thought for others, more self-denial and less fault-finding with our neighbours.

Last, but not least, the education of us, Indian women, will be a powerful instrument for the social reform of India. Once the men are brought to respect us,—and that they will surely do, if only we show ourselves worthy of it—they will gradually be brought to give us those social rights, which are the privileges of women in other countries. When the social reformers find that those very women, who hitherto had been their chief opposers, not only desire, but will also aid them, to dispel the social darkness in which India is shrouded, then they will work with renewed vigour and hope; and the many social evils of India, such as caste prejudices, the bonds of superstition and ancient custom, infant marriages and enforced widowhood, will soon be done away with, and India will become a renovated country.

It is time, therefore, that something definite were being attempted to raise the position of the Hindu women, in order at least to remove the blot that is so prominent in the advancing civilisation of India. The first duty of the Hindu men towards their women is their education. It is only fair that the same education should be allowed to women as is given to men. An English home is proverbial for its comfort and

happiness, because in an English home the woman's influence is the strongest; she it is who reigns supreme and inspires the men, and thus it is that an Englishman may wander over the world and yet his mind will ever turn to his home with fond memories and pleasant hopes as his beacon of light, as his haven of refuge in the midst of the sorrows of life. But we may take comfort by the thought that even in England the female advancement was not gained without long and painful effort. And so in India when the time of trial and work is past and our cause is won, our Indian sisters will without doubt compare favourably with our more favourably situated sisters in the West.

III.—WOMANHOOD IN BROWNING.



N Mr. Stopford A. Brooke's new book on *The Poetry of Robert Browning*, there is a very comprehensive and finely written article on the Ideal of the Womanhood of Browning; and the readers of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* will be profited, I believe, if I

were to refer here to some of the leading ideas of Browning regarding women.

No modern poet, Mr. Brooke points out, wrote of women with such variety as Browning. There are women in the poetry of the other poets, but not such as those in Browning's poems. Wordsworth's beautifully sketched women are only those of the home affections; Byron's are only those who are loved, or in love; Shelley's are hidden behind philosophic, political or social theories; only in Tennyson's and Browning's work does womanhood become one of its dominant subjects; only here is it treated with separate individuality. But even Tennyson does not go beyond a few simple well-known types. "But the particular types," to use Mr. Brooke's words, "into which the variety of womanhood continually throws itself, the quick individualities, the fantastic simplicities and subtleties, the resolute extremes, the unconsidered impulses, the obstinate good and evil, the bold cruelties and the bold sacrifices, the fears and audacities, the hidden work of the thoughts and passions of women in the far-off worlds within them, where their soul claims and possesses its own desires,"—these are treated, as they ought to be treated, in Robert Browning's work. Variety and individuality—these are the two things which distinguish his treatment of womanhood. Each woman he takes separately, and leaving out the simple elements common to woman's character he draws the particular and the complex characteristics; and therefore each

of his women is distinct from the other. The conventional woman, the woman loved, or in love, does not figure as the chief figure, but it is the all-round woman we see. As to the question of the respective places of man and woman, we cannot enter fully here. But it is worth while studying it. For, neither lowering her, nor idealising her, he treats woman as one fit to occupy a place side by side with man, and on an equality with him; in a word,—as full of intensity of life as man; for Browning loved nothing so much as life, the intensity of life. Sometimes even the women are represented as of a finer and stronger intellect than men, seldom allowed in other poets' work. This is owing probably to the influence of his wife.

Browning, as remarked earlier, has more individuality in women than Tennyson. Tennyson, Mr. Brooke points out, had not the analytic power of Browning. His women are clear and well-readable pictures, not puzzling and confusing as sometimes Browning's are; but for that very reason, for the want of intellectual play and variety, they are sometimes dull. It is owing to this intellectual treatment that Browning seems to treat his personages as two-fold persons, "as if half of him sat apart from the personages he was making, contemplating them in his observant fashion, discussing them coolly in his mind, while the other half of him wrote about them with emotion; placing them in different situations and imagining what they would then do; inventing trials for them, and recombining, through these trials, the elements of their characters; arguing around them, till he sometimes loses the unit of their personality." Such a treatment, while at a great disadvantage in dramas, is of special value in isolated pictures, in his lyric poems.

It was only gradually that Browning came to his full power in the treatment of women. First came the woman in his half-dramatic, half-lyrical pieces; beginning with the mere sketches of Pauline in *Pauline*, Michel in *Paracelsus*. Then, coming to know "more of the variousness of women and of their resolute grip on life and affairs," he gives us Palma in *Sordello*. It is not possible here to write the stories of these women. These we must leave to the reader. We shall only just touch on the special characteristics. Palma is a beautiful woman; not only of magic personality, but also a political woman, with the mental power to direct great affairs. Yet love is ever strong in her, and intellect and feeling influence her side by side. But *Sordello* passed beyond the comprehension of the public; and Browning, to counterbalance it, writes his simpler *Pippa Passes*. In it we meet with three types of women,—the sensual, coarse, carnally

passionate, guilty Ottima; the sorrowful street-girl broken with sorrow and wrong, pleading for pity and toleration; and a perfect happy contrast to these, the innocent, unconsciously pure Pippa, the light of the town, the angel of the people, perfectly at home in the world of nature, revelling in all that is beautiful and yet comprehending the thought and the seriousness and the sadness under the beauty.

Next come the women in his dramas, not so interesting as those in his dramatic lyrics; Lady Carlisle, in *Stafford*; Polyxena in *King Victor and King Charles*; Anael in *The Return of the Druses*—a young girl of the two-fold type, hardly allowed to develop herself; Mildred and Guendolen in *A Blot in the Scutcheon*—Mildred, the "innocent child-girl, who lives for love's sake and continues to be lost in her love," Guendolen, "the incarnation of high-hearted feminine commonsense, of clear insight into the truth of things, born of the power of love in her, full of experience, yet having gained by every experience more of love;" Colombe, in *Colombe's Birthday*, "the portrait of incarnate truth," innocent, simple, brave, emerging by her belief in love, from an unquiet whirlpool into quiet affection; in startling contrast to Constance in *In a Balcony*, "a liar in grain"; and some others.

Finally we come to his women in his lyrics and narrative and philosophical poems—each of them separate and individual portraits. First come the lighter and more momentary pictures, such as in *By the Fireside*, *Cristina*, *James Lees' Wife*, *Any wife to any Husband* and so on. In these, Mr. Brooke points out, "there is to be detected the deep-seated and quiet half-contempt—contempt which does not damage love, contempt which is half pity, which a woman who loves a man has for his weakness under passion or weariness." Among these women are good types, as well as bad types; for the lowest women are described, such as in *In a Laboratory*. Then we come to the nobler pictures, constructed of his own ideal of womanhood, as realized in his own wife, and in his dreams. The woman—in most cases it is his wife,—is painted "with a simplicity of tenderness, with a reticence of worship, as sacred as it is fair and delicate, with so intense a mingling of the ideal and the real, that one never separates them, and with so much passion in remembrance of the past and in longing for the future, that no comment can embrace the picture Browning draws of her charm, her intellect and her spirit." There are the noble women in *The Italian in England*, in *The Flower's Name*, in *Evelyn Hope*, in *The Flight of the Duchess*, and finally and chiefly in *Pompilia* and *Balaustion*.

Born in mean and ignoble circumstances, and of an impure family, Pompilia is yet pure and innocent, the ideal of all that a woman should be. She is loved and honoured by everyone whom she comes in contact with, except by her husband, who hates her. Even the most wicked men are turned from wickedness by her influence. And when she dies, it is with the words of forgiveness even for the husband who has spoilt her life. "I am right now, quite happy," she says; "dying has purified me of the evil which touched me, and I colour ugly things with my own peace and joy. Every one that leaves life sees all things softened and bettered."

Balaustion is a Greek girl and one of the most vivid of Browning's creations. When Athens is subdued by Sparta, she alone remains true to her native country, Athens. It is she who spurs the weary men to action when threatened by peril and captivity. Mr. Brooke describes her as: "the finest creature Browning drew, young and fair and stately, with dark hair and amber eyes, lovely—the wild pomegranate flower of a girl, as keen, subtle and true of intellect as she is lovely, able to comment on and check Euripides, to conceive a new play out of his subject, to be his dearest friend, to meet on equality Aristophanes; so full of lyric sympathy, so full of eager impulse that she thrills the despairing into action, enslaves a city with her eloquence; so at one with natural beauty, with all beauty, that she makes it live in the souls of man; so clear in judgment that she sees the right even when it seems lost in the wrong; so poetic of temper that everything speaks to her of life, that she loves all humanity, bad or good; so spiritual, that she can soar out of her most overwhelming sorrow into the stormless wild, where the gods breathe pure things and for ever love. From her lofty station she is the teacher of truth and love and justice, in splendid prophecy:

"Speak to the infinite intelligence.
Sing to the everlasting sympathy."

Such are the women of Browning, and a full study of their characters will well repay the reader who undertakes the task with love and patience.

In almost every woman's college, and also in the public schools, in America, there is a department of Domestic Science, where the young women are instructed in every branch of house-keeping. This is an extremely necessary thing in free America, where the servant-girl question daily grows more complicated.

IV.—SOME NINETEENTH-CENTURY SONNETS.



THE Sonnet was first invented in Italy, and it was not till long after it had acquired perfection there in the hands of Dante and Petrarch, that it was introduced into English poetry by Sir Thomas Wyatt and the Earl of Surrey, in the reign of Henry VIII. In England, it was cultivated

with growing ardour and increasing perfection by many poets, among whom the names of Sir Philip Sidney and Edmund Spenser stand out supreme, till we come to Shakespeare in whose hands it was that it became immutably established in English literature. After Shakespeare came Milton, who made the Sonnet shine with new splendour in his hands; but after him, owing to various reasons, the Sonnet almost disappeared out of English poetry for a long time, rising now and then to a short-lived influence through the work of minor writers, till we come to Wordsworth to whose influence, more than of any one else is due the great revival and increasing appreciation of this charming poetic vehicle. So we may look upon Wordsworth as the first of the Nineteenth-century Sonnet-writers; but after him there come so many other writers of merit, that it is extremely difficult to choose out a few Sonnets from them as the best.

Wordsworth's Sonnets are very varied in subject and sentiment. They treat of almost every theme, except, strange to say, the one to which this form of poetry has usually been dedicated, love. Some are consecrated to liberty; some are personal, some are descriptive. Those of the latter kind are almost all distinguished by the highest imagination and show to the utmost his skill as the poet of nature, e.g., the Sonnet on *Sky-prospect*, in which he displays a special feature of his verse,—the description of cloud-scenery. Part of it we quote here:

"Lo! in the burning west, the craggy nape
Of a proud Ararat; and thereupon,
The Ark her melancholy voyage done!
Yon rampant cloud mimics a lion's shape;
There combats a huge crocodile, agape
A golden spear to swallow! and that brown
And massy grove, so near yon blazing town,
Stirs and recedes, destruction to escape."

Wordsworth's sonnet: "The World is too much with us" is very beautiful, especially the opening lines:

"The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!

This sea that bares her bosom to the Moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything we are out of tune."

After Wordsworth we must pass over many sonnet-writers of merit, among whom we may mention, Charles Lamb, Shelley, Keats, Charles Tennyson, Turner, Hartley Coleridge, etc., till we come to Mrs. Browning, who cannot be passed over, but whose poetry, especially that embodied in the *Portuguese Sonnets*, is too well-known to require much comment. The title of the latter is only a screen behind which she expresses her inner self. The sonnets are the deathless revelation of her own 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. Mrs. Browning's sonnets are the expression of the new life that was opened out before her by her lover and husband, Robert Browning. "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 feeling, 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." 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."

She is full of surprise at the happiness which has come to her, she has doubts of her own worthiness for that happiness; but through them all the thought of her love has power to cheer her. Her sweet humility and perfect trust in her husband is one of the charms of her 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 everyday's
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight,
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 best 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."

After Mrs. Browning we meet with many praiseworthy sonnet-writers. We might mention a powerful sonnet by Sidney Dobell, *The Army Surgeon*, which is terrible in its living pictures, as well as original in subject and treatment:

"Over that breathing waste of friends and foes,
The wounded and the dying, hour by hour,
In will a thousand, yet but one in power,
He labours through the red and groaning day
The fearful moorland, where the myriads lay,
Moved as a moving field of mangled worms.
And as a raw brood, orphaned in the storms,
Thrust up their heads, if the wind bend a spray
Above them, but when the branch performs
No sweet parental office, sink away,
With helpless chirp of woe,—so, as he goes,
Around his feet in clamorous agony
They rise and fall, and all the seething plain
Bubbles a caldron vast, of many-coloured pain."

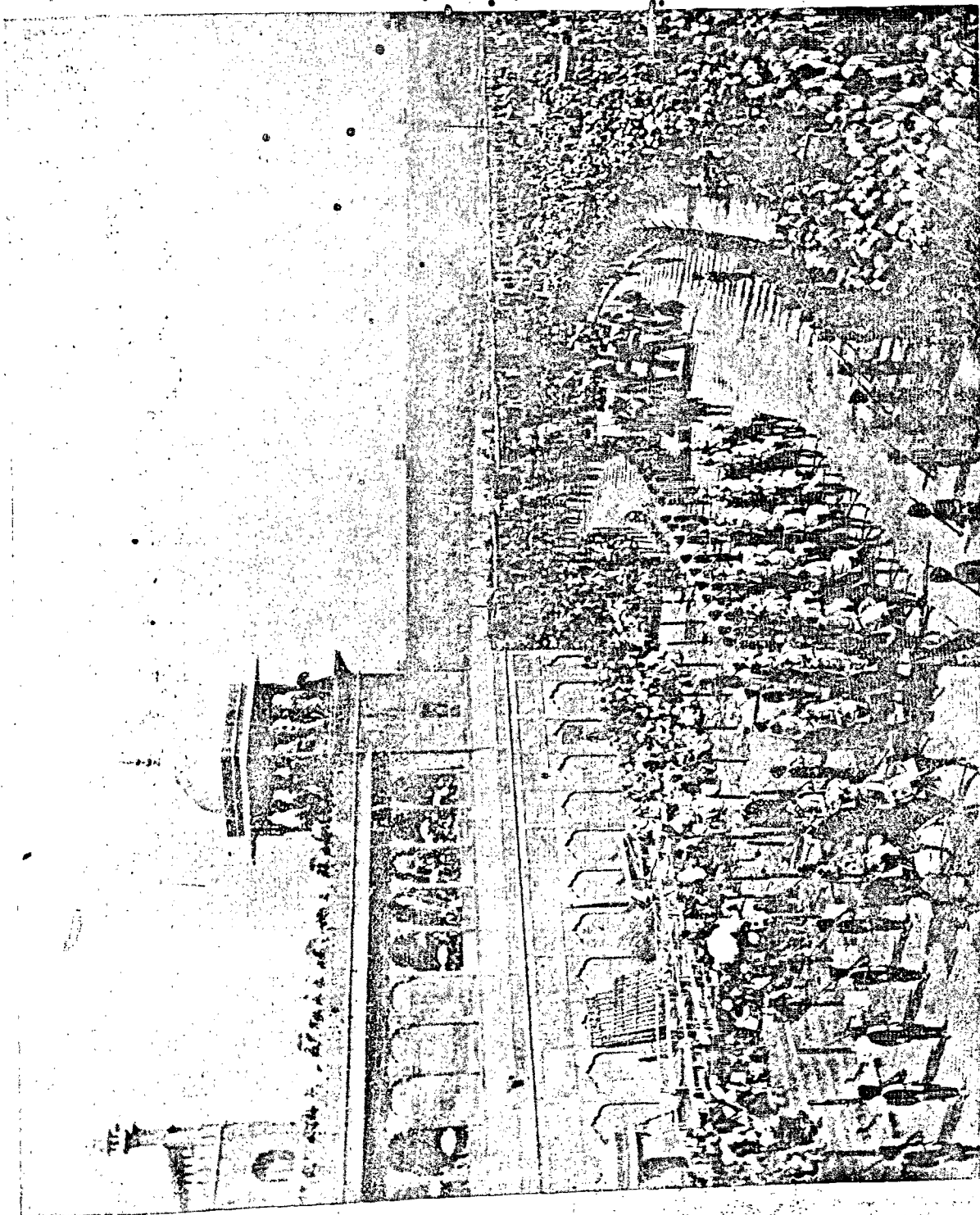
Now we must pass on to Dante Gabriel Rossetti, whose name stands out supreme among all the crowd of nineteenth century writers. His volume of original poetry is worthy of the highest admiration, characterized as it is by the highest emotional ecstasy, the truest personal sincerity and poetic fire; and in this the most individual portion is the set of sonnets and other lyrics, brought together under the title of the *House of Life*. This consists chiefly of love poems of a deep and intense significance and abounds with a power and spontaneity such as he alone could produce.

There are many sonnets in this series worthy of mention, but we have no space to give them here. But we must quote, *The Lost Days*, which is terrible in its vivid remorse and spiritual significance:

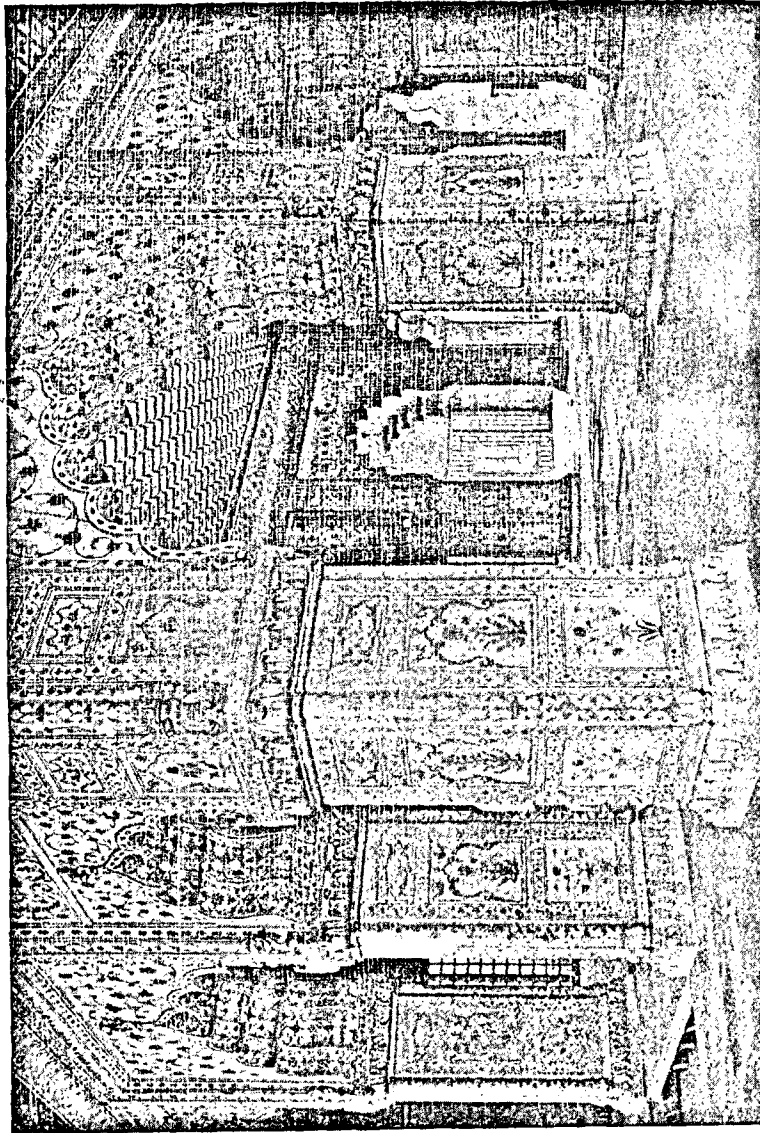
"The lost days of my life until to-day.
What were they, could I see them on the street
Lie as they fell? Would they be cars of wheat
Sown once for food, but trodden into clay?
Or golden coins squandered, and still to pay?
Or drops of blood dabbled the guilty feet?
Or such spilt water, as in dreams must cheat
The undying throats of Hell, athirst alway?
I do not see them here; but after death
God knows I know the faces I shall see,
Each one, a murdered self, with low last breath,
'I am thyself—what hast thou done to me?'
'And I—and I—thyself,' (lo! each one saith)
'And thou thyself to all eternity.'"

We must quote a sonnet by Rossetti's sister, Christina Rossetti, a most pathetic one, echoing, as it does, the spirit of one of Shakespeare's most beautiful sonnets:

"Remember me, when I am gone away,
Gone far away, into the silent land;
When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go, yet turning stay,
Remember me, when no more, day by day,
You tell me of our future, that you planned:
Only remember me: you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray;
Yet, if you should forget me for a while,
And afterwards remember, do not grieve;
For, if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad."



THE DELHI DURBAR—THE STATE ENTRY.
Vide Description by John Oliver Hobbes, page 98.



THE DEWANI-KHAS, DELHI.

Fide Description by John Oliver Hobbes, page 99.

What a pathetic sorrow and longing does this express, yet what a beautiful unselfishness—better be forgotten than that the remembrance should cause the loved one grief!

The following sonnet, 'The Dead,' by Miss Mathilde Blind, is remarkable for its original thought and suggestiveness, its gentle philosophy and harmonious grace:

"The dead abide with us! Though stark and cold
Earth seems to grip them, they are with us still;
They have forged our chains of being for good
or ill,
And their invisible hands these hands yet hold.
Our perishable bodies are the mould
In which their strong, unperishable will—
Mortality's deep yearning to fulfil—
Hath grown incorporate through dim time untold.

Vibrations infinite of life in death,
As a star's travelling light survives its start!
So may we hold our lives, that when we are
The fate of those, who then will draw their
breath,

They shall not drag us to their judgment bar—
And curse the heritage, which we bequeath."

The Sonnet on *The Sublime* by Wilfred Scaven
Blunt, is so grand and sonorous, and distinguished by such impetuous power, that we cannot help quoting it:

"To stand upon a windy pinnacle.
Beneath the infinite blue of the blue noon,
And underfoot a valley terrible
As that dim gulf, where sense and being swoon
When the soul parts, a giant valley strewn
With giant rocks; asleep and vast and still,
And, far away. The torrent, which has hewn
His pathway through the entrails of the hill,
Now crawls along the bottom, and anon
Lifts up his voice, a muffled, tremendous roar,
Borne on the wind an instant, and then gone
Back to the caverns of the middle air,
A voice as of a nation overthrown;
With beat of drums, when hosts have marched
to war!"

In conclusion, we would quote a sonnet, in which a poet has tried to express what a sonnet is:

"What is a Sonnet? 'Tis the pearly shell,
That murmurs by the far-off murmuring sea;
A precious jewel carved most curiously;
It is a little picture painted well.
What is a Sonnet? 'Tis the tear that fell
From a great poet's hidden ecstasy;
A two-edged sword, a star, a song—Ah! me;
Sometimes a heavy tolling funeral bell.
This was the flame that shook with Dante's breath;
The solemn organ whereon Milton played,
And the clear glass, where Shakespeare's shadow
falls;
A sea this is—beware who ventureth!
For, like a fjord, the narrow floor is laid
Deep as mid ocean to the sheer mountain walls.



Editorial Notes.

The Acting Governor of Bombay,
Sir James Monteith, speaking recently at the Anjuman-i-

An important pronouncement on the Education of Indian Girls.

Islam of Bombay, earnestly commended to the notice of the Mahomedan community the great importance of the

education of girls, and what he said to Mahomedans applies with equal force to Hindus as well. This is what Sir James Monteith said:—

"If you want a real reformation you must have educated mothers and for the purpose of making the masses of your community able to hold their own in all ordinary pursuits the education of girls is even more important than the education of boys. You will see I am referring only to material benefits. Moral improvement is so intimately connected with religious custom that I cannot deal closely with it, but is quite as much important as material improvement, and you no doubt all recognize that moral instruction, to be effective, must also begin in childhood, and is best begun at the mother's knee."

We are glad that Sir James Monteith has pressed upon the Indian public, in a new form, the importance of education of girls; for, we are afraid that even with Government female education is regarded not as a necessity but as a pure luxury. It is time that the education of Indian girls is regarded as even of greater importance than the education of boys. Unless this high standard is taken we see little prospect of female education making real progress in this land.

Akbar was undoubtedly one of the greatest Akbar as a Social rulers India has ever had; Reformer. and it is worthy of note that his beneficent rule not only tended in the direction of material progress but also of moral and social progress. A writer in *East and West* contributes a very interesting article on the social reforms which Akbar tried to effect. His programme of social reform included the following important measures: (1) Amalgamation of races; (2) Abolition of child marriage; (3) Abolition of polygamy; (4) Abolition of widow-burning; (5) Introduction of the re-marriage of Hindu widows. In 1584, a regulation fixing the minimum age of marriage was issued, according to the historian, Abul Fazl, "Girls before the age of fourteen and boys before sixteen, were not to marry." Akbar made elaborate arrangements to enforce the regulation. A similar regu-

lation was issued against polygamy. He also punished all classes of *sutis* under compulsion. Though it was Lord William Bentinck that put an end to *sutti*, still it is to Akbar we owe the first steps in the direction of the abolition of this custom. In 1587 he issued a regulation to this effect:—"If widows liked to re-marry they might do so, though this was against the ideas of the Hindus." The Hindu writer in *East and West*, after noticing Akbar's reform, says:—

"The case against child marriage has now grown a hundred-fold stronger than it was in the days of Akbar. And the inability of our stagnant society to move in this matter, without external aid and the tendency of a certain class of Indian reformers to move very much faster than desirable—"to move out of relation"—render legislation absolutely necessary. Without entering upon the controversial ground any further, I shall conclude this short retrospect, by commending the illustrious example of Akbar the Great as a social reformer to the serious attention of our rulers, and by appealing to our countrymen in the words of one who is perhaps the greatest of the benefactors that the Indians have known among their alien rulers after Akbar.

And when, writes Lord William Bentinck, after setting forth the reasons that led him to abolish *Sutti*, 'they (the Hindus) shall have been convinced of the error of this first and most criminal of their customs, may it not be hoped that others, which stand in the way of their improvement, may likewise pass away, and that thus emancipated from those chains and shackles upon their minds and actions they may no longer continue, as they have done, the slaves of every foreign conqueror, but that they may assume their first place among the great families of mankind?'

There is a general complaint that the cause of 'social reform' in India is not making satisfactory progress. The leaders of the movement, such as Dr. Bhandarkar, Pundit Veeresalingam and others, even think that the enthusiasm in this cause is even less than that evinced in previous years by the general public. As early as in 1894, speaking on behalf of the Hindu Social Reform Association in Madras, Dr. Bhandarkar said: "Everywhere there is lukewarmness about social reform. The minds of some are not liberalised at all, others think that the reforms we have in view are good but flatly refuse to do anything to aid them; while there are a great many who are supremely indifferent. I agree with my friend, the Hon'ble Mr. Justice Ranade, in thinking that there has been an awakening. But he has allowed us the option of being satisfied or dissatisfied with it. I exercise the option and declare that I am dissatisfied. The lamp has been lighted; but the light is flickering and in view of the attitude of even our educated brethren, it is just as likely to my mind that it will be blown out as that it

will blaze." If this was his opinion in 1894, in 1902 his view of the whole situation was even more discouraging.

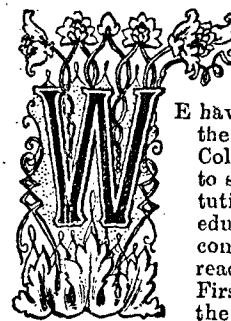
We are not justified in regarding the estimates of persons such as Dr. Bhandarkar, Pundit Veeresalingam and others as the outcome of a pessimistic temperament; for the *Indian Social Reformer*, which has always been characterized by a buoyant optimism, takes more or less the same view of the present situation. But we trust that the leaders of the movement will not be disheartened, but keep pressing on the claims of their noble reforms. Much depends upon the creation of a healthy public opinion, and in bringing about this result, the various Social Conferences are likely to be most helpful. Besides the general conference for the whole of India, the Provincial Conferences should also be held frequently, for these Provincial Conferences will be able to focus together the information in matters of social reform in the several communities, and provinces and castes, and thus stimulate mutual co-operation. It is true much talk is indulged in at these conferences, but considering the influence of even "mere talk" on public opinion, these conferences are likely to be productive of good.

The Indian Ladies' Magazine Prize Competition.

A Prize of Rs. 5 will be offered each month to Indian Lady contributors for the article judged to be the most interesting and best written among those published in the INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE each month. The articles will be judged by "An Englishwoman in India." The competitors should be bona fide subscribers to the Magazine. The Prizes for August and September have been awarded respectively to Miss Krishnama for her article on Shelley, and "Nalina" for her article on "The Ideal of Womanhood."



What is being done for India's Daughters.



WE have been favoured with a copy of the report of the Sarah Tucker College, Palamcottah, and are glad to see the progress that this institution is making in the matter of educating girls of the Christian community in Tinnevely. Our readers are aware that this is a First Grade College, and though the B. A. classes have not been formed as yet, the F. A. classes are fairly strong, there being 4 in the Senior and 6 in the Junior class. There are 36 pupils in the High School department, 145 in the Lower Secondary, and 126 in the Primary departments. We should like to see the non-Christian girls of Tinnevely avail themselves of this College as well. The Matriculation results were very good, all the five that were sent up having passed. The college is well staffed. Besides the lady Principal and the lady Vice-Principal who are qualified teachers, there are two European lady graduates and a few local graduates on the staff. There are various useful organizations in connection with the College.

Our readers were made aware of a scheme for the education of Mohammedan girls proposed by Mr. and Mrs. F. Morrison of the Aligarh College. They will be glad to peruse the following letter from Mrs. Morrison to a Muslim gentleman, regarding this scheme:—

"As I said in my last letter, the plan which Mr. Morrison and I drew out of a school for Mussalman girls seemed to us the best we could think of, and to be planned on lines by which we English people could really be able to help your ladies, and in fact to be the only kind of school which, *without an endowment* could be run satisfactorily by English ladies. But, as you know, the scheme met with no approval in your community. There seems to have been a more or less general feeling that (1) the proposed fees were too high; (2) that the girls might become too anglicized; (3) that such movements had better be started by your own community; (4) that any large scheme is at this time impracticable, but that energetic Mussalmans might start small schools in several centres.

"With these two last proposals we are quite in accord. It is very much better that Mussalmans should be the first to plan the education of their ladies, and I think a great deal could be done by starting small day schools as a beginning. But these beginnings must, I think, be made by you and not by us. If our students in Aligarh inaugurate a movement for female education and want help and co-operation we shall be delighted to give it, but in the first instance the movement should be theirs. Hence I cannot undertake to form a centre in Aligarh as you propose, but I will do what I can to help any students who have started a sensible scheme. So will Mr. Morrison. One thing that I am hoping to do next term may, however, indirectly forward the cause of female education: I think of having 8 or 7

little girls to our house next term and giving them simple lessons on the kindergarten system so as to begin to train their hands and eyes. My idea is to invite the fathers of these children sometimes to hear these lessons, and on other days to invite the mothers (the house would be made quite *purdah* of course). I have not time to give more than a few sample lessons, but if these lessons strike the parents as helpful, it may lead them to try and teach on the same lines and to read manuals on the kindergarten system; I think one such book is going to be translated into Urdu for the sake of Mussalman mothers."

—A School called the Victoria Institution has been organised in Calcutta by Brahmos to encourage female education. We are glad to notice a further development in connection with this Institution. A new examination scheme in their scriptures, and religious history, etc., has been started with a view to encouraging religious instruction among girls and young ladies. The examination will be in Brahmo Samaj Scriptures and lives of saints and prophets, and will be held in September 1904. The life of Jesus including his birth, childhood, baptism, temptation, sermon on the mount, parables, miracles, trial and crucifixion, along with the life of Sakya Muni forms the course of study for this year in which candidates will be examined September next (1904). Besides the above, candidates will be required to commit to memory Matthew v: 4-10 and vi: 9-13. To the first eight successful candidates prizes varying from Rs. 40 to Rs. 60 will be awarded.

Literary Notes.

(Specially compiled for the readers of the Indian Ladies' Magazine.)

Among recent works by women writers Lawrence Alma Tadema's "Songs of Womanhood" (Grant Richards) deserves notice. The authoress has already achieved success in the realm of verse by the publication of a drama, entitled "The Unseen Helmsman," and her second work adds to her reputation as a poet. One who could write as follows certainly deserves our attention:—

"When climbing noons began to softly burn,
There seemed a tender joy in every bud
That swelled and burst, in every little spear
That broke the clouds; and Spring sung in my blood
As in the sap, and all that lived was dear;
These treasures now are veiled and strange and far,
Whilst I go wandering where your footprints are."

—The following are some of the works that are popular with the English reading public: "In the Guardianship of God;" by Flora Anna Steele, (Heinemann); "Pitcher in Paradise," by A. M. Bin-stead (Sands); "Four Feathers" by A. E. W. Mason (Smith, Elder); "The Little White Bird;" by J. M. Barrie (Hodder and Stoughton); "Lady Rose's Daughter;" by Mrs. Humphrey Ward; "The Star Dreamer;" by A. & E. Castle (Constable); "The Conflict;" by M. E. Bradden (Simpton); "Pigs in

Clover: by Frank Danby (Heinemann); "Souls" by "Rita" (Hutchinson); "Rambles in Womanhood:" by Max O'Rell; "The Light Invisible:" by R. Benson; "Carlyle, Jane Welsh." New Letters and Memorials, 2 Vols. (Lane); "My Relations with Carlyle:" by J. A. Froude; "Marie Corréli the Writer and the Woman:" by F. G. Coates and R. S. W. Bell (Hutchinson); "Robert Browning:" by G. K. Chesterton (English Men of Letters Series, Macmillan); "Popular History of the Free Churches:" by C. S. Horne (J. Clarke); "Studies in Contemporary Biography:" by James Bryce; "America at Work" by J. Foster Fraser.

By J. Foster Fraser.

—"Padmini: an Indian Romance." By T. Ramakrishna, (Sennchenheim Co.) is thus noticed in *The Athenæum*:—"Padmini is not a romance, or not, at all events, as we understand the word in English. But it contains romance none the less, and interesting little historic stories of various kinds. It is roughly speaking, a brief collection of folklore, of facts, and of legends of life in the southern part of India during the sixteenth century. The different episodes are by no means well-connected, and the interest of the book as a whole cannot be said to be well sustained. But, considered separately, most of the various chapters possess a distinct interest in their aim, if only by reason of the point of view they illustrate, which is naturally fresh to an English reader. The author's style is distinctly Oriental, though his English is fluent enough, and his knowledge of our language is such as to eliminate all Eastern fire from his diction. What remains is not flowery, but it is verbose. The reviewer finds in this volume the longest sentence he has ever encountered in English, beginning on page 43 and ending on page 45. It contains more than a dozen clauses and some forty lines. Immediately afterwards come several sentences of three words each. Still the book is worth reading."

Indian Cookery.

MANGO JELLY

Ripe mangoes, limes, sugar, and a little spice. Weigh the mangoes and to every pound allow $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of Ashtagram sugar; peel the mangoes and squeeze the pulp into a clean vessel; add the sugar and spice and simmer till all the sugar melts; add lime juice to taste, let it thicken till it falls in masses from the spoon; pour into jars and cover when cold.

WOOD-APPLE JELLY.

Wood-apples, sugar, a few cloves and a little cinnamon. This jelly is cheaper if made from ripe

wood-apples than from half ripe, as it takes less sugar. Scoop out the inside of the apples, put into a well tinned vessel; pour enough water to stand two inches over the fruit; boil well, stirring occasionally to prevent burning at the bottom, strain through a wire strainer or towel, allowing it to drain without pressure; it is best poured into a towel, which is hung up by its four corners over a bowl and left till the next day; throw away the seeds and pith; put the liquid on the fire; and the spice and sugar to taste; simmer uncovered till it jellies, which may be known by dropping a few drops on a plate, if congealed when cold, it is done; pour hot into jars, stopper when quite cold.

TAMARIND PRESERVE.

Fresh ripe tamarind, jaggery, equal quantites; remove the shells, but let the stringy stalks be on, as the fruit will otherwise become too soft; make the jaggery into a thick syrup; pour some syrup into a wide mouthed jar; place a layer of tamarind on it; cover this with more syrup, repeat till you have as much as you want; will be ready for use in two months.

TOMATO JAM.

One pound of full grown green tomatoes gathered just before ripening; sugar 1 lb.; 1 large lime. Peel the fruit thinly and divide in halves; simmer with the sugar for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours; add the juice and half the peel of the lime; simmer for a minute or two; remove and put in jars when cold.

MANGO PRESERVE.

Half ripe mangoes, sugar, and spice. Pare and cut up the mangoes removing the seeds; put the pieces into a well-tinned vessel with sufficient water to cover them; simmer till quite soft; remove and measure; to each pint add $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of good sugar, and the spice; simmer till the pieces look transparent and the syrup is as thick as honey; put into jars, and stopper when quite cold.

CANDIED CITRON.

Citrons, sugar. Weigh the citrons with an equal quantity of sugar; with a nutmeg grater, grate off the thin yellow part of the rind, this removes a great deal of the bitter, quarter them and take out the inside; boil the rind in water till soft enough to be pierced with a broomstick, drain off the water; make the sugar into syrup; by adding half a pint of water to every pound of sugar; when thick, put in the citron rinds and simmer for quarter of an hour; remove from the fire, and leave in the same vessel till the next day; examine it on the following day; if the syrup will admit of another boiling, simmer for another quarter of an hour, if too thick, add a small quantity of thinner syrup; remove and leave for another day; repeat the simmering and leave again; on the fourth day the pieces will be crusted over with sugar; take them out one by one and put on a flat dish; sprinkle with good sugar and put in the sun to dry; repeat this daily; turn the pieces and sprinkle fresh sugar on them till dry; pack in canisters with paper between. The remainder of the syrup may be used for tea, &c., and the inside of the citrons may be made into excellent pickle by adding salt, green chillies, green ginger, garlic and spice, packing layers of the citron with the other ingredients, sprinkled with the salt. Place in the sun daily till soaked.



News and Notes.

The oldest woman on earth is said to be Mrs. Nancy Hollifield—117—of Battle Creek, Michigan.

—There are in Berne 190 female medical students, against 174 male students; Geneva, more conservative, has 183 male to 136 female students. The total number of women students of medicine at all the Swiss universities is 511.

—Signora Rina Monti recalls the golden age of learning for Italian women. She is the first woman in modern times to be appointed to a University Chair in Italy. She has the chair of Zoology and Comparative Anatomy at Messina, and that of professor extraordinary of Comparative Anatomy at Bologna.

—Miss Annie Park, a graduate of the University of Michigan, and several companions intend to make an attempt to ascend Mount Sorata, in the Andes, one of the highest peaks in the world, and are taking oxygen tanks for the purpose of overcoming respiratory difficulties in the higher parts of the mountain.

—Queen Alexandra has a favourite teapot, which is often in use when the Queen is at Sandringham. It is exceedingly curious, very old, and is said to be of priceless value. The teapot is in the shape of a stout Dutchman sitting astride a barrel of wine. The old man's cap serves for a lid, and a gold tap lets out the favourite five o'clock beverage.

—A London girl, Miss Nora Stanton Blatch, two years ago entered Cornell University, America, to

take up a course of instruction in engineering, being the only woman amongst the graduates so studying. So thorough has been her training that she included forge work in it and actually took her place at one of the College blacksmith's twenty forges.

—Miss Steh•King•King—called the Chinese Joan of Arc, from her devotion to her country—has just landed in San Francisco. This progressive young person has allied herself with the reform party of China, and her ambition is to secure political and social reconstruction for her native land. She has come to America in order to study its institutions and to fit herself for the great reformatory work.

—Bookbinding, either as a pastime or a remunerative employment for women, is receiving just now increased attention in Melbourne. Mrs. Knight, a Tasmanian lady, who has spent the last few years in London and Paris studying the art of binding, has just opened a studio in Melbourne, and is receiving pupils, in addition to herself executing a large amount of work for Tasmania and England.

—A widow remarriage was celebrated recently at Mr. Bhagwandas Madhavdas's house. The bridegroom Mr. Keshav Parsuram Kulkarni—Yajurvedi Deshast Brahmin, age 26—resident of Hubli, was married to Strimati Yamunabi—Yajurvedi Deshast Brahmin, age 20. Strimati Yamunabi became a widow when she was only five years old.

A Mother's Love.—"Who can fathom the depth of a mother's love? No friendship so pure, so devoted; the wild storm of adversity and the bright sunshine of prosperity are all alike to her; however unworthy we may be of that affection, a mother never ceases to love her erring child. Often, when alone, as we gaze up to the starry heaven, can we in imagination catch a glimpse of the angels around the 'great white throne,' and among the brightest and fairest of them all is our sweet mother, ever beckoning us onward and upward to her celestial home."

—At the last meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society, Lady Huggins, who collaborates with her husband, the President of the Royal Society, and Miss Agnes Clerke, the authoress of a treatise on "Problems of Astrophysics," and other scientific works, were elected as complimentary members of the Society. For many years there have been no women members, but fifty or sixty years ago there were three ladies Honorary Fellows—namely, Mrs. Somerville, Miss Caroline Herschel, and Miss Anna Shephshanks.

—That Madame Patti is as kind hearted as she is famous was demonstrated by her courtesy to a fellow artist in San Francisco, who at one time was in very straitened circumstances, with a mortgage about to be foreclosed on her home. Madame Patti heard about the troubles that beset her old comrade of the operatic stage and at once arranged for a benefit. For some reason or other it was impossible to prepare for such an event, and the famous Italian donna sent the benefit for an amount more than sufficient to cancel the mortgage that overshadowed her life.

—Queen Amelia of Portugal may be said to reign over the hearts as well as to command the allegiance.

of her husband's subjects. She is a true Lady Bountiful, giving time and presence as freely as money. There is not a slum in Lisbon in which she has not been seen pursuing her errands of mercy on foot. In this work she has a special body of helpers, an organised national system of combating tuberculosis, is qualified in medicine herself, and has at least one plucking rescue from drowning to her credit. Her Majesty is the elder sister of the Duc d'Orleans, and has twice acted with dignity as regent of Portugal.

—It is interesting to note that among those who received the honorary degree of LL.D. from Edinburgh University at the spring Graduation Ceremony was that highly-gifted woman and staunch advocate of the rights of her sex, Miss Flora C. Stevenson. Apart from her long and faithful labours on the Edinburgh School Board—over which she now presides, and of which she has been a continuous member since its formation in 1872—Miss Stevenson has been an earnest and indefatigable worker on behalf of many other schemes for the public good. The honour bestowed on her by the Senate is singularly appropriate, for it was largely owing to her sympathy and support that the movement for the higher education of women, inaugurated some thirty-six years ago, at last culminated in their admission to the benefits of the Scottish Universities.

—At Glasgow University the women students, unlike those attending the Colleges of Edinburgh, St. Andrews, and Aberdeen, enjoy the privilege of having a separate building from the men in which to pursue their course of study, although they have the option, in some of the subjects, of attending the classes at the University itself. This handsome building, known as Queen Margaret College, they owe to the beneficence of Mrs. John Elder, who, long before the Universities had opened their doors to our sex, came to the aid of the Women's Higher Education movement by her timely and generous gift, which forms such a commodious centre for the advancement of feminine culture. Since the admission of women to Glasgow University as matriculated students in 1892, Queen Margaret College has been merged in the older institution, but it still retains its name, as designating that part of the University devoted to the education of the fair sex.

—Mrs. Chamberlain is realising the significance of a remark which Mrs. Gladstone once made when her husband was much engrossed with the cares of office, "I feel it a positive privilege to be even invited to dine with him." So is it just now with the wife of the ex-Colonial Secretary, who, in these days of intense political excitements, has to content herself with very little of her husband's society. She comes of a race of soldiers and statesmen, men who helped to create the New World, to redress the balance of the old. The family is of good old English stock. Its founder was one of the men who made the voyage to the land of promise in the 'May Flower' and fought the Red Indians for the right to live in New England. It was in the family home of the Endicotts that the charming helpmeet of Mr. Chamberlain was born. The usual stories of how she came to marry Mr. Chamberlain are all wrong. There was no bachelor girls' luncheon, no society dance, love at first sight. The facts are that a

wealthy Englishman, visiting the Washington mansion of President Cleveland's Secretary for War, met and became enamoured of a lady with brilliant conversational gifts and intellectual capacity, and a wonderful knowledge of the affairs of the world in general, and of Britain in particular. She has taken her place in English society, as a brilliantly accomplished hostess, who neither paints nor powders, who does not court attention, shuns the photographer like the pestilence, and has never been interviewed. She is the most quietly dressed woman in the world, and no man in public life has a more devoted or sympathetic helpmeet than this daughter of America come back to the home of her fathers has proved.

—The first college for women in Japan, aside from the mission schools, founded only two years ago and already containing over eight hundred pupils, is described by a Tokyo correspondent, as follows:—"Of this number, many come from the furthest parts of Japan, girls and women of all ages, from the youngest pupils of the high school (twelve years old) to students in the university classes of over thirty-five years of age. Some have been teachers themselves for years, others are looking forward to a long career of usefulness as such, and many hope to visit England and study for a time at one of the American universities, before returning to Japan to become lecturers and literary workers in their turn. The college is undenominational,—all religions are tolerated, none are taught,—and the staff comprises Christians, Shintoists, and Buddhists, while among the students the same variety exists. The whole number of lecturers is forty-one, including the president, and of these the majority are men and Japanese, one German lady, two English, and one American lady also being among them. The departments are three: English language and literature, Japanese and Chinese language and literature, and the domestic department, in which sewing, cooking, the tea ceremony, flower arrangement, and similar things are taught. Music and drill are also among the subjects studied, and very creditable progress in these is being made."

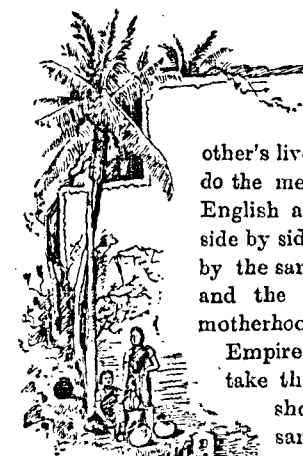
—A nine days' wonder in England has been the discovery of a young and beautiful woman, clad in picturesque rags wandering along the Cornish cliffs in some of the caves of which she appears to have been living a hermit's life for weeks, perhaps for months, past. Vague stories concerning her strange appearances and disappearances had been current for nearly a fortnight, but no action was taken by the police until it was suggested that she might possibly prove to be the missing lady doctor, Miss Sophia Frances Hickman, who so mysteriously vanished from the Royal Free Hospital in Gray's Inn Road on August 15th, and for news of whom a reward of £200 has been offered. When the cliff hermit was brought before a magistrate, she proved to be of foreign origin, a Russian or Polish Jewess probably, but with a fluent command of graceful and cultured English. Despite her picturesque rags she had the manner and bearing of a lady, and was apparently about twenty to four-and-twenty years old. She declared that she had no name except Jeannie; no parents; no home; no recollection of any incidents in her past life. Her identity, in short, had been lost in the course of a severe illness. An

the course of the week information came to hand from various sources, which made it possible to piece together a little of her recent history. Early in June she was found wandering in the lanes around Windsor and Eton, and as her manner was distraught she was taken in charge by the police. She was so obviously a lady that a difficulty arose as to her disposal, and while this was being considered, she was remanded to Windsor Prison Infirmary. From this institution she escaped in the night, and tramped across country as far as Portsmouth, where she begged for food, and was given in charge. An unsympathetic bench of justices sent her to prison

for fourteen days, but she was almost immediately taken to the prison infirmary, where she remained a picturesque and pathetic figure, overwhelmed with sadness for some three weeks. Letters addressed to Miss Jeannie Thasmonaditch, and bearing Philadelphia postmarks of 1895 and 1897, were found upon her, together with the American naturalisation papers of a man named Schmolvitch. Inquiries in Philadelphia throw no light upon either name, and as her memory has not yet returned her origin still remains a mystery, though the police are alleged to have discovered that she is a Nihilist flying from the vengeance of former associates.

SELECTION.

The Women of the East and the West.



THE women of the East and of the West, with a few exceptions, know even less of each

other's lives and sympathies than do the men of these two nations. English and Indian women live side by side, united to each other by the same bonds of womanhood and the same joy and pain of motherhood, belonging to the same Empire, training their sons to take their places shoulder by shoulder in fighting the same battles, and yet these mothers are separated

from each other by a barrier of caste custom and—to be honest—prejudice. In their hands lies the early moulding of the character of their nation: in the hands of their sons will be placed the future interests of their Empire. How, then, can the mothers of the East and the West rightly train their sons to be in sympathy with each other, when they (the mothers) know little or nothing of each other? It has been said that some of the many problems which India still presents to us will not be solved, as long as Indian women are treated merely as being made to appeal to the emotions of men, as long as India does not realise that women were created to appeal through these very emotions to the highest and purest side of man's intellect. Looking at the matter in its practical light, we find that eight out of ten *memsahabs*' sole experience of Indian women consists in what they have seen of their ayahs, and by these ignorant untutored souls all classes of Indian women are judged. Again, the

Indian lady, shut off by the high walls of the zenana and the strict laws of Oriental etiquette from all direct communication with the outer world, generally gathers most of her knowledge of the domestic and social life of our nation from hearsay and the gleanings of bazaar gossip. To her, brought up to regard all men as infinitely superior beings, entitled to the slavish submission of their wives, the *memsahab* with her ideas of equality and the deference she expects of all men as her right due, is incomprehensible, and as she is mostly depicted as a pleasure-loving and frivolous being, it is small wonder that the zenana ladies do not feel drawn towards her personally, or to the customs of her nation. Not being able to see matters in their true light they become prejudiced against the domestic and social customs of the West, and their ideas are naturally more or less reflected in the minds of their children. The Indian ladies, owing to custom, cannot make many advances to their sisters of the West, but they have not been unresponsive when these have been made to them. In fact they have lately made several tentative efforts to know something more of Western women, and it is now for Western women to encourage these timid advances, to rouse themselves and realise the duty they owe to the Indian community. What is needed is that English and Indian women should not depend for their knowledge of each other upon hearsay and bazaar gossip, but should gain that knowledge from personal intercourse with each other, in order that the women of the East, while not losing their national individuality, may assimilate such of the Western ideas as would beautify and strengthen their national characteristics. For no nation to retain its greatness can become cosmopolitan.—Mrs. Lamoit in *East and West*.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Acknowledgments for September, 1903.

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The Manager will be glad to receive the subscriptions for 1902-03 now due.

The House of Commons—An Irishman's Protest.

TO ENGLISHMEN, SCOTCHMEN, IRISHMEN, AND OUR COLONIES.

AN IRISHMAN'S ELOQUENT PROTEST.—Richard Lalor Shiel once startled the House of Commons and the country when the word "alien" was applied to him as an Irishman. "On the field of Waterloo" he exclaimed, "the blood of Englishmen, Scotchmen and Irishmen flowed in the same stream and drenched the same sod—when the cold grey morning dawned they lay stiff and stark together; in the same trench their bodies were laid; the green corn of spring bursts even now from their commingled dust; the dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave. Partakers in every peril, are we not to be partakers in glory? Are we to be told we are aliens from that noble country for whose salvation our life blood was poured?" The effect of the speech both inside and outside the House was electrical.

THE MORAL.

"I need not be missed if another succeed me;
To reap down those fields which in spring I have sown,
He who ploughed and who sowed is not missed by the reaper,
He is only remembered by what he has done."

The misery of Life is immensely increased in these days of Fevers if you miss such a single precaution as Batliwalla's Ague-Mixture, and Pills.

Most powerful remedies for Malarious, Intermittent, Bilious Fevers, Influenza and mild form of plague.

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DISCOUNT TO THE TRADE.



A BURMESE GIRL.

(Vide Article on "Women of Burma," p. 149.)



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

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NOVEMBER, 1903.

No. 5.

"LOVE."

(Translated from an old French Poem.)

TELL me, my heart, my heart of flame,
Tell me what love is, whence its name?
Twin souls that rule but by one mind,
Twin hearts a single beat that find.

How comes the love that is so fair?
It never comes, 'tis always there!
And love that leaves us whither flies?
Love is not love that ever dies!

Tell me where true love may be sought?
It breathes within another's thought.
And love that ne'er a limit knows?
The truest love most silent flows!

Whence gathers love its jewelled store?
Love gains by giving more and more.
And what the words that Love doth frame?
Love loves, is speechless, owns no name.

W. GAWEN KING.



How English Girls Live.

IX.—THE PROFESSIONAL GIRL.

(By Miss M. C. Sidgwick.)



A CURIOUS and somewhat startling vocation for girls of the class of which I am writing has lately come into vogue, namely, that of domestic service. Our grandmothers would have held up their hands in pious horror at the bare suggestion of such a possibility; but now-a-days, although these Lady helps, or Dames, as they prefer to call themselves, are few and far between, it is an idea that once having taken root will probably spread until the Dames will form a large, well-recognised and most useful class of society. The possibility of their success springs from two different sources. In the first place they will help to solve the problem of the servant difficulty which is growing more complex every year: the difficulty that is of obtaining servants, owing to the growing dislike for domestic service manifested by the lower classes, especially in large towns. The class from whom servants have always been taken prefer factory work, dress-making, anything in fact in which the hours of their daily labour are fixed, and they will have a fringe of time over at the end of the day to call their own. They look upon domestic service as a sphere quite apart from all other modes of work, and the comparatively easy labour, good food and wages, and comfortable home that it offers, will not in the least compensate in their eyes, for the lack of liberty and the peculiar economic status that it involves. To be obliged to ask permission for every holiday, or the acceptance of any invitation, to be restricted in her mode of attire, or the visits of friends, condemns it more and more to that peculiar class of beings "the modern servant."

The Lady help, however, feels none of these difficulties. She accepts them as necessary conditions of her new lot and considers them quite compensated for by its advantages. Nevertheless, she imposes one or two conditions of her own, thus making the life tolerable and even pleasant; and this is its second source of success of which I spoke. The Lady help stipulates that in the household of which she forms part, all the other servants shall belong to her own class. The house must be run entirely by Dames or not at all by them. Cook, parlourmaid and

housemaid are the roles that they assume. They do not want a kitchen-maid, but ask instead that a woman may come in once or twice a week to help in the rougher work. They prefer small households or flats. They dress all alike in some distinctive costume of their own choosing. In the matter of holidays and visitors they conform to the wishes of their mistress. They keep entirely to themselves in their own part of the house, but yet their presence is somehow felt in the suggestion of smooth ease and quiet power underlying the household arrangements.

Those who have tried the experiment of "Dames" declare that they never before knew what comfort was. The cooks are economical, the housemaids clean, the parlour-maids deft and trim. The truth is that the dames work with their heads as well as their hands. Their organising powers are greater than those of the ordinary servant; they do their work as thoroughly but in much less time, so that they are not likely to become overworked and weary. From the Dames' own point of view the life is far from undesirable.

She lives in a comfortable home with girls who are probably her own friends, certainly of her own class. We must remember that it is necessary for her to do something towards making a livelihood, and in almost all careers possible to her, either the work is very hard, or a certain amount of capital must be forthcoming. Here the work is not very hard and no capital is needed. Although the servants' quarters are in the basement and attics of the house, they are generally fairly spacious and comfortable. Servants are particular now-a-days, and will soon give notice if things are not to their liking. The kitchen is roomy and cheerful, for a cook wants a good light for her cooking. Behind this is the pantry, lined with cupboards, in which the parlour-maid reigns supreme; and besides this there is a third room, in which the servants have their meals and receive their Sunday visitors. It is known to the other inmates of the house as "the housekeeper's room," even when no such individual is kept.

In these snug quarters then, may not our three dames make themselves very comfortable? They are theirs without let or hindrance; for it is a curious fact that in many houses the real owners rarely, if ever, visit the servants' quarters. Sometimes the children venture, but they feel at once out of place and know they are not wanted; "cook is busy," they are told, "and if you hinder her the dinner will be spoilt." So if they come at all, it is timidly and as it were on sufferance, for the power of the servant is great, and we know our own helplessness without them!

The mistress of course visits the kitchen every

morning soon after breakfast, to order the meals for the day, but this is a well-known institution and quite different to promiscuous visiting. But the unspoken laws that the servant has gradually evolved for her own convenience or protection still abide for the use of her successor, and the Dames find—somewhat to their own surprise—that in their little sphere, they can indeed rule paramount. They can be very snug, and cosy, and have many a laugh together over the bright kitchen fire. It has been urged that difficulties and disagreeables would arise through the necessary contact of the Dames with the many tradesmen who daily visit the kitchen for orders. But upon experiment it is found that tradesmen quickly discover the difference in the kind of maid with which they have to deal, and that nothing can exceed the civility and respect with which they treat them. Nor should the tradesmen be the only people to show their respect for this bold and plucky step. And if some consider it a breach of social etiquette, let them remember that there is nothing degrading in honest work well done; and that in cooking dinners, scrubbing floors and waiting at table, there is scope for the improvement of the mind and the fine development of an art.

The various kinds of work that we have so far been considering, do not necessitate any special gift or accomplishment on the part of the worker. Good physical health, a clear head, and average intellect are all that are required. We will now glance at a few directions, in which artistic talent will find scope for development.

Book-binding and Wood Carving.—Book-binding and Wood carving will, if enough time and hard work are given to them, become very profitable employments,—not only for the interest they will excite, but pecuniarily as well. Book binding is a fascinating occupation, it requires a somewhat long apprenticeship, as there is a good deal of technicality to be gone through, and the use of many tools to be learnt. A book-binder who rises to the higher branches of the profession will have her own workshop and workmen under her. They will do the rougher parts of the trade, the pressing and rolling, and she will organise and control, and do the delicate artistic parts of the business. Great skill is needed in executing the designs on book covers, and finishing and polishing the exquisite volumes that a good book-binder will turn out. Book covers have a special attraction for some people, such as old china or lace, pictures or music exercises, on others. The old vellum back, gold edged leaves, rough tinted pages with their wide margins and few short lines of black print, fascinate them strangely. They care not for the matter inside the book,—for the story that it has to tell—it is the old

world flavour of the outside that they want. The copying of old book-bindings, therefore, even to the stains and marks of time upon the faded backs is a special branch of the trade, but it is only one feature, and it is an art that is ever growing in richness and variety of design and execution. People will give enormous fancy prices for specially bound volumes, and particularly are the Americans lavish in this direction. These prices are an encouragement to the artist, who will feel that the long hours she has devoted to some detail that only a connoisseur would recognise, have not been thrown away.

The art can also be practised in simpler forms by a girl desirous of some hobby, and of adding something to her pocket money. Her friends send her their old favorites whose covers are battered or gone altogether through much use, to be re-clothed in dainty white, pale blue, or dark green bindings, for each of which they pay her a few shillings. Many a girl who has looked round in despair for something to do, has found her whole life changed, through the pursuit of the art of book-binding, for it is an art that grows upon its pursuer; it employs the hands and absorbs the mind, and leaves behind it definite and charming traces of its skill.

Wood carving is another favorite hobby with girls who are of an artistic turn of mind, and are fond of using their hands. Sometimes it is taken up as a recreation, a means of passing the time, and carving presents for one's friends, or making brackets, stools and cupboards to be sold at bazaars, and the money given away in charity. Or it may become a life's profession; when as fast as one order is finished another takes its place, and the work is put first in the daily round of life. The fascination of wood carving lies in seeing the work grow under one's hand, and in the quickly increasing power that a little practice in it alone can give. The tools are few and simple, and little initial expense is involved.

House decorating.—Other modes in which girls can earn their living are house, or table decorating. In this capacity she will go about from house to house, advising young married people, or those who cannot trust to their own taste in the matter, how they should paper, decorate or furnish their houses, so as to obtain pretty and artistic effects. A girl to be successful in this work must have studied under some well-known artist, and be able to show specimens of her handi-work that have passed the criterion of correct and fashionable beauty. Beauty is a more or less relative term; its real attribute lies in the mind of the beholder, but Fashion wields a wand that all men would willingly obey. There are many, therefore, who, on glancing round at the houses in which they live, are struck by an uncomfortable con-

viction that that which they like and admire, is not what they ought to like and admire. The luke-warm enthusiasm of friends, the veiled non-committal of acquaintances tell them this. Others again are in the still more painful position of knowing what they like, but not knowing how to attain it; they cannot form a mental picture of the general effect beforehand. They must wait until the thing is there before them; the paint and paper irrevocably on the wall, carpets and curtains fixed firmly in their places until they know whether they have committed some heinous offence in shape and colour, or by pure luck, have chosen well. Experiments in house decoration are too expensive to be possible. So, to save much nervous wear and tear, prevent perhaps endless hickerings between young couples and a further outlay of money in the end, the house decorator is called in, and all responsibility shifted on to his or her only too-willing shoulders. The fee varies with the reputed skill of the artist, but it is usually large, for the work involves much responsibility and the possession of both talent and tact on the part of the decorator.

Table decorating.—Table decorating is a much simpler affair, and has many more followers. It is a pleasant and remunerative work for girls of the class of which I am writing. Naturally however, it falls to the florists themselves, and to be successful in the work a girl must have special skill, or many friends to recommend her. Some ladies are too idle to decorate their own dinner-party tables, others too busy, others again fear their own powers and distrust their own taste; these all turn with relief to the table decorator. If a girl can work up a connection in this capacity she will have a busy life and a full purse. The decoration of stalls at bazaars, tables at public entertainments, or halls for festivals will also form part of her work. There is much scope for artistic talent in this work, and it may enlarge itself and include other varieties and directions into which I cannot enter here.

Designing dresses.—This again is a lucrative employment, but requires special talent of a somewhat uncommon order. The artist must have a quick and correct eye for colour, a knowledge of the way in which different textures fold and hang, and the power of design, which is shared alike by sculptor and painter. She should be able to visualise her effects mentally before producing them in tangible form; although some successful artists have declared that they can only work as they go along—unfold their creations as it were before their eyes; yet they have always lamented this mental lack, as they have lost time and power thereby. A good designer, who can turn the

wheel of Fashion, and before whom the most powerful dressmaker will bow, can command almost any prize for her ideas and suggestions, but these personages are few indeed. The smaller artists are those who are content to work upon existing lines, and only embellish or vary within certain limits. Others again send out their ideas at a venture, even as the angler tries a new fly, in the hope of hooking the difficult and fickle fish—the public—and can afford to wait patiently or try again, when their efforts are rejected by general opinion.

In frock designing, as in many other professions, it is the name that carries weight. Once make a reputation and you are safe, and anything you say or do will be listened to and accepted. It is not for what you do, but through what you have done, that success comes. A lucky hit at a favourable moment, or a word and smile from high quarters, a fact, whispered and remembered abroad, will set the happy cause on a pinnacle from which she need never descend.

But enough has been said of the various loopholes to independence that girls have made and are still making for themselves. This paper is already grown too long, and I will conclude it by mentioning one or two fields of occupation of an outdoor type, in which skill and training of a very different order are required.

Farming and Gardening.—I will conclude these papers by mentioning one or two branches of out-door work in which girls may find a professional career. They may, if they like, become Farmers or Gardeners. Farming is taught in two ways, either by theory or practice. The latter is for the best, but much the most difficult of accomplishment. There are many farming colleges, containing perhaps several hundred students, where every branch and detail of the work is taught, but chiefly by means of lectures, where the real work is done by men, with whom a student is occasionally sent round, to learn what he or she can by watching. There are however very few places, where actual practical experience can be bought and the pupils themselves undertake the management of a farm. One such place there is, near London, kept by two ladies, and their pupils about three in number do all the farm work and thus learn in the only way that is possible—namely, by practical and personal experience.

These girls get up in the morning at 6-30 and begin their day's work by milking the cows and feeding the fowls. Then comes breakfast, which they all enjoy with healthy appetites: after that comes the dairy work, where they learn to skim the cream of the milk, to strain the new milk, and to wash and keep bright and clean the different pans and utensils. A dairy is a fascinating spot at any time and especially so in the

summer. The spotless cleanliness, the cool marble tables, the long golden twists and slabs of butter, the huge pans of milk and the faint clean odour that pervades all—gives a character to the place, that is quite its own. You are almost afraid to move about, or touch anything, lest you should in some way soil or disarrange the cold clean order of the place. Once a week butter is made, and on the following day packed and sent up to the nearest town for sale. Late every afternoon, the cows and ponies that have been turned out in the fields all day, have to be fetched in, and the milking and dairy work are all gone through again. Then the animals are fed and bedded down for the night. Young calves are fed two or three times a day with specially prepared food; they may even have to be taught to drink—sometimes a difficult task. Then on another day fowls are plucked and got ready for market, or sent off in hampers with butter and eggs to different customers. About Christmas time all the turkeys are got ready which very much increases this branch of the work. In the summer, the pupils work at the hay making in the fields which they much enjoy, and the animals do not have to be driven in at night but are kept out in the pasture meadows all day and night. The life is full of simple, healthy, out-door work, and is invaluable to any one who is about to emigrate, or to marry a farmer, or who thinks of starting a farm on her own account. Farmeresses are at present hardly more than an idea, but no doubt, in the future, they will be, if not so numerous, certainly more successful than the British farmer; for they will make of farming, a profession, which they will only enter after careful training in both its theory and practice. They will give it the whole of their experience and the whole of their time, and not, as so many a man has done, embark upon it as a career which requires no especial knowledge, but is merely a pleasant hobby, the expenses of which will somehow always manage to conveniently dovetail.

Those who wish to make of gardening a profession, will, if they can afford it, go for a year's training to one of the large Horticultural Colleges, that have been inaugurated during the last ten or twelve years. Some of these include Science, Music and the Fine Arts in their curriculum of learning. At one of these Colleges (which we will take as our model) over a thousand students, both men and women, are to be found. Here the work is not merely practical, as in the small farm just alluded to, but the science of the subject in hand is elaborately gone into. Horticulture and Agriculture include the study of Chemistry and Botany, a knowledge of soils and manures, Entomology, Epiculture, and even Book-keeping. The College advises in all the

adjacent countries, where questions arise, as to the prevention of insect pests, and plant diseases, and upon the identification of strange plants, the manuring of soils, etc. So, it will be seen that the work is wide and varied, and taxes the brain, rather than the muscles. The College session consists of three terms of ten weeks each, but the Horticultural year of training consists of 40 weeks, an extra term being added. The fee for the year of training, including board and lodging, garden practice and laboratory work, is sixty guineas. To students who prefer to live away from the College and find other board and lodging, the fee is forty guineas a year. Lectures are also given on the theory and practice of teaching and importing knowledge already gained to others. In the Fine Arts department the students are taught to sketch plants and flowers, and to prepare diagrams for illustrating future lessons and lectures. Then too the would-be "gardener" has to learn about fruit, the pruning and grafting, the special cultivations needed by special greenhouse plants, and be initiated into the mysteries of the hybridization and fertilization of plants. Gardening as a science, and as learnt by the modern upper class girl, with a view to making it her profession, includes a much wider field than would at first appear, and is widely different to the mere sowing and weeding, digging and raking that we are wont to associate with the term.

The training at the College, whose work we are discussing, can also include the management of poultry and dairy farming in all its branches. Here again we have something very different to the mere practical work. A Dairying in all its branches includes the various treatments of milk, for either sale, or for butter making, or for cheese making. The filtration, aeration and refrigeration of milk, testing its quality and acidity, and learning how to pasteurize and sterilize milk; then, too, there are the different methods of producing cream, the shallow pan method or the deep setting system. The use of the various separators must also be gone into; and the art of cheese making is a study in itself.

It may be asked what does all this training lead to? For what career does it fit a girl in after life? The question is still only in process of being answered. The work is at present more a general than a special education. Female gardeners have as yet no acknowledged position. There are a few, but they are not in demand as a rule. The training is however extremely useful in making ladies take an intelligent supervision of their own gardens and gardeners, not to risk at tangents and waste money on experiments, as so many do. The whole subject is so wide and varied, and in-

cludes so many different branches of learning that to have gone through a course of this training must broaden a woman's outlook and add greatly to her powers. So true is it that the more we learn, the more are we capable of learning. The mind and the heart grow, when fed, even as the body does.

And now I must conclude this series of papers, in which I have attempted to describe a few of the different aspects of English girl life. We have seen how she enjoys herself and how she works, how she sometimes regards life as a grave responsibility in which progress and knowledge must be the aim of existence, sometimes as an opportunity for redressing wrongs and striving to make foul places smooth. Sometimes merely as a ford which has to be traversed with as little pain and as much pleasure as possible. In our first paper we spoke of describing later on the girl who suffers: we have not however marked her out in any distinct class. The girl with whom we have been dealing—the upper middle class girl—goes through one species of suffering, that is the result of her station in life, and is entirely unknown to those who are not gently born. It is earned primarily by not having enough to do; secondly, by not having the right kind of things to do. She is over-indulged at one end of life's gamut and cruelly cramped at the other. Frustrated ambitions, unrealised hopes and desires, the knowledge that she is expending herself for no purpose and to no end, gradually starve the soul out of a girl. Those she lives with only wish her to be happy; there is no special need for her to do any one thing; no special need for her existence, she perhaps tells herself bitterly. Many girls feel all this only in a vague undefined way; they cannot put their feelings into words, they would not if they could; so they seek to drown the uncomfortable suspicion that all is not as it should be with them, that life holds possibilities that are theirs by right, they seek to drown this by living the life into which they were born, harder than ever. Existence becomes for them a network of loose threads, all tangled hopelessly together, and not leading anywhere in particular; they brim the days with anything that comes to hand,—a new novel, a fresh excitement, more acquaintances, and hope thus to confuse and stifle thought.

This is the suffering to which many girls are prone, and to escape from which is often well nigh impossible, and this is the suffering from which the girl who has to work for her living or whose nerves and brain are of a coarse tougher fibre, is exempt. A remedy must and will come; the evil will in time right itself, but how soon and in what form who can say. Already there are signs of the coming change. Life is expanding

for girls—conventionalities are dying. Education and the advancement of thought is beginning to help them to find out what they need—and this is the first step to attaining it. Who knows but that a future generation will look back upon the desultory, useless, unhappy, and yet crammed-with-pleasure lives of their great grandmothers, with the same feelings of contemptuous pity, that we now feel for the unfortunate dames of a past age, who spent their days in working samples, seated on high backed chairs, varied by an occasional turn in the garden, and who were taught that the highest accomplishment they could aspire to, was to be able to make a self-possessed entry into a room full of strangers, or a graceful descent from the high step of a carriage into the muddy street below? Surely times have changed since then, and may not the pendulum swing as far in some other direction?

Gauri or the Mother-in-law reconciled: a Story.



IT was winter, and chill blasts were howling through the streets of the village of Sivanpur. Day had not yet dawned and it was yet very dark. A young girl was standing shivering at the door-step of a miserable-looking low house. At each shriek of the angry rushing wind, she drew the upper end of her cloth tighter about her to keep away the cold. She could not stand idle, for she had a lot of work to do before day dawned. The space in front of the house, the pials and the doorsteps had first to be washed with cow-dung water, contained in the brass vessels by her side. Then she had to sweep them all, after allowing them to dry, and, finally, ornamental figures had to be drawn on them, with the chalk-like white powder kept in a cocoanut-shell in a niche near the door-post. And so the poor little thing set herself vigorously to her work and scrubbed and scrubbed, and swept and swept, with all her might and main. Then when the pials and the house front had assumed a tolerably neat appearance,

according to Hindu ideas of neatness, she began the more delicate part of her labour. Numbers of designs, large and small, most of them representations of supposed lotuses, with all sorts of angles and curves one never sees in the real flower, but which are conceivable only to the Hindu imagination, did she draw untiringly upon the ground. The girl did not grudge this portion of her work, for she liked it immensely; it was her only recreation, poor thing. But in her enthusiasm she had taken no note of time and she was suddenly reminded of her tardiness by a harsh voice which called her from the courtyard inside the house.

"Here, you chit, haven't you done fooling with your labour, as yet? You seem to take a precious long time over it to-day. Come in directly or I shall let you know the reason why."

The poor girl trembled, and adding a finishing touch to her last lotus and gathering up the vessels, she went in to meet the angry gaze of her stern mother-in-law. The contrast between the trembling little girl and the big burly woman by her side was striking. The latter's aspect was most forbidding and struck terror into the frightened girl's heart. The woman's husband, an elderly man of over fifty, was sitting near the courtyard, with his back resting against a pillar and engaged in performing his morning ablutions.

"Come nearer, Gauri," the mother-in-law said, "I will ask you a few questions and if you answer them directly with none of your weeping and whining, I shall spare you the beating you richly deserve this morning." Look here now. I forgot to ask you, when you last returned from your mother's house, what that old screw of your father told you, relative to the money he owes us. But wait," and turning to the old man, she bawled out, "you have not received any reply to the letter you sent your *Sanbandhi*, have you?"

The old man took some time to reply. "There, you see your father does not care even to reply. But he shall rue it soon. But then, what did he say to you about the money?"

The girl did not reply at once. "No humbug with me, you minx, no mock-modesty. You know full well that your father in law is deaf. Speak out, I say."

"He promised to bring it in a month," whispered the poor thing, plaintively.

"In a month!" exclaimed the virago, "and now it is more than six weeks since you returned. Look at the scheming old fellow," she called out to her husband, "we can't wait any longer, I suppose."

"No, we cannot," chimed in the old man, who had evidently no will of his own.

"That is right. Now, look here, you minx,

Don't you know that your father still owes us half the marriage-portion he promised to give my son. No, doubt you don't know, you are the most innocent lamb! It is two years since the marriage and I haven't seen the colour of the promised money yet. We cannot wait any longer, putting up with the sweet will and pleasure of your scheming father! Go, tell him that we will not receive you into our house till the five hundred rupees are paid. Pack your things at once and depart. But stay, I forget. Divest yourself of your jewels and leave them with me, and then you can go, after cleaning the vessels used in cooking last night."

What a sad humiliation for the poor girl! She was not so young as not to understand the calamity that had come upon her. To be turned out of her husband's house! Nothing can be more disgraceful to the mind of the Hindu girl—not even widow-hood. To have her husband alive and to reside in her father's house, to all intents and purposes a widow, to be a butt of the flouts and taunts of the village maidens—it would be past all bearing. And then, what a life she would have to lead in her father's house! She would be scolded by her mother for what was not her fault. Her future days would be the very reverse of happy. Oh, only the Hindu knows, that to the Indian girl slavery in the father-in-law's house is more welcome than being turned out of it, even with a prospect perhaps of living happily under her father's roof. And as Gauri stepped out of the house, with her heart heavy as lead, the fierce rain beat upon her face and, ere she had walked ten paces, she was drenched to the skin. The wind whistled about her making a gruesome noise. The narrow lanes of the village were now channels of dirty water and the poor little girl waded knee-deep through it. But she was oblivious to all this. She minded not the wind or the rain or the dirty water, but walked on slowly and left the village behind her.

It was evening and a russet glow illuminated the western sky. The melancholy music of the sea broke on the ears of half a dozen students seated on the sands.

"I say," said a short, stout boy, engaged in the pleasant exercise of casting little shells into the sea "I say, what lots of fun I had in the village! Wouldn't you like to have been in my shoes? No study, no books, all shelved for a fortnight. But do not frown, Sankara, it does not concern you, I suppose, if I go to the bad."

Sankara, the handsome young man who was thus addressed, did not reply. He was evidently absorbed in the book he was reading. But the mischievous youth was not satisfied.

"But, sir student," interrupted he again,

"how can you be reading so calmly when your wife—But there, I am sure I have offended you. Excuse me, it was unintentional."

Sankara looked up from his book and frowned. "It does not matter in the least; the trifle is excused," he replied, with assumed gaiety.

Then the matter was dropped and the conversation drifted to other things.

But Sankara's mind was working; he knew that Gopal, the stout youth, had recently been to their native place. He knew that his young wife was staying in his father's house. What could have happened to her? He wondered that even Gopal, thoughtless and mischievous as he was, could not communicate it to him in the company they were in. Sankara was burning to know, and when they had returned from the beach, he called Gopal apart and asked him. Then Gopal told him all, of Gauri being turned out of her father-in-law's house and of her walking home on that stormy day, as we have seen. And he finally wound up by saying: "I have no doubt you know who is at the bottom of all this."

Sankara knew and the knowledge pained him all the more. He had no time to lose; he must take action immediately. That night he slept not; his bed was a bed of thorns. On the morning of the next day, he obtained leave of absence for a week from the kind old Principal of his College and left for his father-in-law's village by the mail train. It was evening when he reached it. He found the old man seated on the pial and Sankara prostrated himself before him in the right Hindu fashion. The old man's gloomy countenance brightened and he blessed the boy. Meals over, Sankara told him the object of the visit and asked his permission to take his daughter home. Nothing could have pleased his father-in-law more and the old man joyfully acceded to his request.

Next morning Sankara reached the village, where his own father lived and the reception that they met with there was one for which they were not altogether unprepared. The couple were about to enter the house when Sankara's mother appeared on the threshold. Imagine her surprise and her indignation at the strange sight she beheld. What brazen audacity in her son to rebel against her authority, she thought! Her eyes glowed like live coals and her lips breathed fire as she thundered.

"Shame, shame on you, my ungrateful son. Let not that vicious minx pollute my threshold. Send her off, send her off this instant."

"I cannot and I will not," said the youth firmly. Then he turned to the old man, his father, sitting on the pial, but there was not a word from him. "Then," said the unnatural mother, "set not your foot in my house. Remove yourselves

this instant; go away at once. Return not any more, for the sight of you is painful."

There was no alternative for Sankara. He had to go and she, his little wife, had to go with him. And they went together to the place where Sankara was studying. They took separate lodgings, and Gauri kept house for Sankara. In due course, the young man appeared for the examination and passed with honours. He had not long to wait for an appointment, as he got a good start in life, within a month or two after the results were known.

Twelve months of peace and happiness had passed since Sankara had been expelled from his paternal roof, when a strange thing happened. The boy's father and mother who had so harshly washed their hands off him arrived one morning at his house. Sankara was rejoiced to receive his parents and his young wife was anxious to make every thing comfortable for her father-in-law and to atone for any mistakes she might have committed before. But that spirited mother-in-law was all changed now. During the past year all had gone wrong with her. The crops had totally failed; a robbery had taken place in her house, by which she lost all the jewels and cash she had. They were thus in considerably reduced circumstances and, as a last resort, she fell back upon her son, who was pleased to be of help to her. She sullenly acquiesced in the state of things she found in her son's house and let her daughter-in-law rule. A month after his parents' coming to him, Sankara's father-in-law sent him Rs. 500 due to him, but this the young man returned. But being an honourable man, Gauri's father would not take it back, and so Sankara settled it upon his mother, who was infinitely cheered.

As I passed along the street a few days ago I heard a harsh but womanly voice singing a lullaby to a young child. That woman was Sankara's mother and the child was Sankara's son.

CH. K. SHASTRI.

Mrs. Annie Besant has announced her intention of founding a College for girls in Benares on the same lines as the College for boys recently established by her. She requires Rs. 10 lakhs for an endowment fund, exclusive of land and buildings, and is said to have collected half the amount.

A Civilian on Native South Indian Life.



It is refreshing to find an English Civilian take an interest in the inner life of the people of this great land and write a work descriptive of the languages and manners and customs and religion of a race, about whom

little is known even to the people of this country. Mr. S. P. Rice's work, *Occasional Essays on Native South Indian Life* (Longmans, Green & Co.) is most interesting reading; and, as one of the main objects for which the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* exists is to make known to the public the inner life of the races that inhabit this vast continent of India, we have very great pleasure in bringing to the notice of our readers this work by Mr. Rice, which is written in a spirit of sympathy and even affectionate regard for the people it describes.

The Uriyas are a people who inhabit Orissa, and though Dravidians by origin are still distinct in features, in manners, in customs, in language, from other more well-known Dravidian races. They have still less in common with the Bengalis in the North, except probably in language which is a blend of Sanskrit and Hindustani. Mr. Rice's view is that the Uriya has not received his due for various reasons. The isolated geographical position of his country, the paucity of his numbers, and his want of affinity with the other inhabitants of the Presidency,—all these have told against him. The Uriya, Mr. Rice, admits is wanting in *energy* and *cleanliness*,—two qualities of great significance in the eye of an Englishman—but with all this he has his good points. "Let us look a little deeper, and we shall find that the Uriya is for the most part a law-abiding citizen, not complaining and not turbulent, and above all things, sober." In point of morality he is not worse than his Dravidian brother of the south, and is polite in small ways. The women lead more or less secluded lives. Uriya women are particularly fond of colour. They wear saris

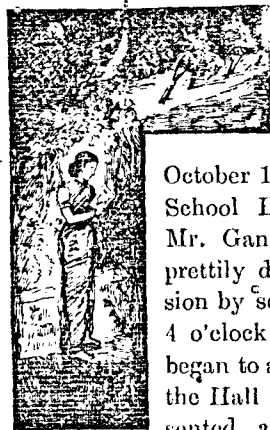
with coloured borders. They have a high sense of female modesty. "It is not confined to the higher class. Even the women whom the necessities of life drive to work in the fields are exceptionally modest and respectful. A cool woman will turn her face away from you, and, as you pass, she will draw her cloth more securely across the breast. I must put this down in her favour, if we contrast her with the Tamil women of the south, many of whom go about without shame, in no more clothing than their lords."

The women are loaded with jewels of all kinds: in the hair, in the nose, in the ears, on the neck, on the arms, from wrist to elbow, round the waist, and on the feet. Bracelets, either of silver and glass or, brazen, are a *sine qua non* even with the women of the working classes. The Uriya is a keen sportsman, as he lives chiefly amid hills and jungles. He is not fond of education, though the mania for passing examinations has taken possession of a few. Their marriage customs are primitive and unique in many respects. One ceremony is curious. After the marriage ceremony the bridal pair return home, where they find a great pile of stools and cooking pots. The bridegroom kicks these and the bride has to gather them together, only to be kicked again by the man. Mr. Rice thinks that this custom "means to imply that henceforth the wife is to be careful and troubled about domestic matters; that she is to be in subjection to her husband, and possibly also that she must patiently submit to his moods." Before the wife enters upon her domestic reign, a golden ring is thrown into a pot of rice and water, and she has to fish the ring out. The Uriyas are scrupulously particular regarding the exposure of the bride to the gaze of her male relatives. She must not pronounce the names of her husband, or his parents, or his relatives of the ascending line. This, remarks our author justly, is "slavery." In the matter of religion they are not different from the other Hindus. Their great place of worship is Puri, where reside the famous Jagannath and his dread car. They believe in divination, witchcraft, and in ghosts.

India is certainly undergoing mighty changes,

but still there are parts where things remain as they were centuries ago, and Orissa is one of those parts. Mr. Rice has done well in giving us a glimpse of this old-world India as it is still to be seen in the land of the Urijas. He seems to have great contempt for "the townbred class turned out of our Universities with a neat polish of English and the sciences;" but though such sneers do not give any additional importance to the primitive, half-civilized races who, he thinks, represent more faithfully the true life of India, still in this work we have noticed there is an earnest attempt to do justice to some of these primitive races. We recommend the book strongly to our readers.

The first Anniversary of the Calicut Ladies' Association.



THE First Anniversary of the Calicut Ladies' Association was celebrated on Saturday, October 10th, in the Native High School Hall, (kindly lent by Mr. Ganapati Rao) which was prettily decorated for the occasion by some of the Ladies. At 4 o'clock punctually the guests began to assemble and very soon the Hall was crowded and presented a striking scene. The palm covered walls and pots of gorgeous yellow and bright red canvas, formed a fit setting to the picturesque Malayalee ladies in their fine white cloths and beautiful jewels, Brahmmins, in their many coloured silk saris, Parsees, Syrian Christians and members of the German Mission, all picturesquely attired, and English and German women, whose plainer garments served to throw out into greater relief, the beautiful garb of their Indian sisters.

Mrs. Sherman opened the proceedings by singing a song to her Guitar accompaniment, which gained an encore. The Report was then read by Mrs. Zachariah, as follows:—

Some time ago, Mr. G. Subba Rao and a few

other leading native gentlemen, considered the feasibility of bringing together European and Indian ladies, with a view to promote a better understanding between them and to provide means for intellectual improvement. The idea was heartily taken up by Mrs. Macrae and Mrs. Pinhey, whose self-sacrifice and disinterested labours have made the movement a success, so far as to enable the committee to present this its first annual report.

The preliminary meeting was called for September 28, 1902, by Mrs. Macrae, Mrs. M. S. Ramier, Mrs. Vythianadha Aiyar, Mrs. Appu Nedungadi, the late Mrs. Kannan, Mrs. Zachariah, Mrs. G. T. Vurgese, Mrs. Gopalan, Mrs. P. P. Raman Menon and Mrs. White. Mrs. Macrae read a paper on the occasion on the "Benefits of Zenana lectures and social intercourse between Hindu and English women." The first meeting was very largely attended, and a managing committee was then formed with Mrs. Pinhey as President, and Mrs. Macrae as Honorary Secretary. No treasurer was necessary because it was agreed that no subscription should be raised at present. Mrs. Pinhey continued very kindly to be President till April of this year when she resigned, and Mrs. Macrae took her place, while the Secretaryship held by this lady devolved on Mrs. Zachariah. Mrs. Macrae resumed the onerous duties appertaining to this office in September, when Mrs. Miller, the wife of the District Judge, kindly consented to be President. Three of the committee members, viz., Mrs. Barlow, Mrs. Raman Menon and Mrs. Abraham having left the station, their places were filled by new members. The committee is now as follows:—

Mrs. Miller (President).
 " Macrae (Hon. Secetary).
 " Stokes.
 " Vythianadha Aiyar.
 " Subba Rao.
 " Appu Menon.
 " K. Atchuthan Nair.
 " Appu Nedungadi.
 " Zachariah.
 " Gopalan.
 Miss Chandran.

The following lectures were delivered through the year:

Nov. 1902. A trip to London, illustrated by Magic Lantern.

Dec.	1902.	Life of Queen Victoria.
Feb.	1903.	Pundita Ramabai.
March	"	Domestic Hygiene.
April	"	Advantages of Pure Air.
June	"	An English Village, with photographs.
July	"	A tour through India (Magic Lantern.)
Aug.	"	Health in the Home.
Sep.	"	Florence Nightingale.

There was no meeting in May on account of the absence of many during the hot season. In January 1903, Mrs. Pinhey gave a successful garden party to the members of the Association at East Hill.

In March 1903, Mrs. Pinhey and Mrs. Macrae were 'At Home' to the members of the Association at the Native High School, when an interesting musical programme was gone through.

Another 'At Home' was given by Mrs. Barlow just before she left for Palghat.

We take this opportunity to express our thanks to Mrs. Zachariah for reading the Malayalam lectures, to Mrs. Stokes for much kind help and to Mrs. Brander for sending us several very useful and interesting lectures and to Mrs. Ferguson, Mrs. Sherman and Mrs. Bryson for entertaining us with music, to Mr. Subba Rao for printing gratis and circulating the notices, and to Mr. Vurgese for getting most of the lectures rendered into Malayalam and to Mr. Ganapati Rao for kindly placing at our disposal the nice hall of his school to hold our monthly meetings.

The Committee concludes this brief report of the work of the Association during the past year, with the earnest hope that its feeble efforts to bring about a better understanding between European and Hindu women may be crowned with greater success during the coming year.

Mrs. Miller, President of the Association, regretted being unable to be present and sent her best wishes for the success of the meeting. A photograph of most of those present was taken, after which the rest of the afternoon was spent in games and listening to the Gramophone, the "Laughing Song" being especially appreciated, the laughter of the audience almost completely drowning that recorded by the instrument! Mrs. Sherman then sang another song, which was followed by a quaint Hindustani lyric,

sung by a number of Nair ladies and much admired by all present.

"God Save the King" was then played by the Gramophone and all joined heartily in singing the National Anthem, and a service of flowers and fruit brought to a close a most successful and pleasant afternoon, leaving behind many pleasant memories and the promise that the efforts made by the Association to bring about a better understanding between Hindu and Englishwomen, are being crowned with some little success.

Sarah Martin, the Prison Visitor.



THIS remarkable lady was born in 1791 A.D., in a village near Yarmouth, a seaport on the east coast of England. In her early age she lost both her parents and thus becoming an orphan she was left to her grandmother's care, under whom she received her education.

She used to devote gladly much of her time on Sunday, the only day of her rest, to teaching in one of the Sunday schools where children are taught free of charge. Besides this she used to gather together a large class of girls in the evening and teach them lessons in pieces of poetry or anecdotes.

Often on her way to the school she happened to pass by the prison of the town. Her heart melted with pity at the sight of the degraded criminals shut up in it. She heard that a wretched cruel mother was put into prison for beating her own child. She begged for permission to go and see the poor woman, but it was refused. The next time she asked again, and this time her request was granted. Then she spoke to the poor mother of her guilt and of the infinite pity of God. The poor creature shed tears hearing these words of loving rebuke and agreed to listen—a broken-hearted penitent. This was the first step in Sarah Martin's patient labour in prison.

She used to read the Bible regularly to the female prisoners and to instruct them in reading and writing; and thus obtaining some influence over the female criminals, she next considered what she could do for the degraded savages in the men's ward. In this way she read the Bible to all who would listen. Before her

time there was no Divine worship in the jail, nor any respect for Sabbath days. But by and by she succeeded in conducting two services there every Sunday, one in the morning for the men, another in the afternoon for the women. These she continued for 12 years till a clergyman was appointed.

In 1926, Sarah's grandmother went to her rest, and she came into possession of an annual income of £12. Now she determined to devote all her time to benevolent labours. She used to spend six or seven hours daily in prison. "Any one," she says, "who could not read, I encouraged to learn, while others in my absence assisted them. Prisoners who were able to read, committed verses from the Bible to memory according to their inclination. I, as an example, also committed a few verses to memory to recite to them every day; and the effect was remarkable. Many said at first, 'It would be of no use,' and my reply was, 'It is of use to me, and why should it not be to you? You have not tried it, but I have.'" Sarah Martin knew that the idleness of the prisoners was a help to the growth of crime, and therefore she set to work patiently and diligently to teach both the men and women some useful and pleasant ways to pass their time. She taught the women sewing, and the men to make straw hats and caps and cut spoons, &c. Whenever the prisoners were idle she was sure to employ them all. Something was to be made ready for the occupation of the prisoners or for their instruction. Old pieces of cloth, things which are thrown away by other people, she begged might be kept for her, and she always turned them to some account.

After the labours of the day she had to go to her own solitary room, where she used to keep a record of her proceedings in reference to the prisoners. In such scenes Sarah passed her time happily, without thinking of her private concerns; indeed, her scanty fare was little better than that of the poorest prisoners. But her soul was happy and she cheered herself with hymns of divine praise.

She never ceased her care of her charge even when a prisoner had completed his term and left the jail. She tried her best to procure some means of honest employment for those who were thus thrown into prison. To assist her in this object she obtained donations from many a person who knew and appreciated her work. This fund, too, she expended in purchasing baskets and scales for poor fish sellers; tools for workmen of all professions; clothes for the poor sailors going to sea, and passage money for persons going to London to seek employment.

Her Heavenly Father knew her wants and

gave her many friends to care for her, who devoted all her time to the care of others. Thus for a long time she opposed the wish of the municipality who wished to give her a yearly allowance for her services in the jail, fearing that, were it known to the prisoners that her work was repaid by money, it might injure her influence and usefulness. At last she was forced to accept £12 a year as a mark of public approbation.

For a period of 25 years Sarah Martin continued her prison labours patiently and faithfully. She had seldom known a day's illness until April 1893, but now her health gave way and she was attacked by a painful disease. After every attack of pain she uttered the words of praise, "I can testify of the tender and supporting love of the Saviour. In health I spoke of it to others, but till now I have never half experienced its fullness." Twenty minutes before her death she asked for medicine to still her pain, but she was asked what she would do with the medicine, when the hour of her end was near. "Thank God! Thank God!" she said and died.

Thus the remarkable prison-visitor breathed her last in her 53rd year, leaving behind an example showing that even the humblest of the humble can do much good for others.

BRIJ MOHAN LAL VARMA.

Two Books by Mrs. S. Tahl Ram.



MRS. TAILL RAM'S contributions to the columns of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* have made her name familiar to its readers.

The pleasure that we derived from her contributions to this Magazine made us wish that the gifted authoress would try her pen at some longer and more lasting productions. We were deeply gratified when Mrs. Tahl Ram published her "Cosmopolitan Hinduani," to which, for the present, we shall confine our remarks.

We can hardly think of anything to say in detracting of this excellent production. The generally disagreeable task of criticism, in the

* *Cosmopolitan Hinduani*. Printed at the "Civil and Military Gazette" Press, Lahore.

Uttam Acharan Siksha. Printed and sold at the Punjab Printing Works, Anarkali, Lahore. Price, Re. 1 the Volume or ten pice each lecture.

discharge of which one has very often to say unpleasant things, is transformed in the present instance to the duty of simple admiration. The title seems to be about the worst part of the book. The phrase, "Cosmopolitan Hinduani" is sure to puzzle the South Indian reader. The word, "Hinduani," conveys no definite meaning to him till he reads the following sentence which he finds almost at the end of the book: "Do foul germs emanate from the lowly alone and not from the Twice-born?" questioned the "Cosmopolitan Hinduani." It is only then that it strikes him that the "Cosmopolitan Hinduani" designates a character, who appears in all the stories of the collection and of whom we shall hear more presently. May we not suggest to the authoress that she may advantageously select some other title for the next edition? For our part, we should think that "Yusuf's Rose-Ladder and other stories" would serve admirably as a general title of the whole collection.

The book consists of five stories, the first, "Yusuf's Rose-Ladder" being the longest. Speaking of the book as a whole, we may say that even when viewed apart from the point of view of art, it is an admirable publication in many respects. Dealing as it does with Hindu and Mahomedan life and manners, treating of Indian customs and usages in a broad, sympathetic manner, it is sure to open the eyes of Englishmen and the more anglicised of our countrymen to many of the excellences of our misunderstood institutions, which Mrs. Tahl Ram touches with her magical pen and which she endows with the sanctity that they well deserve. But she is not blind to the faults of our society, and these she exposes with the feeling of one who regrets them and is anxious to see them remedied.

Mrs. Tahl Ram has a rare talent for describing character. There is nothing conventional about her heroes and heroines. We meet in these pages, with men and women of all creeds and persuasions, we make the acquaintance of persons of all castes and colours, of different tastes and inclinations; but we observe that they are all alive and not merely the dream of the novelist's brain. Dilawar Jung, the passionate lover who is robbed of his beloved by the perfidy of one who called himself his friend, (the crafty and ambitious Yusuf), and Rose, sweet, innocent Rose, cheated by the black hearted Yusuf into the thought that Dilawar was untrue to her—are we not melted to tears by the story of the loves of these two? There is nothing very new in the tale; it is an old, old tale, long familiar to us in song and story. But there is that exquisite, indefinable something which invests the oft-repeated tale as narrated in "Yusuf's Rose-Ladder" with fresh

interest and pathos, though it is old as the world itself. There is something more which adds interest to the story. "Yusuf's Rose-Ladder" is a description of modern intrigue, of political schemes and plots and conspiracies. Zinatabad, the scene of the story, is easily identified with Haiderabad. The characters of the story are studies from real life and the principal incidents are depicted almost as they took place. The story portrays the social and political life of Haiderabad only a few years back. Many residents of that place are sure to recognise the characters so admirably delineated by the authoress and to remember the incidents of this very interesting tale. Outside Haiderabad the story ought to be read, for the insight that it gives into the social and political life of that native state. The second story, entitled the "Golden Mean," is perhaps the most important one in the collection, as it deals with some of the most absorbing questions of the day, which educated Indians are called upon to face. Mrs. Tahl Ram's views are characterised by thorough impartiality and perfect good-sense. She agrees with Mrs. Annie Besant in thinking that we must "adopt the golden mean and establish for our women a simpler education on national lines with more moral and religious culture and a most careful training in household duties" (page 184.)

There is one character whom we cannot pass over without a few words. Amar Devi, who makes her appearance in all the five stories, is an ideal young lady who was educated in England. She is liberal and broad-minded, and makes friends with all she comes in touch with. She is equally the friend of Mahomedan Begums and English *mem-sahibs*, equally the confidante of old and young. She is an ideal daughter and for long cannot bear the thought of leaving her father, as she would have to do if she married. When her father dies, she determines to take religious vows and retire from the world. But prior to her bereavement, she had learnt to love a very worthy man, and his persuasion turns her finally from her resolve. When her sorrow abates, the two are united in marriage. Taken all in all, Amar Devi is a delightful creation. It is pleasant to fancy that Mrs. Tahl Ram has portrayed herself, consciously or unconsciously, in this character.

Mrs. Tahl Ram uses a graceful and, at the same time, a dignified style. We shall instance the first two paragraphs with which the book opens: "From a lofty and graceful tree overhanging the banks of a smiling lake, a nightingale sweetly warbled, 'Wake, O rose of rare sweetness! Thy thorn has pierced my heart. Would I pine but exquisite is the pain and glad I to suffer, for love is sweet, ever sweeter, the

sweetest.' Blushing, the rose raised her beautiful face to her lover; and entranced for a moment revelled in the ravishing melody of her best beloved. Then smiling she opened her glowing lips and said, 'Dear heart! love, sweetest of all things is love, making life grow wise and perfect!' This is by no means an isolated specimen of Mrs. Tahl Ram's charming manner. Passages of equal beauty are scattered throughout the book.

We wish to say, in conclusion, about the "Cosmopolitan Hinduani" that the book is certainly not of the sort that can be taken up to while away an idle hour. On the other hand, it requires to be studied and carefully thought over. Few people, we admit, care to bestow on a work of fiction any degree of concentration. But we cannot deny at the same time that there are some which had better be left than be read in a hasty or slipshod manner. "Cosmopolitan Hinduani" is one such and we have great pleasure in recommending it to our thoughtful readers.

We must be much briefer with Mrs. Tahl Ram's second work, the *Uttam Acharan Sikshā*, which is devoted to the education of Indian girls and aims at the elevation of Indian womanhood. The book is an evidence of the great labour of love that Mrs. Tahl Ram has undertaken on behalf of the women of India. Unconnected with any of the various associations, which but too often curtail one's freedom of action and limit the zealous worker's independent labour, Mrs. Tahl Ram has enlisted herself heart and soul in the woman's cause in India. She tells us that the ancient ideal of womanhood has, in our modern days, ceased to survive even in name; that woman in India has fallen from the place intended to be hers by right. Before she can claim her lost position, great lessons must be taught to her, noble ideals should be placed before her. "To attain this goal of greatness, the mind must needs be invigorated with spiritual and moral grace." With exemplary perseverance has Mrs. Tahl Ram been working to promote this end, to aid her countrywomen, as much as it lies in her power, "to recover their rightful place by living a nobler life."

The book consists of eight lectures dealing with the "Home and the Individual." The subjects treated of in order are, (1) The duties of life as presented in Aryan scriptures, (2) Woman as the guardian of the Home, (3) The great blessing of health, (4) Purity of heart, (5) Good companionship, (6) Cleanliness, (7) Humility, and (8) The value of Time.

We have no doubt that the book will achieve all that the authoress hopes for it. She has studied with great success the ways of the young mind and has found the best method of ap-

proaching it. Abstract virtues that may seem dry and incomprehensible to children are familiarised by means of concrete illustrations. Appropriate references to the heroes and heroines of the Ramayana and the Mahabharata are introduced frequently, impressing stirring pictures on the tender mind. The style of the lectures is very lucid and simple and at the same time appeals direct to the hearts of those addressed.

On the whole, the *Uttam Acharan Sikshā* is among the most valuable contributions to elementary education we have come across for some time. That the book is written in Hindi, tongue practically unknown in this part of the country, is a disadvantage which can easily be remedied. It is our belief that it deserves to be translated into all the vernaculars of our Presidency, so that it might readily find its way into all South Indian homes. We have no doubt, moreover, that it will be a splendid text-book to introduce into our Girls' Schools. The book is dedicated to Mr. Bell, Director of Public Instruction, Punjab, "as a token of gratitude from one of the women of India for the unfailing interest he has taken in encouraging education amongst them." We may, in conclusion, assure Mrs. Susila Tahl Ram, that we shall look forward to her future publications with great interest, and we hope that the success of her two books will prompt her facile pen to fresh activity.

T. V. SUBRAHMANYAM.

Tarabai Vardi.



IN 1862 in the quiet solitudes of the Bhandara District in the Central Provinces, was born to Brahmin parents of Christian persuasion a girl child who was destined by her life and deportment to impress on the minds of the Europeans and Indians the conception of an Indian Christian lady. She spent her childhood in the village in which she was born, but in her girlhood she was removed to Bombay, where she attended a model school that had been recently established for young Indian Christian ladies under the auspices of the Zenana Missionary Society of London; and there she developed into a perfect lady. Her purely Brahmanical features assumed a regal character, and her tall and graceful form distinguished her among all her companions at

Suggestions for English Reading.

BIRRELL'S "OBITER DICTA."

(First Series.)

[BY AN ENGLISHWOMAN, IN INDIA.]



THE best way to introduce this book to you will be to give the quotation which appears on its title-page. It will explain itself.

"An 'Obiter Dictum' in the language of the law, is a gratuitous opinion, an individual impertinence, which, whether it be wise or foolish,

right or wrong, bindeth none—not even the lips that utter it." *Old Judge.*

And the great charm in this book lies in the unstudied grace of expression and freedom from any stiffness; the author just tells us what he thinks will interest us, not troubling to convince the unbeliever, but just stating facts which he hopes will be acceptable as they are his true opinions; believing that truth is bound to win its way in the end.

The first volume, which is all I am going to trouble you with this time, consists of seven separate studies. We will take them in their order, as it is difficult to decide which one likes best; they all appeal to one in different ways.

'Carlyle' commences the book, and in these times when a fierce controversy between literary men is going on about Carlyle's character, one side pulling him to pieces and trampling him in the mud, and the other side thinking and saying nothing is too good, or great or perfect, to have been done by or said by their hero, it is a relief to get away from this dissection of the man, to find an essay on Carlyle which one can read with pleasure, forgetting that such a thing as this controversy is going on.

Carlyle has written 34 volumes, and as our author says, "The rich banquet his genius has spread for us is of many courses." And yet in spite of this great output and the variety of the subjects treated, (excepting possibly the "Life of Schiller.") Carlyle wrote nothing not clearly recognisable as his. All his books are his very own—bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh. They are not stolen goods, nor elegant exhibitions of recently acquired wares. And then our author goes on to explain "the invariable indications of Mr. Carlyle's literary handiwork,—the tokens of his presence—'Thomas Carlyle, his mark.'"

"Carlyle is sometimes as irresistible as 'The Campbells are Coming,' or 'Auld Lang Syne.'"

school. The Lady Superintendent was, the widow of a Bombay Government Officer, who was a woman of great refinement and Christian magnanimity of character, and who felt proud to see the Indian girls in her school grow up into noble womanhood. The majority of the young ladies became, in after life, distinguished members of the Christian community and useful Christian workers. From the school Tarabai went to her aunt's house in the Konkan, where she made herself useful in many ways. She was the most indefatigable helper of her aunt in her household and missionary duties. She taught a girls' school, led the singing in the Church, at both the English and Vernacular services, and adorned social gatherings by her dignified presence. The European ladies at the station appreciated her worth. The non-Christians, for the first time, saw what Christian culture can make of high caste Hindu women. It is in close communion with English ladies of high character and social position that Indian Christian women can acquire the perfect social culture that they are capable of; and in the Bombay Presidency, European ladies, both lay and Missionary, have always been most helpful to Indian Christian women. Lady Grant, the wife of the Director of Public Instruction, Mrs. Chapman, the Accountant-General's lady, Mrs. Col. Field, Mrs. Col. Kirby, Mrs. Col. Bollard, and Mrs. Col. Oldham treated Indian ladies as friends, and by their sympathy awakened the sense of moral dignity in them.

Tarabai was married to a young cousin of hers, who was employed as a medical assistant in the Free Church Mission at Wardha in the Central Provinces; and here she looked after her young family as well as did some zenana work. She was popular here, and when she died after a short illness, she was mourned by all classes of the people. In her was found a type of Christian womanhood, which would have done credit to any nation in the world.

A. B. C.



He has described some men and some events once and for all, and so takes his place with Thucydides, Tacitus and Gibbon." And the article ends with "Brother duces, lend me your ears! not to crop, but that I may whisper into their furry depths: 'Do not quarrel with genius. We have none ourselves, and yet are so constituted that we cannot live without it.'"

The second article deals with Browning, and the task it principally sets itself is to contradict the theory that Browning's poetry is obscure. Mr. Birrell divides Browning's works into (1) plays of which there are 8, (2) dramatic poems, (3) narrative and lyrical poems; in all of these the author denies any vagueness of idea or expression, excepting in the lyrical poems, of which he takes "Sordello" as an example. "The Chinese puzzle comes in,—we wonder whether it all turns on the punctuation. And the awkward thing for Browning's reputation is this, that these bewildering poems are for the most part, very short." And he gives his reasons why he thinks that the poems being short, the danger of being condemned is greater; and it practically amounts to a confession, that the average busy man has only time to read short poems, and so judges only by what he has read.

But in Mr. Browning's later, longer poems, our author has to own to obscurity at times; but this he goes on almost to disqualify, by saying it simply means a need for very careful, thoughtful reading; the poetry needs it, desires it, and deserves it.

Looking over Browning's shorter poems, recently, I was much struck anew by the beauty of "Evelyn Hope"—it is a poem, which appeals to most women.

"So hush,—I will give you this leaf to keep:
See I shut it inside the sweetest cold hand!
There that is our secret: go to sleep!
You will wake, and remember, and understand."

The third article, "Truth-hunting" is the one I like best; the graceful style of the author strikes one anew in it, with a fresh joy. And in reading it one is forced to the conclusion, which one always pretends to accept, but seldom succeeds in carrying out, and that is, judging the worth of people by their deeds, and not by their words.

How often one is tempted to think with respect and admiration of a person, whose own words proclaim him to be "almost a paragon of virtue, but of whose deeds one's knowledge is nil, the person who overwhelms one by his 'verbosity,' by his self-conceit, and half-hidden self-praise, till one is forced to think it cannot be 'all smoke without a fire.'"

Compare him with the doer of good deeds, who never talks but does, and then acknowledge

how badly, in comparison, you and the world treat the latter. And Mr. Birrell gives us a splendid example of the latter kind of man, Charles Lamb, whose letters alone, by the mere hints they throw out of what he is doing day by day, point to him as the self-sacrificing, uncomplaining son and brother we all love and admire. How many of us would have had the patience to treat the imbecile father and so oft-mad sister in the kindly way he did; one might almost say, "kingly" way he did, as

"There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so regal as truth!"

Lamb says "'O my friend, cultivate the filial feelings! and let no man think himself released from the kind charities of relationship: these shall give him peace at the last; these are the best foundation for every species of benevolence. I rejoice to hear that you are reconciled with all your relations.'"

I am not sure if the next article "Actors" will appeal to my readers; 'actors as actors' do not hold a very exalted place in the estimation of the Indian people, and considering the state of the stage in India, I do not think it is surprising that they do not; so my readers must read this article from the English standpoint, and not judge the English actor by his Indian prototype, for he is quite a different 'style of animal.'

A "Rogue's memoirs" is a defence of the 'rogue,' when that same rogue is interesting and entertaining and the author takes 'Benvenuto Cellinis' memoirs,' 'Pepys' Diary,' and many others as examples; and again, in spite of the fact that we may not agree with Mr. Birrell at all at the beginning of the essay, at the end we chime in with him in his final words:

"I admire his shining qualities, but his odious vices I freely censured and held in abhorrence," and it is the convincing presentation of Mr. Birrell which again carries the day.

This volume ends with a most interesting, entertaining 'biography' of Shakespeare's Falstaff, but space forbids me to enlarge on it at any length.

In Turkestan the Russian Government is endeavouring to regulate the age at which the Mohammedan girls may marry. At present the majority become wives and mothers from ten to twelve years of age, with the result that seventy-five per cent. of these unfortunate children die before they arrive at full womanhood. The new law forbids marriage under the age of fourteen. Verily, the dark places of the earth are full of misery, and the cries of the innocent!

The Skill and Intelligence of Ants.



If mankind are really to derive their origin from some brute progenitors, we do not really see why a claim should not be put in for our descent from Ants. No doubt, we resemble monkeys more in bodily form,—after all this is but a superficial resemblance

—but there are far more important points of correspondence between the little emmet and ourselves. In activity, strength, intelligence, and social arrangements, few living creatures can vie with the ant. Man might with good reason be extremely satisfied to call an ant his remote forefather, when he takes into serious consideration the high stage of development to which this apparently insignificant, but very important and interesting little insect has attained.

From very remote ages ants have attracted attention by the qualities already mentioned, remarkable intelligence, unwearied activity and extraordinary strength. They have been known



Red ant (Male).



Worker.



Female.

to carry loads of ten or twelve times their own weight. They generally live in large communities of from five thousand to half a million inhabitants, and form probably the most perfect societies in the animal world.

Ants are divided into 3 families, namely the *Formicidae*, *Poneridae*, and *Myrmicidae*, comprising many genera and a large number of species. In warm countries they are much more numerous than in cold climates; and though more than 1,000 species are now known, this number is generally believed to be far short of those in existence. They consist of males having four wings, females much larger than the males, but possessing wings only during the pairing season, and neuters or females with imperfect ovaries, which have been transformed at an early stage of their existence. They are also subdivided into two classes, workers and soldiers. The workers comprise the chief portion of each community, by whom the ordinary labour is performed, while the soldiers, who are larger in size and have more powerful heads, take the principal part in warfare. The males and females constitute but a small portion of each society.

It is a remarkable fact that these little insects, though formed so differently from ourselves, continue to build, fight, love, cheat, betray and do many other things which seem almost human, and with which they will not be credited if not proved by many an eye-witness. They build nests and burrows, which may be called real houses, they clear roadways, and form their little settlements; indeed they even perform their own toilet with the greatest care. They hold communication with their fellows, and evidently can dispute as well as fight, both in single combat and in well-disciplined armies; in some cases they are known to have betrayed their companions and carried them off into slavery. They also keep, as domestic animals, beetles and other insects; and many of them provide food for their communities by keeping herds of Aphides, as we keep cows. They form themselves into immense societies living in one nest or ant-city, made up of many distinct abodes. In these nests, though each ant seems to be free to build, hunt, milk, fight or go about at its own will, there is no apparent confusion. In this respect they are much more independent than bees. Any ant can begin to make a fresh chamber or gallery when he pleases and will soon be joined by others, and thus fresh nurseries and homes are added to the nest, according to their separate needs. Yet in this vast multitude there is always perfect order, some invisible bond causes each and all to labour for the good of the whole, although as Solomon observed, they have "neither guide, overseer, nor ruler."

In the life of an ant there are four well-marked periods: those of the egg, of the larva or grub, of the pupa or chrysalis, and of the perfect insect. The eggs are white or yellowish, and so small as to be scarcely visible to the naked eye. They are said to hatch about fifteen days after being laid. The female ant lays its eggs in parcels of six or more. The eggs are dropped by the mother at random in her progress through the nest. But the workers immediately seize them, moisten them with their tongues and lay them in heaps in particular apartments of the nest. Here they continue to watch them and to remove them from one quarter to another, apparently in order that they may always enjoy a suitable temperature. In about a fortnight the young larvae are produced. Very careful nursing is needed for the eggs to develop into larvae. This is done by the workers licking the surface of the eggs. When the larvae are hatched they require as careful nursing as the eggs. The workers feed them by placing their mouths near them, and the larvae stretching out their heads receive the nourishment after the manner of young birds. When it is time for them to emerge as perfect insects, again the workers

assist them to get out of their larvæ cases by biting through the walls of the latter. The ant is as large when it emerges from the pupa as it ever will be.

In carefully examining one of these tiny creatures, we find that it has the ringed abdomen common to all insects, and the waist by which it is joined to the rest of the body and which enables it to bend easily in all directions. In the garden ant and the hill ant this waist consists of one knob or ring, while in the reddish-yellow house ant there are two knobs, by which we may know that he has a sting while the garden ant has none. Then we may observe the 3 ringed thorax bearing the 6 legs, and on each side breathing holes and the tiny spur which sticks out from the 3rd joint in each leg. The spur on the two front legs is larger than the others and is edged with more than 50 fine elastic teeth. But the most wonderful organ in the ant is the head, which is disproportionately large, triangular in shape, very flat, with small eyes. Within this curiously shaped head is contained a larger mass of complete nerve-matter than in any other insects. The antennæ or feelers are bent somewhat like the elbow of an arm, and by these the ants are generally guided in their work, and they also use them for feeling, smelling and hearing. The ants' most useful implements, next to the antennæ, are their mandibles, by which they perform almost all their work. In excavating a gallery, it is by means of these toothed spades that they tear out the earth and carry it in pellets above ground. In cleaning a cocoon, they use the same weapons most tenderly and neatly. They use them also as a saw: for instance when they wish to lay blades of grass on the roof of their chamber, they saw off a leaf with them while holding it with their front legs; or when an ant is engaged in a pitched battle, fighting to the death, she will fix these formidable pincers so firmly in her enemy's throat, that, though she is killed, her head is seen hanging on to the conqueror's body. Ants also use these instruments to press and tear their food so as to obtain all the juices and oils contained in it. All the supplies of food for the community are brought to them by the workers.

The carnivorous ants render important service to mankind in clearing away every vestige of the flesh of dead animals and so preventing corruption, and beautiful skeletons of small creatures have been obtained by burying the animal for a short time in an ant-hill. They also attack living animals, and insects of comparatively large size have fallen an easy prey to them, and in tropical climates, even birds, reptiles and small quadrupeds are sometimes devoured by vast swarms of ants. In many cases the action of

ants is very beneficial to plants. They kill off a great number of small caterpillars and other insects.

The vegetable substance which ants like best is sugar. Honey-dew, the saccharine excretion of the aphides is a favourite food of many species. Not only do the ants climb the plants on which the aphides abound, to obtain this food, but they may be seen waiting beside them for new drops and stroking them with their antennæ in order to cause the drops to flow, a process very like our milking of cattle. The ant on her side protects these plant-lice and keeps off the lady-birds or snails which might attack them. When the milking is over, these well-fed ants, with their crops full of aphid-juice, hurry home to their companions who, having been engaged in collecting leaves, sweeping out the galleries, &c., have had no time to seek for food. The hungry ants, as soon as they see their well fed friends approaching, run up to them and stroking them with their antennæ as if to ask for food, lift up their mouths to receive the juice which the others squeeze out of their crops for them. Ants also collect the eggs of the aphides and tend them as carefully as their own, and when these eggs are hatched, the young creatures are kept and fed by the ants and remain domesticated with them to give their milk daily to the community.

The nests of ants may be divided into several classes. Some species such as the common horse-ant, collect large quantities of materials, such as bits of sticks, leaves, etc., which they heap up into conical masses. Some construct their nests of earth, the cells being partly above, partly below the natural level. Some are entirely underground, others eat into the trunks of old trees, and in warmer climates the varieties are still more numerous.

The habitations of ants are curiously constructed and display much ingenuity. The greater number form their dwellings in the ground, generally rising above the surface in the form of a dome, hence they are called ant-hills. Travellers in South America tell us of ant-hills of 15 or even 20 feet in height. Within the nests are numerous chambers of different sizes, arranged in separate stories, all communicating with each other by means of galleries.

The mason ants build their habitations by a still more elaborate masonry, employing soft clay, which they spread and mould by means of their feet and mandibles, and appear to be constantly examining with their antennæ. The partition walls of the galleries are as thick as an ordinary card; the roofs are somewhat arched, and pillars are often seen in these marvellous structures. The leaf cutting ants of the Amazon are described by Bates as

mounting a tree in multitudes, when each one places itself on the surface of a leaf and cuts with its sharp scissors-like jaws, and by a sharp jerk detaches the piece. Sometimes they let the leaf drop to the ground, where a little heap accumulates until carried off by another relay of workers, but generally each marches off with the piece it has operated on. When the leaves are brought into the nest they are taken by a smaller worker, who cuts up the pieces into still smaller fragments. The object of the labour of these ants is very remarkable. The leaves they gather are not used for food, but when cut into small fragments and stored away in the nests, they become a kind of bed for the growth of a minute fungus on which the ants feed. These insects are called *garden ants*, all their labour being given to the rearing of nutritious vegetables on artificially prepared soil.

There are other species called *carpenter ants*, which make their habitations in the trunks of old trees, gnawing the wood into chambers and galleries, with floors separated by partitions as thin as a card. In passing we may also mention the *harvesting ant* and the *honey secreting ant*.

But the most extraordinary insects in the world are the *foraging or military ants* of the Amazon, which travel in great hordes from place to place, clearing the country as they go of all insects that come in their way. Cockroaches, crickets, spiders, locusts, wood-lice and scorpions &c., fall an easy prey to this huge moving mass. Wherever they move, the whole animal world is set in commotion, and every creature tries to get out of their way. Savage states that he once saw them kill, near his house, a snake five feet long, and they are said even to have destroyed the great python as he lay gorged with food and powerless. The army consists not only of dark workers and the soldiers with enormous heads and powerful jaws, but has also placed, at intervals of 2 or 3 yards, lighter coloured officers, who touch the subordinate officers with their antennæ, apparently, to give orders directing the march. The army marches always in a broad column many miles in length. Scouts are sent on in every direction to find out where the booty lies, and the army swarms to the right or left, according to the information brought. If the nest of another species of ants is found, the whole army advance to it and set to work with the utmost energy to sink shafts and dig mines in order to rifle the nest of its contents. In mining exploits, these foraging ants display extraordinary organized co-operation. When engaged in battle, however fierce the contest, as the shades of evening fall, they cease fighting, and those who can, return to their homes, but at daybreak the battle is resumed and may rage for days, till either one

army is destroyed or bad weather puts an end to the contest. These foraging ants have, strictly speaking, no fixed nests, but live in perpetual campaign, and when they halt at night hastily pitch a camp for themselves. The ants which have stings, make more fatal use of them in fighting than of their mandibles, and the strong acid they squirt out from their tails, acts as a deadly poison, so that the combatants often fall dead, locked in each other's arms.

Many species of ants harbour in their nests different kinds of other insects which appear to be of no benefit to them, and are supposed by some naturalists to be mere domestic pets. Beetles and crickets seem to be their favourites and live on the best terms with their hosts, playing round the nests in fine weather, and retiring to them when it is stormy, but allowing the ants to carry them from place to place when they migrate, just as we do our own pet cats and dogs.

Curious instances are given of the ingenuity of ants by different naturalists who have made a special study of these remarkable insects. Dr. Ellendorf relates how he tried to prevent a cupboard of provisions from their invasions, by placing the legs of the cupboard in saucers filled with water. Still, to his great surprise, he found thousands of ants in the cupboard next morning. "It was a puzzle to me," he says, "how they crossed the water, but the puzzle was soon solved. I found a straw in one of the saucers which they had used for a bridge." The military ants of America and Africa are still more ingenious in the art of bridge-making. Professor Belt thus describes having seen "a wide column trying to pass along a crumbling and nearly perpendicular slope. They would have got very slowly over it, indeed many of them must have fallen, had not a number of them secured their hold, and reaching to each other, remained stationary, while the whole army marched over them."

Some singular facts were also observed by Cardinal Fleury a century ago. He smeared the bottom of the trunk of a tree with bird-lime, in order to prevent the ants from ascending it, but the cunning insects ingeniously overcame the obstacle by making a road or hill of earth and small stones against the trunk, by which means they mounted it.

Naturalists have long been agreed that ants have some means of *communicating* with each other. Sir John Lubbock relates how, in order to prove this fact, he used to pin a large dead fly to the ground, so that the ant which found it would not be able to drag it away; she invariably went back to her nest, and returned with from ten to fifteen companies to help her; and as she carried nothing with her,

to show what a prize she had found, she must have told them of it in one way or another. The ants thus brought to the spot came slowly, and apparently reluctantly, wandering hither and thither till they reached the booty. Mr. Forel is of opinion that the different species differ much in their power of communicating with one another. Sir J. Lubbock and other naturalists state that there are curious organs in the antennæ of ants which are of an auditory character, and by means of various experiments they prove that it is by touching their antennæ that they make known their wishes to each other. They are also supposed to produce sound by rubbing one of their abdominal rings against another. An instrument was being devised to enable naturalists to hear these sounds, and I am not certain if the instrument has after all been successfully planned and constructed.

The sense of *smell* in ants is known to be remarkably keen. It appears to be the sense on which, like dogs, they mainly rely. Huber and Sir J. Lubbock have amply proved that in finding food, etc., they are guided in some cases by sight, while in others they track one another by scent, depending more, however, upon scent than upon sight. They have also a strong sense of taste, and there can be no doubt that in their antennæ they possess elaborated organs of touch.

Several eminent naturalists clearly prove that ants of the same community recognise one another as friends, while an ant from another nest, even though of the same species, would be considered a foreigner, and maltreated or put to death.

That ants have *memory* is proved from the fact that whenever they find their way to a store of food or larva they return to it again and again in a more or less direct line from their nest. With regard to the duration of their memory, some curious instances are given by Karl Vogt and others. For several successive years ants from a particular nest used to go through certain inhabited streets to a chemist's shop, six hundred miles distant, in order to get to a vessel filled with syrup, thus showing that the ants remembered the syrup-store from season to season.

Respecting the *affections* and *sympathies* of ants, naturalists have much differed, but their pugnacity, valour, and rapacity are well-known. Moggridge observed an ant carry another sick and apparently dead ant, down the twig which formed their path to the surface of the water, and after dipping it in for a minute, carry it laboriously up again, and lay it in the sun to dry and recover. Sir J. Lubbock also saw some of them grow sympathetic towards sick or injured friends. He saw the friend examine the poor sufferer carefully, then pick her up tenderly, and carry her away into the nest. "It would have been

difficult," he remarks, "for any one who witnessed this scene to have denied this ant the possession of some human feeling."

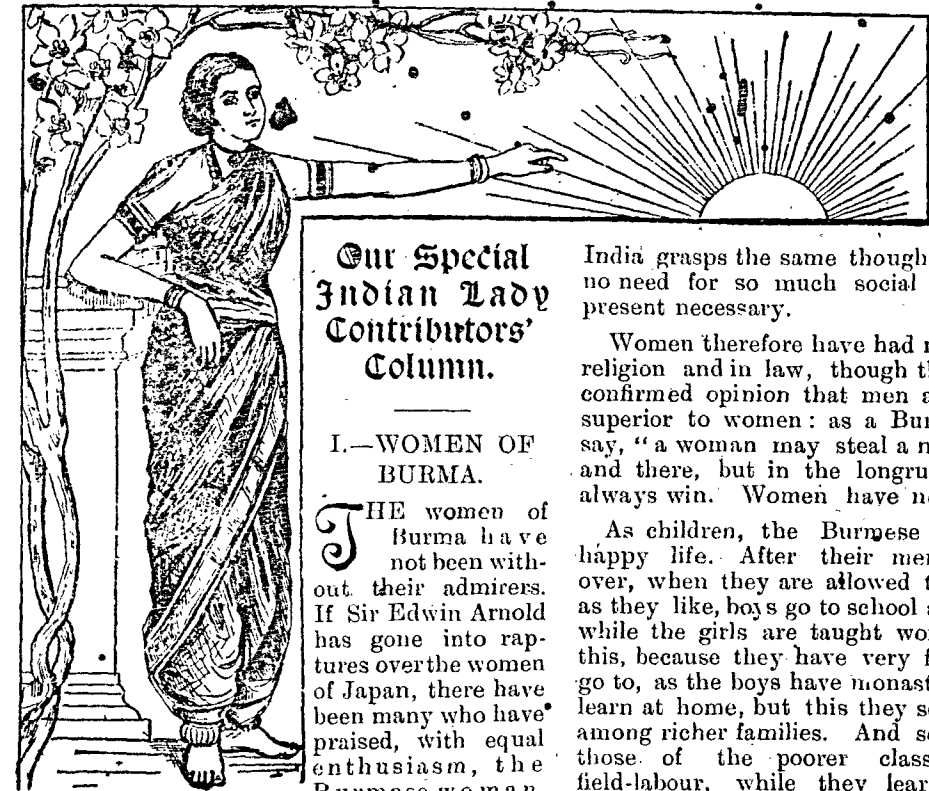
In *industry* ants are not surpassed even by bees; they work all day, and in summer weather all night too. Sir J. Lubbock watched an ant from six in the morning, and she worked without intermission till a quarter to ten at night; he had put her into a saucer containing larva, and during this time she carried off one hundred and eighty-seven to the nest. However, the life of ants is not all labour, or at least not in all the species. After periods of activity it is found that they are accustomed to enjoy 2 or 3 hours of slumber, indeed some of them sleep so soundly that they may be stroked rather roughly with a feather without being awakened. On awakening they are seen to stretch their limbs after the manner of warm-blooded animals, and even to yawn very like a human being. As soon as they awake, the ants perform their toilet very carefully washing and brushing themselves, and also assisting one another; the cleaner usually begins by first washing the face of her companion, and then passes to the rest of the body, during which process the one who is being combed and sponged shows immense satisfaction and enjoyment, stretching out her limbs and as her friend takes them in hand one after another, yielding them limp and flexible to her manipulation, often rolling herself gently over on her side, or on her back, looking the picture of luxurious ease.

It is ascertained that several species of ants practise regular gymnastic sports. Raising themselves on their hind legs, they wrestle, and with their forelegs, throw their pretended enemies, and then run after one another, and appear to play at hide and seek.

The habit of carrying out their dead away from their streets is universal. We are told that all the species are alike in their mode of caring for their own dead, and for the dry carcasses of aliens. They treat with a certain reverence the remains of their friends, by giving them a sort of sepulchre, but they feed on the bodies of aliens, sucking out the juices from their corpses, and then depositing them together in some spot at a distance from the nest.

Many other well-established facts might be cited, showing the wonderful intelligence of these tiny creatures, which clearly justify the opinion that "the brain of an ant is one of the most marvellous atoms of matter in the world." And there can be little doubt that, both in the scale of intelligence and of social organisation, they approach nearer to man than any other living creature, being in truth, as Solomon truly says, "Exceeding Wise."

R. P. KULANDAI.



Our Special Indian Lady Contributors' Column.

I.—WOMEN OF BURMA.

THE women of Burma have not been without their admirers. If Sir Edwin Arnold has gone into raptures over the women of Japan, there have been many who have praised, with equal enthusiasm, the Burmese woman, "whose cheek," to quote the Burmese love-song, "is more beautiful than the dawn, whose eyes are deeper than the river pools; whose hair, when she loosens it upon her shoulders, is as night coming over the hills." Amongst these admirers of Burmese women is Mr. H. Fielding, the author of "The Soul of a People," in which he devotes some interesting chapters to the women.

Laws in Burma are the same for men and women, except in criminal law, where a woman's life is less valuable than a man's. And this difference is due to fact, not to dogma, because women are not so strong as men; they cannot do as much work, and therefore is their life worth less than men's lives. The Burmese are evidently a very logical people, in that they discriminate between a cause and its effect. As Mr. Fielding says: "That man's greatest attraction is woman does not infer wickedness in woman; that woman's greatest attraction is man does not show that man is a devil. If, for instance, you cannot see a precipice without wishing to throw yourself down, you blame not the precipice, but your giddiness; and if you are wise you avoid precipices in future." It is on this principle evidently that, though the great Buddha warns monks against women, he makes no difference between men and women. And if our

India grasps the same thought, there would be no need for so much social reform as is at present necessary.

Women therefore have had men's freedom, in religion and in law, though there is a general confirmed opinion that men are on the whole superior to women: as a Burmese man would say, "a woman may steal a march on us here and there, but in the longrun the man will always win. Women have no patience."

As children, the Burmese women have a happy life. After their merry babyhood is over, when they are allowed to grow up much as they like, boys go to school at the monastery, while the girls are taught work instead. And this, because they have very few nunneries to go to, as the boys have monasteries. They can learn at home, but this they seldom do except among richer families. And so the girls work, those of the poorer classes doing also field-labour, while they learn to weave as well, like the girls of the better class. This applies chiefly to village and country life, because in the larger towns there are regular schools for girls, and for girls and boys together. It is interesting to note that almost every girl is taught to weave, for they have not many ways of passing their time, as, sad to say, they have no accomplishments. And here Mr. Fielding points out another defect of theirs; tidiness and neatness is seldom taught them, and they learn very little house-keeping.

When they are between eight and fourteen years of age, while the boys enter their life of monks, which they have to live for a time, with a great festival, the girls also have a great feast in their honour, for the ear-boring ceremony, the only one great festival in their lives. Mr. Fielding gives a description of this pretty ceremony. "There was a *pue* open to all for three nights, and there were great quantities of food and sweets and many presents given away, and on the last night the river was illuminated. There was a boat anchored in mid-stream, and from this were launched myriads of tiny rafts, each with a little lamp on board. The lamps gleamed bright with golden light, as they drifted in the bosom of the great water, a moving line of living fire. There were little boats too, with the outlines marked with lamps, and

there were pagodas and miniature houses all floating, floating down the river, till, in the far distance by the promontory, the lamps flickered out one by one, and the river fell asleep again."

After this into the lives of these Burma girls, who are so quiet and sedate as a rule, knowing and understanding the world about them, as no mystery, but as full of good and evil mixed together, with their clear eyes open to see the beautiful realities about them which they see as they are, not as idealities to disappoint them as illusions afterwards, with their dreams of a true lover;—that lover at last comes, the dream becomes a reality. It is noticeable that, unlike our Indian girls, whose marriages are settled without their own consent, the Burmese girls are allowed their "courting-time," which is a peculiar institution. From nine to ten o'clock at night, chiefly on moonlight nights, the girl is allowed to sit out in the verandah, and listen to her suitors, and even allowed to talk and joke with them, and show them a little hospitality. Therefore, though marriages are usually arranged by the parents, the girl's consent seems also to be taken and she is given the husband of her choice. And; very often, where it is not taken, they take the matter into their own hands. Burmese people are very impulsive and passionate; and so there are many elopements, which generally turn out well, but sometimes end in tragedies. Here is one of their beautiful love-songs:—

"The moon wooed the lotus in the night, the lotus was wooed by the moon, and my sweetheart is their child. The blossom opened in the night, and she came forth; the petals moved; and she was born.

She is more beautiful than any blossom; her face is as delicate as the dusk; her hair is as night falling over the hills; her skin is as bright as the diamond. She is very full of health, no sickness can come near her. When the wind blows I am afraid, when the breeze move I fear. I fear lest the south wind take her; tremble lest the breath of evening woo her from me—so light is she, so graceful. Her dress is of gold, even of silk and gold, and her bracelets are of fine gold. She hath precious stones in her ears, but her eyes, what jewels can compare unto them? She is proud, my mistress; she is very proud and all men are afraid of her. She is so beautiful and so proud that all men fear her.

In the whole world there is none anywhere that can compare unto her."

After "courting-time" comes marriage; but not a religious ceremony, as among most nations. For religion does not interfere at all with marriage, which is only a status, into which a man and a woman enter, as two men may go into partnership. There is no ceremony to consecrate this partnership, except among the richer Burmese, where there is a certain ceremony, which is however only a pretty festival, but not a necessity. "Friends are called to the wedding,

and a ribbon is stretched round the couple, and then their hands are clasped; they also eat out of the same dish"—such is the ceremony. But a marriage cannot be a marriage without certain conditions, one of which is the consent of the girl's parents when she is under age. But though there is no religious marriage, there is no confusion about a married woman's status. She comes under laws and privileges that an unmarried woman has nothing to do with. She does not, it is true, change her name when she marries, nor does she wear any sign of marriage;



and she has absolute control of her own property. But a joint control with her husband is held over property acquired after marriage; both sign their names to deeds and the names of both are used in business and legal proceedings. Thus we see that the Burmese woman has a great deal of freedom. But she knows her limits and moves within bounds. She knows what is good for her and what is not; and will not intrude herself into work that she is unfit for. And therefore, though a Burmese woman would laugh at the ideal of a wife expressed in the laws of Manu, that a wife should always have the fear of her husband before her; though she considers herself a free woman and not her husband's slave, yet she never quarrels for her superiority in matters in which she knows that she is weaker than her husband. The experience of the freedom which she has always had, (I do not mean the freedom about marriage, which to us seems deplorable indeed, but the

freedom she is allowed in other and more general matters), has taught her this and has made her to act so as to be respected by men; and indeed it is experience, which will raise a woman to a man's level, and a woman to have experience must have freedom and education and must be allowed to develop herself according to her qualities, and not according to a set standard, in a set groove, such as that in which our Indian women are made to revolve. But, to return to our subject, a Burmese woman knows what is best for her. Therefore in public affairs she will never allow her name to appear, because she knows that the best way is to act through her husband. But, in her own duties, she has no objection to publicity. Women are not debarred from trades and occupations, but it has been found naturally that they cannot enter into all trades, but only excel in some. Curiously enough sewing is considered more a masculine than a feminine occupation; and though almost all women know to weave, yet the best kind of weaving is left to men. So also in out-door-work, the light work is done by women, the heavy work by men. But what the Burmese women excel in, is petty trading. Small businesses such as the selling of spices, fruit, vegetables and so on, are carried on in the bazaar, held from six to ten in the morning, in special buildings; and except the butchers, fire-wood sellers and the larger rice-merchants, the rest of the sellers are all women, usually seated in long rows on mats placed on the ground. But the larger businesses, specially silk-selling, are held in separate buildings and stalls, and every woman generally has a business of her own. But let it not be thought from this that she neglects her home-life. Her business broadens her views and gives her true and good experience, yet her home-life is always the centre of her life, and she is very particular in her conduct. She makes herself move within limits. She is carefully looked after; and in most matters she is bound by the timidity natural to woman, which makes her shelter herself behind her men-supporters. It is thus that the fact that the Burmese woman never recognises restrictions unless they are necessary, and then accepts the necessity as a necessity is the reason wherein her freedom lies.

Just as easily as a marriage is entered into, so may it be dissolved. Any one can obtain a divorce by appearing before the elders and demanding it. Each retains his or her property, and that obtained after marriage is divided. Only the party claiming the divorce has to leave the house to the other. Yet, it is a noteworthy and significant fact, that with all this freedom in marriage and divorce, there is no license; and

divorce is very seldom resorted to. Perhaps this is because the Burmese love to be free and hate to be bound or fettered; and therefore an unbreakable marriage would appear a hateful bond to them; while a mere partnership of love and affection but binds them closer to each other and becomes a chain of mutual forbearance and love.

But the chief reason for this freedom in marriage is the fact that religion does not interfere with it. But does this mean that the Burmese are not a religious people? No. They are very religious, both men and women; but it is interesting to note the difference between the two. This is what a Burmese woman said: "Many men do not care for religion at all, but when a man does do so, he takes it very seriously. He follows it out to the end. He becomes a monk, and surrenders the whole world. But with women it is different. Many women, nearly all women, will like religion and none will take it seriously. We mix it up with our home-life, and our affections, and our worldly doings; for we like a little of everything." Therefore it is that in Burma the opinion is held that a woman must be born a man before she can obtain deliverance before she can attain the Great Peace.

II.—LOVE'S BIRTH: A FANCY.



LONG years ago, when Nature was in the midst of its creation, it was very happy in the joy of its very being. But it seldom happens that happiness goes with content, and the world of Nature soon felt a want. Its heart was bursting with happiness and praise to its Creator; but there was no voice to pour forth this happiness. Nature was vast and infinite and it felt the want of a Soul. Then, because God loved the world He had created, he made good this want and sent forth a Soul into Nature. And the Soul was a beautiful happy maiden, sweet and pure to look upon. And all Nature rejoiced in her, as the perfect embodiment of its own being. And every evening there rose up into the balmy air the song of her praise—so full and sweet that the very air seemed to listen in silence.

But it seldom happens that Good comes without Evil, for the Devil is ever ready to try to undo the work of the Supreme Creator. When the Soul came into the world therefore, there came also Evil, a maiden created out of Evil and evil to look upon. Then, because she felt that

no eye would look upon her without loathing. Evil hid herself as long as she could. But she heard the song of the Soul, as who did not, and crept forth every evening to listen. There is no creature, which is not influenced, consciously or unconsciously, by the really Good. And the purity and sweetness of the Soul so worked upon Evil, that even she felt a change for the better. But her innate nature remained, and, jealous of the fair being that could work a change even in her, Evil resolved to seduce the Soul. And the Devil approved of its purpose and temporarily endowed her with a form as fair as that of the Soul.

In spite of her joy, the Soul felt often lonely; and when she saw a fair maiden willing to be her companion, she naturally rejoiced. So the Soul and the Evil ever were together, and slowly, surely, the purity of the Soul was undermined and, without knowing why, the Soul felt her happiness slipping away from her. But Evil could not long keep her disguise, and she soon showed herself in all her loathsomeness to the sensitive spirit of the Soul. And the Soul shrank in horror, looked at herself and found very little of the beauty that she had once possessed; and in fear and remorse fled away and hid herself.

And, out of the misery of her heart, there rose up an exceeding bitter cry. The world of Nature, which she had so long neglected, came back to her mind. She looked around; where was the joy which had once abounded? Everything was gloomy and drooping. Then the Soul lifted up its voice and tried to sing the daily song of Praise she had given up for so long. But its voice was low and cracked and the inspiration was lost. And the Soul wept and would not be comforted. For its eyes had been opened, and it knew that yet a great deal was wanted to make her perfect. She longed, with all her might, for something the want of which she had never felt before, but without which she now knew she could not live.

Then, in the silence of the night, a stiller hush seemed to fall around, and the Soul waited in awed expectation of what was to follow. And, because she knew she was not so pure as she ought to have been, her expectation was full of dread. Suddenly a soft voice fell on her shrinking ear. "Fear not, Soul of Nature. Watch and a vision will be vouchsafed thee." Two divine shapes hand-in-hand, with eyes softly glowing like stars in the night, were standing by her. "We are Faith and Hope," they said, "and we come to prepare you for what is to follow."

The stillness grew more profound. The stars shone "like silver lamps in a distant shrine." Presently, it seemed as if a white shadow swept

over the moon, like the "passing of innumerable silver wings"; and in this dim light in which the stars shone more bright, a star brighter than the rest, detached itself and approached the Soul. It grew larger and more luminous, its glow filled the whole sky, till at last the Soul was fain to hide its dazzled eyes in fear and wonder. Then, when the sound of her weeping was the only sound heard, out of the awed hush around, a mighty music seemed to strike on her fainting senses. A mighty voice, yet attuning itself to a soft and tender tone, pealed as it were, through the world; and the shrinking Soul felt itself enveloped and raised from her sordid miseries. She had found what she was looking for.

But the Soul shrank back in fear of its own unworthiness. "Fear not" pealed the Voice. "You are my bride, and the time is come when our union shall be accomplished."

"But I have sinned and I am not worthy."

"It is through your sin you have been prepared for me. For you have repented and have been purified by the fire of temptation."

"Who are you, that speak to me so comfortingly?"

"I am your Ideal, for which you have been waiting, ever since you entered the world. Do you not remember?"

"Ah, I remember. This was the longing always within me. And this it was which prevented me from falling completely into Evil's power. Ever since my eyes have been opened, I have been searching the heavens for my star. Ah! these searchings have been agony."

"Now, you shall have Peace."

"Oh blessed is the Soul that realizes its Ideal. It is not to everyone that this is given. Who am I that I should be so blessed?"

"You have repented."

And the world of Nature rejoiced on the return of their Soul, and the eternal marriage consummated between her and her Ideal. And unto the Soul came back her inspiration and her song. She looked on the reviving nature around. The fulness of its life and its happiness came upon her, as it had never done before. The birds and the beasts, the fruits and the flowers, the trees and the whole earth, were lifting up little voices of praise to their Divine Creator, and were struggling with all their little might to express what—?

The Soul did not know then; but it knew it when unto her a son was born. For the name of that son was Love; and unto Love was given to do a great work.



III.—A TRUE STORY.



TEN years of hard, mental, and physical labour, brought Lachman Das to the receipt of ten rupees per mensem. He began his career in the M. B. School on five rupees, as teacher in the Primary Department, and became efficient enough to discover, that he could punish a student, whether deserving of chastisement or not—at his own good will and pleasure, and yet with impunity. The evening, on which the most important part of his life began, was one on which he returned from school in unusually hopeful and exhilarated spirits. His work in school, which was at least that of a hard-working man, had been appreciated by the Inspector, and the teacher had been given an increase of five rupees.

A salary of fifteen rupees salary and a hundred of cash in hand, which Lachman Das had under very trying circumstances succeeded in hoarding up, was quite enough to make him seriously entertain the idea of matrimony.

On this particular evening, therefore, he sat smoking his cocoanut-pipe, and thought over the serious question of getting married, and over the advantages and disadvantages of the Hindu custom of not allowing the bridegroom the privilege of choosing his own wife.

The advantage lay in the fact that a girl, who might consent to be his wife in a state of ignorance, would in all probability reject him, were she to have a chance of seeing for herself, for poor Lachman Das was unfortunately a very ugly and deformed piece of humanity,—even his hands had become crooked with the constant use of the cane on the backs of school boys. The disadvantage lay in the fact, that Lachman Das was rather particular about risking getting linked to a girl who may not come up to his ideal. While Lachman Das was thus occupied, an old and intimate friend of his, Mool Chand, came in. After the usual salutation—Ram! Ram!—Lachman Das unrestrainedly started the subject uppermost in his mind. An uninter-

rupted conversation between the two followed, after which Mool Chand took leave, having given Lachman Das every hope of success in his pursuit, assuring him of his own help towards it.

About two weeks elapsed before Mool Chand brought any pleasing news for Lachman Das. Mool Chand had now held communications with a fairly respectable family in the Kapurthala State, on Lachman Das's behalf, and had got its leave to inform him that the matter would be arranged, if he sent a hundred rupees. Moreover Lachman Das was given hopes of seeing the intended bride before he married her.

The simple school-master was only too glad of the arrangement, so readily sent in his application for leave, and started on his journey.

It is hardly necessary to enter into the details of Lachman Das's journey, or the wedding ceremonies that followed, but we will now see what befalls our worthy bridegroom on his return with the prize gained.

At one of the stages between Kapurthala and Jullunder, the marriage procession stopped to rest a while, and the bride who had been cooped up long enough in the shaky little dooly, though it was covered over with brilliant red calico, desired a little fresh air, and thus Lachman Das, who was not supposed to see her till he reached home, was told to put himself out of the way.

After about half an hour, when the company was getting ready to resume its journey, Lachman Das, prompted by gallantry, went to see if the bride had been safely conveyed to the dooly, but to his great perplexity, on reaching the place where she ought to have been, only a boy about her size was to be seen. A search was made for the bride, but nowhere was she to be found—

• "And even she was gone,
Really truly gone."

The rest of the story may safely be left to the imagination of the reader. Lachman Das was duped, and his disappointment was great, while never did he deplore the bad Hindu customs more than he did that memorable day.

NORMA MITTER.

Editorial Notes.

His Highness the Gaekwar of Baroda is acknowledged to be one of

His Highness the Gaekwar of Baroda on Caste.

the most enlightened Indian princes of the day. Though he has received a thorough English education, he is anything but Anglicized. He is in perfect touch with orthodox Hindu society, but at the same time he is not one who is blind to the evils of present day Hindu social customs. That he regards infant-marriage as a great evil is seen from the bill which he is about to introduce to prevent such marriages. The Prince has the courage of his convictions and speaks out freely and boldly as to what he thinks of these evils. Quite recently, in his reply to an address given him by the members of the Arya Pratinidhi Sabha, Punjab, he touched on the great need of action among educated Indians. "In India," he said, "there is more talk and little action. How many there are who carry out their convictions? Do not care for show, do not care for numbers, do not care for the co-operation. If you wish to inculcate religion, act upon the adage 'example is better than precept'; I would ask you to act up to your convictions and speak little. Act earnestly and vigorously, do not wait for numbers. Numbers will come of themselves. Work but because you have to obey your conscience. I think difficulty is the test of conviction. Do not be daunted by difficulties. Persist and persevere, and you are sure to succeed."

He also dwelt on the evils of caste in words of deep earnestness and conviction:—

"No institution has wrought so much mischief and done such incalculable harm to our country as the stupid, ignorant system of caste. There must be no rights attached to mere birth; equality of opportunities must be enjoyed by all classes of people. Social position must not be determined by the inseparable accident of birth. Lower and poorer classes—lower and poorer not in religious and social scale, but in the scale of materialism—should not be debarred from their right as human beings. It is shameful and disgraceful that they have fallen on account of the selfishness of our ancestors. I often hear that the Indians complain that, in South Africa, the Colonial Government has, by special legislation, compelled our countrymen to live in corners of cities, and they are not allowed to go to places where white men live. I do not want to trench on the field of politics, but I cannot help remarking that it is perfectly natural for us to resent this unjust resentment. But exercise a little introspec-

tion. If you feel that your countrymen in South Africa have certain genuine grievances, you must also feel that you are utterly devoid of sympathy and benevolence in treating the so-called lower classes with so much contempt. If I were possessed of power and capacity, I would take the first opportunity of revolting against such atrocious thralldom of so-called higher classes. If such is your condition, I wonder why you pretend to be the descendants of ancient Aryans. Deal with the lower classes with justice, and then and then only you will deserve to be called true Aryans. Show by example, by raising your countrymen of the so-called lower classes, that you are true descendants of Aryans."

Notwithstanding all the ingenious attempts to justify caste, it is evident that within the Hindu camp itself there is gathering an overwhelming force which sooner or later will make caste something purely obsolete.

With this issue the series of most interesting and instructive articles on "How English Girls Live," contributed by that gifted writer, Miss M. C. Sidgwick, comes to an end. These

Miss Sidgwick's contribution to the 'Indian Ladies' Magazine.'

articles give a clear and succinct idea to Indian readers of the various phases of life of an English girl. The many-sided nature of this life, the hundred different ways by which English girls make life worth living, the devices by which they try to cultivate their special tastes and talents, all these have been described in a way only a master-hand could describe; and many of our readers will share with us in the regret that there will be no more such sketches in the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* from so able a pen. But we trust that our readers will have the pleasure of reading other contributions from Miss Sidgwick.

In reading over these series of articles on "How English Girls Live," and comparing the life of English girls with that of Indian girls, as we know of it from personal experience, we have been struck with two things. First, to an Indian girl marriage is the be-all and end-all of existence, but to an English girl it is not so. Many an English girl gets through life in the most pleasant manner without ever thinking of marriage; and what is more it is these girls, who do not enter into the state of matrimony, that enter occupations which enable them to be of the greatest service to the world. Very touching and instructive was the sketch of the life of the Philanthropic Girl which Miss Sidgwick gave in two of her articles. Girls belonging to the highest families, brought up in the most genteel fashion, nursed in the lap of luxury, when their higher selves are roused in them, throw aside everything and go and spend their lives among the poorest of the poor, ministering to

Social Intercourse.

DEAR MADAM,

The article on 'Social Intercourse,' in the August number of your excellent paper, is an amusing instance of unconscious self-revelation. The author asseverates that she does not look down on Indians—and she plainly and obviously does. She discourses at length on intercourse—and she makes it abundantly evident that the only kind of intercourse she has in mind is intercourse conducted on Western lines; i.e., *her own*.

The first point needs no demonstration. "We do not look down on the natives," says the lady,—"*yet there are many, and how sadly many, on whom I look with profound pity.*" It must be a real consolation to an Indian lady, to reflect that, when her vast inferiority leads an English lady to view her with profound pity for her degraded condition, the said English lady is not looking down on her. I suppose she is looking up to her.

In the second place, the writer of the article seems to expect that Indians will fall naturally and easily into European ways, if only she gives them the opportunity. If they do not, she throws up her game in petulant despair, and calls on them to tell her what they want. It reminds one of a fashionable hostess who has been trying unsuccessfully to entertain a party of children, according to her own ideas. When they shyly refrain from dancing to her piping, she turns on them and complainingly demands,—"*well, what do you want to play at, then?*" But a tactful entertainer does not appeal to her guests to tell her how they ought to be treated.

Take the husband's case. Here, the writer of the article *does* know how the Indian desires to be treated; and she makes no effort to meet her wishes or conciliate her prejudices. The Indian lady must put her idiosyncrasies and national ideas to one side, and be prepared to be received exactly on the footing of a Western Visitor. How can such one-sided intercourse help coming to an untimely end? If one has a visitor whom one knows to dislike cats, one shuts puss up in the cellar when she calls:—and, if one cannot be quite so summary with a husband, surely he has his study, and knows when to stay there?

Let me apologize for trespassing on your space:—and let me in conclusion ask the writer of the article—(whose good intentions are as patent as anything else in her remarks)—whether she would be likely to affect the company of persons who regarded her with profound pity, as one of a sadly numerous class, and who ex-



pressed their intention of treating her as a baby.

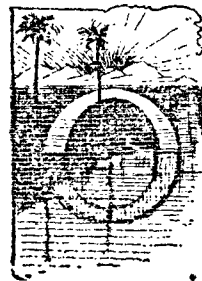
I remain,
Madam,
Most respectfully yours,

Scotland:

A SCOTTISH THISTLE.

[The gist of the above letter is that where there is pity there cannot be sympathy and regard. This, we fear, is not true. Pity is perfectly compatible with sincere regard and esteem, for the object of pity may be the victim of circumstances over which he or she has had no control. There is, of course, truth in the idea expressed in the letter that, for freer intercourse between European and Indian ladies, a conciliation of each other's prejudices and idiosyncrasies is desirable. We fear our correspondent's letter does hardly justice to the writer of the article referred to who is undoubtedly one of the best friends India's daughters could have among English Ladies resident in India.—Ed.]

What is being done for India's Daughters.



OUR readers will, we are sure, be interested to read the account which we publish in this issue of the first Anniversary of the Hindu Ladies' Association at Calicut. It is just a model of what such Associations should be, and

we should like to see such Associations springing up everywhere. In Mrs. Macrae, the Association has had a most enthusiastic worker from the very commencement, and she has been aided and abetted in this good work by equally zealous Indian workers, such as Mr. G. Subba Row, Mrs. Zachariah and others. Of course the conditions in other Indian towns are not likely to be so favourable as in Calicut for the starting of such organisations, but all the same in every place, where there are two or three earnest workers, such organisations may become accomplished facts.

—The distribution of prizes to the students of Miss Blandford's Girls' English School, Fort, Trivandrum, took place on the 14th ultimo, with the Resident in the Chair. Among those present were their Highnesses the Ranees of Travancore. There are 99 Brahmins, 168 Sudras, 9 Christians in the school; with one exception, all the Brahmin girls are in the

Primary department. This school is in many respects a unique institution, as will be seen from the following remarks of the Resident, Mr. Mackenzie:

"In this unique school, in this curiosity among schools, in this school taught by missionaries in the very palace of His Highness the Maharaja, it is easy for a speaker to dwell upon some one of the picturesque aspects of this school, and I remember that standing here in previous years I have depicted this school as a monument of the enlightened ideas of that great Dewan, Sir Madhava Rao, as a continuous proof of the wide tolerance of the rulers of Travancore and as a patent testimonial of the marvellous tact of Miss Blandford, who for nearly forty years has supervised this school in this palace without the slightest friction. I have spoken also of the important example which this school at its commencement gave, leading the way in female education in this State where prevails the custom of inheritance of property through a mother and not through a father. This year, as I listened to the report which was read to us, another aspect of this school occurred to me and that is that this school is a good example of the way in which missionaries in India work on without any worldly consolations and in spite of many 'obstacles.' The Resident made an earnest appeal to the parents to support the school by sending their children to it.

—The National Indian Association in Bombay is very active in many ways. The Bombay Ladies' Branch of the Association is doing useful work, and the support and encouragement given by Lady Northcote to this Branch has been highly appreciated and led to a special address being presented to Her Excellency before her departure from India. Mrs. Sassoon is the Vice-President of the Association and Miss Sheerin M. Cursetji one of its Honorary Secretaries. The Poona Branch of the Association is also in a flourishing condition. There is also a branch at Surat which is being worked successfully. The Zenana Mission ladies at Surat also take an interest in it, and quite recently a ladies' *purdah* party was given by one of the Zenana Mission ladies which was a success in every way.

—The first anniversary of the Hindu Ladies' Association, Aska (Ganjam), was celebrated with great eclat on the 18th instant in the Town Hall, the generous gift of Mr. Minchin. More than a hundred native ladies, including girls, were present. The Hall and the surroundings were tastefully decorated with evergreens and festoons and great credit is due to the organisers of the movement for the excellent arrangements made. The President, Srimati B. Veera Lakshmi Amma Garu, wife of Rao Bahadur Narayanamurti Pantulu Garu, Deputy Collector,

came from Vizagapatam at the special request of the members. The members of the Association visited the President at her residence and conducted her to the Hanuman Kovil where a spacious *pandal* was specially erected to receive the guests. After the usual congratulations, offerings were made to the temple with an earnest prayer that the Association may continue to do incalculable good to the members and women in general. All the members then proceeded to the adjoining Town Hall.

The Founder and the Honorary Secretary of the Association, Srimati B. Bangaramma Garu, wife of Mr. B. Venkateswara Rao Pantalu, B.A., B.L., commenced the proceedings with a short outline of the history and origin of the Association together with the present prosperous financial report, which is entirely due to the munificence of the lady members. This was followed by a short Telugu Essay on "Unity" by the same lady who concisely and consistently showed the various advantages that can be derived by united action in word or in deed. Several other ably written essays in Telugu were then read by Srimatis Ramnudamah Garu and M. Lakshminarasayya Garu. Mrs. K. V. Gopala Rao recited some verses to suit the occasion. Some of the girl school children, gaily dressed, delighted the audience with a few select songs and "rope plaiting." Sri Chowapalli Subbammah Garu, an amateur poetess, sang two or three songs specially composed for the occasion.

In the closing remarks of the President, she exhorted all of them to evince the same public spirit always, and earnestly warned the young people present to bear in mind these proceedings as their first impressions, which when developed would make them good housewives and the loving parents of their children, whose success or failure depends upon their training.

Literary Notes.

[Specially compiled for the readers of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*.]

—Two works by a lady which are being read widely in the United States and in Great Britain are *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* and *Lorey Mary* by Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice.

—*New Conceptions in Science*—by Carl Snyder (Harper and Brothers) is an important work in which the author gives an extremely able and lucid popular exposition of the latest work that is being done in the various departments of physical and biological science.

—Several beautiful descriptive volumes have lately been published by Mortimer Menpes, the artist, with text by Dorothy Menpes (A. and C. Black.) One of these is the *Worship's Children*. Anyone who turns the leaves of this new volume will select favourites among the children of the many countries illustrated; but apart from the subjects, the production of each picture is a marvel of technical excellence.

—It is hoped that a cheaper edition of Morley's *Life of Gladstone* will be published at an early date. It will be interesting to have in the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* an article describing the part that Mrs. Gladstone played in the life of the grand old statesman.

—Under the heading "Literature for India," there appears a letter in *The Academy and Literature* (London), in which the correspondent, who evidently takes a great interest in Indian ladies, writes as follows:—

"Sir,—It is in India the wish of many that the English and Indian ladies should mix freely as friends. In order that this may come about, it is thought necessary to educate the Indian ladies. The 'Indian Ladies' Magazine' has taken up this matter, and has published in six of its monthly parts articles entitled 'Suggestions for English Reading' by 'An Englishwoman in India.' Each article gives the digest of an English book suitable to be read by Indian ladies. Such books as Ruskin's 'Sesame and Lilies' and Patmore's 'Angel in the House' have been advised; these I think are fairly suitable, although rather difficult (the point of view from which these books are written must be extraordinarily strange to these Eastern-bred people). But surely such books as the 'Golden Age,' by Kennett Grahame, or 'Virginibus Puërisque,' by R. L. Stevenson, are quite unsuitable, for without knowing the nature of English people well, and without knowing the English language well, how would it be possible to appreciate the delicate flavour of these books?"

"To me it seems that if the object is to cultivate the minds of these Indian ladies, to make them intelligent and interesting members of society, it would be better to encourage them to read books which will make them appreciate their immediate surroundings, the wonderful country in which they live, the poetry of their religion, the romance in their past history. To be enthusiastic is to be interesting, and it is easiest to be enthusiastic over something which has some connection with yourself.

"Also does it not seem to you that it is no use directing the thoughts of these ladies too much towards England? Their lives must be in India,

therefore ought not their interests to be in India also? Make them appreciate and be eloquent over India, the India of a thousand colours of Steevens, the mysterious ever-strange India of Kipling, the India which gives to Muller and to Spencer hundreds of fairy legends far more beautiful than those of our cool little island, the India which has ever presented the stories of two God-heads, the story of the gentle Buddha (I wonder how many English-women have read "The Light of Asia") and the story of the warlike Mahomet. What a world of romance in the growing up side by side in the same country, and sharing the same pursuits, of two peoples following two so different ideals.

"It would be interesting to see how this could be carried out, what books would be read."

The "Indian Ladies' Magazine" emphasises the fact that there must be both give and take for successful intercourse between the two different kinds of women—the solution I suggest necessitates this, because I am sure that Indian books would have to be studied as much as English ones."

So far as we can see, books on India receive as much attention in the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* as those purely English in thought and ideas. The peculiar merit of the notices of works by "An Englishwoman in India" is that they refer to some of the standard works of present day literature, with regard to the perusal of which Indian readers certainly need guidance and direction.

"What's What in Cookery."

We have received a copy of a work on Cookery by Maud Wells, published by the well-known Madras publishers, Messrs. Higginbotham & Co. It is an excellent publication containing several hundreds of well tested receipts for Breakfast and Luncheon and other dishes. The book is intended chiefly for Anglo-Indian households but the writer has not overlooked Indian curries and chutneys. We quote here the receipts for some of these:

HOT LIME PICKLE.

Take 100 limes and cut them across the top; salt and dry in the sun for 4 days. Take also 1½ lbs. of chillies, 1 lb. mustard seed, ½ lb. garlic, 2 pieces of turmeric, 2 table-spoonfuls of fenugreek, 2 qts. vinegar, and 1 pint salad oil. The chillies, turmeric, and fenugreek are to be pounded fine, the mustard seed bruised and freed from husk, the garlic peeled.

Boil the salad oil and cook all the ingredients in it; then put in the limes and vinegar; boil up; put into bottles or jars and keep in the sun daily for a month.

MANGO CHUTNEY.

Take 25 green mangoes; cut into strips off the stone; sprinkle well with salt and keep in the sun for 3 days. Heat one tea-cupful of salad oil in a large sauce-pan and add 60 green chillies, three dessert-spoonfuls of turmeric, one table-spoonful of chillies, one table-spoonful of cummin seed, one table-spoonful of fenugreek, one table-spoonful of mustard seed, two table-spoonfuls of dried ginger, (all these ingredients should be finely powdered and then measured), one coffee-cupful of peeled garlic, and a handful of curry leaves. Fry all these in the oil for 10 minutes; then add the mangoes and the water with them; boil up, and, when nearly done, add two tea-cupfuls of vinegar. Bottle and stand in the sun daily for a week.

CURRY POWDER.

Take 1 lb. coriander, 4 oz. turmeric, 2 oz. chillies, 2 oz. black pepper, 2 oz. mustard seed, 2 oz. ren-deum, 2 oz. cummin seed, 2 oz. Bengal gram. Dry all the seeds separately in the sun, pound them fine and strain the rough muslin; then weigh them carefully and mix well.

HOW TO MAKE A GOOD CURRY.

Melt a dessert-spoonful of cocotine in a sauce-pan and fry an onion cut into thin slices in it; when the onion is a light brown, add one table-spoonful of curry-powder; fry for five minutes, stirring all the time; then add one chicken cut into joints and two tomatoes cut up small; cook together for five or six minutes; then pour in a tea-cup of coconut milk and a little salt; cover up the sauce-pan and let it simmer until the meat is tender. Just before serving add a table-spoonful of tamarind pulp or the juice of a large lime.

We find in the above receipt that cocotine is recommended in place of ghee. This is worth giving a trial.

Indian Ladies should try the receipts given in the book for Puddings and Cakes and Sweets, in which English cookery has made great progress. The book is priced at 1 Rupee, which is very cheap for the valuable matter it contains.



News and Notes.

Mrs. Besant has written to us to contradict the statement made in the Indian journals that she intends starting a College for Hindu girls at Benares on the same model as the Hindu College for boys.

The Young Women's Christian Association which has its headquarters in London at 17, Old Cavendish Street, now possesses a membership of over five hundred thousand women, scattered all over the world.

Miss Bruce, of Rashfield, under the Dunoon and Kilman School Board, has just made a teaching record. She has completed her twenty-fifth year of teaching without a single day or hour's absence from duty.

According to the Census of England and Wales for 1891, there were then over a hundred lady doctors; but in the Census for 1901 the number was two hundred and twelve. Whereas in 1891 there were fifty women physicians under the age of thirty-five years, in 1901 there were 120.

Queen Alexandra can claim to be one of the most prolific of letter-writers. At times she has written as many as forty letters in one day with her own hand, and Miss Knollys, her favourite lady-in-waiting, often gets through a hundred, all written under the Queen's personal supervision.

Lady Gwendoline Onslow, who was married last month is one of the few young Society ladies who have mastered the duties of private secretary to a statesman. She acted in that capacity to her father and was paid by him for her services, which he rated very highly.

It is not generally known that the German Empress is a sculptor and painter of more than usual ability. In her husband's study at Potsdam, there is a most life-like bust of the Emperor in bronze, while several of the young Princes have also been reproduced in marble. Many sketches and paintings by the Empress adorn the walls of the palace.

The Hon. Charlotte Knollys, who has been the constant attendant of Queen Alexandra for the last thirty years, is said to be the only lady not related to the Queen who calls her by her Christian name, or rather its diminutive, "Alix." In return Her Majesty and the Princesses Louise, Maud, and Victoria always address Miss Knollys as "Chatty." She invariably travels with the Queen and has apartments in all the palaces.

Mrs. Isabella L. Bishop holds the record among women travellers and explorers. A daughter of an English clergyman, she found life so dull, and so craved for travel and adventure, that at the age of twenty-two she started out alone to see the world, and wandered extensively through North and South America. Afterwards she penetrated into the wild and unknown parts of Asia. In 1899, when sixty years old, she toured for three years through Korea, Siberia and China.

The Duchess of Newcastle is essentially a sports-woman, and cares nothing for mere Society round. She was Miss Kathleen Candy, Irish on the mother's side, and inheriting from her the love of hunting and sport which she possesses. Miss Candy became Duchess of Newcastle when only seventeen. She is "master" of a pack of hounds, and a wonderful rider and driver, a good shot and angler indeed, fishing is her favourite sport. For horses and dogs she has a great affection, and has several times acted as judge at dog shows both in England and across the Atlantic.

The *Indian Social Reformer* thinks that the Social Conference needs to be strengthened on practical lines. Our contemporary admits that the Conference has done a great work in popularising social reform ideas, but adds: "The social reform party needs organisation. The most earnest and thoughtful minds of the country are working in its ranks. But they are so scattered that they know not each other or how very strong intellectually and morally the forces at their disposal in the country are. Let our friends awake to their own strength now; and we have every confidence that they will carry all before them. We are on the eve of very bright days for India. From every side comes tokens of departing indifference, of growing manhood, and of correct intuitions. He who would give way to despair under such circumstances is truly to be pitied."

At the late jubilee of Heidelberg University, Miss Agnes S. Lewis, an eminent Syriac scholar, received the degree of Doctor of Laws, and her sister, Mrs. Margaret D. Gibson, was made Doctor of Philosophy. The dean of the theological faculty paid the following tribute to them: These sisters, closely united in nature, affection, and study, who brought back from a Sinaitic monastery and from Egypt precious Christian and Jewish writings, carefully edited them with equal intelligence, patience, and assiduity, translated them into English, and thereby made extraordinary contribution to the

understanding of the Holy Scriptures and to the literary history of the early Eastern Church; and who not less, through their liberal contributions to the establishment of a theological institution, have advanced theological studies."

"It is great satisfaction to us individually, writes a contributor in the columns of the *Hindu*, and we think it ought similarly to be a satisfaction to all true lovers of Indian progress collectively that the Reform party as they are being nicknamed are quietly scoring one success after another in the matter of Hindu Widow remarriage, the last instance of such a marriage having occurred a few days ago at Guntur in the Northern Circars. "Whatever the cause of it may be, we find natives of our Northern Districts, generally speaking as a rule, bold and manly in many things and notably in matters of reform. It is a pleasure to see a Pleader like Mr. V. Lashminarayana of Arundelpet, Guntur, openly allowing the celebration of the marriage to take place in his own house, and the bridegroom Mr. R. Krishnamoorthy aged 23 years, is a Niyogi youth employed in the Lower Secondary School at Berhampur while the bride P. Venkobayama aged 17 belongs to the Madhva community. All this is as it should be and shows that example is far better than precept and that we want men and women of action in preference to those full of mere talk or empty

sympathy. We owe what little good of this kind that has been done in Southern India, and notably in the Northern Circars, to the disinterested labours of Mr. K. Viresalingum Pantulu, who, if any, deserves to be properly honored, both by the State and the people, for his public service and his private virtues, which are so extraordinary and conspicuous."—*Indian Social Reformer*.

We are glad to welcome a Gujarati Ladies' Magazine into the ranks of Indian Journalism. It is entitled *Sundri Subodh*, and is published in Bombay. The *Indian Social Reformer* speaks of it as follows:—*Sundri Subodh*, of which we have been favored with the first number, is a Gujarati monthly chiefly intended for ladies, though there is much in it to interest the other sex too. Readers of Gujarati ought to give the magazine a good welcome as it is both instructive and entertaining, and contains a variety of topics. There are in the present number three poems, an historical tale, an article on science and much miscellaneous information. The chief aim of the journal is to further the advancement of Indian women—an aim which will find many sympathisers and promoters. The one fault to be found with the magazine is its style—the using of the hardest words. Many readers would find simple language not amiss. A last recommendation may be added, its cheapness. The annual subscription is Re. 1.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Acknowledgments for October, 1903.

	RS.	AS.		RS.	AS.
1. Miss A. J. Askwith, Palamcottah	...	4 0	19. Mrs. R. R. Kaundinyah, Aminatti	...	8 0
2. K. Asadulla Khan, Esq., Madras	...	2 0	20. W. Kumeran, Esq., Calicut	...	2 0
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17. Mrs. Kukde, Ahmednagar	...	4 0	35. Mrs. A. Vergese, Tanur	...	4 0
18. M. Kovilpillai, Esq., Masulipatam	...	4 0	36. Dr. Lydia Woerner, Rajahmundry	...	4 0

groaning at every turn. It was great fun walking the decks at such a time,—with the wind nearly blowing us off our feet, with the tingling spray dashing against our face. We rolled about trying to find our sea-legs, clutching at things wildly to keep our balance! But on such days we spent most of our time in diligent sleeping. The motion of the vessel makes you fall into a semi-hypnotic condition.

At nights specially when, above the roaring of the wind, the dashing of the waves, the groanings and creakings of the planks, you hear the measured tramp of the officer on watch on the bridge above, the half hour bells, and the watch cry—"All is right; the lamps are burning bright—*firard*" (in Hindustani), it is so soothing and reassuring to feel that you are taken care of. Two and a half days of this, and then we were at Aden. "Very fortunate on the whole," the Captain said, "the sea was calm right through!"

Aden—nothing very picturesque. A bare rocky shore, very hot and glary, but it is a grand natural harbour. Instead of the Singalese, came the copper-coloured Arabs, with sharp fierce faces. There were Negroes in plenty, specially little nigger boys with tight cork-screw curls running about on the deck and asking for pennies. Hawkers came in numbers. Lovely Ostrich feather and fur-boas, Ceylonese lace, coral strings, and various other things, were most persistently hawked about. Many of us did not go ashore at Aden. We spent a most uncomfortable day on deck. The heat, the coaling and those tiresome hawkers nearly drove us distracted. Peace was restored when once more we raised anchor and sailed away on the star-lit sea.

MADAME JEAN DELAIRE, THE NOVELIST.

MADAME JEAN DELAIRE is one of the rare English writers who are not British by birth: partly French, partly American. Born and bred in France, she began her literary career at the age of sixteen, by composing some odes and sonnets which were sent to a *Concours Poétique* in the South of France (a revival, by the way, of the famous *Jeux Floraux* of old), and brought out in volume-form by the Committee among the best sent in. In spite of this encouragement, however, Jean Delaire from that day deserted poetry for the writing of novels and philosophical essays; but none of these early efforts were published, perhaps for the simple reason that not one of them was ever completed. It was only several years later, when she came to live in England as the wife of an English gentleman, that she began to devote herself seriously to literature, and to use the English instead of the French language. Her first book of note was "A Dream of Fame," a keen and clever study in the artistic temperament. Both this book and the one that followed it, "Two Girls and A Dream,"† were delicate psychological studies of a gifted woman's soul. Quite in a different vein is her latest book, "Alsation Tales," a collection of short stories dealing with Alsatian peasant-life, and incidentally throwing a vivid light on the perennial question of Alsace-Lorraine. At the same time several serials, short stories and articles from her pen appeared in *The Humanitarian*, *Pearson's Magazine*, *The English Illustrated*; *Womanhood*, and other reviews and magazines. To this last-named paper she contributed two of her best serials, "Radegonde: Queen and Nun," and "The Deserter: A Frontier Incident," both stories being illustrated by the author's father, who is himself a well-known Paris artist. Madame Jean Delaire is keenly interested in Psychical Research, and lately devoted several months to the study of Occultism in Paris; although her publishers have not yet announced it, it is probable that a volume of essays on this fascinating subject will soon appear, signed by her name. For Jean Delaire is emphatically one of those writers who "have something to say," a deep philosophical idea underlies most of her work; yet a keen sense of humour has hitherto prevented her from falling into the strenuous tone generally associated with the problem novel, and if there is a "moral" to her stories, it is never obtruded, but is only to be discovered by the discerning among her readers. What her ultimate message will be, the world has yet to learn; but it is a significant fact that those who know her intimately believe that her best work is yet to come.

L. B.

Around A Distant Star.

BOOK I.—CHILDREN OF EARTH.

BY JEAN DELAIRE,

Author of "Alsatian Tales," "A Dream of Fame," etc.

CHAPTER I.—ROY AT SCHOOL.



ROYAL Staunton was a wonderful boy from his earliest years. At college, long before his genius had developed, or even revealed itself, he was king of all his school-fellows, and hardly a lad among us ever dreamt of questioning his right to the throne.

Was it the instinctive recognition of a master-mind?

Was it the prescience of the glory that awaited him? Or was it simply the charm of his voice, the magnetism of his dark grey eyes, deep and beautiful as a woman's? Being mere boys at the time, we none of us indulged in introspection, or analysis of first cause; we did not even grace our allegiance with a philosophical name, and when we had informed a new-comer, with utmost emphasis of voice and manner, that Royal Staunton was "a grand fellow," we had no further praise to lavish on our hero.

We knew he was the cleverest boy in the school; we knew his knowledge of mathematics had been the wonder of three successive masters; we knew he was absolutely fearless, and rarely left a kind word unsaid. But we had known other boys to be as clever—almost as clever—and others, to be as generous, and others as brave; yet we had not loved them as we loved Roy. Perhaps, after all, we loved him for the last and best reason of friendship, that which knows no reason, but loves, as Montaigne would have said, "simply because it is you—because it is I."

When I first met him, at the private school where the best of our youth was passed, I—Clive Delafield—was that most forlorn and pitiable of creatures: a spoilt and only child, suddenly transplanted from home, to live among strangers in a strange land.

I was born in India, and lived there twelve happy years in our beautiful Himalayan home; then came the day of my exile to England, with all the unknown terrors of school life awaiting me in the dim distance. The dreariness of an especially damp English autumn, the dumb craving for all I had left behind me, also, I fear,

a good deal of constitutional idleness, made the early days of my school life more miserable even than my imagination had anticipated them. I had yet to learn that "the prison-house," of which I had drawn so sombre a picture in my first letters to India, was in reality a very near approach to the ideal school. Our principal, Dr. Clayton, was that rarest and most delightful of men, a schoolmaster with original ideas on education; and the retrospective comparison of Hill Crest College with other institutes in the United Kingdom forces me to confess that Dr. Clayton's ideas bore fruit of a distinctly pleasant flavour to youthful palates.

The house,—a long, low building, belted, oriental-wise, with a wide verandah—was situated on an eminence that almost deserved the name of hill, overlooking one of the fairest parts of Kent. A beautifully-kept lawn covered the grounds in front of the house, and sloped gently down to the foot of the knoll, while here and there tall groups of cedars broke the soft velvet-green monotony with their rugged outlines and sombre tints. A narrow stream, flatteringly named "The River," almost encircled the base of the hill, and on this, during the summer months, we floated miniature crafts which initiated us to all the pleasures of navigation—shipwreck included. Further on, a small wood spread before us the tempting mysteries of its imaginary depths, and beyond it the vast, perfectly level plain stretched out as far as the eye could follow it, rich with promise of every sport dear to the school-boy's heart.

But as ill-luck would have it, the first days of my arrival were the most dismal of the year; the ground was sodden, the beautiful lawn turned into the semblance of a marsh, the magnificent view hidden behind an earth-cloud of mist and rain. Indoors, nothing was lacking that would conduce to comfort and general cheeriness; bright fires burnt in every grate, and the reading room was a perfect treasure-trove for the lover of books; but, brought up as I had been in our mountain solitudes—a child of Nature in the most absolute sense—I had not yet learnt to make friends either with books or with my fellow-creatures, and I felt pitifully alone and forlorn. But soon the Deliverer came—Roy, my hero, who vanquished all evil spirits, and like a joyous conqueror of old, brought light and gladness in his steps.

He was older than I by two years—an immense difference at that age—and I looked up to him in much the same way as a raw recruit might gaze at the victorious general of a hundred battle-fields. He accepted the role of mentor thus thrust upon him with his usual simplicity and good will, helped me through all the difficult paths of school life, and in his train of

willing subjects easily made me the most devoted of slaves.

The only son of an English engineer of peasant ancestry, and of a high-born Spanish lady, Royal Staunton seemed to have inherited the most notable characteristics of two races: the passionate love of the beautiful, the wonderful, ever-youthful enthusiasm, the gift of easy, often eloquent translation of his feelings into words, that distinguishes the man of Latin blood, with the slow deliberation, the severe self-control, the patient, stubborn, all-conquering energy of the Anglo-Saxon.

Let it not be surmised, however, that he was, at any time of his youthful career, that wildest of wild impossibilities, a faultless boy. Not in vain did he inherit on his mother's side the pride and passion of ten generations of hidalgos; he had all the Spaniard's quick changes of mood and nervous irritability of temper, though his anger rarely passed from the inward to the outward phase. A heightened colour, a tightening of the lips, five or ten minutes obstinate silence, were generally the sole signs of his wrath.

One thing—one only—made him absolutely ferocious, and that was any premeditated interruption of his studies.—I might add of his pleasures as well, for Roy threw himself body and soul into everything he did; he was a hard worker and a merry player, and he perhaps resented as deeply being disturbed in a game of cricket or football, as in the working out of an algebraic problem or the study of a Greek verb. Indeed, this peculiar trait of his one day led to a fight which is still remembered in the annals of Hill Crest College, and will probably be handed down to posterity as the famous duel between "the Prince" and "the Bully."

That Royal was an inventive genius, everyone knew; within the first six months of his stay at Hill Crest he had invented two different kinds of flying machines—one of these actually did fly a few yards—a folding bridge for use in warfare and a gliding boat propelled, theoretically at least, by electricity. On a certain half-holiday, when all the boys were at play in the grounds, Roy had locked himself up in his room to put the finishing touches to a toy model of the gliding boat. Bob Lawrence, surnamed the Bully,—the villain of our school-room stage—for some reason or other resented his absence from the play ground, and determined to call "the day-dreamer" to order. A cricket ball, aimed by Bully at Roy's open window, fell with unfortunate precision on the latter's work table, breaking the delicate machinery to atoms.

In a moment Roy was in the garden, the furor of an angry God blazing in his eyes.

With unerring instinct he walked straight to Bully.

"You coward!" he called out in his clear ringing voice.

"You fool!" hissed Bully, shaking his burly frame in readiness for the fight.

And fight they did, and a better fight was never seen in the grounds of Hill Crest College. Bully was far taller and stronger-limbed than Roy, he was the finest athlete in the school—and clearly it would be another version of the David and Goliath duel; but clearly also the Lord of Hosts once more favoured the weaker and worthier champion. Both fought like demons, but Roy was in the mood of heroes, the mood that makes for death or victory, and within ten minutes Bully was lying on the trodden grass in a state closely resembling that of the gliding boat's ill-fated machinery.

Alas for human nature! I believe this fight did more to establish Roy's popularity on a firm and lasting foundation than all his mental and moral qualities combined. Before the fight, he had been loved by a chosen few—a master among his disciples—afterwards, he was worshipped by the multitude and stood as a minor divinity in the midst of his devotees.

It was some time after this incident that Roy's genius suddenly turned into a new path. A book on Astronomy fell into his hands; and, straightway fired with enthusiasm, he set aside everything else, neglected his favourite studies and forgot the world and himself in the pursuit of the new dream.

The fire seemed too violent to last, and we all predicted that before the next lunar month he would have left the stars to their place in creation, and returned to Earth and the invention of gliding boats and folding bridges. We were mistaken. No matter how brightly burned the new flame, it did not appear likely to burn itself out; for fully two years Roy pored over astronomical works, and daily read out of Heaven's eternal book.

"I shall be an astronomer, and discover a new planet," he told me confidently one evening as we strolled together on the lawn, beneath the star-strewn dome. "Or else—I shall invent something wonderful." "What?" I asked eagerly.—"I do not know—yet. I only know it will be wonderful. I feel it here," he added as he meditatively passed his hand across his brow.

I gazed at him admiringly, for I believed my hero capable of scaling the Heavens—figuratively; further than this, even my exalted imagination did not carry me, and though prophecies of future greatness were freely bestowed upon our friend, not one of us, even the most ardent of his admirers, ever guessed that he would one day achieve the most daring and magnificent

enterprise that the brain of man has yet conceived.

CHAPTER II.—ROY AT HOME.

Midway between St. Helier and Beaumont, in the beautiful Isle of Jersey, stands, at some distance from the road, a flower-decked cottage bearing the name of Estrella Lodge.

This was the home of Roy's mother, Mrs. Staunton, who in her young days had been Senorita Manóla de Valenciennes, chief Maid-of-Honour to the girl-queen Mercédès. She lived in strict retirement since the death of her husband, the successful engineer, Paul Staunton, whom she had married for love against the will of all her family. The union had been a happy one—love marriages sometimes are—and the merry-eyed little Spanish lady seemed never to have regretted the staid splendours of Alfonso's court in the homely life of a middle-class English gentlewoman.

Like most Spanish mothers, Mrs. Staunton was passionately devoted to her children—Roy, the elder, and his sister, little Estrella. Though her income was a modest one, no expenses were spared for Roy's education, and if mere strangers were heard to predict great destinies for the boy, it may be imagined how wonderful were the mother's dreams regarding the future of her only son.

To this pleasant little lady and her no less pleasant home life, I was introduced by Roy one fine summer eve at the beginning of the long vacation, three years after my arrival in England. I was then fifteen; Roy was seventeen, and for him the time had come to leave school and enter upon his chosen career. As for me, though Hill Crest College had long since become a home in the best sense of the word, yet I would gladly have given my right hand to follow my friend in his first flight into freedom. But my father's will was inexorable. Even if I did not eventually enter Sandhurst, I must stay at least another year at college.

Now for some time past I had worshipped at the shrine of Belles-Lettres with an ardour almost equal to that displayed by Roy in the pursuit of his beloved Astronomy, and I very soon determined to follow whither my instinct led. True, I was aware that my father destined me to a military career, or, failing that, to enter, as he had done, the Indian Civil Service; but since, all the world over, parents propose and children dispose, I had little fear of any serious opposition on his part, nor was my sense of security ill-founded. "I give you twelve months to mature your mind," wrote my father. "If at the end of that time you are still bent on becoming a book worm—your will be done!"

The last two years of my life had passed, as

most school days do, in much fun and frolic, a little study, and many dreams of the morrow. Roy's dreams and mine were simple in the extreme. We would both be famous, and awaken a sleepy old world with the clarion call of our exploits. Had we lived four or five hundred years ago, we would both have started, on a fine summer's day, with squire and page, to discover new lands, redress the wrongs of the people and rescue fair damsels held in durance vile. Being merely modern lads, peering with eager eyes across the threshold of the twentieth century, we decided to be, one a man of science, the other a man of letters, and both famous beyond the dreams of young ambition.

Roy's decision did not quite meet Mrs. Staunton's views. The very vagueness of the term 'man of science' was in ill accordance, with the clearness of her ambition. When Roy repeated to her what he had so often told me at school, that he would be either an astronomer or an inventor—or both—the little lady did not rest content with this affirmation. An astronomer meant a star gazer—at best a fruitless employment! And as for an inventor—well, the glory of this career depended on the object invented, which might be anything, from aerial navigation down to a patent boot fastener. So she gently remonstrated with her too clever son—to thwart his wishes was out of the question—and begged him to decide for one of those well defined professions wherein, so at least the little lady imagined, Fame and Fortune were the certain prize of every clever candidate. But Roy wisely chose a middle course. With his mother's favourite, the Bar, he would not be reconciled, but resolved to become an engineer, like his father, and do his utmost to earn a competence in this career; at the same time he would complete his scientific knowledge and slowly win his way to the distant plane of great discoveries.

Those days spent with Roy in his beautiful Jersey island were the happiest I had known since my sunny childhood in India, when I roamed at will, from our garden on the hillside, into the wilderness of pine woods beyond. Strolling from morning to night, Roy and I, on the beach or over the cliffs—day-dreaming in the valleys where at setting sun, the merry troupe of dairy maids came a-milking in the pastures—exploring on stormy days the mysterious recesses of the Trou du Diable, that giant's funnel of black granite, with only the sky above and the seething sea below—in calm weather cruising around the lovely Baie de Bonne Nuit, where heather-covered downs descend in purple glory to the sea, our life passed as passes a happy dream of mid-summer. We were both at the ideal age for perfect enjoyment of nature—the happy age

when the Spring time enters our very souls, and there is less of April in the breeze than in our own hearts—when as yet no discordant note jars in the great symphony of Life.

Sometimes, but rarely, we were accompanied in our walks by Roy's sister, twelve-year-old little Estrella. She was a shy, uninteresting child—so at least I judged her from the height of my fifteen summers—pale, with light brown hair and large grey eyes; an effaced copy of her elder brother.

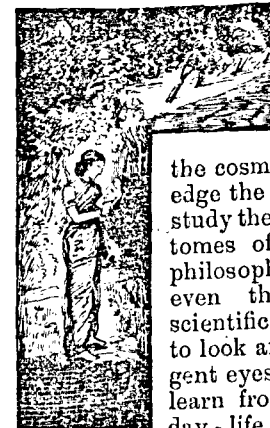
My opinion of girls in general had hitherto been an altogether unfavourable one, and as I had never met any, this opinion appeared to be based on the solid foundation of intuitive knowledge. My acquaintance with little Estrella, the child who hardly left her mother's side and seemed afraid of all our games, was not likely to make me reverse my judgment. Perhaps, unconsciously, was I jealous of Roy's undoubted attachment to this little sister of his; on her side she, perhaps quite as unconsciously, resented my presence as an intrusion into the family circle, an interruption to the delightful intimacies of former holidays, when she had had her brother all to herself. Be that as it may, I rarely passed under the fuchsia-covered porch of Estrella Lodge without thinking it a pity that so pleasant a home should have been named after so insignificant a little bit of humanity.

The time was to come when this opinion would have changed with many others. But what would be the use of opinions, if we could not change them, like clothes, at all the seasons of our life-time?

Woman's Redemption.

PART I.

By FRANCES SWINEY.



flower, the lower animals, the strain and the

If we would understand the women question, we must have some knowledge of the universal law governing the cosmos. And for this knowledge the student has no need to study the far-distant spheres, the tomes of ancient history, the philosophies of the sages, or even the latest marvels of scientific discovery; he has only to look around him with intelligent eyes, to mark, observe and learn from the things of every day-life, from the humble

stress, the joy, the love and the sorrow of his own individual experience. And above and beyond all to know himself; to turn the lamp of enquiry inwards and to ask, "Why am I? What am I? How do these things affect me?" And if the enquirer is in earnest, if he be true to himself, he will have to acknowledge at the outset the limitation of his personal introspection, and the stunted growth of his own individual consciousness. Now Consciousness is Life. The words are synonymous. In the exact proportion to which a person responds to the universal consciousness, which is the Life of the whole, so his own vital experience is the fuller, the richer, the higher and the purer. His sympathies are enlarged, his mental view expands, one chord after another is added to the Harp of Life, and his consciousness vibrates as the Infinite Consciousness pulsates through the universe. And he discovers that the capacity of the unit to respond depends upon its respective faculties and functions. Functions on the material, physical plane, faculties on the intellectual and spiritual, develop in complexity as the organism rises in the scale of evolution; and obviously the higher organism is that which by its complexity of mechanism, and through its greater susceptibility to the influence of cosmic vibrations, is able to employ most efficiently means to use, and use as means of development.

Now, commencing with the increasing pulsation of consciousness in the organic world, though it faintly throbs through the whole of the so-called inorganic, we find the lowest organisms entirely feminine in substance, function and faculty. The unicellular molecule is the mother-cell; the cell-soul is the universal gestating spirit of the All-Mother. It is no hyperbole to say "Mother-Earth," for the rocks that guard the shore, and form the vast beds of ocean depths are mostly composed of the remains of mother and daughter animalculæ, fragile, infinitesimal, yet possessing in their materiality, an inherent indestructibility, that defies time itself and the cataclysms of the ages. Rising higher in development, we find the mother-organism, as she evolves greater powers and greater nerve susceptibility, also developing within herself, two differentiated bodies, the daughter and the son. The daughter fully equipped with complex organs for reproduction, the son stunted in growth and function, but possessing as a rule, increased motive power. We thus gather that differentiated maleness and femaleness is a stage of organic development, though both proceed from a purely feminine source, and are but two parts of one sex, the female. The male is contained in the female, and proceeds from her. The female is gradually developed in the male. But in the phase of his manifestation he does

her work, until he has attained to the complete feminine nature that includes the masculine. To substantiate this truth, this oneness of sex, biological research has lately discovered several species of animals in which the male develops into the female, as in the starfish (*Asteria gibbosa*) and the *Myzostomata*. But there is no instance in which the female has through atrophy of function become male, for nature does not retrogress. Moreover a study of the animal world shows us that the aim of the maternal organism has been, primarily, the development of the son to the same stage as itself. And more. For the son on the material plane has brought forth to be ultimately the manifestor of the mother—to be the objective reflection of the subjective maternal creative Power. And as the evolution of the male proceeded we find that in physical characteristics the male often excels the female, in brightness and beauty of plumage, in strength and swiftness of limb and in the tone and harmony of voice and song. But it is for his mate the male sings, and for her defence he is made strong. For her also he displays his brilliant colouring, his beauty of form, his prowess and his feats of valour. For with these gifts that he had derived from the inherent creative powers of the mother, he had in turn indelibly to impress the susceptible consciousness of his mate, in order that newly developed traits might become a fixed or hereditary characteristic of the species. He was the demonstrator of subtle changes; he was the chosen medium for their transmission as racial features by means of the sense organs. For, we must remember that susceptibility is the capacity to respond to outward excitation; and the male has to reflect back to its source that which has been developed in him. Thus were stereotyped all the marked distinctions of fur and feather, of form and colour, of call and song, that make the varied beauty of the animal creation.

When the evolutionary force reaches the human plane the dual differentiation of the one, assumes a still more complex aspect. The female still excels the male by the possession of the two complicated and exquisitely sensitive functional organs of the superior maternal system; while the male has developed on lines more particularly designated masculine, though in him are the rudimentary organs of the female in a stage of higher development than in any other species of the mammalia. Besides the woman has endowed the man with greater susceptibility than in any other male organism, with intellectual gifts born of her intuition, with greater capacities for self-development, with higher psychic force, with a consciousness responsive to the hidden wisdom of the spheres. For only through the woman could this wisdom

come. As we read in the "*Vishnu Sarma*," "Every book of knowledge known to Oosana or Vreehaspatē is by nature implanted in the understanding of women." "Women as most susceptible are the best index of the coming hour," says Emerson. "Woman in all departments of life is the saviour of man, ... woman, being on the whole, more refined, more submissive and intuitional than man, is also more receptive for the germ of true spirituality," wrote in ages past the great mystic Jacob Boehme. And further back still, forestalling modern research, comes the voice of Paracelsus declaring that males and females are not equals. They are constituted very differently from each other, for woman is the spiritual power of humanity, and is therefore of a nobler and more refined kind of matter. These statements being borne out by recent scientific investigations, which show that the blood of woman contains a much larger proportion of the nobler white corpuscles, tending to render them relatively more immune from disease than men; giving them greater recuperative powers, and conducing to the well-known longevity of the female organism. But when we study brain-power we are confronted with the most positive proof of women's superiority. For research up to date, appears to discard both weight and size as possible standards of brain-power, in both of which tests, let me remark, women, judged by relative measure, come out triumphant, but considers, that just as the brain is the medium by which all consciousness is transmitted to the various parts of the organism, so it is the reflector of all impressions from without, and therefore the finer the nervous surface of the brain, the higher is its receptive and conceptive quality. It is found that woman retains her normal senses with less amount of brain than man, hence the vast proportion of male idiots and imbeciles to female; and this fact points to a higher degree of quality in the female brain, because composed of a finer texture; a deduction in harmony with the recognised finer physique of her bodily frame and her higher psychological powers. For it is obvious that the organism most conscious of perception or most responsive through the complex nature of its protoplasm to excitation, is the one that receives the greater amount of cerebral impressions, either consciously or unconsciously, and having received them, has the most to transmit to its offspring. Just as the body is "a marvellous physiological automaton," of which the parts are made up gradually into an integral whole, due to a complex process of correlation,—the result of an intrinsic synthetic activity,—so are the various states of consciousness, rising from mere sense-experiences in the lower animals to the higher self-consciousness of man, the outcome of a selective,

determinate synthesis in psychic development. But it is evident that "the products of selective synthesis must be in harmony with the environment, if they are to exist and persist,"* be they molecules forming a crystal, or the cells building up a complex being; and in mental evolution there must be a similar determinate correlation of brain-molecules before certain phases of psychic activity can take place. The more delicate, subtle and intricate the physical synthesis of the organism, the greater would be its adaptability for the higher psychological evolution. Thus the feminine organism, in virtue of its natural inherent capacity for synthetic grouping of organic cells, would be consequently also most susceptible to external excitation, capable of developing, first—sense experience, and secondly—the higher perceptual and conceptual superstructure founded thereon. We therefore find the chief emotional states appearing primarily in greatest intensity in the maternal organism, such as love of offspring, fear of evil, courage in defence, sensitiveness to approach, modesty of demeanour, invention of resources, and adaptability to means. And the physical expressions and actions allied with these emotions, transmitted through generations to the offspring, are the foundation of many hereditary instincts, each cell, as it is formed in the embryo, being influenced by the complex impulse of the maternal organism. And as by logical deduction it is impossible to transmit what is not already contained potentially, the contents of the mother's capacity becomes the standard of the offspring's efficiency. For it is this psychology of the mother, that whether consciously or unconsciously exercised, impresses itself on the embryo, and tends to the formation of anabolic or katabolic cells. A thing is the result of a thought. I cannot emphasise this truth too often. It is an idea, a psychic impulse, emanating from the brain, be it that of a snail or a Shakespeare, that directs the form of a cell; hence it is that impressions of the present determine the development of a growing organism. The female transmits hereditary traits which are already synthesised in her metabolism; but the traits, extraneous to and foreign to her own organism, are only developed in her offspring, through impressions from without acting upon her psychic nature. The highly developed organs of song in many species of birds are, as Darwin admits, the outcome of selection on the part of the female. The same law holds good with the transmission of brilliant colouring; for, quoting Darwin, "we ought not to feel too sure that the female does not attend

to each detail of beauty." "The male," writes Colin A. Scott in "*Sex and Art*," "shows less calculation or selection, and is below the female in merely intellectual ability." We therefore find that from women, as from the female of the lower species, has proceeded all the industrial aesthetic and social instincts, due to prolonged habit becoming racially inherent. We also find the chief emotional states accentuated in greater intensity in woman, such as love of children, devotion, self-sacrifice, patience, endurance, defensive courage, and adherence to duty. And these traits are in varying degrees transmitted to the offspring, the son being pre-eminently the manifestor, the demonstrator of the mother—for he has, through the transitory changes of this mortal life, to be the objective sign of a higher evolution. Thus in a sense, few have yet realised, if by man, i.e., the male katabolic element came change, decay and death, so truly redemption is alone possible through the son. For he is the reflector of the mother, and the gauge of her insufficiency. Just as no nation ever rises above the level of its women, so no man can rise in the scale of the higher humanity until he can reflect back for future transmission the light he has received. His consciousness must respond to the fuller, deeper, more spiritual consciousness of true womanhood. And as woman toils painfully up the long dreary ascent of the human race, whatever the mother is so more or less is the son, and, by the law of attraction and correspondence both accentuate the virtues and vices of the other. This fact is plainly demonstrated by a brief survey of historical records.

PART II.

Take India, for example. In the archaic ages the position of women was in every respect very superior to that existing at the present day. They were free, responsible, highly educated, full of dignity and courage, independent, self-controlled, self-reverent, unhampered by base restrictions, uncrushed by inhuman laws. With what result? There were giants in those days, men of supreme intellectuality, philosophers, sages, seers, such as the world has never again seen; warrior-chiefs, mighty men of valour, kings of the fore-time, rulers of a noble race, holy priests and priestesses of the Deity, inventors and builders, artisans and artificers, whose works stand to this day, grand monuments of a great people, splendid remnants of a departed splendour. The mothers of that far-off-time brought forth sons, who called them blessed among women, for born of the free, they were under slavery to no man. Time and space will not allow to follow the

* "Introduction to Comparative Psychology." Professor LLOYD-MORGAN, p. 352.

* "The Descent of Man," p. 412.

steps of woman's subsequent subjection, degradation and enslavement, and the consequent evil results. We can only look upon the effects to-day of that fatal retrogression in the path of progress, and ask, is the man of modern India content with his status, with his physical and mental capacities? By the irrevocable law of cause and effect, he can trace in himself, the outcome of the enforced bondage and degradation of his mother. The fruit of immaturity he is himself undeveloped, physically and intellectually. For though inherent in him is the grand heritage of the wisdom of the ages, he lacks the courage, the initiative, the self-confidence to act upon the convictions that lie dormant in a stagnant soul. Heir to the world's thought, he has lost the synthetic power of putting it in action. He can dream, not do. He can promise, but the energy is wanting to fulfil. Why? "Look to the pit from which ye were digged, and to the womb that bare you." If the tree is known by its fruit, the fruit is equally traceable to the parent trunk. The shrinking horror of the child-wife, the tortured frame of the child-mother, the irresponsibility of slavery, the bigotry of tyranny, the selfishness of stunted consciousness, the garrulity of ignorance, the petty deceptions of aimless revolt, the triviality of limitation, the stereotyped boundary of hope, the dishonesty of enforced submission, the stagnation of apathetic endurance, the deadening influence of inherited despair, are in all their fateful significance reflected in the modern characteristics of the male-representatives of the Indo-Aryan race. For again I repeat, the son is the manifestor of the development of the mother. By no sophistry can he escape the Nemesis of an immutable law, the result of environment, "the impact of impressed forces." In a vicious circle, the degradation of the motherhood of the nation acts and re-acts on every phase of human consciousness.

The child in the deepest sense is the outcome of Thoughts. What the mother thinks, what she feels, and what she sees and hears is indelibly impressed upon the growing embryo. The germ-plasm contains the distinctive racial traits, the subsequent formative development is exclusively in the power of the mother. Hence no man can trace his gifts of genius to any other source than his mother, as "the lives of great men all remind us." "More depends upon pre-natal, than upon ante-natal conditions," is the burden of Bayer's thesis "Maternal Impressions." "The mother has it in her power to endow her offspring with a good constitution, a vigorous intellect, and good morals. She can modify them at will...The surroundings of the mother have much to do with the results, that is, the effect which her environment has upon

her prospective child;...as she is at that time, so her child will be...As the mind of the mother is at the time the brain structure of the child is being formed, so will the child be...You cannot teach a man that which is good unless his brains are properly constructed, and that must be done before birth."*

Thus the child, female or male, represents the standard attained by the mother, and is the materialised attempt to synthesise her ideal, when she rises in some measure to a realisation of her creative powers. On the other hand, when the child falls below the mark, it is the embodiment of her own deficiency. With this new light cast upon the development of the human race it is easier to understand the various chapters of man's history. Thus we see that, with the female of the lower species, the human mother desired strength in her son, the power to protect and to surmount difficulties; and therefore she produced heroes and men of valour, chiefs, conquerors, autocrats, emperors, kings. Her ideal was objective Force. But as her imagination developed in a deeper consciousness, the man of the sword gave place to the man of intellect, the seer and the prophet, the artist, the sculptor, the poet, philosopher and martyr. As she questioned of things, their origin and significance, the why and the wherefore of life's mysteries, the doubters, materialists, agnostics, scientists, inventors and mechanics multiplied. Then as her fuller consciousness born of experience developed, the philanthropist, the humanitarian, the peace-lover, the reformer, the faith-healer, the spiritualist, the idealist, in a word, the best of human kind is evolved in both men and women. And here, so as to avoid all fear of misrepresentation and misunderstanding, I cannot emphasize too strongly the following truth, viz., that, though on the physical plane in virtue of her complex functions, woman is the superior organism, and in the psychic plane, the feminine ideal is the higher, in the present stage of human development both woman and man are far removed from the standard of the Great To-be; and individual women and men only arrive at an approximate elevation above the mass as they become more responsive to the supreme consciousness. This attitude is reached by the human soul that in the cycles of its life's experiences expands most freely to the light, and through strain and stress, through suffering and abnegation, struggles towards the fulness of Wisdom. Also it is clear that if the potter moulding the vessel is stinted in material, the vessel falls short of certain requisite qualities. Therefore the soul in its progression is retarded by the barriers of maternal limitation, and the

* "Maternal Impressions." Bayer, U.S., p. 112.

son is a crippled worker, an inefficient manifestor. Yet throughout the long ages of endless failures, the mother has instinctively realised the supreme truth that during this period of probation, redemption and salvation depend upon the son. For every soul has to go through the experience of the masculine phase, to be proved and tried in the objective or outer plane of the male, ere it enters on the subjective or inner sphere of the woman. It is tried in the things of sense, before it can attain to the things of the spirit. It creates in the grosser forms of matter, before it can aspire to the mysterious reproduction of a living soul. And thus it is that mostly, all outward visible activity is centred in men, for, in the words of the old Gnostic seers, the male element is the Workman, the Prince of this world, the time-spirit, the world-fabricator, striving on this lower material plane to copy the timeless and invisible nature of Eternity. "So he represented Eternity in times and seasons, and numbers of many years, thinking by a manifold number of times to imitate its infinitude."*

"For (they the spirits of Wisdom) say that the workman knows nothing at all, but is, according to them, mindless and foolish, and knows not really what he does or works. Owing to his ignorance Wisdom energised and strengthened for him every thing he made, and, though it was she who had done so, he imagined it was himself who had of himself achieved the fabrication of the universe; and so he began to say, 'I am God, and besides me there is no other.'"

Thus graphically is described the apotheosis of the male element, and consequently of the male organism: for the crude and elementary consciousness of humanity worshipped the objective embodiment of the subjective intuition and inspiration as the real instead of as the reflection. Yet the soul's future development is dependent on the degree of consciousness it acquires during its sojourn in the male organism. To the extent that it vibrates to the manifold harmonies of the universe, responds to the stricken chords of human life, suffers with those who suffer, is glad with those who rejoice, weeps with those who weep, is compassionate, loving, pitiful and unselfish, so it enters on the higher or lower plane of womanhood in the ascending scale of experience. For just as Christ said "ye must be born again," so he gave sentence, "With whatsoever measure ye mete, it shall be measured unto you again;" and therein is contained the Nemesis of masculine arrogance in subordinating the female half of the human race to an usurped authority. Whatsoever man has made woman suffer, he must himself undergo in the cycle of life experience, when he in

* "Fragments of a Faith Forgotten." Mead, p. 379.

† Ibid., p. 250.

turn, enters the woman plane. How long it is asked, will women suffer in India, in China, in Africa, in Europe, in America? So long as there are sons born unto them who despise, degrade and torture womanhood. As men have sown, so will they also surely reap; and the soul in its travail must drink to the dregs the self-imposed cup of its humiliation, and learn its lesson of conscious individual experience in the like organism that through it has suffered most distress of mind and body.

This personal evolution of the race explains many mysteries otherwise inexplicable. We understand, by this hypothesis, why all over the world there are thousands of men arising, working heart and soul for the elevation of women; who regard the emancipation of women as the object of first and supremest importance in the future progress of humanity. These are men, the sons of mothers of advanced thoughts, women who have in spirit, if not materially, broken the bonds of narrow conventionalism and enslaving superstition, and have transmitted their sense of new-born freedom to their sons with an enlightened understanding of things outside the normal masculine perception. Another remarkable sign of the time must be noticed. The number of women is rapidly increasing all over the world. The women among the most civilised nations are outstripping the men in stature, in physique, in culture; and moreover in the few years in which they have had equal educational opportunities with men, a woman often heads the list of honours. It is physical, mental and spiritual suicide on the part of men to handicap the evolution of the true woman, for by so doing they retard by aeons their own development, the growth of the woman soul in them "that leadeth them upward and on." "Humanity, physically, and morally," follows the steps of the woman," says F. J. Gould. Gradually mankind is being raised from the grossly material plane to the psychic in preparation for the spiritual, wherein the true human will attain perfection. And the path of the Divine Procession is plainly demonstrated in the natural Law, in the order maintained throughout the phenomena of Nature, where the things seen are the foreshadowing of the things invisible. The first pulsation of the life is feminine, the Fulness of Life is oneness with the Eternal Creative Principle which is feminine, the Divine Consciousness that has known and suffered all.

And this sublime truth is revealed in the beautiful Allegory of the Archaic past, wherein it is said the Gods would witness the supreme power of the Divinity and see Him face to face; and they severally went out to seek Him. And the God of Force heard a voice say "Pick up that straw,"

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Old Father Christmas and his Message of Love.

'Twas Christmas morning early, and the air was cold and clear,
 A distant sound of sledge bells came still nearer and more near,
 "Good morning," cried a cheery voice: "I've come a long long way,"
 And there stood Father Christmas, and the Children stopped their play
 To gaze up at his kind old face and holly-crowned hair,
 A big box strapped upon his back all filled with presents rare—
 They cried "Oh Father Christmas, we're so glad to see you here,
 "You've been away so very long, we half began to fear
 "You nearly had forgotten us"—"Oh that I never do"—
 Said good Old Father Christmas—"I'm far too fond of you,
 "See here within my Christmas Box I've brought a gift for each"
 And playfully he held the gifts within the Children's reach—
 One got a doll, and one a book, and one a box of bricks
 Another got a tiny dog, well-trained to funny tricks—
 The good Old Father Christmas stood and watched them with a smile
 And after all the little ones had viewed their gifts awhile,
 "Now then—my little girls and boys—there's something else," said he,
 "A message that the King of Love has sent to you through me
 "The King, who once an infant lay in Bethlehem's lowly shed,
 "While angels sang His Birthday song in joyous throng o'erhead,
 "The King, He bids me say to you on this His Birthday morn,
 "Remember now His subjects poor—the suffering and forlorn;
 My Christmas Box is empty now—so fill it girls and boys
 With woollies, scrap-books, pictures, dolls, and even broken toys,
 "For other little girls and boys who never have your fun,
 "And cannot welcome me to-day as you, my dears, have done.
 "Oh children dear—the world is wide, and though some hearts are kind,
 "Yet some, alas! are hard, and there no sympathy I find
 "Sometimes indeed from rich men's doors I'm sternly told to go"—
 —"Nay, nay, dear Father Christmas, nay, we'll never treat you so—"
 And soon the empty Christmas Box was full as it could hold
 With play things and with useful gifts, with garments new and old.
 Then Father Christmas shook his reins—the sledge was off once more,
 The Children watched it out of sight from their wide-open door,
 And sweet the sledge-bells tinkled, till they seemed afar to ring
 "Peace—Peace on Earth, Good-will towards Men—and Glory to the King!"—

WILLOW WAND.

Continued from page 171.

and he essayed and could not; but he knew he was in the presence of the Almighty. And the God of the Winds heard a voice say, "Blow away that straw," and he essayed and could not; then he knew he was before the Almighty. Then the God of the Waters heard the voice "Drown that straw" and he could not, then he recognised the Almighty Power. And the God of Fire heard the voice, "Burn that straw." But lo! though it burnt, its weight was the same, and its component parts were indestructible. Then he fell and worshipped the Unseen. And the voice said, "Under yonder tree shall ye see my Likeness, but Me ye cannot see." And the Gods went, and behold under the tree stood a beautiful maiden; and she was the Image of God.

In the first book of Esdras it is written, "Women are strongest; but above all things truth beareth away the victory *...O ye men, it is not the great king, nor the multitude of men, neither is it wine, that excelleth; who is it then that ruleth them, or hath the lordship over them? are they not women? Women have borne the king and all the people that bear rule by sea and land. Even of them come they....., and without women cannot men be...A man leaveth his own father that brought him up, and his own country, and cleaveth unto his wife... By this also ye must know that women have dominion over you: do ye not labour and toil, and give and bring all to the women?...O ye men, are not women strong?" But the truth that is personified in the ideal woman is strongest of all; for "she is the strength, kingdom, power, and majesty of all ages." And it is Truth, revealed by knowledge, by the growing consciousness of the human soul, that shall in the end prevail.

H. Russell Swiney

The value of the work done by Lady Dufferin in India in organising a medical service for the zenanas has long been gratefully acknowledged in that country, and it is good news to hear that a similar work is being initiated by the French Government in Algeria. The native women, who are prevented by their social customs from going to ordinary doctors, will now be able to consult, free of charge, qualified medical women. A dispensary has already been opened at Algiers, and it is proposed by the Government to establish a woman doctor in every village where there is a sufficiently large native population.

* 1 Esdras III. 12; IV. 14; 40.

Christmas Cards, Their Origin and Manufacture.



BEFORE the introduction of the Christmas Cards, the greetings of the season were written to dear and distant friends on old-world note paper with pinked-out edges, and to render the kind wishes appropriate a little robin was printed at the top of the paper, surrounded by a wreath of holly and suitable words of greeting.

The inventor of the Christmas card in England was Sir Henry Cole. He found that he had to write too many letters at the festive season, and in 1846 he suggested that Mr. J. C. Horsley, R. A., should design a card with appropriate greeting which should be sent round to all his friends.

A year earlier a similar idea had been carried out by a Scotch engraver. This card showed a laughing figure-head set round with the words, "A guid New Year, an' mony o' theff."

Though the introduction of the Christmas cards thus dates back a little more than a half century, the fashion of sending out these pretty greetings did not take a firm hold on the public till about 25 years ago.

Occasional designs were published (such as the French gelatine cards and cards with fluted gilt edges), the obvious idea in these cards being to make them allusive rather than artistic. The exquisite floral design, the summer idyl and the quaint conceit, which finds favour at the present time, would certainly have been deemed inappropriate in those days.

Gradually the Christmas card grew to be a thing of beauty and joy for ever. Scriptural and illuminated, then figures and flowers, landscapes and pretty scenes, came to be recognised as suitable for presentment on the cards of greeting. Every year the designs excel those that have gone before.

It is astonishing to realise how many stages the Christmas cards must pass through before it is on the market. Naturally the first thing is to procure a suitable design which is the most costly item. An ordinary design fetches about three guineas.

The majority of designers are women artists. The studio is occupied by a permanent staff of young ladies whose work is to execute hand painted cards and to remodel and produce designs. The earnings here average from ten shillings to three guineas a week. When a

even struck in their presence? They never ask her opinion on a subject, and she would never dream of forming one. And she does not complain—She accepts the inevitable submissively—and when she is mother-in-law in her sons' homes, she will treat their wives, as she has been dealt with—and verily there is no tyrant like the one who has herself been tyrannized over.

With regard to her husband, she is perhaps not so quiescent. Deep down in her heart there is a wistful longing, never expressed but always there, that she might be consulted, her opinion asked, her sympathy sought for. Yet all the time she is miserably conscious she has no advice to offer, no help to give, even should it be sought. The untrained, uneducated mind is just awakened enough to know this, and the result is a dumb resentful, but utterly futile protest against her fate. I have given only the negative side of the picture. There is the positive one, the one that makes the Zenana the last place a man would turn to in order to find rest and quiet. The Zenana with its petty jealousies, petty strifes, ceaseless gossip, unending turmoil. These are the things that rob a man of his respect for women in India.

But you shall not blame her, gentlemen! Given the same chances as the Western, the Oriental woman has proved herself indisputably her equal in every womanly virtue. Treat her like a doll; and she behaves like a doll, and is only a degree less inane: treat her like a spoilt child, and she behaves like a spoilt child, and renders your life a burden; but treat her like a good and noble woman (with all that means) and she behaves like one, and verily, there is no more beautiful thing on this side Paradise—I've heard it said! No! No! you shall not blame her for that dark Zenana where the light of knowledge cannot penetrate—for your own hands have drawn the blinds, your own fingers locked the prison doors, where woman has been incarcerated for centuries. Nor must you blame her that her judgment has been dwarfed, her decision weakened, her powers of perception blinded through the long years.

Nor yet again that she is a bundle of superstition, and that her life is spent in terror of evil spirits and satanic influences generally. She is not to be blamed, when you turn homewards at eventide after a hard day of toil that instead of finding a counsellor and friend, you are yourself made the recipient of a long list of petty, not to say frivolous, complaints.

When, instead of seeing your little children being trained and nurtured with all the tender care that such delicate human plants need, you find the child-mother has less idea of their management than the servant she keeps to look

after them. That she either spoils them by over-indulgence, or crushes their spirit by undue severity; that all your efforts at disciplining them are rendered futile by the fact that she teaches them deception, in order to avoid the pain of seeing them punished.

Poor little untrained mother; poor little untrained children! Little blurred human scrawls blotted all over with other people's mistakes! Methinks the very angels of God must cease their worship to weep over you!

Oh, you father, are you not primarily responsible for the fact that when your little son, that son who was the apple of your eye, lay a-dying—his little fevered hands beating wildly on the coverlet, the curly head tossing restlessly to and fro on the pillow, she, whose divine mission it was to alleviate the suffering, knew positively nothing of the remedies that a school-girl would fly to, almost instinctively in the West.

Nay moreover, was it not due to her ignorant mistakes in carrying out the doctor's orders, that the medicines proved ineffective, and that the disease baffled the best medical skill.

It was an old Greek philosopher who said: "There is only one good, namely Knowledge, and only one evil, namely Ignorance"—and how great an evil this is, I leave you to say.

What grander duty can a woman have than to prompt man to noble action, and yet were it not unchivalrous you would be obliged to confess, that some of the actions you most regret in life have been due to the influence of the women folk who live on a lower plane, morally and intellectually than yourself, and to gain whose approbation you sank your ideals, violated your principles, repudiated your vows—in short, were untrue to your better nature.

You complain that you are helpless to effect reform in your community, because of the opposition of the women, and everyone here is aware that the greatest strangler of all reform in India is the old grand-mother—well are you not raising another set of opposers in the new generation, by neglecting to educate your girls. Is reform never to begin? Are we to perpetuate an evil that makes India a by-word with other nations?

Bear with me, my brothers, I am not speaking as an outsider. I am pleading for my sisters, the gentlest, meekest, most neglected in the civilized world, save those in China. They cannot plead for themselves, and I am here to do it for them, in the name of womanhood.

It is not a personal question, but a national one, and you have no right to decide it personally. The national progress is bound up in it. Indeed, there can be no national progress, so long as this evil exists.

"The foundation of a state is the education of its youth," says Dionysius—I would go a step further and say "The foundation of a state is the education of its women." Mr. A. O. Hume in a letter to Mr. Malabari said:

"Nations in the long run always get precisely as good a Government as they deserve, and no nominal political enfranchisement will, in practice, prove more than a change of evils, unless such an advance has simultaneously or antecedently been made along those other lines as shall render the country qualified to assimilate its improved political status.

"Political reformers of all shades of opinion should never forget that unless the elevation of the female element of the nation proceeds *pari passu* with their work, all their labour for the political enfranchisement of the country will prove vain."

But there are nearer issues at stake than political and national.

Dr. Duncan at the Madras Convocation in 1891 said "If there be any truth in the belief that intellectual endowments take more after the mother; than the father, the question becomes all the more serious. The child of parents possessing well developed bodies and minds begins life with faculties and capacities, which in proper conditions, and in due course grow up to the maturity of manhood or womanhood. Not so with the offspring of a mother whose faculties are infantile and undeveloped. The mental development of the child is speedily arrested, the faculties retaining to the last the inherent weakness of their maternal source, a weakness which will prevent them from ever growing into a vigorous maturity. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Can the plenitude of intellect and moral power be reaped as an inheritance from a mother, perhaps a child-mother, whose faculties have lain dormant, or if at all roused to activity, have been arrested in their development almost at the outset? For the sake of posterity," said he in conclusion, "I entreat you to do what you can to remove one of the greatest blots on your social system."

Oh, the pity, that other nations have to entreat us to give to our women what is their birthright! Think too, my friends, how posterity will rise up to curse us because we have deliberately fettered it by leaving half this generation uneducated!

Remember "a nation rises no higher than its mothers." Do you think this too strong a statement? Here a still stronger.

"All the trophies of the ages,
Are from mother-love imperaled.

For the hand that rocks the cradle,
Is the hand that rocks the world."

Indeed, you are checking your own flight when you do not educate the women. Trying to mount so to speak on one wing.

For
"The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink;
Together, dwarfed or odlike, bond or free:
If she be small, slight natured, miserable,
how shall men grow?"

I am aware that I am no herald of a new truth. For the past quarter of a century Female Education has been the topic of essays, discussions, pamphlets. But iteration is next to inspiration, and I wish to add my voice to the many that urge insistently and eternally "Do noble deeds, don't dream them all day long."

Again looking at things from an altruistic point of view, think how we are robbing the world of the ministry of woman—ministry that can only be performed by her.

Ah! would that you could see the noble women I have seen in the West, walking white-robed and spotless through the world, brightening sad lives, lifting heavy burdens, taking their place in the world of the wronged, of the oppressed, of outcast babes, and of lives lost in ways unutterably worse than death: women at whose coming sorrow and darkness and sin take flight, at whose advent the desolate look up in hope; the drunkard hangs his head abashed, and wishes he were a nobler man. Ah, if you could see these angel ministers, as I have, telling of hope and comfort to the captives in prison: women in short who wield over fallen lives a power purer than the air of heaven; stronger than the seas of earth! And if you could turn your gaze homewards again and contrast our women's cramped and dwarfed lives bounded only by the narrow horizon of the Zenana with these, you would feel as I do, that the world—our sad world of India, is the poorer, because our women have never been trained to do the work in it that surely God has sent them here to do—that women of other lands have to come to do, because these have not realised what their divine mission on earth is!

I do not recommend any sweeping change. I do not think we are ready for it yet, but I believe that you must begin straight away to educate your girls.

Hardly a month ago I was pleading with a Mahomedan father to send his little ten-year old daughter back to school. "She is so clever"! I urged as an additional reason for her continuing her studies. "That is just it," cried he in alarm. "It is because she is so clever, and we do not know what harm she may do with the knowledge she acquires"! It was useless to

standing the cause of her rejection, Uma, "divided from herself and her fair judgment," as Mrs. Jameson says, is like "the poor dove, beating with weary wing, bewildered around the storm."

But she has the perseverance and the undauntedness of love, for she sets about trying to win Siva's love; but only in an indirect way, through penance, for

"Penance must aid her now—or how can she
Win the cold heart of that stern deity?
Penance, long penance: for that power alone
Can make such love, so high a Lord, her own."

It says much for the purity and constancy of Uma's love, as well as for the high ideal of it, that she should adopt such a difficult course to attain the object of that love. And her will too must have been a strong one. It is not light penance she does:

"But far too mild her penance, Uma thought,
To win from heaven the lordly meed she sought,
She would not spare her form so fair and frail,
• If sterner penance could perchance prevail."

Doing good for the sake of reward is not right; and Uma's penance might seem selfish and self-seeking; in addition to this, many would prefer active well-doing, in a time of probation, to passive enduring. But Uma is not thinking of doing good; she is trying to prepare herself for her great lover; and, after all, until one is good oneself one cannot reform the world. But this is beyond the point. Like Hermione then, in her majestic dignity of patience, and Imogen in her wifely dignity of constancy, Uma waits for the man of her choice to turn to her; and, come to her, he does.

Some time after she had begun her penance, a hermit pays a visit to Uma's sanctuary, and tries to turn her from her purpose.

"Purest of motives, Duty leads thy heart:
Pleasure and gain therein may claim no part.
Fain, lovely Uma, would a Brahman learn
What noble guerdon would thy penance earn,
Say, art thou toiling for a second birth,
Where dwells the great Creator? O'er the earth
Resistless sway? or fair as Beauty's Queen,
Peerless, immortal, shall thy form be seen?"

He tries to dissuade her by depreciating the god and representing the troubles of the life she would have to share; for Siva's is no pleasant existence.

"Even his presence bringeth care and woe.
And wouldst thou still a second time prepare
The sorrows of his fearful life to share?"

But all in vain. Uma remains nobly true to her love, and vindicates her lord:

"But cease these idle words; though all be true,
His failings many and his virtues few,
Still clings my heart to him, its chosen lord,
Nor fails, nor falters at thy treacherous word."

It is ever thus; when the true heart is once fixed, when it has once found its mate, it will remain true for ever; and, however harsh the outward shell may seem, to the eyes of true love, the lovely inside pearl is ever laid bare, and appreciated. Desdemona never swerved in her choice of her harsh Moor, though her own father repudiated her for her choice. So Uma sees the great heart of the god beneath his harsh outward garb:

"How couldst thou tell aright
Of one like Siva, perfect, infinite?
Say who is greater, he who strives for power,
Or he who succours in misfortune's hour?
Refuge of worlds, O how should he deign
To look on men enslaved to partly gain?
The spring of wealth himself, he careth nought
For the vile treasures that mankind have sought."

She might well have echoed Imogen's brave words in defence of Posthumus:

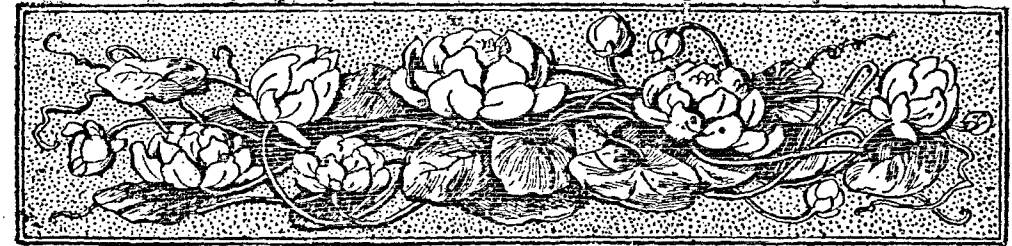
"Away! I do condemn mine ears that have
So long attended thee,
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour."

But, unconsciously to Uma herself, her warm defence of her lover, has done her good service; for the hermit, who has been talking against Siva, is none other than Siva himself; and what is more, her love is returned as warmly as hers is given:

"O gentle maiden, wise and true of soul,
Lo, now I bend beneath thy sweet control.
Won by thy penance, and thy holy vows,
Thy willing slave Siva before thee bows."

What need to tell more of Uma's story? All is well that ends well; and it is not necessary, for the elucidation of Uma's character, to relate that she was at last wedded to the god.

That she was pure, innocent, patient, courageous, constant and true, has already been shown; and, if she deserved happiness, what is more necessary to ensure happiness than such a character; for, even if her future life had been bleak and loveless, as happily it was not, her sweet disposition was such that it would have gleaned happiness from sorrows as well as from joys.



THE SACRED LOTUS.

[BY MRS. L. J. PARBURY.]



THE Lotus is now one of our national emblems, and is combined with the Rose, Thistle, and Shamrock.

The history of the lotus flower is a history of art. It was revered, almost worshipped by the ancient Egyptians, Indians, Japanese, Assyrians, and also in ancient Mexico.

This beautiful flower was generally cultivated and grew in abundance in their temple ponds or artificial lakes attached to the great temples. It is a most characteristic water plant with its large handsome blossoms and graceful leaves and buds.

Sir Edwin Arnold describes this beautiful plant: "Wandering through the country in the fierce heat of the mid-day sun, I stumbled unexpectedly on a bed of Lotus, and as I gazed for the first time on this lovely flower growing in black mud, as symbols of purity, as 'man of stainless honour in a wicked world' such exquisite tender colours, such perfection of form, such stately grace of growth, set round with mighty and shapely leaves, with their under-colouring pale blue, which seems in the sunlight to reflect the Heavens. It is no wonder that religion has placed the lotus on the highest pinnacle of its symbolism. The beautiful pencilling of the veins on the petals seems to have been a fount of inspiration for the old Buddhist artists. In the early morning the rising sun receives a royal salute of welcome from a hundred and one opening buds."

The Lotus is represented as an emblem of the Resurrection as it grows from a stagnant water and blooms afresh into beautiful life. There are, it is said, no less than eleven species of the Lotus Lily and of various colours. The blue Lotus was the national and religious emblem for ancient Egypt, and is often represented in the paintings in their tombs, with the Goddess

of Truth, also with Anu the High Priest, in Temple offerings.

The Egyptian Lotus grew abundantly in the fields inundated by the Nile. Many of the most ancient monuments and capitals represent the blue Lotus, for the Egyptians copied nature in their architecture and it was one of the first models for architecture amongst the ancient Egyptians.

Lotus capitals are to be seen in the Temples at THEBES, ESNEH, PHILÆ and KARNACK.

Miss Amelia Edwards writes:

"The Hall of the Temple of Karnack is photographed in some dark corner of my brain! for as long as I have memory, I shut my eyes, and see it as if I were there with its 134 columns. The Lotus capitals that jut out so high above my head look as if they might have been placed there to support the Heavens."

Truly does the ancient Egyptian architecture assert itself as the architecture of the world. The capitals are carved in full blown Lotus flowers and glow with undying colours; colours, that are still fresh, though laid on by hands that have been dust these three thousand years or more. It would take a dozen men to measure under the curved lips of those stupendous Lotus lily capitals, so massive is the architecture of ancient Egypt."

The Lotus has been the most revered flower in the world. The poets of India sang its praises, kings offered the Lotus to the gods, guests wore it at banquets. Architectural forms were modelled upon it. It was employed in the ornamentation of thrones: also for the decoration of mummies and offering to the dead. The Lotus is represented on almost every tomb and temple in Egypt. When the Royal coffins were opened at Thebes they were found filled with Lotus flowers deposited three centuries ago. They were in a wonderful state of preservation, so much so that the colours were actually still distinguishable. The mummies were covered with them, they were placed upon the head,

and chains of them were hung round the neck; lotus flowers were also stuck into the bandages.

The pink lotus was cultivated in the Nile as a food plant. The seeds resembling an acorn, are found inside the cup-shaped seed pod. These seeds were ground into flour and made into cakes, so that the Lotus provided food for the poor as well as adorning the banquets of the rich. The seeds of the Lotus were enclosed by the ancient Egyptians in a ball of clay or mud. Mixed with chopped straw, and cast into the Nile, in due season the beautiful plants appeared, to be shortly followed by buds, flowers, and seeds, from which practice the inspired writers enforce the duty of self-denying zeal and faith, "Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt find it after many days."

We have 26 letters in our alphabet, but the ancient Egyptians had over 2000 hieroglyphic signs, representing plants, trees, animals, birds, reptiles, musical instruments, ships, buildings, mathematical figures, celestial objects and the Lotus Lily. The Lotus was also very largely employed in Buddhist architecture and to this day ornaments the altars of Japan and Ceylon. Buddha is frequently represented seated upon a Lotus flower as a religious emblem, many of the drinking fountains at the temples in Japan are modelled from Lotus leaves.

The Lotus is the most famous flower in mythology and tradition. How often has the Lotus flower been a theme for poetry and song. Homer, Tennyson, and Moore have written beautifully on this subject. There are songs composed to the Lotus flower by Schumann, Rubinstein and Mendelssohn. It is said in the sacred book of Buddhism that the true theory of the Lotus is:—

"Out of the chaos of water rose a Lotus flower, and out of this flower rose the universe, unfolding successively its various spheres."

The idea then of the Buddhists is that the Lotus flower grows out of a hidden form beneath the water, rises up slowly and mysteriously, until it suddenly appears above the surface and unfolds its buds, leaves and petals in marvellous richness of colour and beauty of form. Thus also in the system of worlds, each single universe rises into being, growing out of a germ, and finally emerges out of chaos, gradually unfolding itself, one kingdom of Nature succeeding the other.

Sir Edwin Arnold tells us how Buddha wove the surrounding natural features into his teachings of the Buddhist system and philosophy and so the Lotus Lily became their religious emblem. We all know the high order of the Buddhist religion, that it is one of mercy and kindness. Amongst the virtues recommended by Buddha are, reverence to parents; care of the little children; gratitude, submission to authority, forgiving insults and not rewarding evil for evil. Again, as the Lotus was the religious and national emblem for ancient Egypt, and used in their Temple services, it is well to quote some of the wise sayings and proverbs of An the High Priest, written long before our commandments:

"Be hospitable to the stranger who is in thy house. He is thy guest."

"Do not remain sitting, when thy elder and thy superior is standing."

"Ill-treat not thine inferior, respect the aged."

"Ill-treat not thy wife, whose strength is less than thine, be thou her protector."

"Beware of giving pain by the words of thy mouth, make not thyself to be feared."

"Do not eat bread in the presence of one who stands and waits without putting forth thine hand towards the loaf for him."*

* Wilkinson's Ancient Egypt.

A DREAM

BY AN INDIAN LADY.



IN a beautiful garden walked a Jewish damsel. The garden was large and laid out with taste. In one place played a soft dreamy fountain, sprinkling sprays of crystal water on the ferns and flowers around it. The drops sparkled like diamonds as they lay on the delicate green fronds and velvety petals. Seats were arranged round the cascade at a distance and yet within sight and sound of the refreshing water, many a weary labourer or lonely and careworn wanderer rested there to enjoy the sweet stillness of the scene. There were shady arbours and inviting summerhouses in the various nooks and corners of the garden, and at one end of it was a river which flowed placidly along. In

some places along its banks, wide-spreading trees overhung it, and in others tall and graceful grasses grew profusely, affording suitable shelter to the water-fowl. Further on, white and pink water-lilies floated on its surface, and gleamed like stars in the sunshine. At a great distance a rustic bridge spanned it, and the moment it was crossed, one felt that one had come to a region where nature reigned supreme. There luxuriant vegetation grew everywhere; gigantic cypress and banian trees afforded protection from the sun, and made the hottest part of the day cool as the evening; and a carpet of moss and green turf, decked with the prettiest flowers, covered the ground, while vines and convolvulus creepers lovingly entwined themselves round the tall trunks of trees. It was a place for poets to dream in and compose their sonnets.

In such a garden was the Jewish maid wandering alone in the dewy morning. It was quite still then; no sound could be heard except the soft splashing of the fountain, the deep murmuring of the river and the sweet music of the countless little songsters in the trees overhead. She seemed to be in a reverie, and scarcely noticed the beautiful scene around her. The lovely flowers, which bent their heads towards her, were passed unheeded by until she came to the rustic bridge. She crossed it and, coming to a sheltered nook, threw herself on the grass, and lay deeply engrossed in thought. Gradually the lines on her brow disappeared, and she fell asleep, dreaming a wonderful dream. She dreamt she was wandering in the garden at an early hour. The sun had not risen, but the red glow in the east had heralded the approach of dawn. As she wandered, she felt she could see a look of gladness in every object around her. There was a balmy sweetness in the air, and the birds sang merrily among the trees. The flowers had never looked so beautiful:—that pink rose rivalled the blush of dawn; the lilies yonder appeared purer than the purest snow on the tops of the mountains; the lowly daisies lifted up their heads; the pansies opened their rich velvety hearts to the fullest, and even the tiny forget-me-not forgot its shyness and boldly looked out. As the maiden watched the latter blossoms, she recalled to mind the story of their christening. They fancied they had been forgotten by God when He called each flower by its name, and that they would remain nameless; and when they were thus in distress, God looked at them tenderly and told them that He had not forgotten them, and that they, too, should not forget Him. And so to remind them of their duty to remember Him, He gave them the name of Forget-Me-not. As she wondered, she, at once, remembered that it was Christmas morning—the day on which the Christ of the Christians was born,—and that it was to honour Him that nature was so radiant with joy, and had arrayed herself in her loveliest charms. A wave of sadness passed over her soul, and she cried, "Oh God, if I could only believe in Him as my Saviour and Redeemer!" She then said to herself that if she could have a vision of Him, all her doubts would vanish away. She would then fall before Him and adore Him as the shepherds of old had done. Scarcely had she uttered these words, when she saw a wonderful light bursting around her. It was not the light of the sun, for the sun had not yet arisen. It was not the light of the moon, for the moon had long since disappeared. It was soft and yet bright. It was so intense that she could see nothing beyond it. Suddenly she felt she was holding something in her arms, and, looking down, she perceived the Holy Child Jesus in them. Her desire had been granted,—but a feeling of awe came upon her. She asked herself, "Am I worthy to bear in my arms so holy a Babe?" She tried to look away from the awful vision, but could not; and the Child was looking at her all the time with a tender smile of love and pity. She bent towards it, and reverently kissed its forehead. Her doubts passed away, and perfect peace filled her breast. She opened her mouth to utter words of adoration and praise, when the Babe disappeared. Tears filled her eyes, and as she tried in vain to find it, she heard a voice tenderly calling her by her name. She looked up and found the Babe transformed into a man standing by her. She uttered a cry of joy, and falling on her knees, laid her head on His feet, offering him worship as Prophet, Priest and King. She would have lain there for ever, but the Christ, raising her, blessed her putting His hand on her head, and then disappeared.

The dream was over. The maiden awoke to a new life. She had seen her Lord and had surrendered her heart to Him. He was now her own and nothing in heaven or earth could separate her from His love.

M.

P. S.—The above dream was related to me by a Jewish lady, which I have transcribed with a few changes, believing it might interest your readers.

M.

THE DEATH OF SHAH JEHAN.



BEHOLD, from this body the life-breath is flowing;
Then take me once more to the old marble hall,
Where afar the white dome of her castle is glowing
And the minarets stand watch o'er the marble white pall.
Ah, hunted to death, like the mountain stag dying
Seeks the side of his dam to receive his last sighing.
For a last look of hope—once more see me lying
At thy own tender feet, fair Mumtaz-i-Mehal.

Oh treacherous world, enough of thy glamour,
I go forth alone to that far silent land,
Away from deceit, from the cringe and the clamour
Of the seeker of boons at a Sovereign's hand.
Unloved by the world, save for one gone before me,
There is none left to weep, not a friend to deplore me.
Oh grim hand of death draw thy cold mantle o'er me;
I throw down the gauntlet, the game is at end.

How oft in this hall with the moon softly beaming,
Have I sat at thy feet in the fond days gone by,
While through the soft air mellow music was streaming
And noiselessly passed the white sails of the sky.
Enwrapped in the beauty of thy queenly splendour
O'erawed by the power of a great lofty grandeur,
The ages were merged in the minute. How tender
O'er my feverish brain the fond mem'ries roll by.

Like the dew-drop encased in the dust by the heather
By the sunbeams of light is drawn back to the skies,
Like the meadow-lark charmed by the blue of the ether
From her nest in the soil joyful heavenward flies,
Thus my soul, by a whirlwind of misery driven,
Sees the Queen of my heart at the blue dome of heaven;
By the light of her love the black curtain is riven,
On the wings of her prayers let me heavenward rise.

Like the far-away murmur of waters soft falling,
Like the echoing horn from a far distant band,
Through the soft, hazy mist mellow voices are calling
Shines the radiant light of a beckoning hand.
Then bear me in peace to her castle of slumber,
While my soul soars aloft where the years cease to number,
To those mansions of bliss where no sorrows encumber,
In eternity's realm by thy side, Arjamand.

A. CHRISTINA ALBERS.

"My Mournful Lot."

(AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF
A MOSLEM LADY.)

It may look strange, a Moham-
edan woman telling the story
of her own life, and perhaps it
may also bring me ill-repute;
but nevertheless, it must be done,
at least for the sake of warn-
ing my countrymen against the
dangerous consequences of con-
signing more of my sisters to a lot like that of
mine.

I was born just three and twenty years ago
at a large sea-side town in an Indian province,
where my father was then a Deputy Commis-
sioner. An only child of my parents, I have all
along been the centre of their care and solici-
tude. As a child, they surrounded me with all
the comforts and luxuries which they could
command; and in the earliest days of which I
have any recollection, my life was an uninter-
rupted round of pleasure and merriment, barring
of course the inevitable visits of an ill looking
Hindu nurse who would sicken me with her
bitter medicines once in every fortnight. I had
at my service a respectable *ayah* in the right
Anglo-Indian style. She was a woman of re-
markable intelligence and used to tell me nice
little stories. Now and then she would take me
to the neighbouring houses, where I was always
a welcome guest. Often times she would invite
the daughters of the vicinity and they would
come and stay with me for hours together. Our
common amusement was playing with dolls of
which I had a plentiful supply. We would hold
mock marriages and go through all the pre-
scribed ceremonies in detail. Many would be
the quarrels which we would pick up with one
another in this connection, though we always
managed to depart in peace at the end. Zohra
and Kulthoom, whom I have not met since my
marriage, were the veriest Indian *samdans* in this
respect. Mary, a Native Christian girl who lived
in the house opposite to mine, was my best
companion at this period. Though by far my
senior, she always assented to my proposals.
She assisted me at my parties and entertained
my friends with her sweet melodies. Indeed,
it was from her that I first imbibed my love of
music. Mary's father was a Customs Officer
and took his family out for a pleasure trip almost
every week. With her usual kindness Mary
would invite me to accompany her on such
occasions, but my parents would permit me the
pleasure only at rare intervals. The last time I
was allowed to share in this pleasure—I was nine

then, I shall never forget. It was evening. The
sun had set and the scenery around was fast fading
into shade. We were in a tiny little boat, Mary,
her mother and myself, skimming along on
the waters of a river. She was in high spirits
and sang some of her liveliest tunes. I had
also caught her spirit and was making awkward
attempts at singing, to the intense amusement
of my companions. When, lo! our sight was
arrested by an indefinite patch of light far
away in the east. The glimmering spot gained
in brightness and developed into a beautiful
crescent. And as we watched with suspended
breath its further transformation, it made its
way through the thickening clouds on the
horizon, growing thicker and rounder at every
step, until at last it appeared a perfect orb
of resplendent beauty and shot up "a huge ball
of silver fire." I had seen many a moon-lit
night, but never before witnessed the transcen-
dental splendour of that enchanting spectacle.

When I was five years old, my *maktubkhani*
was celebrated with great *eclat*, and a lanky old
man with a flowing beard was appointed to
teach me Arabic and Urdu. Urdu I learnt with
some interest, for it was a language which I had
heard and talked from my babyhood; but the
mysterious Arabic had no attraction for me and
I would not have cared to learn reading it had
it not been for the very great importance which
my loving parents attached to it. In Urdu my
master taught me *Tajul-Akhayath*, *Siraj-ul-*
Akheedah, *Kanzul-Mussalli*, *Risala-i-Be-Namazan*,
Siraj-ul-Fekha, *Taaleem-un-Nisa*, *Zovajir*, *Tohfat-*
ul-Zojain and some other books whose names I
do not now remember. Here I must confess
that I did not then understand anything of the
dry bones of Musalman law and theology which
these books contain, but the flowing rhyme in
which most of them are written delighted me
immensely, and I took a real pleasure in learn-
ing them by heart for purposes of recitation. I
was afterwards introduced to *Wafat Namah* and
the stories of *Dai Halemah*, *Bilal*, *Abu Shahmah*,
Shah Roum and *Shah Yemen*. This awakened in
me a passion for stories, but my teacher insisted
on my reading these books over and over again
and threatened me with severe caning if I wanted
more, though I felt sure that for the life of him
he dared not touch the daughter of a Deputy
Commissioner. However, I respected his orders,
as he was held in high esteem by my parents.
In my tenth year I was enjoined to observe
the rules of *Purdah* and my dear old teacher
was banished from home. I was now free to
pursue my studies as I pleased, and gave all
my time to the charming stories of *Bakarali*,
Sheereen-Farhad and *Laili-Majnoon* as well as
the delightful adventures of *Azad Bukht*, *Jane*

Alam and *Dilaram* which were all found among my father's books. About this time he got a parcel of *Shurur's* novels, but with all my anxiety and eagerness I was denied access to them, as he thought they were not fit for girls. All the same, I stole into his study when he was away in *Kutcherry* and drank deep of the pages of romance until he returned home in the evening. Mother was an old-fashioned lady, innocent of all book-knowledge, and she was too loving to disturb me in my pleasing pursuits.

It was in my eleventh year that, so far as I know, my parents first began to think of my marriage. A distant uncle of my father, who was then on a visit to us, thought that I had grown sufficiently big to be a wife, and suggested that a grandson of his, who was then in an English School, would make a good husband. Father gave him some evasive reply, but mother said definitely that her daughter was not to be given away to that ugly pauper of a stranger. On this, the old gentleman took offence and left our house immediately to return no more. After many a night spent in consultation, they decided that attempts should be made to get me a handsome husband, who was at the same time well-born and well-educated. Letters were written to all the friends of the family and many were the proposals received. The result was that before six months had elapsed, a cousin of mine, who had passed the Matriculation Examination, was brought home and kept under observation. To me this was a terrible period, for I felt awkward to walk about in the house and in the courtyard, lest I should come within sight of my cousin. To him I heard it was a happy time, as he gained in respect and influence as father's intended son-in-law. Three months more, and father came across a good-looking F. A. of respectable parentage who was willing to do as we pleased. Mother thought that this young man would make a more obedient son-in-law to her than my cousin and so he was found fault with and sent away to make room for the new man. "This man had hardly stayed a month with us, when he was supplanted by a graduate who had been posted to work in father's office. In course of time, however, something wrong turned up with his family and he was summarily dismissed. Just then, Mary's father who had since been transferred to another station was on a visit to us, and he suggested to my parents that they ought not to be in haste. He was quite sure that if they abided their time, they would get a nice son-in-law. Meanwhile, he added that my education should go on. I had so much to learn—English, music, sewing, embroidery, drawing, &c., proficiency in any of which would raise me in public estimation. As a concrete illustration of

how much such accomplishments were prized, he quoted the instance of his own daughter, Mary, who was now being courted by a distinguished Barrister-at-Law. Father thought this was a good suggestion and at once undertook to arrange for my education with the Secretary of the local branch of the National Indian Association. And so I was placed under the tuition of Miss Green, who has since grown to be my friend and guide. The various proposals which had been made regarding my marriage and the abrupt manner in which they had ended, added to my knowledge of the weaknesses of father's character had made me callous as regards my matrimony, and with the firm resolution of not disturbing myself any more with its thoughts, I threw myself heart and soul into my studies. Miss Green commenced my education with the teaching of sewing, English and music, and my steady application and success encouraged her soon after to add to these subjects instruction in free-hand drawing, the magic art, the practice of which has so much contributed to my pleasure now-a-days. Interesting as an account of my progress in these subjects is sure to be, I am afraid it will not be in the least instructive, suffice it therefore to record in this connection that my success in the new department of learning was so remarkable that it was noted in the annual report of the Association as unsurpassed in the annals of their educational work.

As my accomplishments became generally known, the number of my admirers increased. Marriage proposals reached from every quarter. Graduates, undergraduates and unpassed men, officials, students and land-lords, relations and strangers, rich men and poor folk—all sent in their proposals which were suitably dealt with by my parents. The non-graduates were told that I was to be given only to graduates. Poor men were sent away with a mild reproof of their aspiring audacity. Land-lords were given to understand that I was reserved for a Government official like father himself. Students were directed to renew their application after taking their degrees. Graduates were advised to improve their manners and social status before they thought of marriage. In cases when these excuses could not avail, when the demand came from degreed young men of good position and satisfactory behaviour, a reason for their unfitness was found either in their dusky complexion, poor physique, short stature or insignificant personality. Thus, though my marriage was often proposed and my name was talked about in conjunction with that of every desirable young man in the province, the event itself was indeed as far off as ever.

It was about this time that the great Sir Syed Ahmed Khan of Aligarh passed away and in consequence a mighty wave of enthusiasm for western education spread through Musalman India. The scheme for a Central Musalman University was put forward and Musalmans of light and leading in all parts of the country were appealed to to support the cause of higher education. This suggested to father an excellent idea and he resolved to carry it out at once. He started a handsome scholarship tenable in college classes and named it after the Chief-Secretary to Government who had been mainly instrumental in raising him up to his present grade in the Civil List. The scholarship was awarded to a poor cousin of mine, who was promised my hand if he took his degree. Father designed this plan with a view "to kill several birds with a single stone"—to testify practically to his patriotic feelings and the love of his community, to please his patron, the Chief-Secretary, to conciliate his old relations with a show of magnanimity, and lastly to secure for me a satisfactory husband. In justice to father's tact and practical wisdom, I must add that in a large measure this scheme of his was successful. The newspapers and the public gave him his share of praise for "his benevolent intentions" and "ideas of practical utility," as well as for his substantial patriotism and unmistakable public spirit." The old Civilian was mightily pleased with this token of his protegee's gratitude and secured him in the next Honours List the much coveted title of "Khan Bahadur." Government also made him a Fellow of the University in recognition of his eminent services to the cause of Mohamedan education. And as my unfortunate cousin failed in the F. A. Examination next year and as our English friend retired from service and sailed home not long after, father found it very convenient to discontinue his scholarship and save his money without making any fuss about it. Thus, the only respect in which the scholarship did not serve its purpose was connected with my marriage, but the disappointment was not felt as father was quite sure that there were scores of deserving young men from among whom he could make a selection, if he willed to have a son-in-law.

Talking of those, who made me offers of marriage, I ought not to fail to make mention of a young man whose behaviour struck me as peculiarly characteristic of an impulsive nature. His suit was pressed at home by a particular friend of father to whom it was hard to say 'no.' Moreover, the qualifications of the man himself were such—he was well-known as a particularly well-born and well-behaved Master of Arts of more than average ability,—that in the present

state of Musalman backwardness it was nothing less than madness in father to expect to find another man surpassing him in his personal attainments. All the same, his offer was also rejected, because his personality did not please mother who had peeped at him as he kept talking to father. This young man was not evidently satisfied with the usual mode of making the marriage proposal and adopted a method unheard of among our people. As I was one day seated in our drawing-room, listening to a discourse of Miss Green, on the principles of domestic economy, my *ayah* handed me a beautiful-looking envelope just received from post, which when opened was seen to contain a pretty card with a couple of lines from my enthusiastic suitor. I was taken aback by the novelty of his procedure, but soon managed to get out of the situation by means of one of those harmless lies which are at times so serviceable to keep up appearances in society. I have since pondered over his strange conduct and have come to regard it as a piece of romantic chivalry, which is a hopeful sign of the times. Some time afterwards, I handed the verses to Miss Green whose translation I subjoin for the edification of my readers:—

"O 'meek, unconscious dove' in maiden tune,
Felt thou a throb, ever a voice commune
What love-sick heart doth pine for thee and where
A life-breath hangs on hope and on to scare?"

I had half a mind to write to him a line of reply
"Aught knowest thou of her thy charms enslaved
The sufferer breathes her last—alas! unsaved."

But the idea of the novelty of the thing made me pause; and before I had satisfied myself of the rightness of the proposed course of action, I came to learn of the final decision of my parents in his case, and then,—it was not proper for me to write. He is now a prosperous man in an independent learned profession and an acknowledged leader of public opinion. A wide reader of periodical literature, he will perhaps come across these lines of mine, and then—in all confidence, let him have the satisfaction of knowing that I was not quite insensible to the kind feelings which prompted him to address me in the manner he did.

From here begins the tragedy of my life. Though my mind finds a melancholy satisfaction in lingering over the mournful events which befell me hereafter, still I shall spare my readers the pain of hearing these in detail and make the subsequent narrative as brief as possible. It seemed as if my miseries were acquired with my new knowledge even as in the case of our first parents. Father's policy of rejecting systematically every proposal made to him with regard to

me eventually proved disastrous. The young men of the community seemed to be in a league against us, and for over a year none of them came to our house, though many of them got married. About this time, father settled on me property worth twenty-five thousand rupees and had it advertised as widely as he could, but it was of no avail—nobody seemed to care for a dowered bride. This unexpected turn of affairs opened the eyes of my parents. They found that I had grown nineteen years old and as yet no definite arrangements had been made in respect of my marriage. They had neglected their opportunities and were now in a false position. They could not propose to any one directly and yet there seemed to be no other alternative. They were perplexed and did not know what to do. But luck came to their aid. An old relation of ours—a wealthy Jagirdar living in a remote hilly village, lost his mother about this time, and when the news reached father he thought it our duty to go over there and join the bereaved family in their sorrow. Accordingly we found ourselves their guests the week following. They were delighted to see us at their house, and during our stay with them their recent bereavement was quite forgotten. With our visit sorrow and regret seemed to have departed and there was feasting and rejoicing instead. On the third day we wanted to leave, but the master of the house expostulating, father consented to prolong his stay for a couple of days. It was in the evening of that day that our kindly host began to inquire regarding my matrimony. And when he learnt that nothing definite had yet been settled, he put forward the claims of his only son, a bright young man of twenty-five, and begged that he would be accepted. Father promised to consider and withdrew to the *Zenana* to consult mother on the important matter. Meanwhile, she had seen the young man and been much impressed with his personality. Moreover, the ladies of the house had tickled her vanity with a liberal use of flattery and so much had she been taken in that she was ready to consent to anything they proposed. It was no wonder then that when father talked to her of the new proposal, and the ladies of the house expatiated on the virtues of their boy and otherwise brought to bear upon her their newly acquired influence, she expressed her unmingled pleasure at the proposed alliance and regarded it as nothing else than a godsend. Father was at first surprised, but when he was lectured for half an hour by mother and her lady friends, poor man! he had no other go but to give his assent also. The Jagirdar was delighted and sending for the *Khazi* forthwith had the contract registered. I was very much pained by the unexpected course events had taken, but then

my position was so peculiar in that house that I could do nothing else than weep over my fate in secret. Thus, I was at last betrothed not to a brilliant graduate or a Deputy Commissioner as father had intended, but to—it would be disloyal of me to speak of him except in terms of praise—a bright young man, with whose personality mother had been impressed.

Six months afterwards—a period during which by my actions and behavior I tried in vain to bring home to my parents' minds the fact of my disapproval of the proposed alliance, my marriage came off as a matter of course. It was a grand affair altogether. It was celebrated in the metropolis and was attended by a large gathering of big people from the several parts of the province, among them being many a European Civilian. The feasting, the processions and the illumination alone cost us over Rs. 20,000, but father thought it was all well-spent as he had got a son-in-law with an annual income of Rs. 85,000. I shall not attempt to describe the state of my mind during this period, but content myself with saying that my attitude towards the whole thing was one of passive resistance which, however, was quite conveniently ascribed to my maidenly modesty. The result was that just 3 years and 12 days ago, my *Nikha* (wedding) with the young Jagirdar came off and, I should add, he settled on me a liberal *Mahr* of Rs. 50,000.

I do not at present feel myself at liberty to write anything of my married life. Suffice it to say in all confidence that for all the blessings of wedded life that I have enjoyed during these three years, I might as well have remained a maid. My parents are quite distressed to see my lot but what can they do now?

My life has not changed from what it was during my girlhood, except for the visits which I have occasionally to interchange with my relations. There are now two courses open to me—to resign myself to my *Kismet* and continue a married maiden or to se—sepa—separ—Heavens! how bold have I become? * * * The truth is that I do not know my own mind. But the dread of creating a scandal is so strong in me that it is most likely that I shall eventually decide to regard my lot as a matter of course against which there is no use complaining, in the existing state of Musalman society in India.

Here I shall conclude. And lest the unbelieving public doubt the genuineness of this communication, I shall subscribe myself,

Gentle readers,
Your own unfortunate sister,
AASIMAH.

ALABASTER.

Like this alabaster box, whose art
Is frail as a cassia flower, is my heart,
Carven with delicate dreams, and wrought
With many a subtle and exquisite thought.

Therein I treasure the spice and scent
Of rich and passionate memories, blent
Like odours of cinnamon, sandal and clove,
Of song and sorrow and life and love.

Sarojini Naidu.

Ramdani.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

THE new *Police Sahib* was a tall fair boy with kindly blue eyes, straight brown hair, and a healthy tan on his fresh young face. All things were new to him and full of interest,—the stubby fields where snipe lay thick as peas, the golden rice crop and ferny gram, the chours, haunts of teal and duck, the strange birds darting about the mango groves. The ponderous elephants and leaping monkeys were to him a realization of the fairy tales of his childhood, even the pariah dogs had the charm of novelty and every little village, among its peepul trees and bamboos, roused his healthy young curiosity and wonder. Most of all the village babies attracted him. He had all an English boy's half shame-faced love of children, and these little brown fat creatures, with their big dark eyes and solemn baby faces, delighted him beyond measure; he always had a kind smile and hearty "*salaam*" in return for their grave, respectful salutations, with fat baby-hands raised to dark baby-foreheads as the *Police Sahib* rode by.

And this was how it happened that in passing through the little hamlet of Bala, clustered about a spreading bur-tree, he stopped when he heard a wailing childish cry of pain from one of the low huts, muffled in pumpkin vine. The active little grey Arab danced and snorted with impatience as a weary-eyed woman answered the *Police Sahib's* questions, forgetting in her grief to draw the veiling chuddah across her face. It was Ramdani her only son she told him. Yes, he was very ill, it was the cholera, *Gareeb Parwar* and the child cried for pain, because he was very thirsty but they said that he must not drink. The *Police Sahib* leapt from his saddle and threw the rein to a bystander; he pushed his way impetuously through the inquisitive crowd that had already gathered about him and stooped his brown head low under the door-way of the hut. Through the evil-smelling darkness within he saw a heap of dirty straw and on it the small wasted frame of a boy of about seven years. The eyes were dull with pain, the little body writhed on the damp straw. The *Police Sahib's* orders were sharp and brief,—“Wrap the child up and bring him to my camp.” There were voices raised in feeble remonstrance, “The child will die,—the air will kill him.” But the *Police Sahib*,—himself but a few years back a well-disciplined schoolboy—had already learned

to rule. To those who have learned to obey comes the power to compel obedience. The mother herself carried the light burden to the camp, half a mile away, and the *Police Sahib* reined in his fidgetty pony and rode slowly behind lest she should turn back. It was a hard struggle between life and death but life conquered—aided by cholera pills, pure milk, and Brand's essence. Little Ramdani bowed himself to the ground and touched the *Police Sahib's* feet with his forehead when he said good-bye. Tears were very near the *Police Sahib's* boyish eyes; tears of affection and triumph, for we love a life that we have saved, and to fight hand-to-hand with Death for a human creature, however small and frail, to wrest the prey from the grim claw of disease, is exhilarating. Whenever the *Police Sahib's* camp was pitched near Bala village a small brown figure, dressed chiefly in a bead necklace and silver charm, waited with some small offering, a pumpkin from off the thatched roof, a few onions filched from a neighbour's onion-patch, a scarlet hibiscus begged from the *fakir's* garden. The tall white man and the small brown boy greeted each other affectionately; the deep English voice and the shrill childish treble held many a grave conversation on the state of the crops, or the likelihood of rain.

But evil days come to the village about the bur-tree. For Durbari Mahatto, the village *Gumastah*, had a field which the *Patwari* coveted. It is an old, old story in the East—as old as that of David and Naboth. Durbari was a sturdy obstinate man who refused to yield up the land his forefathers tilled, and, moreover, denied the *Patwari* his little perquisites. So when a poor idiot boy was found lying dead of fever in the mango tope it was an easy matter to wound his head with a *kodali* and lay the corpse, at the dead of night, when only the howling jackals and hovering night-birds saw, in Durbari Mahatto's field. A little conversation with the *Daroga*, accompanied by the tinkle of silver, completed the matter. The conversation was private and took place in the *Patwari's* house on bazaar day when all the village went a-marketing and none was there to hear. None, that is to say, but a very small boy whose bright eyes peered through a hole in the wall of the *Patwari's* house, whose keen ear listened eagerly to the whispering voices within. The children of the poor are wise beyond their years, and little seven-year-old Ramdani readily grasped the details of the wicked plot. Too wise was he, however, to disclose a word of what he had heard. To him “*Daroga jee*” and the *Patwari* were omnipotent, more powerful than the *Police Sahib*, for what could a *Sahib* who spoke none but true words do against those

to whom lying and intrigue were second nature? The plot was well-laid and evidence is easily bought, but when *Daroga jee* and his men came to arrest the Mahatto, the village rose to a man and beat the constables off. They hastened back to report at headquarters, and magnified their injuries a hundred fold. The *Police Sahib* was bewildered and distressed. Bala was the best-behaved village in his district. He had grown to like the quiet, respectful peasants who were always ready to assist his shikar and tilled their fields with careful industry and thrift, he knew and liked the old white-bearded *Gumastah* to whom the village looked up as to a father. But the evidence was overwhelming and the *Police Sahib* with reluctance, for he hated and mis-doubted the whole business, determined to ride out and conduct the arrest himself. News of this plan leaked out, however, and the rumour reached the village. There were lowering brows and bitter talk under the big bur-tree, where the men gathered of an evening when their ploughing was done, and the women added their shrill angry voices to the council. With the curious obstinate reticence that characterises the Indian peasant they made no attempt to go direct to the *Police Sahib* and ask for justice, but fell into that state of helpless rage and madness which is born of oppression, wrong and ignorance. *Lathis* were made ready and an old *talwar* or two was taken down and sharpened for the *Police Sahib's* reception, when he came to arrest Durbari Mahatto, and the ringleaders of the assault on his constables. Ramdani's little heart sank within him as he heard the village talk. Of one thing he was certain,—if his *Police Sahib* knew the truth justice would be done. And who but he, little Ramdani, could disclose the truth? His plans were quickly formed as he crouched in the dust by the wayside, watching the village goats. He would walk to the sudder station and see the *Police Sahib* himself, thus would peace be restored to Bala village and harm averted from the head of his beloved *Sahib*. That afternoon he tied a handful of parched grain in his little loin cloth, and slipped out among the evening shadows. No one missed him till his mother prepared the frugal evening meal, and then she took his absence calmly, for the children of the poor are early independent and he often went off alone to visit relations in a neighboring village.

Slowly little Ramdani toiled along the dusty high road. All through the dark night he walked and the cold stars glittered down on him. He shivered in the cold night air, his little knees trembled with fear as he passed beneath some spirit-haunted peepul-tree. Sometimes he walked a little way behind a lumbering bullock cart, but more often only the howling jackals and the

dark tree-shadows kept him company. Morning broke and the jackals' cry was stilled, the owls and night-jars disappeared. The sun rose with grateful warmth, and still the small brown figure trudged on. Sometimes he sat down to rest by the wayside, to drink of some village well and munch his parched grain; once a kindly woman shared her meal with him, and at last footsore, weary, and fever-stricken he reached his goal as dusk fell on the shadowy avenues of the station and the stars shone out one by one on the cold river. Some time was lost in searching for the *Police Sahib's* house, it was discovered at last only to find that he was out, gone to a *burra deen ka tamasha* at the Collector Sahib's. Thither, guided by music and glancing lights, the small tired creature made his way. He was too weary to feel afraid as he crawled up the drive, where Marechal Niel roses hung pale in the dim light, and stood before the red-coated *chuprassi* at the verandah steps. A subdued laugh and a jeering word answered his demand to see the *Police Sahib*. Then did Ramdani open his parched and icy little lips and the *Sahibs* in the verandah were amazed to hear a torrent of abuse in a shrill childish voice pierce the darkness without. But the *Police Sahib* leaped down the steps. “By Jove! It's little Ramdani!” he exclaimed, and a small figure fell in helpless, sobbing little heap at his feet and fainted from excitement, fatigue, and distress. Kindly hands raised and restored him, and among the lights in the verandah, with Christmas music ringing within and the happy innocent laughter of English children, little Ramdani told his dark story of crime and intrigue and cruel oppression.

And so the *Police Sahib* was saved and justice and peace were restored to Bala village beside the bur-tree, and the Christmas Spirit that smiled from the blue eyes of English children, and brightened the faces of English men and women, dwelt surely in the heart of little Ramdani as he raised his small brown hands in reverential gratitude to Ram.

A. T.

Christmas in the Kindergarten.

BY MRS. ISABEL BRANDER.

IT adds to the happiness of nations that each one of them has its great festivals, usually connected with religion, and, as we know, the great festival of the Christians, is Christmas, when the birth of the Christ-child is celebrated.

Christmas is largely a festival for children,



and, in the modern kindergarten in Europe and America, much is done to lead the children, at Christmas time especially, to kindly thoughts and helpful deeds towards others and also to give the little ones themselves a merry, happy time.

The following extracts will show something of the spirit that pervades such kindergartens and the methods by which the spirit of Christmas-tide is instilled.

OUR CHRISTMAS CREED.

To seek to make Christmas mean love and to be happy and free in our expression of it.

To talk less and to live more; to make our theories as to Christmas one with our practice; to remember them in our kindergartens and in our outside lives. To remember them specially in our shopping for gifts and to shop thoughtfully and with consideration.

To begin early; to so plan that some of our autumn labor be for the coming season. To be provident and to enjoy doubly through anticipation.

To work that our gifts be honest; that they be the result both of a desire to give and of the labour of the giver.

To be content to work so simply that there be leisure for wonder, reverence, peace, goodwill.

THE CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION IN THE PESTOLLOZZI-FROEBEL HAUS.

(Translated from the German of Fraulein Annette Schepel.)

THE PREPARATIONS.

ONE day in the middle of December the children came in shouting, "Fir trees are standing on the sidewalk; it's all green out there!" One child had a branch in his pocket; another, one in his belt, which are everywhere signs of the arrival of the Christmas-tree. All this rejoicing, this hearty Christmas feeling, has been awakened by their coming.

Every twig, big or little, is welcome; we put them behind the pictures, and every day brings more.

The odor of balsam boughs fills the apartment, and all the morning, while reciting the Christmas songs, while looking at the beloved Christ-child picture, while telling the Christ-child story, a solemn stillness pervades the fragrant room, and a presentiment of the holy festival takes possession of the hearts of the children.

But those particular, active preparations, in which the children share so gladly, are now at hand. For such a high festival everything must be clean, inside and out—cupboards, toys, and tools. The work begins eight days before

the longed-for Christmas Eve. The experienced kindergartner has planned and arranged for it carefully. She knows how to skilfully employ the different forces and so use the room space that each one does his part with joy. While here the occupation material is sifted over and made complete, in another place some undress the dolls and dress them again in clean and pretty clothes, or put waggons, beds, and bureaus in order. While these scour the children's tin and wooden utensils, those clean the musical instruments and polish the stove doors till they shine; and, again, in another place, we find some of the little ones busy pasting chains for the tree, folding stars, stringing beads, etc. If the work is finished for to-day the entire troop unite before separating and recite together the hymn of the heavenly Child whose birth is soon to be celebrated; and under the influence of this song all go quietly home.

In a few days all is finished, and now we can begin to decorate the rooms. Some basketfuls of fir boughs are brought from the Christmas market, and a very little tree is also provided as a preliminary. One of our poor little children is ill, and cannot be with us at the festival, but we will take the dear child a little tree. Some of the colored chains and stars are fastened on it, and a golden star is put at the top; red, green, and yellow wax candles are put in place, and two of the oldest children go with a kindergartner to carry the Christmas-tree to the little patient. We all send greeting and wishes for a "merry Christmas." We have now much to do, as all the rooms must be made Christmas-like.

The children of the elementary class have already wound a pretty garland of the "Christmas greens" sent by the gardener; with these we crown the beautiful pictures of the Emperor and Empress Frederick. Every year, at this festival, we remember their gracious, friendly personalities with special love, and tell the children who have never seen him how at our Christmas celebration he often joked and played with the little ones; thus they know and love his picture and adorn it for the festival.

All the other pictures are decorated with branches, our this-year's Christmas picture is provided with candles, and then expectantly the children watch for the arrival of Christmas Eve.

THE CELEBRATION.

At last the happy day has come! Great activity reigns in the Pestalozzi-Froebel Haus. The children stay at home till the glad festival hour shall strike, while the kindergartners, busily and happily, under the leadership of the motherly director, prepare for the joyfully ex-

pectant little ones. The most beautiful dark green fir trees are sought out at the Christmas market, and in each of the clean rooms is placed one of these, decorated with the things so happily made by the children; candles are placed on them in great numbers, the articles made by the children for their parents are put tastefully around them, and, finally, presents for the children, practical material for play and work, are distributed in the different rooms.

Now the festival hour has come; the children are all gathered together and each receives in his hand a green twig; and so they proceed, mute and expectant, to the solemn sound of the harmonium—an affecting picture—through the doorway, into the now so brightly lighted room, the little two-year-olds first. The tree, full of candles, captivates the attention of the children, and the candles are mirrored in the clear eyes. Forgetful of self, holding high their boughs, and keeping the tree steadfastly in sight, they stand there and fill the room, till the song of welcome sounds from well-known voices. A moment of deep silence, then a clear voice is heard speaking to the children:

When Christmas Eve comes, and the Christmas-tree is all ablaze, then we celebrate the birthday of the Christ-child, who brought into the world the joy of this Holy Night, saying, "Love one another," and now I will tell you of the Christ-child and his first birthday.

There was once an emperor called Augustus, and this emperor published a command that everyone should go to the town in which he was born in order to be taxed. And so a man named Joseph set out with his beloved wife, Mary. They lived in the city of Nazareth, but must travel to Bethlehem because Joseph was born there. And when they arrived there they found no more room in the inn, because so many had arrived before them. They rested from their journey in a stable, and in the night God sent to Mary and Joseph a son, whom Mary wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in the manger.

But the shepherds were in the fields near Bethlehem, and watched their flocks by night, and, lo! the angel of the Lord came to the shepherds and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and the angel spoke to them, "Fear not, for, behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people, for unto you is born this day a Saviour. You shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger."

And suddenly there was with the angels a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." And as

the shepherds hastened toward Bethlehem, they found Mary and Joseph and the babe, lying in a manger. That child was our dear Christ-child, and thus his parents, Mary and Joseph, the shepherds, and the angels of God, celebrated the first birthday of the little Christ-child.

Then, in conclusion, the little ones join in singing their Christmas hymn:

Oh, Child, so holy, good, and dear,
Who for the children didst come here
That pure and spotless we might be,
And God's true children, like to Thee!
Oh, bless me, tho' I little am,
Make pure the heart of thy wee lamb,
That everywhere I thine may be;
That, holy Child, pray give to me.

When the hymn has ceased the solemn feeling is dissolved in a more joyous one. Her Majesty, the Empress Frederick, who has been thus far a silent witness of what has occurred, rises to graciously share in the distribution of the gifts. The children press around their sovereign lady, extending their tiny hands for a gift, and, beaming with joy, each receives his present, which is accompanied by a warm, friendly glance or word from the kindly donor, and then the play begins. In every room the tree is the center round which the little folk gather. Hope's symbolic green and the warm light attune each little creature to joy, and arouse in all the most generous feelings. The colored paper cornets with the beautiful pictures are distributed, and while here one child is consuming a gingerbread rider, in another place a little nibbler is examining the contents of his cornucopia; a little maiden, quite unconcerned about the others, has carried a doll and doll's bedstead into a quiet corner and rocks and sings to it softly, while the boys adorn themselves with helmet and weapons, or devote themselves to the great building blocks. What freedom and what joy!

I have often suggested to Indian kindergartners that Hindu festivals, such as Pongul, the Indian New year and others, might be utilized here, to instil high ideals and at the same time give the children a happy time.

Isabel Brandes



Photography as a Pastime for the Ladies of India.

[By SHAHINDA.]



Other of our nineteenth century inventions is at once so very popular, and at the same time so beautiful, as photography. It is exercising a beneficial influence over the social sentiments, the arts, the sciences of the whole world.

An influence not the less real because it is widespread and unobtrusive. The new art cherishes domestic and friendly feelings by its ever present transcripts of familiar faces and scenes; keeping fresh the memory of the distant and the dead. It keeps alive our admiration of the great and the good by presenting us with the lineaments of the heroes, the saints, the sages of all lands. It gratifies by faithful portrayals of scenes of grandeur and beauty the eyes of him who has neither wealth nor can travel. To the mind of an intelligent reader, numberless instances will present themselves not only of the utility of photography in the narrow sense of the term, but of its higher utility in ministering to our love of the beautiful in art and in nature. Photography is practised to such an extent in Europe, at the present time, that it is rather the exception than otherwise not to be, or to have been, an amateur photographer. Whether one can turn out pictorially good work or not, must depend entirely on what artistic taste and knowledge one has.

The photographic art has so many details that it must be studied gradually and the beginner must on no account be tempted by the absorbing interest of the subject and "dabble at one time" in all its branches. For the "past master" no rules are needed, but for the novice it is better to master one section, thoroughly, then and not till then must another be taken. The making of portraits is one of the most fascinating part of photographic work and portraiture out of doors or in the open is one of the easiest kind, so far as mere manipulation goes, and any one possessing the necessary artistic taste may make very satisfactory portraits in the open. As a rule the diffused light or shadow is to be preferred to direct sunlight for out-door portraiture, but there are cases in which striking results are obtained when the subject is lighted by the most brilliant direct sunlight. In diffused light from the back the commonest defect is deep shadows, giving a sinister scowling or sulky expression. A position should be selected where some natural object such as the spreading branches of a tree

cuts off a portion of the top-light. In working in-doors matters are different. Do not get a light that casts too heavy a shadow on one side of the face only for shadows come out more strongly than they appear to the eye. It is best therefore to depend on one window only for lighting the sitter and to have a "reflector" which may comprise of any large white surface on the other side, the light is proportionately divided and a fine result is obtained.

It must, however, be understood that artistic taste and knowledge should override everything and anything that can ever be written in books.

The background is an item of much importance and should be of a subdued character and suited to the subject. The subject and background should never clash, although in some cases a harmonious and blending effect is obtained.

Great thought and care must be bestowed on "Posing." It must suit the individuality. An "artistic pose" must on no account be attempted on every chance sitter.

For some considerable time past the hand-camera has been much in evidence, particularly among travellers, with whom compactness and portability are of paramount importance. They have done much towards popularizing photography. Many have entered the amateur ranks armed only with one of these miniature instruments, the reason probably being that such a machine occasions so small an amount of trouble, either to carry or work. "To turn the button, pull the chord, and press the spring,"—this represents all that is absolutely required of the modern picture maker. When this process has been repeated until all the plates have been exposed, the camera may be handed to the nearest dealer to "do the rest" that is, to complete the production of a pictorial history of an interesting journey or visit for future reference and amusement.

The Hindu Widows' Home, Poona.

In 1893 and '94 certain incidents, not by any means unimportant in the social history of the Deccan, greatly exercised the minds of all thoughtful members of the Hindu society on the question of Hindu widows. They awakened the consciences of public men to the almost criminal neglect and in many cases positive cruelty which rendered the lot of their widowed sisters simply unbearable in many cases. Prof. Karve who is the soul of the Widows' Home, Poona, was then the Honorary Secretary of the Remarriage Association. Working as he was, though in a

different direction, in the cause of the widow, he could not escape being affected by the agitation in the social atmosphere. He made up his mind to do something for the widow and began, side by side with the work of the Remarriage Association of which he was the Secretary, even under its auspices, collecting subscriptions for providing an asylum for the most helpless of Hindu widows.

2. In June 1896 the Hindu Widows' Home Association, Poona, was established independently of the Remarriage Association. The Association was started with the only object of providing a home for high caste Hindu widows. The scope was afterwards widened and the Association registered under Act XXI of 1860, in October 1898. For the first two or three years of its work, the efforts of the Association were confined to the collection of funds and helping a few widows at some educational institutions. It was in the beginning of 1899 that the Home assumed the form of an independent institution which provided for the boarding, lodging and education of widows. It started with only two inmates, the number of whom gradually increased in successive years to 4, 10, 14, and to 18 at the end of the last year. The Home has now 30 inmates under its roof, which testifies to the increased confidence placed in it by the public and to the good work it has been doing.

3. The immediate and direct aim of the institution is to help the helpless widows as may be gathered from its name 'Anāthabālī-kāshrama'. It does this in two ways. In the first place it offers a free shelter to those homeless creatures whom their relentless destiny and the heartless inhumanity of man have turned out upon the streets and driven to uttermost penury, to those who have only the canopy of heaven above to shelter them and the hard solid earth below to rest their heads upon. In these days of plague how often do we see brothers robbing their sisters, and fathers plundering their daughters, the moment they are widowed. The Home throws its doors open to such unfortunate victims to the cupidity of man, which if they enter they shall find all the security and help they need. Secondly, the Home does not only seek thus to minister unto the body of its inmates; it also seeks to reach their soul. It provides decent education to all. Besides teaching the three R's it provides also for their moral and religious instruction. The first and foremost object, however, the Home always keeps in view is to enable them to earn an independent and respectable living when they leave it for a fresh entrance into the world of men; for a Hindu woman is peculiarly disabled when

the husband is no more. She is like the creeper that thrives but to support the tree it grows on, but which the moment a blast of lightning shatters the tree is crushed to the ground, too weak to rise and stand on its legs, too weak also to die and thus throw off the mortal coil. The moment a Hindu wife is widowed she is prostrate and has neither the strength to live and vigour to grow nor the power to die. She lives, but her life is a continued death unless a series of insults and rebuffs, indignation and humiliation, sufferings and pangs be life! Her first need therefore is a help that would put new life into her. Instead of feeling as she does that life is no longer worth living nor is it possible respectfully to live it, she has to be made to feel that she too—a helpless, broken-hearted Hindu widow too—can live and that without any debasement of herself; that she too can live as men, her brothers, do, and that to some purpose. The Home recognizes this need and is aware that there is no other effective weapon to place in the hands of hopelessness than 'knowledge.' That is the power the Home seeks to bestow upon her. It therefore so educates her that she may grow to be able to live by the sweat of her brow and the exercise of her own brain, independently of any help but her own. It is not however intended that the Home should not extend its activities to anything over and above this bread-winning modicum of instruction. That is only the immediate end in view. It need not and does not restrict its scope of usefulness to these narrow bounds. It has before its imaginative eye a higher and nobler ideal. It cannot and I hope will not stop there. It will not rest satisfied when it has sent out into the world outside ladies able to fill the office of school mistresses or ladies fit for taking up the line of midwives and nurses. The very conception and surrounding of the Home is such as cannot fail to inspire, at any rate some of the inmates, with a higher aim in life, to create in them a desire to do something in the first instance for their sisters groping in the dark. It may grow to be the nucleus of a many sided institution where the weak find strength, the needy help, the illiterate education, the sick a nursing hospital and the orphan a parental roof. But that is a vista, dim and faint, of which nothing may be said now, otherwise I should lay myself open to the charge of giving to my readers a piece of fiction instead of actual facts.

4. There is at present instruction provided at the Home in the following subjects. Almost all the inmates receive lessons in Marathi. About a dozen of them are taught Sanskrit via Marathi. A know-

ledge of English is considered necessary in the case of those girls that are not likely to leave the Home before a sound education has been received. The most advanced girls at present are reading under the fourth English standard. Many of them are instructed in "almost all the subjects required by the department though in a manner and measure best suited to the individual capacities of the learners. It may be interesting to allow the readers a glimpse into the life of the inmates from morn to eve. From 5-30 in the early morning, when they generally are put of bed, to 7-30 is devoted to morning ablutions after which they are ready to take up their studies. Before doing so however a few minutes are devoted to private worship or reading of a religious or moral nature. Thus after a sort of thanksgiving in the morning, they commence the day's work. The school work begins at 11 A. M. and opens with a quarter of an hour passed in recitation and explanation of verses from the 'Bhagavadgita.' Those who have had the privilege of watching the teachers and the taught, at the Home, during school hours, i. e., from 11 A.M. to 5 P.M., are charmed with the simplicity of manner and the love of labour with which the lessons are imparted and received. Gentleness is in the nature of woman, and when it finds an atmosphere equally gentle and tranquil, full of sympathy and goodwill, it is sure to work with an advantage not to be met with in the ordinary school-life. When the school closes some of the girls attend to their share of the household work which is sufficiently light, while the others roam about on the open grounds that undulate into the neighbouring hills. At 7-30 P.M. they have already supped and are ready to take up their lessons, the little ones being allowed to retire to bed after the usual recitations of Abhangas and padas or devotional songs at 8 P.M. The rest are engaged with their lessons till 9 P.M., when they assemble in the school room to devote another half-an-hour to the reciting of padas or devotional songs often followed by a religious or moral sermon, or the reading of extracts from sacred books. At 9-30 they retire to bed.

It is highly instructive to listen in the stillness of night, to Prof. Karve, surrounded by a knot of girls, reciting extracts from the devotional works of the Sadhus of old, every word being received with faith and respect by those who have been too severely chastised by affliction and adversity. It would be no wonder if girls, trained under such healthy and purifying influences, grow to be a band of fair angels bound by a common spirit of sacrifice and a self-less devotion to duty. The patience and perseverance of our women with their capacity for devoted labour and affectionate endurance

even under the chilling conditions of the inner apartments of our homes are proverbial, and the healthy influences of the Home cannot fail to direct these virtues to a far worthier purpose than at present.

5. The work of instruction is at present carried on by four teachers, one of whom has passed the Intermediate Examination of the University and another has gone through the High School course. The other two are lady teachers,

The present staff. professionally qualified, holding, as they do, the final certificates of the Female Training College. They are trained school mistresses and what is more striking in their case is that they work in the Ashram, not as paid teachers, but as life-workers in the institution. They have taken up the work in a spirit of self-sacrifice and all the remuneration they seek is to be fed and clothed at the expense of the Home. They own no private purse. They are thus ladies that live and move and have their being solely for the Ashram. Noble Angels these! With them to work for it and with Prof. Karve to guide and direct, the institution is bound to be a splendid success. On a visit to this noble institution, one cannot help being lifted on the wings of fancy, and seeing far away, in the distant future, a band of sisters striving nobly, working hard in the cause of woman and, through her, of man.

6. I need not repeat what I said about the site and building of the Home in last Christmas. I cannot however leave these points entirely untouched. It may be, the present account may catch new eyes. And if they find

nothing in their pages about the situation of the Widows' Home, their conception would be the more incomplete. The Home is situated just as such institutions ought to be, at a village, neither too far nor too near the city of Poona. It thus has the advantage both of the civilizing influences of the city and the healthy purity of rural atmosphere. It has now a school house of its own and a set of small rooms serving as dormitories, a kitchen, a dining hall, another spacious room for spare accommodation, and rooms for miscellaneous work. The latter suite of rooms have very encouraging associations about them. Last year I had expressed my fears on behalf of Prof. Karve lest the urgent need of more accommodation could not be met. Prof. Karve had then undertaken upon his own responsibility to put up the new rooms. The funds in hand amounted to a paltry 1,500, while the estimated cost of the buildings undertaken was Rs. 5,000 and the actuals have come to Rs. 6,000. The situation then contained no promise. Prof. Karve had however put his hand to the plough,

and was determined as is his wont, not to take it off till he had finished his work, even at the risk of running into personal debts. But by the goodness of Providence and the sympathy of the public at large, subscriptions flowed in almost in the way of miracle till the funds rose to something more than the sum required, to cover all the costs of the buildings. Thus the Home has now sufficient accommodation for 40 inmates. If the Home keeps up the rate of its last year's progress even this will soon fall short of the needs. In the illustrative photograph that appeared in *The Indian Ladies' Magazine* last Christmas issue, there were only 14 inmates, while the one that will appear now will contain not less than 30. The wider-known the work and activities of the Home are, the greater would be its need in this respect. Again the want of rooms for teachers to live in is even now urgently felt. The institution is fast growing into a High School. It would be soon found necessary to engage more male teachers than there are at present. It would also be necessary that they with their families should be, whenever they come, provided with residential quarters apart and detached, for obvious reasons, from the Home proper.

7. Of the 30 inmates at present 21 are widows, 6 daughters or wards of the widow-inmates and 3 are girls admitted as special cases in accordance with a rule, allowing admission of non-widows not related to the widow inmates, provided their guardians pay their way and provided there is spare accommodation. Among the girls at the Home at present almost all the higher castes are represented. The present inmates may be classified according to castes as under:—

Deshastha Brahmins	...	...	...	21
Konkanastha Brahmins	...	...	...	3
Karhada Brahmins	...	...	...	3
Saraswata Brahmins	...	...	...	1
Kayastha Prabhu	...	...	...	1
High Caste Maratha	...	...	...	1
Jain	...	...	...	1
	...	...	...	31

Classified according to the districts from which they come, the figures stand as:—

Poona City and Poona District	...	...	...	10
Ahmednagar District	...	...	...	5
Ratnagiri District	...	...	...	2
Bombay	...	...	...	1
Indore	...	...	...	1
Baroda	...	...	...	1
Khandesh	...	...	...	1
Nasik	...	...	...	1
Kolhapur	...	...	...	1
Belgaum	...	...	...	1
Sholapur	...	...	...	1
Mysore State	...	...	...	1
	...	...	...	30

It will be seen from the above figures that the Home is taken advantage of by a very large portion of the land, i. e., from Indore in the north to the Mysore State in the south, and therefore has a moral claim upon the sympathy of almost all people of India.

8. Let me now turn to the finances, the most important point in an account of a public institution of the nature of the Widows' Home. It is a public institution in every sense of the expression. It is fed and supported by the public, for the public, and conducted and managed on behalf of the public. As such, the measure of its success or failure must depend wholly upon the measure of the sympathy the public extends to it and the confidence placed in it. Till now there has been no room to complain of a coldness on the part of the public and it may fervently be hoped, that as the institution grows, its work would evoke fuller recognition at the hands of the country at large. Before giving any figures it may be stated that the Home is conducted with a steady eye to its permanence. All donations to the institution, small or large, therefore are consolidated into the Permanent Fund. It is only the interest there on that is utilised in meeting the current expenses. The Permanent Fund at present has slowly mounted up to Rs. 17,000, the whole of which has been invested in Government and other Securities. It may appear strange, but it is mere fact that no less than Rs. 12,000 has been contributed during the running year. What a testimony that to the growth and vigorous progress of the institution! How proud an index it is also to the sense of appreciation and the living sympathy of the public, afflicted as it has been of late with the scourge of plague.

The Home depends for its daily maintenance upon the annual subscriptions in addition to the interest on the Permanent Funds. The average of these subscriptions for the last three years comes to Rs. 1,500. The number of the inmates is generally to be determined by the amount of these annual subscriptions. Sound though the policy followed by the managers is, it is feared that the benefit of the Home would thus be restricted to a number almost microscopically small of the hundreds and thousands of social wails, that our peculiar social condition, providential affliction and the prejudices of the people combine to cast adrift in the bitter struggle for existence, unless the people are thoroughly roused to the enormous nature of the evil and the infinite suffering in the midst of which they heartlessly lead an easy life. A rupee or two annually is not much; it means only an anna or two monthly or less than a pie a day. If

that is spared as many can, and handed over to Professor Karve in the name of the poor whom they have wronged, of the morally and intellectually maimed whom they have maimed, and of the afflicted heart-stricken and down-trodden widow, whom they have trampled under-foot, much of the sin and guilt lying heavy on their head may be atoned for and an amount of positive good may be indirectly done. Every member of the Society owes a debt to his society that expects him to lift his hand and put it to the national wheel in the attempt to set it rolling. The Hindu widow, if set on her legs has, I trust, a noble function to discharge, and a very large share to bear in the elevation of the Indian people. She possesses all the patience and perseverance, the courage and fortitude, the heart and even the head without which nothing great is ever achieved. If India is ever to rise and lift up her head from the depth of the abyss, where she has fallen, it cannot be, it will not be, by the single-handed efforts, stray and few and far between, of her sons. Her daughters too have an important and perhaps the more important part to play. And if they are to be fitted to bear their share of the national responsibility, men alone cannot do it. Woman and she alone is the best teacher of woman. To one who realizes the situation, and let me hope all will if they give any serious thought to it, what a power, what a force the Hindu widow would appear to be if properly employed. Ameliorate the Widow, and the amelioration of the woman, and through her of man too, would of necessity follow as the day follows night. The Hindu Widows' Home seeks humbly and un-assumingly to do the one. Extend a helping hand to it and to all similar institutions that may rise after its example, and you will have discharged a part at least of your debt to the land. For the Widows' Home has before it a vast field of activity. It has to train a body of lady doctors for women sufferers. It has to train nurses for the sick; to prepare workers in the sphere of national education; to create a band of universal mothers who would take care of the fatherless and the motherless. It has in short to bring into existence an ever striving band of sisters that would devote all that is in them and theirs to the cause of Indian woman. The Widows' Home, Poona, I am aware, does not lay any pretensions to anything so high; for it is very modest in its aims and objects at present. I am also aware, however, that the highest of the high ideals are not inconceivably beyond its hopeful vision, and if the people do their duty by it and by the helpless creature, the Hindu widow, a wreck of their own making, who knows what is in the womb of future! On behalf of the Anāthabālikāshrama, therefore,

I appeal to all my readers to contribute to it their mite and thus be truly religious. For, says the scripture:—

"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."—James I. 27.

V. B. PATVARDHAN.

What is being done for India's Daughters.



ONE of the most strenuous workers in the field of Indian female education is Mrs. Sorabjee of Poona, who has been ably assisted by her daughters. The Victoria High School, which has completed its 27th year is solely the outcome of Mrs. Sorabjee's efforts. We have before us the last annual report of the school, which shows steady progress in many directions. Bishop MacArthur, who presided,

referred to some of the new developments in the work of the school, and especially to the introduction of the lace work. Mrs. Sorabjee was one of the first educationists in Bombay to adopt the Kindergarten method. She has also a few flourishing Anglo-Vernacular schools in Poona. If proof were needed of the capacity of Indian ladies to organize and conduct successfully large educational concerns, it will be found in the institutions which Mrs. Sorabjee and her daughters have worked up so very successfully.

—The annual meeting of the Victoria Institution at Calcutta was held, not long ago, Babu K. C. Banerjee in the chair. The aims of the Institution were described by several speakers. It arranges lectures and classes for Bengali ladies, as well as discussions on "questions affecting their domestic life and their duties to the community at large." A senior class has been started, in which King Lear is being read. A girls' school has been started which began last year with four girls, and the number soon rose to forty-four. Instruction in music and in needlework is given to the ladies.

The Bengalee has the following:—

"The Mahakali Palshala is a most useful institution and deserves the unstinted support and patronage of the public. The institution is the outcome of the labour and devotion of Her Holiness the Mataji Tapashini. It is her life-work and a splendid monument of her untiring zeal in the furtherance of the education of her Hindu sisters. With rare womanly sagacity she has grasped the truth that if the Hindu race is to be elevated, a serious effort must be made to raise the intellectual and moral status of our wives, our mothers and our daughters.

With unexampled devotion and fidelity, she has sought to give effect to this ideal. It is the central conception of her life, round which she moves, lives and has her being. It does one good to come in contact with the soul-inspiring lady who bravely bears her years and bravely does her work. The instruction which is given in the Mahakali Palshala is based upon national ideals. Its aim and object is to train the girls in the adequate discharge of the duties which will belong to them as mothers and wives, as helping their husbands in their life work, illuminating and cheering their homes and as controlling and shaping the character of their children. We understand that an effort is being made to locate the central institution in a suitable building. We trust funds may be forthcoming for the purpose. We trust it will not be said that a Hindu institution has been allowed to starve because Hindus are not patriotic enough to subscribe for it."

—Our readers have been made aware of the work of the Mahratta Female educational Society of Poona. It maintains a Training College and High School at Poona for high class Indian girls both of which are in charge of Miss Sorabjee. Though, on account of the plague, the institutions have suffered greatly, still steady progress has been maintained in attendance and even in examination results. There were 90 pupils in the High School, 55 in the Female Training College and 178 in the Practising and Primary School. The expenditure in the Training College is entirely borne by Government. On the other institutions the Society spent Rs. 3,420. Two girls were sent up for the Matriculation examination and both of them passed. There were 66 pupils in the Boarding House, and from April next accommodation will be provided for more. Government have sanctioned nearly 4 lakhs for the new buildings. Lady Northcote paid a visit to the institution last December and made the following remarks in the Visitors' Book: "My second visit to the Training College and High School, on the 6th December, gave me great pleasure. I was much struck with the cheerful and keen expression of interest on the pupils' faces, and their apparently high level of intelligence and attainments. The method of teaching seemed to me to be very thorough and practical and was particularly struck by the practical way in which the student selected for the Gilchrist scholarship explained matters to her pupils. Miss Sorabji is certainly to be congratulated on the admirable system and order prevailing everywhere."

—The All-Indian Mahomedan Educational Conference is to be held in Bombay this month and we are glad to find that arrangements are being made for special accommodation for *pardah* ladies to watch the proceedings of the Conference. Bombay, indeed, as the home of some Musalman families most advanced in female education, is the fittest place for the inauguration of this system, as there are few other places in India where any considerable number of Mahomedan ladies capable of intelligently watching the proceedings of such an assembly could be got together. Of late there has been a growing demand in the Conference for speeches in English and it is likely to increase still more at Bombay. There are some advanced Muslim ladies in the Western Presidency who can understand English and therefore their presence in the Conference, behind the *pardah*, will amount almost to an intelligent partici-

pation in the work, and will enable them to carry with them thoughts and impressions which may prove of lasting good.

"Social Intercourse."

KARACHI, 23rd Nov., 03.

DEAR MADAM,

I think 'The Scottish Thistle' in your November number has purposely turned my feeble words, (I own to them being feeble, if they so entirely failed to express my real meaning) into a concoction which I was very far from intending them to become. May I be allowed to answer your correspondent's charges as they appear in her letter?

First of all I must refute the charge that I wish for intercourse with my Indian sisters only in a purely Western fashion; I do not know if there is any other way of us mixing together as companions, acquaintances and friends, or what is the Indian way of exchanging friendliness, but if anyone will teach me their method, and I find it answers its purpose better than ours then let us by all means try it! But then the question arises, Would Indian ladies prefer it? Entertaining is of course, only one of many ways of coming together, but then the same idea applies to all. One need not necessarily look down on people one pities, that means despising them, one does not despise a sick person but one pities him, and longs to relieve his suffering. In the same way I pity those Indian ladies who are no longer happy in their narrow, dull lives, and long to help them, two utterly different things as I think your correspondent must own.

Did I say I gave up the 'game' in despair? I am sure not. I ask to be taught what is right. I am not "a fashionable hostess", nor am I "the leader in a children's tea-party", but an earnest worker for the good of those I live amongst, be they English or Indian. The tactful entertainer does not appeal to her guests to tell her how they ought to be treated, neither do I appeal to all, and sundry, even including "The Scottish Thistle" if she will deign to stoop so low.

All of your readers, I am sure, desire a closer intercourse between the different peoples here in India, so we must help each other to this end, and if this short discussion has in any way tended to open the route to such an end, it will not entirely have been in vain. In fact my small article was an appeal for help; I found my way a failure, and wanted advice as to how to proceed in future.

Thanking you for your kind words in your footnote,

I am,

Your still hopeful, though perplexed correspondent,

"AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN INDIA."



Literary Notes.

(SPECIALLY COMPILED FOR "THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.")

The Land of Regrets, by Fendale Currie (Constable & Co., price 6s.) is a new work which will be of interest to Indian readers; as also *A Port in the Desert*, by Mrs. Everard Cootes (Sarah Jeannette Duncan). (London: Methuen & Co., price 6s.).

—*The Indian Magazine and Review*, the organ of the National Indian Association has some kind words to say about *The Indian Ladies' Magazine* :—

"This useful Magazine is now in its third year. The idea of starting such a Magazine was excellent. Even a few years ago the scheme could not have been carried out with much hope of success. But the rapid progress in the knowledge of English among Indian ladies, and their general development, as well as in many cases their increased facility of literary expression and their greater familiarity with English people, have caused the idea to become a promising reality. The illustrations help to make the Magazine popular."

—Solid literary work of a very advanced kind is being done in South India, judging from the publications that are issued there. We refer to three little publications brought out recently. Mr. A. Madhaviah has brought out a volume of poems in English which indicate poetical taste and skill of a very high order. Some of the poems are on purely Indian subjects and deal with Hindu heroines. 'Seetha: An Indian Idyll' is well written, as also, 'Neela: A Monodrama.' The variety of metres which the author makes use of, the language and expression, the images portrayed,—all indicate a true poetic instinct on the part of the author. Equally good is Mr. R. Vasudeva Row's *Sakuntala*, which is a translation in English verse of the well-known drama of Kalidasa. The work attempted here is more difficult, but it is well done, and reflects great credit on the author. English verse is the last thing which we would like Indians to attempt, but this production shows that even in this department of literature Indians can show their merit. In a translation there is not much scope for originality, but Mr. Vasudeva Row, though keeping as much as possible to the original, has, both in thought and expression shown, considerable originality. It is a bold undertaking of his—this a translation into English verse of one of the greatest Sanskrit dramas, and its success is all the more remarkable on account of its daring nature. The third work which we should like to refer to is *Thillai Govindan*, which is entitled "A Posthumous Autobiography" and is published anonymously. It is the story of an educated Indian who meets with an early death. He exposes ruthlessly the 'hollowness of certain aspects of present-day Indian Society. The work is very cleverly written, and though the opinions on men and things of the writer may not be accepted by all, still the work is such as to make the reader set a-thinking over present-day social and moral problems in India. These three works should find readers all over India.



Editorial Notes.

The energetic Honorary Secretary of the Maharani's College, Mysore,—Mr. A. Narasima Iyengar, has been busy working out a scheme to encourage the study of Sanskrit and Kanarese literature by the pupils of the Maharani's College, Mysore. Mr. Narasima Iyengar is not against English education, on the contrary he has done a great deal to bring the College up to the standard of efficiency it has now reached, so as to enable it even to send up pupils for the B.A. degree examination, but he is anxious that those who have not an aptitude for the study of English should be given an opportunity of cultivating the study of Sanskrit and of Kanarese, the Vernacular of the District, up to the highest standard possible. With this object in view he has proposed the opening of Pundits' classes in the College. "The curriculum is to be so regulated as to give only two years to those who join it, after passing the Upper Secondary Examination, just as it now is for male candidates; but to give four years to those who join the course after passing the Lower Secondary." Mr. Narasima Iyengar recommends for female candidates General Geography, History of England and India, History of Civilization and Ethnology. We would suggest in addition Domestic Economy and Hygiene. It is

proposed further to confer the title of Pundita on those who go through the course with success. The Inspector-General of Education has given his warm support of the scheme, and Miss Paethorpe, the Lady-Superintendent also, writes in its favour. She says :—

"Highly-gifted and imaginative students will go through the English High School and College course with immense benefit to themselves in the present, and increase of power for the future. But such students will everywhere and always be in the minority. On the other hand, from the actually increasing proportion of those choosing English rather than Sanskrit, in spite of the greater difficulty of the former, it seems probable that, unless some definite encouragement is given to the study of the classical language, the numbers of its students in our College may dwindle to the vanishing point. It would be a serious misfortune if Hindu women should be decreasingly able to read for themselves the masterpieces of their own literature. At present the Lower Secondary Examination forms a kind of cul de-sac, so far as Sanskrit is concerned, but if some continuation course were instituted, as an alternative to the English High School or College course, to culminate in some Punditas' Examination, this disability would no longer be felt, and we might hope to see a vigorous revival of Sanskrit study here. On the Home Department there is a strong staff of Sanskrit Pundits, whose services could well be utilized in the College to carry out some such scheme as the above."

We wish the scheme every success.

Mrs. Patel, of Bombay, the well-known contributor to the *Indian Social Reformer*, has made a stirring appeal in the columns of that journal on behalf of Indian coolies, whose ill treatment by a certain class of Anglo-Indians has been the subject of several magisterial inquiries of late. Mrs. Patel points out that, during the last five or six years, several cases have been brought before the Magistrates in which European soldiers and others have been charged with causing the death of coolies by use of physical violence. It may be said that such treatment of coolies is not universal among the European residents in India, but is confined only to a certain section constituting the dregs of society. Though it is Tommy Atkins that figures largely in such cases of maltreatment of Indian coolies, still every now and then the so-called respectable classes also share in these brutal deeds. Lord Curzon has done well in bringing home to offenders the heinousness of their crimes but we think Mrs. Patel is right in appealing to Englishwomen to create in their own community an atmosphere of disgust and abhorrence at crimes such as those committed by Englishmen. Every single case of ill-treatment is a slur on the fair name of the British nation. Mrs. Patel writes :—

"I ask, can we do nothing to bring home to the minds of Englishmen, nay, of Englishwomen, here the sense of awful responsibility God-given to them, and urge them with all our strength, and all our tears, we, their helpless Indian sisters, in the name of all that is womanly and noble and sweet, in the name of all that is highest and truest in woman-nature, to make our cause their own, to let it be their glory, their pride to be the defenders of the weak though aliens even as against their own kith and kin, in such cases? Let us implore our English sisters to use their gracious and humanising influence to get Englishmen to forswear all violence towards the weak

to make outcasts from society not only those who practise it but those who blinded by race and colour prejudice are guilty of the grossest injustice. Let us but ask Englishwomen to keep reminding them of the example of the Christ who loved all the children of the earth with an equal love and taught men to do the same.

Surely our appeal will not be made in vain. Surely the good and the true among them—and they cannot be a few—will not fail to respond to this call of ours. Why should we not, instead of indulging in bitter recriminations, place our case before them in the fullest confidence that such faith will be nobly justified by the results. The English need but be true to themselves. We ask no more."

We commend the stirring appeal of this Parsi lady to all English women. Mrs. Patel is about to visit England shortly, and she will have an opportunity of making this appeal to English women at home who will no doubt support her in her crusade against this growing evil of the Anglo-Indian community.

We are proud to number among our contributors to this special number Mrs. Frances Swiney, the author of that remarkable work, *The Awakening of Woman*,—a work, by the bye, which should be

read and pondered over by every educated Indian. She is, as our readers are probably aware, one of the ablest advocates of the rights of women—not in the narrow sense in which those who claim rights of suffrage, and legal and political rights for women usually understand by the term "rights," but in the wider sense of giving women the place which is theirs by right of natural endowment. In ancient India, the position of women was very high. "They were," to use Mrs. Swiney's words, "free, responsible, highly educated, full of dignity and courage, independent, self-controlled, self-reverent, unhampered by bare restrictions uncrushed by human laws." And the nation in its turn reflected these virtues as well. But what a difference now? Along with women's subjection, degradation and enslavement, the nation's fatal retrogression began, and Mrs. Swiney traces the lack of courage and manliness, the lack of initiative and the power of putting into action the convictions, to the degraded position of the women. Here is a striking passage from her eloquent article which should be passed on from mouth to mouth in this land till the whole of India rings with her words :—

"If the tree is known by its fruit, the fruit is equally traceable to the parent trunk. The shrinking horror of the child-wife, the tortured frame of the child-mother, the irresponsibility of slavery, the bigotry of tyranny, the selfishness of stunted consciousness, the garrulity of ignorance, the petty deceptions of aimless revolt, the triviality of limitation, the stereo-typed boundary of hope, the dishonesty of enforced submission, the stagnation of apathetic endurance, the deadening influence of inherited despair, are in all their fateful significance reflected in the modern characteristics of the male-representatives of the Indo-Aryan race. By no sophistry can he escape the Nemesis of an immutable law, the result of environment, the impact of impressed forces. In a vicious circle, the degradation of the motherhood of the nation acts and reacts on every phase of human consciousness."

News and Notes.

The Dowager Czarina Marie, mother of the Czar, has completed arrangements for a children's world exhibition to be held in St. Petersburg in November next. The fair will be international, and will include scientific and industrial exhibits.

—Miss Scott Covard, a graduate of Girton College has been appointed by the Secretary of State for India as Superintendent of the Presidency Training School for Mistresses, Madras. Miss Covard embarks on the steamer *Matiana* on the 26th of this month for Madras.

—It is stated that the Central Hindu College has taken another step to discourage premature marriages. From March next, a double admission fee and double tuition fee will be charged for all married boys in the Xth and IXth classes, the Matriculation class and the one below it. In the lower classes married boys are not admitted.

—“My first impressions of a foreigner” being Essays by two Japanese girls in St. Hilda's School:—

I. I had seen some foreigners at a very early age when I was quite a child, but I only remember feeling very strange and admiring the gay dresses and beautiful hats of the ladies. But as to the men, I did not like them at all, and I was rather afraid of them because of their large and strong bony frames. I did not think about their characters and customs

because I was too young to think about such things. Since I came to this school my impressions of foreigners began to be more definite. At first I did not understand English at all, yet I felt that they were very kind and loved us very much. As soon as I began to understand English a little I was taught by many ladies. Of course, their characters and manners are different from ours, but I felt that almost all of them were brave and kind to other people, especially to the poor, and they are earnest in their work. Now I feel that even these strong men are very gentle and polite, and I admire them.”

II. When I was very young I often saw foreign people, but at that time I did not care much about them. I only remember thinking them very curious. The ladies seemed to me to be very beautiful and to walk very fast. About the men, I felt very much afraid of them, for they were very tall and their voices were very loud. I came to this school three years ago, and then I began to learn English. At first I understood very little, but I knew how kind and eager they were, and they always looked cheerful, and they moved about in a lively and quick way—that may be because of their convenient dress. Some of them, though, get angry more quickly than the Japanese. I admire their bravery very much, for even the girls go to other countries by themselves and teach about God and other things to girls and boys. I have written only about the English as I don't know much about the French or German or other foreigners.—*Guild of St. Paul Monthly Paper.*

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Acknowledgments for November, 1903.

	RS.	AS.		RS.	AS.
1. B. N. Atchya, Esq., Coorg	...	4 0	25. Mrs. M. F. Moffat, Egmore	...	4 0
2. Dr. P. Andy, Egmore	...	4 0	26. Mrs. R. K. Mitter, Masulipatam	...	4 0
3. Mr. M. A. H. Baig, Bombay	...	8 0	27. Miss G. E. Mason, Batala	...	4 0
4. Mrs. Brander, Egmore	...	4 0	28. Dr. Murdoch, Madras	...	4 0
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THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

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NEW YEAR.

ONWARD AND UPWARD.

“MAN must pass from old to new
From vain to real, from mistake to fact,
From what once seemed good, to what now prove best;
How could man have progression otherwise?”

Browning.

“Go with the spiritual life, the higher volition and action,
With the great girdle of God, go and encompass the earth:—
Not for the gain of the gold, for the getting, the hoarding, the having,
But for the joy of the dead;—but for the Duty to do!”

Clough.

“Then be it so!
For in better things we yet may grow,
Onward and upward still our way,
With the joy of progress from day to day;
Nearer and nearer every year
To the visions and hopes most true and dear!
Children of a Father's love,
Children still of a home above!
Thus we look back
Without a sigh, o'er the lengthening track.”

F. R. Havergal.

THE SINHALESE LADY OF TO-DAY.



THE position of the Sinhalese lady is one which has become very hopeful in recent years. Never in the history of the ages having been so utterly doomed to seclusion as her Indian sister, education has made her freer still, and bids fair to emancipate her altogether. Naturally enough, the low-country ladies have distanced their Kandyan sisters in progress, but judging from signal instances of advanced womanhood found among the latter, one may safely predict that the stone wall of prejudice already shaken will gradually crumble away.

It was, I think, Dr. Copleston, now Bishop of Calcutta, who once observed that the Sinhalese lady shone not so much as society star but as mother and wife. This is of course a state of things which it is to be devoutly hoped, will continue. But some of the younger generation of Sinhalese ladies will not be easily voted dull or unentertaining. The drawing-rooms of these latter often attract large circles of people who engage in cultured diversion. Among their open-air pastimes are lawn-tennis, croquet and cycling.

As a type of the older generation of Sinhalese lady we may refer to Mrs. Alwis of Hill Castle, Colombo, the widow of the late Hon'ble James Alwis, M. L. C.* Venerable with the weight of eighty-three summers, she has three married daughters, the widow of a Police Magistrate, the wife of the present Sinhalese M. L. C., and the wife of a District Judge of Colombo. Another striking instance of the same type is found in Lady deSoysa of Alfred House, Colombo, the widow of the late Mr. Charles Henry deSoysa, J. P., Ceylon's eminent philanthropist. Of her fourteen children, ten are married, and her reign of love extends over thirty-five grandchildren.

Of the younger generation it would be invidious to select a few where there are so many. The photographs inserted in this issue of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* are those of the accomplished Mrs. J. P. Obeyesekere of Summer Hill, Colombo, the widow of a former Sinhalese M. L. C. and Mrs. J. A. Rambukpota of Kegalle, the young and gifted wife of the Ratemahatmaya of that name. Mrs. Obeyesekere's daughter is married to a young civil servant, and her three sons are graduates of Cambridge and wedded to the legal profession. Mrs. Rambukpota, a daughter of the late Mr. J. C. Molamuri and grand-daughter of Ekneligoda Dissawa, is a worthy representative of the Kandyan aristocracy.

Intellectually Sinhalese ladies cannot be said to have made much progress. There have been no graduates among them and, seeing that no facilities are yet afforded for the pursuit of a University career within the Island, this is hardly their fault. In the past, Ceylon has produced a poetess of no mean order, though in modern times there has been no serious display of such gifts. Several names, however, may be recalled of ladies who have written prose to the *Magazines*, notably to the now defunct *Orientalist*. Hitherto all the opportunities for intellectual pursuits afforded to Sinhalese ladies have been at school only, and here often girls have done as well as boys. Their latest triumph is that of Miss K. C. Jayasuriya, who obtained First Class Honours in the Cambridge Senior Local Examination.

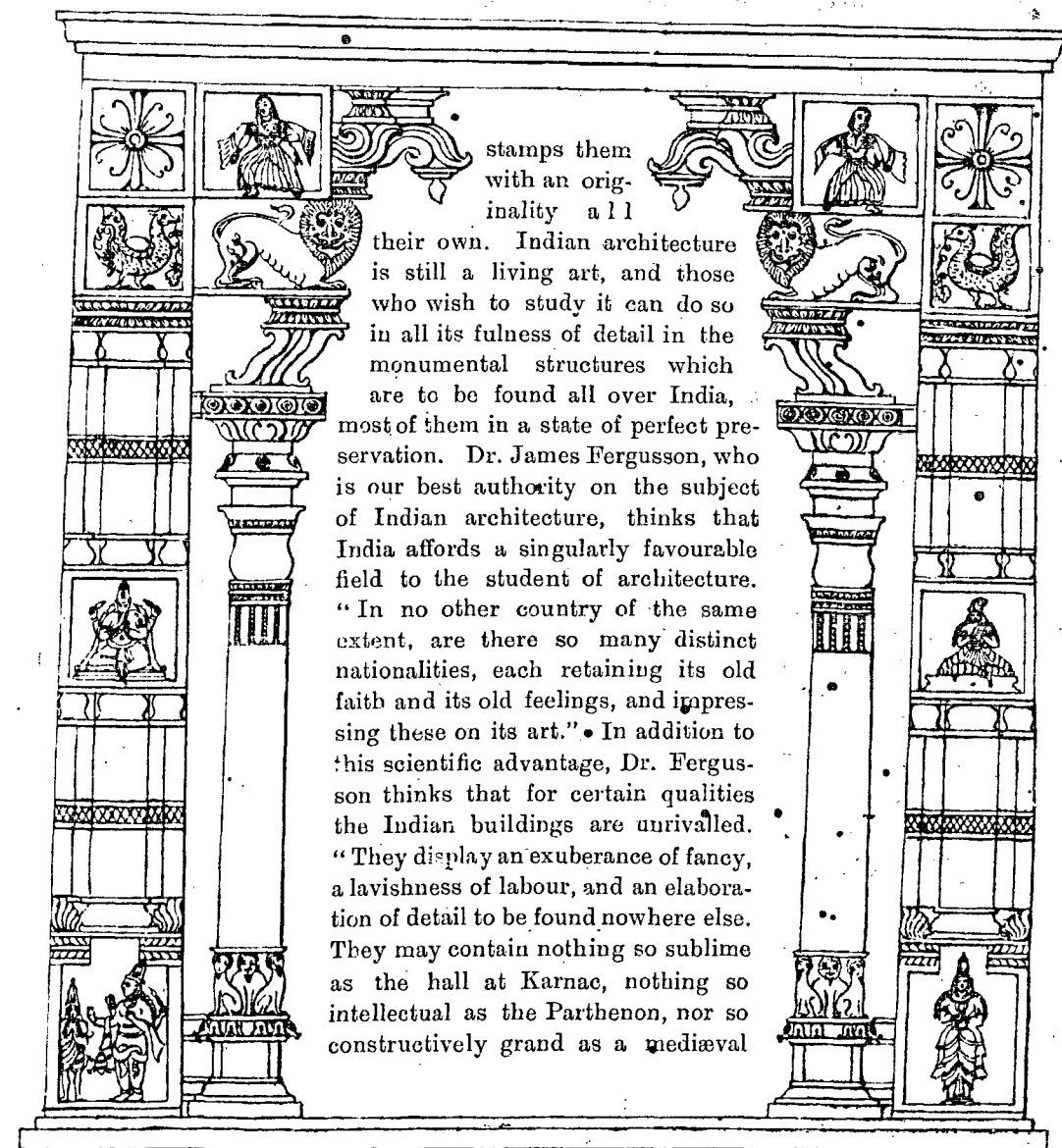
In art Sinhalese ladies have already won some distinction. Music, painting and artistic needlework are cultivated by them. The Ceylon Art Society's medals and prizes have not been above the reach of some of them. Mrs. L. H. S. Pieris, one of the earliest to compete for these honours, is the youngest daughter of Lady deSoysa. Among local products of commercial value may be mentioned the renowned Galle lace and Kalutara baskets—the handiwork of Sinhalese women.

To talk of ladies and not to describe their costumes would indeed be a serious omission. In the low-country of Ceylon, Eastern costumes—always quaint and artistic—are fast becoming a relic of the past. For four centuries in close contact with Westerns and naturally of a progressive turn of mind themselves, it is hardly to be wondered at, though patriots may regret, that the low-country Sinhalese have been so partial to innovation. The most faultless form of the low-country Sinhalese dress is that worn by Mrs. Alwis, while a later form of it, somewhat modified by Dutch taste, is illustrated by Mrs. Obeyesekere and Mrs. Pieris. The Kandyan ladies, who have been as a rule very conservative in this respect, still retain their national dress as worn by Mrs. Rambukpota.

* Member Legislative Council.

INDIAN ARCHITECTURE.

THE appreciation of Indian Architecture, like the appreciation of Indian music, is the result of an acquired taste. Most foreigners regard the great structural temples and palaces of India as simply barbaric, but those who have taken the trouble of studying Indian architecture in detail, have a different tale to tell. There is something unique about Indian arts, which



stamps them with an originality all their own. Indian architecture is still a living art, and those who wish to study it can do so in all its fulness of detail in the monumental structures which are to be found all over India, most of them in a state of perfect preservation. Dr. James Fergusson, who is our best authority on the subject of Indian architecture, thinks that India affords a singularly favourable field to the student of architecture. "In no other country of the same extent, are there so many distinct nationalities, each retaining its old faith and its old feelings, and impressing these on its art." In addition to this scientific advantage, Dr. Fergusson thinks that for certain qualities the Indian buildings are unrivalled. "They display an exuberance of fancy, a lavishness of labour, and an elaboration of detail to be found nowhere else. They may contain nothing so sublime as the hall at Karnac, nothing so intellectual as the Parthenon, nor so constructively grand as a mediæval

cathedral; but for certain other qualities—not perhaps of the highest kind, yet very important in architectural art—the Indian buildings stand alone.

Though there are certain characteristics of Indian architecture which stamp it with special marks of its own, still the variety of Indian architecture should not be lost sight of. We have, for example, Buddhist architecture as seen in the caves and monasteries of Nassick, Ajunta, Jamalgi, and

Takhti-Bahi, &c.; then we have the Jaina architecture as seen in the temples at Mount Abu, Gwalior, &c. Then we have the Dravidian style of architecture as seen in the wonderful rock-cut temples of Mahavellipore, in the gigantic temples of Tanjore, Srirangam, Chidambaram, Conjeeveram and also in the palaces at Madura and Tanjore, and last not least we have the Indian Saracenic architecture as seen in the Taj at Agra, in the Jumma Masjid at Delhi, Bijapur, Jaunpore, in Akbar's Tomb, &c.

We shall here confine our attention to Dravidian architecture in particular. The Dravidians comprise those classes who speak Tamil, Telugu, Canarese and Malayalam, and who live chiefly in Southern India. They all practise one style of architecture, known as the Dravidian. The origin of the Dravidians is lost in obscurity. Some regard them as aboriginal to India, others think that there is close affinity between them and those in Babylon and Assyria; however this may be, the Dravidians have long had a distinct civilization of their own, and an art, literature and even mythology, purely Dravidian. Dravidian architecture can be studied chiefly in the huge temples dedicated to either Siva or Vishnu scattered in different parts of Southern India, and of which those at Tanjore, Madura, Conjeeveram, Chidambaram and Srirangam are the most important. The temples consist almost invariably of the four following parts:

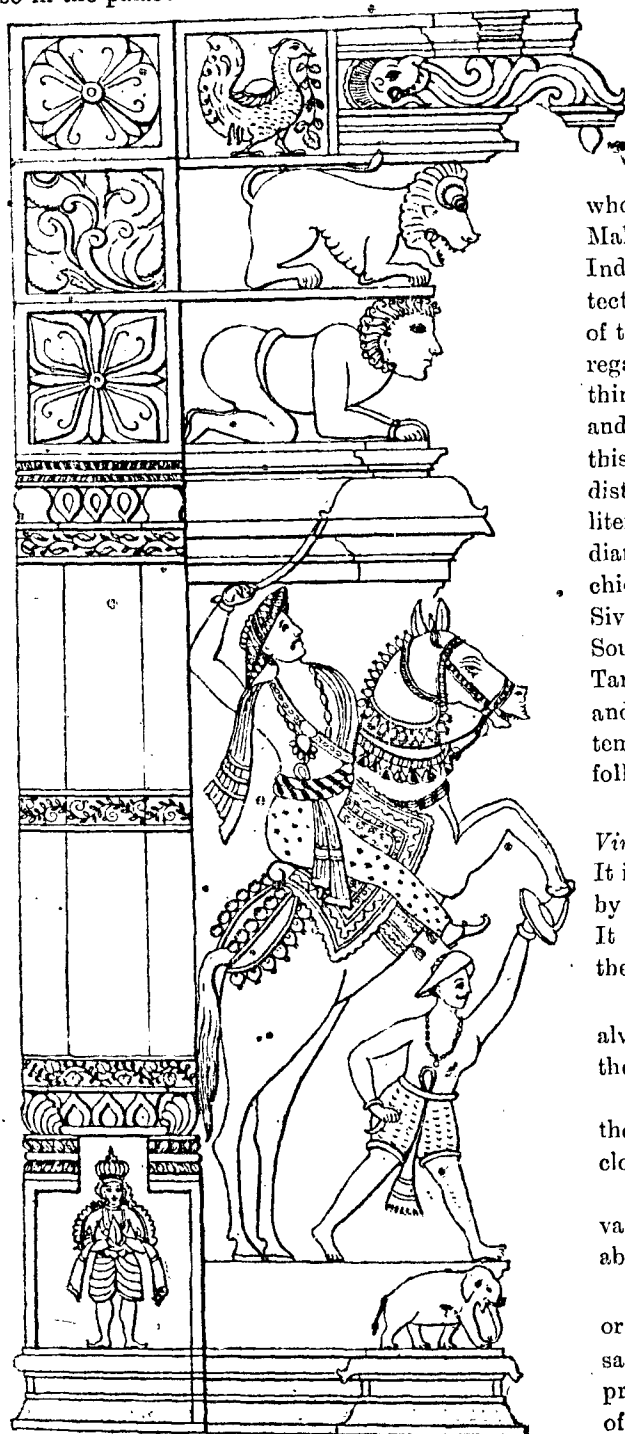
(1) The principal part, known as the *Vimana*, which is the actual temple itself. It is always square in plan and surmounted by a pyramidal roof of one or more storeys. It contains the cell in which the image of the god or his emblem is placed.

(2) The porches or Mantapas, which always cover and precede the door leading to the cell.

(3) Gate pyramids, gopuras in which are the principal features in the quadrangular enclosures which always surround the *Vimanas*.

(4) Pillared halls or choultries, used for various purposes, and which are the invariable accompaniments of these temples.

Besides these, a temple contains tanks or wells for water—to be used either for sacred purposes or the convenience of the priests—dwellings for all the various grades of the priesthood attached to it, and numer-

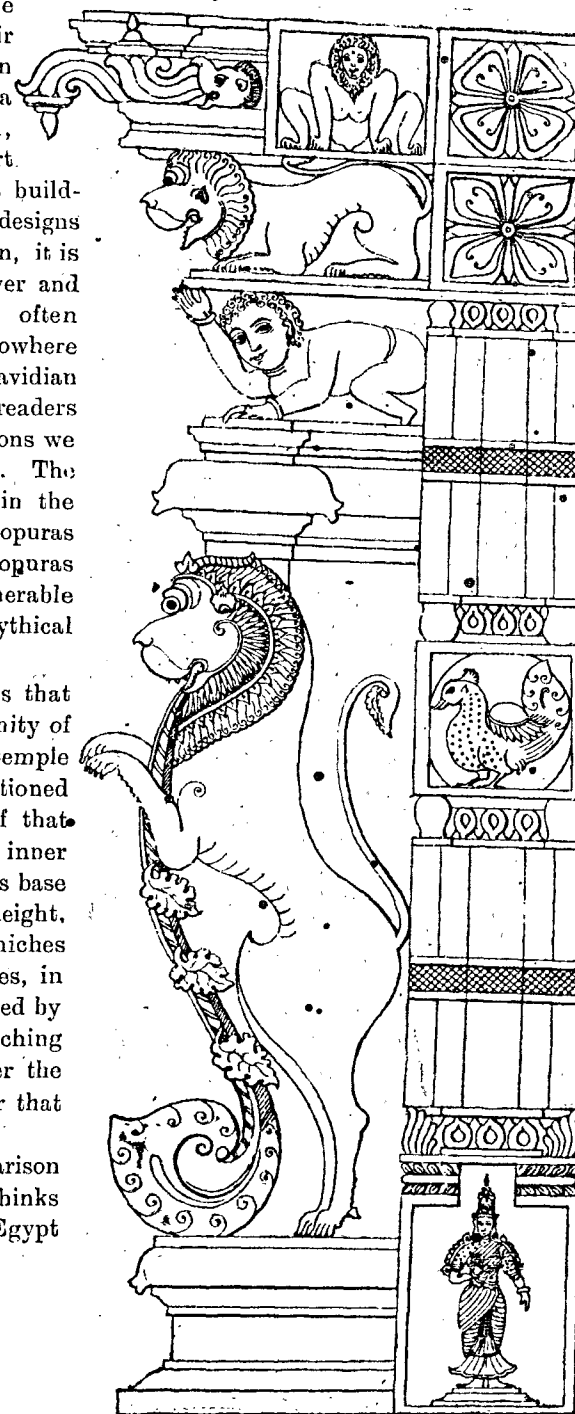


ous other buildings designed for sacred purposes or the convenience of the temple attendants. The great building age of most of the temples of Southern India was the 16th and 17th centuries A.D., though some structural buildings date back even to the 13th or 12th century. The rock-cut temples of Mahavellipore, near Madras, are said to date from the 5th or 6th century A.D.

The temples of South India strike the observer by their stupendous size and their elaborate workmanship. Says Dr. Fergusson "what the Hindu architect craved for was a place to display his powers of ornamentation, and he thought he had accomplished all his art demanded when he covered every part of his building with the most elaborate and most difficult designs he could invent. Much of this ornamentation, it is true, is very elegant, and evidence of power and labour impress the human imagination, often even in defiance of our better judgment; and nowhere is this more apparent than in these Dravidian temples." The elaborateness of design our readers will see, are well brought out in the illustrations we give of some old Hindu pillars and porches. The richness and variety of patterns displayed in the porches are also marvellous. It is on the gopuras that the wealth of design is lavished. These gopuras are filled with sculpture designs of innumerable varieties each of which represents some mythical character or other.

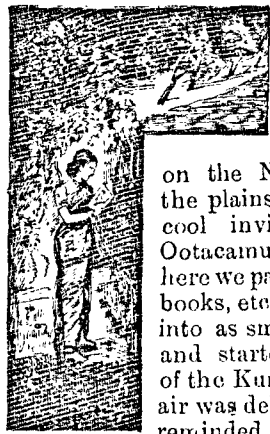
One of the chastest South Indian temples is that at Tanjore. It is characterised by a uniformity of plan, which few other temples present. The temple stands in a courtyard extremely well proportioned to receive it, being about 500 ft. long by half that in width. The great *vimana* stands near the inner end of the court. The perpendicular part of its base measures 82 ft. square, and is two storeys in height, of simple outline, but sufficiently relieved by niches and pilasters. Above this the pyramid rises, in thirteen storeys to the summit, which is crowned by a dome said to consist of a single stone and reaching a height of 190 ft. The tower dominates over the gopuras and surrounding objects in a manner that imparts great dignity to the whole composition.

Dr. Fergusson draws an interesting comparison between Egyptian and Indian temples and thinks that there was close intercourse between Egypt and India in remote ages.



Camping in the Nilgiri Hills.

By "MOIRA."



PERHAPS the readers of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* would like to hear something of a camping trip we took on the Nilgiri Hills. We left the plains early in May for the cool invigorating air of the Ootacamund. Soon after arriving here we packed our tents, clothes, books, etc., and food for ten days into as small a space as possible and started off into the wilds of the Kundaes. Although the air was deliciously fresh we were reminded that we were in the tropics by the heat of the sun. You would have laughed could you have seen us in camp tramping over the great bare hills, each wearing a big sun-hat, a red as well as a white veil, and with a large brown-covered umbrella, like colossal animated mushrooms. Even when we were bathing in the cool mountain streams we had to keep on our sun-hats and veils! We were out all day long, and if we had not taken these precautions we should not only have been burnt brick red by the sun and wind, but our faces would have peeled and become quite sore, to say nothing of getting sunstroke. We did look a comical party. It was just as well that we were very far from "the madding crowd" and the busy haunts of men. We were ten miles and more from a single human being beyond our own camp people. These consisted of two shikarries, our two servants, and the tent and pony coolies. The pack-ponies are queer little beasts, not much bigger than large Newfoundland dogs, rather shaggy-looking and each with a bell round its neck. They make a great jingle and look so quaint trotting along the steep hill-sides, with their great packs on either side. They are very sure-footed, and climb along the steepest, roughest paths with 120 lbs. on their backs. We had twelve of them to carry our tents, cooking utensils, food, bedding, and everything for ten days.

The first day we marched fifteen miles, and stayed the night in a little bare tin-roofed traveller's bungalow, at the edge of a beautiful jungle, which stretched away for miles up the hills behind it. The second day we had a ten mile march right across the hills to our encampment of five little white tents. In these tents there was only just room for a little box, a

hand bag and the bed. We had to dress and do everything on the bed. This was the most comfortable kind you could imagine, just a great pile of cut bracken, covered over with a waterproof sheet and a thick rug. It was delicious to sink on to, especially after tramping over the hills most of the day. We were a party of five and we had two ponies, which we three ladies took it in turn to ride, though many places were so steep that we all had to walk and have the ponies led.

We stayed in one camp all the time. The men would generally start off at five o'clock for a stalk. We would follow more leisurely at seven o'clock with our books, writing and painting materials, carried with our lunch-box on the head of a coolie. We would go to an appointed rendezvous and there our men would meet us about ten or eleven o'clock, as hungry as hunters are proverbially supposed to be. Great was our excitement one morning when we heard shots in the distance, and great our delight when they told us they had shot an ibex. Besides that they only shot two boars all the ten days we were out. Fortunately, or unfortunately from the hunter's point of view, no tiger came near us at all, but at night we always heard the jackals howling near and far, with their blood curdling unearthly yells. One night coming back in the dusk through a thick, lonely sholah lit only by brilliant fire-flies, we two girls, who were some way ahead of the rest of the party, were suddenly startled by low uncanny moans at irregular intervals. We were convinced it was some wild animal growling or some wounded creature in pain. Our relief was great when the others came up, and laughing at our fright told us it was only the horned owl on her nocturnal ramblings! We saw several sambhur, including some fine stags, but they were not old enough to shoot. The game laws are very strict. The shikarri was a picturesque-looking fellow with keen deep-set eyes accustomed to seeing game many miles away, or following hardly perceptible tracks. He wore faded kharki-coloured clothes, which made him almost invisible at a short distance against the brown-tinged grass. He carried his master's gun, cartridge case, water bottle and field glasses, besides his own big hunter's knife, but he strode along as easily and lightly on his bare feet as though he carried nothing at all.

The mists usually swept up before noon. We could watch the little clouds gathering like fluffy bits of cotton wool into a dense cloud, and growing imperceptibly far down in the valleys below us. Then we would settle ourselves comfortably up in some tree or against a rock, often with the roar of a waterfall in our ears, and

Village Fairs.



EVER a country can boast of primitive customs, manners and institutions, it is India and India alone. Ask any Hindu why he observes this custom or that and he will at once tell you that his revered father and his grand-father observed it, and it is his duty to adhere to such institutions. Of the many time-honored institutions, the village fair forms one. It dates its origin many centuries back, and evidences are not wanting to show that frequent mention of it was made by learned men in their works. It is popularly known here as the 'shandy' and in Bengal as the *hat*. It is held every other day, or it may be once a week or twice a week, and people of all sorts and conditions resort to it for buying and selling. It represents, in miniature, an exhibition or an exposition, conducted on a small scale and confined to narrow limits. What the grand expositions are to the world, the fairs are to the villages, and in fact they serve the same purposes, perform the same functions, and contribute towards the same end and aim as those served by the Earl's Court, the Pan Hellenic and the Columbian expositions. The village fairs are not occasions for rejoicing and tamasha, and as some seem to think they are not a collection or a show of rude and rustic articles to afford fun and delight to the sight-seers and the curio-hunters. Whereas the object of an exposition is to give a stimulus to the agriculture and manufactures of a country, a village fair gives an impetus to the dying industries and trades of the primitive artisans of the rural and uncivilized parts of India. Like an exhibition, it is the meeting place where people from every part of the country can receive lessons from and impart their knowledge to one another.

Sometimes at sunset this was hidden from us by rolling seething masses of cloud far below us; clouds all dazlingly brilliant, piled in fantastic banks towards the radiant west, with lightning flashes playing over them; or they would change to the softest glowing pink with the tops of the mountains standing out a delicious blue-grey or rich plum-colour; or perhaps the clouds below us were lurid with a fiery stormy sunset behind them, while the sky above us was calm and clear with the most delicate greens and blues, and with little rosy fleecy clouds floating lazily along. We would watch as long as we could the marvellously rich and exquisite colours, and then hurry back to camp before it was dark, as it would have been rather easy to lose one's way or miss one's footing over the steep, pathless hills when the light had all gone. Then what joy it was to warm our damp feet by the cook's blazing fire and smell the curry and other savoury dishes preparing for our dinner. We had this meal also out of doors with only the flap of the tent to protect us from the heavy dew. We had to pile on every available cloak and shawl and wrap a rug round over everything so that we could hardly get our hands out to eat, because it was as cold by night as it was hot by day.

In spite of our "roughing it" and the extremes of heat and cold, we were dreadfully sorry when it was time to strike our tents and return to Ootacamund and civilisation once more. Our only consolation was the hope that we should again some time have a few days in camp on the beautiful Nilgiri Hills.



Judging from the standpoint of trade and industry, a village fair affords ample scope for keeping alive the arts and handicrafts of the village artisans. Lord Curzon is of the opinion that local industries can never be revived by outside patronage alone. True it is, and they can live only if they find a market here, and that can be done only by organizing weekly fairs. There are hundreds of poor artisans who are not able to maintain their livelihood simply because they cannot find a ready sale for their goods. As such, it is of the utmost importance that this useful system of village fairs should be extended throughout the Presidency and it is the duty of the people interested in improving the conditions of the working classes to organize

these fairs in almost every village. At present in Taluk towns these fairs are held once a week under the management of the local municipalities, which levy a small tax on every basket brought in by the farmers, or a tax per head, and often a rent for a definite number of square feet occupied by the seller. In villages not included under the municipalities, the Local Fund Board levies a tax on the baskets brought in or receives a rent for the plot temporarily occupied by the tradesmen.

Unlike the permanent markets of the town which have a particular locality assigned to them, the village fairs are usually held under the cool shade of a clustering banyan tree or a mango grove. In villages where there is a *Union Panchayat* and in those which are included under the municipality of a neighbouring taluk, there is a permanent place called *Chowk* or *Ohavadi*, enclosed by walls and furnished with stalls. The whole building is divided into separate apartments where the sellers assemble and display their primitive wares. As for the fairs conducted by the Local Fund Board, temporary stalls are erected for the occasion, under the trees. If the tree belongs to a temple or an *inamdar*, one half of the collections from the traders goes to the temple and the remainder to the Local Board. A unique feature in these fairs is that a kind of natural selection and order appears to exist and this is instanced in the fact that sellers, strangers though they are to one another, arrange themselves in groups, and deal in one and the same article. As soon as you enter the chowk, the grocers appear before your eyes, who sell paddy, dhall and grains of various qualities. Just opposite to them are the cloth merchants, the weavers, who with their natural kindness, exhibit their country-made checks and *dhoties*. A short distance from them, sit those crafty Komatis, inviting you to enter their stalls and make a wary bargain. Finally, when they find that you have not made any purchase at all, they will exclaim jeeringly: "you pauper, no money and you want to buy things, etc., etc." A sudden turn will bring you to the stalls where you find the oil-mongers who are proverbial for their filth and uncleanly habits. Next to them are the sellers of curry stuff, condiments, ghee and spices. On the other side, just at the way-out, sit with an easy air, the cigar merchants dealing in cigarettes, soda water, sweets and biscuits! Then comes the irrepressible vagrant native book-seller with his usual courtesy and sympathy. He sells pens, paper, inkstands, pencils and slates and in fact every kind of requisite, necessary for a rural student. Away from all the busy babel of sounds, are seen the butchers, blood-stained and dirty, and the fishermen emitting a piscatory fragrance

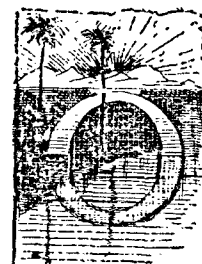
all around. With the butchers' stalls, the circuit becomes completed once for all, and we again come face to face with the ordinary life outside the *chowk*.

To a globe-trotter, a village fair is the finest mirror of Indian life. Here we find a kaleidoscopic view of the whole village community in all its simplicity and innocence. It is an occasion when the primitive rustics can put on their best garments! (coarse blankets and rough cloths) and mingle in one another's company without fear or formality. They bargain, transact business, buy things for a week's supply and return home happy and cheerful. A fair best illustrates the fact that, in India, the women among the lower orders are far happier than their sisters closetted behind the *purdah*, and they have a high standard and a lofty ideal as regards social position and free intercourse. Another fact should be borne in mind in connection with the fairs. It reminds us of the fact that life in India never changes, and it is always fettered by rules and laws instituted many centuries back. The conflicting revolutions and disturbances which now and then convulse the society of the upper classes and the richer communities living in towns and cities are never taken notice of by these inhabitants whose knowledge of politics stops with the first toll-gate of the village. They do not desire to be swept away by these sudden risings and fallings, but always wish to live in their ancestral villages just as their fore-fathers did centuries before. We see here, in the village, the primitive farmer, as he was in the pre-historic times doing the same thing and following the customs and habits of his fathers and possessing the same stale lore in arts and handicrafts, imparted to him by his progenitors. It is in the village fairs that we stand face to face with the nation and get an insight into its real characteristics. It is no longer a mystery, but a revelation to those who have seen it.

CH. K. SHASTRI.

A deputation from the Gujarat Social Reform Association of Ahmedabad waited upon his highness the Gaekwar the other day. His highness was pleased to accept the patronship of the Association, and to give a donation of Rs. 1,000. His highness is one of the few Indian Princes who takes a practical interest in the matter of Social Reform. He made a scathing denunciation of caste the other day, which he regards as the "curse" of India.

The "Womanhood" Competition on the Indian Problem of Social Intercourse.



OUR readers have been made aware of the Anglo-Indian Competition in connection with *Womanhood*, the London Journal, on the subject "How best to promote social intercourse between English and

Indian Women." The results of this competition are now made known to the public. Miss E. A. Manning, the well-known Secretary of the National Indian Association, gets the Silver Medal offered to an English lady; Mrs. Higgins, formerly of Madras, gets the Bronze Medal; the prize for Anglo-Indian gentleman goes to Mr. J. D. B. Gribble, I.C.S., retired; Mrs. B. S. Patel of Bombay, and Mrs. Hilla Rustomji, Parsee ladies—both contributors to our columns—have won the Silver and Bronze Medals respectively. Mrs. Besley, who is well-known to our readers, and who was the chief promoter of this most interesting competition, introduces the essays with an article, in which she urges practical action and the formation of the Victoria Guild. We give here some of the prize essays:—

I.

By Miss E. A. MANNING.—(Silver Medal).

"What does social intercourse mean? I assume that it implies mutual friendliness, shown in acts of courtesy and in the exchange of ideas and experiences. Now, such intercourse is not difficult to establish and maintain among English women, but more difficult between English and French or German women. Obstacles, however, in the latter case are insignificant as compared with those that thwart intercourse between Indian women and English. In discussing this subject, it is important to note clearly what the actual hindrances are, otherwise we shall only argue in the air. I will, therefore, first point out some evident difficulties; and, secondly, suggest how these may be partially overcome.

I—I divide the difficulties into those depending on Indian ladies, and those originating with our own countrywomen.

(1) The obstacles on the side of Indians do not lie merely on the surface; their roots descend into a deep layer of social life. For orthodox Indian women, Hindu or Mohamedan, do not include general intercourse in their scheme of daily routine. The household is large and various, and beyond this circle the Indian lady puts fourth neither sympathies nor activities. In fact, all surrounding influences, whether from husband, the joint family, or the community, restrict her, almost with social

threats, to her home. Acquaintanceship between Hindu ladies is rare; between Hindu and Mohamedan ladies it is almost unheard of. Still more strictly is the possibility ignored of intercourse with foreigners, such as English people. There is also a sharp dissimilarity of ways and habits that keep the women of the two countries apart. The Hindu lady, from early morn to evening, with an interval when the sun is at its height, is actively occupied with domestic engagements and religious rites. For her it is an honour as well as a duty to cook for her husband, and instruction has to be given by the elder ladies of the family to the younger members who are so soon to become brides. One day is like another, except when sacred feasts or weddings intervene. The Hindu religion, too, although in some respects tolerant, raises a strong barrier of separation. The Mohamedan lady has less domestic work, but she is more rigidly secluded, and she would not think of calling on an English lady without being first assured that all men-folk, from master to menial, had left the premises. Again, language constitutes an absolute hindrance to real intercourse between English and Indian women. Finally, the latter look on the English with a sort of puzzled awe. Under these circumstances, how is social intercourse to spring up? With the Indian lady even the inclination for it has to be created.

(2) On the part of the English woman a whole cluster of difficulties come into view. The climate renders her languid and inert; she cannot make calls without her carriage, and this may be needed for other purposes; she perhaps fears infection; she does not know on which of the joint family to call; or so much previous arrangement is indispensable that her desire has almost evaporated before it can be carried into deed. And there are deeper obstacles, too. Like the Indian lady, the European is kept back by the language barrier, and she probably knows little or nothing about the history and literature of India. Besides, she is influenced by the fact that Anglo-Indian society is opposed to social intercourse beyond its own bounds; so what alternative is there to submitting to its decrees?

Owing, then, to some extremely rocky obstacles on both sides, it comes to pass that, except in the case of an independent minority, English ladies usually pass through their term of stay in India without meeting Hindu or Mohamedan women of the higher classes.

II.—How can the difficulties be at least partly overcome? The attempt must, of course, be mutual, and it ought not to be in any degree forced; but on account of circumstances, the initiative will generally come from the English side. Now, in regard to orthodox Indian ladies, it appears that two points tend, in spite of caste and custom, to make an opening. First, the instinct of curiosity. It interests them to learn what English women are like, how they manage the household, and how they spend their time. The second point rests on a common Motherhood. Indian ladies readily respond to marks of appreciation of their children, and it delights them when an English mother permits them to see her baby child. Here, then, are two little gaps in the rigid wall which in time are likely to enlarge so as to admit fuller communication. It must be remembered, too, that though the authority of the women is in

family matters supreme, the decision as to outside intercourse depends most on the men. And it is a hopeful sign that, except among the strictest devotees of custom, who may dread the possible inoculation with Western ideas, there is a tendency on the part of Hindu men to welcome for their woman-folk the visits of English ladies, always supposing that patronising is avoided.

But also certain communities now exist which either never had or have withdrawn from orthodoxy as to caste, &c., and with these it is comparatively easy to hold intercourse. I refer chiefly to the Parsees, the Brahmos, and the Christians. The lady members of these bodies usually speak excellent English, and our countrywomen who do associate with them have been struck by their refinement, grace, and earnestness. There are, besides, many Indians in whose families English education has long prevailed, and who heartily desire to secure the advantage of more Western intercourse. Certain varieties of custom must, of course, be expected, and on both sides tact and patience are essential; but sympathy—genuine and respectful sympathy—is a wonder-working agent, through its power of uniting in harmonious relations men and women of differing races, creeds, and associations.

In conclusion, the question, "Who is my neighbour?" has a special significance for the English woman whose interesting lot it is to live for a while in India. From the personal point of view, if she shuts her door against all but her own people, she misses much valuable development and experience, and much responsive friendliness. But the question needs to be answered also on ethical grounds, for every relation is inseparably connected with duties. And, again, it demands a political reply, because the English woman has the honour of representing her country and her fellow-subjects in the East. As she feels and acts, so is Great Britain understood to feel and act. Thus for many reasons it is right and desirable that social intercourse between English and Indian ladies should be encouraged.

By MRS. HIGGINS.—(Bronze Medal).

In discussing the question of social intercourse between English and Indian women—the condition of affairs as it exists and as it may be modified—let me begin by saying that my experience of Indian life is entirely confined to the Madras Presidency. The conditions in other Presidencies may be different, and the arrangements for social intercourse between the two races which have been found possible and hopeful in some parts may be quite unsuitable for others.

At present, the Indian women with whom their English sisters find most in common, and with whom it is possible to make real friends on equal terms, are those mostly who are Christians of the second generation. They have been brought up and educated in the knowledge of the English language, ways, and customs, which at once breaks down the greater part of the barriers which exist between English and Indian women. Linked in the same religion, their native refinement and gentleness strengthened and stimulated by Christian principles, highly educated and widely read as many of these Indian Christians are, English women will do well to seek for friends among their community, and

through friendship with them to learn something of the Indian manners of thought and modes of life which will pave the way towards friendliness with those who are still Hindus, and towards whom our efforts for closer acquaintance are more generally directed.

There are other ladies, though perhaps few in number, still Hindus in religion, who have received a good English education, and are in themselves so cultured and charming that friendship with them is a real privilege. Some, unable to come freely to an English house on account of the *goshu* system, to which from family habits of piety and affection they submit, do much good by their practical interest in the welfare of their poorer neighbours, and are ready to help in many useful works. English women will find much pleasure and widening of their sympathies if these highly-cultivated and well-born ladies will receive them on friendly terms in their own homes.

Then we come to the very large number of Indian women who have learnt little or no English, yet who are greatly pleased to meet English women and see something of their life. Of course, something may be done by visiting them with a friend who has a good knowledge of their language; but anyone who has tried knows how very difficult it is to "make conversation" through an interpreter, and how very poor and inadequate one's ideas seem when they have to be expressed through a third person.

May I therefore put in a very strong plea that every English woman who knows that her home for the best part of her life, or even for a few years, is likely to be in India, should make an effort to learn at least one language spoken in the Presidency in which she lives? I know it is not an easy thing to do, and the frequent "transfers" of those whose mankind are in Government service make it appear not worth while to study, say, Telugu, when next week's *Gazette* may contain an order which sends you hundreds of miles away into a district where only Tamil is spoken. But I believe very strongly that it is worth while, and that if every English woman, when she first comes out to India fresh and strong, with plenty of free time, not overweighted either by household cares or ill-health, would give one or two hours a day to real study of the language of the district in which she finds herself, at least half the difficulties in the way of mutual knowledge between English and Indian women would disappear. One language thoroughly learnt, as a man learns it, from a proper teacher, and not picked up from ayahs, would make life in India far more interesting, and would open the way to real knowledge of those among whom our life is cast; so that when our time comes to say good-bye to the "Land of Regrets," we may feel that, at any rate in this one particular, we had done what we could.

In most places ladies' parties are much liked. It is as well for the inexperienced to get advice from an educated Indian lady or trustworthy official as to the invitation lists and the kind of entertainment that will be appreciated, so as to avoid falling into serious social blunders.

The girls' schools are also a great source of interest, and if English ladies would more often visit them a tie would be formed which would last when the little pupils had gone back to their secluded home life, with probably the love of learning, but

little likelihood of their education being continued. Here come in the Home Education classes, which, under the auspices of the National Indian Association, are doing much in many places to join English and Indian women in mutual interests.

For myself, I fear I shall see India no more. Buy if this is read by any of my countrywomen now living there, or about to go out there, may I earnestly beg them to consider what they can do to bind India, so dear to the hearts of many of us, nearer to our own Homeland, by the practical sympathies and true kindness which they may show to those among whom they live. And if the women of India will meet us half-way, and treat us with openness and trust, then in course of time we may hope that social intercourse between English and Indian women may be a real and assured fact, productive of much good and happiness to every one who takes part in it.

II.

By J. D. B. GRIBBLE, Esq.—(Silver Medal).

I have been asked to give my opinion on the subject of social intercourse in India. It is a subject which for many years has interested me greatly, and at various times I have endeavoured to do what little I could to promote it; but I cannot say that my efforts have been distinguished by any great success. My experience of India extends over nearly forty years, so that during that time I have seen many and great changes, and have been brought into contact with men and women of various nationalities and of different grades. I have seen railways spread over the face of the country; I have seen the march of education among all ranks, the increase of newspapers, the accumulation of wealth, and have from time to time been brought into contact with the young men who have returned from Europe after having received a liberal education. And what I have seen has not been from one point of view only—that of the official; for, after having taken my pension about seventeen years ago, I returned to India as a non-official, and have, therefore, been able to mix with the people and hear their ideas from an entirely different standpoint.

At one period of my life, when I was the official head of a large district, comprising some ten thousand square miles, with a million and a half of inhabitants, I endeavoured to establish social gatherings at my own house, to which were invited natives of various grades of society, both men and women. These meetings, however, were not a success. In the first place, they could not be mixed; for it was hopeless to expect natives to bring their wives and daughters to a place where they would meet strange men. It therefore fell to my lot to entertain the men, and upon my wife devolved the duty of receiving the ladies. But there was never anything genuine about the meetings. At first, natives came actuated by curiosity, but after one or two such occasions the attendance fell off, until only those came who as officials thought it their duty to do so. And when they did come there was a feeling of restraint over the whole gathering. There was no such thing as general conversation, for we had no subjects or ideas in common. If I provided a reading or a lecture, with popular scientific illustrations, or a Punch and Judy show, there was no such thing as discussion afterwards, only a languid kind

of interest which died away when the show was over. Refreshments, of course, were out of the question; and as far as I am concerned, I can only confess to a feeling of relief when the whole thing was over. And my wife used to tell me—for, of course, I could not be present on such occasions—that it was the same thing with the ladies. After a short period an absence from headquarters interrupted these meetings, and I did not attempt to revive them.

I have also been present at many of the larger State functions, dinners, and garden parties of local magnates, European and native, but the company has seemed always to me like oil and water. Tennyson's ideal that

"East and West, without a breath
Mixt their dim lights, like Life and Death,
To broaden into endless day,"

remains an ideal; and in my opinion many years must pass, and many more radical changes take place, before it can become a practical truth.

What I have just said refers chiefly to Hindus and Mahomedans; among Parsees the case is different, and both men and women mix with Europeans more on terms of social equality, the reason being that they have more ideas in common. The great obstacles in the way of social intercourse between Europeans and Hindus or Mahomedans are, first of all, the position of women; and, secondly, the repugnance of the women themselves to come out of the inner circle of their home lives. I am by no means one of those who hold that the position of women in an Indian household, Hindu or Mahomedan, is a degraded or an ignoble one; on the contrary, Europeans do not seem to be aware of how great is the power and influence of an Indian wife and mother over her husband and the whole of her household. Although she lives in seclusion—perhaps on that very account—she is a predominant power in her home, and everyone, husband, daughters, sons, and domestics, have to bow to her rule. Even in the anansions of the wealthy Rajas and Nawabs, where the standard of morality is often lower than it is among the official and middle classes, the position of the mother or the wife is one of great authority. She knows all that goes on, and has an important voice in every domestic transaction.

I was for some years, when a non-official, on terms of great intimacy with a Hindu nobleman. He was of pure Rajput descent, a tall, handsome man, thoroughly well educated and well read, a scholar, a gentleman in every sense of the word, and, what is very rare even among the best-educated native gentlemen, a most pleasant and interesting companion. In public, or in his own quarters, his word was law; but when he went behind the *purdah* to visit his mother, which he did every day at a fixed time, he went in fear and trembling, for the lady, an imperious Rajput princess, was sometimes, when irritated, in the habit of enforcing discipline upon her six-foot middle-aged son with a horsewhip! The Maharajah might be supreme outside the *purdah*, but within it the mother was absolute, and her decision on all domestic matters was final. And this condition of affairs is not dissimilar in more humble households. Among the great majority of Indians, both Hindus and Mahomedans, the rule is: One man, one wife. The great official class of both races do not consider it to be respectable for a man

to have more than one wife, and she, although secluded, is supreme.

Now, there can be no real social intercourse when it is confined to the men of the different races. For social intercourse to exist at all men and women must meet on equal terms, and must have subjects of thought and conversation in common. The average Indian lady is content with her own social position at her own home, and does not wish to mix or to shine elsewhere. Until their habits change, anything like real social intercourse is impossible, for there can be no real sociability where the wife cannot and will not follow the husband; and for many years to come I believe that the Indian ladies themselves will be the principal opponents of the new movement, because, essentially conservative in all religious and domestic matters, they will be afraid that they will lose the power and the domestic influence which they now enjoy in their own home circles.

I have alluded to the want of subjects of common interest. Beyond the question of babies, illnesses, and dresses, which all ladies have more or less in common, what interests the European lady does not interest the average native lady. Living only for her own circle, she cares nothing for politics, social gossip, or literature. It is a mistake to speak of her as ignorant. She is only ignorant of those subjects with which European ladies are conversant; in those subjects which do interest her she is extremely intelligent, but being beyond the European lady's sphere, they do not interest her. Of course, there are exceptions, and there are many instances of Hindu and Mahomedan ladies who are not only well read in modern literature, but are themselves brilliant writers of prose and poetry; but even these do not, as a rule, like to mix in public with strangers, men included, and when they do, are looked upon with suspicion by their friends. Besides, ladies of this stamp are but few among the Indian millions, and have even fewer opportunities of meeting or combining. They may, and probably will, form centres for the diffusement of their ideas; but the time is as yet far off for such a condition of things.

Even among men of the different races there are few subjects in common, and but fewer opportunities of forming private friendships. The great majority of Europeans in India are officials, and I believe that all who know anything about India will agree with me that it is almost impossible for the European official to know anything of the inner life and wishes of his native acquaintances. Not only is it difficult for him to form a private friendship with a native, but he is prevented from so doing by his official position, and any attempt to do so would most certainly meet with discouragement on the part of the Government, and lay him open to misrepresentation. Under present conditions in India the official is, and must remain, more or less of an alien. Now, social intercourse rests almost entirely upon a basis of intimacy, not only between men, but between men and their families, and upon a community of interests, ideas, persons, and pleasures. Without these elements social intercourse is, as I understand it, impossible.

III.

By MRS. B. S. PATEL.—(Silver Medal.)

India seems to be a unique country in this respect

that her peoples, whose name is legion, lead each their separate lives, and, living side by side, know and see very little of one another. The Anglo-Indians have added one more to the number of these, and that they, whose every effort should be to draw themselves closer to the people of this land and bind them to themselves with every tie of love and trust, should keep aloof from them, is indeed much to be deplored.

To bringing about freer intercourse between Indians and Anglo-Indians, especially between the women, is no such difficult matter, if there is a sincere desire for it on both sides. The initiative should be taken by Anglo-Indian ladies, who are not restrained by excessive shyness and diffidence that a stay-at-home life has made natural to the Indian lady. The requisite to make the task successful is love and sympathy. As a great orator, when once asked the secret of success in his art, recommended action, action again, action always; so to the question: What is wanted to bring together the two peoples? I might reply: Love, more love, and ever greater love. Each has much to learn from the other; but while the great qualities of the European lie on the surface, it needs some insight and culture to divine the underlying worth of the Indian, and makes it, therefore, more easy to believe there is none.

It behoves English women, then, to use much tact and sympathy in their intercourse with their Indian sisters. Unless they are imbued with the spirit of Corinthians xiii, theirs will be labour lost. Many well-meaning Anglo-Indians have found their kindly intentions brought to naught by an unconscious assumption of superiority at the outset, and through having their minds filled with notions of prestige and dignity. An instance of this attitude of mind might be cited here. Some time ago the editor of *The Englishman* gave a lecture before a literary society in Calcutta, in which he urged Anglo-Indians not to be so exclusive, and to cultivate the friendship of the people in the midst of whom they were living. Then he proceeded to ask, "How can we improve our relations with them without impairing our dignity and injuring our commercial interests?" Needless to say, this has marred the effect of what might otherwise have been considered a noble appeal. Since we know that we cannot serve God and Mammon both, those who would be friends with Indians, and yet mindful of their prestige, would do better to leave the people altogether alone. The Indians have something of self-respect, and have an objection to being patronised. It were far better the two races kept apart than that they came to get only too closely together in bitterness and friction. If Anglo-Indians would only learn to look to essentials, and leave the non-essentials out of sight, the temptation to assume superiority would be greatly lessened.

To Indians, it is true, have not studied deportment nor cultivated the graces. This is owing to their undeveloped social institutions. Good manners, tact, and polish, and all the other social amenities of life, go a great way to the sweetening of existence, it cannot be denied; but these are like the sauces and pastry of a dinner, that can be dispensed with if things more substantial are there. The beauty of character of the Founder of Christianity is not found the less winning because we

know He ate with His fingers. Besides that, grace and polish are but a matter of opportunity and come through much mixing with people and moving in society. Indian women are, unfortunately, too much confined to their own homes, and so often lack ease and self-possession when they come into contact with outsiders.

But the best way to know and to appreciate Indians is to study the works of scholars like Max Muller, from whose writings one comes to know what a great past India has, and what a greater future she may have, by God's blessing and the help of her rulers. It should not be forgotten, too, that the West has derived all her knowledge from the East, and may be now looked to to repay part of the debt. For the rest, when Indians and Anglo-Indians start with mutual respect and admiration, the work of fraternising becomes easy enough. Working side by side, visiting schools and hospitals, starting clubs, and having tennis and badminton parties, all these things would bring Anglo-Indian and Indian ladies constantly together, and promote the greatest harmony and good feeling. Indians lack the power of organisation, and they would gladly learn these things of those who excel in them. The Indian temperament, too much given to meditation, too little to action, needs to be educated in the task of healthful activity, and to set some store by life and its surroundings.

This would be a great thing for the people of this country, while what they can give in return to the English is not less precious. These last will know how to admire the pure domestic lives of Indians, the noble self-abnegation of the women, whose devotion as mothers, whose unsurpassed love and loyalty as wives, make them models of womanhood for all the rest to imitate. These women are truly love and unselfishness incarnate. No better way to come to know them can be devised than through the children. The young folk of both races should be made to play always together, and be close friends, which will draw their mothers near to one another. Children are innocent of all prejudice till it is instilled into them, and they would most certainly communicate some of their frankness and warmth to their elders.

It is a pity Anglo-Indian children have to be sent away early to England for their education. To their absence is also due the idle, frivolous life led by some of their mothers, and what is gained in one way may be more than counterbalanced in another. But even as it is, much might be done by the help of the little ones. The whole intercourse would become thoroughly natural and spontaneous. There would not be the feeling of doing anything from a sense of duty or as a matter of form—that bane to all good understanding. For unless we all become as little children, we may not enter into the Kingdom of Hearts.

One lady, Mrs. Dixon-Carter of Yercaud, who is awarded a bound-volume of *Womanhood* for her contribution to the discussion, has a great deal to say against the habit which "native women have of eating betel-nut," the "superstitions" of native gentlemen, &c., &c., which stand in the way of social intercourse, and this contribution the editor rightly stigmatises as

"showing real prejudice against the natives." The *Womanhood* (London) has done a national service in taking up the subject in the way it has done. We have not the slightest doubt that much good will result from it.

Indian Pictures seen through an Artist's Eyes.



HERE is a fascination about India which no traveller can resist. Notwithstanding its plague and famine, its poverty and squalor, India is still a land of romance, a land of gorgeous skies and picturesque sights. To the average Anglo-Indian it is a "Land of Regrets," but when he bids farewell to it and settles down in Bayswater or Tunbridge Wells or the Isle of Wight, after repeated attacks of influenza, and the suffocating experiences of the fog and mist of "Merrie Old England," he looks back with regret to the days he had spent in sunny India. There is reason to believe that India is beginning to be appreciated more and more by the world at large, in spite of the unreasonable murmurs against it from a certain class of Anglo-Indians who begin to appreciate its value only when it is too late. In a recent work entitled *World Pictures*, by Mortimer Menpes and Dorothy Menpes (A. & C. Black, London), there is a most appreciative account of India, with some marvellous illustrations. Mr. Mortimer Menpes is an artist, and it is by means of his marvellous sketches that he wishes to describe the various countries of the world he had visited, and hence the descriptions themselves can hardly give the reader an idea of the impression that the authors mean to convey by the book, but still a few extracts will enable our readers to have an idea of the fascination which India has for an artist. Here are the first impressions of India as described by the author:—"My first impression of India was a very splendid one indeed. I found myself, when landing at Bombay, in the ancient portion of the town, surrounded by a wealth of colour, in an atmosphere of radiating light, freshness, and brilliancy. India surpassed my wildest expectations, the scenes I saw fired my brain, quickened my pulses, and filled my soul with a mad and eager longing to paint, paint, now and at once. But alas! my colour box did not hold such pigment, the brightest colours in my tubes appeared but dull and faded, and would

not nearly correspond to the glowing tones of earth and sky, and of the ever-changing multitude, that thronged and filled the streets and lanes about me. I wanted something purer, lighter, fresher; this was not a gold country or a blue country, but a country which demanded the full range of my palette. I used it, but only succeeded in creating mud, sombre and hopeless."

Nowhere does oriental picturesqueness, with all its gorgeous and varied colours, come out so prominently as in Bombay. The whole city is a kaleidoscopic jumble of moving flower beds, bright with endless varieties of colour, dazzling to the sight and changing with bewildering rapidity." Mr. Menpes thinks that it is not so much the natural taste of the people as the effects of the sun that account for this glorious harmony of colours seen nowhere else but in India. India is a land of contrasts to a foreigner. Side by side with palaces that boast of the finest architecture, magnificent temples and mosques of exquisite workmanship we find hovels unfit for pigs, mere holes in the earth, inhabited by whole families of wretched creatures. Here is a description of the Taj:—

"I was travelling in the railway train to Agra, and having the compartment to myself, was stretched at full length on the seat, sleeping and dreaming frantically. As I awoke I saw a bubble, a huge variegated bubble of a million dainty colours reflected in a window opposite to me. For a moment it seemed a part of my dreams, but glancing over my shoulder I saw the original, a most fine and elegant building, of faultless proportions, a triumph of architecture. It was of white marble, exquisitely sculptured and inlaid with colours and jewels, a thousand golden ornaments and minarets. The dome swelled heavenwards and tapered to a point. It was all glittering and bathed in that warm orange light which only the setting sun sheds. It is impossible to describe the Taj, because there is nothing in the world like it, except perhaps a bubble from which I think the architect must have taken his inspiration."

Benares, Mr. Menpes thinks, is the most decorative place in all India. The riverside presented a wealth of materials to the artist. "Nothing in the world resembles the colour of Benares, no pigment can reproduce it. The chief element is its tremendous brilliancy. Thousands upon thousands of small boats float on the holy river; both river and shore are one seething mass of humanity." Jeypore, the pink city, also receives its due share of praise. "Of all my impressions of India," says Mr. Menpes, speaking of Jeypore, "perhaps this one is the most vivid, the rose-red city towards

evening glowing with the white robes of the people, which created a harmony of old rose and silver unequalled by anything I have ever seen. If one takes up a stand at a street corner some most extraordinary and startling outfits are to be seen at Jeypore in the way of carts. A camel attached to a carriage will pass by, then a couple of oxen drawing a cart that must certainly have been designed in the days before the flood. There are also leopards and lions pulling small chariots for all the world like a circus, but the whole is most picturesque in effect."

The temples of India Mr. Menpes found to be perfect paradises for the etcher: "he finds such marvellous lattice work; such domes—some of copper richly gilt, others of blue porcelain, and green and gold enamel; such lofty sculptured arches; and marble minarets of exquisite beauty and proportion, with colours like an angel's dream." The golden temple of Amritsar especially comes in for much praise.

The Impressions of an English Lady travelling in India.

WHAT RULES THE WORLD?

"They say that man is mighty
He governs land and sea
He wields a mighty sceptre
O'er lesser powers that be!
But a mightier power and stronger
Man from his throne has hurled
And the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

W. ROSS WALLACE.

AT the late Conference for Education at Delhi, an Indian gentleman spoke with great feeling for the welfare of the Indian people, in a highly enlightened manner, saying "How can we expect to improve under our system of Purdah!"

A nation that crushes its women is lost, for God dictates to Motherhood the highest truth and right-minded ambition for her children, and most good men can trace the goodness and prosperity of their lives to a good mother's influence.

Some thousand years ago, in the time of the Ancient Egyptians, they honoured women—and thought of their mothers, sisters and wives with esteem for their virtue. There was a good High Priest named ANI (Ani). He was the husband of *one wife*, and you see her represented with him before the altars, with lotus flowers upon her head, and playing a musical instrument called the Systrem. He writes in that ancient *Book of the Dead*. "Ill-treat not

thy wife whose strength is less than thine, be thou her protector."

The wife of Ani was allowed to have a soul and to take part in the services and music of the Temples.

All the paintings on those historical tombs of Ancient Egypt, show they were a people of religious and military life, a people though dead thousands of years, to-day we respect; and they honoured their women.

Then came usurpers the Pharaohs to Egypt, introducing polygamy, corruption, and degradation of womanhood, and with it the sure downfall of the nation.

It is curious that when you meet a nation of oppressed women, the songs and music of that nation have died also, and all that remains is a pitiful wail or chant. It is so with the descendants of the old Imperial race of Ancient Egypt to-day.

The women of India have no doubt been forced to live in purdah, because of the invasions of people who did not respect the virtue of woman, or even permit them to have a soul? But have not those invaders brought down themselves and all intellectual life to a dead level. Where is the talent and genius of these once great people? It is stifled and dead; and yet we know that their intellectual powers are as capable as other nations.

I was interested when I first met a large meeting of Indian Christians in whom I noted the better and higher expression of countenance. I do not forget that "Light cometh from the East" and that the Divine Christ also came from the East, and we say "The Bible is the secret of England's greatness."

I am also impressed in India with the way the poor have been utterly neglected in the teachings of their own Koran and Mahabharata, and with the little truth and honour there is amongst them.

Yet what higher teachings could there be than what is found in the Mahabharata upon truth and honour? It says: "Bow only to truth, Truth is the final way, Truth is eternal. Truth is the highest sacrifice for all is founded on and upheld by Truth. Truth is the name of that which is imperishing, unchanging and eternal." The Sikhs say: "Truth is like the turban, it is beautiful upon the head." In the Mahabharata, we read "women must be honored and adored by their fathers, brothers and husbands, who desire welfare. The house in which female relatives not being duly honoured, pronounce a curse, perish completely, as if destroyed by magic."

"To be mothers were women created, and to be fathers of men"

"Let mutual fidelity continue until death, this is the highest law for the husband and wife."

Then come the commands of our Bible.

"Children obey your parents, honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

"Thou shalt not commit adultery but be faithful until death."

When I look round at the stagnation of intellectual life, which has been the result of the crushing of womanhood, I cannot help asking is it the egotism of man that has permitted all this? or have women made gods of their men—and permitted themselves to be silenced for generations? The system is quite wrong. As the Indian gentleman at Delhi said, there is little hope for a nation that shuts up its womanhood in imprisonment.

Much work is needed amongst the poorer classes to teach them Truth, and that Honesty is the best Policy and the foundation of all good trade, commerce and prosperity. As regards the question of social intercourse, I think if Indian ladies could visit good Christian families in England they would be well received—just as we send our daughters to France and Germany to be educated.

I am told how well read and well educated some Indian ladies are—and that it is a great pleasure to meet them. The few I have met among Christian Indian ladies are perfect examples of womanhood, and others would do well to follow their example, in regard to education and culture.

I will conclude with the words:—"Lead kindly Light."

Suggestions for English Reading.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLDS' "THE LIGHT OF ASIA."



LOOK up at my book-shelves. What shall I lend you this month?—that is how I always feel about our talks about books. All the books I have advised you to read stand on my book-shelves, dainty in their bright covers. I like my books to please me

with their appearance, just as I like my children nicely dressed, but I do not like my children in new dresses nor my books in new covers. I like my children in the dresses they have worn so long that they seem part of their dear little selves; and the books,—let their color be a little mellowed with much handling, yes, even with much lending.

This time I am going to ask you to read 'The Light of Asia.' I cannot help thinking many

of you have already done so, but there may be some who have not. I really believe of all our English books this one will interest you the most, because it is written by a man who has spent some of the past years of his life in India and its story is the life of Buddha. Will it not interest you to see in what manner a Christian and a man who lived among you approaches this story? Let me say at once that Edwin Arnold tells it with the greatest gentleness and dignity; the little book breathes reverence and love.

'The Light of Asia' is what we in England call an epic. There is no need for me to speak of the plot, I know how familiar it must be to you all, I am just going to point out what pieces pleased me most in this epical form of it. It is divided into 8 books and the 6th is, to me, the most beautiful. In this book Buddha finds the secret of life. It is so beautifully told how nature rejoiced when he went under the tree to fulfil his mission.

".....the conscious earth
"Worshipped with waving grass and sudden flush
"Of flowers about his feet.

Later, when dawn sprang with Buddha's victory, the little birds rejoiced and

"The slayer hid his knife,
"The robber lay his plunder back; the shroff
"Counted his full tail of coins; all evil hearts
"Grew gentle, kind hearts gentler, as the balm
"Of that divinest daybreak lightened Earth.
"Kings at fierce war called truce; the sick men
"leaped
"Laughing from beds of pain; the dying smiled
"As though the happy moon was sprung
"From fountains farther than the utmost East.
"And o'er the heart of sad Yasodhara,
"Sitting forlorn at Prince Siddhartha's bed
"Came sudden bliss as if love should not fail
"Nor such vast sorrow miss to end in joy—
"So glad the world was—though it wist not why?

Is not the last line 'delicious? How wistfully sweet it is! I think it is the effect of the reiterated 'W.' But do not all these lines show the wonderfully sympathetic attitude of their writer, Edwin Arnold? The other beautiful piece in the sixth book is where Sajata describes her life, just a life made up of love and care for her husband and her child, with no ambitions beyond that, her end to be on her husband's funeral pyre, dying in that manner, so that her love should give her husband's soul

"For every hair upon her head, a crore
"Of years in Swarga.....

The whole piece is too long to quote, it is also too beautiful to break up, so you must find it and read it yourselves. From the 5th Book, two things dwell in my mind. The little picture of Buddha carrying the lamb, and how He says to the Wolf Mother

".....Be at peace
"Whither thou goest I will bear thy care
"I were all as good to ease one beast of grief
"As sit and watch the sorrows of the world
"In yonder caverns with the priests who pray.

The italics are mine, observe what a reproof to the fasting hermits, Buddha has just past by.

The other specially interesting episode of the 5th Book, is when the woman brings the dead child to Buddha. Buddha does not bring it to life, but sends the mother away to realise that sorrow is the portion of all mankind. Both these little episodes of the 5th Book irresistibly recall the Christ story. Christ carries a lamb on his neck, he also compares his people to

"All my sheep who have no shepherd."

A dead child is also brought to Christ to make alive again. Each story illuminates the difference between Christianity and Buddhism. Christ brings the child to life again, Buddha does not. Can you understand the inherent fatalism of Buddhism suggested by just that difference?

In the 4th Book is described the action of Siddhartha going forth into the world, to find the secret of mankind, also how he goes in spite of the great love of Yasodhara which is so tenderly told; it always makes me quite sorry for them. Going out, he raised the Purdah's edge and—

"There drooped, close hushed,
"In such sealed sleep as water lilies know
"That lovely garden of his Indian girls."

In these few lines are summed up all the sensual pleasures of the life he is leaving.

I have written a great deal, I hope I have persuaded you to read the "Light of Asia." Purposely I have not touched the last two books, they are so ethical, and deal so much with the mysterious side of Buddhism that I might make mistakes which would make me so ridiculous that you would never take my advice any more. And don't you also think that every one understands ethics in their own particular personal way?

The first three books on the other hand are interesting as a story. They tell of Siddhartha's birth, of his father's guarding him from the sorrows of the world in a palace of pleasure, of how he goes twice into the city, and how on the second visit, the city is unprepared, and he sees an old man and realises that all men decay with age—of how, to divert him, arrangements for his marriage, of how Siddhartha and Yasodhartha fall in love with one another and after the usual tournament at the court of her father, they marry. It is all told gently, clearly, simply, nature playing all the while its accompaniment.

How truly is all this in the spirit of Buddhism, for did not Buddha teach under a tree, and might listened in the glen?

".....'Twas her close held breath
"Which came in scented sighs across the lawn
".....The birds and beasts and creeping things—'tis writ
"Had sense of Buddha's vast embracing lore
"And took the promise of his piteous speech."

Around A Distant Star.

BOOK I.—CHILDREN OF EARTH.

BY JEAN DELAIRE.

Author of "Alsatian Tales," "A Dream of Fume, etc.

CHAPTER III.—(AN ASTRONOMICAL LECTURE).

[SUMMARY OF CHAPTERS I AND II:—*Royal Staunton and Clive Delafield were friends at school, and the former was the hero in it, both on account of his intellectual attainments and his high moral character. He was greatly interested in Astronomy and was ever trying to discover something new. They both were staying at Estrella Lodge—in the Isle of Jersey—the home of Roy and his sister.*]



HAD been an inmate of Estrella Lodge for nearly a month when Roy one morning burst into my room with a radiant face.

"Read this!" he exclaimed, handing me a slip of red paper.

"Professor Tweed—Royal Astronomical Society—August 20th, at 8 o'clock—Popular Lecture—The Marvels of the Sidereal Universe—System of Double Stars...."

I glanced at Roy inquiringly.

"Well?" I asked.

"Well! Is it not glorious? For the last twelve months I have been dying to know something of double stars! The astronomy books at school merely mention their existence, and that is all—All old works, you know, written when they were only just discovered... Hurrah for old Tweed!... You will come, Clive?"

I nodded. "Yes, if you go."

"If!" he repeated with some indignation. "If! Why, I would sell my last crust of bread to go!"

And I verily believe he would.

On the day fixed for the lecture, a full hour before the appointed time—O enthusiasm of early youth!—Roy was dragging me with feverish impatience over the road to St. Helier—the foun-

tain head, temporarily, of all astronomical knowledge.

It was to be a popular lecture, and though Professor Tweed, with more courtesy than candour, affirmed that no one present could ignore the mechanism of the solar system, he prudently began his lesson with a line-light diagram of the sun and the planets.

In his preliminary remarks he strove to give his hearers some idea of the magnitude and magnificence of the universe.

"When on a fine summer morning," he began in his pleasant, even voice, "you stand on the highest hill or cliff of this beautiful Isle of Jersey, and look at all the fields and meadows, and gardens and villages lying at your feet and stretching far out towards the sea, Jersey seems a very large island, does it not? But when, on a map of the United Kingdom, we compare it with the proud sea-girt land we call England, does Jersey look any larger than a rock lost in the sea? And what becomes of England itself compared with the whole continent of Europe? What is Europe compared with the vast continents of Asia and Africa? What is the united mass of all the continents in the world compared with the mighty expanse of ocean that envelopes the earth?"

"We cannot realise the immensity of our planet's surface—and can we realise that this surface is but an infinitely small fraction of its total volume? Can we realise that seen from a distance in space the highest peaks of our highest mountain-ranges would look but as a grain of sand on the skin of an orange? Can we realise this magnitude? Our proudest snow-clad peaks rising so boldly heavenward with their heads in the clouds, are nothing but an invisible rugosity on the surface of our planet!"

"And yet this world of ours—this giant of worlds, as it appears to us—is itself but an imperceptible atom compared with the sun, whose volume exceeds over a million times that of the earth! Here indeed all our little attempts to realise the greatness of heavenly bodies must fail. We may discover their volume; we may measure their relative distance; we may determine their velocity. Realise their magnitude we cannot. We can express it in numbers, that is all."

"We can say of the sun, centre of our system, that its volume is one million two hundred and eighty thousand times the volume of the earth, and that if the eight principal planets, of which ours is one of the smallest, and the hundreds of little worlds that gravitate between Mars and Jupiter, and all the satellites of all these planets, were joined in one stupendous mass, the volume thus formed would still be six hundred times inferior to the volume of the sun!"

"We may add that the heat generated by the sun at every second of its existence is equal to the heat that would result from the combustion of eleven quadrillions, six hundred thousand billions of tons of coal burning simultaneously. We may add also—if our brain does not reel before these colossal figures—that the dark spots, invisible to the naked eye, which periodically appear on its radiant disc, measure twice and sometimes three times the diameter of the earth, while the gigantic flames of burning hydrogen often observed in solar displosions, attain a height corresponding to six, eight and ten times the earth's diameter!

"And this prodigious world of fire that we call our sun is itself only a star among stars—a grain of sand in a shoreless ocean. On a clear, frosty winter's night, we see hundreds of stars shining above us; with the help of a telescope we discover millions and tens of millions. Every one of these stars is a sun, probably the centre of a planetary system like our own!

"Splendid as appears our solar system—the Sun-king and all his planetary court, colossal Jupiter with his brilliant train of satellites, Saturn, the magnificent, amid his luminous rings and his eight moons, the fiery comets flying with unimaginable speed through the earth's orbit,—what are these splendours compared with those of coloured double and treble stars, worlds where sun gravitates around sun, sapphire star around a star of silver, opal tinted sun around a sun of amethyst? What words can describe the wonders of a planet lit by several multi-coloured suns, worlds where darkness is unknown, where the topaz day follows the blue, or the purple day the golden? Yet these worlds exist; it is no fairy tale of Science, no dream of half-crazed astronomer. At myriads of miles from us gravitate these systems of double, treble, multiple stars, with all the inconceivable beauties of their planets and satellites."

Once well launched into his subject, the professor grew more concise and more scientific. In a few brief sentences he explained the more remarkable of the systems of double and treble stars—Alpha Centauri with its two suns, one golden, the other white, revolving round each other in a period of eighty-five years,—Hêta Cassiopea with its yellow and purple suns, and its slow revolution of two hundred and twenty-two years,—Sigma Lyra with three silver-white suns,—Xi Scorpion with three suns of gold,—and from these he passed to the wonder-world of star-clusters and nebulae. He described the magnificent cluster in the Southern Cross, wherein sparkle over a hundred stars with every colour of the rainbow, sapphire, ruby, emerald, topaz, living gems of the sky—and the still more marvellous cluster of Centaurus, com-

posed of thousands of suns, seemingly forming one incommensurable mass of radiant matter. Then he spoke of the Nebulae, globes in formation, embryos of universe, and touched, *en passant* the still mysterious question of the origin and end of worlds. He closed his lecture with some telling remarks on the inconceivable immensities of inter-stellar spaces. "We know", he said in his concluding sentences, "that the distance between the sun and our little earth is ninety-five millions of miles. Yet the distance between our earth and the nearest star, Alpha Centauri, is two hundred and ten thousand times that distance! Light, which travels with the prodigious velocity of one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second, takes three years and six months to traverse this distance, while sound, to cross the same distance, would take three million of years!

Therefore,—and this is a fact rarely realised—we do not see "the starry heavens" as they are at the moment they meet our upward gaze; we do not see the stars of to-day, but the stars of the past, a past varying in length, as vary the distances between these stars and our earth. For since a ray of light will take three and a half years to pass from Alpha Centauri to our own world, it must follow, strange as it may seem, that we do not see this star as it is at the present moment, but as it was three and a half years ago. Inversely, could we have wings more wonderful than poet ever dreamed of, could we fly in one moment across these colossal distances and land on our nearest star—or, better, on one of the planets which no doubt gravitate around it—we should see our earth not as it is to-day, but as it was three and a half years ago, since the light-rays will take that time to cross the distance between us. Did we take our flight still farther into space, and alight on Sirius, we would see our planet as it was over twelve years ago; and if we receded still farther, we would see, were we gifted with supernatural vision, our native world as it was twenty, fifty, a hundred years ago, as it was in the time of Elizabeth, of Alfred the Great, of Cesar,—as it was in the times of the early Greeks, of the first Egyptian civilisation,—as it was before human footsteps had left their impress upon earth. Well has a French astronomer said that 'light makes of the past an eternal present'."

I glanced at Roy as the last words were spoken. His very soul seemed to have leapt into his eyes as he strained forward, his lips parted, his breath coming in quick, eager gasps, his fingers nervously interlaced. For some minutes I left him to his dreams, then, touching his arm, "Are you ready, Roy?" I whispered. He started, and looked at me, or rather

through me, into vacant space. His eyes, of a deep, changeful grey in the daytime, became as dark velvet at night; now they were black as jet, and shone like stars. God knows what visions of infinity filled them at this moment.

The crowd was slowly filtering out of the rooms, with a dull noise of shuffling feet and a murmur of low voices. He awoke at last.

"Come", he said; and together we left the hall.

Ah, the sweet freshness of the breeze from hill and sea after the closeness of the heated rooms! How silvery green shone the meadows under the moon, how full of dreamy suggestion was the scent of wild hyacinths and primroses blossoming by the road side!

For some time we walked in absolute silence, each far from the other in a world of his own. At last Roy spoke.

"Clive, do you think it can be done?"

It was my turn to stare, and fail to understand the spoken words.

"Do you think it can be done," he repeated with some impatience—"what this man said—to journey to the stars—to the most distant stars?"

"I did not hear him say that," I answered vaguely, as I tried, in vain, to remember such an affirmation in Professor Tweed's mouth.

"No, he did not say it, but it was implied in all he said, it ran through every word he uttered! If man did this—if man did that if we could travel as light travels—if we could go from planet to planet, from star to star. . . ! If!" He was silent for the next two or three minutes then suddenly he asked;

"Have not things as wonderful been achieved, Clive?"

"As wonderful as a journey to the stars?" I asked incredulously.

"Look, Clive," Roy continued, slipping his arm through mine, "look at what man already has done. Can we conceive anything more remote than the stars? The nearest star is at such a prodigious distance that light, which only takes eight minutes to reach us from the sun, needs three and a half years to bridge over the gulf between us! Yet man, little atom on a microscopic planet, has in a measure conquered these immensities. . . He has measured the distance of these stars, he has discovered their velocity, he has analysed their elements. . . Man has done this, and done it a few hundred years only after the discovery of the real universe. . . Think of it! Clive! It is only four centuries since Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo, revealed to us the world as it is. Only four centuries ago man believed his little earth to be the centre of Creation, with the moon and

all the stars as luminaries for his nights! In these four centuries man has done all this—and you think he will not go further and ever further, until all creation lies as an open book before Him?"

"Undoubtedly there will be other discoveries," I answered, "but to discover a new star or planet, and to find a way of journeying to this star or planet, are two quite different things. One is possible, the other—"

"Impossible? That is what people always say of any daring enterprise! The more we learn about nature's laws, the more wonders become possible to us—until we know all that can be known,—and then shall all the world lie in the hollow of our hand!"

I glanced curiously at Roy. He was walking rapidly, his head thrown back, his eyes lost in an inward vision.

"This is wild talk, Roy," I ventured after a moment's silence. "Surely we can never know everything? And then—Well, I have not studied science as you have—but I cannot help thinking that whatever wonders man may achieve in this world, on this earth, he can never do wonders beyond it, never leave this planet—"

"Why not?" queried Roy abruptly.

The question left me silent for a while.

"Why not?" he continued. "The difficulties in the way are perhaps not greater than hundreds of difficulties already successfully overcome! It seems to me that the genius who measured the stars and weighed the planets, can also discover the means of communication between earth and sky."

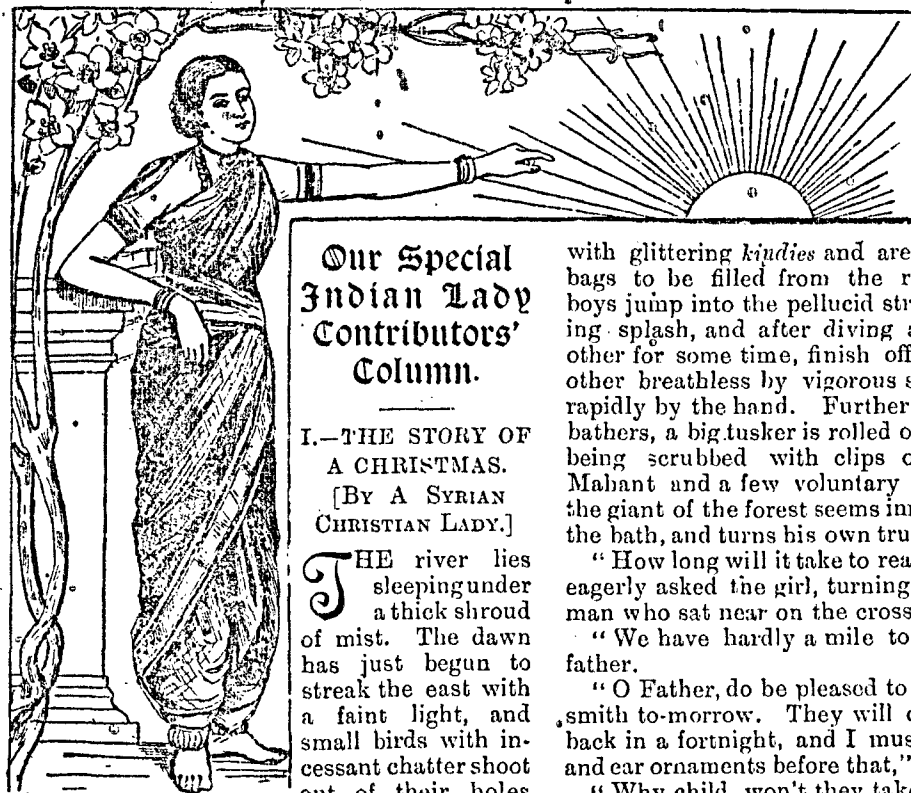
"Well," I replied meditatively, "the man who would do this would assuredly be the greatest genius that ever lived—the greatest savant as well! He would have to be astronomer, physicist, mathematician,—and philosopher—all in one!"

"Perhaps I shall be that man," said Roy in his low, thrilled voice.

And at this even I could not help smiling at the vagaries of my hero.

(To be continued.)

The *Paris Siccle* has received from the ladies who visited Paris with the British Members of Parliament an Address expressing their thanks for the boundless kindness extended to them, and for the graceful attention shown them both by the public authorities and by private Societies. They hope that British and French women will alike do all in their power to render the *entente cordiale* a benefit for both nations.



Our Special Indian Lady Contributors' Column.

I.—THE STORY OF A CHRISTMAS.

[BY A SYRIAN
CHRISTIAN LADY.]

THE river lies sleeping under a thick shroud of mist. The dawn has just begun to streak the east with a faint light, and small birds with incessant chatter shoot out of their holes on either bank and flutter about. In a little while the sun leaps up in all his glory and soon dissipates the mist. A boat is discovered moored to a pole in the middle of the channel, and a man's voice calls from within, "Matthai, Varkki, you lazy fellows," but it fails to awaken the boatmen who had toiled the greater part of the night against a strong current and had only laid down their poles when the moon went down, and passage up the sinuous narrow channel was found impossible. "Here Chandy, push those fellows down into the water," thundered the voice to a servant, at which the men sat up and rubbing their eyes, pushed open the covering of the boat at both ends, and after chewing betel, they drew out their long bamboo poles and with vigorous pushes sent the boat racing up-stream; now and again the keel grated against the pebbles and the boat ran aground, but immediately the agile boatmen jumped into the water and set her afloat. A girl of about sixteen, stooping out from the middle of the boat and fondly trailing her fingers in the sparkling water, watched the passing scenes with keen interest. The gold and blue kingfisher poises in mid air, head downwards, to drop down with open beaks and unerring aim upon the unlucky little fish that rise to the surface now and then. Little children come skipping down the banks like goats, some to wash their faces, little girls

with glittering *kudies* and areca palm water-bags to be filled from the river. Groups of boys jump into the pellucid stream for a refreshing splash, and after diving and chasing each other for some time, finish off by pelting each other breathless by vigorous showers splashed rapidly by the hand. Further up from the little bathers, a big tusker is rolled on his side, and is being scrubbed with clips of rocks, by the Mahant and a few voluntary assistants, while the giant of the forest seems immensely to enjoy the bath, and turns his own trunk into a douche.

"How long will it take to reach home, father," eagerly asked the girl, turning to a middle aged man who sat near on the cross-board.

"We have hardly a mile to go," replied her father.

"O Father, do be pleased to call in the goldsmith to-morrow. They will come to take me back in a fortnight, and I must have my rings and ear ornaments before that," pleaded the girl.

"Why child, won't they take you in without your ornaments?" joked her father.

"It is not that, father; my sister-in-law who was married only three months ago has already been given ornaments, and my mother-in-law taunts me about it."

"Oh, if your mother-in-law is in such a hurry, she will have to wait another year," growled her father, but seeing the look of disappointment on Mariamma's face, added reassuringly, "well, child let me see what can be done."

As the boat neared its destination, Mariamma's brothers and little sister, who had been watching for her arrival since daybreak, came running down the sandbank, and greeting her affectionately, they hastened home with her to their mother. Mariamma had been married a year ago, but she had spent the first few months of her married life with her own parents, and then her husband took her away with him to M—, a distant town, where he had secured an employment. Six months later, her father went and fetched her from her husband's home, during the Christmas holidays, and this is her home-coming.

The mother stood in the doorway with longing eyes, which brimmed over with tears of joy as she pressed her daughter to her bosom, and then hastily wiping her eyes with the corner of her cloth, said: "You must have made a poor supper yesterday in the hurry of departure, and must be very hungry. Come and have some

breakfast," but excessive joy had taken away all desire for food, and the girl rushed about the house like a released puppy, pouring forth torrents of questions to the little sister who kept close to her.

The next day, as usual, the household stirred at dawn, and after family prayers, went out into the chill dewy morning. The children with chattering teeth ran off and set fire to a pile of dry leaves that had been heaped together the previous day and invited their sister to come and warm herself. The mother also joined them by and bye, and bringing some bananas and sweet potatoes, she threw them into the fire saying: "your father always prefers a roast banana to a boiled one, and I dare say Mariamma would also like one." It was Christmas eve, and the mother and daughter planned the dinner for the morrow, and the children danced round the fire, poking it now and then to see if the bananas were cooked. The fire had almost died out when their father was seen approaching towards it, and the children brought more leaves and rekindled it. He held in his hand a cocoanut which he gave to his wife saying:—"That *pulaya* boy whom you encourage to steal by giving him food whenever you see him prowling about the premises, has just been making away with this."

It was the habit with Chakkochen to take a morning round in the compound and pick up any little thing that dropped over night. He came of thrifty ancestors whose motto was "Take care of the grains and the granary will take care of itself." A story was current about his grandfather, who was very particular about getting his breakfast on his return from his bath. Once, the breakfast not being quite ready, the daughters-in-law, to gain time, scattered a handful of paddy at the gate. His careful eye detected the grains, and oblivious of his breakfast, he stooped down and patiently picked them up. This excellent quality gained force with each generation till in Chakkochen it developed into parsimony. In all other respects he was an estimable man—a fond father, a loving husband and a shrewd man of the world whose advice was much sought after in the village. But his wife more than made up for his close fistness. She was generous to a fault. The poor neighbours who came with their many little wants always found her ready to help, and during the rainy months of want and misery, she was often known to distribute even her own dinner among the many who crowded at her kitchen door. The *pulaya* boy referred to above, was a low-caste starveling, too ill to work, who eked out a miserable livelihood by begging, and for this he had to cross over from compound to compound, through fence and ditch. Chakkochen's kind-hearted wife gave him food as often as he came, but like the

rest of his class he did not count it wrong to pilfer something where he could, and more than once had his benefactress caught him red-handed on top of cocoa or areca palm, and warned him away before her husband should see him.

"I warned the wretch never again to set foot in this compound; mind, you do not encourage the thief!" added Chakkochen.

"But to-morrow is Christmas, and all our *Pulayas* (slaves) will be coming; let the poor fellow also come and get some food," pleaded Mariamma.

"Christmas! but what Christmas has a *pulay*? The feast is for those who fast," returned her father.

"But the Christmas blessing of 'Peace on Earth,' was it not sent down to all alike, without any distinction," ventured Mariamma again, but her father moved away and did not answer her last remark.

The women were very busy the whole day preparing dainties for the morrow and the children felt happy, anticipating its delights. On Christmas morn at cock-crowing, the first party of Church-goers knocked at Chakkochen's door, and he with his family joined them and the company set out along the rough uneven path, which was rendered slippery by the heavy dews and whose difficulties were accentuated by the lights and shadows thrown by the torches. The lighted church was filled from end to end, and the congregation was one mass of white only relieved here and there by the colored handkerchiefs of the children. As, led by the priests, their gorgeous robes and flowing beards, the congregation with one accord chanted praises to God for the 'good tidings of great joy,' the scene put one strongly in mind of the midnight song of praise of the heavenly host which had startled the simple shepherds of Bethlehem. It was broad daylight when the service was over and after a few crackers were fired by the children, which in reality was the chief attraction to them, all briskly retraced their steps homewards where good Christmas fare was awaiting them.

As usual some of the poor neighbours and dependants were entertained at Chakkochen's place and a great quantity of rice and curry was served out in the compound to the *pulayas* who were attached to his lands. After these had dispersed, the *pulaya* boy, emboldened by hunger, crept in, and seeing no one about, climbed a young areca palm. Just at that moment Chakkochen came out, and his practised eye detecting the dark form, he hastened thither, brandishing his stick. No sooner had the unlucky urchin set eyes on Chakkochen than he slid down from the palm and dropping the bunch of nuts he had plucked, fled precipitately, and

stumbled over the low mud wall surrounding the compound into the ditch beyond.

The day being one of the rare holidays enjoyed by the laborers in those parts, a few dropped in at Chakkochen's, and seeing Mariamma, they began to question her about the wonders of the far country she had been to. "Is the place anything like ours, and have you a river to bathe in?" asked one. Others would ask about the railway! "Does it give you a good shaking, and are you troubled with smoke?" "Does it carry first and second class passengers faster, for paying more than third class passengers?" "Does it run in the dark and what is the power that drives it?" While Mariamma related the wonders of the iron-horse, they listened with open mouthed incredulity, and when she had finished, a later arrival said, "Just now I beheld a sight, too sad for such a day." That pulaya lad who used to wander about these places, dies dead in the ditch beyond this compound. It was indeed a cruel fate that decreed his death from starvation on a Christmas day.

"Poor wretch!" said Mariamma sadly, "he has found rest and peace at last."

But Chakkochen heard and understood. He knew that the fall from the mud wall must have proved too much for the frail bond that united the miserable body and soul. The thread snapped and the released soul flew away. The dread secret worked a great change in Chakkochen. His morning round becoming a painful duty, was given up. The poor people who usually crowd round threshing-floors at harvest time, found him different from the Chakkochen of old, and he never allowed even a pulaya child to be sent away empty-handed. He tried in many ways to expiate his crime, but never again did he experience in his heart the Christmas message of peace.

K.

II.—"ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS."

[A SCHOOL ESSAY BY AN INDIAN LADY.]



THE truth of this proverb may be seen in the daily life of almost everyone in the world. How often do we find things around us gradually losing the bright alluring aspect, which once we found so irresistibly attractive, and appearing at last in their own base colours. How often are men drawn to take part in schemes, which at

first appear sure to succeed, but which in the end dissolve themselves into nothing. An example of such a deception is afforded in the excitement in the time of Walpole, which caused so many men to give up almost everything that they had in order to become part-takers in the glittering prospects of the South Sea Bubble scheme, which however in the end dissolved itself like a very bubble into the air, and left them with almost nothing in their hands. In the middle ages there were people, who claimed to be masters of the science called Alchemy, which they said would enable them to transform all other metals into gold. At first they had many dupes; but gradually, like all who put forth schemes, which have no sound foundation, they lost all their adherents, and were left alone to bemoan their hard lot.

In the same way we find that there are many persons in the world, who at first attract people by their mere outward appearance; but who, as the external polish of manner wears off, shows themselves as they are. Carlyle, speaking of the eighteenth century, says "The sceptic of the eighteenth century looks for regulated respectable formulas, 'principles,' or what else he may call them; a style of speech and conduct, which has got to seem 'respectable,' which can plead for itself in a handsome articulate manner and gain the suffrages of an enlightened sceptical eighteenth century." And so what happens is this—the world basing all its beliefs on the outward appearances of things, and feeling sure that whatsoever does not glitter is not gold, never knows when a thing is true and when it is not true. Innumerable great men pass before us, men who have real inward greatness in them; but who perhaps do not know how to acquire the power of distinguishing themselves in Society; and we, just on account of that want of external grace and ease of manner in them, never recognise their true greatness, but pass them by just as if they were ordinary men. Samuel Johnson was a very great man in reality, but he was very stern and grim to outward appearance, and society would not acknowledge him, simply because he had not those manners, which were appreciated by the world, just because they happened to be in vogue at that time. Indeed the very sternness and melancholy of the man may be the result of his inward greatness. Any great man, any sensitive man, pierces deep into the heart of things; and Samuel Johnson might have learned to his cost that the world was utterly false, that all its motives were false, and that very few men in it were true to themselves. Such a man will naturally find it very hard to pretend to be on good terms with such a false world, and he will be filled with sorrow on

account of the deplorable state of things. Again every man does not think it necessary that he should disclose all his thoughts and intentions to those about him; and the little that he discloses may cause all his other intentions to be misconstrued. Whatever may be the true state of the matter, we are again and again reminded of the fact, that all that does not glitter cannot be said to be not gold.

But there are many men, who with real inward greatness of heart combine outward grace of manner. Such a man was Shakespeare, and he was enabled to keep on such genial terms with the world, simply by the depth of his philosophy. The world was the same in Shakespeare's time as it was in that of Johnson, and yet Shakespeare is full of genuine laughter, while Johnson has the stamp of melancholy for ever fixed on him; and yet both are great men.

Such being the case then, there must be a difference between true shining and false glittering. In Telugu, there is a proverb which attempts to distinguish between gold and a metal, which is very much like gold, which in English may be called 'bel-metal.' The shining in both cases is the same; but the sound produced by each is different. The latter sounds empty; but the former does not; and so it is with men. Men, who have something worthy in them, shine in the world with a kind

of chaste brightness, with a brightness which always gives us an idea of having something behind it. But those, who have nothing of real greatness in them, try to hide that very emptiness of heart by outward polish of manner. Carlyle says, "The deadliest sin were that same supercilious consciousness of no sin—that is death. The heart so conscious is divorced from sincerity, humility and fact; it is 'pure' as drydead sand is pure. Yet courtesy is not a falsehood or grimace. They were poets too that devised all those courtesies that make life noble. 'Bending before men' is Hero-worship—a recognition that there does dwell in that presence of our brother something divine."

Shakespeare says:

"Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade."

We are all more or less, attracted by the gold-like glitter of false things at first; but gradually the attraction wears off, and we are left behind to lament over our own emptiness of heart and want of will, which could be so taken in by the outward glitter of appearance hiding the inward baseness of heart; but though we think that the cup of happiness is for a moment dashed from our lips, we become reconciled to our lot, and become wiser, if sadder, men and women.

III.—EZEKIEL'S LAMENT.

Ezekiel xxiv: 15—25.

Thou goest, my fair one, to the land of the blest,
Thou goest, beloved, to that beautiful rest;
The God of my fathers hath sent me this sign
That the world's glorious sun will leave it with mine.

The fountains of music have dried and have failed,
The sweet starlight of home hath faded and paled;
But the requiem of tears may not sound in this heart,
Though thou, my beloved, from earth must depart.

The far away echoes from those parted and gone
Are hushing the footsteps of life's busy throng;
The heart to Jehovah which alone must incline
Doth yearn to imprint the joys which decline.

But my people have sinned and a shadow far worse
Than the night of the grave is the blight of His curse;
And a sign of disaster, a token of woe,
Is the stroke which doth lay my desire very low.

The dirge of my heart, unspoken, unheard
Is a type of the wail, which the voice of the Lord
Will send through the land, the tribute alone
My people will pay to Jehovah's high throne.

Farewell, my beloved, the shadows decline
Thou hastenest to brightness which yet is not mine,
For Sinai's thunders brood dark o'er my land
And I stay to peal forth the Almighty's command.

ZOI BOSE.

IV.—RANDOM NOTES:

BY SHAHINDA.
"MATHERAN."



MIDST pretty woods and picturesque surroundings lies an elegant structure, the cosy home of Mr. and Mrs. Ratan Tata. It is rendered more so by the luxuriant growth of plants around in their natural state.

The "Homestead" has airy and elegantly furnished apartments, that speak of lavish expenditure and great refinement of taste. There are suits of rooms for guests, where every kind of comfort is observed, exceedingly creditable to the good taste and thoughtful consideration of the host and hostess. I was with them for ten days and the pleasant memories of the delicious time I spent there is ever present. The climate was just cold enough to be intensely enjoyable, the evenings specially were delightful when the declining rays of the sun poured forth a flood of golden light over the pretty country seat with its attractive grounds.

Mrs. Ratan Tata was much admired in London. This photograph (*vide* Frontispiece) is her latest; she is in her magnificent court dress, in which she was presented at the Drawing Room last year.

The lover of nature, whose mind is stored with memories gained by long surrender to her subtle influences amongst lonely hills and quiet vales, would delight in the pretty woods of Matheran. A strange aromatic perfume comes stealing in puffs and breaths from numberless shrubs beneath the tall trees, whose long branches idly sway and rustle with every passing breeze, and at night make mournful music. Wild flowers of semi-tropical growth abound in scattered nooks and clefts. In some spots gaunt spectral forms of trees stand, and near them spring numberless young ones with bright green transparent leaves, through which the Southern sun penetrates, as through a pane of wax, as they dance in the sparkling light with all the youthful giddiness of tree life.

Troupes of birds in splendour of gay variegated hues, vivid as those of a Rajah's dress, disport themselves with much satisfaction, as though perfectly aware of the enhanced effect given to their beautiful plumage by a background of low tones of subdued harmony.

Matheran, in the past few years, has become a favourite place of sojourn with all classes of people, and hence it has grown very public and crowded and would not appeal to those who love to be alone with nature among the hills. There are however still left some tracks around where you may plunge into shadowy forest depths, and enjoy, on a limited scale, the imagined delights of bush travel without its perils and privations! Under a roof of leafy boughs the broken light of "Shadows dark and sunlight sheen" is refreshing to weary eyes, and this charm is further enhanced by the dreamy, surging sound of the summer wind sweeping through the trees which accompany you everywhere. Snakes are of course numerous, but the study of their fearful beauty is associated with too much peril to be very anxiously sought.

As the day declines, the golden sunset sets all the woods aflame, and darkness without any intervening twilight soon succeeds, while the birds fly past with shrills and sweet calls to their nests.

DHURGONTEE—AN INDIAN HEROINE.



DHURGONTEE, Queen of the Saagor and Nerbudda territories, fell in battle, while leading on her men for the third time in an endeavour to stem the torrent of Mahomedan invasion. For the legend of the drums, etc., see Col. Sleeman's "Rambles and Recollection of an official in India."

Watched she from her lofty tower
At the city gate,
While the fifty thousand power
Marched in solemn state,
And the leader at its head
Proudly on his liegemen-led.

Donned she then her bridal tire
In her dark hair's curls
Bound the ruby's sparkling fire,
Twined the snowy pearls;
With her maidens trod the street
Her spear-circled lord to greet.

Round about the royal tent
Light of sabres shone,
Martial music loudly blent
With the bridegroom's tone,
And Dhurgontee's eyes flashed bright
At the army, ripe for fight.

Ever kept that true brave heart
By her husband's side,
Sharing in his throne a part,
Reigning as a bride
Till the strong one passed away
Leaving her alone to sway.

Weighed the sceptre in her hand,
On her brow the crown;
Ruled she o'er that orphaned land,
Glorious in renown;
And her very name when heard
Hearts with pride and reverence stirred.

Come the foe with countless men,—
Waves upon a rock,—
Stood she in the narrow glen
Waiting for the shock:
In that red pass by her side,
One by one her soldiers died.

And she fell too with her face
Looking on the foe,
Lay the Queen in her right place,
With her faithful low;
And the foemen o'er the dead
As a torrent onward sped.

Yet when now the peepul throws
Leaf-shades calm and still
And the moonlight creeping goes
Down each rugged hill,
Lighting e'en that dark defile
With the glory of her smile,

The roused peasant hears the roll
Of quick-beaten drums,
And into his inmost soul
Swift a shudder comes,
For he knows Dhurgontee's call,
Marshalling her soldiers all.

And from out their thousand graves
Rise the buried slain
Round the Queen her faithful braves
Rally once again,
And she cheers them as of yore
When the Moslem stood before.

From "Sorrows, Aspirations and Legends from India," by Mary E. Leslie.

A Meeting of Mahammedan Ladies at Hyderabad.

SPEECHES BY MRS. KARIM KHAN AND
MRS. MUMTAZ-YAR-UD-DOWLAH.

A MEETING of zenana ladies was held in aid of the Aligarh College, at the Honorable Nawab Imad-ul-Mulk Syed Hussain Bilgrami's house, Hyderabad on Saturday, the 29th of August, when Mrs. Karim Khan, the Nawab's daughter, was at Home to her friends. The following ladies were present:

Mrs. Afsar-ul-Mulk, Mrs. Mumtaz-yar-ud-dowlah, Mrs. Surboland Jung, Mrs. Yasin Khan, Mrs. Nadir Jung, Mrs. Wazir Jung, Mrs. Daolat Yar Jung, Mrs. Syed Afzal Hossain, Mrs. Aziz Jung, Mrs. Kiladar, Mrs. Syed Mohamed Hassan, Mrs. Syed Akeel Bilgrami, Mrs. Syed Ali Hassan, Mrs. Sorabji, Hazrat Begum, Ulfat Begum, Mariam Begum, Radha Bai, Mrs. Haider Beg, Mrs. Aghorenath Chattopadhyaya, Mrs. Mumtaz-ud-din, Mrs. Shah Mirza Beg, Mrs. Humayun Mirza, Mrs. Nundy, Mrs. Naidu, Mrs. Abdul Hossain, Azizah Begum, Aliah Begum, Mrs. Golam Siddik Beg, Mrs. Badruddin and daughter, Mrs. Syed Ahmed Ali, Mrs. Syed Amir Ali, Mrs. Dildar Hossain and daughter, Mrs. Fiaz Ali Khan and daughter, Mrs. Sharfuddin, Mrs. Shakir Ali, Mrs. Moinuddin, Mrs. Mirza Mahdi Khan, Mrs. Syed Hassan, Mrs. Mirza Karim Khan,

Three European ladies, Mrs. Townsend, Miss Townsend, and Miss Evans were also present.

After the guests had partaken of the good things spread in profusion on the refreshment table, Mrs. Karim Khan addressed the ladies in Hindustani.

Speech by Mrs. Karim Khan.

In the first part of her speech Mrs. Karim Khan made an eloquent plea on behalf of the Aligarh College and urged her friends to contribute their mite towards the strengthening and development of the College; but the most important part of her speech related to the education of Moslem women. This was what she said on this subject:—

"The education of women depends on the education of men. Women will never be educated until men have emerged from the darkness of ignorance. Girls are from infancy dependent on their male relatives. If the father is still in darkness and has not received the light of education, the mother, however enlightened she may happen to be, will not be able to overcome his reluctance to educate his daughters. I know some girls who have educated themselves by stealth, as it were, and without the knowledge or countenance of their

fathers who were pleased to opine that girls needed no education.

"A man is not a man because he has eyes, ears and a mouth.

A figure on the wall hath all these."

Where men are so ignorant and unenlightened as to think the art of reading and writing a crime, what can be expected of their women? It is I think futile to think of female education until our men folk have emerged from their darkness. They will never till then allow their girls to be educated.

On leaving the protection of her parents the girl is made over to her husband. Here, if she happens to be an educated girl and is married to an ignorant husband, as sometimes happens, she has her life spoilt for her. On the other hand, an ignorant girl married to an educated man is in a better plight. It has often happened that in such cases the husband has imparted some education to his wife. An educated woman is powerless, however, to reform an ignorant husband. It is therefore, essential that the proper education of our boys should in the first place be ensured before we turn our attention to the education of women; by education I mean not only their intellectual but their moral and physical education. The education of women will follow as a matter of course when men have received enlightenment. Educated men will naturally wish to marry educated girls, for they will want intellectual companionship and will not rest satisfied until they get it. A cultured man would naturally seek a cultured home-life, he would like to have the companionship of his wife, he would like to see the daughters of his house able to enjoy the pleasures of a cultivated taste. Happy is wedded life when husband and wife share equally in intellectual pleasures and live as dear friends and companions seeking each other's happiness. The husband returns after his day's work to find his wife released from her own day's household labours ready to comfort and advise him and share his joys and his troubles, for "no one is above taking counsel." When they are so inclined, they spend some evenings in literary pursuits, delighting and edifying each other with favourite passages from immortal authors. May be that in such a household the husband does not always have to trouble his wife as to the fashion of shoes wanted for the daughter or the colour of the brocades she needs for herself, nor is the wife's extent of intellectual equipment confined to hurling appropriate proverbs at his head!

To secure high education on a national basis, to achieve any success, in fact, in the furtherance of national interests, it is absolutely necessary that we should join our forces and

make a united effort. The history of progress in all countries teaches us this lesson. People have prospered when they have worked in unison, for their common interests and have declined when they have ceased to do so.

I dare say many of you have heard the story of the old man and his quarrelsome children in your childhood. There was an old man, you will remember, with four very quarrelsome children, they were always fighting and were never at peace together. One day their old father sent for them and got them to collect a lot of dry twigs and handed one twig to each, bidding him break it in two, which all four did with the greatest ease. But they found that when the old man tied four twigs together they were not able to break the bundle, though each boy in turn used all his strength to do so. "You see my sons how it is," said the father, "as long as you are united no force will be able to break you and success will follow your steps, but the moment there is disunion among you, misfortunes will begin and you will be caught in the whirlpool of destruction." This is a trite little story but full of wisdom.

It must be borne in mind that the education to be encouraged should not be a mere bookish education, but a practical training to fit men for life. One often hears of men extremely learned in book knowledge, but otherwise inapt in the conduct of life and addicted in a slavish manner to old obsolete and injurious customs. They are in the poet Sadi's phrase, "quadrupeds with a few books on their backs," or as the holy text has it: "they are like an ass carrying tomes."

My dear Sisters, I appeal to you now on behalf of the institution I have described, and beg you to give it some help now out of your superfluity and to contribute a rupee every month to be spent in helping poor students who may wish to go to college from this country. This monthly contribution, though trifling, will count as shining merit to you in this world and the next, for as the holy text has it: "Great is the reward of those who do good."

I also propose that in this connection we should form a Ladies' association for the encouragement and support of education, with special reference to female education and that we should once a year hold a kind of Ladies' Educational Conference, like the conferences of men held elsewhere, and that in these gatherings we should discuss questions of female education and social reform. The association will give us a common meeting ground and develop social intercourse among ourselves. We might make it serve the purposes of a club by holding gatherings like the present once a month. It is by no means necessary to call upon every member to give an At Home, but

some of us might take it by turns, say once a month. These social gatherings will enable us to mix with each other and possibly also with English ladies and ladies of other nationalities who are in advance of us in the arts and accomplishments of civilization. Does not a certain Poet say: "Mix with people that you may live a happy life?"

A good deal has been written of late on the question of social intercourse between European and Indian ladies. But all that is vain talk until we have a society of our own. We have no society practically and we seldom or never meet. How and where then are we going to ask ladies of other nationalities to meet us. I am quite certain that there are many English ladies who would be only too glad to meet us and mix with us, but they do not do so because we never give them the opportunity. If we had a society of our own and cultivated sociable and cleanly habits, the complaint, if there is one, would soon disappear.

Her Excellency, Lady Curzon, has done much in the way of bringing the two classes of ladies together. During her short stay here she held mixed ladies' parties as also in Bombay, Calcutta and other places. The formation of zenana clubs has received encouragement. Lady Curzon has also been the means of founding Dhari classes, or schools for training midwives, all over India. We have one here and I think we should all of us take an interest in it, as it has been founded for the benefit of our own countrywomen.

My dear Sisters, I crave your forgiveness for having detained you so long. I conclude my address by wishing you prosperity and success and increasing friendship and unity among us all. Oh Lord God! forgive us our trespasses and bestow on us good in this world and good in the next and cause us to die with the righteous!

Speech by Mrs. Mumtaz-yar-ud-Dowlah.

Mrs. Mumtaz-yar-ud-Dowlah then addressed the ladies present in the following words:—

"What has fallen from Mrs. Karim Khan is perfectly true, and I find my dear friend has left little for me to say. As our kind hostess, however, wishes me to say something on this occasion I have to obey her and address a few words to you.

My dear friends, Mrs. Karim Khan has told you that to secure national advancement it is necessary that every individual should be educated and that the education must be given in childhood. I quite agree with her in thinking that education to be effective must begin early. But with us children up to the age of ten or twelve are brought up in the house and under the

influence entirely of their mothers. If they are educated women their influence on the children will be wholesome. No one can help receiving his first impulses from his mother. Some modern writer has put this thought in verse :

The mother's lap is the first school
Wherein our limbs receive their training.
It is there that the clear tablet of our minds
Receive its first impressions from the mother's
thoughts.
They are like lines carved on stone, these first
impressions,
And can never be effaced by any after effort.

There can be no doubt that man first goes to school in his mother's lap and in the household in which he is brought up; it is here that the foundations of his training and education are laid. No school or college can supply the place of this natural and necessary training. If Mohamedans wish to attain high education, they must first of all turn their attention to the education of their daughters, so that the next generation may be prepared for high education.

All educated and enlightened men must admit that women are the life of every society. I do not mean to disparage men in favour of my own sex, but I must say that the best criterion by which the state of civilization and advancement that a nation has reached can be judged from the state of their women. Judged by this rule you will find that wherever women are enlightened, the people are in a high state of advancement; but on the contrary wherever the women are kept in a low state, the nation is in a low stage of civilization. Can we expect social advancement until the condition of our sex is ameliorated? Some writer has truly said:—

How can we let our children remain in darkness?
Without the light of knowledge we cannot live.
So long as women are not educated,
Our society can hope to make no progress.

The movement in favour of female education in India began long ago. The Parsee people were, I believe, the pioneers in this field and their example has been followed by the Hindus, but I am sorry to say Mahomedan women have lagged behind. Is it not to be deplored that whereas there are many Parsee and Hindu lady-graduates in Arts and Medicine, not a single Mahomedan lady has distinguished herself in that way? Do we not all of us feel dissatisfied at this state of things? I am glad to say however that, at last, some of the more enlightened among our men have now begun to turn their attention towards our education and that we may now hope to see some amelioration in our condition.

My revered father, Nawab Afsar-ul-Mulk Bahadur, said on a recent public occasion that social reforms amongst Mahomedans were im-

possible without the education of women. He regretted that Mahomedan parents spent on the education of their daughters not one quarter of what they spent on the education of their sons. The time had arrived, he said, when, instead of talking, we should try to do something practical and devise means for spreading education among women. He thought that each Mahullah in the city should have a girls' school of its own, managed by the people of the Mahullah. I think this an excellent idea and the best way of making education general. It gives me great pleasure to mention here that my honored friend, Mrs. Shugjaet Ali, is the first Mahomedan lady in this country who has announced her intention of opening a school for the education of girls, and I have every hope that this able lady whose thoughts are always turned to the amelioration of the condition of her sisters will be successful in her noble effort and that her work will receive the honour and respect it deserves from her own people and will be the means of benefiting thousands of our sisterhood.

At the present moment we need two things to set the movement in favour of female education going. We must have schools for girls, one in each Mahullah, and we must form a Ladies' Association, or club, as our kind hostess has suggested in her speech. These two movements together ought to give an impetus to social reform and aid in the spread of education.

In conclusion I must beg you, dear ladies, to forgive my keeping you so long."

Editorial Notes.

One of the chief features of modern life in Europe and in the West is

National Union of Women workers.

the increasing part that women are taking in the different departments of human effort and enterprise, social, moral and religious. In England, which is foremost among the countries of the West in the matter of activity of women, there is an organisation, known as the National Union of Women Workers, which came into existence in the closing decades of the last century. This Union has a fourfold object: (1) To promote sympathy of thought and purpose among the women of Great Britain and Ireland; (2) to promote the social, civil, moral, and religious welfare of women; (3) to focus and redistribute information likely to be of service to women workers; (4) to federate

women's organisations, and to encourage and assist the formation of local councils and unions of women. To this Union belong some of the most distinguished and influential women of the day. A very large conference of this union was held at Cheltenham and Gloucester simultaneously last month, and various subjects of practical interest were discussed with much earnestness and ability. To give our readers an idea of the wide extent of the subjects dealt with we shall mention a few: higher education of women, the training of midwives, the question of gambling and speculation, and their effect on the tone of society; the promotion of public health; Sunday school work, etc. Lady Battersee, who delivered the Presidential Address, spoke of ideals for women, in beautiful language. She pointed out that the highest and most complete ideal of home life is that of a perfect married life; but she went on to say that the ideal of a perfect home life need in no way clash with that of a perfect life spent for the public good. "A sense of harmony and the conviction of a deep abiding affection in home life prove the best guarantee for a life of outside usefulness." "Speaking generally," writes the Editor of the *Cheltenham Chronicle*, "what struck one as being the distinguishing characteristic of the gathering and of the tone of its discussions is earnestness—a deadly earnestness. In this respect the men are quite put to shame."

In organisation, too, the men must confess that they have been equalled, if not 'out-classed.' Nothing could have exceeded the harmony and mutual good feeling with which the several committees worked. . . . Further, the proceedings were conducted in an extremely business-like manner. Those women who do take an interest in public questions are evidently zealous reformers, and in a much greater hurry to right the wrong than man." We wonder when India will have a similar Union of Women Workers.

We hope to do full justice to the proceedings of the National Social Conference held during the latter end of last month in an early issue of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*. There was a fear felt that the Conference would not prove a success owing to a split within the camp. Some, who wished that Reform should be on lines of least resistance, and in accordance with Shastraic lines, had objected to the programme of the more advanced party, and had at first refused to join in the Conference, but we are glad that the wise and statesmanlike manifesto issued by Mr. Justice Chandavarkar has done much to reconcile the two parties. The following were some of the subjects dealt with by the Con-

ference:—Female education, Marriage reform including the raising of the marriageable age of girls and marriage of sub-castes; bettering the condition of widows; Temperance and social purity; elevation of Panchamas.

We draw the special attention of our readers to the account we published elsewhere of a meeting of Mohamedan ladies at Hyderabad and the speeches of Mrs. Karim Khan and Mrs. Mumtaz-Yar-ud-Doula. Both of them spoke strongly of the need of education of Moslem girls, and their earnest and eloquent words should find a responsive echo in the heart of every follower of Islam. We are glad to find that the enlightened Moslem ladies of Hyderabad are bent upon doing something practical for their sisters and that a beginning has already been made by that true friend of female education, Mrs. Sujaat Ali Khan, who has started a school for girls in Hyderabad. We hope that the proposed Ladies' Association also will become an accomplished fact soon. This meeting at Hyderabad is just the straw which indicates how the wind is blowing in India. We hope to see ere long a mighty wave of enthusiasm spreading throughout India in favour of everything that makes for the true enlightenment of India's Moslem daughters.

There are some hackneyed objections to female education, which are resorted to in these days even by educated men; and these objections have simply to be stated in order to be shewn that they are foolish and untenable. One of the commonest objections which the ignorant classes of India employ, and which even educated classes have recourse to sometimes is that if women were educated it would lead them into evil ways. This objection has been met most forcibly by one of India's illustrious sons. The late Prof. Runganatha Mudaliar said:—"As to the doctrine that education is likely to lead women into evil-doing, I can see no more sense in it than in the statement that it were better for a man to have had no leg to walk with, as a man's legs might sometimes carry him into a ditch. And it is not the fault of the legs that a man tumbles into a ditch. Do those who maintain that education tends to make women wicked also maintain that education has the same effect for men? If not, why should it be assumed that what is meat for men is poison for women? The truth is that the doctrine that education exerts a deleterious influence on the moral character of a woman is a mere pretext for denying education to them

and for perpetrating the tyranny of the stronger over the weaker." And another similar objection is that English education would denationalize our women. Now these very persons, who fear denationalization, have no word to say against the English education of males. Such is the glorious inconsistency of their position! Further these critics who cry against the denationalizing effects of English education do not even raise their little finger to help in giving what is called education on national lines; on the other hand those who are eager to educate their women in the vernaculars are the very persons who do most for their education in English. When will our countrymen come to learn that every virtue that the Hindu woman is known to possess will be refined, purified and expanded by a judicious system of education and discipline on the most liberal lines?

What is being done for and by India's Daughters.

The Ladies' Association at Cocanada, headed by Srimati Pulugurtha Lakshminarasawamba, is doing good work by systematically holding meetings on Tuesdays and Fridays in different parts of the town. The average attendance at these meetings is 20. The contributions by the lady writers to the *Hindu Sundari*, a monthly magazine in Telugu, published at Ellore, are a proof of the interest in female education which they take and which is crested in them. The large numbers of ladies of respectable Brahman families who witnessed the proceedings of the Provincial Social Conference of 1902, the periodical magic lantern exhibitions specially arranged for women in Mr. D. V. Prakasa Rao's house and the opening of the Lady Havelock's Hospital for women and children by His Excellency Lord Amphill, Governor of Madras, on the 4th instant, as well as on the occasion of Mrs. Anne Besant's address to the townsmen of Cocanada, testify to the silent forces at work and to the unostentatious manner in which the cause of Social Reform is being helped by a few sincere practical workers who have understood the meaning of the otherwise meaningless expression, *Reform on the lines of least resistance*.

—According to *The Voice of India*, on the representation of the Society for the Protection of Children and of the Bombay Missionary Conference, the Government of India is willing to make the existing law more effective for the protection of minor girls from the power and influence of women of ill-fame. The Government is, however, met by the difficulty that in some provinces adoption of girls by women of a particular caste is legal, and thus prostitutes become the lawful guardians of female children. It will be necessary to make a common law throughout India for the regulation of adoption, and the lawful guardianship of minors, no exception being made in the case of women attached to temples. By this reform the axe would strike at

the root of the *apas* tree of religious prostitution, which throws its baneful shadow over the womanhood of India.

Says *The Voice of India* :—

"All well-wishers of the Hindu community will thank Mrs. Besant for urging upon her friends that 'the delay of marriage to an unreasonable age, at which the girls shall be physiologically fit to bear a child without undue strain on herself, is demanded alike by science and by morality.' With this change in the marriage-customs of the higher classes she believes it will be unnecessary to allow widows to remarry. Unfortunately, the feeling among these classes against the postponement of a marriage to what Mrs. Besant calls a reasonable age seems to be even stronger than the feeling against the remarriage of widows. When society is compelled to reconcile itself to the one change in the present custom, it will be powerless to prohibit the other. We note, however, that the learned lady falls in with the oft-repeated view that in proportion as we reduced the number of the solitary widows we increase the number of the unsought maids. Miss Collet, a worker among the lower classes of London, says that among those classes "every girl can get married, and with hardly any exceptions every girl does marry." And the remarriage of women is not prohibited among them. When, therefore, Mrs. Besant and others remind us that "in the West, there is a large class of unmarried women," they evidently refer to the higher and the middle classes. Among these there are not only grown-up maids, but also a large number of grown-up bachelors; and the reason is notorious that there is a growing disinclination among them to submit to the responsibilities of married life. In India we have many classes which allow the remarriage of women, and there does not appear to be any complaint among them that the widows take away the chances of the maids to any appreciable extent. But as these communities are generally polygamous, and polygamy does not commend itself to educated opinion, there experience cannot afford much guidance in trying to shape the future of Indian customs. Miss Collet's testimony, however, refers to a monogamous people and is enough to dispose of statistical puzzles. The Census Superintendent of Mysore has compiled elaborate tables for the purpose of comparing the civil condition according to age among castes that allow widow-marriage and among those that do not allow it. The only conclusion which he professes to base on his figures is that inasmuch as among the latter most males of marriageable age have married virgins, the permission given to widows to remarry would overstock the marriage market! The fact in this conclusion is known to every observer of Hindu Society: the inference in it is not supported by figures. It is stated that even among Mussalmans, Christians and Animists there are very few unmarried women; which shows that somehow or other virgins do not in practice suffer in competition with widows. The fact appears to be that men are not content to marry only at ages which the census reporter is pleased to define as marriageable."



Literary Notes.

[Specially compiled for the readers of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*.]

MRS. CRAIGIE'S new novel, "The Vineyard" on which she has been engaged for three years has been published by Mr. Fisher Unwin. Mrs. Craigie is winning as much fame as a dramatist as she is as a novelist.

—Lady Colin Campbell has collected a series of papers which she has contributed to the *World* which will be issued under the general title "A Woman's Walks."

—Professor Bendall who has succeeded Professor E. B. Cowell, to the Sanskrit Chair in Cambridge, complains that in spite of Great Britain's national connexion with India, the horizon of the average Englishman is too apt to be bounded by the basin of the Mediterranean. He pleads earnestly for greater interest on matters relating to India. He admits that there has been progress in matters relating to Indian research, especially in history, archeology and epigraphy. India, though weak in formal history, is still most remarkably fertile in inscriptions of every land.

"At Home in India." By Mrs. Herbert Reynolds. (H. J. Drane, Salisbury Square, E.C. 6s., cash 4s. 6d.) In "At Home in India," Mrs. Reynolds has delineated experiences of her happy sojourn in the East in simple but graphic fashion. She left home, as she tells us, so far back as 1856, the year before the great Mutiny, returning finally in 1888. As the wife of a distinguished civilian, (whose lot was cast at first in "Rural Bengal," and afterwards in Calcutta, where he held high office), she has had every facility for sketching scenes of Anglo-Indian existence in that region, notably in Calcutta—as also of that of the native community—under very favourable conditions, and has made good use of her opportunities. For example, we may refer the reader to her description of a native wedding in the Mofussil, (pp. 75, 76, 77), of Indian jugglery, (pp. 87, 88, 89), the Investiture of the Star of India (when Lord Northbrook held sway) in the presence of the then Prince of Wales, the illumination of Calcutta on the same evening, (pp. 91, 92, 93), the marriage *fete* with the Nautch, (pp. 102, 103, 104), the Calcutta municipal market (pp. 119—120), the drives round the Alipore lanes (pp. 161, 162), the Lamas' dance, (pp. 217, 218, 219), and the Taj (pp. 250, 251, 252). She has a keen sense of the beauties of nature—for instance, we may refer to her description of a sunset in Lower Bengal (p. 55), and of the mountain view on p. 94. India is, indeed, to her no "land of regrets," except the regret of leaving it, but a country full of interest and charm on which she casts many a "longing, lingering look behind." Those who wish to know what the life of a civilian's wife in high Calcutta society, as well as in rural districts, is really like, and also to have glimpses of Darjeeling and other Oriental mountain scenery, and of renowned Indian cities, may turn with profit and pleasure to Mrs. Reynolds' reminiscences. Her unpretending task, as portrayed in her modestly written preface, has been successfully achieved. The book is brightly and pleasantly written, and may well appeal to a larger circle than that for which it was primarily intended.



News and Notes.

The highest honour won in the Mathematical Tripos of Cambridge this year was by Miss Hudson of Newnham who was Seventh Wrangler. First class honours have been won at Cambridge by women students in the Classical, Law, Historical and Natural Science Triposes.

—It is sad to hear that *La Fronde* has come to an end. The editor and her staff joined *L'Action*, for which we may hope a successful career; but it will not have the unique interest of being a daily paper, on general subjects, written, printed and published by women.

—Women students are being admitted to study architecture at the St. Petersburg Academy of Arts. Two ladies have enrolled themselves for this term. Apparently architecture is a favourite subject for women in Russia, for in an architectural competition for the building of a school house at Tammafors, a woman has won the first prize.

—Two of the young Brahmin ladies of the Maharani's Girls' College, Mysore, Subbamma and Sri-rangamma have appeared for the B. A. Degree Examination in Kanarese. Another young lady, Kasibai Devadar, appeared from the same College for the F. A. Examination held in Mysore in the first week of last month.

—A new High School for Girls has been opened by the American Mission in Madura, which promises to have a bright future before it. The High School for Girls belonging to the S. P. G. in Madras will open in January in the new premises built at

Sullivan's Gardens. The staff is thoroughly re-constituted. The school promises to become one of the best High Schools for Girls in the city of Madras.

—According to Japanese ideas of matrimony, a woman should regard her husband as if he were Heaven itself, and thus escape the wrath of Heaven. The five worst afflictions of the feminine mind are disobedience, discontent, slander, jealousy, and silliness. The worst of them all is silliness, which is the mother of the four. They are to be cured by self-inspection and self-reproach.

—The Rev. C. Cuthbert Hall, D.D., has just expressed a grand eulogy on the position of American women. "Another great element," he says, "that enters into the student life of the American university is the idealisation of women. It is the influence of women that makes in many ways the American youth the reverent and respectful man that he is. In the social life of America womanhood equals manhood. The woman stands everywhere as a peer to the man, in honour, in dignity, in influence. Nor could you possibly understand our American life or realise the influences that elevate men to higher things unless you could see how everywhere the idealisation of women, the respect of women, the belief in the equal authority and dignity of womanhood, helps to lead men to higher planes of living."

—The annual report of Dr. Thomas Hamilton, President of Queen's College, Belfast, refers to the very notable increase in the entrances in the Faculty of Arts. The number of students at the beginning of the Session was nearly double that of the previous Session. Not only did the numbers show marked increase, but the quality and attainments of the freshmen were of a high order. An interesting feature of the Scholarship List is the number of young women who have gained places upon it. The Report of the Royal Commission on University

Education in Ireland states that there is "a growing demand on the part of women for higher education of a University type." Their unanimous opinion is that women should not be sent for their education to Colleges attended by women only, but that "women and men students should attend lectures and pass examinations in the same Colleges, and obtain Degrees on the same conditions."

—The Agent to the Governor at Ganjam convicted Savara Jiboand Doyi, of the offence of culpable homicide not amounting to murder, in July last, by causing the death of one Dumpooloo, and sentenced the first accused to four years' rigorous imprisonment and the second accused to two years' rigorous imprisonment. The case was interesting inasmuch as it disclosed a peculiar custom of marriage prevailing among the Savaras, a Hindu community mostly populating the Agency Division of Ganjam. On the 8th July last, the accused with a number of others of their village went to a neighbouring village with the object of taking away the daughter of the complainant as the bride of the first accused. The custom of carrying away a bride from her parents' house with some resistance, or show of resistance was common among the Savaras; but there was an understanding that food and drink must be offered to the relations of the bride before she could be removed. In the present case, the first accused, who was the bridegroom did not comply with the usual custom of giving feast to the bride's people, and the bride's mother objected to the marriage on that account. The accused's party, however, managed to carry off the bride; her mother raised an alarm, on which the deceased and others ran up and tried to stop the accused's party. They were outnumbered and the deceased was knocked down and struck, after he fell, on the ground. He died immediately from rupture of the spleen.—*Indian Social Reformer.*

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Acknowledgments for December, 1903.

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THE IDEAL WOMAN.

O woman! fairest blossom of creative art,

What worth, what sweetness doth thy heart unfold;

When souls are laden, and the tear-drops start,

Thy smile can comfort and thy love uphold.

Thou art a queen—scepter'd in mystic power

O'er childhood's innocence—o'er youth's impassioned life;

O'er hearths and homes in pleasure's fairy bower

Thy look commands, thy smile subdues the strife.

Man's rival thou art not: rather his help and stay,

His softer, kindlier, better, nobler part;

Thou lov'st the quiet home—shunning the broad highway

Where tumults rage that mar and steel the heart.

The aim of thy mind-culture is to instil

The love of truth and virtue into childhood's breast;

To guide, the erring footsteps—the youthful mind to fill

With words of wisdom; thus shalt thou be blest!

Thy touch to soothe—thy voice to bid us hope

When dark despair hangs brooding o'er our fate,

To strew sweet flowers on life's declining slope;

This is my queen and empress robed in state!

Newington, Hull.

AROON CHUNDER DUTT.

Imperial Britain.



AN American Statesman says of England "Her flag waves on every sea and in every port, and the morning drumbeat of her soldiers, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous strain of the martial airs of England." (Sir John Lubbock's *The Use of Life*, p. 144.)

When reading these words one remembers instinctively Campbell's famous lines:—

"Brittania needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep,
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep."

"In contemplating," says another writer, "the constant progress of the British flag, the mind is tempted by the biblical simile—'as the waters cover the sea.' But a mere index of colonial possessions does not place the finger upon the colonising genius" of the British people, though the British Empire extends over nearly 9 millions of square miles and includes nearly 400 million members of the human race.

At the present moment the English World of Politics is divided into rival camps on the question of the relation of the Colonies to the mother country; and the greatest minds in England and the Colonies are exercised in devising means for linking together more firmly the bonds of Empire. To us in India the controversy is not without interest. To follow it with advantage, would it not be useful to review, however briefly it may be, the results of England's Imperial policy in relation to the Colonies, India, and Egypt?

Mr. Egerton, the author of *British Colonial Policy*, divides Colonial history into 5 divisions, viz., (1) the period of beginnings; (2) the period of trade ascendancy; (3) the period of systematic colonisation, including the grant of responsible government; (4) the period of the zenith and decline of the *laissez-aller* principles, and (5) the period of Greater Britain.

The first of these periods beginning from the 17th century was characterised by the retention of the legislative functions by the crown, and the delegation of executive authority to a Governor; its feature was the rule of the Colonies direct from Downing Street. The expansion of England may be dated from the Charter granted by Queen Elizabeth to the Virginia Company in 1606.

The chief characteristic of the second period was the subordination of the Colonies to the economic development of England. "This was in short the mercantile system, and its specific result was the American Revolution."

It was practically about the beginning of the 19th century that the Colonies began to be governed on somewhat liberal and enlightened principles. This was the third period and was remarkable for the grant of self-government to some of the Colonies. The Manchester School which dominated English Politics in the sixties looked upon the dissolution of the Empire as inevitable and advocated that the Colonies should be left severely to themselves pending their ultimate separation. This may be called the *laissez-aller* period. But England as a whole was not in sympathy with the Manchester School and was still Imperialist at heart. The passing of the British North America Act is considered by competent scholars to have given a most hopeful tone to Imperialism and ushered in the Greater Britain period.

Mr. Egerton suggests that the following causes were at work in shaping English Colonial policy during this period. "Nearly fifty years after the Great Exhibition which was to open out an era of peace," Europe presented the spectacle of an armed camp and England had either to yield her supreme place in the commonwealth of nations or to follow the prevailing militarism of the continent of Europe. But England chose to be "a world Empire, sea girt and resting on the command of the sea." The states of Europe, having as it were with one accord surrounded their trade with a "ring fence," it was natural that England "should look more and more to the Colonies as the producers of our new materials and the customers for our manufactures and hanker after some kind of *Zollverein* among the scattered portions of the Empire." The scramble for Colonies among the continental states like France, Germany and Portugal had the effect of determining England not to be outdone in the race for Empire. Sir John Seeley by his brilliant lectures at Cambridge on the Expansion of England demonstrated that the Colonies were an integral part of England, and only England beyond the seas. The great naval expert, Captain Mahon of the United States navy, made manifest that England's greatness rested on a command of the sea. Lastly the Press also, fitly termed the *Fourth Estate*, has played a great part in the new movement.

Standing on the threshold of a new century, we see, says a recently published biography of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, "a world Empire, the separate parts of which are being more and more closely linked by the discoveries of science,

enjoying in each separate part absolute independence, connected not by coercion of paper bulwarks, but by common origin and sympathies, by a common loyalty and patriotism, and by common efforts after common purposes; such, amidst much to alarm and to disturb, is the apparent outcome of history, the Colonial policy with which Great Britain will enter upon the untrodden paths of a new century."

We have the high authority of Mr. Chamberlain for the statement that at the present day the "main motives of international alliances is the acquisition, retention and development of Colonial possessions," and that the Colonial office is therefore properly in most countries a separate state department.

"At the outbreak of the war in South Africa England's far flung battle line stood to arms; and Greater Britain drawing troops from the four quarters of the globe to meet an Imperial emergency presented an amazing spectacle to the world militant. The despatch of the Canadian and the Australian contingents indicates indeed the high water-mark of Colonial history."

Little more than 60 years ago, Africa was for the most part a *terra incognita*. But since then, Moffat, Livingstone, Stanley and a host of other explorers penetrated into the wilds of Africa and opened the vast continent to the influence of civilisation and the higher and nobler influence of religion. Not only this but the great gold and diamond mines in the heart of Africa have been worked by British capital and British skill and millions have been added to the material resources of the Empire. If the dream of Mr. Cecil Rhodes be realised, it will not be long before the tourist can take the train at Cairo and traversing the entire length of the continent reach Capetown at the southernmost limit of Africa.

The great American economist, Mr. Wells, in an article on the Imperial Policy of Great Britain (quoted in *The Use of Life*), speaking of the English occupation of Egypt, points out that "at no previous period since Egypt began to have a name, has the fellah lived under a Government so careful to protect his rights. Under such circumstances Egypt has never certainly not within a recent period enjoyed so large a measure of prosperity."

Mr. Wells in the same article discusses the Government of India. After referring to the tyranny and constant war in former times, he says: "To-day the humblest Indian peasant is secure in the possession and control of his property, and if wronged in any way can appeal to and find protection in the courts which England has established. As one result of this policy, the buried treasures of India are beginning to come forth and seek investment in

England's interest-bearing securities. Under Native and Moghul rulers, the only compulsory contribution was an assessment on land, which averaged about twelve shillings per acre. To-day the land tax of India, which the Government has been obliged to maintain for general revenue purposes, does not average more than two shillings per acre. Under native rule the population of India was kept down by war and local feuds to a great extent; but under the British rule of peace it has increased. Has anything like this ever been done by any other civilised and Christianised Government? The present population of India would not have found food under any previous Government of that country; and its very existence has been made possible only through the conditions of food production and distribution established by England's Government. In short there is no Government in the world whose administration is more honestly conducted and which is doing more for the material good of the governed, than the present English Government of India."

Referring to the dawning of the consciousness of national identity in India, Sir Edwin Arnold wrote long ago: "we are making a people in India where hitherto there have been a hundred tribes, but no people." Sir William Hunter, one of the greatest friends of India, whose premature death every one mourns, traces India's "new mercantile era, its new intellectual activity, its new political awakening" to British rule in India.

In concluding this brief but imperfect study, may we not with justice assume that England alone of all the nations of the world has discovered the *arcanum imperii*?

"CLIO."

An Adventure.



MY husband was the District Forest Officer in an outlying station in India; and one of his principal duties was to travel through the villages that appertained to his district. Being fond of travelling, I generally accom-

panied him. On one occasion we had planned out a long tour, on which we were to start within two or three days; but an urgent message necessitated his starting earlier; and as my arrangements were not quite complete, I was left behind to follow later on. In the evening I got into the usual *dak* bandy, a box-like

carriage drawn by two bulls, and bobbing on two wheels, but comfortable inside with mattress and pillows. Two peons with a gun accompanied me. For a while all went well. I fell into an uneasy sleep, startled occasionally by piercing yells or low growls from the bandyman to his dozing bullocks. Once I suddenly woke up. It was perfectly still all around, even the bandyman was sleeping. We were jogging along, comfortably. The two peons were walking beside, half asleep themselves; a faint light wavered over the scene; the stillness was uncanny..

"Peon! peon!" I called.

"Ah-h-h, Hazr, Memsahib," the good fellow returned, rubbing his eyes. I felt ashamed of my fear; so to conceal it, I told him to hurry up the driver. "You son of a pig,....." with various such epithets the driver was aroused, the bulls were in turn prodded up; and away we went at a smart trot, to slacken speedily again into a sleepy walk. Again the uncanny silence. Suddenly there was a loud crash; the bandy stopped and lurched violently to one side; the driver and peons woke up into a storm of contemptuous epithets. None thought of rescuing me from my extremely awkward position. At last, what I was able to make out of the loud altercation was, that the wheel had broken down and could not be repaired. Presently the peons came with many apologies and told me so. Of course it was all the fault of that ass, that son of a pig.

What was I to do?

We were near a village, said the peon, and there was a Memsahib there. How far was it? Only two furlongs. So I started to walk, but I trudged on and on and still no village. "Only a little distance more, Madam," said the peon. But it was at least five miles away, and at last we reached it. The Memsahib, I found, was a missionary lady, almost the only European, living in that village. Her house was a long low building, in a large compound, dotted with outhouses. The time was about midnight; and in the dim light everything appeared still and quiet, accentuated by the heavy silence. A light was moving in the house. We went up to the house, and my peon was about to knock at the

door, when it was suddenly opened from inside, and a white figure appeared, waving us away. Astonished, we stood rooted to the spot. "Go away, go away," cried the lady—for it was a lady—in English. But the peon burst out into broken explanations; I was about to explain more fully, when, "go away," again cried the lady excitedly. "There is danger here." Then she calmed down and said, "I am sorry to appear so inhospitable; but go to the gate, and I will come and speak to you. Our house is full of small-pox cases."

Away bolted my peons. I followed more slowly. At the gate they stopped, and broke out into hurried talk. They would go and see about the saman (luggage), etc., etc. I knew they were afraid of the dreadful Amma (small-pox) and I told them to go on. But I stood at the gate. Presently the lady came towards me, bringing a lantern in her hand. Standing at a little distance, she held it up to my face, then nearly dropped it. "O, it is you, Lily, is it?" she cried. "How long it is since I saw you. But don't touch me, dear, don't. I have disinfected myself, but do not come near me." Then she went on to explain how she could not keep me in her house. I was very tired, so I told her I did not mind the infection. But she was inexorable. Presently we began to chat—for old friends must chat when they meet after a long time. After a while, she suddenly exclaimed.

"I know what it is. There is an outhouse, at the farthest end of the compound here. No one has been put into it. You can be there."

She led the way. Almost two furlongs away, we came to the outhouse, a small thatched building. She opened the door with her key. It was poorly furnished inside, but there was a bed there and one pillow. No sheets; but I was not in a mood to be critical. I took off my upper dress and spread it on the bed. Then I let down my hair. All the while, my friend stood at the door—she was a Miss Carey, who had been my schoolmate in England.

"What lovely hair you still have, Lily," she exclaimed, "and what a beautiful brown colour. But I must be off. Keep this lantern. You will not be afraid, will you? I must be off now," and she went away closing the door after her.

But I was a little afraid. It was so silent and the light was so ghostly. The lantern too was burning dim. I turned up the wick; the room was a large one, as that was the only room in the house. The bed was in a corner. At the other end was a wardrobe or bureau, I could not clearly see which. There was a glass window on one side, through which the faint light filtered. There was only one door.

I stifled my fear and lay down on the bed, and in a moment was asleep. But it seemed to me that I had not slept for five minutes, when I was suddenly startled awake. I was in a trembling sweat. I felt the presence of something uncanny. The lantern had gone out, and only the moonlight came into the room, making everything more uncanny still by its pale radiance. I started up. What was it, what was it?

Then I found that my eyes were rooted to the corner where the wardrobe was. The darkness seemed moving. Was it—yes it was, and ah it was coming towards me. It came into the path of the moonlight, and it was a white figure. Was it a ghost? I had always believed in ghosts. Was it a robber? For a moment, I think I must have been unconscious, but only for a moment; for when I opened my eyes again the figure was only a few yards from me. A faint murmuring sound came from it. It was still coming towards the bed. With a violent effort, for my limbs seemed rooted to the bed, I slipped out on the other side—there was a space between the wall and the bed. For a moment I caught a distinct glimpse of the intruder. What a face it had! The eyes were red, bloodshot, starting from the head, the teeth were grinning, the lips were flecked with foam. The hands were rigidly clenched. What was it? Who was it? With a flash the truth burst on me. It was a madman, O God! it was a madman. I slipped under the bed. Had he seen me? It seemed not; for with a force that I feared would almost break the cot over me, he fell into the bed, he tossed from side to side, a moment of quiet, and then a loud snore filled the room. Thank God, he was asleep. How much time passed, I do not know, when my mind awoke from the lethargy that dulled it. I must escape. Slowly I put my head out, but a sudden shock chilled me.

Something had touched my head. Was the madman awake? He was quiet. Was he feigning sleep? I had heard of the awful cunning of madness. Something slipped over the edge. Ah he was coming to catch me! But no it was only his hand.

I sat staring at it. A ray of moonlight fell on it. It was like the paw of a beast. The nails were long and unspeakably dirty, long coarse hair profusely grew all over the fingers. Ah! what would it be to be caught and stifled by those fingers. If they had only been clean—vain thought; I must escape, I must escape.

Again I put my head out and slowly crawled from under the bed. For a moment I stared dumb-founded at the occupant on the bed—a hideous sight. Softly I slipped to the door and tried to open it, but it was locked, or the clasp had been broken, I could not open it, try as I might. What was I to do?

I slipped across the room to the window. Could I open that? No. The dust of ages seemed to be on the bolts; besides, the window was a barred one.

"Oh God, God. How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable seem to me all the uses of this world!"

I found myself muttering aloud. Was I getting mad too? But it was so true, so true. Here was I in imminent danger. Man was said to be the highest animal in the world, and women too for that matter. A madman was like a brute beast, and yet I could not escape. What was the use of man's intellect? So on I mused, forgetting my danger in my mad philosophy.

Suddenly the gleam of a lantern in the compound outside, caught my eye. I put my face close to the dust-covered panes of glass. There were three men walking outside; they were moving softly, stealthily; they were searching for something. How could I attract their attention? I could not shout, the madman would awake; and there would be no time for the men to rescue me. The window was barred; and by the time they could break in the door, what would happen?

Suddenly the intense silence of the room pressed on me. All this time, I had been

conscious of the madman's loud snore; but now it had stopped. Was he awake? I heard the sound of feet striking on the floor. He was awake, I thought he must have seen me. I was full in the moonlight. The men were still outside. Anything was better than this suspense. With a loud cry, I banged on the glass-panes with my bare fists. "Help, help," I screamed. The men were running to me. I must tell them the window was barred. But...

Ah, ah. The madman was upon me. I heard the rush of feet behind me, I heard a ferocious growl. I turned round. Hairy hands clutched my throat, bloodshot eyes stared into mine. The men outside were shouting. Ah, could they only find the door. But no matter now, there was not time. Ah, what a smell!

When I woke up again, it was weeks later. I had had brain fever. My husband and Miss Carey were bending over me. With a rush, the memory of the terror I had passed through came over me. "I gasped. "Don't talk, dear, don't talk," they said. But there was no need for the admonition. I had again fainted.

Afterwards I heard how I had been saved. The madman had nearly killed me, before help came. But the peremptory voice of his keeper fell on his ears; for the men outside were the keepers of the Asylum from which he had escaped; the long familiar command dulled his anger, he was quiet. By that time they had burst open the door, and I was saved.

One thing I must mention. When I was able to be up again, the first thing I noticed on going to my glass was, that my hair was snow-white, all the beautiful brown of it had been bleached into white by terror.

"JASMINE."

At a meeting convened by Lady Curzon at Government House, Calcutta, on the 6th ultimo, the question of augmenting the supply of trained nurses in Northern India was discussed, and a scheme was settled, which is now to be laid before the Government of India, with a request that it be forwarded to the Secretary of State. This scheme is self-contained and does not interfere in any way with existing private Associations for the supply of nurses.

Mary Wollstonecraft.



THE life of an individual, whose whole life has been devoted to pious and disinterested exertions for the good of women, has not unfrequently proved the means of awakening the desires and strengthening the resolutions of others to follow in her career of benevolence.

Such an individual was Mary Wollstonecraft, whose indefatigable efforts for upwards of thirty years to benefit her fellow-creatures entitle her to universal esteem and admiration. Her character, as displayed in the uniform tenor of her life, presented a remarkable combination of varied excellencies; for, whilst much exalted sanctity and intrepid zeal were conspicuous, an unwearied ardour in doing good, and an habitual willingness to renounce her own interests in order to promote the well-being of her fellow-creatures, were equally evident. In addition to this, her extreme simplicity, sweetness of temper, and refinement of manner, caused her to be both ardently loved and sincerely revered.

Mary Wollstonecraft, one of the six children of her father, was born on the 27th of April 1759 either in Hoxton or Epping Forest. Her grandfather on her father's side was a successful manufacturer in Spitalfields, on her mother's side, a Mr. Dixon of Ballyshannon. The social position of the latter was as assured as the wealth of the former. Her father inherited from his grandfather a sum of ten thousand pounds. The former was a spendthrift through whose fingers money slipped easily, and so it was that he did nothing for his children notwithstanding his ten thousand pounds.

Mary spent her early years in wandering from "Epping Forest to Barking, from Beverley to Hoxton, from Pembroke to Malworth, picking up whatever crumbs of education she might by the way, and everywhere learning those cruel lessons of life upon which she was later to found her moral creed." While about sixteen years of age, she made the acquaintance of a lady named Fanny Blood, who became her great friend and whose daughter was after her death called by Mary, Fanny Imlay or Fanny Godwin. There were many similitudes in the affairs of the two families and Mary learnt that though Fanny Blood was no older than herself she was contributing something to the support of her parents and this ambition aroused the heart of Mary. "Her ambition was roused by

Fanny's example, and, conscious that in the near future she must be wholly self-dependent, she devoted herself to study with renewed energy."

From girlhood she realised the inefficiency of a woman's early training and the many difficulties in her way, owing to the absurd and artificial distinction set up between men and women. She began to go out into the world to seek her fortunes. She became a lady's companion, an occupation ill-suited to her talents. She was called home by her mother's death and then she changed her present position for that of governess, and for a period of nine years she taught in a school of her own. Fanny Blood married a Mr. Skeys with whom she went to Lisbon to live there with him. There her health rapidly failed, and Mary set sail for Portugal and nursed her through her fatal illness.

After her return she was engaged as governess by Lady Kingsborough, an Irishwoman of high dignity and fashion, and remained with her for a year.

In 1788 she went to London to make a maiden attempt in literature, and wrote a short pamphlet called "Thoughts on the Education of Daughters," for which ten guineas were paid. In 1792 she brought to the world her "Vindication of the Rights of Women," which electrified the European world, and which was speedily translated into French and German. In the same year she left London for Paris, where she met Captain Gilbert Imlay, an American, apparently of means. She loved him and she tried to forget the fact that he had already pledged himself to another woman. Mutual love ensued and shall we say in what form did their love result? He deserted her! Says a writer: "Why tell the story of her short-lived happiness and his desertion when she has told it, once and for all, in her letters to him? These were published almost immediately after her death by Godwin, and again, in a modern edition, a few years ago, by Mr. Kegan Paul. They reveal her love for Imlay in all its stages,—from happy confidence, through unwillingly admitted doubt, to final despair. For the sake of their child, Fanny, she refused to give him up until it was simply impossible to bear with him. Twice in her misery did she seek to put an end to herself; but both times she was saved, sorely against her will. I know of nothing so tragic in fiction as the second attempt. She had gone to Battersea Bridge—it was after her return from France—intending to leap from it into the Thames, but there being too many people about, she hired a boat and rowed to Putney. It was a cold stormy November evening, and not until she had walked up and down, on the bridge, that her clothes, drenched with rain,

might make her sink the more rapidly, did she throw herself into the river, only to be rescued, and once more forced to face life and all its bitterness. But this second failure seems to have calmed her, and within a few weeks—two years and six months after her first happy days—she parted from Imlay for ever."

Mary went back to her old life. "She had now an established position as a literary woman. For the sake of her child she still called herself by Imlay's name.

A Mr. William Godwin, "the defender of pure reason," helped Mary to forget Imlay and was struck with her "Letters from Norway and Sweden." She loved him with the passion she had given to Imlay, and he was a man to inspire it. Mary's union with Godwin estranged most of her friends, but the fact that she was free to marry Godwin could leave no doubt as to the nature of her previous relation to Imlay. However not for long was she to suffer from the cruelty of her friends. About twelve months after her illegal marriage, five after the ceremony at St. Pancras Church, on the 30th of August 1797, she gave birth to Mary Godwin, destined to become famous as Mary Shelley. On the 10th of September, after a painful illness, during which Godwin nursed her tenderly, Mary Wollstonecraft died at the age of thirty-eight and was buried at Old St. Pancras.

Mary agreed with Socrates, that women should take up that work for which they are best qualified by nature. Her suggestion that they are eminently fitted to be doctors, shows what a keen appreciation she had of their special characteristics. Let woman be herself; that was what she asked; Let woman be herself and not a mere automaton, pretty to look at, with no other object in existence save to gratify the whims and passions of man. If she choose to concern herself with politics and public affairs, why not do so, if she have the proper knowledge and talents, and is not thereby disqualified as a human being and a woman? Once, the woman question, as it presented itself to her, was settled in honest straightforward fashion,—she believed that all other difficulties would disappear easily and naturally. Contending for the rights of woman, her main argument was built on this simple principle, that if she be not prepared by education to become the companion of man, she will stop the progress of knowledge and virtue.

V. S. AIYAR.



Around a Distant Star.

BOOK I.—CHILDREN OF EARTH.

By JEAN DELAIRE.

Author of "Alsatian Tales," "A Dream of Fame," etc.

CHAPTER IV.—(SELF-REVELATION).

[SUMMARY OF CHAPTERS I AND III :—*Royal Staunton and Olive Delafield were friends at school, and the former was the hero in it, both on account of his intellectual attainments and his high moral character. He was greatly interested in Astronomy and was ever trying to discover something new. They both were staying at Estrella Lodge—in the Isle of Jersey—the home of Roy and his sister and there they had listened to a clever lecture on the system of Double stars, by a learned Professor, which had made a great impression on Roy, and filled him with impossible dreams of reaching the stars.*]



TWO years elapsed before I returned to *Estrella Lodge*, and then it was only on a farewell visit, previous to my definitely leaving England to return to India.

In spite of Mrs. Staunton and Roy's pressing invitation—and my own wishes—I had been obliged to spend my two last vacations with an uncle of my father, General Massey, newly returned from Egypt. The General and his wife were a kindly old couple when they forgot, as they soon did in my presence, their old-world stiffness and formality; but however pleasantly time might pass at Eastcourt, in riding, hunting, and every form of out-door amusement, the Jersey cottage and its inhabitants were not forgotten, and I looked forward with intense eagerness to our next meeting.

It was with a beating heart that I found myself once more on the boat, watching, from the spray-moistened deck, the dark cliffs of Jersey rise out of the waves, and glide nearer and nearer, until I could see Roy standing on the quay, gaily waving his cap as our big boat puffed into the harbour.

Yet, in spite of all, my visit did not begin under very favourable auspices. Mrs. Staunton was still the sweet-faced, motherly little woman of old; the cottage was more than ever fragrant with flowers and noisy with the continuous hum of bees,—that sole music of a summer day's great silence; little *Estrella* herself was less timid and seemed disposed to be friendly. But Roy—alas, Roy!—was changed, and for three

long days I wandered about disconsolately, seeking the friend of old and finding him not.

Roy was changed even in appearance, for never, to my knowledge, had he looked in delicate health, yet he was now as pale and slim as the traditional bookworm—not at all like the robust, bronzed son of the sea I had parted from, two years ago. But in his manners the change was more pronounced still: The lively, enthusiastic lad was transformed into a silent, moody, morose young fellow.

I had lately, in my uncle's library, come across one or two very romantic novels of the old school, which had initiated me into the mysteries of lovers' raptures and lovers' torments, so that my first idea was that Roy had fallen in love and was pining away for the sake of a lady fair. From this discovery to the determination of obtaining his confidence was but a step, and one day, as Roy and I were walking up and down the garden at sunset, I boldly begged to be made the sharer of his secret.

"My secret?" he asked, looking rather bewildered as he turned his deep eyes full on me.

"Yes, your secret. I have guessed it, Roy: You are in love!"

Roy's genuine astonishment made me feel instantly ashamed of my sentimental surmise.

"In love!" he repeated with one of those bright smiles, now so rare, that made him look once more like his old self. "What a queer idea, Clive! Who has made you think so?"

"No one," I answered confusedly, "but—you seem so absent-minded, so sad at times, that—I wondered—"

A look of pain came over Roy's face. With a rather brusque movement he slipped his arm through mine as he paced more quickly the narrow garden path.

"No, Clive," he said, "it is not that,—only—I am worried—I am worried more than I can tell!"

Though his voice was low, a tumult of passion thrilled through it.

"What is it that worries you?" I asked curiously.

He dropped his hand from my arm with a movement that seemed quite unconscious.

"Ah, what is it!" he muttered in a tone of utter discouragement. Then, after a moment's silence: "It is everything, Clive," he declared tragically, "everything! Life—death—all that is—all that is not!"

I stared at my friend with wide eyes. Such a mood of Byronic despair was so new in Roy that I could hardly believe it to be serious. Yet a glance at his set and stern face convinced me that never in his life, perhaps, had he been more deeply in earnest.

We had paced in silence the entire length of the garden before he continued: "If anyone has had any influence over me—any share in this—it is a man I met in London, last winter, when I studied engineering. Sometimes I feel my meeting him was providential—sometimes I think it was a curse. He has changed my view of life, my ambition, everything! And now I am bewildered—and turn where I may, I see no light."

My wonder increased with every word he spoke, but so fearful was I of losing the promised confession that I dared interrupt him with neither comment nor question.

"Life," he continued after another pause, "life seemed so simple before I met him! It was a straight road, with happiness at the end, happiness in work accomplished, in ambition realised. You know how it was with me, Clive, in the old days, when we were boys at school?"

I nodded gravely, too young myself to smile at the solemnity with which a boy of nineteen spoke of the youth that was passed.

"I was happy then!" Roy continued passionately. "Everyone is happy, who does not know life! But this man, Clive, is the strangest in the world: He is an Atheist, who spends his life in doing good. He believes in nothing, absolutely nothing beyond the world which his five senses reveal,—and he is clever, yes,—and learned! The good he does in the East End of London, no one can tell, but—is it good? He gives freely to those who starve, but to the hungry soul he has no bread to give."

There was another silence, and I felt I could no longer hold my peace. With the superabundant wisdom of my seventeen years, I looked upon all difficulties of the metaphysical order with infinite contempt; and I now wondered, with rising fear, if it were possible that religious controversies were the sole cause of Roy's despair, and if the genius that had invented flying machines and pondered over interplanetary communication, could have fallen a victim to the morbid self-torment of a student of theology.

"And is this all, Roy?" I asked with a smile. "Your faith shaken by a meeting with an Atheist?"

Roy winced at the irony unconsciously revealed in my voice. It was the first time I had dared to criticise my hero, even by an inflection of voice. Yet he seemed hurt by it, not angry.

"I think," he said quietly, "it was not so much what he said to me, but what he showed me, which influenced my life. Most of his arguments against a Supreme Intelligence left me cold: I have an instinctive belief in the Absolute, which no Atheistic negation could ever take away. But he took me by the hand and showed me

life, life in the dens of a great city, and—Clive—I thought I had stepped into Hell!"

"Here, at home"—and Roy's eyes glanced over the garden, the flower-hidden house and the flaming sunset sky—"Here it was easy to think well of life—to believe in God's love resting over all. There—Ah God, those lives! Lives of sordid sin, types of every degradation, creatures foul within and without! And yet—the pathos of it all! Even there, in those hovels where the sun never shines, even there are to be found creatures who hope, who love! It is these that haunt me, that would make me doubt—if I could doubt against my better instinct... So many charities in London—so many noble lives given to the care of the poor—and yet such pitiful misery! Do you think I shall ever forget a boy, a large-eyed, shrunken little creature deformed by disease, who said to me one day, after a slum missionary had promised him a better world if he read the Bible—*Say, Mister, 'Eaven is in the country, ain't it?'*"

Roy was silent for a moment and I found nothing to answer him, as, for the first time in my life, I stood face to face with the eternal problem of human misery.

"I can well understand," Roy continued after a while, "that apostles of the poor are daily found, men and women who freely give their wealth, their life, to those who want.... And I ask myself: Am I not the man to do it?"

A thrill of horror went through me at these words. In spite of my new-awakened pity for those who know of life but its shadows, I felt I would leave all the poor in London to starve, rather than see a genius like Roy sacrifice himself to their need. I worded my thoughts incoherently.

"Roy, you shall not do it! Why, it would be madness! You are made for greater things—and you know it! Roy, you shall not!"

He turned to me with a quiet smile.

"If that were the sole reason, I think I should not hesitate: There can be no work greater than charity! Yes, it would be hard, it would be very hard, to renounce my ambition—yet I would do it—I think I would do it! But now, I no longer know what is right, and this is what troubles me so... These people need faith, living faith, to raise their lives—And this I have lost!"

Roy was silent, and for the next few minutes we walked mutely side by side, Roy apparently in deep meditation, whilst I pondered over his words and his mood, and failed quite to understand either. I had known Roy the student, Roy the athlete, Roy the inventor and future astronomer, Roy the dreamer of strange and vast dreams. But Roy the theologian—Roy the

would-be missionary to the East-End,—my very soul rose in revolt at the idea.

I broke the silence by the most common place question I could well have made.

"Don't you think, Roy," I asked, "that you are a bit—what shall I say?—morbid in this matter? You did not use to worry about these things in the old days, did you?"

"No," he answered with the suspicion of a smile, "but then I was a child. You will grant that this may make some difference in one's thoughts and one's faith... But you see, Clive—I suppose I am by nature impatient—I cannot bear doubt—uncertainty—whether in great things or small. And now I am in doubt... My ambition is unchanged; but I wonder, often wonder, if we have a right to dream of the sun and stars when there are women and little children who starve around us?"

I was silent, and Roy continued:

"I do not know, Clive, if the hopelessness of their life is not even more terrible than its poverty. The poorest of the poor is rich when he hopes! But most of them live as we live in some stifling dream, dull, stupid, groping their way through life like children in the dark... Yet we talk of rescue, of salvation! But what salvation, in the broadest sense of the word, do we offer them? We bring them our own doubts and disbeliefs, our own struggles and failures. Those poor little germs of soul that we have come to foster are torn between conflicting parties, Salvationists who with life and drum cry: Come to Jesus and you are saved! Ritualists who say: Unless ye confess your sins to an ordained priest and receive absolution, ye cannot be admitted into the Church of the Elect. Atheists who declare: There is nothing but this life! God is a fable and Heaven a dream... Ah, if one could only give them the simple belief in a Christ, in a Friend, without theology, without the strife of Churches... If one could only go to them and say: I know, I have seen, believe in Him, for He came and He loved... If one could say this—and he believed!"

"But," I asked hesitantly, and still fearful of an affirmative answer, "will you say this?"

"I will say it when I can say it truthfully. Now I have no faith to offer: Only instincts, only dreams."

With these last half-whispered words ended Roy's confession, and I was left to wonder, in silence, at the change that had come over him. Many a time, during the days we spent together, did I allude to this work, seeking to re-awaken—if indeed it needed re-awakening—his old ambition; but he became as reserved on the subject as if he had not once opened his heart to me in perfect self-abandonment.

In vain the stars shone in the immensities overhead; in vain the young moon flooded the meadows with its silver-grey light; in vain also did the toy models of the flying machine and the folding bridge look entreatingly at their Creator from the height of their dust-covered shelf; Astronomy and Mechanics were alike forgotten whilst Roy was wading diligently in the deep waters of theological literature.

His mental standpoint I still failed to understand. To my immature and unphilosophical mind it seemed that all the doubts and difficulties were of his own making, and would vanish at his command like evil dwarfs at a sign from the master. I had not sufficient penetration to see that one of the peculiar characteristics of my friend's nature was his need of absolute, mathematical certainty in all things, whether of the spiritual or of the material order. In the material world he knew that 3 is the cubic root of 27, and that the sum of the angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles. In the spiritual world nothing short of an almost equal assurance could satisfy him.

The sight and close knowledge of evil and sorrow, revealed by the very man who started from these facts to deny a Supreme Intelligence, had shaken the simple belief he had received from his mother's lips and made his own without discussion and without doubt. Since then he had been treading the road that all thinking minds must tread sooner or later,—the road of conflict, often bitter unto death, between old instincts and new ideas—a conflict which was to end for Roy in the most magnificent victory over Time, Space and Matter that the human mind has yet achieved.

Look for beauty in commonest things and in commonest persons; it belongs only to those who find it, and has a value beyond that of gold. The search will not interfere with duty, but may soften its asperities, for a beautiful life is the choicest blossom of a dutiful one.

Wait then my soul, and edge the darkening cloud
With the bright gold that hope can always lend;
And if to-day thou art with sorrow bowed,
Wait till to-morrow and thy grief shall end.

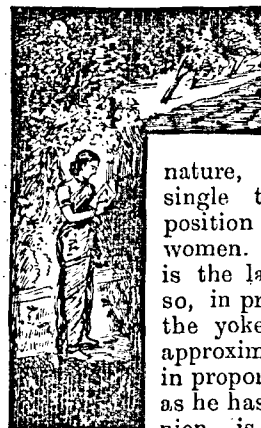
He who makes of life nothing but the improvement of his own nature, and a continual moral progress toward contentment and religious submission, is less liable to miss and waste life than anyone else.—*Selected.*

Female Education.

A LECTURE DELIVERED

By MISS SUSIE SORABJI,

At the Mahomedan Educational Conference,
Bombay, December, 1903.



WHEN we are seeking to ascertain the measure of the conception which any given race has formed of our nature, there is, perhaps, no single test so effective as the position which it assigns to women. For, as the law of force is the law of the brute creation, so, in proportion as he is under the yoke of that law, does man approximate to the brute; and in proportion, on the other hand, as he has escaped from its dominion, is he ascending into the higher sphere of being, and claiming relationship with Deity." Thus, the great Gladstone.—The Western treats woman as his guide, counsellor, friend; the savage treats her as you would expect one in whom the animal nature to predominate to do; the native of India gives to woman a place midway between these two extremes. But, my brothers, if India would take her place in the vanguard of civilization she must put woman in the place God meant her to occupy. Ability to read is one great distinction between human beings and brutes. The wisest dog cannot be taught a single letter; whereas a little child can be taught to read fluently and yet we are confronted with the fact that in a population of 60 millions of Mahomedans, only 4,000 girls attend school!

Gentlemen, I say this a crying shame, that Mahomedan women are thus kept in ignorance and treated like the lower instead of the higher creation.

It is a menace to civilization and makes the Western world scoff, and justly, at our Oriental philosophy, our Oriental scholars and our Universities and Colleges.

Every graduate of our Universities is under a solemn vow to promote the cause of Education, and is a traitor to it, when he keeps his women illiterate.

Why, when the century is resonant with notes of advance all swelling the grand march of Progress that the heirs of the Civilization of twenty centuries are playing on the organ of Time, it seems to me the deepest sounding

note is that of Education generally, and Female education in particular.

Who makes the home in any land? Woman of course! No wonder, no wonder, then, that India presents the pathetic spectacle of a country without homes! She has palaces and houses, and alas hovels, but no homes!

Would you know how poor that leaves you?

Then peep into the humblest Western home—sunlit and heaven-blessed where reigns that white-souled being who bears the sacred name of mother.

What is it makes the toil-tired bread-winner of the family tread so joyously as he sees the light stream forth from his cottage—'Tis surely that behind the curtained window is the sharer of his joys and sorrows—that counsellor and friend to whose angel ministry he owes the noblest moments of his life.

What joy so great that her smile of pleasure will not render it tenfold more joyous? What care so heavy that the mere recital of it to her will not lighten? And ever somehow those clear far-seeing eyes, far-seeing, because of their very purity, will see a way out of a difficulty—be it never so dark. And all unconsciously the great strong man of toil shapes his opinions, guides his motives, lives his life under the searching gaze of those prayer-lit eyes.

Surely 'twas she who sat as model for the word painter Otway's inimitable portrait.

"O woman! lovely woman! nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without you.
Angels are painted fair to look like you:
There's in you all that we believe of heaven;
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love."

'Tis to the same unfailing counsellor, stalwart sons, and gentle daughters turn in their hours of perplexity. She wears no royal diadem upon that broad calm brow, save that which God placed there, when He made her a mother. She holds no royal sceptre in her soft strong hand, save that of Love and yet no monarch ever held greater sway over his subjects than she in that small realm named "home"! Oh happy vision! One turns from it with tear-filled eyes to the Zenanas of India. Significant is it that there is no word in any of the Indian languages to correspond to the grand old Anglo-Saxon "home." The Zenana with its many inmates all herded together like sheep, can hardly be called a home. There is the shrinking little mother whose individuality has long ago been merged in that of others, whose spirit has long ago been crushed by a tyrannizing mother-in-law.

'Tis to their grand-mother, rather than to her, her sons turn in their difficulties. And what wonder? Was she not scolded and sometimes

even struck in their presence? They never ask her opinion on a subject, and she would never dream of forming one. And she does not complain—She accepts the inevitable submissively—and when she is mother-in-law in her sons' homes, she will treat their wives, as she has been dealt with—and verily there is no tyrant like the one who has herself been tyrannized over.

With regard to her husband, she is perhaps not so quiescent. Deep down in her heart there is a wistful longing, never expressed but always there, that she might be consulted, her opinion asked, her sympathy sought for. Yet all the time she is miserably conscious she has no advice to offer, no help to give, even should it be sought. The untrained, uneducated mind is just awakened enough to know this, and the result is a dumb resentful, but utterly futile protest against her fate. I have given only the negative side of the picture. There is the positive one, the one that makes the Zenana the last place a man would turn to in order to find rest and quiet. The Zenana with its petty jealousies, petty strifes, ceaseless gossip, unending turmoil. These are the things that rob a man of his respect for women in India.

But you shall not blame her, gentlemen! Given the same chances as the Western, the Oriental woman has proved herself indisputably her equal in every womanly virtue. Treat her like a doll; and she behaves like a doll, and is only a degree less inane: treat her like a spoilt child, and she behaves like a spoilt child, and renders your life a burden; but treat her like a good and noble woman (with all that means) and she behaves like one, and verily, there is no more beautiful thing on this side Paradise—I've heard it said! No! No! you shall not blame her for that dark Zenana where the light of knowledge cannot penetrate—for your own hands have drawn the blinds, your own fingers locked the prison doors, where woman has been incarcerated for centuries. Nor must you blame her that her judgment has been dwarfed, her decision weakened, her powers of perception blinded through the long years.

Nor yet again that she is a bundle of superstition, and that her life is spent in terror of evil spirits and satanic influences generally. She is not to be blamed, when you turn homewards at eventide after a hard day of toil that instead of finding a counsellor and friend, you are yourself made the recipient of a long list of petty, not to say frivolous, complaints.

When, instead of seeing your little children being trained and nurtured with all the tender care that such delicate human plants need, you find the child-mother has less idea of their management than the servant she keeps to look

after them. That she either spoils them by over-indulgence, or crushes their spirit by undue severity; that all your efforts at disciplining them are rendered futile by the fact that she teaches them deception, in order to avoid the pain of seeing them punished.

Poor little untrained mother; poor little untrained children! Little blurred human scrawls blotted all over with other people's mistakes! Methinks the very angels of God must cease their worship to weep over you!

Oh, you father, are you not primarily responsible for the fact that when your little son, that son who was the apple of your eye, lay a-dying—his little fevered hands beating wildly on the coverlet, the curly head tossing restlessly to and fro on the pillow, she, whose divine mission it was to alleviate the suffering, knew positively nothing of the remedies that a school-girl would fly to, almost instinctively in the West.

Nay moreover, was it not due to her ignorant mistakes in carrying out the doctor's orders, that the medicines proved ineffective, and that the disease baffled the best medical skill.

It was an old Greek philosopher who said: "There is only one good, namely Knowledge, and only one evil, namely Ignorance"—and how great an evil this is, I leave you to say.

What grander duty can a woman have than to prompt man to noble action, and yet were it not unchivalrous you would be obliged to confess, that some of the actions you most regret in life have been due to the influence of the women folk who live on a lower plane, morally and intellectually than yourself, and to gain whose approbation you sank your ideals, violated your principles, repudiated your vows—in short, were untrue to your better nature.

You complain that you are helpless to effect reform in your community, because of the opposition of the women, and everyone here is aware that the greatest strangler of all reform in India is the old grand-mother—well are you not raising another set of opposers in the new generation, by neglecting to educate your girls. Is reform never to begin? Are we to perpetuate an evil that makes India a by-word with other nations?

Bear with me, my brothers, I am not speaking as an outsider. I am pleading for my sisters, the gentlest, meekest, most neglected in the civilized world, save those in China. They cannot plead for themselves, and I am here to do it for them, in the name of womanhood.

It is not a personal question, but a national one, and you have no right to decide it personally. The national progress is bound up in it. Indeed, there can be no national progress, so long as this evil exists.

"The foundation of a state is the education of its youth," says Dionysius—I would go a step further and say "The foundation of a state is the education of its women." Mr. A. O. Hume in a letter to Mr. Malabari said:

"Nations in the long run always get precisely as good a Government as they deserve, and no nominal political enfranchisement will, in practice, prove more than a change of evils, unless such an advance has simultaneously or antecedently been made along those other lines as shall render the country qualified to assimilate its improved political status.

"Political reformers of all shades of opinion should never forget that unless the elevation of the female element of the nation proceeds *pari passu* with their work, all their labour for the political enfranchisement of the country will prove vain."

But there are nearer issues at stake than political and national.

Dr. Duncan at the Madras Convocation in 1891 said "If there be any truth in the belief that intellectual endowments take more after the mother; than the father, the question becomes all the more serious. The child of parents possessing well developed bodies and minds begins life with faculties and capacities, which in proper conditions, and in due course grow up to the maturity of manhood or womanhood. Not so with the offspring of a mother whose faculties are infantile and undeveloped. The mental development of the child is speedily arrested, the faculties retaining to the last the inherent weakness of their maternal source, a weakness which will prevent them from ever growing into a vigorous maturity. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Can the plenitude of intellect and moral power be reaped as an inheritance from a mother, perhaps a child-mother, whose faculties have lain dormant, or if at all roused to activity, have been arrested in their development almost at the outset? For the sake of posterity," said he in conclusion, "I entreat you to do what you can to remove one of the greatest blots on your social system."

Oh, the pity, that other nations have to entreat us to give to our women what is their birthright! Think too, my friends, how posterity will rise up to curse us because we have deliberately fettered it by leaving half this generation uneducated!

Remember "a nation rises no higher than its mothers." Do you think this too strong a statement? Here a still stronger.

"All the trophies of the ages,
Are from mother-love imperaled.
For the hand that rocks the cradle,
Is the hand that rocks the world."

Indeed, you are checking your own flight when you do not educate the women. Trying to mount so to speak on one wing.

For
"The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink;
Together, dwarfed or odlike, bond or free:
If she be small, slight natured, miserable,
how shall men grow?"

I am aware that I am no herald of a new truth. For the past quarter of a century Female Education has been the topic of essays, discussions, pamphlets. But iteration is next to inspiration, and I wish to add my voice to the many that urge insistently and eternally "Do noble deeds, don't dream them all day long."

Again looking at things from an altruistic point of view, think how we are robbing the world of the ministry of woman—ministry that can only be performed by her.

Ah! would that you could see the noble women I have seen in the West, walking white-robed and spotless through the world, brightening sad lives, lifting heavy burdens, taking their place in the world of the wronged, of the oppressed, of outcast babes, and of lives lost in ways unutterably worse than death. Women at whose coming sorrow and darkness and sin take flight, at whose advent the desolate look up in hope; the drunkard hangs his head abashed, and wishes he were a nobler man. Ah, if you could see these angel ministers, as I have, telling of hope and comfort to the captives in prison: women in short who wield over fallen lives a power purer than the air of heaven; stronger than the seas of earth! And if you could turn your gaze homewards again and contrast our women's cramped and dwarfed lives bounded only by the narrow horizon of the Zenana with these, you would feel as I do, that the world—our sad world of India, is the poorer, because our women have never been trained to do the work in it that surely God has sent them here to do—that women of other lands have to come to do, because these have not realised what their divine mission on earth is!

I do not recommend any sweeping change. I do not think we are ready for it yet, but I believe that you must begin straight away to educate your girls.

Hardly a month ago I was pleading with a Mahomedan father to send his little ten-year old daughter back to school. "She is so clever"! I urged as an additional reason for her continuing her studies. "That is just it," cried he in alarm. "It is because she is so clever, and we do not know what harm she may do with the knowledge she acquires"! It was useless to

argue with such a man—It was as ridiculous, as some one remarked as saying, "It were better for a man to have no legs to walk with, because his legs might some day lead him into a ditch"! "We do not know what harm she may do with the knowledge she acquires"!—Gentlemen, is not that the sentiment which is at the root of all your dislike to Female Education?

Ah it is not *knowledge* but *ignorance* you have need to fear—

Shakespeare says:

"Ignorance is the curse of God—
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven."

Yes, it is the powerful wing on which we take our flight sunwards, heavenwards, Godwards, and who is there will dare to deny to women this golden pinion?

Now comes the question, "How shall we educate our girls?"

Let us, at the outset, guard against the mistake of addressing ourselves to the intellect exclusively. True education is kaleidoscopic in its aim.

We cannot thwart nature—If we would educate truly, we must do so in conformity to her eternal lays—Any attempt to develop one side of human nature, at the expense of the rest, must be either grotesque or tragical, and not improbably both.

True education, therefore, will consist in the development of the whole nature—spiritual, physical, mental, moral, social, political.

"How are we to obtain such an education for our girls?" you ask, and I answer unhesitatingly—Establish through the length and breadth of this land, well-equipped, well conducted Kindergartens—Carry Froebel's principles into your primary and secondary schools, for in its scope the system reaches from the cradle to the university.

I have devoted more than half my life to education, and studied its systems to the exclusion of everything else, and I have come to the conclusion that rightly understood it is the *ideal* means of education, and as nearly perfect as anything human can be. Since the great Teacher uttered those words of divine tenderness that have proved the charter of liberty for children for 1900 years, I believe no greater have come "ringing down the centuries" than Froebel's, "Come let us live with our children."

Do not imagine that the early stage in your girls' education is beneath your notice. There is no period of a child's life so "big with fate" as the first ten or twelve years. "When ought the training of a child to begin?" asked one of Oliver Wendall Holmes. "With its grandmother," answered Holmes promptly. So you see, friends, we are a good way behindhand,

and have to make up for lost time. "To cure is the cry of the *past*, to *prevent*, the divine whisper of to-day."

Let us have no mistakes to regret, no wrong teaching to undo. And indeed when we consider how short the school-life of a Mahomedan child is we cannot afford to waste any time in mistakes. I believe the Kindergarten to be, not only the most effective method, but the *only* one that can be called educative. Other methods are not only non-educational but anti-educational. And Froebel's is the only rational because the only natural system.

Then I would advocate the establishment of home classes for older girls and women—Let several families combine and ask a thoroughly well qualified English or Indian lady to teach them from two or three hours daily—Let examinations be held, and prizes offered in such homes by way of encouragement. The course prescribed by a Committee or Association might include Domestic Economy, Hygiene and Physiology. If you, gentlemen, encourage your wives and daughters by showing your interest in the results of the examinations, etc., I am certain it will act as an additional incentive to them to learn.

Next, the home classes might meet quarterly in some private drawing room for lectures on "Ambulance." "The education and care of little children." "Women in other lands"—and what not?

Might we not introduce more literature into our homes—Magazines and periodicals would broaden the outlook of those who are able to see so little of the outside world.

"The Women's Friend" published in Urdu and Hindi,

"The Sugrivani," " " at Rutlam,

"The Stri Bodh" in Guzerathi, are some of the papers you might use—Doubtless, there are some more, but I confess there is a paucity of vernacular literature, and that is what makes me plead for an English education as well as a Vernacular one for women. Which of us can gauge the influence of the written thoughts of great Western minds upon our lives? Blot out of your life all that your English education has given you, and see what you have left.

Besides, we must advance with the age—English is going to be a universal language—Here in India at any rate—It certainly is the unifying factor in this conference, where some are Guzerathi and some Urdu-speaking gentlemen.

Then it is very desirable that the literature of a land where woman is held in such reverence, honoured, loved, confided in, should flood the East where she is not thus honoured.

What treasures of thought are poured at the feet of the English-speaking man or woman in India any one of you can testify.

I hold in my hand the papers of a league lately founded in Edinburgh called "The League of the Empire," which has for its object the bringing together of the daughters of the Empire all the world over, in ties of closest friendship by means of correspondence. You write to the Secretary, Mrs. Haldane—10 Randolph Crescent, Edinburgh, and she will obtain for you a correspondent in the British Isles or Canada, or indeed in any part of the Empire, who will correspond with you regularly, giving accounts of such customs and habits, such places and people in her part of the world as she thinks will interest you, and you, in your turn tell her of Indian ways and Indian peoples, and in fine, all you can about your land. Several of the girls in the schools in Poona have gladly sent in their names, and carry on an enthusiastic correspondence with the girls across the sea—their fellow subjects—who are bound by political ties as well as those of humanity to regard them as sisters.

Who can tell where this will end?—This beautiful comradeship that is being established between the daughters of the East and West. What vistas are being opened up for our girls, who shall say? I only know it can be fraught with nought but good, and that the broadening influences will go far towards educating the Indian daughters of the Empire.

And now in conclusion, my brothers, let me urge *action*—It is the indispensable requisite of development.

It is no earthly use having theories, if we are not going to knit their ravelled ends into actualities.

Let us rise bravely to the duties and responsibilities of our day and generation. There is desperate need for haste. The women of this generation (like ourselves) will have passed into eternity in the next, and how can we face God, if we have done nothing towards their amelioration.

Have I drawn a very dark picture of the Zenana?—I think not too dark. There are grand and noble exceptions that stand out in golden relief against the dark background of generalities, but their very brightness makes the shadows apparent, and yet I would not have you discouraged, or despairing at thoughts of the difficulties. I believe the outlook of the future is most encouraging. I believe this very Conference to be an indication of its hopefulness. The word "opportunity" is blazoned over the doorway of the coming year—But remember opportunity means *obligation*. Does that alarm

you? Let it not, for obligation is really *potentiality*. The very need brings with it the capacity to meet it. Rise up, my brothers, in God's name and work—and God give you a strong arm and stout heart. With Courage as your watchword, and Faith your guiding star, go forth and may God Almighty go with you. The battle will be long and hard, but remember, and be strong in the fact that you are not alone. There are hundreds in awakened India who are with you. We read of a commander in the Civil War in America who was ordered to make an immediate advance on the enemy. Through the thick brushwood he bent forward leading, as he thought, a forlorn hope. How could his little battalion do aught against so vast a force?—But on the men pressed.

"Theirs not to question why
Theirs but to do, and die."

Through the long brushwood, all that dark night, they travelled, despairing, but obedient,—and in the early opal tinted dawn, as they broke from the thick forest lo! from the right and left, and from behind, emerged troop after troop. The sun laughed joyously back from thousands of sabres, and revealed the complete army that through the long night had toiled through the forest, each battalion thinking itself alone.

An involuntary cheer broke from every lip—a cheer that rent the very air, and every man grasped his sabre with stronger grip and firmer determination to win.

Oh, my brother reformers, you think you are alone in the weary struggle against monster evils in India, and hearts are sad, and eyes dim, with peering through the thick shadows; but some morn, some glad sweet morn, who can say how soon, we shall merge into the light of Eternal Day, and find unsuspected Flanks on our right and left and rear.

Here as I have been sitting in this Conference, I have been seeing visions, been dreaming dreams—Golden dreams in which India, the land of infinite pathos, infinite need, will rise out of the sleep of ages, to its divine God-given possibilities, flinging aside impatiently the shackles that bind it, and taking its place amongst the mighty ones, the strong ones of the earth!

I have been seeing a fairer vision, still a vision that almost brings the tears to my eyes, for oh, we have waited for it so long, and prayed for it so long, and feared lest our hopes should find fruition too late...a vision of woman sitting crowned as Ruskin says, "Queen of her husband, of her sons. Queen of the mystery of the world beyond which bows itself, and will for ever bow

before the myrtle crown, the stainless sceptre of womanhood." A vision in which

She sets herself to man

Like perfect music unto noble words.

And so these twain upon the skirts of Time
Sit side by side, full summed in all their
powers;

Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be
Self-reverent each and reverencing each;
Distinct in individualities.

But like each other even as those who
love.

Then comes the statelier Eden back to
men;

Then reign the world's great bridals,
chaste and calm;

Then springs the crowning race of hu-
man kind.

May these things be"!

Oh did I say it was a dream?

Our Special Indian Lady Contributors' Column.

I.—THE SISTERS' PROMISES.

IN one of the back verandahs of an old-fashioned Indian house, are seen two female forms walking to and fro and talking merrily. One of them, a tall slender maid of eighteen or thereabouts, is dressed in pure Malayalee fashion. The fine white pudaka which is fastened at her waist reaches up to her ankles and displays the beauty of its golden laced edge. A short silk jacket of spotless white is buttoned over her breast. The cream-coloured upper cloth of the finest texture is drawn loosely over the jacket and falls in graceful folds over her exquisitely slender body. The other girl, having seen only twelve or thirteen summers, has chosen a different kind of dress altogether, somewhat like the Native Christian dress without the cumbersome dhawani. Both of them have small ear-rings, tiny when compared to those of their caste-sisters, ruby nose screws and a pair of beautiful gold bangles. Both have a luxuriant wealth of raven-black soft hair which is neatly combed and tied in a knot at the back. Although these two girls are sisters, there is visible a striking contrast in their features. The younger is fairer than her sister and has a beaming piquant face and merry black eyes which have in them more gleams of coquetry than childishness. The elder is more

attractive with a clear slightly dark skin and a sweet face with pensive looks and quiet smiles.

As they are walking to and fro, they are peeping through a door as if expecting somebody. "Why is it that she forgets us to-day? We had better go to her" said Janaki, the younger of the two.

"No, we had better wait here" replied the sister.

"She may be engaged; why do we want to interrupt her?"

"She won't get angry with us, if we go and interrupt her, will she?"

"No, and for that very reason we should not go. Our presence may not be welcome to her friend who is a stranger to us. Don't you recollect how annoyed we were this morning when our boy cousin came and disturbed us. We did not get angry with him, but did we hail his coming?"

"No, but we were learning then; mother is only chatting with that old crone. Can we not join them?" again asked the impatient girl.

"We cannot, dear Janaki; we ought not, unless we are sent for," replied Madhavi (that was her name).

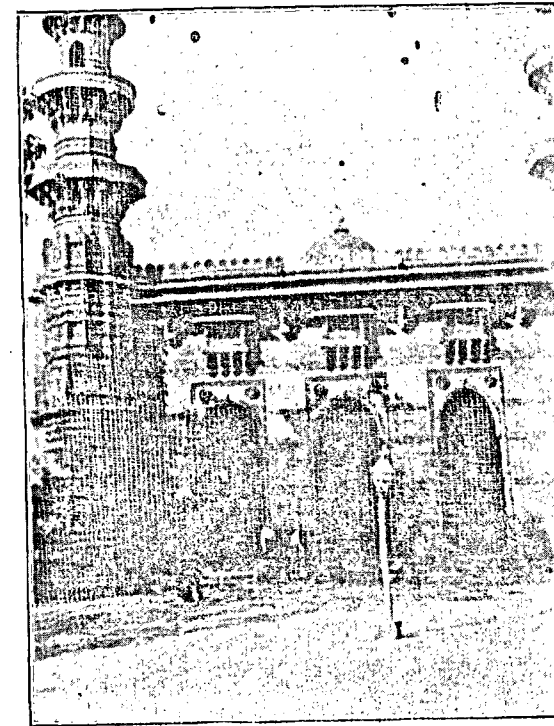
"Then, we shall do one thing. We shall go round the courtyard and wait by the side of the well where we can overhear them," again suggested Janaki.

"What, we wait by the well side to overhear Mamma and her strange visitor!" exclaimed Madhavi, with a grave countenance.

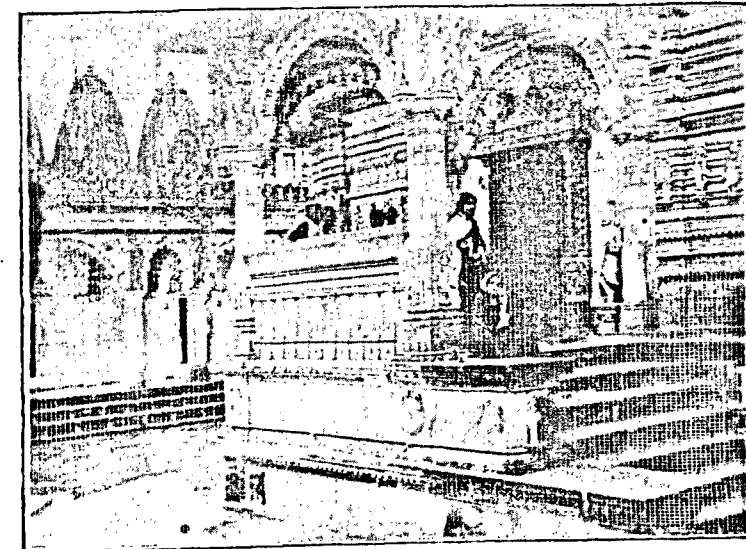
"Why, dear sister, can we not hear what they say? I am sure that old woman is entertaining mother with her useless gossip. She looks like a scandal-monger."

"Then, we shall go there on no account. Are we not warned never to listen to useless gossips lest we, too, may get into that habit. Well Janaki, I did not expect these things from you. You are falling into your old ways again. Come, we'll go into our room. I want to point out to you the two errors which you committed now."

So saying Madhavi led her fretting sister into the adjoining room. This was a spacious hall having two big doors and four windows, admitting plenty of light and air. Everything in the room displayed neatness and order. In the centre stood a big table around which were gathered clean chairs. Newspapers and a few books were arranged upon it with studied order. Four book-shelves stood in the corners containing various English books. Two sofas, an easy chair and a few cushioned stools completed the furniture of the studio. It was to one of these sofas placed by the side of a window that Madhavi led her sister and bade her sit, herself

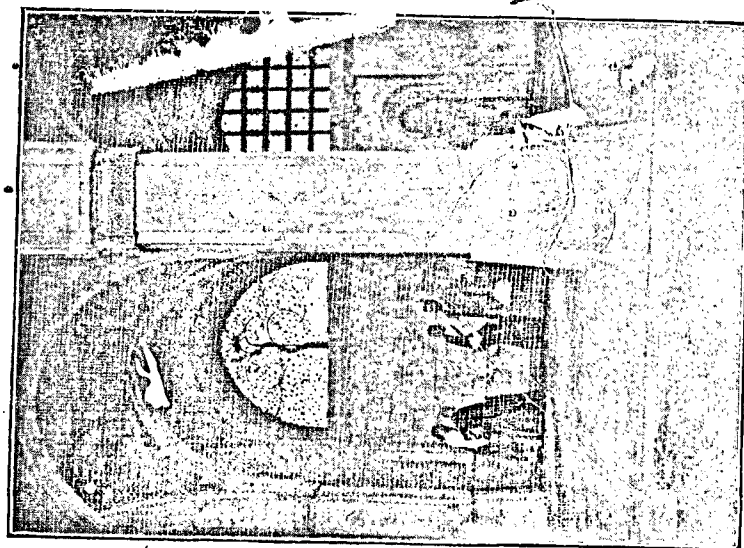


KING KUTBUDDIN'S TOMB.

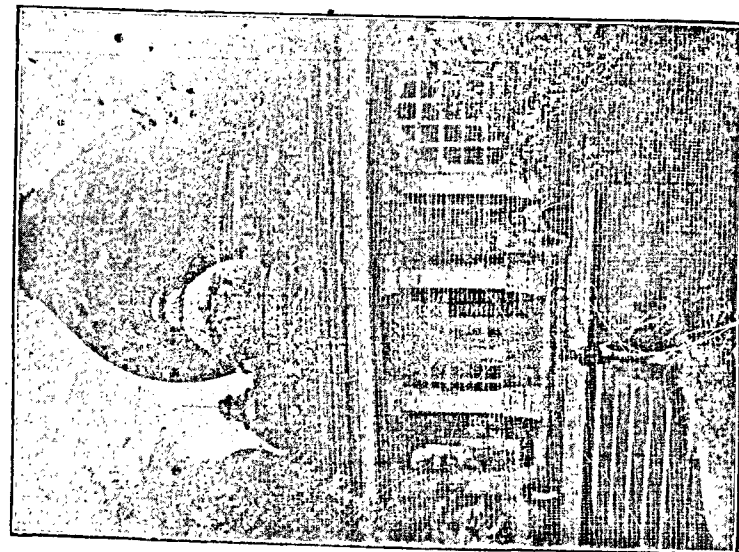


HUTHIE SINGH'S TEMPLE.

[To illustrate the article on "Ahmadabad" by Shahinda (vide p. 249) from photos taken by her.]



FAMOUS CARVED WIDOW'S SIDI SYED'S MASJID.
[To illustrate the article on "Ahmadabad" (p. 249) by Shabir, from photos taken by her].



SARDAR KHAN'S TOMB.

standing and leaning on the window. With a calm, and grave look, the youthful maid slowly began.

"Well, Janaki dear, you are no longer a baby, or a silly little girl vegetating at home. You are a student and you should learn some manners. You have been taught that you have to think before you write. Let me teach you now that you have to think before you speak also. You should not speak out whatever comes uppermost to your tongue. A minute ago, without the least deliberation, you called that poor lady, who came to visit Mamma, a scandal-monger. Can you justify your words? How do you know that she is not a respectable lady? Of course, there are some people who are able to judge the character of others by reading their faces. But many a time, have I had convincing proof that you don't possess that power. Suppose she is not a scandal-monger, don't you think that it is cruel of you to accuse her of a fault which is not hers? Suppose you told this to somebody other than me, are you not misrepresenting her? Suppose she herself heard you calling her a scandal-monger will not your words wound her? Hereafter, take care, my dear, that you do not form hasty opinions, thus wounding the susceptibilities of others."

"Oh, but I never meant to wound her—her—her" began Janaki, falling into a dreadful stammer.

"No," interrupted her sister. "I know that the words did not proceed from your heart of hearts, but only from the tip of your tongue, but

"Many a shaft, at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant!
And many a word at random spoken,
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken"

visibly moved at these words, the repentant Janaki rose and was about to beg pardon for her thoughtlessness, but Madhavi holding her sister's hands again spoke: "Stay, dear, stay, you need not ask my forgiveness. I have not yet finished, I wish to say more and when I have finished I want you not to crave for pardon but give me a solemn promise to the effect that you will try and be careful hereafter and not stumble into such errors so often."

"I shall promise, I shall" said the impatient girl. "But finish soon."

"Janaki, you wanted to go to Mamma when she was talking to that lady and did not send for us. True, mother may not get angry with us. But is it polite behaviour on our part? Is it a sign of good breeding? True again, we are very free with our mother. But she is not alone. A lady is with her. They may have been intimate friends or classmates when young. They may have many secrets to convey

to each other. Why do we want to force our presence in the midst of their talk? Elderly people will have many things to talk about, which are not meant for young ears. Whatever their talk may be, whether idle gossip or substantial conversation, it is wise in us not to disturb them. By doing so we are not becoming cold or indifferent towards them, but only keeping up some mechanical forms of good breeding without which freedom may perhaps destroy love and esteem. You may say that at home we may be very free with our parents and that they may not accuse us of rudeness. But, dear girl, as charity ought to begin at home, let good manners also begin there. Let us accustom ourselves to the habit of keeping up formality even with those whom we are most free with. Convivial familiarity has to be mingled with formality. Moreover, we shall not be kept here always. We are fast growing into womanhood. We shall be married and sent away. Formality is a means of conveying respect. Of what use can all the love in the world be, without respect?"

"My dearest, noblest and most loving sister, I promise that I shall ever try my very best to keep up—" "Hush" interrupted Madhavi, "I know your looks convince me that there is sincerity in your promise. Stop now, for there comes Mamma" so saying they both rose and went to their mother, who sat down upon a clean mat spread on the floor.

"Well, my children" said she, "how did you get on to-day? How many sums did you do, Janaki?"

"I did only two sums, Mamma; sister taught me the rest" replied Janaki.

"So you have been worrying her to-day too?"

"I am sorry, Mamma; but the sums were so difficult—"

"Oh, but I don't mind it mother dear; I had not much work this morning," replied Madhavi.

"Janaki will go and order our tea, will you?" asked her Mamma, to which assenting she went out.

"May I know, Mamma, who that lady is who visited you just now?" asked Madhavi.

"Didn't you recognise her, dear? She is your brother-in-law's cousin, Narayani Amma."

"Is she? Oh, how changed she is! What has happened to her?"

"It is a sad tale, my darling. It is wounded pride that reduces her to this pitiable condition. She was cruelly treated by her husband who went and married her once rival."

"Oh, what a blow to the poor lady!"

"Her heart is broken, poor lady! she is overwhelmed with grief. She is pining for him."

"She is very rich, is she not? And her own brothers, are they not very kind to her?"

"Yes, very; but her case seems to be hopeless. She will meet a martyr's death, a love's martyr."

"But that is not right. She ought not give way to despair. She must not allow her husband to humiliate her. The more she shows her grief, the more he may triumph at it. An educated and sensible woman like her, should not waste her precious life thus, spending her whole time in deafening the ears of Heaven with unwomanly lamentations. She must face her sorrow with heroic courage."

"Oh, you are too theoretical, my dear daughter. It is very easy to preach like this, but God only knows what you may do in her place. She is not the person whom you should blame, but he, the tyrant. Don't you remember what a loving and submissive wife she was! Here is a typical example of man's cruelty. How selfish man is! He asks a woman to wed him—she, unselfish woman, consents and gives all her love—he sees another, perhaps fairer and deserts her, leaving a world of misery in the broken heart of his discarded love. This is what is man, selfish, aggressive and cruel."

As the lady finished her moralising, tea was brought in and they silently took it.

Two years have passed since this event and the same two girls are once more seen in the studio. But, what a difference! Instead of the studied order of the room which met our eyes before, there is seen every sign of disorder and carelessness. The books, which were so neatly arranged before, are now lying upon the table, all topsy-turvy. Dust is slowly forcing its way into the meshes of the chairs and sofas. Janaki has become a tall maid, blooming and pretty; but as she stands spell-bound at the doorway, an anxious look is perceptible on her face. And Madhavi, alas! what a contrast between the blushing face of the sweet pensive maid we saw two years ago and the wasted shadow which we behold in her now! She sits by the window, supporting her tear-stained face on her delicate hands. She is reduced to a mere skeleton. Unmindful of the twilight that is gathering around her as if to conceal the irreparable loss of her beauty and unconscious of the presence of her sister who is standing before her, there she sits "with a sad leaden downward cast", perhaps in thought, perhaps in prayer to the Almighty, perhaps in a dream—dreaming of another world where she will be able to realise her ardent youthful aspirations and where no jealousy or malignity can dog her rising footsteps. Poor darling! what might have happened to this sweet being?

But she is not allowed to sit there long, "forgetting herself to marble." A gentle touch on the shoulders awakens her from her reverie.

She withdraws, her eyes from the ground and fixes them upon her sister. "What brings you here, my dear, at this unusual hour?" asked she with a voice full of tenderness and pathos.

"Anxiety for you," replied her sister.

"Good Heavens! what do you mean? are further troubles to come over me!" exclaimed the sorrow-smitten girl. "But no need to be anxious for me, my dear. If new troubles are to be heaped upon my head, rest assured that they will only serve to lessen, nay, to put an end to, all my griefs. However tell me who the person is, who means me harm."

"You are not the only person who is to be harmed, but the whole of our family is going to be immersed in a sea of sorrow. The person who intends to inflict that sorrow upon us is, is, —"

"Is who? Do tell me! There is a good girl!"

"Yourself, your selfish self."

"I see, you are joking; a practical joke, I believe, eh?" added she, forcing a smile which suggested more of sadness than joy.

"No, I am not joking at all, I am telling a fact. Listen to me, my sweet one! you are becoming rather selfish. You do not know how miserable you are making us. It is true that this is a great time of trial for you. You are, I am sorry to say, not facing it boldly. Your shutting yourself up in this room always, your carelessness in taking proper food, your refusal to submit to medical treatment, all these are sure signs that you are determined to waste your life away. Just consider for a moment what the result of all these will come to. Your health is fast declining, nay, we are even alarmed at your delicate condition. You know that you are the pride of the family, the priceless treasure of our parents. If you are bent on allowing yourself to be nipped in the bud, don't you think that you are acting selfishly in not properly reciprocating the love which we all have for you. Oh, my beloved and adored sister, hear me! At this time of your greatest sorrow, when we are doing everything in our power to cheer you up, you are growing quite careless of your life. Bear up, my darling sister, bear up, like a brave woman. Let the tears that are now flowing down your cheeks be the last that you shed! Oh, how I wish that you will act like a heroine determined to conquer, and not to be conquered by, this grief! You, who inspire us with courage to face any trouble, you, who blamed Narayana Amma for the weakness she showed when deserted by her husband, you who are so learned and sensible, you to allow this trifling affair to create such dissipatedness in you! You to allow yourself to be made an easy victim of, by premature death! Ah, speak, speak, promise." "My affectionate friend and sister, I never

knew till this moment that I was causing sorrow to you all. I thought that by my death, a constant source of anxiety would be removed and mirth once more admitted into the house. Never did I know that I was not reciprocating the love you all so liberally lavish upon me. I am sadly aware that I am doing a grave injustice. Yes, I will try to conquer my grief. I will, I will cheer myself up, and I will not, surely I will not be selfish again. I give my sincere promise to you to that effect. And here I am dashing away my last tears. Thank you, my loving sister, for your kindness in pointing out my mistakes in due time and filling me with courage on this occasion."

Janaki kissed away the tears that gathered in her sister's eyes, and hand in hand they both went out, never to break the promises which they had made in that room.

A NAYAR MAIDEN.

II.—AHMADABAD.



THE design of the building of Ahmad Shah's old Masjid-ul-Jamé, in the Bhade or citadel is of the simplest kind. The Arabic inscription over the central Mihrab runs thus— "This lofty edifice and extensive Masjid was built by the slave who hopes, and the builder who takes refuge, in the mercy of Allah who is worshipped in Masjid with bows and prostrations, who alone is to be worshipped—according to the Koran verse—'Verily the Masjid belongs to Allah, worship no one else with him—' by the slave who trusts in the helping Allah, Ahmad Shah, son of Mohammad Shah son of Mozuffer, the King. And the date of its erection is the 4th Shawal 817 A. D. (17th December 1414)."

The façade is decorated only by three string courses and the cornice all of purely Hindu pattern. To sum up the nature of the style of

this first Masjid of Sultan Ahmad, in the words of Mr. Fergusson—

"Externally, its design is imported and displays all the inaptitude of his recently converted adherents to comprehend what was wanted. The Arches though of the truly pointed type are so badly constructed as to menace ruin now. Internally, the Jaina dome is used with considerable success, most of the materials being borrowed from some temple which must have been pulled down for the purpose and merely fitted together again."

The second oldest mosque in Ahmadabad is that of Haibut Khan in the south end of the city. It was in all probability built at the same time, but no inscriptions remain to give the date.

This Masjid, it is said, was erected on the site of a Hindu temple which the Musalmans had desecrated and evidently with its materials.

The design is very crude and the parts mostly taken from Hindu or Jaina temples. The front is pierced by three entrances with pointed arches.

It has four perforated stone windows. The pillars supporting the roof have been torn from various temples and present great differences of style and ornamentation. The small dome and oblong panels are richly carved.

The mosque of Syed Alum stands on a sort of a mound formed apparently by the ground having been washed away during the rains. A large portion of the surface water finds its way past this to the river. In front is the burying ground.

The Minars have long since disappeared and the evidence of the age of the building is lost, but the general style indicates an early date.

Round and under the central dome runs a carved screen. The interior generally is richly and chastely carved. On either side are three perforated stone windows, and at the back eight. These are of considerable merit, though some of them are sadly damaged, and, since, ignorantly restored,— "For where the original pattern is lost, restoration is a falsehood."

The next building of the time of Ahmad Shah is the "Triple Gateway." This magnificent construction consists of three arches. The roadway is in the central opening.

Here, says, Sir T. C. Hope "The great feudatories or foreign embassies assembled before approaching the august presence and the sovereign enthroned on the terrace mustered the troops for martial enterprises and gala day reviews or held splendid court in the cool of the evening beside the splashing fountain.

Though so neglected and ruined, the Masjid of Malih Alum is an example of the greatest interest, as marking the complete transition from the first crude attempts to the full development of the Gujerat style of Mohammedan architecture which had been effected in about a single generation.

The interior and exterior are brought completely into harmony. A square panel of the roof is carved with an exquisitely pretty design.

The most extensive of mosques in Ahmadabad is the Jaina Masjid.

It was erected by Ahmad Shah in 1423. Round the square under the dome runs a carved balcony and in the interspaces of the pillars are handsome perforated screens. They are reached by two stairs in the thickness of the front wall.

One panel above the front Mihral is a marvel of minute and beautiful carving. The whole is very imposing.

Under the immediate vicinity is Sultan Ahmad Shah's beautiful tomb. The walls are of stone lattice work most splendidly carved in various patterns. The tombs of Sultan Ahmad, his son Mohammad Shah II., and grandson Jalal Khan Kutbuddeen Shah are all of white marble finely carved.

Close by in an enclosure of perforated walls of lovely designs are the tombs of the Sultan known as the "Rani Ka Hajira." The tombs are works of art and splendidly finished to the minutest detail.

The perforated windows of Sidi Syied's mosque are far famed for their lovely carving and are the finest specimens of stone carving in Ahmadabad. It would be difficult to excel the skill with which they are carved.

The windows of Kutbuddeen Shah's Masjid are filled with perforated stone tracery. The huge minars are rich with carving. The style of minars is markedly Hindu, the horizontal mouldings broken vertically by a multitude of angles.

Rani Sipri's mosque and tomb are elegantly pretty structures, with a wealth of rich carving of delicately varied designs.

The Hanzé Kutb is a large expanse of water and has a neat pavilion in the centre. The pleasure garden is reached by a narrow strip of shaded walk.

The group of buildings at Sarkhej is profoundly interesting. It is altogether a most picturesque and delightful place; so is Shah Alum.

Huthi Singh's temple is one of the finest in India for its magnificent carving. The interior and exterior decorations are superb. In the inner courtyard on all four sides are rows of gold, silver, and marble gods inlaid with precious stones. The three big gods are placed in the centre of a pavilion of richest carving and elaboration.

Dad Hari's Wao is a well of seven stories of the quaintest and most curious construction. It is the most marvellously constructed well in India, there is nothing like it elsewhere and it has everlasting water till the fourth storey—and you can descend down to the water's edge by steps leading to it. On either sides of the walls are carved brackets and the pillars are deeply carved.

SHAHINDA.

III.—MRS. FRANK PENNY'S NEW NOVEL, "A MIXED MARRIAGE."



MRS. FRANK PENNY'S new novel, "A Mixed Marriage," is written in a much more tolerant spirit than her former ones. In the novel before us, she does not exhibit such unsympathetic aversion to the weakness of the 'natives,' as she calls them, as she did formerly, an aversion having its root in the deep-rooted belief that no amount of civilization or culture can ever eradicate the weaknesses of a nation, and especially of the Indian nation. True, in this story, an Englishman objects to an Indian being received into the intimacy of an English family, and there are some general opinions expressed, detrimental to the Indian character, such as: "You don't understand; how

can you? Things are so different out in India, where we do not receive the natives in an intimate footing into our family"; "Mr. Smith has studied the natives of India for more than half a life time, and has had an opportunity of forming an opinion" (when he called Mir Yacooob "that black fellow"); "that infernal native," and so on. But such generalizations are occasionally tempered by praise; for example, there is genuine admiration for the magnificent swordmanship of Mir Yacooob: "I should have no chance at all with that fellow if we met as enemies on a battlefield"; this is not much, but there is genuine admiration as well for Mir Yacooob's personal character: "Oh, I like him well enough personally and don't want to meet a better fellow." And indeed Mrs. Penny gives us a very fine type of character in Mir Yacooob; a man as true and honest and praiseworthy as any good Englishman. And, when the reason of Alan Archdale's dislike to the receiving of Mir Yacooob into St. George's family, is traced to its source, we find it is not at all a bad reason: "St. George allows Mir Yacooob to come into the bosom of his family, but Mir Yacooob wouldn't dream of returning the compliment; St. George would not be allowed to see anything of his womenkind. And, if I were St. George, I would not extend my hospitality to a man who would object to receive me on the same terms." Certainly this is a serious drawback to intimate social intercourse between Europeans and Indians; a drawback which we shall do well to commend to our serious attention and take on ourselves deep blame for. Is it not so?

But, to return to our subject, Mrs. Penny's descriptions of Mohammedan life and its various rites and ceremonies are very interesting and apparently true (as I do not know much of their life myself); and our readers would do well to read the novel for themselves. Mrs. Penny's dreams of reform are somewhat patronising; but, all the same, very laudable. May we be allowed to quote a conversation here between the two chief characters, exemplifying these dreams of reform:

"You were asking me, Miss Carlyon, about introducing ladies of our family to our friends. Our customs forbid it, and they are unable to be present at any of our social gatherings."

"Your entertainments must be very dull without the ladies. Wouldn't your mother and sisters be glad to relax the rules a little?"

"I think not. They would oppose it even more strongly than the men."

"How I should like to convince them of their folly! How I should like to give them the same freedom that I enjoy!"

Mir Yacooob let his dark eyes rest on her as

he replied: "I wonder if they could ever learn to use their freedom as you do yours."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm afraid that under their present conditions they would hardly understand the delicate lines of decorum and dignity which are apparently inherited instincts with you."

She thought of some of her old escapades, and smiled. "English girls can't always claim to be dignified and decorous."

"At any rate here is an evidence of what I mean. I am able to talk to you without the presence of any older lady."

"And couldn't one of your own countrywomen, who had been educated, talk and listen to a gentleman in this way?"

Mir Yacooob shook his head. "It would be impossible. Even if she had the courage to do so, she could not preserve her dignity."

"But if you were to marry an intelligent woman, who knew something of European ways, and who agreed with your views, couldn't you bring her over and let her show the ladies of her country how it might be done?"

"Where am I to meet such a woman, Miss Carlyon, free from prejudice and possessing dignity and judgment? She does not exist amongst my own nation."

Such are the dreams which influence the heroine to a very praiseworthy purpose; but, like most dreams, they come to naught, but through no fault of the heroine, for she does her very best to introduce reforms into the Mahomedan family.

Mir Yacooob, a Mahomedan prince, is introduced by his English College-mate, St. George, into the latter's family; and there he is received as a friend and equal by all, except by one of the family's friends, Alan Archdale. Lorina, one of St. George's sisters, is a grand young typical Englishwoman of the 'open-air' sort, filled with every kind of pure and true ideal. She comes to like Mir Yacooob very much, and gets very much interested in India and its needed reforms. And, being a woman, who loved to do her duty at any cost, is it any wonder that she consents to become Mir Yacooob's wife, when he points out to her that by so doing alone can she put into force the reforms of which she dreams. She goes through the English marriage with him; but Mir Yacooob does not look upon her yet as his wife, but will wait till the Mahomedan marriage is performed before he can regard her as such. And it is characteristic of the man that he thinks of the highest form of Mahomedan marriage as the proper marriage between him and Lorina, the English maid, a form which will make her his first and honourable wife.

He wishes to do her the highest honour in his power; but for this, his mother and sisters would have to be present at the ceremony, and as this would naturally be a difficult matter to coerce, he goes in advance to India to prepare his family. She follows a fortnight later as a guest to Mir Yacoob's family; but is received rather coldly by his mother. She however tries her best to thaw through the ice, and show them with what freedom an Englishwoman conducts herself. And in this, though thwarted in every possible way, with the help of Mir Yacoob she eventually succeeds. She gets permission to walk outside the gates; and goes in the company of Mir Yacoob to visit the English Collector and his wife, and even goes out riding with Mir Yacoob. But the intrigues of the Mahomedan women prove nearly too much for her. These intrigues indeed are very wicked and dishonest, and go to prove truly the worst side of Indian character. For instance, they think nothing of drugging the prince, (indeed, it seems a common practice with them) with a potent drug, so that he may consent to go through the lowest and most dishonourable form of marriage with the Englishwoman. But, to the Prince's credit, be it said, he holds firm to his first opinion, and eventually obtains the consent of the Begum, his mother, to be present at the Shahdi ceremony, which is the highest form. A day is fixed for this ceremony; but during the interval, a nefarious plot is schemed by the Begum's hand-maid, Dowluth, to kill Lorina. It is but fair to say that the Begum has no hand in this; and fortunately the plot fails, and Lorina is rescued, chiefly by the brave conduct of Mir Yacoob. And her heart is so far gained by his courage that she almost begins to love him. But, just at this time, she discovers that the Prince has another wife. She leaves the Begum's house to go to the Collector's; and there she tells her husband that marriage between her and him is impossible, according to the English law. And she holds to this determination in spite of piteous entreaties from Mir Yacoob and even from the Begum; and so she returns to England. Such is the slender outline of this interesting story, which our readers would do well to read. Lorina is a perfect type of the good, pure, Englishwoman. Mir Yacoob is a perfect type of a true gentleman; but our admiration for him is much lessened at the end by the fact, that though he knows he has a wife already, he does not stop his marriage with Lorina. But, as he himself says, he is a Mahomedan, whose law allows him to marry more than one wife. And he proposes to obviate Lorina's objections by divorcing his first wife. This would make his second marriage legal; but would be at the cost of the happiness of a sweet

Mahomedan woman, as good, pure, duty-loving and self-sacrificing as Lorina. This shows a bad trait in Mir Yacoob's character. Moreover, his private sentiment, as he himself admits, is that this marriage is wrong. Should he not have done as his conscience dictated, even though it went against his own happiness?

But, there are flaws in Lorina's character also. She consents to marry the Mahomedan, though she does not love him. And though this is for the sake of duty, is not this wrong? It might be called self-sacrifice on her part; but then we might see self-sacrifice also on the part of Mir Yacoob, when he consented to his marriage with Lorina, though he knew it to be wrong. Lorina went against her sense of honour in consenting to marry a man without loving him; Mir Yacoob went against his sense of honour in allowing her to marry him. Both did so for duty's sake; Lorina to do her duty of reform in India; Mir Yacoob to do his duty of reform also, inasmuch as he could do so properly with Lorina's help alone. But, however much we might try to blind ourselves, we cannot help seeing that the true reason for Mir Yacoob's descent in the path of honour is a selfish reason; because he loved Lorina and could not do without her. But, to balance this, another fault might be found with Lorina. When she refused marriage with Mir Yacoob, we cannot help thinking that she must have had some satisfaction in the matter; for her dreams of reform have been defeated, and, as she herself says, what was the use of her marrying a man of an alien nation? Moreover, her heart is not touched into true love even by the Prince's courage in saving her; as Mr. Cunliffe says: "she must have a heart of stone to accept such a service from one who was so soon to be her husband, without giving something more than perfunctory gratitude." Of course this does not mean that Lorina should have consented to the marriage, though she knew it to be wrong. On no account should she have done this. But she might have loved him. But love cannot be forced, and Mrs. Penny's reason for this may be that love by an Englishwoman for an Indian would be impossible.

There are lights and shadows about the other characters in the novel also. Lalbee is as sweet and good a woman as Lorina herself. She sacrifices even her own gosha—a terrible thing to do—so that she might tell the Prince how to save the English lady. And she beseeches Yacoob to marry the Englishwoman. There is nothing wrong from her view in doing this, for she knows no better. But it would be hard for her, who deeply loves the Prince, to have a rival, who she knows has the best love of the Prince. But she loves to sacrifice herself for her friend.

Dowluth is a very intriguing, a very wicked character. She would do anything to accomplish her ends. But she has one redeeming point. She can love and love sincerely. She loves Lalbee more than she loves herself.

The Begum also has her redeeming point. She loves her son so much, that when she sees the truth, that Mir Yacoob's happiness can only be obtained by marriage with the Englishwoman she even would go on her knees to ask the hated Englishwoman to stay back. This also is sacrifice. And balancing these questionable characters, is, on the other side, the snobbish Mrs. Carlyon, who is so anxious to get her daughter married to a Prince. She would never be so wicked as Dowluth, or go to such lengths as the Begum did; but still there is a questionable trait in her character.

On the whole, the book is a good specimen of Mahomedan life, more especially as there runs through it the true Indian obedience to Fate:

"What is written on a man's forehead cannot be rubbed off."

The Indian Social Conference.



THE Indian Social Conference was held this time in Madras at the end of December and was a great success in every way. It commenced with the delivery of the inaugural address by the Hon'ble Mr. Justice Chandavarkar, on the 29th December, to a crowded and representative audience,

presided over by Mr. V. P. MADAV RAO, C.I.E., Senior Councillor, Mysore State.

Mr. Justice Chandavarkar's Address.

Mr. Chandavarkar, after taking stock of the gains and losses to the cause of Social Reform during the year, spoke of the influences at work in the country, which are carrying irresistibly even conservative India in the onward march of progress. Whether the people are for it or not, the ideas of social reform are working imperceptibly. His Highness the Aga Khan tells the Mahomedans in plain and emphatic language that it is the seclusion of women and the dogma of fatalism which are responsible for their ignorance and backwardness. His Highness the Gaikwar condemns the caste institution as the real cause of the deterioration of India. Her Highness the Begum of Bhopal has declared herself on the side of female education. The question of foreign travel was solving itself slowly. An

orthodox Hindu prince proceeds to England with all his retinue and it is becoming common even for Brahmin students to proceed to England for study. Mr. Francis, the Census Commissioner, has adduced statistics to show that Brahmins themselves are being less addicted to child marriages than they were ten years ago. The problem of widowhood is not so easily solved, but still men like Professor Karve and others were doing their utmost to help in the cause of Indian widows.

He dwelt at length on the objection that Social Reform was not on National lines. The term "national" was rather misleading. In the case of some, the criticism that social reform is not on national lines is a convenient excuse for either doing nothing at all or for simply opposing those who do anything; in the case of others who are carried away by the phrase "national lines," it has served the purpose of arousing their emotions without stimulating their activity. The learned speaker next dwelt on the causes at work which account for the low social state of the Hindus. Caste was undoubtedly one of the chief sources of evil; but he thought that the root of the evil consisted in the absence of moral reform—the reform of the heart and the man. What Mr. Chandavarkar has said on the subject is worthy of special note:

"What a society needs as the starting point of all healthy progress is an intelligent and earnest capacity of outlook as regards both individual and social life. Before any particular reform there must be

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—which can only come from the intelligent consciousness that a healthy society is that, the units of which are taught that every one of them is a responsible being, that every one of them is and ought to be a helpful being, that every one of them has rights with its attendant responsibilities, and that the neglect and suffering of any unit must tell on the whole. This is social reform. You cut the whole into this and that item of reform for the sake of convenience to draw attention to the particular evils which mar society. But true social reform goes behind the particular customs which are merely symptoms, and takes hold of the symptoms for the purpose of diagnosing the disease. To carry forward the struggle of society for a higher life—or fit it up for the responsibilities and the stress of the strenuous life, you need to look at its customs in a wide, comprehensive spirit. What the social reformer must first equip himself with to make the reform really beneficial is what Immanuel Kant called the spirit of "illumination"—the spirit of sympathy and love which enables us to comprehend the solidarity of society and to work for the removal of all social evils whatever and wherever they are. If a community goes wrong and becomes the victim of a number of evil customs which weaken the sense of true manhood and noble womanhood, it is because it has ceased to exercise its capacity to discern character, by character being meant not merely the

passive virtues but the more active virtues which keep the life of the individual units in vigour and through it the life of the community as a whole. The capacity to discern character is lost or it dwindles when a community substitutes conventional morality and ideals for the morality and ideals of what Carlyle called the *Eternal Aye*, or the *Eternal Nay* and what in our own Mahabharata is termed the *Sanatana Dharma*. As has been truly said:—"The abolition of slavery, the recognition of the essential nobility of labour, the abolition of infanticide, the emancipation of woman—all these are due to the release of men's minds from purely conventional notions and the courageous application in their place of the fundamental laws of righteousness and love. If progress is still to continue, it must be by the same method." *Convention, custom* these have been our social gods—they have to be dethroned before we can be equal to the demands and necessities of the times; you cannot dethrone them without pursuing them at all points and elevating the ideas of our men and women about life in general and society as a whole. To work at particular reforms is good, but to work at them with consciousness and conviction that they are parts of a whole is better because necessary."

The President's Speech.

The actual Conference began on the 30th. The opening address of the President, the Honorable Mr. K. Venkat Rao of Bellary, was thoughtful and stimulating. He took up the various items of reform needed in Hindu Society and dwelt on each in detail. His remarks on Widow Marriage were especially sane. The census figures shew that there are nearly 5 lakhs of Hindu widows below the age of 20. As regards Mrs. Besant's eulogy of the Hindu ideal of marriage—which presents man and woman as complementary halves of a single whole, fostering an intense devotion in the wife to the husband, he said that it was not an ideal confined to Hindus alone, i.e., Buddhists, Zoroastrians and Christians had also a similar ideal. He said that no reformer advocated the compulsory marriage of all widows. The questions of female education, caste, intermarriage, sea-voyage were also dealt with fully; and in the treatment of these subjects the Honorable Mr. Venkata Rao, brought to bear his wide experience and sound common sense. The following are his concluding words:—

We are now living in an age of transitional movement marked by attempts on all sides to revive what was good and glorious in our old institutions and to imbibe what is noble and beneficial in those of our rulers. We are also trying hard to emerge from the tyranny of the caste-customs and despotism of the Ecclesiastics. The old notions are mostly dying out under the influence of Western culture. What we now want is a few apostles to preach the Gospel of reform throughout the length and breadth of India and a band of patriots pure in personal, domestic and social life, to elevate the country by noble work, to do their duty manfully and to make the best use

of the opportunities that present themselves on every side for ameliorating the condition of our men and women. If each city or district can produce a dozen at least of such apostles and patriots, social reform in all directions will be an accomplished fact in a single generation to come, in the same manner as our brethren of Japan did during the last generation.

The Resolutions of the Conference.

SUB-CASTES.—"This Conference reiterates the desirability of bringing about a closer communion between the sub-division of castes by means of inter-marriages and inter-dining."

FEMALE EDUCATION.—"That this Conference notes with concern the set back which the education of girls, as of others, has received on account of plague and famine in several parts of the country and, in view of the probable early return of normal conditions, urges on Government and the public the importance of redoubling their efforts in this direction by the adoption of more extensive measures in the shape of public schools, of home classes and organisation of public lectures, and associations for the purpose of promoting the cause of Indian womanhood."

RE-MARRIAGE AND PROTECTION OF WIDOWS.—"This Conference deplores that, on account of the largely increased rate of mortality in recent years from plague, famine and other causes, the number of young widows has risen in several places, and would earnestly invite all humane persons to do all they can to save these poor, innocent girls from the customary disfigurement, and to place no obstacles, passive or active, to their marrying again and settling in life, if they or their friends choose that course; and to do all they can to ameliorate their condition by the establishment and support of Widows' Homes."

THE AGE OF MARRIAGE.—"This Conference rejoices that, according to the returns of the recent Census, the age of marriage both for boys and girls has shown a decided tendency to rise in many parts of the country, and would urge all social reform bodies and advocates to make use of this favourable opportunity to press forward this most important item of social reform programme."

FOREIGN TRAVEL.—"This Conference notes with satisfaction the increasing number of Hindus who undertake sea-voyages for study, business or other purposes, and wishes to impress on the people the necessity of encouraging this wholesome movement in all possible ways and of discouraging all attempts to treat foreign travelled men as aliens and foreigners."

THE LOW CASTES.—"This Conference is deeply impressed with the disastrous effects to society of the neglect and indifference to the moral and material advancement of the low castes, and records its earnest conviction that the prosperity and progress of the country is deeply involved in effective measures being adopted towards the amelioration of their condition."

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION IN SCHOOLS.—"This Conference notes with satisfaction the attempts made to introduce religious and moral education in some educational institutions in the country, and suggests that the movement so begun should as far as possible be extended."

REFORM OF THE ZENANA.—"This Conference begs to put on record its opinion that the custom of zenana is of a pernicious character, in that it affects prejudicially the physical and mental development of women, and the Conference desires all sympathisers of social reform to do their best to foster and promote public opinion against the custom in those parts of the country and in those classes in which it is prevalent."

PROTECTION OF MINOR GIRLS.—"The Resolution on this subject was put from the Chair:—"The Conference notes with satisfaction the intention of Government to better protect minor girls, and recommends Social Reform bodies to take the subject into consideration and suggest means whereby this object can be best attained."

Speech by Mrs. Kamalakar.

A most pleasing feature of the Conference was the speeches by three Indian ladies in support of Female Education. Their speeches were characterised by downright earnestness; and the advocacy of the cause of Female Education by such earnest and zealous supporters of education is likely to prove of great help to the cause of reform. The three ladies were Mrs. Visvanatha Iyer, the wife of Mr. Visvanatha Iyer, District Munsif, himself an earnest worker in the reform cause; Mrs. Achilamba Ammal, a Hindu widow, who is a learned scholar in Tamil and who contributes largely to Tamil magazines and Mrs. Kamalakar, a Bombay lady of culture and refinement who is qualifying herself for the medical profession.

Mrs. Kamalakar's speech in English we give here *in extenso*. The other two spoke in Tamil:—

"Mr. President, Ladies, and Gentlemen,—The subject of female education has been so much and so often discussed elsewhere, that if I try to say anything regarding it here, it will only be the comparatively humble attempt of recapitulating what has already been well and exhaustively said. Moreover, I know your time is precious. So I shall attempt to say in as few words as possible what I think should be done towards the advancement of our females."

Education in its most extended signification is defined to be the art of developing and cultivating the various faculties of man, of infusing into the mind a love for all instructive and elevating knowledge.

By advanced education for our females, we certainly do not mean mere knowledge of book-work, but such knowledge of practical training as would help them in every branch of house-keeping as would strengthen and form the character, as would help them to learn the importance and dignity of work, and such knowledge as would enable them to acquit themselves well and honorably in all departments of domestic life.

It is true our social customs bind us peculiarly. Discord takes the place of harmony and peace in many a Hindu home, where the daughter-in-law is allowed to educate herself against the wish of the orthodox elders of her family.

There are several objections raised generally by men to the advancement of female education, but I shall be only taking up the time of the audience if I mean to discuss these objections fully. There are a great many people who spend most of their energy and good wishes in speculating on and discussing the result of female education, and in drawing up an imaginary ideal of what the educated woman should be like. Yet no practical steps have been taken by them towards the education of their female relatives.

It is true that a desire for education has been awakened in the minds of a few of the Hindu women. But the number of such women is, I regret to say, small as compared with that of those in whom the desire to educate themselves has not yet been awakened. The desire for education in women as in men has to be created when they are young, as it is only natural that our Indian women kept in ignorance and superstition for long ages should feel contented with their lot. Among the women of the latter class a desire for education must be created and this can only be done by making them see and appreciate the graces of life that mark their already cultured sisters.

The ignorance and seclusion of our women lie at the root of most of their failings. Women kept in ignorance cannot be friends and help-mates to their husbands. If they are kept illiterate their experience of men and things and their ability to advise their husbands in matters connected with domestic life must necessarily be absolutely nil. Ignorance and want of culture will never help woman to meet the adversities of life with courage and dignity. The Hindu mother's affection for her children is unquestionable, but the affection of an ignorant mother is likely to produce more harm than good. Sympathy for poor relations and general charity are highly commendable but indiscriminate charity—charity bestowed on undeserving objects is worse than useless. If an Indian woman is only allowed to educate herself, the virtues that she is known to possess will be refined, purified and strengthened.

Fortunately for us women, the indifference shown hitherto by our men in the matter of educating their females is slowly though steadily passing away. Endeavours are being made by educated gentlemen to develop a scheme for educating their females, which will in the long run remove their social evils. Positive knowledge, if given to women may prove the panacea of many an existing social evil under which India is groaning at present. Women should be given a liberal and positive education, but from all the past experience this longing has been a mere dream. Girls are withdrawn from schools as soon as they are bound by the matrimonial tie, and whatever they may have learnt previously, they forget in the next few years of their married life. Though a young Hindu wife has a desire for self-education, she is surrounded by so many difficulties. Though she has a secret longing to learn and improve herself, no opportunity is offered to her for the home culture of her mental faculties.

In my opinion Hindu females of the present age can be divided into three classes:—

1st Class.—Girls, who before or after marriage, can yet attend a public school.

2nd Class.—Young girls or women who after marriage cannot attend a public school but at heart are anxious for their advancement in education.

3rd Class.—Women, young or old, who have not begun to value the real benefits derived from a systematic and sound education.

Some years ago, there was a great agitation among the Hindus in Madras for educating their female relatives. Some of them were over-zealous in moving the Government to open for the Hindu women a separate school apart from those under Christian influence, where they could learn without any prejudice to their ancestral faith. The Government seeing the utility of such an institution, started one at Egmore. It is now fifteen years or so since this happened: and during all this time, how many of the Hindu women, or girls have been carried by the institution up to the High School standard? *Only two*, I am told! Others were withdrawn as soon as they got married—that is, when they were mere children. It is certainly very discouraging to see such a splendid chance thrown away and so many precious years lost. The institution at Egmore is a very beneficial one, and I earnestly plead that the Hindu girls who attend it may be permitted to continue their studies up to the Matriculation Examination. My reason for pleading for the Matriculation standard is very clear. The girls, when they have progressed so far, get a pretty good understanding of the English tongue. This will help them to privately increase their capacity and knowledge; for instance, to make a home-study of the way of nursing children and sick relatives. A Hindu mother's affection for her child is unquestionable, but the girls who have been educated at school up to the Matriculation standard will be able to read and master modern English books that will tell them how to rear up their dear children into healthy men and women. The formation of children's character rests mainly with the mother. In fact, such a modicum of School education will help them in all directions of their married life.

Now as regards the 2nd class of females. They are married and cannot attend a public school; for such women—young or old—afternoon classes may be started in different parts of the town. Under the supervision of a Committee a lady teacher through the help of the National Indian Association should be secured for each section. This lady should teach them a couple of hours, twice a week, and the subject taught should be selected by the Committee itself. Needlework and English reading and speaking should be given special attention to. A few instructive and interesting lessons on the importance of sanitation or outdoor exercise should be also given. Further, at the end of every three or four months the progress should be noted in a register maintained for the purpose. Annually, a prize should be awarded to the most deserving student for diligence and general proficiency. This prize will be an impetus to those who cannot apply themselves to their studies for want of long lost habit and time. Such classes if successfully conducted will also help to bring about greater and more frequent intercourse between Hindu sisters of different castes. This intercourse is of as much importance as the intercourse between Indian and European ladies, if not more. Caste is a great barrier to the progress of female education in this country. Social fellow-feeling cannot be expected among women as long as there is caste prejudice among them. By constant contact a part of this prejudice may be removed, though the best way to remove it is a good religious teaching.

As regards the third class of females.—These are against educating themselves, and against permitting such of their female relatives as may be willing to educate themselves. Their horror of education cannot be removed unless they are brought to see the beauty of the results of education among their other sisters who are fortunate enough to educate themselves unless they are made to taste the sweets of positive education against their wish. Women of this class must be convinced of the material importance of education and the uses derived from it.

Many facts show us that without the education of women the regeneration of India is not possible.

I humbly and most sincerely plead to our educated gentlemen, on behalf of all my sisters, to lend us their every sympathy, full assent, co-operation and strong support in order to drag us out of the mire of darkness and ignorance and lead us up into the light of education.

I entreat that they will do it as their duty towards us and enroll themselves as volunteers under the standard of this great and noble cause.

In conclusion, I pray to the Almighty that He may enable these gentlemen to carry out their good resolution, and that the still tender roots of the little plant of female education in India, which has just sprouted out, may be fostered and strengthened so as to take a firm hold in the soil and grow into a gigantic tree and bear sweet and beneficial fruits throughout the length and breadth of our beloved motherland.

We have not the slightest hesitation in saying that the Social Conference has been an unprecedented success. The starting of another Association, known as the National Hindu Association, has had indirectly the effect of throwing new life and activity into the social reform movement, and we trust that the earnest men who are piloting the movement will receive every encouragement and support from all true and patriotic Indians. What is needed is moral earnestness, for, as Mr. Justice Chandavarkar has pointed out ably, the cause of social reform cannot be divorced from that of moral reform.

Among the recipients of the New Year awards by the Government of India, there are two who are specially connected with the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*. We refer to Mr. Ravi Varma Kailashpuri, the famous artist, whose interest in the Magazine is very great, and who has shown this interest in a practical way by allowing us to reproduce some of his famous paintings. He received a gold medal from the Government. The other person who has been similarly honoured by His Majesty's Government is Mrs. Isabel Brander, the pioneer of Government Female Education in South India. Her name is well-known to our readers, for she too has taken a deep interest in this humble journalistic venture and has made several valuable contributions to it.

The Hon'ble Mr. Justice Telang on the Education of Mahomedan Women and the Purdah System.



CONSIDERABLE

interest is being focused at present in the Mahomedan community in the subject of female education, which is likely to lead to practical results sooner or later. His Highness the Aga Khan, speaking at the Delhi Conference, attributed the backwardness of the Mahomedan

community chiefly to the absence of female education and the purdah system, and at the Mahomedan Educational Conference, held in Bombay last December, Mr. Justice Telang, one of the most enlightened leaders of the community, referred to these evils as the chief sources of the backwardness of his community. What he says on the subject of female education deserves to be carefully pondered over by Mahomedans.

"Well, gentlemen, the next obstacle to our advance is the absence of female education. That education, in the real sense of the word, amongst the generality of our Mussulman women does not exist, is a statement that cannot possibly be controverted. It is a fact that is patent to us all. It stares us in the face. We have painful perception of it wherever we turn our eyes. The mere smattering knowledge of a little Persian, or even a little Arabic, a mere acquaintance with a little arithmetic, or even history does not, and cannot, constitute real education. By real education I mean that education which brings out all the moral and intellectual powers of

the mind. Well, gentlemen, if female education does not exist among us and if we do not take the necessary steps to introduce it amongst us, can we ever hope to be an enlightened and advancing nation, and can we ever hope to recover our lost position as an enlightened nation? Can we ever hope to run an equal race with the other more fortunate communities of India?

Let us just consider for a moment what the absence of female education means. It means in the first place that at least one half of our community is, and must for ever remain uneducated, illiterate, unenlightened and backward. Is it not obvious that when our mothers, our wives, our daughters, our sisters are uneducated, then our own education must necessarily be of a very imperfect character, and that we must be moving in a dark and unwholesome atmosphere? How can we hope to have our children brought up well and educated, when their mothers are ignorant and illiterate? How can we hope to have high moral principles inculcated, when the children move among women who have been never benefited by high moral and intellectual training? Gentlemen, you may as well hope to have pure, sparkling and clean water in a lake, when one half of that lake is filled with impure, dark and unhealthy water. The one must act and react on the other, and until the impure half is removed the whole must necessarily be made impure. Well, then, if female education does not exist among us, and if it be necessary that it should be introduced, what are the chief obstacles that we must endeavour to remove? Now, I take it, gentlemen, that there is no one in this hall who is opposed to female education in itself. No one I feel sure, will argue that women ought to be left ignorant, illiterate and uneducated. I further assume that no one will assert that there is anything in our religion, which prohibits, or is inconsistent with the highest education of our women."

Mr. Telang's condemnation of the Purdah system was most emphatic, and it has caused considerable commotion among the orthodox and conservative sections of the community, but those who can discern the signs of the times know full well that this bold leader is merely giving expression to views which must come to pass sooner or later under the pressure of present day influences. There is no use trying to resist the advance of the waves of progress. The following are the remarks of Mr. Telang on the Purdah System:—

"What then is the cause of the present unsatisfactory condition of the education of our women? Well, I

take it, that all the causes which have brought about the backwardness of the male part of our community has also contributed to the backwardness of our women in point of education. But in addition to the great difficulties and obstacles from which we, male Mussulmans, have suffered, there is one great obstacle which is peculiar to the advancement of our women.

THE SYSTEM OF PURDAH.

I refer to the system of purdah, which has obtained amongst the Mussulman communities of India. Now, gentlemen, I am well aware that purdah is a burning question amongst our communities, and it therefore behoves not only myself, but all the friends of our community to touch upon this question with care and with a due regard to the feelings and susceptibilities of our co-religionists. I trust, therefore, gentlemen, that not one word shall fall from my lips which can in any way hurt the feelings of any one, whether inside or outside this hall. I propose to discuss the question in a manner which, I trust, will be unobjectionable to any one who may hear or read my words. The question is, of course, a delicate one. But I conceive that it can be examined from four different aspects, namely, the religious, the social, the hygienic, and the intellectual aspects. As regards the religious phase of the question. I do not propose to say much. I do not pretend to be an authority on Mahomedan theology, I am neither a Moulvi nor a Mufti, nor do I profess to be an authority on Mahomedan religious doctrines. There are in this hall people far more learned and so far more competent to discuss and to pronounce an opinion on the subject from the religious point of view. I will not, therefore, say more than this, that I have examined the question, necessarily as a lay-man, but nevertheless, with that care and attention which the importance of the subject deserves, and that in my opinion the question is not really so much a matter of religion as of custom. There are, no doubt, plenty of passages in the Koran and in the traditions of the prophet, which lay down the highest principles of morality and modesty, which inculcate modesty and decorum, which prohibit the ostentatious display of beauty and ornaments, which upbraid impropriety of conduct, but I have not been able to discover anything in the Koran which directs or, even sanctions the system of purdah in all its strictness as it obtains amongst us at the present day. There is no passage in our religious books which says that women are not to go out or that they are to be confined within the four walls of the house, or that they shall not breathe fresh air, or that they shall not take exercise. These, gentlemen, are modern introductions, and, so

far as I can discover rest on nothing more than custom. And, gentlemen, I am delighted to be confirmed in this view by an authority of no less a personage than the author of the "Tarikh-i-Islam" and by his more recent work the "Al-Islam." I am also confirmed, gentlemen, in this view by what was said by my friend the Aga Khan who, as you know, is the enlightened religious head of one of the largest and most influential communities of Western India, at the conference last year; and if I understand him correctly, he is at one with me in thinking that our present system of purdah is not justified by any text of the Koran.

Well then, gentlemen, as to the social aspect of the question we have been so accustomed to it from our infancy, we have seen it prevail more or less amongst all the Mussulman countries of the world, and, therefore, we are naturally prejudiced in its favour, and strongly prejudicial against any modification of its rigour. Being so prejudiced we magnify and exaggerate whatever advantages or benefits there may be in it, and we strongly close our eyes to the advantages of its abolition. We are only too glad to discover flaws and defects in other societies, especially among the European. We seize with avidity any case that we may read of in newspapers which may tend to prove the laxity of women arising from absolute freedom. But we entirely shut our eyes to the millions of pure, noble-minded, modest and enlightened women who adorn the household and the society among Western nations. Of course, gentlemen, the question is too important to be disposed of in a few sentences. But I cannot help remarking that the disadvantages of the freedom of women are not necessarily established by the few cases of an unsatisfactory character that we may read of in the newspapers.

I will now deal with the hygienic aspect of the question, and on this point, gentlemen, I am convinced that whatever difference of opinion may exist amongst us on other points, there can be none on this point. Whether purdah is good or bad from a social point of view, whether it is or is not entirely in accordance with the religious doctrines as interpreted by some people may be a question, but there can be none, I think, as to the effect of the purdah system on the health and physique of our women. Gentlemen, if there is one thing more clear than another in science it is that the human constitution requires pure air and healthy exercise. How are these possible if the present system of purdah is maintained? How and where are our women to get pure air? How and where are they to get healthy exercise? And consider the fact of the absence of pure air and the absence

of exercise on the constitutions of our women. Compare their constitution with the constitution of the women of other communities who, untrammelled by the purdah, go into the open and move about freely and give exercise to the various parts of their body. Compare the health of our women with the health of the women of other classes. Look at the statistics, consider the vast proportion of our women who die from consumption due to confinement in the house, impure air, and want of exercise. Gentlemen, we cannot ever hope to have healthy, strong and vigorous women among us so long as we confine them in the way we have done for years and years; and we cannot hope to have strong, healthy and vigorous children, so long as our women are weak and unhealthy and of delicate constitutions.

Editorial Notes.

We have great pleasure in presenting our readers with the portraits of the young Ranees of Travancore, who were, a little more than three years ago, adopted into the Royal Family of that state. They are the grand-nieces of the late Senior Ranee, C. I. and the grand-daughters, by the daughters' side of Mr. Ravi Varma Koil Tampuran, the famous Artist. The Senior of the two young Princesses, Setu Lakshmi Bai, who is in her ninth year, is the daughter of Mr. K. Kerala Varma Koil Tampuran, B.A., fellow-student of the late Prince Marthanda Varma, and a nephew of Mr. Ravi Varma; and the Junior Ranee is the daughter of a Koil Tampuran of the Tiruvella family. The mothers of both the Ranees are well read in Sanskrit and very accomplished ladies, in whom the late Senior Ranee had taken a more than mother's interest. The Princesses are very intelligent and are making rapid progress in their studies under the able guardianship of Mr. Kerala Varma Valia Koil Tampuran, C.S.I., the consort of the late Senior Ranee and the well-known scholar. Their studies now consist of English, Sanskrit and music, under carefully chosen masters.

It is needless to add that a great deal of the future prosperity of Travancore depends on the manner in which these princesses are trained, for they are to be the mothers of the future rulers of the state.

We wish to draw the special attention of our readers to the address on Female Education delivered by Miss Susie Sorabjee before the Mahomedan Educational Conference, Bombay. We have seldom come across a more able and eloquent presentation of the cause of female education than this by Miss Susie Sorabjee,—herself a most successful worker in the field of female education. Miss Susie Sorabjee is a daughter of Mrs. Sorabjee, the founder of the Victoria High School for girls, Poona; and a sister of Miss Cornelia Sorabjee. The address should be read by every educated Indian throughout the length and breadth of the country, and we trust our readers will help in making this splendid address, so full of downright earnestness, known to all their friends and acquaintances. The cause of female education is no longer going to be the feeble, despised, poorly supported cause it has hitherto been in India. The conscience of the nation is being aroused by earnest workers to the suicidal folly of keeping the women of India in the darkness of ignorance and illiteracy; and if the men, who are supposed to appreciate the benefits of education, are not prepared to support the cause of female education, the women of India will come forward to do so, and their earnest plea must find a responsive echo in the hearts of all true patriots of India. Miss Susie Sorabjee is doing a national service by espousing the cause of female education in the way she is doing. In this connection we would like to draw the attention of our readers to what the Honorable Mr. Justice Telang has to say on the purdah system and its bearing upon female education in his own community.

The Indian Ladies' Magazine Prize Competition.

A Prize of Rs. 5 will be offered each month to Indian Lady contributors for the article judged to be the most interesting and best written among those published in the INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE each month. The articles will be judged by "An Englishwoman in India." The competitors should be bona fide subscribers to the Magazine. The Prize for January has been awarded to A Syrian Christian lady for her "Story of a Christmas."

What is being done for, and by, India's Daughters.

Miss Sarah Devi Ghosal, B.A., the well-known Bengali lady journalist, has contributed an able and interesting article in the *Hindustani Review* on "The Hindu and Mussalman in India." She gives a lucid account of the historical relation between the two communities and pleads for mutual forbearance and sympathy. The whole article breathes of a high spirit of patriotism. We give one single extract from it:—

"The simple life of Asia need fear no shaming from that sharp contrast with Europe in which steam and electricity have placed it to-day.....Asia knows, it is true, nothing of the fierce joys of a time-devouring locomotion, but she has the deeper travel culture of the pilgrimage and the wandering monk. For the Indian ascetic, begging his bread of village housewives, or seated at even-fall, beneath some tree, chatting and smoking with the peasant of the district, is the real traveller. To him a countryside does not consist of its natural features alone. It is a nexus of habits and association, of human elements and tradition, suffused with the tenderness and friendship of one who has shared if only for a moment the joys and sorrows of its personal drama.

"Through such modes of experience is cultivated the Eastern conception of individuality to the ripe and living knowledge, the harmonised thought and feeling of staunch yet gentle manhood. Through such modes of interchange is maintained the Eastern notion of human intercourse, not the printed index, as the true means of culture. But the glory

of Asia is something more positive than these. It lies in that vibration of peace that beats in every heart, that harmony that brings together emperor and peasant, that sublime intuition of oneness which commands all sympathy, all courtesy to be its fruits. It lies in that dream of renunciation that pictures the 'Bodhi Sattva' as refraining from Nirvana, till the last atom of dust in the universe shall have passed in before to bliss. It lies in that worship of Freedom which casts around poverty the halo of greatness. These things are the secret energy of the thought, the science, the poetry, and the art of Asia."

—Miss Susie Sorabjee's address published in this issue was received with great enthusiasm by the Mahomedan Educational Conference. She delivered it extempore without a single note. This is an achievement in itself, but the earnestness of the address is even more remarkable. She is a younger sister of Miss Sorabjee and is at the head of the Poona High School for girls.

—At the last Social Conference held in Madras three Hindu ladies spoke on the subject of female education. One Hindu widow lady—Miss Achilamba—who spoke in Tamil carried the audience with her by her eloquence. She has written largely on educational and social topics.

Literary Notes.

[Specially compiled for the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*.]

—There is a ladies' journal conducted by Greek ladies at Athens, known as the *Ladies' Journal*, which has just completed its seventeenth year. It is devoted more especially to women's concerns, but also contains articles of general interest. There are a good many translated articles derived from French, English or German sources; but there is enough original matter to show that Athenian ladies are not behind hand in literary activity.

—HELEN KELLER, who has completed her college course at Radcliffe, has just published a little book on optimism. Miss Keller thus sums up her creed at the end: "If I should try to say anew the creed of the optimist, I should say something like this: 'I believe in God, I believe in man, I believe in the power of the spirit. I believe it is a sacred duty to encourage ourselves and others; to hold the tongue from any unhappy word against God's world, because no man has any right to complain of a universe which God made good, and which thousands of men have striven to keep good. I believe we should so act that we may draw nearer and more near the age when no man shall live at his ease while another suffers.'" These brave words of a deaf, dumb, and blind girl ought to shame many people who have all their senses, yet are croaking pessimists.

—Regarding Mrs. B. S. Palet's suggestion in her prize essay on Social Intercourse that the English should study Indian literature, Mr. C. W. Whish, late of the Indian Civil Service, writes in *Womanhood*:—

"The suggestion to study Indian literature is, indeed, a good one; the number of people in this country, who know anything about such works as the

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"Ramayana," the "Buddhist Legends," &c., is very small. Could a fair number of Englishmen appreciate the wealth of poetry to be found in the great Indian Epics, and thereby learn something of the romance, the pathetic human interest of India, without doubt the many difficulties of governing the country would be lessened. Such ideas are usually voted visionary and sentimental; but sentiment rules the world more than the so-called practical man likes to admit. Is it not generally now conceded that the tension with France would be largely mitigated, did not British Philistinism militate against the proper appreciation of what the world owes to Paris, from the artistic and æsthetic point of view? A man who approaches the study of a new race or a new mind with his brain channels choked with prejudices and obsessions, may be compared to the climber of a mountain for whom the mists never lift to show the view; he has all the pain of the new experience, with no good results."

—"In 'The History of a Humble Soul,' Mr. Dayaram Gidumal presents to view the workings of a truly exalted spirit. Sindhi by birth, Panjabi by extraction, Bengali by training, English by association, and essentially Indian in his composite character—such was the hero of this history, a hero in name as in deed—Hiranand Shaukiram. He was a younger brother of Dewan Navalrai Shaukiram whose memory is a source of inspiration to many a son of Sindh, both in public and in private life. Mr. Dayaram's simple narrative embraces the career of one brother as much as of the other. In fact, there was no such thing as the other in this case; the two were one and the same, one self-same soul inhabiting two earthly tabernacles. Navalrai and Hiranand lived as one entity, and they worked as one for their province and their people. And, like true workers, they began with themselves and their home. Openly and without reserve they discarded the idolatrous rites and superstitious customs of the family, thereby incurring the severest displeasure of the caste whose temporal head their family was known to be. It was a double blow to the father and the aged grand-father, whilst to the mother the shame and humiliation of being some day considered an outcast must have been bitterer than death itself. The father, a fiery old disciplinarian, was beside himself with wrath. But the sons were the apples of two eyes—so gentle, so obedient, so reverent. They were ready to lay down their life if that would please their beloved parents—but their principle was more than their own; they could not possibly sacrifice that even for the love of such parents and for all the honour and applause promised by the caste. What they thought to be morally wrong, or socially mischievous, they would never sanction in their own person. Such arguments, supported by devotion and affection the which only heroic sons are capable of, finally reconciled the broken-hearted elders to the situation. Henceforth all was love and peace in that well ordered home; and the Amil caste, the most powerful in Sindh, had to make the best of it. Henceforth, too, this double life went on unfolding and expanding itself, like our typical Banian tree, till it had done its appointed task in sowing the seeds of religious and social reform. The tree has already grown up, shady and manybranched, over the province of Sindh."—*The Voice of India*.



News and Notes.

Miss Cornelia Sorabjee is at present touring in S. India after having been in Ceylon.

—The Nobel Prize, which is awarded every year in Sweden for distinction in physical science, has been divided between Madame Curie and her husband, the discoverers of radium.

—At Girton College, the Gamble Prize for 1903 has been awarded to Miss I. Ireun, for an essay entitled "The History prior to 1800 of Theories concerning the Ultimate Constitution of Matter."

—Mrs. Bryant, D.Sc., has been elected Vice-Chairman of the Board to promote the extension of University Teaching, University of London. The Secretary of State for India has appointed Miss Marlborough Scott-Coward, B.A., Superintendent of the Presidency Training School for Mistresses at Madras. Miss Parsons, B.A., the Acting Superintendent, has proceeded to England to undergo training at the Ladies' Training College, Cambridge.

—The Misses Tonnesen of Chicago are two sisters who have attained a national reputation as photographers. The Tonnesen pictures have become a household word. The firm can produce 10,000 finished photographs daily. Every department is under the direction of the best talent to be secured. Their portraits are remarkably beautiful, as they have succeeded in putting expression and character into all the faces. Their work in illustrations, art calendars, advertisements, etc., is seen everywhere. Miss Beatrice Tonnesen lately told a writer for the *Chicago Advance* how her success began. She had always had artistic inclinations, and had

attended several art schools, but it was as an apprentice in a photographer's gallery that she began to distinguish herself. With the owner's permission to use his materials, she invited several of her friends to pose for pictures, and thus started on the way to success.

—The Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who is now in her ninetieth year, inherited her great wealth from her grandfather, the banker, who died in 1837. Her philanthropic activities are very numerous, and include the building of churches, as that of St. Stephen's, Westminster, the endowment of bishoprics, as those of Adelaide, Cape Town, and British Columbia, the organization of shoeblack brigades and sewing schools, as in Spitalfields, and the assistance of fishermen, as at Cape Clear. The mention of the last leads inevitably to the Columbia Fish Market, which she built and equipped for the people of London. Miss Coutts was made a peeress in 1871, and the next year was presented with the freedom of the City of London. She married the present member for Westminster in 1881.

Says the *Voice of India* :—

"The Brahmo ladies of Calcutta have gone and done it. In spite of the jeers of Hindu writers in newspapers—from whom they could not have expected the opposite—and the protests of the more conservative portion of the Brahmo community itself, they took part in a *Tableaux* performance, of *Sakuntala* to raise funds for the erection of a Theistic church at Bhawnipore. The theatre was crowded, the spectators were respectable, and the purpose was above reproach. But what will this innovation lead to? That is what Bengal has been discussing. The Hindus profess that it will have no effect on their community, as the Brahmos are out of its pale—as if men and women are influenced only by

what goes on in their own community, and as if a Hindu lady would forfeit her caste by appearing on the stage! But apart from their being Hindus, the practice of seclusion of women which is more rigorous in Bengal than in Western and Southern India, and Mrs. Grundy, who is powerful in all communities, will render them impervious to the direct influence of this innovation, as of many others, until they learn to come out of the Zenana at all. A more important question is whether Indian ladies not observing *gosha* may appear on the stage. The difference between appearing on the stage and appearing in public is one of degree. Moral equilibrium is the result of the inner being adjusting itself to the surrounding that tends to disturb that equilibrium. It is like the eye adjusting itself to the light without—a sudden emergence from a dark or dimly lighted room into the open daylight causes pain until the pupil contracts and lets in only so much of light as the nerves can bear. Women brought up in seclusion, and men who have seldom conversed with women, may feel their moral sense aching when they suddenly come out into the open daylight of a different kind of society. To such the mere emergence from *gosha* is as dismaying as appearance on the stage. With a mind better fortified, appearance on the stage may be no more hurtful than appearance in a lecture hall or a temple. These ethical puzzles have exercised men's minds in the West as they now do in the East: the new woman, who was till yesterday the butt of so much ridicule and the subject of so much newspaper copy, has at last scored, without society being the worse on her account. The Brahmo ladies of Calcutta would not have taken part in the performance, nor would their relations have allowed them to do so, if they had not been conscious of the moral strength necessary for the purpose. But one woman's meat might be another woman's poison. Perhaps less fortified natures might come to grief if the example was largely followed—of which there does not seem to be much immediate danger.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Acknowledgments for January, 1904.

	RS.	A.		RS.	A.
1. D. C. Appiah Naidu, Esq., Chicacole	...	4 0	25. J. C. Motha, Esq., Tuticorin	...	4 0
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HIS MAJESTY THE KING EMPEROR AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA.
(From a photo recently taken.)



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Vol. III.

MARCH, 1904.

No. 9.

THE PURDAH NASHIN.

DEDICATED TO TYABA BEGUM.

Her life is a sequestered dream
Of languid and voluptuous ease;
Her girdles and her fillets gleam
Like changing fires on sunset seas;
Her raiment is like morning mist,
Shot opal, gold and amethyst.

From thieving light of eyes impure,
From coveting sun or wind's caress,
Her days are guarded and secure
Behind her carven lattices;
Like jewels in a turband-crest,
Like secrets in a lover's breast.

Yet tho' no hand unsanctioned dares
Unveil the privacies of her grace,
Time lifts the curtain unawares.
And sorrow looks into her face.....
Who shall prevent the subtle years,
Or shield a woman's eyes from tears.

Sarjini Naidu.

Notes of a Voyage to England.*

By MISS KRISHNAMMAH, M.A.



THE voyage from Aden was picturesque and interesting. Within easy reach of three continents, the horizon of our mental vision seemed to expand. The past ages of history appeared reborn. The Red Sea with its old world associations, the wild desert shores of rocky Arabia, fit homes for such "a swift-handed, deep-hearted race of men," Egypt with only dreams of her former greatness now left her seemed to lead us back to a page of ancient history.

It was fair and calm in the Red Sea. The dazzling sunshine rippled on the dancing waves. For two days and nights the heat was intense. The cabins were oppressive and suffocating. Our days passed as usual. A voyage of five days and then we anchored at Suez early in the morning.

With daylight came swarms of excited hawkers. Coral strings, shells, picture post cards, little fancy odds and ends, Turkish delight and cigarettes were thrust into our unwilling hands in quick succession. We were not sure whether we were purchasing Turkish delight or cigarettes! The men were of all nationalities; some fair, some copper-coloured; some wore long loose tunics falling to their feet, while others were in Turkish costume, and some in skirts and short tunics. It was interesting to watch this motley crowd and hear their excited jargon. Suez has a quaint and picturesque air. The fresh water canal with its banks of fine trees

looked charming in the sunlight. Some blocks of houses were most neatly and compactly built; while others seemed just flung about or piled together according to the builder's whim. As usual the scene in the harbour was animated. A new feature in the form of heavy dredgers, big black business-like looking things, was noticeable.

A few hours at Suez and then we steamed away. In a short time we found ourselves in the Suez canal, a spot to which we had looked forward with no little interest. The canal is quite narrow in some parts. On both sides stretch endless wastes of desert land, dreary, barren and cheerless. Yet this dreary waste is "home, sweet home," to some people. We were carrying some ostriches on board, and the moment we entered the canal, they were much excited and tried to get out of their cages. The dear familiar shores and their native desert air seemed to make them long for freedom. Their cages had to be entirely covered over with cloth before they could be reduced to any degree of quietness. Passing through the canal, now and again we came to neat little rest-houses, which seemed to be nestling amid a bower of greenery, quite a relief to the eyes after the glare caused by the reflection from the white sand. These little oases in the desert, do they not carry us back to the times of the caravans which the weary, thirsty travellers must have hailed with intense joy? Sometimes we passed a little cheerful house-boat. We found dredgers at work in different parts of the canal. On the banks we saw some Bedouin camp; the camels and the Bedouin in their picturesque attire harmonised well with the background of bare desert. We soon grew tired of looking at the endless white sea of sand. Some time in the afternoon, Mount Sinai was pointed out, but we could only see it in a cloudy haze. But it was at night that the scene was most weird and yet fascinating. A huge searchlight was put on in the bow of the boat, and this shed a brilliant sheet of light in front. This only served to intensify the darkness around. The banks as they passed from light to darkness flitted by like ghosts. Such perfect silence, sublime peace—so deep yet so eloquent. What a

* Vide Indian Ladies' Magazine, Dec. 1903.

picture it would have made! A wide grim stretch of desert, shrouded in semi-darkness, bare, silent and empty; the "great deep heaven with its stars" above, and the shimmering phosphorescent waters beneath; while the boat, the only moving thing for miles around, silently passed on in a flood of light, leaving the darkness and the silence behind.

Early next morning at 2 o'clock, we anchored at Port Said. We could only see some brilliant light from the port-holes. Just as we came on deck with the dawn, we found that we had left Port Said behind us. Only a few lights twinkled in the distance. It was rather disappointing, as many of us wished to see the town.

We had crossed the Rubicon, left Asia behind us. We were now in European waters in the blue Mediterranean. The mart of the ancient world, what had it not seen? Great empires, highly cultured people, mighty men of valor had been and now are no more on its shores. But still the blue waves ripple on—endless, unchangeable.

The Internal Life of London.

[By Miss M. C. Sidgwick.]



PROPOSE in this paper to give a short sketch of some of the methods and means by which life in our busy London streets is carried on: and first let us examine some of the modes of transit and means of communication which help to weld the teeming life in our great

Metropolis, into some sort of organised whole.

Locomotion is always evolving towards a complete and more fit ideal, in which speed, safety and cheapness shall reach a maximum of perfection.

The birth of the Cab.—Three hundred years ago, the sedan chair was the only means of conveyance for those who desired not to walk; and if these failed in fulfilling the first requirement of perfection, they at least accomplished the second. In 1625, the hackney coach was first introduced, and in spite of the strong competition of the well-established and popular "sedan chair," hackney coaches grew steadily in number and importance till 1820, when they

were supplanted by the "cabriolet de place," whose name has given rise to our present well known "cab." Our present four wheeled cab, lumbering and inconvenient as we often consider it, is a great improvement on the first vehicle of the kind. In this, the occupant must sit, either in a draught or in darkness—for the windows consisted of rough boards, which when pulled up obscured all daylight. In old books, we often find mention of "Glass Coaches," which immediately conjures before the readers' mind a wonderful vehicle composed entirely of glass. No such thing is meant, however. It is only the "cab" of the time, with its first introduction to a glass window.

The present four-wheeled cab is a "shaky, noisy vehicle, which holds four persons. It is provided with faded velvet cushioned seats, and a straw mat on the floor; glass windows which let down on each side. The fare is 1s. for the first mile, and 6d. for every succeeding mile, and 6d. each extra for more than two persons.

The standard of fares is not high, and if a passenger asks the fare, the driver not unusually takes advantage of innocence to demand more than he is legally entitled to. The cab-man has a hard struggle to live, and all the rules and regulations of his trade are in favour of his "fare," (for thus does he term the person who hires him) and not of himself.

Hansom Cabs.—It was not till 1834 that Mr. Hansom, the inventor of the two-wheeled vehicle that has since borne his name, patented his first cab. Since then they have enjoyed an undying popularity. They far exceed the four-wheeled cab in number, as they are quieter, swifter, and more comfortable. The occupant can enjoy the fresh air, and is partially sheltered from the rain. The driver sits high up behind him, and the long reins go over the roof of the cab. The drawback to hansom is that they can take very little luggage, and only hold two persons—though they are greatly feared by a large number of persons on account of the apparent powerlessness of the driver, and the close proximity of the horse, from whose heels the occupant is only protected by a splash board. As a matter of fact, however, no more accidents occur in these cabs than in any other mode of conveyance, and the driver has great control through his long reins and elevated position. Hansom is a very marked feature of the London streets: very few county towns possess them—only Oxford and Cambridge in any number, and no foreign towns. Not so many years ago, it was considered fast for ladies to go in a hansom, but such scruples are now quite blown away by modern needs and emancipation.

A cabman's is a hard life. As a rule, he hires both cab and horse from the proprietor of a cab-yard, who lets out many. Before beginning to earn anything for himself he must bring to the cab-owner a daily sum, which varies with the season and the leniency or strictness of the proprietor. It varies between 12s. and 30s. a day. But, as has before been stated, all rules and regulations connected with his trade tend to repress the cabman and favour the passenger. For instance, if a passenger refuses to pay, and disappears round the corner, (never to appear again) telling the cabby that he "will be back in a minute," the latter has no redress, and may wait in vain for his lost money. The policeman (a member of as sorely tried a race in their way, as the cabman is in his) looks upon him with no friendly eye; and the cabby has been so often worsted by the law, that he dreads it as a burnt child dreads the fire, and will appeal to it only as a very last resource. In the matter of recovering his lost fares, he is far worse off than the proprietors of omnibuses, railways, and other modes of conveyance, who have the power—if a passenger refuses to pay, or give his name and address—to immediately put him in charge of a constable.

If called off the rack, (his particular station when not conveying passengers) the cabman may never refuse to obey, however uninviting the fare may appear; but if he is moving along the street he may refuse a passenger on the plea that his horse is tired, and he is returning to the stable. A cabman gets to know by instinct, from the look of a passenger, whether he will underpay him, overpay him, or give him his exact and legal fare. Middle aged ladies are most to be dreaded, and business men the most to be desired: and unless many of his fares did overpay him, the bulk of cabmen would soon cease to exist.

An empty cab is never allowed to stand still in any of the principal crowded thoroughfares, but must always be moving slowly on. They are liable, too, to be stopped and turned back by the police at crowded or inconvenient corners. The cabman has recourse to many little dodges to avoid these restrictions. Sometimes, if he wishes to pause in a crowded street, he will draw up outside a shop, in the hope that the policeman will believe that he is waiting for a person who is inside the shop: or if he is anxious to get his cab into the market—that is into crowded places where people are likely to want him (and these are just the places in which the policeman will not allow him to loiter)—he will pick up a sham fare, and drive him in—while a pretence coin is passed from hand to hand.

But woe betide the cabman who is detected!

A heavy fine, or, for repeated offences, the loss of his license will be the result. If a person offers a cabman more than his legal fare, to drive him at extra speed, or very carefully, or for any other reason, and then at the end refuses to give more than the exact fare, the cabman has no redress. A cabman was once called off the rack by a gentleman coming out of a concert hall in a crowded street, who told him to wait while he fetched a lady. While waiting, a policeman attacked him for loitering, would listen to no explanations, and finally summoned him. A magistrate invariably listens to a policeman's word before a cabman's, so the latter was fined 3/- and costs—which was 5/- altogether.

The cabman has, however, a few points in his favour. If he is hailed, and then told he is not wanted, he may claim and insist upon a sixpence. If he is underpaid, he may arrive next day at the person's house (if he is lucky enough to remember it) and demand the surplus of his fare. Should articles be left in his cab, and the cabman be honest enough to take them to Scotland Yard (a receiving office for all such lost goods) he will receive a commission on each article thus returned. But enough has been said of cabmen and their ways. Let us now glance at a humbler but equally popular conveyance—the Omnibus.

Omnibuses.—These typical features of London life were first started by a man named "Shillibeer," in 1829. The first omnibus ran from a public house named "The Yorkshire Stingo," in the Marylebone Road, to the Bank in the city. One went each way, to go and return: not as now, when there are several on each route, following each other at short intervals. The fare of this first "bus" was one shilling for each passenger, and included the use of a newspaper. Three horses ran abreast.

Since then, omnibuses have increased in number and importance, till now they compose the greater portion of the London traffic. Unlike the cab, they must of course keep to definite routes, and cannot dart about through side streets, taking short cuts where they will. They run on definite lines to certain places and back again, stopping at certain definite places on the way. The passenger may, however, stop them when he likes, both to enter and to leave the omnibus. Omnibuses are very heavy. They hold twelve persons inside and fourteen on the top, making with the driver and conductor a total of 28, when full. An empty omnibus is said to weigh a ton, a full one, two tons. Two powerful horses drag the omnibus; but though as a rule, they are often changed, well-fed, and carefully driven, their working

life is not a long one, and they cannot usually do more than 8 years of this sort of work.

Kinds of Omnibuses.—There are many different companies who run omnibuses; the largest and best known are the General and Road-Car. There are also what are known as "Pirate" omnibuses. These are private concerns, owned by the driver and conductor, who depend upon their living from the number of fares they take. These omnibuses are not at all popular, and many persons will not get into one knowingly; but they are difficult to discern, as they are painted in vivid colours, and covered with advertisements just as the Companies' busses are; and the person who enters a 'bus' is often in a hurry—her arms full of parcels, jostled by crowds of people at a busy street corner, and loudly invited by the conductors of many omnibuses to enter his own particular vehicle. What wonder, if in the general hurry, confusion, and scrimmage, she jumps unwittingly into a "Pirate!" They can however, be detected by the wary on account of the persistent and loud invitations of the conductor, that rise even above his less clamorous fellows of the Company's busses, the jaded appearance of the horses, and the dirtiness of the straw on the floor of the 'bus'. Sometimes too, the "Pirate" conductor gives no ticket in exchange for the fare.

Fares.—As the number of omnibuses, and the demand for them has increased, the fares have fallen, and now they are so low that a further reduction seems impossible. They vary somewhat on different routes, but the passengers can travel for quite a long way (half an hour's ride, or a distance of two to three miles) for a penny—sometimes even further. The routes are divided into sections, to travel over each of which costs a penny; so that the travellers may unwittingly overlap a section, and thus be called upon for another penny for the last yard of his journey. For a long while, the Pirate omnibuses had no penny fares; and it was extraordinary to see the fuss that quite well-to-do people made, on discovering that twopence was the lowest charge for which they could accomplish their journey. For threepence one can now drive a distance of about six miles, while a fourpenny passenger is almost an anomaly. Tickets are issued by the conductor: there are white, blue and pink for the penny, twopenny, and threepenny fares respectively; and on leaving the omnibus the passenger is often besieged by several street children, clamouring for his now useless ticket—by the collection of a certain number of which, they can earn a penny or so.

Number and Appearance.—The omnibus is a very characteristic feature of the London streets.

Their large, unwieldy shapes, some blue, some brown, red or green, predominate in number over all other kinds of traffic in the crowded thoroughfares. "Some like monarchs glow in richest purple." Some are blue:

"Like summer skies, that tempt the swallow back,
Or red, as seen on winter seas
The star of storm. Or lined with black
And yellow, like the April bees,"

as Calverley puts it so charmingly. The fact of their importance in the London streets was specially noticeable by the conspicuousness of their absence, when a few years ago, an Omnibus Strike reigned for a week in the height of summer. London was comparatively silent and empty. A perpetual Sunday seemed to brood over the quiet streets; for the quick flight of the hansom, the noiseless rubber-tired victoria or brougham, not even the rattle of the tradesman's cart, nor the occasional pounding of a heavy dray, could in the least degree take the place of the stream of rapid, hurrying omnibuses, the grinding of their heavy wheels, the thud of the powerful hoofs of the horses, the reiterated cries of their conductors, and the perpetual blocks caused by their numerous and unwieldy forms. Yet, what would London do without them? They are—as their name implies—"for all." They are a simple, cheap and safe means of locomotion for old and young, rich and poor. All ranks and degrees of the social scale use them. Thirty years ago it was considered "not quite the thing" for a lady to go inside an omnibus, and perfectly impossible for her to go on the top. Gradually this idea has relaxed its fettering hold on the public mind, and now fashionable matrons of the last generation will readily enter the omnibus, and will allow their daughters to run lightly up the little staircase at the back, and enjoy a ride in the fresh air on the top, although their neighbours may be working people of all classes.

Drivers and Conductors.—The life of omnibus drivers and conductors is not so hard in many ways as that of the cabman. If more monotonous, it is much less responsible. The omnibus driver's hours of work and daily wage are fixed and secure, and do not—as the cabman's—depend upon luck and chance.

Hours and Wages.—The hours are long, on an average 12 hours a day, and the driver receives a daily wage which begins at 5/6 and rises to 6/6. The conductor receives from 4/6 to 5/ a day. Out of this the driver has to find his own gloves, whip and rug. It is not everyone who can drive an omnibus. A clear head, quick eye and steady nerves are required, in order to be able to pilot the cumbersome vehicle safely through the turmoil and crowds of a London.

street. The horses are large, the reins heavy, and there is a powerful brake, which the driver constantly works with his foot. Occasionally an omnibus may be seen proceeding in a loose, disorganised manner, swaying from side to side, and pulling up and starting with unnecessary jerks. It is the trial trip of an inexperienced driver, while the real man sits behind him to condemn or encourage. We can only learn by experience, and the passengers inside are ignorant of the lesson going on overhead.

Although omnibus drivers benefit from being so much in the open air, yet many of them suffer from a form of indigestion caused by want of exercise and the cramped position they have to occupy during so many hours of the day.

The conductor, on the contrary, has to stand all day, except when he is leaping on and off the omnibus, proclaiming its destination, and making himself prominent and noticeable. A conductor's work is less skilled than a driver's, and they receive less wages, and are subordinate to the latter in consequence. Some of them show great good nature in the careful way in which they help old ladies and cripples, mothers with babies in their arms, and small children clinging to their skirts, in and out of the swaying, jolting omnibus. A good driver will spare his horses by never pulling quite up unless absolutely obliged; and a conductor can help him a great deal in this way by the promptness with which he rings his bell, and the alertness and agility with which he can pioneer passengers on and off the omnibus. It is the terrible strain of starting the vehicle that tells upon the horses, straining heart and muscles, till both collapse, and the day too soon arrives when they are pronounced unfit for work, and the suffering, faded wreck of skin and bone is led to the knacker's yard—or worse fate, sold to a still greater drudgery. If the thoughtless pedestrian, who stops the omnibus three minutes distance from its natural halting-place, would sometimes remember this, surely he or she would pause, and not grudge the slight extra effort to his own legs, when the alternative means the cost of so much effort and sacrifice to the animals who draw him.

The Underground Railway.—This most useful means of conveyance has come gradually into use during the last half century. Thirty years ago there was only one short piece of railway line—now it extends over several miles. The sensations of a person journeying in the underground railway for the first time are somewhat startling and novel. The ticket office is on the street level, but he descends a staircase to reach the platform. Many of the stations are almost dark, the trains rush in every three

or four minutes, pause for a few moments only before the doors are slammed and they are off again. The passenger has only just time to get in or out; and there is a story told of one unfortunate rheumatic old gentleman who could only get out of the carriage backwards, and at each station an officious porter seeing him in this position, and imagining that he was trying to get into the train, would hoist him up with a friendly "Look sharp, Sir, the train's just off!" There was no time for explanation, so the unfortunate and furious old gentleman was obliged to travel round the whole circle until at the station where the engine is watered, and two minutes extra time is allowed, he managed to make his escape.

Geography of the Underground Railway.—A large portion of the underground railway is known as the Inner Circle. There are about 27 stations on this, following each other at short intervals of about two minutes, on an average. The northern half of this circle is called the Metropolitan, the southern is called the District Railways; and the three stations at the eastern and western extremities, where the two Companies converge, have a curious plan of being under the management, in alternate years, of alternate companies. Besides the Inner Circle, the Metropolitan and District Railway branch out in many directions—often appearing above ground sometimes in the country.

The names of the stations are always painted extremely clearly in very large letters, but there is such an abundance of advertisement on every spare inch of station wall that the uninitiated often finds it hard to disentangle the name of his destination from the surrounding announcements. The very tunnel walls, wherever a shaft of light penetrates, are similarly adorned.

Tickets and Fares.—The passenger can obtain either first, second, or third class tickets, the price of which vary according to the distance he travels: but the fares have been so arranged that they approximate very closely to the omnibus fares, in those regions where the journey could also be made by that means. If, however, the passenger makes a mistake, as is not infrequently the case in the intricacies of the underground, and gets into a wrong train, or finds himself on a wrong platform, he is allowed to retrace his steps without taking a fresh ticket. So long as he does not emerge above ground, and so have to yield up his ticket he may travel where he will, until he finds himself once more on the right rail. Passengers are very lax in the matter of travelling by the class for which they have bought their tickets. As the ticket is often clipped some distance from the platform, it is tempting to jump into an empty first class

carriage, when you have only a second class ticket, or into a second class, when you are only entitled to a third. This practice became so constant that special surveillance had to be made; and a surprise inspector now sometimes jumps into a carriage at one station, examines all the tickets, and gets out at the next station—to repeat the performance in another part of the train.

The underground railway carriages are very crowded in the morning from about 8 to 10 o'clock, and again from about 5 to 7. At other times they are surprisingly empty. It is better lighted in many of the stations by night than day, as the many gas jets render it brighter than the feeble glimmer of daylight afforded by a ventilating shaft. No trains run on the underground railway from about 10-30 to 1 o'clock on Sunday mornings, the time when divine service is taking place.

Disadvantages.—Many persons object to this mode of travelling on account of the darkness and smuts, the many stairs that have to be traversed, the draughtiness of the platforms, the sulphurous smoke, the rattle and noise of the trains, and the possibility of finding yourself alone in a compartment with a dangerous looking fellow-traveller. Short as is the time between the stations, stories are occasionally heard of girls being frightened by attempts at conversation or theft, from some facetious or nefarious companion. Most of the compartments are open at the top, and it is always prudent to choose one of this kind.

Merits.—The advantages of the underground railway more than compensate for its drawbacks. It is far quicker than the omnibus, and if you travel first class, much more comfortable. It is cheap, convenient and warm, and welds both the outlying and internal parts of London together in a way that no system of horse traffic—subject to blocks and other unforeseen impediments—could ever do.

The Electric Tube.—This new mode of transit has only come into being during the last few years. Here, electricity supersedes steam and horse traffic. "The Twopenny Tube," as it is familiarly called, partakes of both the horrors and merits of the underground railway in an intensified degree. For while it is deeper, darker, and more "gruesome," it is swifter, cheaper and cleaner.

The newest and most useful part of the tube is the straight line that runs from Shepherd's Bush to the Bank, in the city, a distance of some six miles or so. There are several stations all along this route, and the passer-by in the open air above ground is aware of their vicinity even

before he sees them, by the peculiar damp, earthy odour that is wafted from their entrances—an odour that conjures up visions of cold vaults, dark subterranean cells, silence, solitude, and dripping water.

With such a picture in his mind, the passenger pays his twopenny at the crowded turnstile, steps into the large lift thronged with people, and sinks, swiftly into the unknown. He steps out of the lift into reverberating white washed passages, through which a great body of air rushes to meet him. The white tiled walls glisten in the ghostly light of electric lamps, whose strong bluish white light lends an added weirdness to the scene. On the platform a few passengers walk uneasily up and down. There are few advertisements to distract their attention while waiting for the train, and the strong currents of warm air, smelling slightly of earth, that meet them at every turn, make some of them feel uncomfortable.

At last the train rumbles in. It fits exactly into the black tunnel from which it is ejected like stuffing from a bolster. There is no distinction of class, and twopenny takes you everywhere. You can pay no more and no less. The train is composed of corridor carriages, the passengers sitting in one long row down each side. An official stands at the end of each compartment, and as each station is approached, he slides the door noisily open, and announces the name in a clear, loud voice. There is, however, no fear of the passengers mistaking it, as it is written up very large, with no surrounding advertisements to distract the eye. As the train moves on, the next station is announced, and the door noisily closed. There is hardly any conversation in the cars. The passengers are perhaps awed by the consciousness of their peculiar position, the weird rumbling of the train, and the knowledge (kept strictly in abeyance) that they could not get out if they wanted to. It is, however, the idea of the thing that is alarming, for many persons find the tube an easy and comfortable mode of travelling. Their health does not suffer, nor does the health of the officials. Indeed, the atmosphere, super-charged as it is with electricity, is said to be beneficial to some.

Some of the stations are much deeper than others, the deepest being about ninety feet below the ground.

The ticket office is always on the street level, and as the fares never vary, the whole system of ticket issuing and collecting is done away with. The electric tube is only a forerunner. Projects of making more tubes of the same kind are already taking shape, and the underground railway itself is on the eve of transformation. The trains are to be run by electricity, the tun-

nels whitewashed, and the whole place lighted with electric light.

We shall improve on the old system by this change, both in speed and cleanliness, and shall have an advantage over the original tube, by a much greater nearness to the open air.

Motor Cars and Motor Bicycles.—We now approach the last stage of evolution that modern locomotion has so far reached: though there is no saying as to what the future may bring forth. The motor car is a type of modern thought. It aims at the perfection of speed, smoothness and ease, in which the very large element of danger can be eliminated only by the skill of the driver. In the same way as the perversion of the mind now-a-days has become the recognised cause of most disease, and the mind itself the pivot upon which all our life turns, and the health of our bodies is regulated.

Life itself is one long problem of how we are to get the greatest variety, the largest number of new impressions, fresh ideas; the new food for thought, new ways of shortening distance, saving time, and being everywhere at once. The maximum of speed and ease and "living;" the elimination of the great danger of collision, capsize or total collapse—can be avoided only by the skill of the driver, (the driver) and the dexterity with which he can steer through the crowded ways of life. All depends upon a clear head, quick eye, and steady nerves.

Motor cars are steadily on the increase. A few years ago one in the streets was an uncommon sight. Now, it is uncommon to see, for long together, a street without one. Their swift, silent approach, the hideous warning note they give forth, and the smell of petroleum that floats in their rear, would, we should think, render them a terrifying object to any horse. The horses of London, have, however, accepted the motor car in a most matter-of-fact and philosophical manner. It is a curious fact, that horses are far quieter in the maze and turmoil of crowded streets than on quiet, country roads. There, anything strange or unusual is apt to terrify or startle them.

Motor cars were first invented at the beginning of last century, but finding no supporters they sank into oblivion. So true it is, that however great and useful an invention may be, the inventor's idea can never realise itself until the public be ready to seize and see it. It will take many years for motor cars to entirely supplant horses, but no doubt this will be their ultimate triumph.

The state of London will then present a very different appearance. Instead of the sound of many hoofs, the stamp and trampling of the innumerable horses that now throng London, there

will be the swift panting of the motor car, its uneasy, impatient murmur when at rest, its hoarse, trumpeting note of danger. Horses are so much a feature of the streets of London, that the scene without them is almost unimaginable. But the curious horseless shape of the motor car which seemed at first so grotesque and absurd in our eyes, is now becoming such a familiar sight in our streets, that when it has usurped entirely the place of omnibus and carriage, cab and cart, the transition will seem easy and natural enough.

Motor Bicycle and Electric Trams.—We must not close this paper on modern means of locomotion without mentioning the motor bicycle and electric trams. A good deal has already been said about the ordinary bicycle, upon which the motor bicycle seeks to improve, by never ceasing labours and accelerating speed. The use of these machines is all on a par with the spirit, which would milk cows by machinery, and takes up photographs, but sends them to be developed at a shop. Motor bicycles take their riders up hill without any efforts on their part. They are noisy, fussy machines and cost a great deal more than their quiet sisters, who can live only through the muscle and brain of the rider. They are worked by means of petroleum but can only be charged for a certain number of miles. So that the rider may find himself brought suddenly to a standstill on a lowly road, many miles from town or village. Of course, great care is taken by the way, to regulate their journeys to the lasting power of their machines. Motor bicycles go, at the rate of from 30 to 40 miles an hour, sometimes even faster, but only a certain rate of speed is allowed by law. They cost from £70 to £80, and are luxuries in every sense of the word.

Electric Trams.—These are another recent invention for facilitating travelling in London. They run from Shepherds Bush, (where the tube ceases) out to Ealing, and as they have proved a great success, plans for running them on other routes into the suburbs of London are in formation. These huge cars, far bigger than the omnibus, move swiftly and smoothly upon tram-rails, laid down along the centre of the road. The streets, along which the electric tram has taken up its route, are very narrow, and the monster is a source of constant terror to the occupants of hansom cars and private carriages, who sometimes have to pull up and crouch aside, when the large tram charges down the centre of the street, clearing a way for itself, by the warning of its clanging bell.

These trams run from 4 o'clock in the morning till 12 at night, causing much annoyance to the inhabitants of the streets through which they pass, by their ceaseless rumble, and the loud

and persistent ringing of their bell. It costs one thousand pounds to equip, build, and start a tram. So their popularity can be guessed by the fact that they pay well, although the fares are only in pence. They are large and airy, smooth, rapid, clean and cheap; hence their success. They are on a plane with the motor car, and no doubt will in time bear the same relation to that as the omnibus now does to the cab and carriage.

Around a Distant Star.

BOOK I.—CHILDREN OF EARTH.

BY JEAN DELAIRE.

Author of "Alsatian Tales," "A Dream of Fame," etc.

CHAPTER V.—(OLD FRIENDS.)

[SUMMARY OF CHAPTERS I AND IV.—*Royal Staunton and Clive Delafeld were friends at school, and the former was the hero in it, both on account of his intellectual attainments and his high moral character. He was greatly interested in astronomy, and was ever trying to discover something new. They both were staying at Estrella Lodge—in the Isle of Jersey—the home of Roy and his sister, and there they had listened to a clever lecture on the system of double stars by a learned Professor, which had made a great impression on Roy, and filled him with impossible dreams of reaching the stars. After this, Clive goes to Egypt. When, after an absence of two years, he returns, he finds Roy quite changed, unhappily brooding over the misery of human beings, which is brought home to him by the sight and close knowledge of evil and sorrow revealed to him in the slums of London by a friend of his—an atheist, yet a philanthropist. Roy is filled with a desire to do his duty in the redemption of such misery; but to him, the chief characteristic of whose nature is the need of absolute, mathematical certainty in all things, it seems that the hopelessness of their lives can only be relieved by a certain belief in Christ, by someone saying "I know, I have seen, I believe in Him,"—a faith to be induced by certain sight alone.]*



TWO months later I gaily set sail for India, little dreaming that seven years were to elapse before I returned to England and the little cottage by the sea, where the happiest days of my boyhood had passed.

If this were the story of my own life, instead of my friend's, I might feel inclined to linger, in the leisurely way affected by autobiographers, over all the little events of my journey, my arrival home, my meeting with the father and mother from whom I had been parted so

long that they seemed almost strangers, my entrance into the local journalistic world under the patronage of an old friend of the family, my successes and failures in the career I had chosen.

If ever I write my memoirs—and at the present time who does not?—I may have some interesting revelations to make on the inner working of the Press in our great Indian Empire, and may even write one or two amusing chapters on the inimitable mixture of pathos and drollery that composed my daily life in the dusty little office of the *Subgthoo Morning Mail*. But this is emphatically "the book of Roy," or, to be more accurate still, the book of Roy's discovery, and I must only figure in it as a secondary character—a witness, a faithful disciple, who tells to the world the story of his master.

Let me then, if possible, be as brief as the soul of wit, and fly at lightning speed through the years that elapsed between my seventeenth and my twenty-fourth year, from the day of my setting foot on Indian soil to the time when my father's death and my mother's second marriage forced my life into new and totally unforeseen channels.

In my father I lost a friend whose place in my existence I only fully realised when his place was left empty.

With my mother I never recovered the ground lost by too long a separation. She had petted and spoiled her little son far beyond the limits of babyhood; but in the lanky, overgrown boy of seventeen, who returned to her after an absence of five years, she never seemed quite to recognise the sunny-haired, mischievous child of old. "You are so changed, Clive," she would say to me in a plaintive tone—"I sometimes wonder if you are really my son?"

After my father's sudden death—the result of a fall from horseback—we drew nearer to each other, my mother and I, than we had been since the days of my early childhood, and something of the familiarity and tenderness of the long ago came back into our life.

Our heart-intimacy lasted a year, and the year was almost a happy one. Then came the crushing blow—the news, told me by a friend, of my mother's secret marriage to Colonel Lacy—a man of evil reputation, whose name gossip had already associated with hers some time before my father's death. Mad with resentment and disgust, I left my work, my home, and turned my back on India without a last farewell to my mother.

From my work I parted without regret, for I had begun to weary of journalistic routine, and to feel the conviction, daily growing stronger, that a provincial Indian editorship was not to be my path to glory. I was beginning to rust, and the sensation is not pleasant at four and twenty.

Yet partly through fear of displeasing my father, who was naively proud of my editorial dignity, partly, I am afraid, through natural indolence and *laissez-aller*, I remained nearly six years in a career which had grown daily more distasteful.

Free at last to do as I chose—though the joys of freedom were dearly bought—I decided, like many another literary ne'er-do-well, to try my fortune in London, no longer as a journalist, but as a writer of fiction.

Happily for me I had a patrimony sufficient to give me my daily bread—and a little more besides—without help of my pen; so, after a twelvemonth's rather aimless wandering in the East, I resolved to lead for a while a Bohemian existence in the great city I knew so little of, observe my fellow-beings and in various ways study life—which meant learning my trade. But before settling down to unsettled Bohemianism I determined to see Roy. Alone in the world as I now was, his friendship acquired a new significance, and I remembered the flower-decked Jersey cottage as a new old home where in friendly faces were awaiting me.

"Clive, old fellow! Is it you in very truth?"

Ah, the old face, the familiar voice, how it gladdened me as I stood with my hand in Roy's in the sunshine of a fair June morning! Poets have sung their sweetest rhapsodies on the delights of love and lovers' meeting—who will sing of friendship and the joy there is when friend meets friend after a long absence, when hand presses hand in silent welcome?

Roy had aged during our separation. It was the same refined, intellectual face, the deep gray eyes, beautiful as a woman's, the subtle charm of voice and manner; but he looked forty instead of twenty-six, and the hair on his temples was beginning to turn grey.

We decided to walk the distance between St. Helier Harbour and Estrella Lodge by the road we had so often trodden together in past years, when all the dreams of our boyhood accompanied us on the way.

One of my first questions was: "And your work, Roy? What is it now? Astronomy—Invention—Theology? Why would you never tell me anything in your letters?"

He smiled, but did not immediately answer. "I am working at some machines at present," he replied evasively. "I hope to have done my work ere long."

"Why, is it a secret?" I asked, wondering at the reticence in his manner.

"For the present, yes."

"A secret from everyone—or only for me?"

He gave me a reproachful glance.

"Is this kind? You might have guessed, Clive, that one of my greatest pleasures would be to tell you everything! But until I have

succeeded—succeeded beyond all possibility of failure—it must remain a secret for everyone, save for my sister and for the man whose money has helped to build the machines."

"Are they very costly, then?"

"Nearly £40,000 have already been spent."

My wonder increased at these figures and my curiosity also.

"And you will soon be able to tell me the great secret?"

"I hope so, yes!"

"And so your sister—?"

"Yes, she knows everything, and has helped me in more ways than I can tell. She has a splendid head for figures, and has been invaluable to me as a secretary."

"Indeed!"

The vision of the shy, pale-faced little girl of old developed into a rigid blue stocking was not pleasant, and I felt ill prepared to like Estrella the woman better than I had liked Estrella the child.

We soon came in view of the cottage, hidden as of yore in a veritable bower of fuchsias and roses—

"The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves."

A dignified little maid answered our knock and informed us that Mrs. Staunton and Miss Staunton were out on the lawn; so, following her, we crossed the hall and, through the small conservatory at the back of the house, passed into the garden.

Under the old pear tree where Roy and I, perched on its highest branches, had spent many a happy hour, sat Mrs. Staunton, alert and youthful-looking as ever under her silvery hair; by her side stood a graceful, girlish figure, clad in pure white, and crowned with the sunshine that filtered through the leaves.

"Well, mother," Roy gaily exclaimed as we appeared on the lawn, "here is our wanderer returned at last!"

"And right welcome he is," smiled the little lady as she rose to greet me. "Estrella, my dear.....Must I introduce you, Mr. Delafield, or do you remember old friends?"

So this was, in very truth, Roy's sister—the timid little thing of by-gone days, now her brother's learned secretary and helpmate? So totally different was she, both from my remembrance of the child and my anticipation of the woman, that I revealed my surprise in the unwilling exclamation: "Estrella!" Then, immediately recovering myself: "I beg your pardon, Miss Staunton," I hastened to add, not without some embarrassment.

She looked in my eyes and smiled. "Roy and I always speak of you as Clive," she said simply. And then I knew we should be friends.

"What do you think of Estrella?" Roy asked me that evening as we strolled on the cliffs in the clear moonlight.

I hesitated for a moment, finding it difficult to answer. At last I said, with perhaps unnecessary warmth: "I think you are a lucky dog to have her for a sister!"

"Ah, I am glad you like her! I have always thought her the dearest old girl in the world; but you two were not particularly good friends, were you, some years ago? Of course she was only a child, then, and very shy with strangers, still sometimes a feeling like this remains.... I am glad you like her," he added once more in a hearty tone.

"I hope she will like me," I said.

"Oh, I am certain she will," he exclaimed with a brother's characteristic assurance on the subject of his sister's feelings. "You will soon be the best of friends!"

After some minutes' silence he added pensively: "You must make the most of her friendship while it lasts, for I am afraid she will not be with us much longer."

"What do you mean?" I asked quickly.

"Oh, there is one of our cousins, in Madrid, who has fallen head over ears in love with her! She does not dislike him, though she will not say yes.... But mother has set her heart on the marriage, and I believe he is coming to England next week."

I then learnt that Estrella had lately visited Spain, where she had been in turn the guest of all her noble relatives—her great-uncle the Marques de los Angeles, prime minister under the reign of Isabella—her cousin Carlota-Teresa, wife of the Spanish ambassador at Lisbon—her godfather the Archbishop of Barcelona—and I know not how many more great personages with coats-of-arms and historical names. At the house of one of these lofty ones she had met her second cousin Gilberto, a brilliant young attaché, who fell in love with her on the first day of their meeting, wrote an amorous sonnet to her eyebrows on the second, and would probably have attempted to carry her off on the third had her balcony been of a convenient height and the period the sixteenth instead of the twentieth century.

Estrella had merely been amused by the boy's vagaries—they were nearly of the same age, so that she naturally adopted towards him the elder-sisterly attitude so dear to a woman's heart—but the boy was apparently in deep earnest. He had perforce been absent from Madrid at the time Estrella started on her homeward journey, and his despair on hearing of her departure almost attained the height of pure tragedy. On her side, Estrella had mentioned him to her

mother as a foolish but rather amiable youth who had played at being in love with her. But when, some days after her return, came a letter from the old Duke of Valentia, Gilberto's grandfather and guardian, ceremoniously asking Miss Staunton's hand for Don Gilberto de Alta-Villay Valledras, then the "make-believe of love" suddenly assumed a more serious character—at least in Mrs. Staunton's eyes.

The little lady was on almost every subject the embodiment of perfect good sense; but what mother does not build castles in the air, castles of gold and precious stones, for her children to dwell in? For herself she had willingly renounced the doubtful glories of her court life and chosen happy obscurity with the man she loved; yet for Estrella she dreamt of a title, a coronet, and a fortune out of a fairy tale. In spite of her daughter's entreaties she returned so indefinite and undecided an answer to the Duke of Valentia's letter that Gilberto announced his intention of coming to England without delay to plead his suit.

So this was the situation at Estrella Lodge as I gathered it from Roy's rather disconnected confidences. Mrs. Staunton was awaiting, with child-like impatience, her young cousin's arrival—Estrella said little on the subject, but thought the more; Roy decided—while Roy himself was on the verge of a discovery that would revolutionise the world and human thought.

Philosophy and lovers' vows—science and amorous intrigue—it was sufficient to interest the most blase student of humanity, even had there not been the deep grey eyes of Roy's little secretary.

Verily, there was promise in Estrella Lodge.

CHAPTER VI.—(WHEN HEARTS ARE YOUNG.)

"May I come in?" I asked the next morning as I knocked at the door of Roy's study.

In a moment Roy himself had opened the door, and was standing before me with an amused smile on his lips.

"Don't imagine this to be an alchemist's den, Clive, where the philosopher's stone is in preparation, and none but the elect may enter. Come in and out as you like, as you used to do in the old days."

"Come in and out as I like!" I repeated with some incredulity. "Why, what is to become of your great secret if you grant me the franchise of your study?"

The smile deepened on Roy's face.

"Do you see anything in here that helps you to the discovery?" he asked laughingly.

I glanced around the familiar room, square, low ceilinged, with a large French window opening out on the lawn. It looked in almost every

detail as it had looked seven years ago, when the gliding boat, the flying machine, and other youthful inventions had been laid aside in the pursuit of theology. The works of the Fathers of the Church were in their old place on the book-lined walls; and in their old place also were the toy models of Roy's early inventions.

It was difficult to tell which one of the two rival parties was at present in the ascendant—Science or Theology. Yet—perhaps it was a mere fancy—it seemed to me that both the *Apologia* of St. Justinus and *Summa* of St. Thomas Aquinas had the stiff appearance of unread books, whilst over the wings of the flying machine hung a certain forlornness that betrayed equal neglect.

I looked at Roy enquiringly.

"I only write here," he explained, reading the question in my eyes. "My machines are elsewhere."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, for the simple reason that neither this room nor this house would contain them."

"So gigantic?"

Roy led me to the window and pointed towards the East. At a distance of about three hundred yards, rising far above the tallest trees in the garden, a glass roof resembling in shape the cupola of an observatory glittered in the rays of the morning sun.

"My machines are there," said Roy.

I confess that at this sight my curiosity became almost ungovernable; yet I knew questions were useless. In his own good time Roy would tell me everything, and until then I must possess my soul in patience.

I turned from the window with a restless sigh.

"Believe me, Clive," Roy said suddenly, as he slipped his arm through mine in the old familiar gesture, "I hate keeping a secret from you, but I am in honour bound not to reveal my invention until it is completed. I promised it to Lord Vynne—the man without whose help I could have done nothing. I daresay you know him by reputation? His fortune exceeds three millions, and I believe he would joyfully spend it to the last penny in the cause of science. Ah, his enthusiasm is good to behold! By-the-by, it was Estrella who brought us together. It is wonderful what a help the little girl has been!"

"But she knows your secret, does she not?"

"Yes, and the fun of it is that Vynne himself told her! He made me promise to tell no one, absolutely no one, for he lives in mortal fear that somebody will steal my invention; but when he discovered what a clever girl Estrella is, he made an exception in her favour. So now we are three," Roy added with a smile, "to hold the dread secret."

"But your mother"—I began with some hesitation.

Instantly Roy's face clouded.

"Mother knows nothing, but guesses a little, and worries a great deal. As you may well imagine, I have never felt any inclination to cry my discovery on the hearstops; but sometimes it has been almost more than I could bear to keep it a secret from her, to see the poor little woman peering furtively into every corner of my study and looking at me so piteously at times, as if she would read the secret in my eyes. It will be a great, a glad relief to tell her all! I do believe she half guesses the truth: she must remember..."

He ceased abruptly, and I also tried to remember, and did remember.

Roy was not mistaken in thinking that his mother fretted over his secret. I had been at Estrella Lodge a few days only when one morning, as the old lady and I sat together in the garden, Estrella was working in her brother's study, she opened her heart to me.

"Mr. Delafield, what do you think of Roy?"

I knew the simple question was fraught with anxious meaning, and hesitated to answer.

"He is very busy," I replied at last lamely.

"Busy! Yes, and you little know to what extent!"

"At present he is living more normally, but all this last winter he worked night and day, literally night and day! I thought his mind must give way at last: his face was terrible to see in the morning! Have you noticed that his hair is turning grey?"

"Yes, a little."

"And he is only twenty-six! The age of youth, of joy, of love! And he gives his life to those machines. Ah God!...as if they were idols demanding the sacrifice of a human life!"

"He tells me his work will soon be done," I remarked re-assuringly.

For a moment Mrs. Staunton looked at me in silence, as if trying to read my thoughts.

"Yes," she said at last in a low voice, "so he tells me, and it were time it ended! For nearly nine years he has worked at this thing, and when it is completed, when the work is accomplished, then the most terrible of all will come to pass!"

I looked at Mrs. Staunton in bewilderment. She was very white and her hands trembled in her lap.

"No," she continued, "the past is nothing to the anguish that the future holds. I have seen my only son lose his youth before my eyes, live away from me in a world of his own, where I cannot follow, but the worst is yet to come! I shall see, I shall see!"

The old lady broke down completely and hid her face in her hands. I was deeply moved, yet found no word of comfort.

After a time she lifted her eyes, dim with unshed tears, and said slowly: "You, Mr. Delafield, you who are his friend, his oldest and best friend, can it be you have formed no idea of his secret?"

I hesitated for a moment.

"The other day," I answered, "after we had a long talk together, Roy and I, I imagined—I remembered—a conversation years ago. But it is impossible, quite impossible. Only an absurd idea of mine."

"Will you tell me what this conversation was, and what is your idea?" Mrs. Staunton asked in her low, sad voice.

"Oh, ever so long ago, when we were boys, we went to hear a lecture on astronomy, here, at St. Héliar. Perhaps you remember?"

"Yes, I remember."

"Well, as we walked home,—Roy was fired with enthusiasm on the subject, you know—we talked of all those wonders—the planets and the stars, and Roy spoke of the possibility of communication between ourselves and other worlds. He declared quite seriously that it could be done and said, I remember his very words, 'Perhaps I shall be the man to do it.' But of course this means nothing: I was foolish to think of it for one moment. Roy is too sensible to waste his intelligence on a problem no human mind can ever solve."

"He has solved it," said Mrs. Staunton quietly.

I started from my seat and looked at the old lady in bewilderment too great for words.

"Yes," she continued, still in the same low, trembling voice, "I fear he has succeeded, though I have prayed till my knees were worn that he might fail! It sounds horrible, does it not? A mother praying for her son's failure—the failure of his life-work! It is sinful perhaps, but ah! God who gave me my son will not hold me guilty if I erred in my prayer. I have only this one son, my Royal, and I shall see him... No, this is the agony! I shall not see him die. I shall not know the moment nor the manner of his death. I shall know nothing, see nothing, hear nothing. They tell us Creation is infinite. I was taught differently in my catechism, but if it is, then, in all these multitudes of worlds where shall I seek my son?"

I found my voice at last to murmur: "But it cannot be! You must be mistaken: It is impossible, impossible, impossible!"

I seemed to derive a vague sense of comfort from the mere repetition of the word.

"God grant it be! Sometimes I also say it cannot be, or think it is all a dream, an evil dream! Oh, I am not always living in this fear, else I should have gone mad!"

"There are moments when I think I am mistaken. I am not clever. I know nothing of science. But I am his mother: this gives me knowledge and power! He believes I suspect nothing."

"I have remembered every word, every look! And then, I have seen drawings, once, in his study. No, I cannot be mistaken, but he may fail, he may fail, and it is my only hope!"

I saw little of Roy that day. In spite of his mother's assertion that he was working in a more normal way than he had done for many months past, his mode of life still appeared to me as unconventional and erratic as it well could be. Away from home the greater part of the day, locked up—generally with Lord Vynne, sometimes with Estrella—in the mysterious glass-house, indulging in no pleasure or relaxation, denying himself even the mental and bodily refreshment of a walk over the cliffs, subsisting on a diet of fruit and biscuits, which an anchorite might have partaken of without sin, Roy was, in my eyes at least, as thoroughly abnormal as any genius has a right to be.

Deprived of Roy's society, I found the most delightful of substitutes in Roy's sister. Brought up in the intimacy of home-life by a mother who was old-fashioned in the best sense of the word, having never left, save for her six weeks' visit to Spain, the seclusion of her country home, Estrella Staunton was, in spite of all her cleverness and knowledge, as simple and fresh as daisies in the field.

We were together a great deal in those days. Mrs. Staunton had been a semi-invalid for the past two years, and rarely went further than her favourite seat on the lawn, or the little summer-house at the end of the garden. Left to ourselves, Estrella and I roamed at will all over the island, as we once had roamed, Roy and I, when Estrella was a child in pinafores, who was not allowed to follow us in our great expeditions, because she was "only a girl," and could not walk as far, or as fast, as the boys... Only a girl! Only a girl still—a small slender little thing with the heart of a woman and the mind of a man...

I had loved her from the first day of our meeting, when she stood by her mother's side in the garden, bareheaded in the sunshine, with a welcome on her lips and a greeting in her eyes. Since then I had daily breathed her charm, as one breathes the fragrance of a flower... And my love grew strong and glad within me.

It was a word spoken by Estrella to her mother, and accidentally overheard, that decided my destiny. One evening I sat alone in the garden, smoking a cigarette on the lawn, just outside the windows of Roy's study. The peace of a beautiful summer night was slowly falling over the hills, hushing the song of birds and bees. I was dreaming of Estrella, when I heard her voice in the room behind me. It had a ring of decision—almost authority—that was not habitual to it.

"No, mother," she was saying in a low, firm tone. "If Gilberto only comes, as he says, to obtain my consent, it is not right that we should let him come, and this is why I have written."

"But, Estrella," pleaded the old lady, "you may still change your mind?"

"Never, mother," came the quick, decisive reply. "I shall not change my mind, and...I cannot marry a man I do not love."

As these words were spoken, I rose hastily to make my presence known, and appeared at the French window just as Estrella herself was coming out on the lawn.

We stood face to face and silent for a moment. I thought I read confusion in her eyes; she must have read happiness in mine, for she blushed deeply under my glance.

Mrs. Staunton was the first to break the silence.

"Oh, were you out there, Mr. Delafield? A lovely evening, is it not? But rather chilly... Estrella, my dear, I left my shawl in the summer-house."

Immediately Estrella darted past me with quite unnecessary haste, and I, without a word of apology to Mrs. Staunton—who was rather punctilious in little matters of etiquette—turned my back on the old lady and followed Estrella down the lawn.

The distance from the house to the end of the garden was not very great, yet we were both curiously out of breath as we reached, almost together, the door of the summer-house. Mrs. Staunton's mantilla was there, partly fallen from the low wicker chair where the old lady had been sitting. How well I remember it! It was a white knitted thing, soft to the touch, with long fringes of wool and a faint perfume of iris lingering in its folds. Still in a violent hurry, Estrella ran into the house, picked up the shawl, and was about to run away with it when I detained her, laying my hand on her arm. As I did so our eyes met, and—surely never was wooing so swift and silent as mine! I called her by name, "Estrella!" And it was all. She understood. There was no need of words, and in the old

familiar garden where the shadows began to fall we mutually plighted our troth.

Meanwhile Mrs. Staunton patiently awaited her shawl.

We returned to the study at last, looking, I have no doubt, the picture of guilt—and happiness—and solemnly carrying the famous mantilla between us like some precious relic of by-gone days.

Mrs. Staunton was sitting by the French window and saw us coming. There was a puzzled expression on her face.

"What a long time you have been, Estrella! Did you not find the shawl at once?"

Estrella blushed and looked at me. I looked at Estrella, then at Mrs. Staunton and—well, I did not blush, but I smiled, and the smile betrayed me. In another moment Mrs. Staunton had understood, and gave a little cry of dismay. It was only the disappointment of an instant, the pang we all feel when our castles-in-the-air—so beautiful, so precious, so carefully built—crumble to dust before our eyes. In that moment the little lady bade a reluctant farewell to titles and coronets and the princely fortune she had dreamt of. But she knew me of old and, I believe, liked me well. I was Roy's best friend and, wonderful as it might appear, I was the man of Estrella's choice; so after the first movement of unconscious regret, she accepted the inevitable with very good grace, perhaps remembering that in her own life Love had come first—Wealth and Wisdom afterwards.

She held out her hands to us both.

"My dear children," she began, and her voice ended in a little sob of pleasure and pain.

And thus our courtship, begun in silence, was in silence consecrated.

"Year after year, we slide from day to day,
Like a sleek stream from bay to sinuous bay,
Wearing the course it evermore hath held.
The crumbling banks, that have so long compelled
The stream to wind, to haste, to strive, or stay,
Drop down at last, and quite choke up the way,
That once they foiled. The river that rebelled
Becomes a marsh, prolific of ill weeds.
Such is the life of him who streams along
A lazy course, unweaving of his deeds."

"A man's best things are nearest him,
Lie close about his feet,
It is the distant and the dim
That we are sick to greet:
For flowers that grow our hands beneath,
We struggle and aspire
Our hearts must die, except they breathe
The air of fresh Desire."



A Garden Dower.

Who would not listen to the voice of Nature? Nature is the temple of Peace, and in a garden, thus considered, it is not hard to listen to its interpretations of Peace,—a beautiful dower that the outside work-a-day world can neither give nor take away.

I said to Nature as the year was dying—

"O mother! who hast taught me all I know,
Take my tired heart, with all its weary sighing,
And comfort me, as thou hast done before,
For Hope has veiled her face upon the road of Life;
Dark, angry shadows lower and loom around;
I come to thee from all the heavy care and strife;
Where'er thou leadest is my hallow'd ground.
I cannot bear to hear the wind's low sighing,
That brings the Old Year's farewell plaintive note,
For, with the year, my highest hopes seem dying,
While all around the saddest memories float."
And then it was sweet mother Nature answered me,
While gentle hands seem'd placed upon my head;
'Twas thus she gave her blessing with her sympathy,
As in her quiet undertone she softly said—

"Peace, O heart!

'Tis well amidst the flowers to seek my sympathy,
For sweet Peace holds rich banquet here for tired guest;
Dark thoughts depart.
And 'midst the sweetness spread from fragrant flower and tree
Come, take what here we give—a heart at rest.

"Peace, O tired heart!

It is our time for worship—come and rest,
While Blue Bells ring in gentle tones for prayer;
Come with a rev'rent heart,
As fragrant Lilies bend and Roses all attest
That God hath breath'd His blessing on them here.

"Peace, O weary heart!

No, never yet hath human heart outgrown
The early childhood's teaching, giv'n by flower and tree.
From Wisdom's devious path,
Wise men and women, still, how gladly own
The flow'rets' creed they kept from infancy.

"Peace, O questioning heart!

My changing seasons came, and sun and shade;
By life and death they worked God's great decree,
And did their daily part;
From these, for thee, a lesson-book I made,
Still, comest thou, as child to mother's knee.

"Peace, O trembling heart!

Have older, wiser years so weary grown?
Do strife and care take childhood's faith away
Upon a thorny path?
With courage gone, here doth thou sadly own
Life's burdens proved beyond thy strength and day.

"Peace, O doubting heart!

God's Scale e'en Nature far too dimly shows
When greater weight seems more of Dark than Light,
For 'tis the shadow'd part.
Beyond this reckoning, God's own Love with Mercy flows
To make His Scale descend in harvests bright.

"Peace, O wounded heart!

It is the Almighty Saviour's love and care
That bid me hold, in trust, sweet peace for thee;
For, from His bleeding heart
Hath come this peace to garden watch and prayer,
Since Love received it in Gethsemane.

"Peace, O anxious heart!

Go back thy Duty's road and thou wilt see—
(What selfish griefs and care erstwhile withheld)—
Upon the well-worn path.
Thy comrades, who more weary e'en than thee,
Thy hand of sympathy hath not upheld.

"Peace, O sorrowing heart!

Thy tear-mists hide the lesson sweet and fair,
As taking weary plants from heat of sun or rain,
With truest gard'ner's heart,
Thou seest not how love beyond compare
More gently took thy weary ones from Earth's sad woe and pa

"Peace, O rev'rent heart!

That sacred holds the pure white blossoms sweet,
As symbols for the chequer'd scenes of joy and woe,
They as man's life depart.
But in Life's Spring above, in white again they'll meet,
And in that glorious Light immortal life will know.

"Peace is the crown, O heart!

That weaves a garland, everlasting rich and rare;
Beyond the fading wreaths from youth to manhood twined
That must like man depart.
Mark, how e'en kingships know this truth beyond compare,
As, round their fading crowns, sweet Peace they love to bind.

"Peace is the gift, O heart!

That Angels brought to weary Earth with song:
Those ling'ring echoes still make grief and care depart
From life's sad minor part.
And, while this message sweet is gently borne along,
'Tis mine to whisper it, and place it in each heart."

BANGALORE.

MYRA.

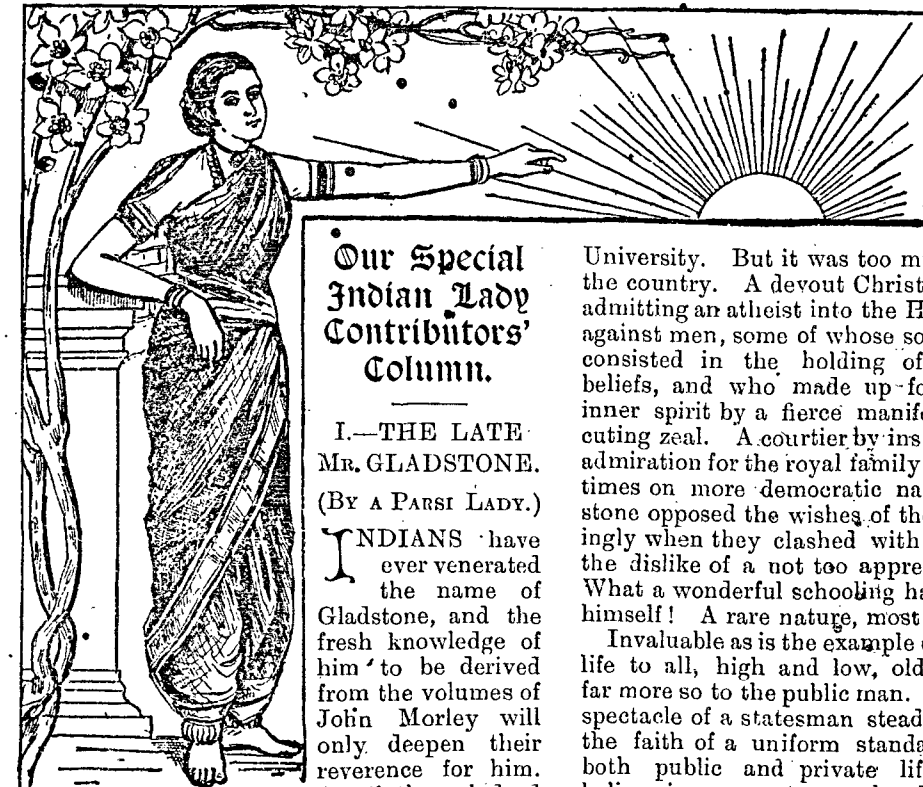




"SAIRANDHRI, ON AN UNWELCOME ERRAND."

One of Mr. RAVI VARMA'S latest pictures.

See Editorial Note, page 291, for an explanation of the story.



Our Special Indian Lady Contributors' Column.

I.—THE LATE
MR. GLADSTONE.

(BY A PARSI LADY.)

INDIANS have ever venerated the name of Gladstone, and the fresh knowledge of him to be derived from the volumes of John Morley will only deepen their reverence for him.

To all those indeed who wish to study a noble life, the opportunity afforded by Mr. Morley's work is a rare one and should be missed by none. Men and women of all degrees and all conditions alike will benefit by it. After reading the Life, one feels that if England had done nothing else save produce a Gladstone, she was well worthy of reverence. A noble life, a life of strenuous endeavour after right doing and right thinking, his is a far more abiding claim to greatness—greatness in the truest, not in any base sense of the word—than that of all the Cæsars and the Alexanders of the world—who dazzle the vulgar by destroying on a magnificent scale. The most striking part of Mr. Gladstone's character is his great earnestness. He had made a God of his conscience and was unfailing in obedience to the stern law-giver. He ruthlessly framed his actions one way while his leaning would have led him another. Born and bred a Tory, and with strong Tory sympathies at first, he was driven slowly into liberalism by the force of his convictions, and was ever after a beacon star guiding the path of that party. A loyal son of the Church of England, he disestablished the Irish Church and framed the Irish University Bill which, had it passed, would have gone far to meet the demands of Ireland for a Catholic

University. But it was too much in advance of the country. A devout Christian, he fought for admitting an atheist into the House of Commons against men, some of whose sole title to religion consisted in the holding of a few ignorant beliefs, and who made up for the lack of its inner spirit by a fierce manifestation of persecuting zeal. A courtier by instinct, and with an admiration for the royal family which jars sometimes on more democratic natures, Mr. Gladstone opposed the wishes of the queen unflinchingly when they clashed with duty, and earned the dislike of a not too appreciative sovereign. What a wonderful schooling had this man given himself! A rare nature, most rarely trained.

Invaluable as is the example of Mr. Gladstone's life to all, high and low, old and young, it is far more so to the public man. His was the rare spectacle of a statesman steadfastly holding to the faith of a uniform standard of morals for both public and private life. He did not believe in a separate moral code for statesmen, but emphasised the necessity of the same fair dealing between nation and nation as between individual and individual. And he acted on this faith. Had he been a king in the ancient days, with unlimited power, we may be sure he would have parted with all his possessions whose ruling was not given over to him by the free consent of the people. Cynics may sneer at what they would call an idyllic conception of Government, but the world cannot afford to lose her idealists, her dreamers and enthusiasts, from Buddha down to Mazzini, who have quickened the likeness of God in man and taught the world that is life; while the Bismarcks and Macchiavellis have bequeathed us only a heritage of massacre, murder and wrong. Nor did any dread of ridicule—that keen edged weapon that cuts so deep and quick—keep back Mr. Gladstone from doing that which was right in his own eyes. The "Wittlings' sneers" did not move him from his purpose. When we consider how many sins in this world moral cowardice is answerable for, we shall know to measure the high worth of Mr. Gladstone in this. Many a man, who will not turn his back on the hottest fire, will yet find his heart fail him when called upon by his conscience to act in the teeth of the

world's contempt. The sword-cut and the fire are daily-faced in battle, but it is only the truest of heroes who suffers in silence the moral scars so much keener in their poignancy. An instance of Mr. Gladstone's courage is the Majuba fight. No false ideal of prestige prevented him from leaving the Boers in possession of the Transvaal, after the British check, when he was convinced the people were against annexation. He dared to do right. He was assailed for it then and ever since. Thrice blessed is he for the reviling. But the quality *par excellence* that endeared Mr. Gladstone so to the people of different countries and different nationalities was his true human sympathy, at home as well as abroad. He did not believe that England had a monopoly of all the virtues, and was ready to recognise the greatness of other countries and other peoples. He was the champion of Italian freedom, as he was the champion of the down-trodden subjects of the Turk. Nor were his sympathies confined to the white man and the Christian, like the sympathies of so many worthy people. In his noble Midlothian address, he asked his hearers to remember "the rights of the savage, as we call him." "Remember" he exclaimed "that the sanctity of life in the hill villages of Afghanistan, among the winter snows, is as inviolable in the eye of Almighty God as can be your own. Remember that He who has united you as human beings in the same flesh and blood, has bound you by the law of mutual love, that mutual love is not limited by the shores of this island, is not limited by the boundaries of Christian civilization; that it passes over the whole surface of the earth and embraces the meanest along with the greatest in its scope." He gave thought to the wrongful press laws in India, the heavy and unjust charges thrown upon her people. The massacre of the defenceless Zulus and other wrong-doings he did not fail to notice. He was ever insisting too on the rights of the weak, too often forgotten by England. He stood up for public law, for the sisterhood of nations, for justice and humanity to all. He had no sympathy with those, who would have British statesmen follow the policy of Imperial Rome, and he communicated much of his own high-mindedness to his followers. Mr. Morley has shown too how Mr. Gladstone never played the demagogue. And he always appealed to the nobler side of mankind. The reverse is so much done to-day, when national passions are evoked and the weaknesses of men are played upon to gain the triumph of the hour, that one feels sadly England's and indeed the world's need of another Gladstone. The beneficence of such a life cannot be measured. The work of a good man does not die with him. His example is ever

with us. It is the enduring flame from which torch after torch is kindled by successive generations, to lighten the path and guide the feet of the learners. Rest then in peace, noble soul, whose monument is the hearts of men.

II.—GIRL-LIFE IN INDIA.



AN interesting article on this subject, "by a girl," written for the *Hindustan Review*, is quoted in the Indian Social Reformer. The writer of the paper, who seems to have given a good deal of thought to the subject, quotes a sentence of the Hon. Mr. Justice Chandavarkar, in his speech at the Ahmedabad Social Conference. Commenting on the industrial exhibitions now so often being held, "he asked, 'What is the real industrial exhibition?' And then, pointing to the ladies assembled there, he said, 'Here lies our real industrial exhibition.'" Thus, we see that, just as industrial exhibitions, by encouraging industries, and thus increasing the national wealth, are a national good; so Social Reform is now advocated, not as formerly, as an individual social reform, but as a national public good. This is an important step; for it would now interest all those who would not care to advocate it in its former light. If the Indian nation wishes to take its place among the nations of India, it must reform its social evils; that is to say, it must improve the position of its women, for, it is obvious that it is the backward position of its women, which is the drawback to the regeneration of Social India. And what more important question is there in the life of women, than that of their girl life? for that is the starting influence of their whole future careers, whether good or evil, insignificant or important, public or belonging to the home. Listening then, to such opinions, as that of one Englishman, who said rightly, "There is no girl-life in India," should we not try to improve the girl-life of our women, that fulcrum, we may say, of the Social Regeneration of India?

The 'girl' writer of the article goes on to enlarge on the different periods of the life of a Hindu girl.

"In treating of this subject, we first of all come to the stage of babyhood in which, alas! both our boys and girls are sufferers. We have no fresh air to give to them, no toys which while affording amusement will also develop their bodies and minds; but principally there is a sad want of a healthy food for their minds. This last thing is specially to be borne

in mind, as it is generally not at all taken into consideration by us. But, if it is known by all that in the period which lies between the age of eighteen months and the age of three years, the influences which children receive mould their character for good or bad, much of the neglect generally prevalent may disappear. The future man or woman is made in this period, which should hence be considered the most critical in the history of the mental life of a man or woman, and yet how often it is neglected. The baby is like a plastic mould on which even the slightest impressions will be recorded never to be effaced again. Even one single bad word spoken inconsiderately may lead that tender infant to a life of vice. This then is the most important point to be taken into consideration in the child-life, specially in the case of girls, whose naturally sensitive and tender temperament is more impressionable and more alive to the good or bad influences than that of boys."

The same juxtaposition of physical and mental stunting do we observe in the next stage of the life of the Hindu girl—the period of childhood. First, there is the difference in the education of boys and girls, both mental and physical education. The evils of this difference arise from its motive, for it is the motive of every action which makes it, more or less, good or bad. Boys are sent to school with the motive of making them useful to themselves and to the society in which they live, and in rare cases to the world at large. But what is the use of sending girls to school? Only to read and write properly in the vernacular, even which slight education is soon removed from them, when they are taken away to their houses, to do house-work. Of course, learning to do domestic work well is a good and an important thing; but when this is done as a drudgery, not as a duty and a pleasure and a means of doing good and stepping higher and giving sweet joy (not only, such as that arises from the gratification caused by good food) and imparting sweet purity to those around—why the girl is no better than a beast of work! But, to come back to our subject, the writer emphasizes the fact that the education given to boys is not

"Ideal, or even approaching to the ideal; but simply that even some slight advantages, which are given to boys, are refused to girls here. Of course it will be argued that the spheres of both are quite different, and I do not deny this. But who will be so foolish as to argue that the girls should not be given the same physical and mental training as the boys, and that that training does not make them good women? Outdoor games are unknown to girls, who are practically debarred from them altogether. Skipping, jumping, running, swimming, and such other innumerable inspiring games are not at all allowed them. Whence then the question of systematic physical exercise? All these things are supposed to make them unwomanly. It is this pernicious belief that is partly responsible for the pale cheeks, the stooping walk, and the shattered health of our women who at 25 years of age seem to be already old

and careworn. I say, partly responsible, because there lies that evil custom of early marriage, and hence early betrothal with its horrid jaws ever open to devour poor innocent girls, offered as sacrifices to this demon, as formerly children were offered to Moloch in Egypt."

This introduces us to the third phase of girl-life in India, influenced chiefly by early marriage, and through early marriage by want of education.

"Year after year passes away, and yet this devil continues to claim as its innocent victims many and many a girl. As soon as the girls attain the age of seven or nine years (or sometimes even earlier) their betrothal takes place. Farewell then to all hopes of development of their minds or their bodies. For while formerly they were allowed, although in a slight degree, to indulge in some game or other, everything of that sort is now practically closed to them, as they are now invested with the dignity of a wife, and they must now behave with all due propriety and decency befitting this station of life, and all sorts of games and such other things are to them now forbidden fruits. There is however no objection to their studying anything if they will. But they get neither time nor opportunity for the furtherance of their study, so their stock of knowledge consists only of the alphabet, which serves them well in writing or reading their letters."

"And here let it be said that the disadvantages of early betrothal, though they are not taken into account very much, are at least as great as those of early marriage. It has a dreadful effect chiefly on the moral life. It introduces ideas detrimental to the character of the infant mind. While the system of early marriage is gradually dying away in some places, this system still prevails and gives rise to many evils. On this point, Mrs. Nilkanth in her lecture on child-marriage at the Ahmedabad Social Conference dilated very well, and said that in the life of a Hindu girl there is, properly speaking, no twilight at all—the intervening portion between night and day when the hues of morning gradually replace those of the night and pass through slow and gradual transformations of serene lovely colors till at last the sun itself, a red globe of fire, shines out in its full bloom and vigor and gladdens all the world. Indeed, this is too true. Our girls do not pass through all these slow and gradual beautiful phenomena of childhood and girlhood, which finally lead to the glorious bright sun of the state of womanhood, but pass at once from the life of a child to the life of a woman."

The life of the girl thus becomes crystallised and leads to the last stage, the inactive, monotonous, useless life of the woman, with its own successive grades: grumbling stagnant submission to the sway of the mother-in-law, as a frightened wife, a careless, indulgent, overfond mother; then in her turn again the tyrannical mother-in-law; and then the still more tyrannical and querulous grand-mother.

This is usually, more or less, the life of a Hindu girl, with the addition in many cases of a kind of happiness, but of a stagnant happiness, a sort of dull existence, because no better

state of life is known. But there are bright exceptions, no doubt, now increasing in number and occurrence; but of this it is not our place to treat now, for the cause of these exceptions is the increasing education of women. We are treating now of the life of an uneducated Hindu girl.

"This is the life, as it is, of a Hindu girl. But the question inevitably arises, 'Is this the ideal life of a girl?' Of course it is not. Life is that beautiful purity both of mind and body, that animal spontaneity and buoyancy of spirits, which arises from the full and complete development of all the faculties and from the harmonious working of them. Such should be the ideal life of all, specially of youth. This it is which gives rise to the rosy bloom on the cheeks, the rippling innocent laughter which comes out of the very depths of the soul, the graceful walk and above all that dancing movement of the whole body which arises from the youthful exuberance of spirits. Such a person is, as it were, a living fount of beauty and joy, which sprinkles over the world its pure waters and tends to remove some of the dull monotonous misery of it. The conception of an angel as a being full of health and beauty and cheering like a ray of sunshine seems to arise from such a conception of perfect beauty."

"What is needed then? Mental and Physical Education. But on this, the writer of our article writes so well, that we do not apologise for quoting her at length:—

"Two things are necessary for the attainment of, or at least approximation to, this ideal standard of beauty, i.e., Mental and Physical Education. The former will only cultivate their mind and intellect and infuse in their minds a thirst for knowledge and truth which will drive off the crust of superstition from their minds and impart to them a glow of intellectual lustre. Again it will make them worthy helpmates for their husbands to cheer them on in the dark and perilous paths of life, and to afford them intellectual feasts at home if they cannot get them elsewhere. The harmony which rises from this vision of intellectual souls is beautiful indeed.

"Another object of giving them education is to impart to them a proper physiological knowledge. The necessity for this is strongly urged on all hands by the best medical authorities and is of course too apparent to be mentioned here again. It will be sufficient if it be said, that this knowledge of physiology exerts great influence not only on the healthy condition of their own bodies, but also on that of their children.

"But the best reason perhaps why women should be educated is, looking from the national point of view, that it will be the best step taken in educating the children and hence in educating the nation, for it is mothers that principally shape the character of their children. Hence when now-a-days education is the watchword of individuals and of nations, or rather of the 20th century, as His Highness the Gaekwar of Baroda said in opening the Ahmedabad Industrial Exhibition, and has given rise to keen competition in all the spheres of life, the education of mothers will go a long way towards the solution of this great problem—the problem of the struggle for existence between nations and between individuals.

The subject of education of the women has already gained ground, and its supporters are daily increasing in number. But the subject of systematic physical education to women is yet strongly objected to on the ground that it makes them unwomanly. I mean by physical education systematic physical culture and outdoor physical games. Both of these are equally necessary for the proper development of the body. One will strengthen and develop the muscles while the other will give suppleness and elasticity to the body, which may not be acquired by home exercise simply. We have to make our women strong physically and morally, mothers of strong and healthy children. If we want to rise as a nation, let us educate our women as best we may.

III.—OUR FRIEND FRISK.



TODAY makes just two months since our beloved friend Frisk—it would be scarcely just to call him "dog" for there was so much of the human in him—the companion and playmate of our childhood, was taken away from us. His death has made a void in our little circle, which I am

afraid none can fill.

Frisk was not born in our house. He was brought home as a gift some eleven years ago. He was then just a month old. How well I recollect his beautiful brown coat, all shiny and shaggy as he lay curled up close to my brother's head. Perhaps he was an orphan, for he stared at us with such eager, pitiful eyes, expecting the tender caresses of a mother. And this he had. We were all fond of dogs, especially handsome looking pups. So we christened him "Frisk," the name bearing a somewhat apt relationship to his frisky ways. He was soon the pet of the house, sharing in the joys and sorrows of us children, not excepting our occasional discipline, and following us wherever we went, even to church and socials. Once we were awe struck to see him quietly seated on the Government House grounds, watching our movements at a distance, at once the fear and the admiration of the other guests.

Frisk was a most loyal and faithful friend—I shall never call him dog. He never once went astray. When we left home once a year for Ennore, our former summer resort, eleven miles away, he would follow us the whole way running after the carriage. Once we went away by train, thinking Frisk would remain behind. But to our intense surprise and delight, Frisk, whose memory of the resort had not faded away, came up to us that very evening, panting and fainting, his tail wagging with joy,

literally unspeakable. Our coachman used to say that our pony knew the numbers on mile-stones. But Frisk's intelligence was even greater. One summer we went to Ennore by canal. And in the din and bustle of our embarking, poor Frisk was cruelly left behind. We had set sail and mother became quite anxious about the missing member of the family, but we had gone too far. But after a couple of hours' sailing, we noticed something making way with all its might and main towards the boats, only a portion of the head peering above the water, and who should it be but our Frisk! great was our joy, as bitter was our regret for our cruel negligence, to think he had scented his way even across water.

His favourite pastime was catching rats. Every morning, no sooner did mother open the store room, than Frisk began his gambols. He would run about, not caring how he turned everything topsy-turvy, and sniff and whine where he thought he smelt a rat. Nor would he be satisfied until he had killed some half a dozen or so. For some time he had a young tabby for his companion. It was most amusing to watch the little arrival trying to tease her lion-like friend, when losing his patience he would just give one frightful bark which made the wily kitten take to its heels.

Our friend was a thorough gentleman. However rude our children might be—and children are sometimes—he would never snarl or bite. He was so gentle and well-behaved, even to strangers. His patience was often tried to its utmost, when his only act of self-defence was a mock-bite. Not only could he distinguish friends from foes, he could even distinguish different degrees of acquaintance by corresponding signs of welcome. He was not muzzled and often let loose, and the almost human ingenuity with which he escaped the eyes of his greatest foe—the dog-killer—was highly astonishing. It is no wonder that Hindus say that a dog is often a human soul with a canine body, doing penance for the sins of a former birth!

The devoted fellow always came in for his share of Xmas presents. He would somehow manage to be present with the rest of the family around the Xmas tree. But this year we shall miss his eager, patient looks. He was very quick at learning certain tricks my brother taught him. But strange to say Frisk would perform them only in his master's presence.

He was never known to be ill during his whole life time. Always of a bright, cheerful disposition, he did not seem to know what illness was. He had his bath regularly every Saturday, which he enjoyed immensely. He had however a peculiar habit of walking round three times on the chosen spot before he composed himself

to sit down. I wonder if this is common among dogs!

Frisk had a very good ear for music. Whether vocal or instrumental, it had a strange fascination for him. Raising his head towards the ceiling, he would strike up a gentle monotone howl to the great amusement of the children, stopping as soon as the music ceased. He had another trait equally amusing. He would sometimes call us to play. He would tug at our frocks and gently drag us into the garden which was a sure sign that he wanted to chase us. Oh the jolly old times we had with our dear companion. How we miss him!

His end was very sudden and unexpected. One Friday afternoon he showed signs of fatigue and listlessness and slept longer than usual. We thought he was fretting for our absent parents. It was not so. For, as evening drew on, he would not touch his food, but continued his fatal slumber. Next morning he seemed to grow worse and was quite feeble. He was scarcely able to get up and walk. We were with him the whole while, stroking and patting his head; but he did not even wag his tail. Poor fellow, he moaned a little and then struggled for breath. He continued thus till the following day, when at 8 P.M. he passed away. In death, he looked as if he were asleep. Oh our devoted, faithful friend, you shall never be forgotten.

We buried him under a jack-fruit tree in our garden, where he is at rest in the cool shade. His was a noble, useful life. He truly earned his bread and made others happy. We shall soon erect a little monument over his remains at the request of our far away brother. Meanwhile, good-bye, dear Frisk, and rest in peace.

DORA.

The National Association for Supplying Female Medical Aid to the Women of India.

THE COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN'S FUND.



THE Eighteenth Annual Report of the Madras branch of this Association is just out; and the Honorary Secretary, in presenting it, "is glad to record steady progress in each department, viz., the fund itself, and its affiliated institution, the Victoria Hospital for Caste and Gosha women."

Some time ago, in the year 1901, this branch of the Association was brought into prominent

notice in connection with the Women's Memorial to Queen Victoria, which Her Excellency Lady Ampthill raised in the Madras Presidency. One Indian Rani writes with regard to this: "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 countrywomen; and I am aware of the immense good such institutions are likely to do to women in all parts of India." We can but echo the words of this Rani, in commenting on this most valuable institution, which is placed in such efficient hands as those of its President, H. E. Lady Ampthill. It is doing most excellent and useful work, and its branches have penetrated throughout the length and breadth of the Madras Presidency.

The objects of the National Association may be classified as follows:—

(i) *Medical tuition*: including the teaching and training in India of women as qualified medical practitioners, nurses and midwives.

(ii) *Medical relief*: including (a) the establishment, under female superintendence, of dispensaries and cottage hospitals for the treatment of women and children; (b) the opening of female wards for caste and Gosha women under female superintendence in existing hospitals and dispensaries.

(iii) *The supply of qualified female medical practitioners, trained nurses and midwives* for women and children in hospitals and private houses.

The tuition is done by the aid of the Countess of Dufferin Fund itself, which supports midwifery pupils and students educated by medical scholarships; by the Central Committee stipends; and by scholarships founded by private individuals, local bodies, native states, and so on. With regard to the medical scholarships, it is interesting to note, that though they have been awarded in a large proportion hitherto to Europeans and Eurasians, this year a preference has been given to Indian ladies; and in the words of the report, "it is hoped that this new departure will produce satisfactory results." The training of native midwives was started in 1887, and since then 76 women have passed out.

There are two Lady Doctors of the First Grade working under or in connection with the Fund; and of Lady Doctors of the Second Grade, Assistant Surgeons, Female Medical Practitioners and Female Hospital Assistants, under the Fund itself or under Local Fund Boards and Municipal Councils are 38; while there are 62 European and Eurasian midwives, and 400

native midwives. This is certainly a good number; and great indeed must be the help rendered by them; and we hope that the number will go on increasing year after year. As the Report states, "it will be seen that what may be called the backbone of the whole Dufferin Fund scheme is medical tuition. We cannot get on without medical women; their numbers are limited, and we have to bear in mind that those who get married, as a rule, fall out of the ranks of workers. The duty of the Fund, then, so far as medical tuition is concerned, will be to keep the subject before our Local Fund Boards and Municipal Councils and every native gentleman, until every large town and Native State is supplied, or until they recognise their duties so far that our reminders will be unnecessary."

While we are talking of Medical Tuition, there is a point which is emphasized by the Report. It is this:

A continually growing experience confirms what has so often been stated in this report regarding the proper method of employing female doctors in this Presidency, which is, that *what is required are out-patient dispensaries solely in charge of female practitioners and separated from hospitals or dispensaries where males are treated*. The staff of these institutions consisting, generally speaking of a compounder, not necessarily female, two female attendants, and a native midwife, the dispensary to have its own medicines and few simple instruments required in such an institution, the whole being under the supervision of the District Medical Officer or Civil Surgeon alone. Nothing more elaborate, nor expensive, than the above is, in most cases, at present advisable. When female practitioners gain increased experience and the confidence of the people, and when local bodies are not so pressed for funds, it will then be quite time enough to consider the question of in-patient accommodation with its increased responsibilities and expenditure. *Government have already remarked with reference to female practitioners, 'but where provision is not made for treatment in a separate building their usefulness will be greatly circumscribed.'* It must be clearly understood that the aid does not in any way aim at altering existing arrangements for medical aid to women and children, now provided in civil hospitals and dispensaries under male management. Experience has shown that when the female side of a civil hospital has been closed, and the female practitioner placed in entire charge of a separate institution, the results have not been satisfactory.

The committee are fully aware, that for a considerable time, the attendance at female dispensaries such as they recommend, must necessarily include all classes, but among whom there will be, the committee believe, a progressively increasing number of respectable women who would not have resorted to the ordinary civil hospital or dispensary.

It must be remembered that it is the respectable women who would not resort to the ordinary Civil hospital or dispensary; the other—the so-called lower—classes have no objection

to such a course; otherwise it would be a matter for regret that the women whom the National Association aims chiefly to aid are those of the better classes.

After this, it is scarcely necessary to mention the amount of medical relief rendered. But the following statistics will be interesting:—

DISTRICTS:	No. of cases treated.
South Arcot	7,782
Bellary	20,692
Coimbatore	39,091
Godavari	11,338
Madura	27,677
Trichinopoly	10,989
Malabar	22,717
Cuddapah	11,476
Nellore	7,406
Kistna	4,696
Vizagapatam	23,461
Cochin	33,862
South Canara	6,629
Salem	16,140
Tanjore	18,340
Tinnevely	8,911
Chingleput	1,919
Travancore	11,408
Quilon	6,192
Madras	17,270

Thus we see that there is a satisfactory increase under medical relief, the totals of which for the past seven years are shown in the following table:—

YEAR	Total treated.
1897	198,951
1898	217,989
1899	225,722
1900	248,881
1901	295,048
1902	305,422
1903	307,986

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 the fact that numbers of women have come to it from all parts of South India shows how this Hospital is appreciated. The daily average of mofussil patients is high, i.e., 10; and the aggregate of 17,270 patients treated is much more than last year, when it was 15,503.

But, as the report remarks: "There is room for improvement and expansion in several directions in connection with the working of this institution; but our resources are limited, and all that our finances permit is being done at the present time." It is sad to note that though the total income of the Fund has increased, yet the amount contributed has fallen from Rs. 1,994-15-0 last year to Rs. 1,059-0-5. And, under the head of donations and subscriptions for the Victoria Caste and Gosha Hospital, there is a decrease of Rs. 2,000. Though the gentlemen who have given donations to the Hospital

since it was opened, are mostly Indian, yet the Indian gentlemen who have subscribed towards the Hospital during the year 1903 are not many; and there are only two subscribers to the whole Association, and these are Europeans.

Such an Association meant to give medical aid to Indian women, ought to be supported chiefly by the people of India. That this is not so is greatly to be regretted; but let us hope that it will be so hereafter. There is no need to laud and flatter such an institution. It speaks for itself; and we hope that the people of India will show their interest in it by a large augmentation of subscribers from their own ranks.

Woman's Wisdom.

[BY PANDIT S. M. NATESA SASTRI, B.A., M.F.L.S.]

EVERY nation has its own stories to extol the wisdom of its women and the orientals also have their share to an astonishing degree. Sudhaka, the author of the *Mrichchhakatika* or the 'Toy Cart'—an ancient Sanskrit drama assigned to the second century B. C.—praises the wisdom of woman in a most impressive manner. Says he: "Women are by nature intelligent, but the intelligence of men is acquired only from studying scientific treatises." Another great poet, the famous Kalidasa, in his drama entitled *Sakuntala* or the "Fatal Ring" says that even the female birds are by nature intelligent. The she-cuckoo has its egg hatched by the crow. *A fortiori* women must be more intelligent than men. When we turn to the Indian epics, we find that on several occasions the heroines had preached to the heroes. Anasuya was more famous for her intelligence than Anatri, her husband; Arundhati's name is echoed than her husband Vasishta's; and even the notorious Kaikeyi was in her own day the adviser and protector of Dasaratha, who fell down hopeless in the battle-field. And when he lost his wife, Indumati, weeps for her and says in the course of his mourning that she was his minister and counsellor on several occasions. Similar examples may be cited, but the sum and substance of each and everyone of them will be that men have always on testing occasions found woman's intelligence to be far above theirs. The women that are thus shown to the world are no doubt exceptional women and the very pick of Hindu society, and this in itself is one of our main reasons to say that the generality of

Hindu women must once have been liberally educated to produce such chosen gems whose fame and name lives even to-day. Lilavati, the greatest mathematician that ever flourished in the world was after all a Hindu woman. The very goddess of learning in the Hindu mythology is Sarasvati, one of the fair sex. All these statements establish the fact that Hindus give the highest position to women in intelligence, and whenever the Hindu was in trouble or in a dilemma it was always his wife, sister or mother who came out with the apt advice for the occasion.

There is a fine little story of how a husband was thus saved and though it is after all mere fiction, we propose to relate it in these columns as it deals the finest praise to woman's inventive genius.

In the Coromandel country there was a rich zemindar, who owned thousands of acres of land but unfortunately these were scattered here and there and as the sources of irrigation to water these dry lands had to be kept up at a very high cost, his income was going down. The Zemindar was a miser of misers and was extremely unpopular among his tenants and peasants. He had no inclination to give good remuneration and no one condescended to do him any kind of service. He was thus becoming poorer and poorer every year. One day a certain *sanyasi* or Hindu religious saint happened to visit the zemindar and after exchange of due formalities our hero gave vent to his sorrow before that holy personage and falling down at his feet requested him to devise a way to get out of the difficulty. The *sanyasi* had in his younger days learnt the art of charming devils and making them obey his order. He proposed to the zemindar that he should become his disciple and that if he did so, his sorrows would cease. "A devil has the power of doing the work of one thousand men and if you think you have sufficient work to engage him upon I shall instruct you in an incantation by repeating which for six months you will get a devil as your slave. He will be entirely at your service, but you must take care to keep him always engaged. The moment you leave him idle he may kill you." Thus said the *sanyasi* and the zemindar thought that he had enough of agricultural operations to keep one devil engaged throughout the year. He requested the *sanyasi* to bequeath to him the incantations for enslaving several devils but that red-robed sage smiled and said that one devil would be quite sufficient. He accordingly instructed the zemindar in the necessary incantation for acquiring mastery over one demon and the *sanyasi* then took his leave.

The zemindar went on practising the course of the spell for full six months, at the end of

which there stood before him a huge devil. He was nearly sixty feet in height with a physique proportionate to that stature. For all that he most humbly addressed the zemindar to the following effect:—"Most Holy and respected sir, from this moment I am your humble slave as I have been brought over to you by your superior powers. You are my lord and master and I am your most humble servant. My duty henceforth is to obey you in whatever you may command. But at the same time, I beg most respectfully to inform you that I must never be left to remain idle for even a minute. You must find the way to engage me always. Command me therefore at once."

The zemindar's joy knew no bounds. The necessity of investing any more money on the improvement of his lands was taken away. "Let my recalcitrant labourers lose from this moment what money they get. I shall hoard up all my wealth and set at nought all their threats," thought he and engaged at once this devil of a slave to repair all his tanks. He ordered him to repair all the embankments of his several hundreds of tanks and deepen their beds by twenty feet. "As my lord commands," said the devil and went his way. And our hero too gave up his penance and ran home to communicate his success to his loving wife. She was all joy to hear this glad news and made the necessary preparations to celebrate the occasion with a grand feast. There was a good gathering and after a sumptuous dinner when our hero began to chew his betel leaves and arecanuts, the devil stood before him most respectfully and said "My lord, my task is done: I beg of you to come out and inspect the same." Our hero trembled in his shoes. His first thought was that it must be impossible. And after inspection he fell to the following soliloquy:—"What! My two hundred tanks, several of them with a large area. All repaired as if by professional hands! All excavated twenty feet deep! The bunds, the outlets, the feeder channels, all so beautifully attended to even to the minutest details!" Of course the inspection took him thrice the time that the devil had expended over the work proper and our hero returned home at midnight. He then commanded the devil to fill up all these tanks with the proper amount of water and went to bed with an aching heart. The sun had not yet fully risen and the day had not yet dawned, when the devil appeared at his doors for a second time and cried out "My lord, the tanks have all their full supply of water; come and inspect, please." With faltering steps, the zemindar got out of his house and accompanied his demon-slave throughout his work and trembled to see that each and every one of his tanks was overflowing with water. "Plough up all my lands

deep and plant them with shootings" said he in a faltering voice and went home for his dinner. But how could he eat? He had by his incantations unearthed a demon who must soon exhaust all the task and demand work. How could he keep him engaged for ever; when the works already allotted had been executed with such quickness? His food felt tasteless and he sat brooding in front of his house and before the sun began to set there appeared the demon again and said, "my lord the work is over. Command me further." "I shall first inspect this last work," said the zemindar and followed the devil with a trembling heart. Every thing was done to perfection. The sowing and planting were done with mathematical precision.

He returned home with a long face and approached his wife. He revealed to her for the first time his miserable state. She had never known till then that one of the conditions of mastery over the demon was to keep him engaged for ever without stoppage. She saw at once how her husband had foolishly managed to lay a trap for his own life. She was however a woman gifted with superior intelligence: and the idea to save her husband stood now most prominent in her heart.

"Do not fear, my lord," said she, "engage him thus in all the work that you have yet to do and as soon as you have done with him send him over to me. I shall find him meanwhile a work which will keep him engaged for ever, without molesting you." Half believing in the superior intelligence of his wife, and half doubting, but consoling himself somehow for the occasion, he went to the devil and dictated to him all kinds of miscellaneous work, cutting timber, repairing houses, thatching, roofing, &c., &c. The demon was engaged the whole night over all these, and when he reported himself for work the next morning the zemindar, in fear, uttered "That is all the work I have to give you. You may now go to my wife and ask her whether she has any job to engage you in." In due obedience to his master, the devil now stood before the zemindarin and she with all authority in her face, asked him first whether he had finished all his work for her husband. "Yes, madam," said the devil, and she replied "I have but a small business. But you must do it very carefully. Take care. If you fail, I shall have you severely thrashed." Thus warning him, she plucked a single hair from her head and, handing it to the devil, commanded him as follows—"Now make this straight and bring it to me soon." The demon received the hair with a beating heart. He went and sat upon a papal tree and placing the hair on his thigh he began to roll it forward and backward in his attempt to straighten it. But all his attempts were of no

avail; the devil had on several occasions observed the goldsmiths beating their metallic wires to give them a straight shape. Thinking that the hair too, if thus treated, would stand straight, he kindled a small fire and held the hair over it, when lo! it whizzed and disappeared. And with that the devil too disappeared, fearing the anger of the zemindarin. She knew already that he would never return to her or to her lord: and when days, weeks and months passed away without the devil's appearance to demand fresh work, the zemindar became confident that the danger was over. He praised his wife and lived a happy life.

A Ladies' Association at Palghat.



WHEN it was announced that Mr. Glyn Barlow, M.A., was to retire from the principalship of the Zamorin's College at Calicut, to take up the principalship of the Victoria College at Palghat, some of the Indian ladies at Palghat at once expressed amongst themselves the hope that Mrs. Barlow, who was a

prominent member of the Ladies' Association at Calicut, would found a similar association at Palghat. Mrs. Barlow, when she arrived in her new home, felt her way for a while rather than start any scheme in the dark; but as soon as she saw her way before her, she formulated her plans. The association was put under the presidency of Mrs. Dupen, a very long-standing European resident of Palghat, and the other members of the committee were Mrs. Vasudeva Rajah, wife of the Rajah of Kollengode; Mrs. Ittyerah, wife of the Sub-Judge; Mrs. Ananta Patter, wife of the Tahsildar; and Mrs. Govindan, wife of the Sub-Magistrate, as Malayalam Secretary; with Mrs. Barlow herself as General Secretary. The committee members, apart from the president of the Association, thus represented the Nair, Indian Christian, Brahman, Tiyyan, and European committees respectively. The first meeting was announced for the 9th of February, to be held in one of the class-rooms of the Victoria College, and there was a good deal of wonder as to how far it would be a success. Palghat is a collection of villages where old-fashioned exclusiveness is still very much in vogue; and there were those who prophesied a fiasco. There were some who would have liked to come, but confessed themselves too shy, and certain letters of

apology from one quarter and another, during the three or four days before the meeting, pleading various causes for non-attendance, were of a discouraging sort. But Mrs. Barlow was not to be discouraged easily, and kept the thing going. On the eventful day, as many ladies as twenty came, of whom seventeen were Indian—a really good number for a first meeting at such a station as Palghat. Mrs. Dupen was in the chair, and Mrs. Barlow opened the proceeding with the following introductory address:—

“LADIES,

The object of these meetings, I need hardly say, is to bring about social intercourse between Hindu and European women.

The advantages of such intercourse are clear, the conditions of India are such that there are now the members of several different races living together in one and the same country. The men of these different races have to meet together in daily intercourse—whether in the law courts, or in offices, or in other walks of life, and it is a pity that the mothers or the future mothers of these men should know nothing about one another and that when they have to bring up the future citizens of India, they should be able to teach them nothing of the world, beyond their own domestic concerns.

It is a pity too, for the Indian woman herself, that in these days of advanced civilization, when all the world is drawing together, she alone should be left aloof, and allowed to fall behind, while others are progressing.

It is not intended that such gatherings should in any way disturb the very excellent ideal of Indian womanhood—that they should in any way westernize the Indian wife or daughter and introduce her into ways which are not her own. The meetings are to be absolutely for women only, at which sisters of the different races of Europe and of India shall meet together for social intercourse and for the exchange of ideas. For the European woman whose lot is cast in India, it will also be a great advantage that she should know something of the thoughts of the millions of women in the land. Whether or not these meetings will be a success, will depend upon the way in which the idea is received.

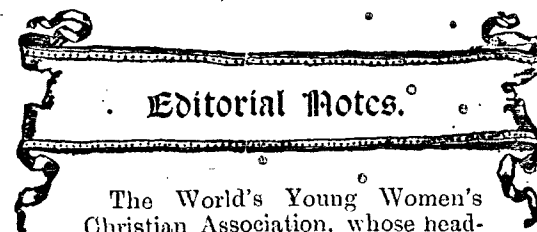
Such meetings have been successful at Calicut, and there is no reason why they should not be a success at Palghat. I have consulted with the chief organiser of them at Calicut, and I have received much encouragement. We may begin with only a few members at first; but we must not be discouraged, but must hope that others of our sisters will gradually join in efforts for our mutual welfare.

It is not a work, which the women amongst us of European race can organize alone; it would be like groping in the dark to undertake to do anything of the sort without the assistance of our Indian sisters; and therefore we beg their earnest co-operation in what we feel is a work that must tend to do good, and we shall be most grateful for any suggestions that may be made to assist us in our work. It is proposed to meet once in six weeks or oftener, and at these meetings it is proposed that a lecture shall be read or delivered on some instructive subject, first in English and then in Malayalam. Then if anyone present can provide any form of amusement, such as a gramophone, or music, or recitations, we shall be pleased.”

Mrs. Lazarus, of the Palghat Hospital, thereupon gave a lecture in English, interpreted by Mrs. Ittyerah into Malayalam, on “The human frame;” and the lecture, which was most interesting in itself, was made all the more so by references to a life-sized porcelain image of a human body, which had been borrowed from the physiological class at the Victoria College. The porcelain figure is coloured in appropriate colours and can be taken to pieces, so that the various parts of the head and of the body can be taken out and shown to the audience after the manner of a dissection. Most students of physiology will have seen such a figure—a “toro,” it is called—but to an assemblage of Indian ladies, it was most novel as well as most instructive. The meeting closed with thanks to Mrs. Barlow for having organised the association, to Mrs. Dupen for having presided, and to Mrs. Lazarus for her lecture. The ladies remained however for an impromptu conversation, when the organized proceedings came to an end, and some of the Indian ladies present chatted most agreeably with other Indian ladies, whom they had never met before. The meeting was avowed a great success; and it is likely that a still larger number of ladies will gather together for the next. It is regrettable that Mrs. Ittyerah, who was Mrs. Barlow's chief helpmate in getting up the first meeting, has lately had to go to Mangalore, where her husband has been transferred; but it is thought that the new Sub-Judge's wife is also likely to be of great use to the Association.

“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.”

SHAKESPEARE.



The World's Young Women's Christian Association, whose headquarters are in London, at 26, George St., Hanover Square, W., which are also the British and London Headquarters, has branches all over the world, and is very well represented in India. There are homes in connection with the Association in Bombay, Calcutta, Lahore, Madras, Rangoon and Colombo, besides holiday homes in Simla and in Ootacamund. The headquarters of the Indian National Committee are in Bombay, Y. W. C. A., Wellington Lines, and besides the homes there are many branches in all parts of the country and many and varied spheres of work.

In Bombay, the home, which has been built chiefly by the generosity of friends in England, is self-supporting, and supplies a great need in that city.

In Calcutta and Madras, the homes though not so attractive outwardly as the one in Bombay, are carrying on a good work; and in Madras a hostel for the accommodation of Indian girls wishing to carry on advanced studies has been opened under the care of Miss Margaret Adams, Somerville College, Oxford.

Rangoon has its own home, chiefly given by one friend; and the holiday Homes in Simla and Ootacamund have been meeting a long-felt need, that is to enable poor English and English-speaking girls living in the plains to have a change to the hills during the hot season.

Colombo, which covers such a wide area, has also got a home, though a small one, and so all over the country the Association tries to do what lies in its power to provide for the needs of young women.

The name of Miss Sorabji is so familiar to us that it is scarcely necessary to say anything about her. On her tour through India, Miss Sorabji stayed a few days in Madras, and some of us had the great pleasure of meeting her and of making acquaintance with her large and capable mind.

Miss Sorabji's chief object in coming to Madras was, as she said, to pursue her legitimate work; and in pursuance of this, an assembly of

some of the Madras lawyers was got up to meet her at the Mylapore Lawyers' Club, at which she delivered a long and interesting address on her legal scheme—the subject of giving legal assistance to zenana ladies.

After dwelling on some of the evils of the *purdah* system, on which there is no necessity for us to enlarge—they are so apparent and so often condemned; Miss Sorabji came to that particular evil of it, for which her legal scheme is intended to be in some measure a remedy. As she pointed out, though the laws of the country safeguarded the interests of the *purdhanashin* to a considerable extent, yet in practice there were great difficulties in the way of her obtaining competent legal advice. Where the illiterate *purdah* lady has only to act through her agent often going to the length of signing blank documents, there is no knowing what a great deal of fraud might be carried on without her knowing anything about it. It is rarely that we find such honesty and singleness of purpose in an agent, as to steer clear of all the immense opportunities for fraud and deceit as are found in an estate, managed in name only by an ignorant and closely-purdah and superstitious widow, as trustee to, in most cases, an infant, in a court where intrigue and secrecy are the recognised means of action.

Great is the need, therefore, for qualified ladies with a certain recognised status, who can act between the *purdhanashin* and the official world. In our part of India, the Gosha system is not at all so strict as in the north, but even here some cases occur of such a sort. And when the lady lawyer feels a genuine sympathy for the wants and aspirations of her ignorant and unfortunate sisters, and is capable of becoming their true friend, great indeed would be her help. Miss Sorabji's legal scheme would indeed be of signal use in the north, if not quite in the south. As Miss Sorabji herself admitted, there is not much to be said in favour of the lady-lawyer competing with men in the practice of law. On the other hand, many arguments could be induced on the side of her doing a solicitor's work, i.e., as a go-between between the client and the men-lawyers, who would do all the talking in Court. We wish every success indeed to Miss Sorabji's scheme. For every new project there will be a great deal of opposition. Human nature is very conservative; and human beings are very apt to be lazy and not move from established points. But, where there is perseverance, all difficulties will be carried away; and our short acquaintance with Miss Sorabji has convinced us that hers is indeed such a persevering nature, destined to carry all before it.

Among English ladies in India there is no warmer supporter of the cause of India's women than Mrs. Benson, the wife of the well-known civilian Judge of Madras, Mr. Justice Benson. There is not a single movement bearing upon the welfare of India's daughters, in which she does not take a personal and active interest. Her wide experience of things Indian and her deep culture aid her in viewing problems connected with the cause of the emancipation of India's daughters, in a light which has been fruitful of practical results in several directions. Her latest public utterance on female education has drawn the attention of the Indian public to the subject which is so much at her heart, in a way which few public utterances have done. Presiding at the distribution of prizes at a girls' school in Madras, under the management of the National Indian Association, she pointed to the apathy and indifference of the educated community in India, in the matter of the education of girls. The following words of advice and exhortation of hers are of special significance at this time, when there is so much talk about the greatness of India's past:—

"In India it is different. You believe in the past; all your writings, all your speeches, all your thoughts are of the past. You are content with poetic ideals of womanhood written hundreds of years ago, and content with the glories of some learned and gifted woman who vanished hundreds of years ago. But is it right or wise to ignore the precious present, and a bright possible future? Is India to have no future? Is it not true of the present day that, in the history of the world it is still 'Red of the dawn,' dawn—not day, that if 'twenty millions of summer

Are stored in the sun's light still,
We are far from the noon of man,
There is time for the race to grow."

"If India is to have no future, then by all means leave the women ignorant; if you look to a bright future, then for every day you postpone the education of your women, you postpone in equal measure, and in exact proportion that bright future; for 'a nation rises no higher than its mothers.'"

"Sir Subramania Iyer in his address said that he believed in the future—he believed in innumerable civilisations to come." So his speech was hopeful and stirring, and he avoided the usual harking back to the past, and exhorted you to make the most of the present, to be up and doing, and to educate Indian women. 'Indian women,' he said, 'have to be educated.' He asks you, how can Indian women benefit by the high ideals of Indian womanhood presented in India's epic poems, if they have no education, no intellectual work to do, nothing to learn, and are simply mothers? Mrs. Susie Sorabji in her stirring address at the Mahomedan Conference in Bombay, last December, pleaded eloquently for education to cast its bright beams into dark zenanas and Indian homes, with their petty jealousies, petty

strifes, ceaseless gossip and unending turmoil, to raise the poor little untrained mothers, and the poor little untrained children, and adds 'think how posterity will rise up and curse us because we have deliberately fettered it by leaving this generation uneducated.' She pleads for kindergarten schools, for home education classes, for more literature in the homes, and for the unifying gift of the English language, the language that is to be the universal language, and says it is very desirable that the literature of a land where woman is held in such honour, revered, loved, and confided in, should flood the East, where she is not thus honoured."

The following are some of the concluding remarks of Mrs. Benson's stirring speech:—

"That the women of India can respond as brilliantly to the education of to-day as ever they did in olden days, or the golden days of myth and poetry, is abundantly shown in the careers of such women as that heroine of India, Pandita Ramabai, who, alone, single-handed, a Hindu widow herself, pleaded many years ago for the education of the widows of India, and now her home for them numbers nearly 2,000 occupants. Such women as Mrs. Sorabji and her daughters, and quite a long list of lady graduates, including two Brahmin ladies educated in the Maharanees' College in Mysore and four Hindu lady graduates in Bombay. These ladies can and do plead for the education and enlightenment of their fellow-country women. At Ahmedabad, at the 16th Indian Social Conference, 50 Indian ladies attended the sittings, and eight of them spoke on subjects allotted to them. If you feel despondent, and wonder what a small handful of men scattered over a big town like Madras can do to fight the apathy, the ignorance and caste prejudices of the many—take courage from Miss Sorabji's apt illustration;—she says: 'There are hundreds in awakened India who are with you.' We read of a commander in the War in America who was ordered to make an immediate advance on the enemy. Through the thick brushwood he went forward, leading as he thought a forlorn hope. How could his little battalion do aught against so vast a force? Through the long brushwood all that dark night they travelled, despairing but obedient, and in the opal-tinted dawn as they broke from the thick forest, lo! from the right, and left, and from behind, emerged troop after troop, the sun shone on a thousand sabres, and revealed the completed army that through the long night had toiled through the forest, each battalion thinking itself alone."

"So it will be with the dead weight of the uneducated half of India; let each little battalion go forward, doing its very utmost."

'Prophet eyes may catch a glory,
Slowly gaining on the shade,'
'Say not the struggle naught availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been, they remain,
For, not by Eastern windows only
When daylight comes, comes the light
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright!'"

This is the title of the picture of the famous Indian artist, Mr. Ravi Varma, which we give facing page 280. In this picture, Droupadi, the heroine of the Mahabharat, who was known as Sairandhri, during the time she was attached to the Queen of Virata as one of her maid-servants, is represented as issuing from the palace gate weeping, bearing in her left hand a jug of wine and other viands sent by her royal mistress to be given to her brother, Kichaka, who was the commander of the king's forces. Kichaka was so deeply in love with the supposed maid of his sister that she became the victim of his constant persecutions. Sairandhri found herself placed between two fires—her duty to her mistress and her dread of Kichaka. After debating the question in her mind for some time, she came to the conclusion that the former was the more imperative one, and so confiding herself to the protection of her god, Sri Krishna, who had delivered her from so many trials and dangers, she left for Kichaka's residence, weeping and trembling with fear.

Literary Notes.

[Specially compiled for the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*.]

Are the people of England given to the reading of religious literature? According to the *Academy*, so far as the West End is concerned, though Bibles and prayer books are still sold in considerable numbers, and though there is still much demand for "Thomas a Kempis" and Keble's "Christian Year," still religious literature is not patronised to the same extent as before. But in the city of London, the state of things seems to be different. These books on higher criticism contain Bampton lectures, and editions of the Bible are in constant demand.

A modernised version of Chaucer's "The Knight's Tale" by Prof. Skeat, is to be issued in the King's Classics at 1s. To the "English Men of Letters Series" a new and important addition has been made and that is Mr. Edmund Gosse's monograph on Jeremy Taylor.

The Japanese are a fascinating race, and have charmed many men and women from the Occident. Their arts, their manners and customs, their learning and their ignorance, their "uniqueness" all stimulate curiosity and often if not always admiration. A few years ago they were looked upon as a people who amused the wiser races of the Western world by their curious upside down ways of thought and action, to-day they are to us a serious problem, which statesmen and rulers must study and must try to solve. In "Queer Things about Japan" (Treherne, 21s. net), Mr. Douglas Sladen does not set out to criticise the Japanese seriously, but to describe the humours of Japanese life, as they presented themselves to him some years ago. The Japan we are shown here, is a land of

brilliant colours, of exquisite buildings, of lovely gardens, of smiling men and women, girls and boys; rickshaw men, mousmees, shopkeepers, street hawkers, geishas, priests, *samurais*, a jostling, bustling, merry crowd.

"Some Indian Friends and Acquaintances" is the title of a new book by Lieut. Colonel D. D. Cunningham, C.I.E., F.R.S. (Murray), which contains a study of the ways of birds and other animals frequenting Indian streets and gardens. The author has much of engrossing interest about crows—their code of ethics, their marital relations, their speech, etc.

A Swedish authoress, Ellen Kay, has published a very interesting study of Mrs. Browning. She points out that Mrs. Browning, both by her life and her poetry, contributed in no small degree to raise the position of women. Her views about women are best seen in "Aurora Leigh," a poem which Ellen Kay considers not only one of the most original and representative works of the present era, but a poem, which will preserve for future ages a picture of its time. Instinct with passionate feeling for the realities of modern life, it paints the sharp contrasts, the blinding lights and dark shadows, the unrest, the inquiring spirit, that are its characteristics. The main thought of the poem is that all women who, like Aurora Leigh, put the artist before the woman, will be likely to suffer shipwreck. Mrs. Browning, says Ellen Kay, was absolutely convinced that a woman's highest gifts lay not in her powers of creation, but in the region of her emotions. But at the same time, she makes it perfectly clear that the heart and the intellect of a woman need never be in conflict, if both are strong.

The Indian Ladies' Magazine Prize Competition.

A Prize of Rs. 5 will be offered each month to Indian Lady contributors for the article judged to be the most interesting and best written among those published in the INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE each month. The articles will be judged by "An Englishwoman in India." The competitors should be bona fide subscribers to the Magazine. The Prize for February has been awarded to an Indian lady for her criticism of Mrs. F. Penny's novel, "A Mixed Marriage."

What is being done for and by India's Daughters.

A Normal school to train Mohamedan ladies as school mistresses is about to be opened in the Mysore State.

—Mrs. Besant, in advocating reform on so-called national lines, though she does not favour the remarriage of widows, protests emphatically against infant marriage, and she even goes the length of saying, that even if the Shastras favour infant marriage, we should be guided by the laws of God as stamped in nature. Her announcement on this point is very important:—

"Then we come to the question of marriage reform, and one of the most vital questions with which a nation has to deal; for, on the home, the nation is builded, and on the ideal of marriage depends the future of the race. Now, the proposals that are made in order that undoubted evils may be met and eradicated are not revolutionary in their character. It is proposed to gradually raise the age of betrothals and marriages in the case of girls as well as boys, thereby diminishing the chances of early widowhood. That point of raising the marriage age is one of vital importance to the nation. Look at it for a moment from the ordinary standpoint. The Indian health is going down. Indian boys, when they come out of the college are not the vigorous, strong and healthy youths that they ought to be; they are too often worn out by their studies and on the verge of nervous weakness or nervous collapse. Look through your middle-aged men, you will find they have touched old age rather than middle age. You will find, with the competition of modern life coming on them at the same time as the comparatively modern Indian ways of living, that this is devitalising the body and is making them old before their time. The question touches, of course, on certain religious precepts, and I am not going to discuss with you here the details of interpretation of isolated texts. But this I say, there is no possibility that the revelation of Iswara himself in nature shall be in contradiction to any revelation of Him that comes from the mouths of the Rishis. If you find that God in nature has stamped certain laws ineradicably as to marriageable age, if you find that disregard of these laws is leading your nation rapidly to physical decay, then you may be sure, that if an isolated text commands early marriage, there is some blunder in the interpretation of that text, and that Iswara in nature and God Himself in nature cannot have possibly ever made certain conditions necessary for national health and laid down other conditions in the written record of the Shastras.

—Her Excellency Lady Amptill has been showing her interest in the cause of female education by being present at several functions connected with important institutions for girls in Madras. Her sweet and genial presence at these gatherings is a source of great encouragement to those who are engaged in the uphill and arduous task of the education of India's daughters.

—The Kanja Mala Vidyasala at Jullundur city is

an important institution for girls which is doing excellent work in the Punjab. Mr. Bell, the Director of Public Instruction, paid a special visit to the Vidyasala on the 29th of January, 1904, and has left the following record: "I was delighted, with all I saw, and left the institution with renewed hopefulness of female education in this country. It is through the enthusiasm and co-operation of enlightened individuals, that progress will be most surely attained. I congratulate Lala Den Raj heartily on the result of his devotion, energy, and self-sacrifice."

Following the excellent example of Mysore and Travancore, the Cochin Government is bestirring itself in the direction of encouraging female education. There is an excellent Government institution at Ernakulum, which the enlightened Rajah intends raising to a higher standard. With this view we are informed that the institution is likely to be reorganized on an entirely new basis. Mr. Pattabirama Row, the Dewan, is also a supporter of the cause of the education of girls.

—The following are the comments of the *Madras Mail* on the admirable speech of Mrs. Benson, which we refer to elsewhere:—

"Mrs. Benson is one of the few ladies in Madras who, occasionally, indulge in public speaking, and her speeches are always worth listening to and reading. Ladies, like Mrs. Benson, with intimate knowledge of, and sympathy with, the movement for encouraging and extending female education in India, can urge it on with considerable authority and effect. Her speech at the yesterday's meeting of the Hindu girls' school in Black Town, in connection with the National Indian Association, showed how carefully and keenly she follows the movement, and how very little what is done by the women of India for the women of India escapes her attention. As we pointed out recently, in connection with the Mohamedan Literary Society, the present is an age of transition in India. Every community shows signs of awaking from that long meditation on the past, so well, apostrophised by Matthew Arnold in his well known lines, and is looking forward to the future and what it has in store for it. The promise of the future, however, depends on the effort of the community, and where movement and energy within are greatest, the progress of that community is surest. The movement in connection with the spread of female education, in Madras at least, is over 30 years old, and enough was said at yesterday's meeting to show that the quickening from within is still very slow, though not altogether wanting. Were it more apparent, we should never have been told that the comparatively small sum necessary to maintain the six Vizianagram girls' schools in Madras was not procurable from the Hindu community of this city, and that while some of the schools had to be closed, others have had to go begging for patrons to keep them alive and doing their modicum of very useful work.

"Mrs. Benson's speech was throughout excellent in matter and form, and she undoubtedly made a point when she showed that examples exist among India's women to-day, who can respond as brilliantly to the education of to-day as ever they did in the olden and golden days of myth and poetry."



News and Notes.

The Kaiser-i-Hind gold medal was presented in person by His Excellency Lord Amptill to Mr. Ravi Varma Kovil Tampuram, the celebrated artist.

—A fund has been started by a society, consisting of Japanese residents in Bombay, in aid of the widows and families of soldiers, and sailors who may fall in the war.

It is a matter for regret that in the whole of the Punjab the number of Mahomedan girls at the secondary stage of instruction is only 72 and at the primary stage only 4,072. At the Middle School examination 15 girls were successful.

—The marriage of Soti Lal, Zemindar, Bijnor, was solemnised at Moradabad with the widowed daughter of Pandit Bool Chand, clerk in the Public Works Department Viceregal Secretariat, with great *eclat* under the auspices of the Widow Marriage Association, Shahjahanpur. Great enthusiasm prevailed. About a thousand ladies and gentlemen, orthodox Hindus and Arya Samajists, including Raja Jaikhandas, attended the ceremony. The parties are respectable Gaur Brahmins.

—Elderly people and others, who may be temporarily house-bound and prevented from enjoying regular daily exercise out of doors, may devise a fair substitute as follows: Dress warmly at for the usual constitutional, select a large, sunny room, preferably at the top of the house, open wide the windows, shut off the heat, and move around briskly going to

the window and inhaling the fresh air deeply through the nostrils. Deep inhalations of air at the open window, taken gently through the nose, impart an enlivening and tonic influence on the whole nervous system, which can soon be demonstrated by experience.—*Health Magazine*.

—A lecture on "The Education of Women in the Far East" was given on January 28th at the Imperial Institute by Miss E. F. Hughes. An attractive collection of drawings, done by Japanese school girls, was on view, the painting of white flowers being particularly beautiful. Sir Charles C. Stevens, K.C.S.I., who presided, said, in introducing Miss Hughes, that she had great experience in her subject, having been Principal of the Newnham Training School, until failing health compelled her to travel. Miss Hughes insisted that understanding of the East was necessary before Europeans could attempt to instruct Orientals. The history of the country should also be known. No race could properly educate another. Each race must evolve its own education. Japan was unconquered and, she believed, unconquerable, and although the people were ready to adopt Western progress, they had not cut themselves away from their past, but altered things to suit their Oriental requirements. The uneducated state of the women was a block to the progress of the nation, as the interests of men and women could never be separated. Japanese gentlemen with Western education could find no companionship in their homes with ill-educated women, and many who desired to make progress found an effectual barrier to change in the person of the Oriental mother-in-law, who always ruled the home inhabited by several generations. Government was doing much to improve the state of women, but arranged all from the masculine point of view—a mistake not peculiar to Japan. In the girls' high schools the Principal was always a man, which was not desirable; but there were now well-trained female teachers, who in time would be qualified for the highest posts. While women were legally in a position of great subjection, the Japanese men were never the tyrants so many of our own men were in their own homes. Miss Hughes paid a high tribute to the virtues of both Japanese men and women. The home life of the women afforded much variety of work, as, happily for them, machinery, stores, and ready-made clothes had not deprived them of many domestic duties.

—The earnest patriotism, which pervades the Japanese nation, and which has induced them in the past to make great sacrifices for the cause of their country, was pathetically illustrated by the letter of a little Japanese girl to her elder brother, who was serving in China with the army in the China-Japanese War. The girl's name was Tono, and she was supporting her parents unaided while her brother was away with the army. The girl was evidently a child of the people and of deficient education, but it would be impossible, nevertheless, for anyone to express more loyally a belief in the great destiny of his country, and to teach more courageously the duty of self-sacrifice. We give the letter in full, as it would be a pity to spoil it by an abstract:—

"Dear brother," writes little Tono, "with your departure we lost a pillar on which we could depend.

In my weak way I try to play your part, now that you have gone, and faithfully serve our parents. Do not, therefore, be uneasy about us. Our armies have I hear, conquered in many places, capturing many guns and much ammunition. We people at home are very glad to hear of this. His Majesty the Emperor is well satisfied with the exertions of the army and navy; and, out of sympathy with the hard life you soldiers lead, is, I hear living, in a very frugal style at Hiroshima. The papers say that Japan is three times as strong as China, the power of the former being proved by her invincibility on the sea as well as on the land. We have heard about the gate-opening of Phyon-yang. Even little children, three or four years old, now go about singing the song "Ute ya susume ya Shinkoku wo." [This is the refrain of one of the military ballads

composed shortly after the outbreak of the war.] Our great Emperor is so benevolent that he takes much interest in the welfare of the families of the soldiers abroad. Indeed, you need never be anxious about us. March on bravely. Let all the world see how courageous the Japanese are. Don't let yourself be outdone by others in pressing forward boldly. This is the best way to cheer our parents. If you think only of saving your own life, then you will be able to do nothing for our Emperor and our country. Yet you must not merely die; if you must fall, let it be in the midst of some heroic exploit. Every day and night I pray to the gods about these things. I repeat, dear brother, you need not worry about us at home. I have much more to tell you, but will save the rest for another letter. Your loving sister, Tono."

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

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THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Vol. III.

APRIL, 1904.

No. 10.

SHOULD I CARE? ..

Still is there joy in life,
Still shines the sun;
What tho' the time glass shows,
My race be run?

Still is there work for man,—
Fame, wealth, success;
Sweet woman's gracious love,
Still man doth bless.

Children, man's heritage,
Of Eden's bliss;
Still climb their mother's knees,
Her lips to kiss.

Still, groping, man will seek,—
When I'm no more—
With feeble hands outstretch'd,
The Distant Shore.

And if, from elsewhere, I
Could win rebirth;
I wonder should I care,
To visit Earth?

A. P. SMITH.

Trevandrum.



Around a Distant Star.

BOOK I.—CHILDREN OF EARTH.

BY JEAN DELAIRE.

Author of "Alsatian Tales," "A Dream of Fame," etc.

CHAPTER VII.—(THE GREAT DISCOVERY).

[SUMMARY OF CHAPTERS I TO VI.—Royal Stanton and Clive Delafelt were friends at school, and the former was the hero in it, both on account of his intellectual attainments and his high moral character. He was greatly interested in astronomy, and was ever trying to discover something new. They both were staying at Estrella Lodge—in the Isle of Jersey—the home of Roy and his sister, and there they had listened to a clever lecture on the system of double stars by a learned Professor, which had made a great impression on Roy, and filled him with impossible dreams of reaching the stars. After this, Clive goes to Egypt. When, after an absence of two years, he returns, he finds Roy quite changed, unhappily brooding over the misery of human beings, which is brought home to him by the sight and close knowledge of evil and sorrow revealed to him in the slums of London by a friend of his—an atheist, yet a philanthropist. Roy is filled with a desire to do his duty in the redemption of such misery; but, to him, the chief characteristic of whose nature is the need of absolute, mathematical certainty in all things, it seems that the hopelessness of their lives can only be relieved by a certain belief in Christ, by someone saying "I know, I have seen, I believe in Him,"—a faith to be induced by certain sight alone. After this, Clive goes to India. Seven years later, having lost his father, and being disgusted with the second marriage of his mother, he returns to Roy, and finds him on the brink of completing his work, which work however is a secret from almost everyone. But Roy's mother, through the force of her love, has almost guessed the secret, and imparts, what she thinks the nature of it to be, to Clive. In fear and wonder, they await his real revelation. In the meantime, Clive and Roy's sister, Estrella, become engaged to be married.]



THE great day came at last: the day when hidden things were to be revealed and mysteries made clear—the day Roy was to speak and tell us his secret.

"Will you come to the work-room this evening, Clive, between nine and ten?"

This was all he said; but I understood the promise his words implied, and my heart beat quicker at the thought.

I had never yet entered the mysterious house with the glass dome that glittered so temptingly in the near distance, and in spite of Estrella's repeated assurances that it was only a room combined, I could not divest myself of the idea that wonderful sights, hitherto unknown to earth, would greet me on my entrance.

was with a thrill of intense emotion that I stood at the appointed hour before the door, which had always remained so obstinately closed to me and all the world. Roy himself answered my knock.

It needed but a glance at his face to show me that I had not come in vain: he was transfused, and the holy joy of work accomplished shone in his eyes.

Together we entered the vast hall, brilliantly lighted by hundreds of electric lamps that formed a luminous frieze beneath the glass dome. Save for this dazzling illumination, Estrella's description was correct: an observatory and electrical engine room combined. It looked little more, save for the towering shape of a huge cylinder in brilliant aluminium that rested on a light structure of iron, and resembled nothing so much as a gigantic bomb, ready to leap into space.

On one side of it stood a large equatorial and two medium-sized telescopes, on the other were numerous machines, electrical machines, to all appearances, yet with a something unfamiliar in the details of their structure, that at once arrested my attention.

For some moments I gazed at them curiously, wondering if in them rested the secret of Roy's discovery; then I turned to Roy with a question on my lips. He stood by my side, yet far away from me, his eyes lost in an inward vision. I had not seen that wrapt expression on his face since that day of his boyhood, when for the first time the great astronomical truths were revealed to him. As I had seen him at Professor Tweed's lecture, bending eagerly forward with clasped hands and trembling lips, so he stood by me now, large-eyed and pale as prophets are when the fire burns within them.

My earnest glance called him back from his dream. He remembered my presence and looked at me with a smile.

"Come!" he said.

He took me by the hand and led me outside, into the fragrant coolness of the garden. The night-flowering plants shone starry white in the rays of the young moon and burdened the air with their strong, voluptuous scent—a scent which suggested far away bowers in some unknown Fairyland.

Above us the stars filled the solitudes of Space with throbbing life.

"Look at these, Clive," Roy said as he lifted his eyes to the immensities overhead. "Look at those stars, sprinkled like grains of sand on the shores of eternity... Everyone is a world; nay, every one is the centre of a multitude of worlds, the sun of a planetary system as beautiful, or more beautiful than our own!... Can you, Clive, can anyone see them and not burn with

a passion for knowledge—for year knowledge? Does it satisfy you to know their distance, their orbits, their velocity? No, we want to know them as man knows man—we long to meet them as friend meets friend, as brother hails brother. We want to know them as God knows them, He who created them and knows the secret of their destiny, as he reads the secret of every human heart... Can you see them, Clive, there above us, calling to us in their eternal silence, and not feel as if wings were unfolding within you? As if nothing, no, nothing in infinite creation could keep you from flying towards them as the eagle to the sun?... Clive, I shall do it... I am called... By God's will I shall do it!... It is done, Clive, all is ready... To-morrow, to-day, I might start!... Ah, Clive!... To possess my dream at last: To be as a soul freed from time and space, and journey among the stars... And then," he added in a lower voice, "to know the truth about Him!"

I failed to grasp the meaning of these last words, but Roy's manner as he spoke them—more to himself than to me,—forbade any question. Besides, the momentary curiosity they had aroused was soon lost in the far greater wonder excited by Roy's revelation.

"You have, then, solved the problem of inter-planetary communication?" I asked in an awed whisper.

He smiled. "Inter-planetary, yes,—and inter-stellar."

"Inter-stellar?" I repeated with deepening wonder.

"Yes. Come back to the work-room, Clive, and I will tell you everything."

I followed him into the house. The night was warm, but several open windows gave a pleasant coolness to the great hall. Roy lifted a portière close to the entrance and showed me a little sanctum littered with papers and plans of every description, and crowded with miniature models of machinery. He removed a heap of manuscripts from the only visible chair, to which he courteously invited me, whilst he found for himself a seat on a corner of the great desk.

"You know, Clive," he began—and I noticed at his first words that the fiery enthusiasm of a moment ago had subsided into a calmer mood—"you know I have long dreamt of journeying into space, from planet to planet, from star to star... Do you remember Professor Tweed's lecture? And our conversation as we walked home? But even that was not the beginning... I cannot recall the moment when the idea, the instinct, first came to me; but the professor's lecture revealed me to myself. What had been a dream—vague, intangible—became a reality, the one reality of my life.

Henceforward the idea never left me: I lived

with it, in it, through it... Do you know, Clive, how dear a thought may become?—How it cleaves to us, seeming to become our very flesh?—How it winds itself about our heart, our brain, our soul? Once—only once—did another thought step between us twain and strive to separate us... The pain was well-nigh intolerable! Perhaps you remember... But of this I will speak later on."

He was silent and thoughtful for some moments, then continued:

"You are aware, Clive, that our cleverest men of science are at present only learning to read in the great book of nature. You know that we are surrounded by tremendous, inconceivable forces—some known, many unknown—and that the unknown ones are the greater! In spite of the magnificent discoveries of late years, we are still, relatively to the forces of Nature, in the situation so beautifully described by Newton, of children gathering pebbles on the seashore, while the infinite ocean of truth lies unexplored before us. We talk glibly of light, heat, electricity, and to the mind untrained in scientific thought, it seems as if nothing could be simpler or more commonplace than these daily manifestations. It takes us many years to learn that the apparently simple phenomenon of light is as great a mystery as any that may confront the human mind—that in the heavens above, or in the earth below, an unanswerable question meets us at every step. "Yes," Roy continued meditatively, "it takes us many years to learn that; whether the microscope reveals the wonderful cell-structure of a blade of grass, or the telescope discovers the marvels of double and treble stars, we are ever face to face with a mystery, as inscrutable in the infinitely small as in the infinitely great."

"But I am wandering from my subject," he added with a smile. "You must not let me do it, Clive!"

"Well, for many years I felt that, could we but discover it, there must be in nature a force which would solve the problem of inter-planetary, or even of inter-stellar, communication. After all, it resolves itself into a mere question of velocity. If we can obtain a velocity sufficient to overcome the earth's gravity, the first and most difficult part of the problem is solved... By the way, are you aware that that question, seemingly so modern, is in reality a very ancient one?"

"Is it?" I asked with much surprise.

"Why, yes! Ancient, and almost commonplace. Already, among the Romans of the second century, it appears that stories of visits to other worlds were as plentiful as daisies in a summer meadow, and since then, from Lucian to Dante, from Ariosto to Swedenberg, from Cyrano de

Bergerac to Edgar Poe, what a long line of thinkers who have taken their flight into heavenly spaces! And in modern times, starting from Jules Verne's delightful journey to the moon, how many searchers for novelty have built more or less fantastic tales on an astronomical basis? Indeed, in our own age, so distinctly scientific even in its ideals, astronomical fiction is certain to become popular—until the inevitable reaction sets in and people begin to weary of planetary sensationalism."

"When they shall return, let us hope, with a sigh of relief, to some simple idyll of this world," I added. "But, Roy, I beg of you, satisfy my curiosity! What about your wonderful discovery?"

"Have one moment's patience, Clive! I am coming to the point,—though I seem to be wandering from my subject,—for it is fiction that has once more shown the way to science, and has led her to this, the greatest of all discoveries."

"Do you mean this, Roy?" I could not help exclaiming in amazed delight.

"I mean it. When Jules Verne wrote his clever, little book, *De la Terre à la Lune*, he hit upon the right, the only method of solving the problem. The simple idea of the cannon and the cannon ball, fantastic as it may appear, is in reality the true principle of inter-planetary communication. All the more or less extraordinary air-boats invented by modern novelists are, and probably for ever will be, impracticable. I cannot pretend to say what the science of the future may or may not do, but I doubt that a machine which can ascend and descend at will, like a balloon, augment or moderate its speed, draw near to the planets, and even to the sun, without falling into them, and so forth, and that in *ethereal space*, will ever exist outside its creator's imagination.

"But the principle of the cannon and the cannon ball is undoubtedly the right one. Reduced to its simplest expression, the problem stands thus; build a machine that will generate a velocity of about one mile per second; construct an air-boat that will be projected by this machine as a stone is flung by a catapult—or a cannon ball out of a cannon, to keep to the old simile,—from the angle of the lines of motion so that the air ship will fall in a straight line on a certain star or planet, and the problem is solved."

"It sounds wonderfully easy," I remarked with a smile.

"In a way it is easy," replied Roy, "yet for nearly seven years I vainly sought a power that would generate a velocity not of one mile a second, but a velocity a hundred, a thousand, a million times greater. A velocity of one mile per second would free us from the Earth's attraction

only to land us either on the Moon or on Mars, or more probably still, on the Sun. Naturally," Roy added with a gleam of fun, "I have not worked nine years of my life to end by falling on the sun like a moth in a flame; and I confess that my ambition goes further than the Moon or Mars, or any of the planets of our system."

"Roy!" I exclaimed in incredulous wonderment.

"Stay! Do not interrupt me, Clive, or you will have to complain of another digression. . . . For seven years I have sought this power—and at last I have discovered it."

"And it is—?"

"I call it a new mode of electro-magnetism, but its real nature is as yet a mystery. It is electricity, but an electricity that will accomplish wonders hitherto unknown to science."

"You know that light and electricity possess the two greatest known velocities, light travelling at the rate of one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles in a second, and electricity with nearly double that velocity, namely, two hundred and eighty-eight thousand miles per second."

"I cannot now understand why I was so unwise as to waste nearly five years in useless experiments on light rays, at the same time neglecting electricity with its tremendous hidden forces. You are aware that the motive power of light has but lately been demonstrated, but, years before this discovery, I felt convinced that the latent energy of light waves could be transformed into potential energy, and so I experimented with sun rays, Cathode rays, X rays,—and failed continually."

"And yet you did not despair of success?"

Roy looked at me with wondering eyes.

"Despair of success?" he repeated slowly.

"No, never: I knew I should succeed."

His faith left me silent, and after a moment he continued:—

"One night, after, I had worked for many hours on some experiment that proved fruitless, when I was nearer discouragement than I have ever known myself to be, two words flashed through my brain like a command: *Positive—Negative*. I mused over them for a while, but failed to discover any meaning that bore on the problem. Positive and negative electricity? Was the force I was seeking hidden between the two poles of an electric battery? I must have been singularly stupid, or overworked, at the time, for I pondered, and pondered, yet saw no light."

"Eighteen months later I was reading an account of Nikola Tesla's wonderful experiments before the London Royal Society. You know that with his new dynamo—and the help of special condensers—he is able to obtain an

electric current fifteen thousand times more powerful than any hitherto known. What a leap, this, in the science of electricity! Instead of one hundred alternations in a second, Tesla multiplies them to over one million five hundred thousand per second!

"The strangest part of this new electricity—if one may call it so—is that whilst an ordinary current of two thousand volts, or even less, will kill a man, a current of fifty thousand volts, as produced by Tesla's dynamo, not only causes no shock, but cannot even be felt, so that flashes of lightning become mere toys in the experimenter's hands! And this tremendous force—that will pass, unfelt, through a man as easily as a wave of light passes through a sheet of glass—this force needs no wire for its transmission, but acts at a distance across space, free and untrammelled as a ray of sunshine."

"It was while reading the description of these experiments that I received my inspiration—I can call it by no other name. For without any effort of my own, without conscious thought even, I saw before me the problem and its solution; I knew I must discover a mode of electricity as far exceeding Tesla's in power, as Tesla's exceeds ordinary electricity. Positive—Negative! I understood the words at last: Positive electricity that attracts negative, but repels positive electricity. . . . *Positive electricity acting motive power on itself*. This was the secret!"

"How it was, I do not know, but the moment the idea flashed through my mind, I knew the problem was solved. In an inward vision I saw, as clearly as I see it now, every difficulty overcome, every obstacle removed: The years of striving were past, and I touched the goal."

"But, Roy," I ventured to say hesitantly, "I do not at all understand—yet—"

"No, of course you do not!" laughed Roy, his manner, recovering as if by enchantment the light-hearted vivacity of old. "You cannot understand, for as yet I have explained nothing! But look at this model—or rather no," he added, rising, "let us study the machines themselves, and all will be made clear to you."

"I am not quite certain of that," I replied doubtfully, as I followed him into the hall, "for to tell you the truth, Roy, I am feeling more bewildered with every word you utter!"

"Well, look at this air-ship, and then at this dynamo, and you will grasp the principle in a moment."

"That," he continued, pointing to the large conicocylindrical shape which towered high above all the other machines, "is my air-boat, and this," he added with a glance towards a small, curiously shaped dynamo, "generates its motive power that will launch it into space."

In other words, there is my cannon ball, and here is my cannon. From that machine will start a special electro-magnetic current possessing a velocity which will exceed nearly two thousand times that of light—a velocity which can be graduated from one million to over three million miles a second."

I felt my brain reel at those figures.

"It does seem an inconceivable velocity, does it not?" added Roy, seeing my amazement. "And it is inconceivable—but so are all the forces of Nature. We cannot conceive the rapidity of the etheric vibrations which produce light, though science tells us that in the red colour it is over four hundred and fifty trillions—in the violet over seven hundred trillion of undulations in one second. . . . All is inconceivable, all is tremendous in nature."

"This, then," he continued after a moment's silence, "is my motive power, and its discovery was the first step towards the solution of the problem. The next step was the construction of an air-boat—or let us simply call it a projectile, for the word boat is misleading—on which the electric current would act as the catapult acts on a stone. Of course you remember the first principle of electric science, that while bodies charged with opposite kinds of electricity attract one another, those charged with the same kind of electricity repel one another. My current will be one of positive electricity; a wire net, also charged with positive electricity, will envelop the case of my projectile, which will thus be caught in, yet perpetually repelled by the current, flying before it, as it were, like chaff before the wind."

The truth slowly dawned upon me.

"I see! I understand!" I exclaimed excitedly.

"It is simple—beautifully simple! But, Roy, is it possible? Is it real? Is it, can it be, anything beyond a dream?" Roy smiled quietly.

"Vynne and I have made repeated experiments with the small model, and so far every experiment has been a success."

For some moments I stared at my friend in a wonder too great for words. Hitherto I had looked at his work through a haze. It had been something dim, visionary—the dream of an enthusiast who, like many another dreamer, madly attempted to scale the heavens. And lo! Before my eyes the mist cleared, the vision became distinct, and the dream a reality. It was possible, then, this wildest of all impossibilities? Man was not forever tied to his little square of earth—not for ever condemned to live in the midst of wonders eternally remote—to bask in the rays of the sun, and never fathom its mysteries—to live under the silent stars, and never behold them face to face? Truly the

visions of prophets had come to pass: The heavens were to be opened to the human gaze, and human thought, like Angels, would pass from world to world.

I gazed at Roy as he stood by one of the large dynamos, looking wonderfully small and frail by the side of it—a human atom which the least part of the great machine might easily have crushed—yet, in spite of his attenuated frame, his sunken eyes, his hair bleached by ceaseless work, appearing so magnificent in the royalty of his all-conquering genius, that my soul bowed before him and did him homage, as a subject before his sovereign.

"Roy," I said at last, "Am I awake—or dreaming? Am I asleep, and shall I presently open my eyes and wonder at my dreams? You have solved this problem—you, Roy—you! . . . And you will start on a journey to the planets?"

"No," answered Roy, "not to the planets."

"Then—?"

"To the confines of the Universe."

The Bringing up of Children.

[A PAPER READ BY MRS. CASSON WALKER AT
A MEETING OF THE HYDERABAD LADIES'
ASSOCIATION.]



BEFORE reading a short paper I have prepared, I wish to tell you how proud and pleased I am to have been made President of your Association and I hope to be able, even in some small degree, to further its objects. It has been a great pleasure to me to make your

acquaintance and I hope time will ripen our acquaintance into friendship.

The subject I have ventured on choosing for discussion to-day is the well worn one of "the bringing up of children." I have selected this, not because I can lay claim to any superior knowledge of, or experience in, children's characters, but because it is one that interests me greatly and which I think must equally interest most of you ladies here present. I need hardly say that I feel acutely the difficulties under which I labour in addressing my present audience on a matter of this kind. Chief among these difficulties I may mention this, that I know nothing of the children's lives in your homes,

except what I have learned from some of you in casual conversation. Secondly, I have very little knowledge of the real conditions of your family life, or of the difficulties and time-honoured prejudices with which mothers have to contend. Thirdly, I have had no opportunity of forming any judgment as to the general character of the grown up man in India. We have a proverb in England that "The boy makes the man," that is, that the character of the grown man depends altogether on the training he received as a boy. So fast do we hold to this theory that, when we find any one sunk in misfortunes brought on him by his own follies or vices, we have a habit in the last resort of imputing the fault, not so much to the man himself, as to his parents who were responsible for his bringing up. That is, we at once rush to the somewhat hasty conclusion that his parents must have spoilt or overpampered him, when he was a child.

It is quite possible that your grown men exhibit qualities and virtues which would justify Indians in claiming that their system of bringing up children is all for the best. I can only hope it is so. But for the present I must lay aside all such considerations and doubts, and confine myself in this paper to such conditions, as I have either read or heard are universally admitted to exercise a baneful influence on the formation of children's characters in your homes. The defects of bringing up, to which I refer chiefly, are as follows:—

(1) Children in an Indian home are left too much of the day to servants, their mothers do not recognize sufficiently their responsibility for watching the gradual formation of their children's characters.

(2) The children are not encouraged in their early youth to play together at games in which they can by degrees acquire the invaluable rule of "give and take," that is, to learn the rule of mutual forbearance.

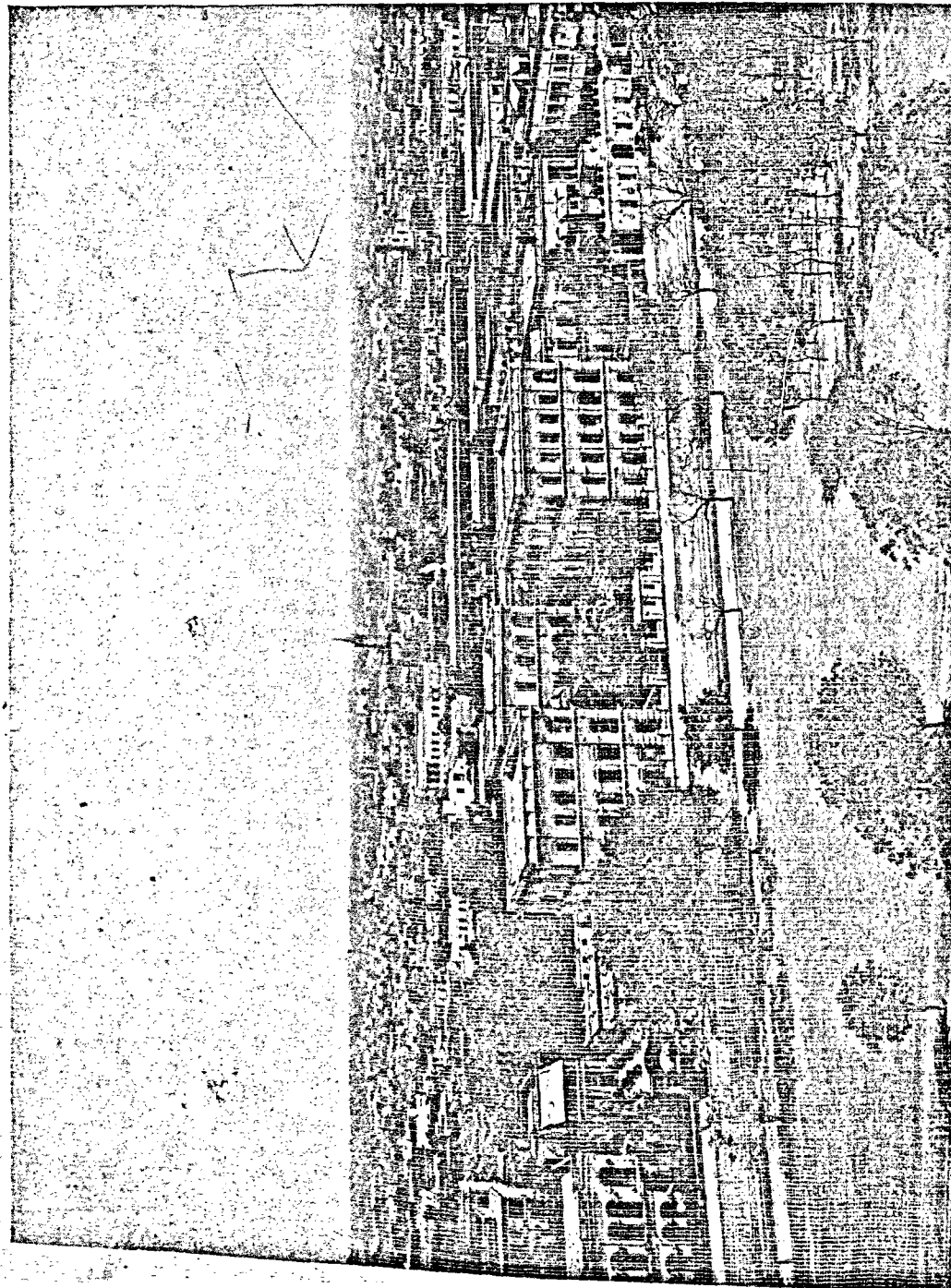
(3) They are not taught to amuse or employ themselves independently of their surroundings.

(4) I understand that, as a general rule, precedence is given to the boy before the girl, whereas according to our principles it should be quite the opposite.

I again have to remind you that I may be quite mistaken in some or all of the above premises, if so I can only throw myself on your forbearance and proceed to take each point separately as noted above.

If I am correct in thinking that children do spend much time with servants, then I would ask what interest hired domestics can have either in watching the words and acts of their young charges, or in correcting what they see to be wrong. The faults to which children are

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A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CALCUTTA.

(Vide article "John Oliver Hobbes on Imperial India.")

most prone so far as my experience goes are these:—Disobedience, indifference to truth-speaking, disregard to the comfort and convenience of others.

These faults cannot be said to be ingrained in childhood, they are not found ready made. When first observed they are easily checked, if taken in time. But on the other hand they are faults which, if not corrected from the very commencement of childhood, are certain to develop with terrible rapidity and in a little to become part of the child's disposition, unless there be some one to point out to the child the necessity for overcoming and throwing them off. Now I would ask again, who is sufficiently interested in a child and anxious for its future welfare to trouble himself or herself to maintain a strict watch over the child's ways and behaviour and to find opportunities for gently and patiently correcting petty errors, but the mother—and how can the mother discharge this sacred duty unless she makes a point of keeping the children, much in her company, and under conditions in which she is able carefully and conscientiously to watch her children, undistracted by the company and conversation of other grown up persons, or by other less urgent cares? It sounds egotistic to tell you what my own aspirations have always been, as regards my children, but I have I believe consistently followed the rule of seeing much of my children every day and joining with them in their games and amusements. I have certainly not spared them, when their words or talk or behaviour to each other jarred on my sense of what was right and becoming. The slightest deviation from truth speaking, to which my attention has been called in any of the children, has been visited with reproof and admonition, or sometimes with more severe punishment. I may further say that I have observed the defects enumerated above, to prevail most among children in English nurseries, whose mothers I have known were prevented by one thing or another from seeing much of their children.

The second defect of education that I have mentioned is that children are not sufficiently encouraged to play together in childish games. Here again I am proceeding largely on surmise and hear say. But if this impression of mine is correct, then I venture to point out that there is no better correction of children's natural impatience and selfishness than to have constant rough games in the nursery. This want, if it exists, has been corrected in late years by the extraordinary impetus given to cricket, football, hockey and other like games among boys of the present day. But remember that only one section of your community, namely the boys, get the benefit of these. The girls

of course cannot join in, more is the pity. It will perhaps interest some of you to hear that in England all these athletic games, as they used to be called, have gained just as fast and sudden a hold upon girls at most English schools, as they have on the Indian boys. When I was last at Cheltenham, some fifteen months ago, we watched our two daughters playing hockey as keenly and furiously in a house match, rushing about and scrimaging for the ball, and as roughly as the most devoted athletes could be expected to do. In my young days such goings on were unheard of and parents would never have countenanced their daughters joining in such rough amusements. Times are changed, however, and who can say that it is not for the better? The English girl of the present day is taller, better made, stronger and more healthy than the girl of a quarter of a century back. However all this is by the way. Many changes have to take place before any of your young ladies can step into the arena of athletics. All I wished to illustrate in my latter remarks was the suddenness with which fashion and sentiments change in a society, when opportunities exist of rapid exchange of new ideas.

Still, even in your restricted society and home life, I know of no reason why children, boys and girls alike, up to the age at which they lose their first bloom of childish innocence and exchange it for that unfortunate self-consciousness which sooner or later comes on every child, should not be taught to play with each other, with their mother and elder sisters, for the time being transforming themselves into children or bears or lions or hunters for the benefit and amusement of the little ones. The moral I wish to preach is that one of the mother's first cares should be to amuse her children with innocent play, and to teach them to amuse themselves and each other all the while that she carefully watches their bearing and behaviour to each other, and gently chides any rudeness or overbearingness that she happens to observe in any of them.

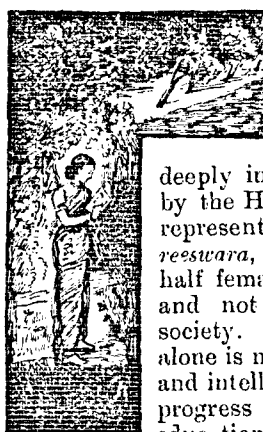
The third defect, which I have noticed, has been partly dealt with in the foregoing. But over and above that I wish to say that each child should be taught to amuse him or herself independently, even when she has no companions. In the case of English children, this solitary amusement usually takes the simple inexpensive form of playing with dolls and dolls' houses or tea services. But there are many other forms of amusement, such as cutting out strange patterns in paper, which teaches them to use their little fingers deftly, marble rolling, etc. Nothing is worse for a child, in my estimation, than to let it gain the impression that its elders are bound to find it amusement. Only occasionally

each day should the mother give in to a child's entreaty to come and play with her, read to her or tell him or her stories; for some part of the day the child should be told to amuse herself. In this way only can he or she gradually acquire lessons of independence and self-control. As they grow older—say to three or four years—a mother will be repaid the trouble many times over if she teaches her child to read to itself. With a very little teaching every day, the child soon picks up its letters and can be advanced to easy spelling books, first readers and so on. By the time the child is six years old she will begin to spell through books for herself. My own child is a standing instance of this. Her earliest lessons of a very short and simple kind were begun at three as far as I remember. She is now seven years old, but for the last half year she has been a devourer of such books as I allowed her to read. At present she would I believe sooner forego two of her three meals every day than be kept from her books; but I need not say much on this as you have a standing instance among you. Mrs. Karim Khan must have been taught the love of books from her earliest days. For now she possesses a very much better acquaintance with English literature than I can lay claim to. My advice is that you mothers, even if you do not know English yourselves, should at all hazard get your children taught English at a tender age and train them to a love of reading English children's books. I say English, because I doubt if many children's books have been written in Urdu, and the field of English literature is far wider and perhaps its tone is better than is the case with books written in Urdu.

The fourth and last point I mentioned, in which I have surmised there may be room for improvement in the bringing up of your young children, concerns the relation between boys and girls. I understand that, only for the first few years of their lives are they allowed to mix and play together; even those years should be made the most of. The shorter the time, the more strenuously should mothers use it to inculcate into their boys the right and necessity of treating their sisters with forbearance and gentleness and to teach them that, if one of the sexes has to give way, it should be the stronger one. You must all feel how important such a lesson is in after life. As in every nation so in India, cases must be deplorably frequent of sons neglecting their mothers, brothers casting off their sisters, husbands abusing or even beating their wives. In the same connection I would earnestly recommend a mother never to countenance a word of slight or disrespect from her son. If he utter such a word or commit such an act, the mother should make him suffer for it somehow,

as her circumstances permit, otherwise there is danger of her son sooner or later coming to a bad end. I have, my friends, already detained you too long. I hasten therefore to bring my diffident and discursive remarks to an end.

English Education for Indian Ladies in relation to modern thought.



EDUCATION and an honored position are the rightful inheritance of women. The equality of man and woman is deeply impressed on our minds by the Hindu Mythology, which represents Mahadev as *Ardhanareeswara*, or Lord half male and half female. Man and woman and not man alone constitute society. The education of man alone is not sufficient for moral and intellectual perfection. Great progress has been made in the education of man in our country,

and the education of our woman must be the necessary consequence. We should not rest satisfied until our women are able to meet us on a common intellectual level. The education required is not the elementary knowledge which our girls acquire in schools, but a liberal and sound education. There can be no "harmony or true delight among unequals."

In imparting education to a girl, there is not much use in just giving her a little. This only seems to make her think a great deal of herself and despise the illiterate neighbours around her. She makes herself obnoxious in the eyes of her family, and is spurned by her friends. Hence there is no wonder that the education of women is condemned by the women themselves and deemed unsuitable. A thorough education which enlarges the mind, which smoothes its angularities and which checks all narrow views, engendering a liberal spirit, is what is necessary for men as well as women.

The Hindu women will find it easier to begin their studies in the vernacular; "and it is the thought that enlightens the mind and not the language in which it is contained;" but that is no reason why English education should be neglected. As was observed by a writer, "the home and family is the social unit and forms the centre or the heart of the body, from which

the life-blood is circulated to the whole organism of society. From this central spot the human sympathies may extend in an ever-widening circle, till the world is embraced; for, though true philosophy, like charity, begins at home, assuredly it does not end there." Yes, charity begins at home, and unless there is "true sympathy" between the members of a household, there will be no true happiness there, and true sympathy must extend to all the occupations and avocations of life. How then can there be such sympathy between a man and a woman, if she has studied only the Vernacular, and he is prosecuting his studies in English, as almost every young man in India is doing at the present time? If the Hindu women wish to be real companions to their husbands, they must be prepared to help them in every way. Certainly, the object of promoting social intercourse between European and Hindu ladies should not be placed in the forefront of the education of our women. But should it not be one of the objects of that education? Surely such an intercourse will influence the Hindu women in their upward career, will make them see at least some of the advantages of that freer atmosphere in which the European ladies move, and the wider range of intellectual and moral thought to which they are admitted.

The emancipation of our Indian women may take the direction of the agitation of the "New woman" and her rights in England. If the real value of education is rightly appreciated, no evil results need be apprehended from an imperfect view of the scope of education. But there may be a danger of education not being appraised at its true value; and, at any rate, it is best to guard against being misunderstood.

Besides, it must not be forgotten that one of the chief reasons given by orthodox Hindus, when the question of female education was first raised in India, was that the women would, if educated, lose their equilibrium and be deprived of the true graces of womanhood. Even now such views prevail; and it is in transition periods, like the present, that there is every likelihood of new movements being given a wrong direction.

A few words about the external agencies that are at work in our country trying to raise the position of the Indian women. "Most of these agencies," says a Hindu sister, "as far as I have come across them, look more to the propagation of their religion than the real education of those for whom they work; and I have known cases even of little children being burdened with scriptural books before they begin their Primer. When things stand thus, you can not expect patriotic persons to co-operate honestly with such agencies as these." If this is so, if the Hindus are afraid for their religion, why

do they not establish Hindu schools to educate their own children, and not leave the whole educational work of their country in the hands of Europeans and Christians? But, apart from this, it is but just to say that the work in mission schools is carried on fairly and impartially, without any undue advantage being taken by the authorities of the power that is entrusted to them over the children. And, the very fact that even now mission schools are attended largely by Hindu children shows that Hindu parents have not quite lost their confidence in such schools. But, all the same, it is imperative that the people of the country should put forth greater efforts in the direction of female education.

Shelters for the Poor in London.

[By Miss M. C. Sidgwick.]



A Salvation Army Shelter.—Amidst mean and squalid surroundings stands a large gloomy building. On the massive, forbidding looking door is written "Open from 8 P.M. to 8 A.M." However, our ring at 3 P.M. was answered by a thin soldierly man, who proceeded to show us the premises.

A long stone passage, reeking with the smell of carbolic acid and other disinfectants, met our view. From this we were ushered into a huge and lofty room. It held 214 little beds, covered with light grey counterpanes; they were placed a few feet apart so that there was space in which to walk about. This will give some idea of the size of the place. Our guide explained that here was the 4d a night lodging room. It is full every night. Many of the men return regularly, and have their own beds kept for them. Four warders keep watch all night, but among such a motley crew, redress of wrongs is almost impossible. Many a time a man is seen at night furtively tying up his money in his handkerchief or stowing it in some unsuspected place about his person. Nothing is safe in these shelters and the rights of possession are not respected.

Thence we proceeded through stone passages, in an angle of which a buffet was erected at which cheap meals could be obtained, up a wide staircase to the two-penny shelter. This was many degrees worse than the one below. Arrived at the top of the staircase, we crossed a stone landing and gazed down into a large hall

that had formerly been a barracks. A faint odour suggestive of some caged animal met us. Packed close together, row upon row, were what looked like lidless coffins. These were the two-penny beds. They were graced by neither sheet nor blanket; a strip of American cloth was the only covering and the pillow was raised but a few inches from the mattress. There were no windows in the place, but all round the walls were iron gratings for ventilation. We were told that the two-penny lodgers, who come in crowds every evening, abhor fresh air, and often spend the first part of the night in fastening newspapers over the ventilation shafts, which the warder and his assistant try in vain to remove. They are a most unruly set, and were it not for the merciful intervention of sleep, would be quite unmanageable.

The Salvation Army Shelters are also extremely popular, and there is seldom an empty bed. They pay extremely well. The one we are describing takes on an average £5 a night. Those however, who study the question of Social Reform and Poor Law Legislation from a scientific and intelligent point of view, tell us that the Salvation Army Shelter is a dangerous institution, and not calculated to improve the condition of the poor man or to raise him in the social scale. One cause of their popularity with the poor, is that no one is made to wash or work in return for the shelter given. Unlike the Casual Ward and the Church Army Shelter, where a bath is insisted upon, and some hours of work, the poor man may be sure that in spite of his rags and filth, and a character more sordid even than those, as long as he has a copper in his pocket, the Salvation Army Shelter will not refuse him entrance. Many a man, who could well afford to pay for a decent lodging, will take advantage of the two-penny bed, and thus lower his self-respect and standard of life.

That is where the danger of the Salvation Army Shelter lies. It offers too much and exacts too little. It lowers the standard of life for our working classes, and offers a door of escape to the man who is hesitating between the impulse to exert himself a little more in the struggle for life, or to let things slide and take the consequences.

It is a premium on beggary and loafing, and by bringing together the scum of the community increases the numbers of the very set, that it is meant to raise and relieve.

A Church Army Shelter.—Like the Salvation Army Shelter, the Church Army Shelter is supported entirely by voluntary subscriptions and is not kept up by Government, but this is the only point of similarity between them. The Church Army Shelter aims at a far higher

standard of good and is conducted on widely different principles.

There are several of these Shelters, or Labour Homes, as they are also called, scattered over London and its suburbs. In this paper we will describe a typical home, from which some idea can be formed of all. The Labour home that we saw, is a large one. It accommodates 32 men; attached to it is a lodging house, where 48 men can be taken in, making a total of 80 in all. The Home is always full, for as soon as vacancies occur, a postcard bearing the information is sent to headquarters, and the gaps are immediately filled up.

We were taken first into a small room filled with rows of chairs, and a piano at one end. This was the chapel where prayers are said every morning at 6-30 and every evening at 8 o'clock, and at which all the men in the home, though not in the lodging house, are bound to attend. There is nearly always a musical man among the inmates, and he is set to play the hymn tunes and the music for the services on Sunday. From these we went into the lodging house attached, and saw the large light kitchen, with its well scoured big tables and shining pots and pans. One of the men was scrubbing the floor, and all was clean, neat and orderly. We enquired the meaning of a number of keys, hung up behind the door, and were told that each man possessed two lockers, one behind his bed, and the other in the kitchen, one key opening each couple and no other, while our guide said that he had a master-key which opened all. We could not help wondering at the complicated system of locks thus entailed.

We then proceeded to the first floor, where two large rooms were partitioned off into 24 cubicles. The cubicles are very small, each just large enough to hold a bed and a chair, but the privacy they afford is a great boon to many of the men. On the ground floor there is a large bath room, which the men may use when they like, but must use at least once a week. Every man too, on entering the home, must have a bath and all his clothes fumigated. Our guide, a jovial soldierly man with a slight Irish accent, now took us back to the Church Army Shelter itself. The kitchen there was smaller than at the lodging house, and the bedrooms were not large enough to cut up into cubicles. They contained nothing but beds, all put close together, 22 in one room, 8 in another and 4 in another small room, but all looked scrupulously clean.

Our guide was pleasant and communicative and quite ready to answer our numerous questions. All kinds and ranks of men are taken in at these Church Army Shelters

Kinds of men
helped.

their only link, that of utter destitution. At some of the Church Army Shelters, distinguished as Receiving homes, no enquiries are made as to character; all who will come are admitted, but in the home we are describing the men are sent from headquarters, and have previously been examined as to their past life and character. The examinations are not very severe however, and such unsatisfactory results as false addresses, unknown references, habits of drunkenness, etc., do not always disqualify an applicant. The object of the Home is to give a fresh start, a new chance of reform and amendment, with the past forgotten and wiped out. Of course no strong drinks are allowed in the home, and any lapse into drunkenness is punished by instant dismissal. We were told that only the day before, six men had been expelled from this cause, though the master said he was as sorry to lose them, as they were to go. How they had obtained the money to purchase the drink was a mystery!

As has been said before, the men are of all kinds,—doctors and clergymen, bank clerks, shopmen, artisans, labourers and loafers from the highest to the lowest, and nearly always especially in the higher ranks. Drink has been the curse that has brought them low. A rough attempt at discrimination between the different castes of men is attempted by giving, where it is possible, the cubicles to the higher ranks, and the common sleeping rooms to the others, or again, when space in the kitchen does not permit of all eating together, allowing the separation to be determined by rank. Very little in this way can be done however, and it is a curious fact that the higher a man has been in the social scale, the more readily does he accommodate himself to the circumstances of his new life. The greatest grumblers are those of the lowest rank; men who have known nothing but squalor and meanness all through their lives, and to whom the life in a Church Army Shelter must be a life of comparative comfort and plenty. So true it is, that the bulk of the poor are in their position really through want of grit and force in their own, or their forefather's characters, and that were they all made well off to-day, in a week's time, nearly all of them would once more be penniless. Even when a man has sunk from better things to the lowest depths, the shreds of his moral character are still seen clinging to him, in the composed and philosophical attitude that he shows in the Church Army Shelter. The Church Army Shelter opens its doors to all these men, for three months at a time or longer, feeds them well, finds out what work they have been in the habit of doing, or what they are best fitted for, and puts them in the way of obtaining fresh employment of that kind. No man is

allowed to be idle while in the Home. All must work all day. Wood chopping is an occupation largely employed for men, who have no particular bent in any other direction, and also to employ men who are waiting till opportunities of their own particular trade occur. We were taken into the wood chopping shed, where 20 men can work at once, though only two were there then. The wood arrives in long flat pieces. One man cuts it into snippets, or little sticks, and another gathers a number of these into a great bunch, flattens them at top and bottom, raises a thick piece of wood through the centre to keep them all steady and ties them firmly round the middle. An exceptionally good worker can make up as many as 500 bundles in the day, working ten hours, though it takes others just as long to do 50. These bundles are sold at the rate of three shillings and three pence per hundred, and for every hundred that a man sells, he is allowed to keep two pence. The Church Army Shelters are always thankful for customers, they supply stages, hospitals and private people. Sometimes a big firm will give a standing order for 1,000 bundles every few days, which is of course a great help.

Another branch of work is that of distributing advertisements and bills. Shops send notices of sales and advertisements to the Church Army Shelters, and the men walk through the streets all day, distributing the same. This occupies many of the men, and is healthy, not unpleasant work.

The food at these labour homes is abundant and good. They have a good breakfast, ham or some other meat and plenty of bread. Dripping is given which is far better than cheap butter. The men, who will be out all day, are provided with sandwiches and money to buy coffee. In the evening there is a meal of two courses, that is meat and pudding. The latter is plentiful and varied and the same dish is not repeated more than twice a week.

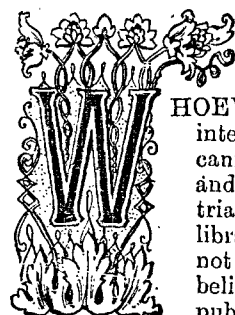
The men are all paid for the work they do. Wages vary with the kind of work, from 9 to 12, or sometimes more, shillings a week. Out of this, the men must refund six shillings a week for their board and lodging, and two shillings a week, to be put into a reserve fund and given back to them again when they leave the Home. This leaves a small margin week for tobacco and pocket money.

The first Church Army Shelter was founded by the Rev. Wilson Carlile, in the slums of Westminster, in 1882. Since then it has grown and flourished apace.

The methods are—Cleanliness, Good food, Hard work, Total abstinence, Thrift, Home comforts, Brotherly kindness, Personal influence, genuine religion. It embraces well-being for both soul and body, and has been the means of remaking many a life, otherwise broken and wasted. It is not so strict as the Charity Organisation Society, and not so rigid as the Casual Ward, not so lenient and deteriorating as the Salvation Army Shelter. Unlike the former, it helps those who have fallen, on account of their own misdeeds, and unlike the latter it demands something more than two pence in return for what it gives. Its members must be sober, clean, hard working and obedient and in enforcing these conditions, it remodels character, besides giving material help in the shape of a fresh start in the struggle for existence.

Suggestions for English Reading.

"LETTERS FROM DOROTHY OSBORNE TO SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE, 1652, 1654," EDITED BY EDWARD ABBOT PARRY, (Barrister-at-Law.)



WHETHER has taken the slightest interest in Dorothy Osborne cannot help admiring her talents and pitying her for her many trials. In looking over an old library, I came across this book, not that it is in itself old. I believe these letters were published about 1890, but the subject-matter is by a girl who wrote in the 17th century; yet these letters might well have been written yesterday and that is the real reason why I want you to read them.

Macaulay, in his essay on Sir William Temple (Dorothy's husband and the one to whom all the letters in the present volume before us are addressed), speaks of Dorothy in the highest terms of praise, and implies, as I humbly beg to endorse, that Dorothy was much too good for her husband. Her character was one which commanded respect by its excellence, his rather commands our condemnation, his love so fearsome of anything which might tend to harm himself—either politically or privately—so we think of him with no respect, though we may admire his talents, which were not of the first but rather of the second order of merit. But to go back to Dorothy, with whom Temple seems to have become acquainted while on his travels, and with by her magnanimity in taking on herself a fault punishable by law) of her brother's, and trusting

to the tenderness, which, even in those troubled times, scarcely a gentleman of any party ever failed to show where a woman was concerned, won her husband's heart as well as her brother's liberty. And so these two 'plighted their troth,' and through seven long years of disappointments, trials, and separations continued it, till they married, and she went to share his political life in Ireland, abroad, and in England.

Macaulay in regard to these letters says: "Mr. Courtenay" (the writer of a Life of Sir W. Temple) "proclaims that he is one of Dorothy Osborne's devoted servants and expresses a hope that the publication of her letters will add to the number. We must declare ourselves his rivals." I think what strikes one most in reading these letters is the modern spirit prevailing in them all. One hears about the wonderful advance made in women's education now-a-days, how superior the women of to-day are to those of last century and of the last generation even, and then we turn to these letters written in the reign of Cromwell, covering probably the years 1652—1654, and we find that, in spite of our superior education, Dorothy's views of life are much the same as ours. Take for example her remarks on what she must have in her husband. "There are a great many ingredients must go to the making me happy in a husband. First.....our humours must agree; and to do that he must have that kind of training that I have had, and used that kind of company," and then she goes on to describe the husbands who would not suit her; full of wit and cleverness they are too; "I am clearly of opinion (and shall lie in't) that as the more one sees and knows a person that one likes, one has still the more kindness for them, so, on the other side, one is but the more weary of, and the more averse to, an unpleasant humour for having it perpetually by one." "It is not kind in you to desire an increase of my friendship; that is to doubt it is not as great already as it can be, than which you cannot do me greater injury. 'Tis my misfortune indeed that it lies not in my power to give you better testimony on't than words, otherwise I would soon convince you 'tis the best quality I have, and that where I own a friendship, I mean so perfect a one, as time can neither lessen nor increase." What better description of friendship can one want than this? "I shall never forgive her one thing she said of him, which was that she married him out of pity; it was the pitifullest saying that ever I heard, and made him so contemptible that I should not have married him for that reason." "I defy my ill-fortune to make me miserable, unless she does it in the person of my friends," a good unselfish stand-by for the rainy day, but I wonder how many of us can live up to it? Her

philosophy might also be taken to heart. "I agree with you, too, that I do not see any great likelihood of the change of our fortunes, and that we have much more to wish than to hope for; but 'tis so common a calamity that I dare not murmur at it, better people have endured it, and I can give no reason why almost all are denied the satisfaction of disposing themselves to their own desires, but that it is a happiness too great for this world, and might endanger one's forgetting the next." Than this as a price of practical wisdom, it would be difficult to find a better: "I have known some women that have commended others merely out of spite, and if I were malicious enough to envy any body's beauty, I would cry it up to all that had not seen them; there's no such way to make anybody appear less handsome than they are." "There are many" (people) "of so careless and vain a temper, that the least breath of good fortune swells them with so much pride, that if they were not put in mind sometimes by a sound cross or two that they are mortal, they would hardly think it possible;" a description which is much to my fancy. "If an action take a little in the world, it shall be magnified and brought into comparison with what the heroes of Rome performed; but, on the contrary, if it be once

condemned, nothing can be found ill enough to compare it with;"—how true this is we all know. "Nothing shows we deserve a punishment so much as our murmuring at it; and the way to lessen those we feel, and to escape those we fear, is to suffer patiently what is imposed, making a virtue of necessity."

And with that must end my quotations from these charming letters, hoping that I have awakened your interest in this woman, who lived her life so bravely and so well, being as a maiden and a wife an example to her contemporaries and those who live so many years after her, and yet with whom, in spite of the years separating them, she has so much in common.

The edition* I have before me is splendidly annotated, and explains everything most clearly, therefore I see no necessity to enlarge on the history of the times. Dorothy's letters give one a very good idea of what was going on around her, and the editor, Mr. Parry, fills in all missing links in the chain of events.

BY AN ENGLISH WOMAN IN INDIA.

* This edition was printed for Griffith, Farran, Okeden and Welsh, successors to Newberg and Harris, at the sign of the Bible and Sun, West Tower of St. Paul's Churchyard, London and Sydney, New South Wales.



Our Special Indian Lady Contributors' Column.

I.—THE ART OF BEAUTIFYING THE HOME.

IT is impossible to produce a really good effect in the aspect of a room or of a home, unless the law of fitness be studied. Beautiful homes should have beautiful surroundings.

Rooms with a classic outline demand the style of furniture representing great skill and delicate taste that are specially made for them.

A perfect home should be scrupulously clean, and since Woman's world is, or ought to be, her home and its inmates, she rejoices in everything that makes it bright, sweet and pleasant. The successful and lasting forms of decoration are based on the modest example of the silent kingdom. The tree with its arching boughs up-turned or down-turned and draped with foliage teaches us how to build a house. The wild flowers with their exquisite balance and apex of lovely bloom tell us the secret of a perfectly built human figure. The broken cliff side with its intersection of sparkling stream and purple woods is the tutor of a most successful garden. In our beautiful moments, we can never get away from nature, and the nearer we approach the laws of the architect of the universe—the oldest of the old masters—the better are our

designs and the happier our mental impressions.

In the bygone ages our ancestors understood the full value of living with loveliness. They knew what constituted beautiful surroundings in their lives, specimens of which are scattered all over India.

The age of ugliness may be said to have begun, when certain Western ideas were influencing the Eastern, when the perfection of furnishing was interpreted as much expenditure of money without grace. This so-called decoration comprises painted chairs and tables of curious design and bilious-coloured hangings embroidered with impossible flowers, red curtains, emerald green carpets, wax flowers, and countless other monstrosities.

An atmosphere of purity and grace prevails, and a beautiful home is produced, when rooms are furnished to harmonise with personal appearance and disposition. This applies mostly to the feminine sex, for a room can be as becoming and unbecoming as a gown.

There is a good deal to be thought about in the scheme of colour as to accord with the general character of the residence and its surroundings and to handle it with such masterly skill and taste as to form indeed a record of beauty. The study of past beauty leads us to discover the ugliness of the present. Though beauty must be the chief consideration, the system of decoration must walk hand in hand with fine form—elegance, richness and comfort. In modern furnishing the main object should be to combine the really nice and good of every style and time. Love of the new must not ignore the old.

Some people are inclined to run after an antique, simply because it is an antique, at the cost of its design and workmanship. Then others go to the opposite extreme, and purchase anything novel so long as it is pretty and cheap, notwithstanding its flimsiness.

The house, in which musical harmony is never heard, is incomplete and can hardly claim the epithet of beautiful. Its inhabitants may not themselves be performers, but they like to hear sweet music discoursed by others.

The superior qualities of any good instrument Eastern or Western are universally acknowledged to be purity of tone and power of sustentation and lightness and responsiveness of touch. Music has a different effect upon different constitutions. The sounds sooth the wearied nerves of some, while they jar upon the nervous system of others and often produce disagreeable sensations. It is fortunate that the last class are in the minority of human beings.

For the adornments and ornamentations of cosy corners, the *Cashmere* style is eminently

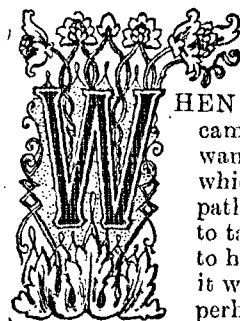
suited; unique designs in cabinets, wall brackets, screens, etc., inlaid with mother-of-pearl and richly coloured woods, meeting the requirements of embellishment.

Fret cut panels and arches springing from cosy corners are admirable and elegant receptacles for palms and vases. The arches may be draped profusely with Oriental splendour, the projected balcony or Jharouha inside being fitted with luxuriously upholstered seats covered with Persian pile fabrics, the mosaic flooring strewn with Oriental carpets which cannot fail to please all true lovers of art,

SHAHINDA.

II.—LOVE'S MISSION—A FANCY.

[BY AN INDIAN LADY.]



WHEN Love was a young boy, it came to pass that in his childish wanderings he came to a path which branched off into side-paths. Idly he hesitated which to take, for the choice seemed to him but a small matter. But it was not, and for that reason perhaps it happened that his attention was diverted for the moment. There were some beautiful wild flowers growing by, and Love stooped to pick them. And the sun rose high and it grew hot, and Love was tired, and seeing a bower of leaves near by he entered it and slept. And a vision came to him.

"The choice before you is not a light one, Love. Now come with me and tell me which of the paths you would take," said a Voice to him; and Love in his sleep seemed to see the two ways clear before him—one, easy to go upon, with pleasant resting-places and it stretched away into endless distance. The other was crooked and rugged and difficult to the feet.

"Of course, I shall take the better path," said Love. "O Love, Love," sighed the Voice, "see again." At the end of the pleasant path, to Love's eye appeared a vague haze of darkness; but at the end of the rugged path there was a faint glimmer of light. Love hesitated; but suddenly a rustle was heard before him, and a beautiful maiden appeared in the pleasant path. "Come, Love," she said, "I shall lead you on; never fear the darkness. I am Pleasure and I shall give you pleasure."

"I shall go with Pleasure," said Love. "And see," cried Pleasure triumphantly, "See the awful sight in the rugged path." And

Love, waiting, saw a wonderful and terrible spectacle. Grim shapes appeared in the rugged path, and as each appeared Pleasure whispered its name.

"By that way, side sate interall Payne,
And fast beside him sat tumultuous Strife;
The one in hand a yron whip did strayne,
The other brandished a bloody knife;
On the other side in one consort there sate
Cruell Revenge, and rancorous Despight,
Disloyall Treason, and hart-burning Hate;
But gnawing Gealosy, out of their sight
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bight;
And trembling Feare still to and fro did fly,
And found no place where safe he shroud him might:

Lamenting Sorrow did in darkness lye
And Shame his ugly face did hide from living eye.

And over them sad Horror with grim hew
Did alwaies soar, beating his yron wings:
And after him Owles and ravens flew,
The hatefull messengers of heavy things,
Of death and dolor, telling sad tidings."

"What is the use of this terrible sight," said Love, "that prompts me more to the pleasant path?" "And look, Love," said Pleasure triumphantly again, "look at my happy people!" And truly it appeared a happy company which they saw, groups and groups of laughing, gay maidens and lads, men and women.

"Wait yet awhile," said the Voice sternly. In the rugged path suddenly there came into view a multitude of people, men and women, weeping, crouching, ragged, and miserable, over them hovering those grim shapes. The multitude raised their eyes piteously to heaven. "O God!" they cried, "where is Love. Where is he that is to lighten this misery for us. We are waiting, waiting, oh how long!"

In the pleasant path, the happy careless folk looked gaily on every side, also searching for Love. "Where is Love," they cried. "We are waiting for him, and we are ready for him." And their gay laughter filled the air. But of a sudden, Love felt his heart changed. Unaccountably, his heart yearned after the poor multitude, longed to lighten their misery. And the pleasant company of Pleasure no longer had any attraction for him. He threw away the flowers in his hand, and cried in a ringing voice. "I am here, I am Love, and I have chosen the rugged path."

A cry of joy went up from the multitude and the grim shapes seemed to shrink into themselves.

"Do you realize all that the rugged path means?" asked the Voice.

"Ay, I do, but Love will triumph over all."

"You have justified the will which sent you into the world," cried the Voice, and abashed Pleasure hurried away.

"Who is this?" asked Love, as a radiant shape towered above them.

"Who is the Angel that cometh?
Look at his glittering rainbow wings,
No alloy
Lies in the radiant gifts he brings;
Tender and sweet,
He is come to-day
Tender and Sweet,
With chains of Love on his tender feet."

"It is Joy," said the voice, "who is to keep you company hereafter, for Love's mission is to give happiness, wherever he goes in the midst of misery. And now, Love, listen to me, and I shall tell you how you came into the world.

"Once upon a time, the heaven was full of Love, as it still now is. It was the Love of God to man, to the world of living creatures that He had created. But this world in time became full of sin and misery, and God bethought himself of what cure there was for this. And the spirit of the Love of God to man came to Him and offered to go into the world. But it was too deep for man's understanding. Man misunderstood God, and would not see the love that lay behind all, even behind the trials sent into the world. So the Love of God to man changed a part of itself into the Love of man to man, but even that was too vast for man's understanding. His selfish heart would not realize this love. Then the Love of man to man changed again into the Love of two to one another. And you, Love, are that love, and you were born into the world. And through you the world is to realize the greater Love of God to man. The love, which you inspire is suited to men's minds, for it is at the beginning selfish, but through this very narrowness, it will grow large and envelop the whole world; for Love glorifies all."

"And does love depend upon itself, or upon the medium through which it is inspired?" "Upon itself. Come with me and I will show you." They came to where sat a pair of old and decrepit creatures, a man and a woman, in the second childhood of age. And yet they were happy. They looked into each other's eyes, and smiled, and the secret of that smile was love.

"Now do you see?" asked the voice, "Through the medium it inspires, love comes to depend on itself, for

Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds."

So Love set out on his mission. With him went Joy. Presently they met two radiant shapes hand in hand.

"Do you remember us?" they asked Love.

"Yes," he said, "you are my sisters, Faith and Hope, my sisters in the happier realms I have left."

"Are you sorry for that?"

"No," cried Love happily, "for I have not left them, but am still their inhabitant, bringing down its happiness to this world."

"We shall work with you," cried Hope and Faith; and Faith whispered into Love's ear "Do you remember Trust, your little companion? Trust shall be Love's bride; wait for her."

"Love is the star by which our course we steer,
Love for our kind, its image glassed below;
And, when the breeze of Hope begins to blow,
The radiance spreads of that dilated sphere
O'er Life's dark waters nearer and more near.
A silver path that star appears to throw
Toward us, and with light that plain to sow
Which shakes beneath the shock of our career.
Thus is the brightness of our heavenly home
Itself a beacon unto those that stray:
The beacon thus becomes the glittering way
To all whom Hope impels her seas to roam;
What then is Hope? A Faith that dares to move
• • And what is Faith?—the happy rest of Love."

III.—THE LALPURI LAKE IN RAJKOT.



[By Miss K. Pandit, Rajkot.]

THE waters of the beautiful lake of Lalpuri in Rajkot ripple beyond the suburbs of Rajkot city. Its tranquil bosom breathes at a distance of about three miles from the town. It is an exquisite ornament to the place. A nicely built bridge separates this lake from another lake called "Randharda," which is not as charming as the former. Lalpuri eclipses Randharda in every respect. The former

is a natural creation, while the latter is an artificial one. Lalpuri has natural walls surrounding it. Lalpuri is generally still and calm. A number of small hills tufted with "green" make a fine enclosure round its clear waters, as if there were so many shining emeralds encircling a ring! The sunset on the lake is simply grand and the departing red globe represents a perfect picture of glorious magnificence. The still silence that creeps in slowly kindles one's mind, howsoever prosaic, with glowing thoughts and poetical fancies. If the sunset is so lovely there, I leave it to my fair readers to imagine how much delightful and

We had a gay moonlight drive one evening and the following morning I attempted to pen my thoughts in a short versification—for I dare not call it poetry, which I offer with a timid hesitation to the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*, for the entertainment of my fair readers.

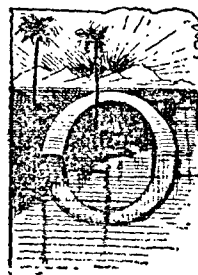
I.

It is a lovely summer night,
Delightful with the milky light;
Long in the west the sun has smiled,
Embraced the earth with his warm rays mild.
It is indeed that charming hour,
When tender grows a youthful lov'r;
Gently blows the delicious gale,
How sweet! how soothing to inhale!
The beauteous night lies still and calm,
In rest, in peace, in cooling balm,
The silence wakes "the moping owl;"
Some distant watch dogs bark and growl.

II.

Mark! how the moon her glory spreads
And brightens the mountains' lofty heads,
The blue lake in its mirror bright,
Pays back the moon's majestic light.
How sweet melodious flute would play!
On a night so blithesome and so gay.
How solemn a sad hymn would appear,
How refreshing "an evening cheer!"
How thrilling do the night birds sing,
How faint some distant tower-bells ring.
How tranquil sleeps the clear blue lake
As the shining beams its waters shake

IV.—MRS. BATRY'S PARTY TO THE SCHOOL MISTRESSES OF THE MUNICIPAL GIRLS' SCHOOLS OF BOMBAY.



ON Wednesday, March 2nd, 1904, Mrs. Batry gave a party to the School mistresses of the Municipal Girls' Schools. There were about 75 present, of whom 20 were certificated. Carriages were provided for the teachers in which they arrived at 4 p.m. and were cordially received by Mrs. Batry at the entrance. They were immediately photographed by Mr. Shivshankar.

Fruit was provided for the Hindu teachers and tea for the Parsi and Christian teachers, after partaking of which they took their seats in the petty drawing-room and awaited the arrival of Lady Lamington. Her Excellency arrived at 5-30 p.m. and was received by Mr. and Mrs. James Monteath.



Her Excellency Lady Ampthill.

The School mistresses sang verses in Marathi and Gujarati welcoming Her Excellency and thanking Mr. and Mrs. Batry and the kind friends assembled on the occasion.

Then Her Excellency very graciously distributed the gifts which Mrs. Batry had kindly provided for every one of the teachers. These consisted of books, picture frames, work boxes, prints, etc.

The teachers had the opportunity of being presented to Her Excellency by Mrs. Nikamb, Inspectress, Municipal Girls' Schools, when they came up for their gifts.

Her Excellency and Mrs. Batry were then garlanded by the teachers.

Among those present were—Sir James Monteath, Mr. and Mrs. Batry, Mrs. Crowe, Lady Jenkins, Mr. and Mrs. Chandavarkar, Mrs. Grattan Geary, Mrs. Sassoon, Mrs. Childe, Mr. Mandlik, Mr. G. N. Nadkarni, Mrs. Budroodin Tyabje, the Chairman and Members of the Joint Schools Committee, Mrs. Kothaie, Mrs. D. A. Khare, Mrs. Madhavadas Ragunathdas, Mr. and Misses Kabraji, Miss Ashworth, Mr. and Mrs. Karmarkar, Mr. S. G. Dalvi, the Hon'ble Mr. H. S. Dikshit and Mr. Dabhoolkar—the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Machichan, Mrs. Purushotumdas, Mr. Tribhudandas Mangaldas.

V.—EDUCATION IN THE FAR EAST.



At a meeting of the National Indian Association, at London, a lecture was delivered by Miss E. P. Hughes, of Newham Collage, late Principal of the Cambridge Training College, on education in the Far East, "the land," says Miss Hughes, "of the Mongol and the Malay," where live the Chinese—

thrifty, industrious, and non-spiritual; working, not only in China, but all over the Far East. I do not know what the Far East would do without him. There also the Malays, reserved and stately, artistic and passionate, live their easy life, and cannot be made to hurry or to work very much. There also live the Japanese, that interesting mixture of Malay and Mongol, and what else we know not." The lecture was chiefly about the Japanese; and as such it must of necessity be of interest to us, Indians, living as we do, between the Near East and the Far East, to whom also, as Miss Hughes points out, the Japanese will largely be the key to the

West, because "above all other Oriental peoples they seem to have shown a greater willingness and a special aptitude for accepting and utilising Western ideas and Western thoughts, and especially utilising them in the wisest way by adapting them to Oriental conditions." It must be interesting to the English also because, to quote Miss Hughes again, who speaks in her own person as an Englishwoman, "the Japanese, though thoroughly Oriental, are yet so much nearer the West in many ways, that I think it is far easier for us Westerners to understand them than other Oriental races. I think that to us of the West the Japanese are the easiest key to the East. Also, though it is unfortunately possible for intelligent Englishmen, and for obvious reasons, perhaps, still more Englishwomen, to go to the Far East and live there for several years, and never really understand the Oriental world, yet for us English people, in the heart of this great British Empire, we must somehow understand, or fail in one of our greatest responsibilities."

Finally a lecture about the Japanese must be of interest to everyone, because of the present crisis, and being, as they are a people, who have for at least 2000 years been unconquered, a free Oriental people evolving their own education, and with a wonderful readiness to learn from everyone; and, last but not least, because the condition of the Japanese women is a very interesting one, and a consideration of the state of their education would be indeed of great use to all.

"All through my travels," says Miss Hughes, "to me the greatest question—the all absorbing problem—was my fellow-women, their lives, their ideals, their hopes, and their changes. All through the Far East, except among the Burmans and including even progressive Japan, I found the same state of affairs in varying degrees of intensity. Everywhere progress is blocked by the ignorance and lack of development of the women, and not their's is the blame. The streets of an Oriental city may be lit with electric light, but inside the homes one finds the darkness of ignorance, and stagnation, and their attendant evils. Things are, of course, improving—but very slowly. The Oriental gentleman, who gets a Western education, loses much of its value if he has a half-educated mother, wife, and daughters, and, therefore, a half-educated home. His intellectual life must dwindle, or he must satisfy it outside his home, with certain moral risks."

Miss Hughes' lecture, therefore, is chiefly about the women of the Far East, she mentions certain striking features of theirs which we would do well to be aware of in

mind at the same time the two conditions, which she says, are essential, if the British wish to understand the Far East:

"We must not measure things Oriental by means of an Occidental standard. It is absolutely necessary, not only that we should understand Oriental conditions—that is, perhaps, relatively easy,—but also—and this is very much more difficult,—we must understand something of the Oriental point of view, before we can estimate fairly or judge rightly anything in Oriental life.

A second necessary condition is to know the history of the Oriental country which you are studying. The present is so firmly based on the past, so intricately connected with it, and so coloured by it, that without that knowledge we can understand as little as if we were suddenly plunged into the middle of an unfamiliar dramatic performance, when all allusions would be lost upon us, and the sayings and doings of the actors would certainly frequently appear to be inexplicable and sometimes unreasonable."

The first point Miss Hughes notices is that the Far East does not know what is meant by chivalry towards women. Women are to its people, either "Vanties or men." This, as the lecturer points out, is an unjust distinction, for the best women are true women, not vanities. But the Western ideal of chivalry, with its undoubted advantages, has its own disadvantages, for does it not "tend to place women on a pedestal, as a somewhat helpless goddess—a very inconvenient and uncomfortable position, based upon two illusions, for we are neither goddesses, nor helpless." A happy medium between these two then is what is necessary.

We beg leave to differ from our lecturer on this point—that the Eastern people are not chivalrous to their women. Are they not? There are different ideals in different nations, and it seems to us that the Eastern ideal of chivalry is different from the Western ideal of chivalry. For instance, is it not chivalry that will not, among the higher castes, allow the women to work? The chief reason for this seems to be the idea that they cannot produce good work; but at the very bottom of this idea of unfitness is the idea of sparing their weakness, not only that of their turning out inefficient work. Of course, such a view would never stand the arguments of those who would advocate the fitness of women for everything that she is able to take her place side by side with man. But we are talking of a nation, among whom there is no such theory, or if there is it is just beginning to take root.

The chivalry in the West is, then, different from the chivalry in the East. Why? Perhaps Miss Hughes' second observation of the characteristics of Eastern life could explain this. Says Miss Hughes:

"One of the first points which surprised me in the Far East was that the dividing line between manly and womanly virtues there does not apparently correspond to the dividing line in the West. Certain virtues, which

in the West we have chiefly associated with women, are to be found among the men in the Far East; and this is equally true of the free, brave Japanese and the oppressed Javanese in the centre of Java, where the Dutch rule counts for least and the native Sultans have still considerable power. There is a delicate, womanly thoughtfulness for others, and a gentle, courteous, self-effacement among the men of the Far East that I confess makes Western masculine politeness appear somewhat aggressive and rough, unless it is of the best kind. Perhaps I am prejudiced as an Englishwoman, but I think there is nothing quite so fine in the world as the politeness of our English gentlemen, only, alas! it is so rare. I hope the ladies present will not think I am betraying my sex when I add that among the men of the Far East there is also a round-about way of getting what they want, an exaggerated attention to details, a capacity for wasting time about trifles, which I think we sensible women of the West would perhaps call womanish rather than manly.

I hope no one will imagine that by raising this point of the apparent closer approximation of men and women in the Far East, I have made any attack on the manliness of the men of the Far East. To me who have never consented to believe that it is a necessary stage in the education of Englishmen to be flogged at school, and to fight like little dogs outside school, to me it was a great satisfaction to find in Japan no caning in schools, no quarreling in play-grounds, no fighting in the streets, and this among a race superbly brave, and, as a German officer described them, "dangerously fearless of death." All that I want to urge is this, that the manliness of the Far East and of the West is something different, and probably their ideal of womanliness will also differ from ours."

This is why, it seems to us, chivalry in the East is different from chivalry in the West. As Miss Hughes herself says:

"I mention this apparently nearer approximation of men and women in the Far East, because I think it partly explains a very interesting fact. The position of women by law and custom is very subordinate, but there is apparently very little brutality or even unkindness on the part of the men. The father, the husband, and even to some extent the son, is theoretically a tyrant, but they do not tyrannise as much as I expected them to do. It is one of the many instances, optimistic as I am, in which I have found the world better than I have expected."

The third point that is noticed is one that is very apparent to us in India. All women marry.

A fourth point is that the Far East Home is very much more self-contained than ours. In food and furniture, dress and recreation, a Far Eastern home makes and mends far more than ours. This fact gives the Far East home-maker more work to do, and also a much greater variety of work. I have frequently been much struck with the shrewd intelligence and practical ability of many women in the East, who are living what seems to us stagnant and contracted lives.

A fifth point is that in the Far East the home usually contains several generations. There is little for us to explain here, as this feature is so familiar to us. We only need to emphasise the fact that this is a great block in the way of reform. How can young husbands and wives

set in progress their ideas of reform in the teeth of the opposition of the older members, especially the mother-in-law?

The sixth point Miss Hughes goes touches on the dark side of a fact we noticed before. The women of the higher classes have little or no work to do. This spares their weakness, as we said, but it also indulges them in habits of indolence. Where there is less work, there is less freedom, less responsibility, and less contact with the work of the husbands, sons and other men. Work is one of the blessings of life; and though it may show chivalry in a man, not to allow his women to work, yet he is wrong in not encouraging them to do work of any kind. It is few women who are fitted to do public and outside work. But all can do home-work, and the work of trying to benefit those around.

There is indeed great room for improvement, and in this connection, Miss Hughes mentions a hopeful sign. Associations of Japanese ladies have been started all over the country, for mutual help and development, as well as for philanthropic purposes. Such associations, in spite of obvious mistakes, are sure to do good, especially when the men try to help the ladies in their good work.

The last characteristic of Eastern life that Miss Hughes notices is that society in the Far East does not include the women. "All the educative effort of an intelligent society of educated men and women, all the outlook into a wider life than the home, all the knowledge of the better side of men and of the world that Western Society means to us Western ladies, all the intelligent pleasure of society—alas! all this does not exist at all in most of the lives of our Far Eastern sisters—to their perpetual loss, and to the perpetual loss of the men."

Then Miss Hughes proceeds to see how best to deal with the central problem—the lack of education for the women in school and home and society. She mentions the two bodies, who have tackled the subject—the missionaries and the Government bodies. The former have been the pioneers, but suffered from drawbacks, first, as appendages to a particular church; secondly, because their teachers have been chosen more for evangelistic than educational work, and therefore tend to Westernise the pupils.

The Government schools have their own difficulties to contend against,—against the prejudice that a good education is not needed for girls, against early marriage, against lack of experienced native women teachers, and against the idea that education for girls is needed only as a preparation for domestic duties.

It is obvious then that what is needed is not to Westernise Eastern women; because first, if education to be truly successful must be connect-

ed with the past, the Western past is completely different from the Eastern past. Secondly, real education must concern itself not only with the past, but must suit present environments; and it is plain what a great difference there must be between the conditions of life of the Far East and the West. Thirdly, real education must be modified by the life which is going to be led by those being educated; and what can be more different than the ideals of womanhood in the East and the West.

Consequently, says Miss Hughes:

"Each race must evolve its own type of education, and that burden cannot be laid on the shoulders of another. Consequently the Far East must evolve the education of its women; but not the men alone—they can never do it effectively without the help of the women."

This does not mean that Europeans cannot help. But where does their help come in? "Not when inexperienced young men and young women come out to teach in Eastern schools, but if you get the right Western person, experienced in life, with a knowledge of educational principles and a readiness to adapt them under new conditions, and armed with a knowledge of Oriental life in the past and present, such a man or woman is invaluable to the Far East, would hasten reform, could save innumerable failures, and could direct and stimulate native teachers. He would be worth a big salary, and he would require one. A little highly-paid, highly-qualified Western help is what appears to me to be the desirable contribution of the West to the development of education in the Far East, and, perhaps, especially, I might add, in the education of women where the difficulties are innumerable and special. It is difficult enough to teach anything to anybody really well, but it is far more difficult to teach another race, and the greater the gulf, the greater the difficulty."

All these arguments, however well thought out, are theories; and it would be interesting to note what is being done in practice for the education of women in Japan:—

"I will refer very shortly to some of the salient points in the education of girls and women in Japan. Their education is largely in the hands of the Government. There are, relatively speaking, few Mission schools and fewer Private schools. During the last few years the Government have started Secondary schools for girls all over the country. I think without an exception the Head is always a man. This is perhaps a necessary state of affairs at present, but until it is altered a certain element in girls' education must be lacking. Many of the teachers, however, are well-educated Japanese women, and there is an excellent Training College in Tokyo for secondary teachers. The Japanese have not broken away from their past. Japanese history and literature form an important part of the curriculum. Japanese accomplishments are being taught, and old Japanese morality, but they are eagerly studying modern science, and English, and adopting some convenient Western customs. I have no time to refer to a hopeful beginning in the

form of a university college for women in Tokyo. Even in Japan, progressive Japan, the women form the conservative element, but everywhere an increasing number are longing for education, crowding into the schools, and realising more and more that in this 20th century no woman can do much for her home or for her country unless she is educated. Japan has suffered, and other parts of the Far East also, by sometimes copying from the West, not the best, but the second best, or even the third best, because it is difficult for a Far Eastern nation to find out what is best in the West; and I expect it is also difficult to get the best Western teachers to go out to the inconveniences and necessary isolation of Far Eastern life. I was much interested to find in Java that Holland, one of the best educated countries in Europe, with great wisdom, pays her Dutch teachers in Java very good salaries, and at the end of twenty years' service an excellent pension. Many of the Dutch teachers that I came across there were evidently first rate, well up in the latest improvements, and understanding the principles of education sufficiently, intelligently, to apply them quite differently under different conditions. I was told also that they knew the native languages well."

There is one point to which Miss Hughes refers in connection with the Japanese women, which it is very pleasing to note: "To me, as an Englishwoman," she says, "it was startling to find how eager they were to learn about us and from us; and as I learnt to know them and respect them and love them, I found out how much there was to learn from them—their sweet, most Christian self-forgetfulness; their stern almost Puritanic obedience to duty; their marvellous knowledge and love of nature; and their capacity for living a happy and healthful and beautiful life on a sum of money on which we should starve."

Also Miss Hughes speaks about the great freedom among Burmese women, and how sweetly and effectively they respond to this wide scope for improvement. May not much of this be said about our Indian women; and, if not true of us, how we wish it could be so!

VI.—THE SONNETS OF SHAKSPEARE.



It was in Shakspeare's hands that the sonnet was first established in English Literature. The sonnets of Shakspeare were published in 1609, in a manner as mysterious as their subject and contents, though unprinted sonnets of his were known in 1598 and referred to by Meres as "sugared sonnets among his private friends." They are dedicated by an editor, (Thomas Thorpe, a bookseller) to Mr. W. H., "the only begetter of these sonnets." No one has doubted their genuineness, for almost every sonnet bears the image and superscription of

the great poet; nor can one doubt that they express not only real but intense emotions of the heart. But when they were written, who was their "begetter," and to what persons or circumstances they allude, has not yet been known and probably never will be. The sonnets show that Shakspeare entered fully into the character of this species of poetry. Each sonnet has its proper unity; but the sense is sometimes found to spread from one to another, independently of that repetition of the leading idea which a series of them often exhibits, and on account of which some have looked upon them as an integral poem. There are many who think that they are autobiographical; and in truth, if we read them attentively, they seem to refer without doubt to one definite, though obscure, period of the poet's life, in which an attachment to a woman, was overpowered, without entirely ceasing, by one to a friend, and this is of such an enthusiastic character that it throws quite an unaccountable mystery over the whole work, for no instance has yet been advanced of such an idolatry of admiring love to a friend. The opinion entertained by Coleridge that a woman was the object of all the sonnets is entirely untenable. He says, "it seems to me that the sonnets could only have come from a man deeply in love and in love with a woman and there is one sonnet, which from its incongruity I take to be a purposed blind." This is supposed to be the 20th; but it certainly could not have been addressed to a woman, and the same thing seems equally true of most of the rest, of which only a small part—28 out of 54—were evidently addressed to a woman. The question then is who was Shakspeare's friend, the W. H., to whom they were addressed? Several passages seem to allude to a youth of high rank, as well as beauty and accomplishments, and this renders somewhat intelligible the strangeness of Shakspeare's humiliation in addressing him as a being before whose feet he crouched. It has been thought by some critics that William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, who succeeded his father in 1601, about which time these sonnets seem to have been written, was the man. This has not been strictly proved, but sufficiently so to be believed. Others have fixed on Lord Southampton, owing to his friendship with Shakspeare, who dedicated to him his "Venus and Adonis." But this theory is indefensible. There are many other such theories, but they only help to spoil our enjoyment of Shakspeare. The poems themselves are our primary concern, about which we need have no misgivings; and an earnest study of any portion of them will teach us more of the mind and heart of Shakspeare than any number of the most ingenious theories. The great

beauty of Shakspeare's sonnets is now universally acknowledged, and the few faults that he has, such as obscurity and quaintness, do not and ought not to trouble us in the midst of so much excellence. Characterized as they are "by boundless fertility and laboured condensation of thought," and adorned by splendid and delicate imagery, sublime, pathetic, tender or playful, the oftener we read them, the more proof do we find of his extraordinary insight into human nature, and his extraordinary power of depicting its various phases.

The sonnets of Shakspeare were probably written during those years, when, as dramatist, he was engaged upon the material of English history, and when as play-actor he was accumulating those resources which were to make him a wealthy burgher of Stratford. That he felt the degradation of his profession we see from two of his sonnets, in which he appears to us in his individual nature and personality:

"Alas 'tis true I have gone here and there
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most
dear,
Made old offences of affection new;"

"O for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breeds."

But that Shakspeare valued the lasting remembrance of posterity is clearly seen; and we also find that he was not altogether unconscious of the immortality that awaited him. But with that assurance was joined an ardent recognition of the merits of others, that noble modesty, which seems to be the characteristic of the very greatest natures.

The Shakspeare, whom we find in the sonnets, had certainly not attained that mastery of life, that serene, yet pathetic strength, which is so prominent in his most mature works. The inference from his writings is that he held not himself aloof from the blameful pleasures of the world. All is warm, sensitive, radiant with delight or thrilling with pain. But, whatever his sins may have been, they were not hard or deliberate sins; they originated rather in his sensitiveness, his imagination, his unselfish devotion to others; and it is of this sensitiveness, more than of his strength, that his sonnets tell us. In the earlier poems of the collection, his delight in human beauty and grace expresses itself with endless variations. The love expressed here is love which has known no sorrow, no change:

"Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:

But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,"

"Being your slave what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do till you require.
So true a fool is love, that in your will
Though you do nothing, he thinks no ill."

The love is so abundant and passionate that he feels himself made weak by the very abundance. He has moments of the deepest passion, but following these are moments of the deepest apathy. His own gifts seem of little worth and in the midst of his depression he almost despises himself:

"Why is my verse so barren of new pride?
So far from variation or quick change?
Why with the time do I not glance aside,
To new-formed methods and to compounds strange?"

"Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing
And like enough thou knowest thy estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing:"

His first joy is saddened by a sense of the transitoriness of all things, the ruin of time; and with marvellous power and insight he expresses the weary longing in the human heart for rest and peaceful death, when it is tired and discouraged by all the change and decay visible around.

He mourns the bitter delusion of all sinful pleasures and the reaction of a swift remorse which inevitably dogs them:

"The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Enjoyed no sooner, but despised straight;
Past reason hunted; and no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallowed bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad;
Mad in pursuit and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe;
Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream.
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell."

But out of all these clouds the thought of one human soul, which he believes beautiful, can save him:

"Haply I think on thee,—and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings,
That then I seem to change my state with kings."

Then comes the bitter discovery that there is a change in love; coldness and estrangement rise on both sides. The friend, in whose personality Shakspeare found a source of unreasonable delight, wronged him; and the woman also whom he loved wronged him, and Shakspeare most bitterly felt the wrong; and he now begs

for pity. But, at the worst and through all suffering, he is able to forgive. This readiness to forgive has been felt to have been a baseness on his part; but Shakspeare may have seen that the wrong done to him was human, and that the chief wrong was not that done to him, but committed by his friend against his own better nature. At any rate, he banishes all wounded personal feeling from his heart and forgives; and we feel that such forgiveness is noble. He says:

"Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
It is an ever fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken."

"No longer mourn for me when I am dead; for I love
you so

That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
Let your love even with my life decay,—
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone."

All the tenderness and generosity of true love
is expressed here.

Shakspeare has learnt his lesson; his romantic attachment, which attributed an impossible perfection to his friend, has become the stronger love which accepts him with his faults. Life was not yet exhausted. He found more to satisfy man's highest needs of intellect and heart. Once more he felt the presence of beauty and goodness:

"O benefit of ill! now I find true
That better is by evil still made better;
And ruined love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater."

"I see a better state to me belongs
Than that which on thy humour doth depend,
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
Oh! what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die!
But what is so blessed fair that fears no blot?
Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not."

This is the language of the "gentle Shakspeare," and the pathos of it is increased when we think that it is the grief of one, whose wisdom, for more than two centuries, has been reverently quoted by some of the greatest men of the world, whose writings have touched or gladdened so many hearts.

Widow and Infant Marriage in India.



THE chapter on "Marriage" in the Report on the Census of India, so ably edited by H. H. RISLEY, I.C.S., C.I.E., and E. A. GAIT, I.C.S., is of special interest to those, who are concerned in any way about the social condition of India. The descriptive portion of the chapter in particular throws a flood of light on the present condition of Indian Society and the various changes that are coming over the land, owing to the new influences brought to bear upon her. In this article we shall confine ourselves chiefly to some of the important points dealt with in this chapter.

The almost universal prevalence of the married state in the East is one of the things that characterize oriental life. In European countries, sentiment and prudence act in the direction of checking marriages; and religion also, in the West, makes not unfrequently for celibacy. In India it is just the reverse. Not only the sentiment of the people, but religion also throws its influence in favour of married life. "A Hindu man must marry and beget children to perform his funeral rites, lest his spirit wander uneasily in the waste places of the earth. If a Hindu maiden is unmarried at puberty, her condition brings social obloquy on her family, and on a strict reading of certain texts, retrospective damnation on three generations of ancestors." There are, however, certain conditions which hamper the general obligation to marry. In the first place, in India, the field from which the choice of a wife can be made is restricted, for example the members of a particular social group, usually supposed to be descended from a common ancestor, or to be associated with a certain locality, are forbidden matrimonial alliance; the prohibited degrees of marriage are also many and varied in their application; a woman of a particular group is forbidden to marry a man of a group lower than her own in social standing; and further, as is well known, in several Hindu communities widows are forbidden to marry again.

Of all the peculiar usages, which are associated with marriage in India, none, according to the Census Commissioners, has impressed itself so distinctly on the census statistics as the customs of enforced widowhood and infant marriage. The report gives a very interesting account of

the origin of the prohibition of widow marriage which we quote here:—

"For the ultimate origin of the prohibition of widow marriage among the higher castes, we must look back, far beyond the comparative civilization of the Vedas, to the really preventive belief that the dead chief or head of the family will need human companionship and service in that other world which savage fancy pictures as a shadowy copy of this. To this belief is due the practice of burning the widow on the funeral pile of her dead husband, which is referred to as an "ancient custom" (*dharmapuran*) in the Atharva Veda. The directions given in the Rig Veda for placing the widow on the pile with her husband's corpse, and then calling her back to the world of life, appear as Tyler has pointed out, to represent a reform and a reaction against a yet more ancient and savage rite of widow's sacrifice, which they prohibited in fact but yet kept up in symbol? The bow of the warrior and the sacrificial instruments of the priest were thrown back upon the pile to be consumed, the wife after passing through the mere form of sacrifice, was held to have fulfilled her duties to her husband and was free to marry again. A passage in the Rig Veda quoted by Zimmer shows that in some cases, at any rate, the widow married her husband's younger brother (*devar*), and it is not unreasonable to suppose that her obligations in this respect were very much what we now find among the castes which permit widow marriage."

The present attitude of the Hindu community towards re-marriage of widows is summed up as follows by the Census Commissioners:—"The most advanced class of educated men sympathise in a general way with the movement, but their sympathy is clouded by the apprehension that any considerable addition to the number of marriageable women would add to the existing difficulty and expense of getting their daughters married. Below these we find a very numerous class, who are educated enough to appreciate the prohibition of widow marriage supposed to be contained in certain texts, and who have no desire to go beyond that or any similar conjunction, in support of which tolerably ancient authority can be quoted. Then come the great mass of the uneducated working class, with rather vague notions as to the Shastras, but one in their reverence for Brahmans and keen to appreciate points of social precedence. To them widow marriage is a badge of social degradation, a link which connects those who produce it with Doms, Bunas, and Bugdis and low people of various kinds. Lastly, at the bottom of society, as understood by the average Hindu, we find a large group of castes and tribes, of which the lower section is represented by pure

non-Aryan tribes, practising adult marriage and widow remarriage, while the upper section consists of castes of doubtful origin most of whom, retaining widow marriage, have taken to infant marriage, while some have got so far as to throw off sub-castes, distinguished by their abstention from widow marriage."

Infant marriage has taken more root among the lower castes than the practice of enforced widowhood. It is strange that infant marriage is peculiar to India and India alone. The usual Brahmanical explanation of the origin of infant marriage, the Census Commissioners regard as palpably inadequate; it is this:—Marriage is a sort of sacrament, of which every maiden must partake in order that she may cleanse her own being from the taint of original sin, that she may accomplish the salvation of her father and his ancestors, and that she may bring forth a son to carry on the domestic worship of her husband's family. This the Census Commissioners regard as a sort of *ex post facto* explanation inasmuch as it does not touch the question of age. In Vedic literature there is not the slightest evidence for the practice of infant marriage. What was the cause of the change? The Census Commissioners think that the gradual lowering of the position of women from the ideal standard of Vedic terms may be due to the distrust of the virtue of girls induced by the example of pre-matrimonial license set by the Dravidian races. A girl would be married as a child in order to avert the possibility of her causing scandal later on. The rule to marry within the same social scale must also have operated in favour of infant marriage. The number of possible husbands for the girls of the higher classes must be always limited and this compels the parents to endeavour to secure appropriate bridegrooms as soon as possible.

We shall conclude this article with a few statistics relating to marriage. Of the males in India, nearly half are unmarried, but three-quarters of the latter are under 15 years of age; of the males enumerated at the ages of 30 to 40, only 1 in 12 is celibate, and between 40 and 60, only 1 in 20. In the case of females, the figures are even more striking. Only one-third of the total number are unmarried, and of these three-quarters are under the age of 10 and seven-tenths of the remainder under 15. To shew the prevalence of infant marriage, the following figures are given:—Among girls between the ages of 5 and 10, 1 in 10 is married; among girls at 10 to 15, 2 in 5; at 15 to 20, 4 in 5; and at 20 to 30, 6 in 7. Amongst females of all ages more than 1 in 6 is a widow.

The Late Mrs. Mary Gnanamani.



THE sad death, from plague, of Mrs. Mary Gnanamani, the wife of Mr. M. D. Gnanamani, which took place at Madanapalle on the 17th March, brings to termination the life of great usefulness of an Indian Christian lady, who was a blessing wherever she was. It could be said of her that she actually sacrificed her life for the public cause, for it was in the discharge of her duties as a lady doctor, in attendance on plague patients at Madanapalle, that she contracted the disease which terminated fatally. The esteem in which she was held by the Government officials of the town will be seen from the memorial that has been started by the Sub-Collector, Mr. A. P. Coleridge, I. C. S., who has made an appeal to the public in the following terms:—

"The sad death of Mrs. Gnanamani from plague on the 17th March, has caused a great loss to the whole town, for in her the town has lost a devoted medical worker. It is believed that there are many who would be glad to raise, by public subscription, some memorial to her, both amongst her many friends who knew her kindly Christian life, and amongst public officials who cannot but have admired the way in which one of their members was faithfully doing her duty, and in the end losing her life in the public good; and also amongst the many townsfolk whose wives and children she indefatigably attended. A small Committee has therefore been formed, consisting of Mr. F. A. Coleridge, Rev. Joseph John, Mr. Vaikunta Sarma, M.I.O., and Mr. R. Giri Row Garu, who will gladly receive any subscriptions, however small. It is proposed to erect a tomb-stone over the grave in the Basinikonda cemetery, and if there are still funds available to spend them in some medical convenience for the use of women and children at the hospital."

Mr. Coleridge will be glad to receive any subscriptions from Mrs. Gnanamani's many friends throughout the Presidency towards the memorial."

The life of Mrs. Mary Gnanamani should serve as an object lesson to Indian ladies, for it was a life of constant, active, benevolent service for others, which ended in the sacrifice of life even Mrs. Gnanamani's maiden name was Mary Rajanaickum. She was born on the 21st August, 1867, at Madura, and her parents belonged to a highly respectable Christian family. She received her early education in the American Mission High School for girls in Madura, from which institution she passed her Higher Examination for Women. Her sweet, gentle and loveable disposition made her a great favourite among her fellow students and her Christian influence at school was very great. After leaving the High School at Madura she

underwent training at the Normal School in Madras. The training over, she returned to her native place and was engaged in teaching. Miss Swift, who knew her well, writes thus of her work:—"Mary's influence, as a Christian worker, both among the women of our Mission and Hindu women in the city, as well as in the school itself among the girls is excellent, and though her work as a teacher was highly successful, her personal influence was more deeply valued."



THE LATE MRS. MARY GNANAMANI.

Her American friends were anxious to send her to America, so as to enable the people there to see for themselves the type of an Indian girl that Christianity is able to turn out in this land; but this project fell through. An American lady, who had seen much of the world, once said of Mary Rajanaickum:—"She was one of the sweetest girls that she had ever come across," and this sweetness of character which struck every one who came into contact with her manifested itself in active deeds, for she was, throughout her life, an indefatigable worker, trying to do God's will in her own sphere. Her usefulness was enhanced by the medical training she received in the Madras Medical College, from which institution she passed out as a qualified medical practitioner, and was placed in charge of the hospital at Ranipettai. It was here that she met her future husband Mr. M. D. Gnanamani, L.M.S., himself a medical man. They were married in 1896 and the union was happy in every way. In 1899 they were transferred to Madanapalle and here she found a sphere for her active energies which made her a source of blessing to hundreds of people of all classes. She was always at the service of others. Her medical skill, perseverance, and patience, and her Christ-like way of dealing with her patients made her welcome in many a Hindu home. To the poor especially she was most devoted in her attentions. Hers was a life lived with Christ and as such she followed in the footsteps of her Divine Master, in serving

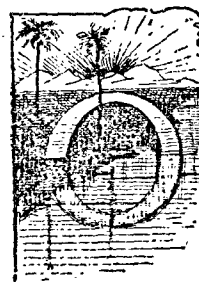
others. As a Christian worker she was indefatigable. She was modest and her charity was unbounded.

Since the middle of January 1904 she was in medical charge of the Madanapalle Hospital; her husband's work being taken up with heavy plague duties. Among the plague-stricken, she was a ministering angel. While in the midst of her work of love, she herself contracted plague on the 11th March and died on the 17th. Her life was bright and her death triumphant. Her remains were buried in the Basinikonda cemetery and the funeral was followed by the whole of the Christian community and a large number of officials—European, Hindu and Mohammedan.

Such is the plain record of the life of a simple Indian girl who had made up her mind to serve Christ from her childhood. She herself attributed all the success of her life to the influence of the Divine Master, in whose footsteps she tried to walk. The passive virtues, such as sweetness and gentleness of character, which she possessed in abundance, are no doubt characteristic of Indian girls, but what led her to live a life of sacrifice, and go about doing good was the love she bore to her Divine Master. Who dare say after seeing such a life of devotedness to God and self-sacrificing service on behalf of human beings, that Christianity is a failure in India?

THELA.

A Sanitary Association at Bombay.



OUR readers would remember the interesting series of papers on 'Health,' kindly contributed by Mrs. Brander to our Magazine, and the suggestion that was made that Sanitary Associations should be formed among the ladies of Madras to carry out some of the ideas suggested in these papers. It would seem that the ladies of the Bombay Presidency are more enterprising than the ladies of "this benighted Presidency," as the Madras Presidency is sometimes called; for a ladies' Sanitary Association has lately been formed there. We wish it indeed every success and hope that we shall follow this bright example and do what we can to help in a small beginning of such a very necessary scheme. We give here the greater part of Lady Jenkins' speech on

the occasion of a meeting to consider the proposal.

"The Bombay Sanitary Association has recently received sanction at a meeting of the citizens of Bombay, and I need say nothing to commend its object on this occasion. It was a happy inspiration of his Excellency Lord Lamington to throw out the suggestion that the women of Bombay should co-operate in the movement, and, following out the idea, the present meeting has been convened in order that a Ladies' Branch may be formed. I think we should gladly embrace the opportunity which is thus afforded us of proving our capabilities of taking a practical part in advancing the material welfare of the poorer classes of this city. If we are not going to take up the work with thoroughness, and if it is not to be done thoroughly it had better not be done at all—we must be prepared to make some slight sacrifices and to devote to the work of our branch of the Association time, that might perhaps be more pleasantly spent elsewhere. I am sure, however, that the ladies of Bombay will not be deterred by this, but that we one and all, will be ready to strive our utmost to prove that we are worthy of the confidence that has been placed in us. I regard this opportunity of common work as of the greatest value and significance. It affords a field of sympathetic labour open to all women alike; and we have, as a resource from which to draw upon our fellow workers, the many communities which go to make up the varied society of which we each form a part, and thus draw together the bonds that link us together to a single ruler, the King-Emperor, and in our service to a single cause, humanity. Now, I will assume your general acceptance of the proposal that the ladies of Bombay should co-operate in the work of the Sanitary Association. So the question arises in what direction shall we work?"

Above all things we must be practical and methodical. Casual visits to the poor would be useless; it would be unreal, calculated to give offence and productive of no benefit or advantage to those we desire to aid. I think we can all profitably work in our own compounds by explaining to the wives and daughters of our servants the principles of healthy life, and encouraging them to a practice of those principles. It is true that the direct effects of such work will not be great, but few of the hundreds of thousands that live in this city would be reached, and it would be instilling into these comparatively few valuable lessons which they would pass on to those with whom they come in contact, and thus widen the area of good example.

But beyond this there would be much to be done and as a first start I would suggest that female health visitors should be employed, who

would be appointed to a certain section of the city and visit all the houses in turns and explain the value of fresh air, light and cleanliness, the evil of overcrowding, the care of infants and the lying in women, to talk to the women employed in mills and in manual labour, to advise them to seek medical aid in times of sickness and in urgent cases recommend for relief in food or money and to instruct them in the necessity of reporting all cases of sickness and deaths and births. A weekly report should be made to the committee of the Ladies' Branch, and each lady should at intervals accompany the health visitor in her visits to see how the work is carried on. The knowledge of the condition in which the poor live and what can be done to improve their condition would thus be gained by the ladies of the association and representations made by the Ladies' Branch to the Health Association would meet with due consideration.

I do not advise a large undertaking at once and would suggest that say two or four female health visitors be employed at first and appointed to a certain section of the city; their work can be supervised by the Ladies' Committee, who in turn will visit part of the district with their health visitor. I think four such visitors could be found at Rs. 30 to Rs. 50 per mensem each, which would be Rs. 120 per mensem or say Rs. 1,500 to Rs. 2,000 per annum, and funds to that extent could, I think, be easily collected by the ladies of Bombay."

That this Association has been formed predicts great things for the future of India. As Dr. Turner said, "Bombay is not the only city in the world where ladies combined to help the poor and suffering. In England, ladies did a great deal of philanthropic work and he would only have to quote as an example to Bombay the city of Manchester where the Ladies' Public Health Association was in existence and where 23 health visitors were employed. These women performed their duties for a salary of about a pound a week, and he might say that in Manchester the income of the Ladies' Association generally exceeded the expenditure. According to the report of the Society he had alluded to, the object of employing these women in England was to lessen the ignorance of the poorer classes in regard to dirt and the dangers that attended it, to show the people who were living in insanitary houses how to make use of their advantages and generally to educate the people so that they would see the benefit of sanitary habits. In an association of this kind, of course, it required a certain amount of money and it would be one of the tasks which the committee could take up to help the Health Association to collect funds. A great amount of money was not required, but they did require some. If they were successful

they would have the knowledge that the ladies of Bombay had been the first to organise in this way, so far as India was concerned."

We hope that the ladies of Madras, if not the first to organise, will be the first to follow this example.

1b. 1b. The Maharajah Gaekwar on Female Education in India.

The annual distribution of prizes to the successful pupils of the Alexandra Native Girls' English Institution took place recently in the Town Hall, Bombay, his Highness Sir Sayajee-rao Gaekwar, Maharajah of Baroda, presiding. There was a large attendance on the occasion. His Highness, who rose amid cheers, next addressed the meeting. He said:—"I need scarcely say that it has given me great pleasure to come here to-day and to distribute the prizes. You all, I think, know my interest in educational problems, and my opinion both of the urgent necessity and high value of education in India to-day. Those problems, I need scarcely remind you, are not only varied and particularly difficult on that account, but press upon us every day with renewed insistence in every field of life—economic, social and political. And their principal difficulty is that they have not yet been fully faced, that the solutions meet only half the difficulty, for education in India to-day deals practically only with the male half of the people. Despite many efforts well intentioned and loyally made, the great problem of female education has not been properly taken up. Its importance has not even been generally recognised. The new ideas which our young men acquire at college have an almost hopeless battle to wage with

A DEAD WEIGHT

of custom and ignorance which argument cannot confute, but which none the less wield a tremendous social power. It is wonderful that they have achieved so much when we remember how small a chance they have of spreading owing to the neglect of female education. The principal danger of this neglect appears to me to be its effect on the intellectual, social, and national life of India. In the first place, it neutralises to a very large extent the education which our young men receive, and to which we have to look for a brighter future. India does not send her young men to school and college solely in order that they may get Government appointments. She has a right to demand a greater harvest from the

seed which is sown there, one which shall make her stronger and richer. That she does not, is, I think, very largely due to the enormous contrast between the education and surroundings of after-life, between the ideals, both public and private, to which education points and the fact of life, as it has to be lived. Compare India with Europe or America in this respect. There you will find a very much larger area in which ideas can spread and do spread. You will find women as much interested in the great questions of the day as men, able to discuss them and anxious to take their share in solving them. And the result is that Western civilization is at least progressive, it is at least ready to see what changes are necessary and to make an effort to carry them out. It is this progressive spirit which must animate our Indian women that they may play their part and leave an easier task for the next generation. The greatest difference in Eastern and Western conditions is

OUR LACK OF REAL SOCIAL LIFE.

This is both the cause and effect of defective education; or education is not a reality without some interchange of ideas. On the other hand, until our women are more educated, we shall not break through their splendid isolation, an isolation which we cannot too strongly condemn if we find it retarding the mental and physical development of our women. Meanwhile, our lack of social life is a great deficiency. It robs us of some of the strongest bonds of natural union, for it accentuates all petty caste restrictions. It is also intensely narrowing—for we meet our neighbours too much on a business or official footing, or on the other hand our home interests are too purely domestic. It is this gap between the details of the household and our work which our women can help us to bridge over. It is this widening of interests at which we have to aim, the broadening of woman's views on life in every respect so that she may be the better fit to order her own household, to look after her children, to make her home more beautiful and attractive, to widen out the interest which surround the home until they can include her neighbours, so that social life may become a reality, and so stretch out to a national life, to a part in the questions which affect the community as a whole, and so enable the woman to bear her full share in the development of the race and the future of India. I would even allow the new woman, however shocking the heresy may sound, to find her own level and to prove for herself the reality of the claims she has made for equality. We need woman to play a stronger part in our national life for many reasons, and I would venture to remind you that under the more strenuous conditions of Indian society

which prevailed not so very long ago our women took a larger and more active part in our national life. In the disintegrating conditions of our present society they are not playing that part. And there is another point to which I wish just to call your attention. I do not think our present society exerts sufficient influence on

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE MORALITY.

I fear that we judge a man too much by his adherence to customs and forms, too little by his real character. It is woman's influence which we need, to help us to build up a strong public opinion on these matters, an opinion which will work towards a higher standard of purity. I do not think we shall be able to insist on our methods to attain these ends, nor do I recommend that we should hastily adopt European methods because they are successful in Europe. I do not believe that all our old customs can be entirely valueless, nor on the other hand are they valuable merely because they are old. But we need some touchstone to apply to them to show us which is gold and which the dross of ignorant superstition which has gathered round them. Such a touchstone education must supply. We have to find a standard of practical utility which will guide us safely between a foolish imitation and servile attachment to custom. And this is a standard which is equally useful from another point of view, for though the variety of customs is endless, it can be applied to all. In some respects, I think, the Parsis are peculiarly fortunate, and we may look to them to give India a lead in the formation of a vivid social life. Theirs is one of the most adaptable and intelligent communities in India, and being mainly gathered around a great city approximates more to European conditions. As a result we have this highly encouraging example of the Alexandra Institute, which appears to me a most cheering sign of the progress in female education to which I look forward. I wish I could point to equally encouraging signs among Hindus or Mahomedans and see as much social life as the Parsi community is showing to-day. But I believe there is a very general interest in every community which has only to be stirred into activity to give us a female education which augurs well for the future of India." (Applause.)

The Bombay Guardian writes:—"It was stated a few years ago that since 1891 a retrograde movement had taken place in matters of social reform amongst the peoples of India, and that matters political and religious had taken their place; but latterly there has been a growing feeling of unrest about social questions, particularly regarding the education and status of women which has found expression in a large

number of Indian newspapers. The *Indian Social Reformer* has continued bravely throughout the whole period, upbraiding, encouraging and ever telling plain uncompromising truths to its readers in the endeavour to incite them to act up to their convictions. Every notable speech on social reform is carefully published by the *Social Reformer*, and the number of such speeches from different centres in itself shows the trend of Indian thought. Action is likely to follow. But what has been left undone by communities is beginning to be done by individuals.

Editorial Notes.

The very unsatisfactory condition of female education in India is seen from the Census Report, which gives statistics relating to literacy, which are anything but encouraging.

In India it is only one male in every 10 that can read and write and one female in 144, that is to say, there is only 1 literate female for every 14 literate males. Burmah holds the first place in point of literacy, both male and female, and this is due to the elaborate system of indigenous free education which is imparted by the *ponghis* of Buddhist monks attached to the monasteries, while the instruction of females is not hampered by the prejudices in favour of their seclusion when they approach a certain age, which so greatly impede progress in other parts of India. Madras comes next to Burmah, then follow Bombay and Bengal, and then, at a considerable distance, Assam, the Punjab, the United Provinces, and the Central Provinces. The small and enterprising community of Parsis take the lead both in the matter of male and female education. Among them 542 females per mille are able to read and write. Then come Christians with 203 per mille after them,—with a great gap between—the Jains with 27 per mille. The Hindus and Mussalmans come last with 5 per mille. Only 10 females in every 10,000 of each sex are able to read and write English.

Though these figures are unsatisfactory, still it is a matter for congratulation that the Government of India intends putting forth special efforts to encourage female education. In this connection we wish to draw the special attention of our readers to the remarkable speech by His Highness the Gaekwar of Baroda on "Female Education," which we publish elsewhere in our columns. This is not the first time that this enlightened Prince has pointed out that nothing is so fatal to progress in India as its present one-sided advance.

The picture we reproduce as our frontispiece is one of Mr. C. Raja Raja Varma's paintings. The title of the picture is "Music hath Charms." It is one of his most successful early works and is now in the possession of one of the merchant princes of Bombay. It was painted under the following circumstances: In the Bombay Fine Arts Exhibition of 1894 a certain gentleman well known for his encouragement of the Arts had offered a prize for the best painting of "A native lady in a garden." Mr. Raja Varma with the intention of competing for this prize secured one of the best models available in Bombay, posed her and painted her almost from life. The painting was duly exhibited and though there were other competitors the prize was awarded to it as the best work. The picture was subsequently sent to the Fine Arts Exhibition of Madras the same year and there it won the Society's first prize for the best figure painting in oils. The Art critic of the *Madras Mail* wrote thus about it in his review of the Exhibition: "Two pictures by C. Raja Raja Varma *viz.*, "What shall I sing?" (62) and "Music hath Charms" (42) we can equally commend for the same good qualities. The latter is in fact one of the best in the show; the attitude is delightful, the drapery, ferns, flowers and creepers have been drawn with the utmost care and truth and the colouring is bold, yet thoroughly harmonious. The work is altogether admirable, and well deserves the prize which has been awarded to it."

Apart from its artistic merits the painting is interesting as the first production of Mr. C. Raja

Raja Varma that gained a prize, and also as marking the starting point of the artist's successful career. This painting has been published in the Ravi Varma Fine Arts Press but the reproduction is neither a faithful nor a successful one. The picture here reproduced is not an exact copy of the original painting but of a slightly altered replica by the same artist.

smallest subscriptions, which witness to the affection she inspired.

Subscriptions may be sent to—

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Correspondence.

HELEN BLACKBURN MEMORIAL FUND. 2nd March, 1904.

DEAR MADAM,

It has been generally felt by those who loved and respected Miss Blackburn—that is, by all who really knew her—that there ought to be some permanent Memorial of her. We, who knew her need nothing to keep her memory green, but a definite Memorial will keep before the younger generation the name of one who, by her character, her wisdom and her work, is an example worthy to be followed.

To this end it has been agreed by some of her friends to collect a Fund, to be called *The Helen Blackburn Memorial Fund*, which shall take the form of a Loan Fund for the training of young women in Trades and Professions, and shall be administered on the same lines, and by the same body—* The Society for Promoting the Employment of Women—as the Caroline Ashurst Biggs Fund, which Miss Blackburn was largely instrumental in raising to the memory of her predecessor in the editorship of the *English-woman's Review*.

The principle of administration is to give grants for training in the form of loans without interest, which the recipients are bound to repay by small instalments after they begin to earn. Thus the fund is always renewing itself, and serves for one generation of grantees after another.

The smallest sum which would be really useful is £100, but we hope that a larger amount will testify to the honour in which Miss Blackburn was held, seeing that already, before issuing this appeal, over £50 has been promised. The subscription list is headed by the Earl of Selborne.

Her work touched all classes, and as we are anxious to make the fund representative of her varied interests, we will receive gladly the

* The Society helps to train women doctors, teachers, type-writers, printers, &c., &c.

What is being done for and by India's Daughters.

"We are glad to learn that Home Educational classes have been started in Calicut for the special benefit of Hindu Ladies. Similar classes, in connection with the National Indian Association are at work at Cuddalore and Madras."

—The Government of Madras has framed schemes for the re-organization of Government Girls' Schools throughout the Presidency, which have already come into force. The chief object of this re-organization is, by raising the pay and status of the teachers in those schools, to create a class of properly trained women teachers and to prevent the teaching of girls being in male hands.

—Thanks to the exertions of Mrs. Glyn Barlow, the Palghat Ladies' Association, started on the model of the Calicut Ladies' Association, is working vigorously. In the last issue we gave an account of its origin. Since it was started, several successful meetings have been held. We find that there is a Ladies' Association at Hyderabad in which Mrs.

Karim Khan, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu and others take a prominent part. In this issue we publish an interesting lecture delivered before the Hyderabad Association on "The bringing up of children" by Mrs. Casson Walker.

—WOMESH CHANDRA MUKERJEE MEDAL.—Babu Satischandra Mukerjee, M. A., Professor, L. M. S. College, Bhawanipur, has offered to make over to the University Rs. 500 on the following conditions:—(i) That a silver medal be annually awarded to the successful female candidate who obtains the highest marks at the First Examination in Arts. (ii) That the names of the medallists be published in the Gazette and in the University Calendar. (iii) That the medal be called the "Womesh Chandra Mukerjee Medal" in memory of his father.

—Miss Sarala Ghosal, B.A., has devised a scheme for the creation of a Bengalee Red Cross Ambulance Corps to be sent out to the seat of war. The outlines of the scheme are set forth in the following letter of hers:—"There is a strong feeling in the country that in the interests of humanity something should be done by Bengal to minister to the needs of the sick and wounded in the seat of the Russo-Japanese War. Having this feeling in view, the voluntary services of two qualified Bengali doctors, two Bengali apothecaries and of twenty-five young men are required for the purpose of forming a Red Cross Ambulance Corps to be sent out to the front. All their expenses will be met by public subscription. We are glad to find that in response to Miss Ghosal's appeal more than fifty respectable Bengalis including four doctors and six medical students have offered their services.

—Mr. Justice Chandavarkar delivered an interesting lecture recently on the "Ideal of Womanhood" in connection with the Bombay Ladies' Branch of the National Indian Association at Mrs. Narotundas Mararji's House. There was present a large number of Indian ladies of all classes to hear the lecture. In the course of his lecture Mr. Chandavarkar pointed out how some of the greatest poets like Goethe, Schiller, Victor Hugo and others acknowledged that they owed everything good in them to their mothers. He believed in the view that the best wealth of the country consisted in "Motherhood" or "Womanhood." The ideal of womanhood finds its happiest expressions in Shakespeare and Wordsworth. In Browning we see the heroic in woman idealised. The 19th century alone. say nothing of other periods, has witnessed the levels of womanhood. Truly did the Hindu law-giver in the best of moods—the poetic, not the lawyer's mood say:—"Where the women are honoured, the gods are satisfied." To sum up, according to the poets, woman is the genius

presiding not only over the domesticities but also the humanities of life. To her is given the faculty to do the good and see the better; to see the better and to achieve it; to achieve it by worship, the worship consisting in constant action, and the action consisting in ceaseless aspiration.

—The little town of Karkal in S. Canara about 9 miles to the west of the obscure village of Mala, the birth-place of the famous Pandita Ramabai, has shown a laudable example to others. In response to an invitation sent by Mrs. Pulcheria Colaco, the wife of the Civil Apothecary of the station, nine Roman Catholic ladies of the place met in the house of Mrs. M. M. Lobo, the wife of Mr. Lobo, Vakil, Mrs. T. Mathias, Mrs. G. D'Souza, Mrs. Lobo, Mrs. M. M. Lobo, Mrs. S. Mathias, Mrs. S. M. Rebello, Mrs. Colaco, Mrs. E. Lobo, and Mrs. R. Mathias. Mrs. Mathias was voted to the Chair, and explained the object of the Meeting, namely, the formation of the Karkal Catholic Ladies' Association, for social and intellectual improvement of the members. It was proposed to hold weekly meetings and give lectures on domestic and other matters relating to women. The President promised to deliver a lecture at the next Meeting on the "Preparation of pickles." It was unanimously resolved to subscribe for the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*. Gentle indoor exercises form part of the programme. Mrs. Stephen Mathias has offered to present her ping-pong set to the Association. The pandal in front of Mrs. Colaco's house will be converted into the Association Hall until a permanent hall is built. When the Association is firmly consolidated, measures will be taken to extend its scope to Indian ladies of other denominations. Mrs. T. Mathias, mother of Mr. S. L. Mathias, a coffee planter was elected as President and Mrs. Stephen Mathias as Secretary.

Literary Notes.

[Specially prepared for the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*.]

A new work by Miss Cornelia Sorabjee entitled "Sun Babies", will be published by Murray of Albemarle Street, London. The book is a book of stories of Indian children. We are glad that Miss Sorabjee is using her gifted pen in giving us Indian literature of a high order. This is the second work from her pen, the first being a series of stories of Indian life entitled, *Behind the Purdah*. An account from her pen of the present condition of India—social, intellectual, political and religious—will be of permanent value to the country.

—The death of Sir Edwin Arnold, the poet, journalist and writer is felt as a personal loss by India as a whole. No one liked India and the Orient with such an intense, nay almost passionate love, as did Sir Edwin Arnold. The great success of his "Light of Asia" is due to this love which he had for the country and its people. As a journalist he had high fame. It may interest our readers to know that Sir Edwin Arnold took a personal interest in the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* and was a regular reader of it. He wrote a highly eulogistic account of its aims and objects in the *London Daily Telegraph*.

—Nothing more helps the education of a nation than the spread of healthy light literature, the influence of which can be seen in all directions, affecting as it does for incalculable good—the morals, the culture and the sound happiness of the world. It has a powerful effect in benefiting all classes, the scholar in his study, the busy clerk at his desk can derive recreation from conning over a page or two of light literature, not only are the young allured by it, but the old are introduced into realms which they may have come to look upon as beyond their reach. We should like to see not merely newspapers, but journals of light literature suited to Indian readers multiplied in this country.

—The following lines addressed to a Greek girl by a living poet are beautiful and suggestive:—

With breath of thyme and bees that hum,
Across the years you seem to come,—
Across the years with nymph-like head,
And wind-blown brows unfiled;
A girlish shape that slips the bud
In lines of unspoiled symmetry;
A girlish shape that stirs the blood
With pulse of Spring, Autonoe!

Where'er you pass,—where'er you go,
I hear the pebble rillet flow;
Where'er you go,—where'er you pass,
There comes a gladness on the grass;
You bring blithe airs where'er you tread,—
Blithe airs that blow from down and sea;
You wake in me a Pan not dead,—
Not wholly dead!—Autonoe!

How sweet with you on some green sod
To wreath the rustic garden-god;
How sweet beneath the chestnut's shade
With you to weave a basket braid;
To watch across the stricken chords
Your rosy-tinkling fingers flee;
To woo you in soft woodland words,
With woodland pipe, Autonoe!



News and Notes.

The Empress Dowager of Russia is leading a movement in support of the Red Cross work. In all parts of the Empire women are organizing relief societies and preparing hospital supplies.

—We give once more the portrait of Her Excellency Lady Amthill, the wife of His Excellency Lord Amthill, who is to act as Viceroy during the absence of Lord Curzon. We have not the slightest doubt that Her Ladyship's sweet and gracious presence will be as welcome at Simla and Calcutta as it has been at Delhi and Madras.

—It is announced that the Japanese government has accepted the offer made by Dr. Anita Newcomb McGee to take a party of nurses to Japan. No nurse is to be invited by Dr. McGee except graduate nurses who have done field and hospital duty in the United States army, and the number who will go will depend on voluntary contributions to defray expenses. The first party expects to sail in March.

—Miss Meta Woodworth, lecturer in domestic sciences in the University of California extension staff in agriculture, is the first woman in the United States to fill such a place in university extension work. She has noted herself especially to sanitary work. She has been especially noted for her work in cooking, preserving, and other domestic arts.

tion of foods, and house building and home recreation.

—Mrs. Emma Magoon Post of North English, Ia., is totally blind, yet she successfully manages the telephone exchange for the town and the surrounding country and has over 300 subscribers on the lines she operates. Mrs. Post is able to distinguish the voices of hundreds of men, women and children whom she serves. She is a graduate of Iowa College for the blind, and was noted at that institution for quick and retentive memory.

—Sujata Sundari Devi, youngest daughter of the late Keshub Chunder Sen, was given away in marriage to Babu S. N. Sen, Barrister-at-law, a few days ago. Bhai Gour Govind Roy officiated at the wedding, which was solemnized according to the new Samhita. Among those who attended were the Maharajah of Cooh Behar, the Maharajah of Sirmour, the Maharajah of Natore, Sir Patrick and Lady Playfair, Lady Ellis, Lord Radstock, the Hon'ble Dr. Bhandarkar, the Hon'ble Mr. Gokhale, Mr. Justice Ghose, Dr. Gurudas Banerji, Mr. A. M. Bose, and the Hon'ble Mr. Gupta.

—Mme. Eleanora Pettrelli, once a world-renowned opera singer and widow of Prince von Petroff of Russia, has died in an obscure hotel in Chicago, alone and in want, save for the charity of strangers.

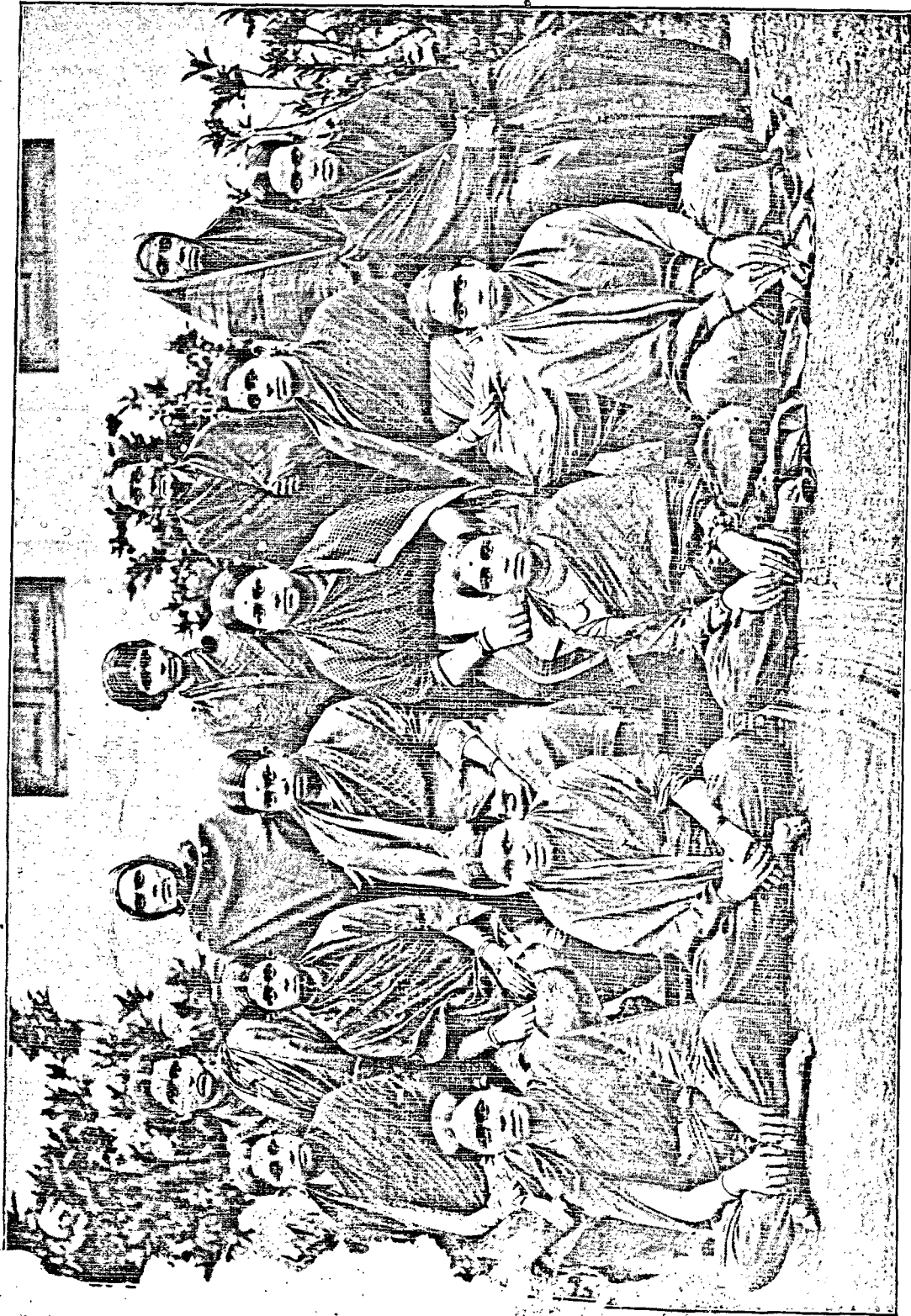
Daughter and heiress of one of the wealthiest counts of Scandinavia, she lived to see two great fortunes melt away and to have her title taken from her. Driven by necessity to sing for a livelihood in the royal opera companies of the continent, the singer won her way upward in the profession until, at the Russian court in St. Petersburg, she became the wife of Prince von Petroff, a Boyar nobleman. Then began a series of misfortunes which eventually left her adrift as a poor teacher of music in Chicago at the age of eighty-seven years.

—Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt and her sister-in-law, Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, have decided to accept literally and act upon the advice recently given by Rev. Dr. Rainsford, who deplored the exclusive attitude of women of wealth, saying that they should take a more direct and active interest in the affairs of those less fortunate. Mrs. Vanderbilt has just given \$5,000 to the Presbyterian Hospital Training School for Nurses, with the condition that it be spent to send nurses into the homes in the tenement houses. Not only has Mrs. Vanderbilt given her money, but she and Mrs. Harriman have determined to give liberally of their time. For the better management of the work which is to be undertaken a governing committee will be formed, of which both women will be members.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Acknowledgments for February, 1904.

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WOMEN TEACHERS IN THE MAHARANI'S COLLEGE, MYSORE.



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Vol. III.

MAY, 1904.

No. 11.

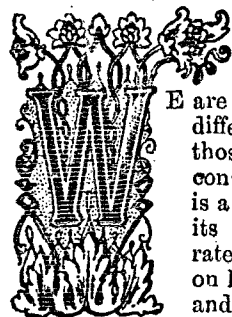
THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

The following important pronouncement on Female Education is taken from the latest Resolution on Education. It augurs a bright future for the country so far as the education of India's daughters is concerned :—

"In their efforts to promote female education the Government have always encountered peculiar difficulties arising from the social customs of the people; but they have acted on the view that through female education a "far greater proportional impulse is imparted to the educational and moral tone of the people than by the education of men," and have accordingly treated this branch of education liberally in respect of scholarships and fees. Nevertheless, though some advance has been made, female education as a whole is still in a very backward condition. The number of female scholars in public schools in the year 1901-02 was 444,470, or less than a ninth of the number of male scholars. The percentage of girls in public schools to the total female population of school-going age has risen from 1.58 in the year 1886-87 to 2.49 in 1901-02. This rate of progress is slow. The Education Commission made recommendations for the extension of female education, and the Government of India hope that with the increase of the funds assigned in aid of education their proposals may be more fully carried out. The measures which are now being taken for further advance include the establishment in important centres of model primary girls' schools, an increase in the number of training schools, with more liberal assistance to those already in existence, and a strengthening of the staff of inspectresses. The direct action of Government will be exerted in cases where that of the Municipalities and Local Boards does not suffice. Nearly one-half of the girls in public schools are in mixed boys'-girls' schools. Their attendance along with boys is often beneficial to them, especially in village schools, and nothing in the Report of the Commission of 1882 need be taken as indicating that such attendance ought to be discouraged. Great assistance is rendered to the cause of female education generally by missionary effort, and in the higher grades especially by zenana teaching. The Government of India desire that such teaching shall be encouraged by grants-in-aid."

Shelters for the Poor in London.

THE CASUAL WARD.



[By Miss M. C. SIDGWICK.]

We are now dealing with a totally different kind of institution, to those we have already been considering. The Casual Ward is a Government office and all its expenses come out of the rates. It is therefore conducted on hard and fast lines of system and rule, and the general tone is that of a school, a work house or a prison. There are several Casual Wards in London; they are not all conducted on the same principle. Some employ the Open Ward system; others give each man a cubicle to himself; others again lock the inmates into separate cells, thereby greatly enhancing the prison-like aspect of the place. The one that we saw was of this last kind.

The Casual Ward is meant for the very poor, for the man who finds himself stranded at night in London, with no home, no friends and no money in his pocket.

The Casual Ward will not open its doors to men, belonging to the district in which it stands. It receives only the inhabitants of other districts.

The Casual Ward we are considering had two entrances—one for men and one for women. The former always greatly outnumber the latter. The doors are opened at six o'clock p.m., but long before that time, an ever-increasing crowd of men has been waiting for admittance. At 6 o'clock they are allowed to enter and show into a waiting room. From this they are taken one by one to a small office, where their names are taken down, and a few short comprehensive questions about their mode of living, past home, etc., asked them. They are then taken to the bath room. Here there are four large metal baths, with copious supplies of hot and cold water turned on to each. The bath is the most important item in the Casual Ward curriculum, and one of their strictest rules is, that every man and woman shall have a bath, the very first thing upon entering. Each man is then searched, and if as much as sixpence is found upon him, he is discharged and sent out of the

to promise him a night's lodging elsewhere. Any coppers found upon them are taken away, but are returned to the owner when he leaves the Casual Ward. Each man is given a clean towel and a large piece of soap. The bath over, he is provided with a pair of slippers and a clean shirt and taken to the small cell in which he is to pass the night. His own clothes are tied up in a bundle and taken away to be (if necessary) fumigated or baked in the oven. They are not returned to him till the morning. In the cell, there is a low bed on which is a straw mattress, a couple of rugs and a pillow. The place is lighted with gas, and warmed with hot water pipes, and a meal consisting of a six ounce loaf of bread, and a pint of porridge is brought to him there. The warder then locks the door and he is left alone for the night. Each cell is provided with a bell, with which the inmate can summon the night watchman, at any hour of the night, and in the morning the same meal of bread and porridge, together with each man's clothes are brought to him.

The Casual Ward that we saw, held 52 men, and 23 women. There were 26 cells on the ground floor, and eighteen single, and five double cells, on the top floor, reserved for the women, the double cells being for the women who had babies.

The warder, who took us over, an old grey-bearded man in official uniform, who never ceased jangling a large bunch of keys, told us that the Casual Ward was full every night during the winter months, and that almost every night, applicants had to be turned away.

He had been warder there he said for 26 years, since 1878, and had come the year after the place was built. He called our attention to the spotless cleanliness of every thing and showed us the clean towels and shirts, the long bars of soap, the rolls of thick scouring flannel, with which the floors are scrubbed, with great pride. The women do all the washing, which as you can imagine, is considerable, and the men do the scrubbing and cleaning of the premises. We descended into the basement where gas burns all day long, and saw the laundry where three or four women were at work, washing in the huge coppers, each of which held several gallons of water. Our guide enlarged upon every detail of the place and told us the exact number of gallons of water used, but I have forgotten the figures. The kitchen was small, but much space is not required for the making of porridge which is the only article of food ever cooked in it. The loaves of bread we learnt the top floor of the building the work-house near. Bread

and porridge constitute the morning and evening meals: bread and cheese is given in the middle of the day. No other food enters the precincts of the Casual Ward, and the only drink allowed is water.

Yet think of the intense boon that such an institution must be to many a starving and homeless creature. No recommendations or references required! No questions asked! Absolute poverty, misery and distress the very key which unlocks the door of admittance to you! Instead of the rain-soaked or wind-swept street, the icy draught that blows through every archway, the police man's never-ending "Move on! Come out of that!", behold the luxury of a hot bath, the relief of lying down upon a mattress however hard, the warmth and comfort and privacy of the locked in cell or the shelter of the cubicle, the wholesome clean food scanty though it is! Why is it that the Casual Wards are not crowded to overflowing, that a dense crowd is not turned away from their doors every night? Why is it that, in some parts of London, the Casual Ward is not even always full, and that it falls far behind in popularity, if compared to the shelter and common lodging houses and Tramp's Kitchens. It is because there are certain penalties and restrictions attaching to the Casual Ward, from which these other institutions, formed upon the effort of philanthropic persons, and not emanating from, and under State control, are exempt.

To begin with, in the Casual Ward, after a night's refreshing sleep and a breakfast of bread and best porridge, a man is not free to leave this kindly shelter, and go out into the world to resume, or look for work. No! he has had board and lodging for nothing. Now he must begin to pay for it! Outside his cell, he is shown a small outer cell heaped with large blocks of stone. He is handed a pickaxe and a guard for his eyes, and told that all day long, for that is about 10 hours, he must work at breaking of these stones into fragments. Before him lies his day's work and a certain quantity must be done in the time, and he must work hard to accomplish the task. When evening comes, another bath, more bread and porridge, and another night's rest are given him, and next morning he is allowed to depart.

The women are detained in the same way. They are either made to wash and mend the many shirts, towels and blankets etc., or set to pick oakum—a far more depressing task than stone breaking, for that at least exercises the muscles, and sets the blood running warmly through the body. Picking oakum consists of

unravelling short lengths of rope, so many lengths constituting a day's task. The rope is of 3 or 4 or 5 strands, and the unravelling is slow and laborious and apt to sore the finger tips. The unravelled rope is bought up by some large contractor, and melted down into some sort of glutinous material which helps to make brown paper, thin card board, paper machine etc. But apparently "picking oakum," is not a work that need be done, the sole object is to fill the time of the inmates of Casual Wards and prisons, and if they know this, what a soul deadening influence it must have upon their work!

If a man is readmitted into the same Casual Ward more than twice in a calendar month, he is detained for 3 working days and 4 nights. Should a Sunday intervene, this is not counted, so that if he enters on a Thursday evening, he will not be allowed to leave till the following Tuesday morning, when his 3 days' work will have been accomplished. The Casual Ward must not be made too easy. It is not to be a means of pauperisation, it is only fair and right, that something should be demanded from the inmates in return for their board and lodging. Yet, this compulsory detention is a great annoyance to many of the men, who complain that it prevents them from looking for work. They forget (or would refuse to believe the fact) that as they have sunk so low as to avail themselves of the Casual Ward, they cannot be allowed the full privileges of a respectable hard working citizen. Another unpopular feature is the enforced bath, the removal for the whole night of the owner's clothes. To many of these poor creatures, whose acquaintance with soap and water is practically nil, a bath seems almost like an operation. Others, however, enjoy the luxury of being clean, so that this objection cuts both ways. Many of the Casual Wards are attached to work houses, but some of them stand upon a separate footing. The number of men who use them increase yearly, but the number of women is stationary and in some districts slightly retrograde. This is a hopeful sign. The Casual Ward is a necessity in a large and crowded city, but while it is born of the same breath as the work house, the prison and lunatic asylum, we must remember that its members are not distinguished by infirmity, insanity and crime as theirs are. It aims at helping the able-bodied non-worker—a most useless and dangerous member of society—the only safety valve lies therefore in the enforced detention and hard work that it exacts from the people who use it. It is an unhealthy feature of the community, but it will not be abolished until vice and poverty are at a lower ebb than they are at present.

Women's Life in Hindu Homes.



THE sign of the times is such that, whenever a new subject is opened for discussion and consideration, it has become a common practice among us, Hindus, to recount in glowing terms the glory and the magni-

ficence of our ancient days, the intellect and culture of our all-wise sages and Rishis, the time-honoured social institutions, the moral codes and ethical tenets of our religion, the long-remembered tales of pluck and adventure of our warlike heroes, the traditions and beliefs, the customs and habits, dating their origin from pre-historic times. We look back to see how we were and what we did. The memories of our glorious past are revived and the actions of our ancestors stand before us, undecayed like hieroglyphics on Egyptian stones. Whenever we want to have social liberties and woman's rights and privileges, we at once appeal to the chastity of Sita, to the faithfulness of Savitri, to the devotion of Chandramathi, to the obedience of Damayanti, to the eternal affection of Sakuntala, the pearly maiden of the East, to the teachings of Manu, to the learning of Maitreyi and Gargi, and lastly to the social feasts held at Guzerat, under the presidency of Krishna, a graphic account of which is found in the Harivamsa. We have, no doubt, a series of ever-remembered events and incidents, whose narration by bards and pundits gives endless amusement to children, imparts lessons of love and sympathy to damsels and maidens, affords delight and cheer to boys and youths. Men understand them and old folks commend them. The layman, the saint, and yogi, all are so carried away by enthusiasm and fervour, that we forget ourselves with the fear of falling into a trance. True, but what purpose do these memories of the past serve us? Do they cheer us up and infuse into us fresh vigour and energy? If not, why then should we make references to them every now and then? The enthusiasm which is roused in us when we hear these stories, disappears as soon as we get out of the house. They held us spell-bound,—our public lectures

as if Prospero's magical wand stilled us to calm and silence, but outside the platform we are ever the same men, doing the same things, following the same customs, as we were wont to do centuries ago. It serves not our purpose to decipher the inscriptions written on tomb-stones, temple-slabs, but let us look into the future and let every son of the soil strain his every nerve to elevate his ignorant sister and invest her with powers identical with man, but now denied her by perverse customs and rigid regulations.

The social evolution of the Indian woman is itself a study worthy of investigation, a problem for which a hundred years will not suffice to find a proper solution. She, the counterpart of man, has to pass through stages four in all, wherein from the day on which she sees sunlight till she is received into the folds of the celestial realms, she glides on slowly over the slippery time, crossing the four stages, happy times metaphorically, but literally gates of hardships, and troubles of human life. No liberty, no education, no culture, no physique,—thus she marches on and on to her goal, neglected and forgotten, earth to earth, dust to dust. Are these to be the aims of our women? Are they to lead their lives like the Arab-slaves, imprisoned in dark cells and gloomy cages, or like the insignificant ameba whose existence could not have been known to us, but for the invention of the Microscope?

Is she not a part and parcel of man, to guide and counsel him in the storms and tempests which beset human life? Was she not held in reverence by the rishis and sages of old? Was she not the presiding deity at all the social functions of the time, and were not the religious rites and duties observed by the master of the house, pronounced as ineffectual and unmerited, without the sacred presence and guidance of the other sex? If we candidly admit the truth of the above statements, why then should we deny her the privileges once enjoyed by her. Let me pass on. From childhood to girlhood, from maidenhood to womanhood, thus she passes on from one life's caravansery to another. A child she was, but a girl she is, a maiden now; but lo! she has become a woman full of cares, and anxieties, a wife, and a mother. The growth in the first stage is fast, but faster it runs in the second, fastest and fleetest a hundred steps at a time flies her growth, only to stop at the terminus—Womanhood. From it, it moves not, and she is a nonentity after that, a mother of many children, with hopes of being soon styled a grandma, while she is still on the bright side of thirty to forty. Ignorant, superstitious, over-indulgent, but yet virtuous, faithful and loving, she

leads an earthly existence, sighing and sobbing like the Moon whose beauty is marred by spots black and white. Her life is one of darkness and dawn, inseparable, each reacting, but aimless and powerless.

Now to the bright side of her life. Has she any social liberty beyond the horizon of her home? Is she allowed to mix in the society of her sisters, and exchange her views? A peep into the modern life of our women will be enough to verify our assertions. The picture is not so dark after all. She has some lustre around her, that degree of lustre which can be compared with that of a firefly. When a child she plays and amuses herself in the company, of small beautiful fairies, of her age and instinct. The Hindu child is very precocious, and before she is five or six, she thinks of the happy prospects of her marriage, her husband-to-be and her would-be children. Similar scenes are of daily occurrence, when one child acts the husband's part, some assume the children's part and another, the wife, the mother, and the mistress of the household. These little dramas, in the form of recreation, bespeak the girl and the maiden, and disclose to us the tendency and aims of a Hindu woman. When a girl, she goes to the village pyal school, and if she happens to live in town, to the girls' school organized by European Missions and Hindu patriots. But these schools rarely train her for her life's mission. The kind of education imparted to her makes her in no way better than her illiterate sisters. The education begins in her seventh year and is continued till her tenth or eleventh year. Her entry into the Primary class is hailed with joy, but alas, the joys are short-lived. The fate of the Brahmin girl is more pitiable and miserable, for her education stops even before she ever thinks of obtaining a Diploma in the so-called Primary Examination, coveted by one and all of our girls. Her marriage now forms the main talk in all family circles, in and around. The father of many girls can find no suitable husband, the sharer of her woes and joys, to wed her. The mother, for a graduate son-in-law, the father for a wealthy bridegroom, the girl for a young and beautiful partner, thus the search goes on for months. An educated son-in-law cannot be had so easily, for he must be bought i.e., a sum of Rs. 1,000 or 2,000 must be paid to him in order that he may marry her. Even then, her prospects depend upon the choice of her parents, and she quietly submits to it. But what else can she do? for what does she know, a little girl of ten about the joys and pleasures of wedded life? Are not the parents the well-wishers of their girls?

Her girlhood has disappeared. She is now a

maiden, a wife and a daughter-in-law, to love and obey a husband and a mother-in-law. She turns over a new leaf and it is high time for us to consider what her position is. Let me paint her with a shadow of darkness, so that she may appear brighter when I speak of the bright side of her maidenhood. Having learned the ABC of the great system of education, she looks back with pride at her illiterate sisters, and assumes a cock-sure-sort of air, vain, and boastful. She has tasted the sweet charms of English life. She has changed her modes of living and her fashions are all mere copies of the Western original. Her toilette is tinged with a foreign tincture and she loves to be an Eastern in a Western garb. She leaves her children to the care of Frame Food and Mellin's Food and finds no pleasure in the company of her relatives. Her education is far from perfect and she enters life with a faint idea of oxygen and a hazy notion of carbonic acid gas. But her knowledge of Hygiene helps her to keep her person clean and she knows, with advantage, the uses of soap and good water. Imperfect as her education is, it has made her a "new woman." She is faithful to her husband and obedient to her mother-in-law, and indifferent to the advice of the scheming sister-in-law. Her family is no longer desolate and wearisome, but she inspires it with that presence of the wife and mother which is the fountain of wholesome love and fear in the parlour and the kitchen. She is now a woman full of honesty in her dealings, of refined personal habits, and invested with all the essential attributes of womankind. She is not a bigot, but yet loves religion as taught by her husband, for she knows with experience that no religion is higher than the worship of her lord and the blessings of love which he confers upon her. She loves society and free intercourse with her cultured sisters and the enlightened women of the West. She understands her present condition and persuades her husband to give her liberty and allow her the use of her own free will and her powers of discretion. But alas, she is only a puppet that dances to the tunes of the performer, and without her lord, she is like a bird with clipped wings, unable to fly or flutter. But her husband's heart is adamant, imprisoned in the cage of over-jealousy, inaccessible either to pity or sympathy.

While the aims of the half-educated girl go higher and higher, those of the country girl, her sister, sink into the abyss of ignorance and superstition. Religious bigotry, hatred of foreign women, contempt for education, dislike for learning, these are the main qualities which go to make up the country girl. Our grand men and old dames are of opinion that education to women serves no purpose whatever, but ends in

shamelessness and disobedience. When interviewed, they exclaim,

What is learning to them?

They wish to marry; they can rule a house. Men hate learned women.

This is the result of their scholarship in the Sanskrit lore. Have they forgotten what is said in their own books? Have they not the keen insight to find out the sentiments expressed therein about the social liberty of women, the freedom they enjoyed in the time of King Bhoja and Vikram? Do not our dramas abound in passages praising the purity of the fair sex, in vivid descriptions of our ancient social gatherings and garden parties presided over by the King or the Queen? Did not our Rishis sanction them and participate in the mirth and merriment of such grand social functions? They do admit them, but that was a different yuga, those golden days are gone, and this is the age of Kali,—an age of drunkenness and slavery. So they argue. Our country women, especially the Brahmin women, needless to speak of the other classes, have no culture and receive no education, either zenana or school, except some smatterings of Ramayana and the Great War, taught them by their old matrons in the monotonous sing-song way. Ever since she was a girl, she is taught to help her mother in the way of cooking and to do all sorts of work, domestic and out-door. The mother exercises her control over the household and the husband falls a victim to the petticoat government of his wife. The girl takes after her mother and the mother's talkativeness, inquisitiveness, haughty bearing, and uncivility, are closely imitated by the girl. The girl is shaped according to the fancies of the mother and in fact she becomes the very prototype of the maternal parent. The wife is dull and the husband gloomy and there reigns no mutual love and admiration, no pleasure, no happiness. The same programme is gone through from cock-crow to sun-down and a monotonous strain runs through the couple's life, a life of toil and turmoil, miseries and anxieties. But yet, the village maiden lives amidst a halo of simplicity, virtue and obedience! To her, unlike her sister of the town, India is a land of plenty from which she gets what she wants, for her wants are few. To her, her village is *Kamdenu*, the cow of eternal milk, a *Kalpaka*, the tree of perennial supplies. Unlike her sister, the rustic beauty's toilettes are simple and tasteful, her dress is not gaudy with butterflies and moths. She is nature-made. But alas, unlike her sister of the town, her simplicity leads her to the altar of subserviency and she is disregarded in her household, where rules the mother-in-law with her rod of iron.

"For ever slave at home, and fool abroad."

According to the views of our men of antiquity she has been created to serve and not to command. She is only a child-bearing machine, to be closetted behind the curtains never to see day-light. She is a bird fit for affording delight to the catcher and man goes after her for her plumage, not because she is his equal, but that she is handsome and lovely. Ah! are these the aims of a husband who marries a wife? Shame to them who still glory in the superiority of Man and the subordination of Woman.

"They love us for it"! The weak-minded selfish woman may. But not the woman, the unselfish she, God's special creation, created to correct man's evil ways and wicked propensities. She loves him, not for his painted beauty, but for his superior intellect and courage, manly vigor and iron strength. She loves him because he is the partaker of all her joys and woes, and a comfort in youth and a solace in old age.

With this picture of her life, let me analyse the society which she would like to breathe in. First: her intercourse with women of her own caste. The half-educated town woman is far ahead of her illiterate sister of the village. She has an in-born love for promoting free-intercourse between herself and her sisters. She has her own institutions, called *Vratas* which serve the purpose of our English "At Homes" and variety entertainments. She invites her neighbours, spends her time in their company with music and religious devotion. It is with a view to maintain these institutions, that Miss Ghosal has included the *Vratas* in her appeal to these half-educated girls of our country. But the country-girl, being simpler in her habits, still loves the ancient social functions with more devotion and faith. In her house-yard, grows the ever-green and fragrant Tulsi with its high disinfecting properties, whose praise is sung by Sir George Birdwood in poetic terms. The Neem, the spirit-driving tree, stands with its shady branches in her bushy garden, striking terror into the hearts of the malarial musquitos and blood thirsty hobgoblins and demons. But these customs, the town-girl with her partial-education, discards with contempt, as being hideous and barbarous. On the other hand, the village maiden, plunged deep in the superstitions of the village, hates the lower castes as well as her foreign sisters, without knowing that the same blood runs through the veins of the Brahmin at the Ganges and the fisherman on the Thames. She hates the lower orders from a social standpoint and the Western women from a religious basis. The former is impure and the latter devoid of *Acharam* and moral behaviour. Alas! Unhappy are they who foster such a spirit among our women. A touch, a mere touch, brings in pollution and

grand are the purificatory ceremonies to be gone through. With them, social intercourse is a thing not to be dreamt of, and not to be spoken of.

The social intercourse between Brahmin women, except those who have the fortune of becoming the wives of educated men, and the non-Brahmin ladies will never become a matter of realization, so long as the caste prejudices are co-existent with social etiquette. But among women of the same caste, social intercourse prevails in all its forms and aspects, and it is nothing but community-interest that serves as the attraction, between the members of the same caste and creed. A Brahmin woman finds the company of a Brahmin lady more congenial to her than the company of a non-Brahmin sister, the very idea of which she hates with scorn. The subjects usually discussed in all these parlour meetings are mostly concerning the health of their children, the good or ill-treatment of their husbands, the day's culinary preparations, the jewels of this lady or that, and finally the scandals of the town. This last subject forms the enlivening topic in which every lady takes the keenest interest, which shows how backward they are as regards their training and education. Imagine then, what will be the character of children born to them? Are not these mothers responsible for the good breeding of their sons? "The question of social relation and intercourse between Indian ladies and their European sisters is a difficult one and the difficulties can only be removed if at all, by time and tact." So says a writer in the *Spectator* of London. He says "Some Europeans, to whose opinions weight must be given from their long residence in, and experience of, India, think, that there never can be any approach to social intimacy between the races so long as Indians keep the female members of their families secluded." With profound sincerity, I cannot but echo the sentiments given expression to by the above writer, in the above quoted lines. Unless we allow our women the privileges, which our brother Englishman heartily gives to his wife and sister, we cannot expect any kind of social intimacy between our women and European ladies. Apart from the imperfect system of education, our women should understand the Western etiquette and decorum and they should have their in-born crude ideas sharpened by the whetstones of Western culture and refinement. I don't mean that they should adopt English customs, and imitate their ways of civilization, but what I mean is that they should make their company pleasant and cheerful to those who desire it. The chief block to our progress is the over-jalousy of the husband, whatever may be the

degree and quality of his education. But time will come when this low idea of womankind will die out for ever, and a regeneration will be the special feature of the golden days which are to dawn upon us, dispelling the vast clouds of ignorance and prejudice which now reign supreme over this land. But others are of opinion that there are such radical differences in the natives under the white and brown skins, that it is not only hopeless to try to build up a system of social intimacy, but that it is far better for both sides that they should remain entirely apart. I do not agree with these views as they are apt to discourage us and make us fall back. If the English women do not like to approach us, which I am sure is not the case with most of them who come to India with their husbands,—I take the case of a few exceptions of those English men and women who visit India, imbued with lofty sentiments of Kipling's Imperialism whose banner waves on land and sea alike—let us take the initiative and let us give our women their long cherished freedom and liberty, by which they can learn how to move in the company of their sisters and how to exchange thoughts with them, and how to give them an insight into the "mystic East" and its strange workings into the home-life of our women, its pleasures, its ideals and its environments.

When our women take the lead, I am sure the English women will readily respond to their call, by organising parties and entertainments where all the various classes of our communities can mix with one another and freely exchange their thoughts and enjoy themselves in a hundred ways. There are scores of British ladies and gentlemen living in towns and in up-country stations, who believe that it is possible gradually to establish friendly social intercourse between Europeans and Indians and that this is an object never to be lost sight of. It is not a difficult problem, but it always lies between us to promote the long-thought-of intercourse between English women and native ladies. Our men should educate their ladies and not confine them within dark cells where the sun never shines. Let us give them education in our own vernaculars, and I suggest that the Mysore Lower Secondary Examination may be introduced in our Presidency, for the Mysore system aims at a vernacular education on a broad basis, unlike our imperfect Primary education and the Higher Examination for women. Our men should understand that a woman stands on the same level with man and deserves the same treatment as he gives to his brother. We must know that

"Woman's cause is man's: they rise or sink,
Together, dwarf'd or goldlike, bond or free."

So long as we are indifferent and only take care

of ourselves, our social system will always rest upon an unsound foundation and the regeneration of India will be a thing yet to come. It is only when we try to remove the prejudices against foreign women, that we can accomplish our object. Our men should be more patriotic and enthusiastic, not in words, but in action. Observe how many years have passed by, since the erection of the Lady's Park near the Presidency College. It is left to the cruel work of wind and weather and it is the haunt of fishermen and rioters. Where can we find our young girls and maidens and motherly women playing a thousand and one games, taking a deep interest in physical education, without becoming old and weak at an age when Englishwomen are still as fresh as the lotus bud? In ancient times our women had various recreations in their own pleasure gardens, similar to those that exist in England,

"Where lovely girls excel in manly sports
Surpass, they, too, in nimble tennis courts;
While vigorous foot-ball and skilful cricket games
Are cheered by a worthy dame of nobler aims."

But such a picture, a national picture, can only be seen in dreams. So long as our men theorise and not practise what they preach, our country will have only a dark future. Are these men, who talk, but never do anything on their sisters' behalf, the champions of reform and progress? Our regeneration will be in imagination until we learn how to honour woman, as wife, mother and matron. With her we rise, but without her we are spirited away into oblivion, unknown and unwept.

"Two heads in every Council, two beside the hearth
Two in the tangled business of the world,
Two in the liberal offices of life."

CH. K. SHASTRI.

A Poem.

Won't you come back again, my ain bonnie lass,
With your fair little face and your eyes so sweet?
I am alone, and in pain, my ain bonnie lass,
And I watch all the faces I pass in the street,
And fancy, on hearing the patter of feet
My ain bonnie lass I'm going to meet!
Won't you come back again?
Won't you come back again, my ain bonnie lass,
With the breezes of East and the breath of the Spring?
And we'll meet in the lane, my ain bonnie lass,
And hear, as we heard, the blithe birds sing,
And the halo of love its brightness will fling,
O'er our lives till they too will be full of the Spring.
Won't you come back again?
Won't you come back again, my ain bonnie lass,
From the place where they laid you to rest last year?
From the night and the rain, my ain bonnie lass?
From the silence that's breaking my heart, my dear?
Oh! my soul is so full of a nameless fear,
And my eye is aye blind of a falling tear
Won't you come back again?
ROLLO.

Around a Distant Star.

BOOK I.—CHILDREN OF EARTH.

BY JEAN DELAIRE.

Author of "Alsatian Tales," "A Dream of Fame," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.—(A DISTANT PLANET).

[SUMMARY OF CHAPTERS I TO VII.—Royal Staunton and Olive Delafield were friends at school, and the former was the hero in it, both on account of his intellectual attainments and his high moral character. He was greatly interested in astronomy, and was ever trying to discover something new. They both were staying at Estrella Lodge—in the Isle of Jersey—the home of Roy and his sister, and there they had listened to a clever lecture on the system of double stars by a learned Professor, which had made a great impression on Roy, and filled him with impossible dreams of reaching the stars. After this, Olive goes to Egypt. When, after an absence of two years, he returns, he finds Roy quite changed, unhappily brooding over the misery of human beings, which is brought home to him by the sight and close knowledge of evil and sorrow revealed to him in the slums of London by a friend of his—an atheist, yet a philanthropist. Roy is filled with a desire to do his duty in the redemption of such misery; but, to him, the chief characteristic of whose nature is the need of absolute, mathematical certainty in all things, it seems that the hopelessness of their lives can only be relieved by a certain belief in Christ, by someone saying "I know, I have seen, I believe in Him,"—a faith to be induced by certain sight alone. After this, Olive goes to India. Seven years later, having lost his father, and being disgusted with the second marriage of his mother, he returns to Roy, and finds him on the brink of completing his work, which work however is a secret from almost everyone. But Roy's mother, through the force of her love, has almost guessed the secret, and imparts, what she thinks the nature of it to be, to Olive. In fear and wonder, they await his real revelation. In the meantime, Olive and Roy's sister, Estrella, become engaged to be married. And at last the secret is revealed. Roy had solved the problem of interstellar communication by means of Positive and Negative electricity,—positive electricity acting motive power on itself. He had constructed an air-boat, which was to be launched into space by a dynamo with a velocity, which could be graduated from one million to over three million miles a second, and with this he hoped to go, not to the planets, but to the confines of the Universe.]



AS Roy spoke these last words with a quiet smile, a cold shadow of doubt fell over my enthusiasm. To the confines of the Universe! Man, insect of a day, attached to his little planet, itself a mere grain of sand in the ocean of space, man to talk of the confines of the Universe as of a mere resting-place on a celestial journey! A voyage to the Moon—well, it did not appear quite impossible, and already popular fiction had made the idea familiar. A journey to the nearest

planets, to Venus, or Mars, even that, with a little effort of imagination, did not seem utterly unrealisable. But to pass beyond the farthest planets of our system, to traverse the unfathomable deserts of space, to land on some distant star, trillions of miles away. Again the double-edged question flashed through my mind: Genius or madness?

Roy read the doubt in my eyes.

"I am not mad, Clive, though I may seem so. With the speed I have obtained, distance no longer exists. As my electric current—and with it the air-boat—will travel through space with a velocity nearly two thousand times superior to that of light, in a little over a twelve months from the date of my leaving Earth I shall land on a planet situate at a distance of no less than eleven thousand five hundred trillion of miles."

"And what planet is this?" I asked, trying hard not to feel myself going mad.

"Come to the telescope," said Roy, "and I will show you the sun around which it revolves—for it is a star of the eleventh magnitude, invisible to the naked eye."

Like a man in a dream I followed him to the other side of the hall, where stood the two telescopes and the great equatorial. At a sign from Roy I mechanically took my stand before one of the instruments, whilst, with a few dextrous movements, he placed it in position.

I looked, and in the field of vision appeared a small white star, a mere point of light in the dark immensities.

"This," said Roy, "is a sun far larger and more luminous than our own, and the centre of a system incomparably more magnificent. Twenty-five great planets gravitate around the sun-king, each one accompanied in its course by a train of satellites. This system is at a distance of over eleven quadrillion, five hundred trillion of miles."

I started at Roy in speechless amazement; then, finding my voice at last: "But Roy," I said, "how can you know—how can you tell—this star, this sun, is only just visible with a powerful telescope, yet you talk of its planetary system as if you had seen every planet, every moon—"

"I have seen them," said Roy.

"With the second sight?" I asked quite seriously, and indeed prepared for any wonder that Roy might reveal.

"No, simply with a telescope of my invention."

"A telescope—?"

"Whose power by far more exceeds that of the greatest equatorials than these exceed the unaided human sight."

Once more I could only say the one word:

"Roy!" and be silent, and wonder if it were not a dream.

"Yes," continued Roy with his quiet, happy smile, "this was my third discovery—the third and last step towards the completion of my work. I had invented a dynamo that would generate a velocity two thousand times superior to that of light. I had constructed an air-boat which, placed in the way of the electric current projected by this dynamo, would participate in its velocity, and travel with it through space at the rate of over three hundred million miles in a second. But my work was still incomplete. For instance, in less than sixteen hours I could cross the twenty billions, two hundred millions of miles that separate us from the nearest star, Alpha Centauri; but where should I land? On the star itself? Every star is a sun—every sun is a world in conflagration! Were my projectile built of treble walls of iron, it would be reduced to vapour, like a drop of water in a furnace, long before it came in contact with the star. One thing only was possible: To direct my electric current towards one of the invisible planets of its system. To do this, the invisible must become visible. Where the most wonderful telescope discovered only a small star, I must find a complete solar system with its planets and satellites."

It was truly wonderful to hear how calmly Roy spoke of overcoming the greatest difficulties that ever confronted human endeavour. "The invisible must become visible..." And forthwith he set to work to accomplish it.

"You know," he continued, "that I have worked nine years at my invention. It took me nearly seven years to complete the dynamo and the air-boat—less than two years to construct my telescope. Yet these last two years contained by far the hardest work of my life. For eighteen months I laboured night and day, not calmly as I had hitherto worked, and strengthened by the certainty of success, but feverishly, with a tension of every nerve and, at times, an awful fear of failure that would have meant madness if it had lasted. For eighteen months I worked ceaselessly—only to discover at last that the secret I sought was lying close at hand!

"You know that a large telescope will magnify celestial objects four thousand times, and bring the moon within sixty miles of earth. With the most powerful instruments, a magnification of 6,000 and even 6,500 is obtainable. Now, unless I would leave my work unfinished, see my discovery for ever incomplete and fruitless, I must construct a telescope that would bring the farthest stars as near, or almost as near, as the apparent distance of the moon in our largest equatorials.

"It seemed impossible. I knew it would be a totally different achievement from the discovery of the electro-magnetic current and its hitherto unsuspected motive power and velocity—a far more difficult work than the construction of an air-boat or a new kind of dynamo. In the making of these, nature's forces were ready at hand: they only needed to be brought out. It was the tremendous, inconceivable force of electricity that did the work: I merely built the machines. But this was different—or so it seemed to me. No matter what sudden progress I might make in the science of optics, what superior magnifications I might obtain, compared to that of the largest telescopes, it would still be insufficient for my purpose. Could I double the power of the largest lenses, and see the stars twelve thousand times their apparent size, it would still be but an imperceptible step towards the goal. Were my ambition to attain the planetary system of our nearest star, I must possess a telescope with a magnifying power, not of a few thousand, but of some hundred thousand million! To bring the star Alpha Centauri within sixty miles of earth, I must obtain a magnification of over three hundred and forty thousand million! And if I wished—as indeed I do—to land on a planet over five hundred thousand times further away, I must obtain the colossal magnification of one hundred and ninety thousand billion!"

"And you have obtained it?" I asked breathlessly.

"If I had not," Roy answered quietly, "I would not have said my work was done."

"But Roy," I cried in my amazement, "are you a wizard, a sorcerer? Is failure impossible to you? Must you always succeed, even in the most daring, the most wonderful, the most unbelievable attempts? Is nothing beyond your reach? Are you human after all, Roy, or some omnipotent genii of Eastern fable, some strange spirit in earthly shape?"

"You would not ask the question," Roy replied with an amused smile, "if you had seen me in some of my moments of despondency, last year, when I worked at the great telescope! I was on the verge of brain fever once, and both Estrella and the little mother begged me with tears in their eyes, to take a rest—but I could not. I knew that if I left my work for half a day only, I should break down. Sleep had become impossible, and I felt I must go on, and on, until the final victory—or defeat. But in spite of a momentary despair, in my heart I knew it would be victory."

"It was a mere chance—we call these things chance for want of a better name—that led me at last to the great discovery. One night I was experimenting with the miniature model of my

dynamo, and sending small electric currents across my study, when I noticed a curious luminosity on one of the telescope lenses that was lying on a table in the direction of the ray. I examined it attentively and to my intense surprise saw that, under the influence of the electro-magnetic current, its magnifying powers were apparently increased a thousand-fold. My joy at this discovery I will leave you to imagine! I trembled so with excitement that I could hardly handle the machine, but after a time I managed to dispose a convex and a concave lens at a wide relative distance, and place them in front of the dynamo. I then turned on the most powerful current which the machine can generate and—Success at last! The lenses were transformed into a telescope of incomparable magnitude.

"You are my friend," continued Roy with a smile, "My oldest and best friend, so I may as well confess to you that in the first gladness of this discovery—the sudden relief in a brain tension of months—I fainted like a wee woman beside my machine, where Estrella found me the next morning and mourned me as dead! So you see," he added gaily, "that I am very human after all, in spite of your evil insinuations about wizards and sorcerers!"

"No wonder you fainted," I remarked severely. "No other man would have borne this strain and lived."

"My dear Clive, you are mistaken. Each man has his work to do in this world—and his share of strength to do it with. To discover the secret of inter-stellar communication was my work—and with God's help I have done it. It has not been as difficult as you imagine: Nature took by far the greatest share in the work. I did the rest."

I hardly knew at that moment what most to admire in the man: the splendour of his creative genius, or his perfect simplicity. We were silent for a while, absorbed in thought. At last Roy spoke.

"You have seen the star—my star, as I like to call it, with an ordinary telescope. You must now see it with the electric current turned on to the lenses. But first I must change the transparent glass for a coloured one...Now look!"

He touched a spring in the dynamo that communicated with the telescope, and as I looked through the instrument, lo! Before my eyes the star became a sun—the faint dot of light was transformed into a flaming world of incomparable brilliancy and magnificence.

I gave a cry of wonder and delight. "Is it not beautiful?" said Roy. "And to think that every one of the hundred millions of stars known to us are suns like this, centres of

planetary systems...What human words can speak these wonders?"

In wrapt silence I gazed at that distant sun which shed its light on me through the inconceivable chasms of space—a light so intense as to be almost blinding, in spite of the soft blue tint of the coloured glass. An incandescent atmosphere enveloped it as with a veil of fire, and from time to time huge pillars of flame rose from its surface, remained for a moment suspended in mid-air like a luminous cloud, then fell in a multitude of radiant drops—a shower of flame on a world of fire.

When at last I took my eyes away from the dazzling star, I saw Roy standing beside me, watching me with an amused smile.

"If you are so wrapt in admiration at the sight of one little star, what will you say—and do—when you see the marvels of double, triple, multiple stars, stars glittering with all the colours of the rainbow, nebulae composed of millions of clustered suns?"

"When shall I see them?" I asked eagerly.

"When you will: To-morrow, if you wish it, or to-night. As long as the telescope is here—and the heavens above us—you can discover a new marvel every day—for the number of the stars spells infinity."

"But, Roy," I exclaimed suddenly as a new thought struck me, "how shall you return?"

I awaited his reply in breathless suspense, dreading he might say in that quiet tone of his: "I shall not return." To my intense relief he answered with a smile:

"It will not be quite so easy to return to earth as to depart from it; still, it can be done, else my discovery would indeed be incomplete. I have just added the last touches to another model of my small dynamo, built in such a way that it can easily be taken to pieces; this, together with a specially constructed electric accumulator, will be packed into a corner of the air-ship, and so accompany us into space."

"You have an answer to everything," I said, smiling in spite of myself. "But can you show me the planet you will land on?" I asked with pardonable curiosity.

"It is not in very good conditions of visibility at present," answered Roy, "but you can see it nevertheless. It is in its third phase."

Once more I looked eagerly through the telescope—after it had been readjusted—and once more I could not repress a cry of admiration at the sight which met my gaze. In the field of vision sailed a large planet, silver-white and emitting the soft radiance of the Moon on a clear summer's eve. Indeed, so closely did its shape resemble that of our satellite in its third quarter, so familiar looked its serene white face against the sombre background of

the heavens, that for a moment I thought myself the victim of an illusion. Was I in very truth gazing at a planet so remote that a ray of light would take hundreds of years to bridge over the gulf between us, or was it the moon, Earth's faithful little satellite, slowly rising in the sky?"

"I feel as if I were looking at the Moon through a small telescope," I said to Roy. "It is so strangely like it—"

"Yes, but with a nearer view the resemblance will cease. The apparent distance is now a little less than one hundred miles. I will bring it down to five miles."

He released another spring in the dynamo, and a moment later I was gazing upon the continents of the far away planet as a man standing on some lofty peak looks down on the forests and plains, the roads and the rivers lying at his feet.

It was a wonderful scene—strangely familiar—strangely unfamiliar. Streams of running water meandered to the sea in the same capricious curves I had so often admired from the top of a high hill in Devonshire or Surrey—but the fields through which they flowed were the colour of red gold touched by the setting sun. Here and there, tall vegetables grew to the very edge of the water, reflecting their sombre shapes in the transparent stream—but the forms thus mirrored were forms never yet seen by human eyes. Mountains rose in the distance, high-peaked and glittering with eternal snow—clouds passed over their heads and trailed their long shadows in the valley. Sunshine and shade, mountains, plains, rivers and trees—an earthly landscape that yet was not of Earth: Trees that were golden, mountains that suggested some dimly remembered scene in Fairyland!

I spoke my thoughts aloud.

"Yes," said Roy, "it is always one's first impression when face to face with other worlds. To see an earth that yet is not Earth! It seems like a vision that can have no existence in reality—a dream-picture that must vanish as swiftly as it appeared. It takes some time to realize that every star in heaven is the centre, the sun of a system of planets like our own, worlds where there is night and day, cold and heat, mountains, streams, growing trees, flowers that open in the sunshine, animals that dream, men that think, hope, strive, and look upwards to the sky."

"But, Roy," I said suddenly, "as you see this planet, so you can see every planet in space?"

"I can."

"And you can see their humanities?"

"I have seen them."

I took a deep breath. Every word spoken by Roy opened new doors into the Infinite.

"Yes, I have seen them, Clive, and soon all the nations of the Earth shall see them! When my telescope is given to the world—Ah, Clive, what a revelation! Think," Roy continued with one of his quick flashes of enthusiasm, "think how man thrilled when first he learned that creatures like himself lived and breathed at the Antipodes! Think of Colombo's ecstasy when the shores of the New World rose out of the sea to greet him! ... But this, Clive, this will open to man, not merely all the pathways of his little earth, but all the immensities of creation: It will enable him to hail his brother man across the void, soul answering soul through the infinite spaces..."

As Roy ceased speaking, a long silence fell upon us. I was still sitting in front of the telescope, my head resting on my hands and the hot blood throbbing in my temples. I felt bewildered, overwhelmed, crushed almost, by all the wonders I had heard and seen—by the weight of the wonders to come.

"Clive," said Roy at last, "You are tired: I have tired you! No, do not deny it, but go to bed at once and try hard not to dream of far off planets, and their burden of humanity."

I rose reluctantly.

"There are still so many questions I wanted to ask—so many points that are not quite clear... For instance I do not understand—"

"How the air-boat will be launched into space?" interrupted Roy quickly. "Or how I shall land on the distant Planet? Or in what way—But of course you do not understand, for I have really explained nothing: I merely told you what I shall do—not how I shall do it. To-morrow I will show you the mechanism of the machines—I shall not even spare you the plans, diagrams and equations—but to-night you must rest, and sleep if you can!"

"Well, one more question, and I shall follow your advice. Had you any special reason for choosing this planet in preference to millions and tens of millions of others?"

Roy looked suddenly grave.

"Yes, I had a reason: Not one other planet in infinite creation would have meant to me what means this one—this only one!... From this planet, Clive, I shall see"—There was a momentary hesitation in his voice—"I hope to see a sight more wonderful, more beautiful in itself than all the pageantry of the universe... But I must not speak of this now—besides, it cannot be told in one moment... To-morrow, or some other day.... And now shall we say good-night?"

Torpedoes.



AT this time, when the long expected war between Russia and Japan is in full swing, and almost every now and then one reads of engagements by Torpedoes and Torpedo-boats, it would not be uninteresting to know something of these terrible engines of warfare, which progress in science has invented for destroying human life.

A love of horrors is unquestionably unwholesome, whether it develops itself in a fondness to see fellowmen tortured and executed, or in a liking to read books that describe very refined methods for taking away other men's lives. But it would be difficult to read the chapter on Torpedoes in Sir Thomas Brassey's great work on *The British Navy* without interest. All who read this interesting book can safely vouch for its attractions as a whole, as well as those of the Chapter on Torpedoes in the particular. The greater part of the following remarks has been suggested to my mind by the chapter in question.

The simplest of all torpedoes are submarine mines. These may fairly be termed the parents of all other torpedoes of every kind and description. In the year 1839, the famous, but unfortunate line-of-battleship, *The Royal George*, which had lain at the bottom of the sea for more than half a century, was blown up by means of a submarine, ignited by electricity. Then this experiment was looked upon as an encouraging example of the peaceful purposes for which destructive explosives might be used with great advantage. People little dreamt of what terrible things it was the precursor. Three years afterwards, Col. Colt, the ingenious inventor of 'Colt's revolver,' publicly exploded a submarine mine by galvanism, from a considerable distance, under an old gun boat in New York Harbour. Subaqueous explosives of the modern type were used for the first time in actual warfare during the Schleswig-Holstein War of 1848-50, but it does not appear that they were of any great service. The mine cases were mere tubs made water-tight with pitch and tar, and placed in India-rubber bags. One of them was picked up after having been about 25 years under water, and the contents were found to be perfectly safe. During the Crimean War, sub-marines were used both in the Baltic and in the Black Seas. Some of these were anchored at a depth of 7 feet below the surface of water, and were so

arranged that a touch from the hull of a ship should cause them to explode instantly. Others were laid at the bottom of the sea in shallow places, and could be fired from the shore by means of electricity conveyed through wires. The Russian submarines, however, did not hinder the action of the allied navies in any way. To the astonishment of the Russians, the English and French, whenever their fleets approached the coasts, sent boats in advance to fish up the submerged mines.

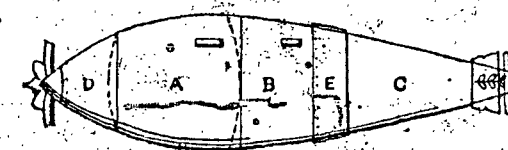
In the war of 1859, the Austrians used submarine mines in the Gulf of Venice. An ingenious contrivance was resorted to for the purpose. An official was posted in a camera obscura overlooking the entrance of the Malamocco. Before him was an electrical machine, which had a key-board as in a pianoforte. Beyond it was a glass plate, on which the image of the space of sea to be defended was reflected. Whenever he saw the reflection of his boats laying down a mine, he drew a circle over the place on his glass plate, and the workmen who laid down the mine at once brought a wire attached to the explosive to the electrical machine in the camera obscura. The officer then connected this wire with one of the keys on his key-board, and inscribed the same number both on the circle over the mine and on the corresponding key. When all the mines were laid, and his circles and keys numbered, his apparatus was complete. When the war began, all he had to do was to sit in his camera and watch the glassplate. Whenever he saw the reflection of a ship over one of the circles, his only duty was to look at the number of the circle, and to put one finger on the corresponding key, when he would immediately have the satisfaction of seeing the enemy's ship blown up. But this clever contrivance was found to be practically useless when most needed, such as on dark nights, when firing was going on or when there was a mist.

Hitherto, although submarine explosives had caused considerable apprehensions, they had not proved very dangerous to seamen. In the American War of Succession, however, it soon became evident that torpedoes were very dangerous as well as effective; for during the war 18 vessels were totally destroyed by them, while several other ships were temporarily disabled. Again, in the war between Brazil and her allies and the Republic of Paraguay in 1866, torpedoes were used with terrible effects. During the war between France and Germany in 1870, many torpedoes were prepared on both sides, but happily there were no opportunities to try them. In the Turco-Russian War of 1877, torpedoes were used with very fatal results. During the war between Chili and Peru, torpedoes were brought into active service.

Though there is considerable difference of opinions among different nations as to the effectiveness of torpedoes in wars, yet they are being used very freely and with fatal effects by almost all nations.

Having taken a rapid though very imperfect survey of the history of torpedo warfare, it would be instructive and interesting to have some description of torpedoes themselves. Submarine explosives may be roughly divided into 2 classes, viz., fixed torpedoes and movable torpedoes. The first are generally either connected with the shore by wires, so that they may be fired by electricity, or else they are fitted with a contrivance which causes them to explode when a ship comes in contact with them. The usual method of arranging these torpedoes that ignite on contact with a ship, is to place over the bursting charge a fragile glass tube filled with acid. When a ship strikes the torpedo, the shock, even if slight, breaks the glass, and the acid falling on the fulminating powder, produces ignition. Contact torpedoes, as these are called, are more efficacious than those fired by electricity. But these have their own disadvantages also in so far as there is considerable danger in sinking them, the glass tubes are difficult to regulate, and when once they are laid, they cannot be removed until they are exploded.

The moveable torpedoes are also called *offensive torpedoes*. There are 3 principal types, (a) The locomotive torpedo which includes the *Whitehead* and many other patterns generally designated by the name of the inventor; (b) the towing or Otter torpedo &c.; (c) the Spar or Out-rigger torpedo.



WHITE-HEAD TORPEDO.

A. Air Chamber; B. Balance Chamber; C. Buoyancy Chamber; D. Explosive head; E. Engine Room.

The Whitehead torpedo or fish-torpedo may be described as a cigar-shaped vessel from 14 to 19 feet in length, and from 14 to 19 inches in diameter. It is made of steel or phosphor-bronze, and divided into compartments. The forward compartment carries the explosive charge with the fuse, to be fired on impact; the next, condensed air; the third called the balance chamber, the mechanism by which its course is adjusted; and the next the engine which is driven by the compressed air. Back of the engine-room is an air chamber designed to give buoyancy. The

torpedo is driven by 2 propellers, revolving in opposite directions, and has a speed of from 20 to 30 miles an hour for about 500 or 1,000 yards. The torpedo is fitted with four rudders, two vertical and two horizontal.

To prevent accidents, W. Torpedoes are so arranged that they cannot explode until a trigger is drawn back and 2 safety pins are removed. One safety pin is removed just before the torpedo is started, and the trigger is drawn back by a catch as it is shot out of its tube, or 'torpedo gun,' by air pressure; but the 2nd safety pin remains in its place until the torpedo has got well away from its own boat, when it pulls the pin out itself and becomes ready for explosion.

The Lay torpedo having 4 compartments and much larger than the Whitehead and the Ericsson torpedo are other forms of the automatic torpedo. Various forms of towing torpedoes have been devised, of which the best known is that of Commander Harvey R. N. This torpedo is towed on the quarter of the attacking vessel and is so attached to the tow-line as to pull the line out at an angle with the course of the attacking vessel, which endeavours to manœuvre so as to draw the torpedo under the hull of an enemy and explode its charge on contact by a trigger-bolt; but in practice it has not been successful, and in the navies of Great Britain and the United States has been withdrawn from use.

The Spar or Outrigger torpedo consists of a metal case containing the explosive (gun-cotton, gunpowder or dynamite) and fitted with a fuse so arranged as to explode by means of an electric current or by contact with the hull of an enemy's ship. It is fastened on the end of a spar or outrigger which may be attached to the bows of a small steamer built on purpose, may be protruded under water from a properly fitted vessel, or may be carried on a spar projecting from the stem or the side of an ordinary man-of-war.

The brennan torpedo is a locomotive torpedo designed chiefly for the defence of harbours.

A very important element in the torpedo warfare is the torpedo-boat. These boats used for the purpose of carrying or discharging torpedoes are of three kinds viz., sea-going torpedo vessels, harbour and Coast defence vessels, and boats which can be carried on ship's decks.

The sea-going torpedo vessels are cigar shaped and very much like a large fish torpedo. They have a convex armoured deck, and, when properly adjusted, very little of them will appear above the water. Their cabins and the accommodation for their crew are all beneath the armoured deck, and they are ventilated artificially, and lighted by the electric light.

The torpedo boats intended to be carried by large ships of war are usually about 60 feet long.

They can go at a very high rate of speed making from 16 to 17½ knots.

The chief difficulties in making torpedo-boats are to avoid the tell-tale appearance of smoke and sparks from their funnels, and to accurately steer them at the very high rate of speed at which they travel. To meet these difficulties, in some torpedo boats, the smoke is discharged into side ports, and the boats have a rudder at the bow in addition to the rudder aft, both being worked simultaneously by the same steering gear.

In order to counteract the mischief done by torpedoes there are several contrivances. Machine guns firing explosive shells and penetrating the steel plates of the torpedo boats are generally used for the purpose. Of these the most important are the Hotchkiss revolving cannon, largely used in the French navy, the Nordenfolt machine gun and the Gatling gun. Machine guns are not the only protections against torpedoes. Torpedo nets, composed of bars and chains, are arranged round ships in places where attacks are feared from these deadly weapons. Crinoline frames, consisting of spars and other obstructions, are also used. Flexible wire matting is considered by some to be the best of all protections against torpedoes.

An experienced Russian officer of the Turco-Russian war makes some remarks on the action of torpedoes in war. He is of opinion that torpedo attacks should be made by a group of torpedo boats, and an attack by a single boat should never be attempted except as a last resource. Spar and Whitehead torpedoes are the most effective, and towing torpedoes are but seldom useful. Constant practice with dummy torpedoes in times of peace is of the utmost importance.

Constant improvements are being made in torpedo boats, and torpedoes themselves may be said to be still in their infancy. A vast deal of study and expense is being devoted to the perfection of torpedoes, and almost all Governments now have schools for the instruction of naval and army officers in torpedo-warfare.

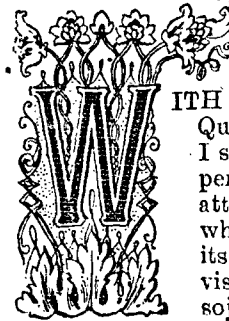
Whether inventions of destructive engines of war like the torpedo are a curse to mankind on account of the prodigal loss of human life they entail, or whether they are in reality merciful, as shortening wars, it is not my province to discuss on this occasion.

I shall conclude by hoping that this short and necessarily imperfect account of the torpedo will persuade my readers to read for themselves the interesting and noble work of Sir Thomas Brassey, and that none of my readers may ever have the misfortune to be on board a ship, when a torpedo—whether Whitehead, Lay, Spar or otherwise, explodes beneath it.

R. P. KULANDAI.

Venice.

[BY AN INDIAN VISITOR.]



WITH regard to Venice—the Queen of the Seas—what shall I say? It would be sheer impertinence on my part to attempt to describe this city which has a peerless beauty of its own. This was my second visit to this city, but both my sojourns in it appear to me a dream, for the sights and scenes one encounters here are unique of their kind. As you glide along the silent canals, which answer the purpose of streets, in the black gondolas, and notice stately palaces and houses of all descriptions rising high and lofty from the dark waters, you feel as if you are in some phantom city in some happy dream-land. There is a sad, beautiful silence about those dreamy water-ways of Venice which is broken only by the silvery dip of the oar or the peculiar cries of the gondoliers as they turn round a sharp corner as a warning to other gondoliers. We hear of course the sound of bells floating over the waters every now and then. Occasionally also we hear the sweet singing of an Italian damsel proceeding from a high balcony, or the voices of a group of workers in some factory trying to do their work with the least possible noise,—but all this only enhances the dreamy effect of the whole scene. I put up in the very same hotel (Hotel Victoria) where I stayed the last time I went to and recognised, I thought, the very same guide whom I saw there 13 years ago. The hotel was filled with American and Scotch visitors. The first day, I was too tired to do anything much in the way of sight-seeing, though in the evening I took a stroll and visited the Piazza di San Marco (St. Mark's square), which is the first thing every visitor sees. The Place of St. Mark is the heart of Venice and from this beats out her life in every direction. A stranger has only to find out his way from his hotel to the Piazza San Marco, and if he misses his way in the labyrinth of streets and canals that make up this weird, dreamy city by the sad sea waves, he has to find his way to the Piazza from which he is sure to reach his destination. A group of buildings of the noblest architecture has given it the name which it so well merits, for all the other open spaces in the city are only known as *campi* or fields. The great rendezvous, by day and by night, of Venetians as well as of strangers, is the Piazza San Marco. It is here that we find a glittering line of shops and *cafés*, the most beautiful and

brilliant in the world, and the arcades that pass round three of its sides are filled at all times with people of all classes, either loungers, or shoppers. A large flock of pigeons resorts daily to the Piazza at 2 p.m. to be fed. They nestle in the nooks and crannies of the surrounding buildings, and are generally seen, in great numbers in the evening perched on the façade of St. Mark.

On the western side of the Piazza, we have the Church of St. Mark, and the great Ducal palace (Doge's Palace). I visited both these places as well as saw other sights in Venice under the guidance of a Cicerone for whom I had to pay 6 Lira or Franks (Rs. 4 nearly), which I thought was rather excessive, but in Italy they swindle a stranger terribly notwithstanding all their politeness. I shall never forget my visit to the imperial palace which was to me one series of bewildering surprises. I went from chamber to chamber, from hall to hall,—filled with the most exquisite paintings, works of sculpture, bas-reliefs, &c.—lost in admiration! Words fail to describe the power and imagination and serene beauty that Tintoretto and Paolo Veronese and Titian and other artists, who have helped to adorn this palace, have brought to bear upon their handiwork. There hang their mighty works for ever high above the reach of any palaverer, and smile welcome from ceiling and walls upon whoever has the good fortune to visit them. If any one wishes to have an idea of the height of magnificence and gracious luxury which æsthetic art can reach under the inspiring genius of man, then one cannot do better than visit the Doge's Palace at Venice. The palace is also full of historical interest. It was built in the fourteenth century and contains the rooms of the Councils and Senate of the old Doges. A part of the palace was also used as a Court of Justice. I also walked over the famous Bridge of Sighs, which leads from the palace to the dreadful dungeons and which Byron has immortalized in verse. It sends a shiver through one to visit the Pozzi or half ruined dungeons on the east side of the palace, adjoining the narrow canal, and the place of execution for political criminals. Adjoining the palace is the Cathedral of St. Mark. I went in and out among its arches traversing its whole extent lengthwise and breadthwise. A grand dreamy structure this is, of immense proportions; golden with old mosaics; dim with the smoke of incense; costly in treasures of precious stones and metals; holy with the remains of departed saints; dark with carved wood and coloured marbles; obscure in its vast heights, and lengthened distances; shining with glittering lamps; unreal, fantastic, solemn, and oppressive in its grandeur.

If the interior is enchanting, the exterior facing the Piazza is no less so in its fantastic loveliness. The great arches of the façade with their marvellously fresh mosaics, their rich decorations, combinations of the Gothic and Oriental styles, the statues of saints in marble adorning every niche and corner of the exterior,—all these combine to produce a marvellously striking effect on the spectator. I attended a service in the evening in the cathedral at which a number of Canons and Priests, gorgeously dressed, officiated. The service was all in Latin in which the few women present seemed to take little or no intelligent part. The chanting was impressive though monotonous. Everything that tends to stimulate the emotions of the sublime and the beautiful was to be seen there, but I doubt whether these places of worship help to inspire real heart-felt religion.

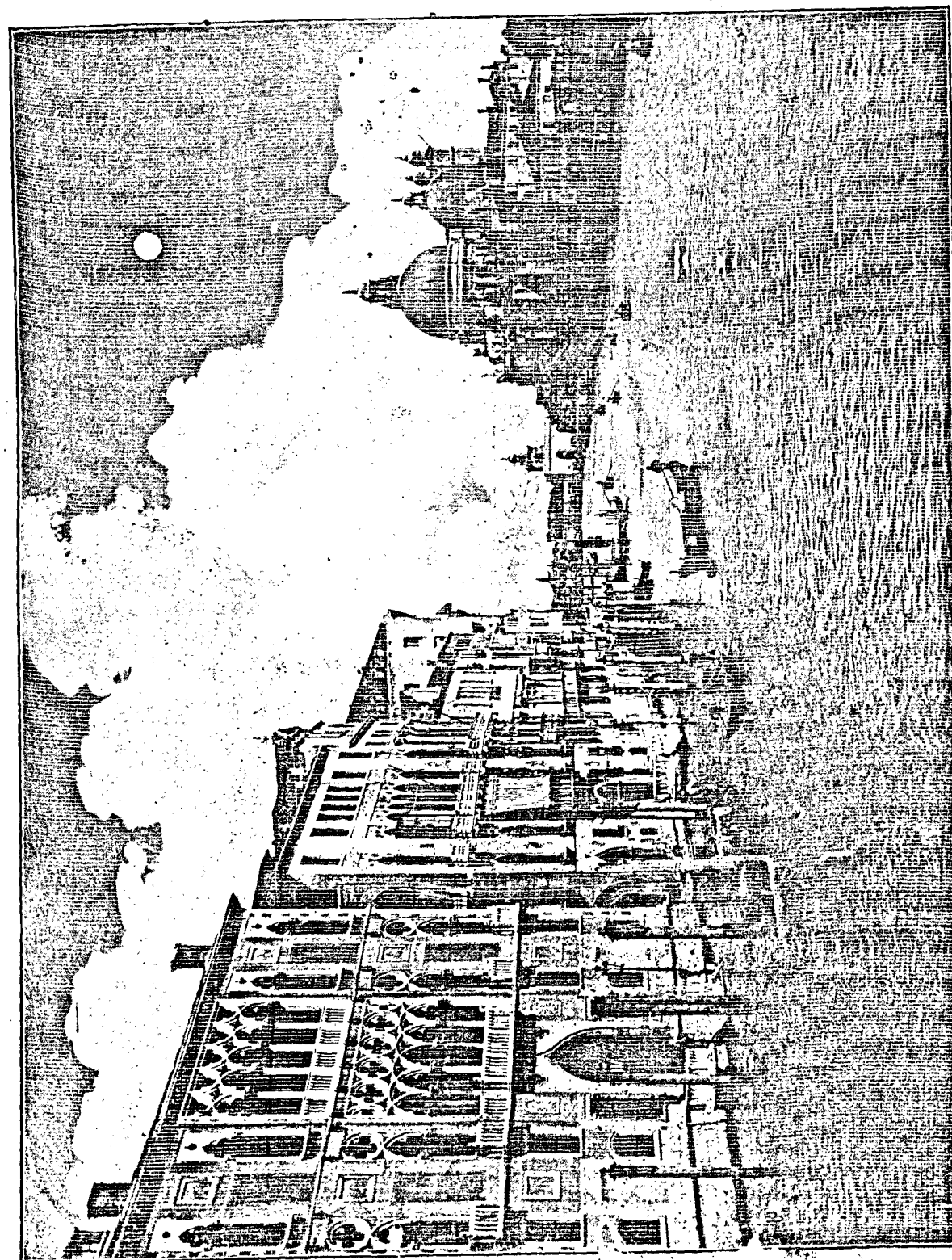
I also visited at Venice a lace-factory where about a hundred Venetian girls were engaged in working lace of all kinds. The rare sight of a coloured individual in their midst must have caused considerable surprise, but there was not a rude stare or remark. In the faces of some I noticed a surprised look, in others a pleasant smile, which put me quite at my ease. Far different would have been the behaviour of a group of English working girls! Venetian lace is of world-wide celebrity and the polite director, though I told him I was not going to purchase anything, took me to every room, and showed me different specimens of the exquisite work turned out in his factory. When I was leaving the factory quite a number of the girls who were at work bade me a "Good morning," though it was evening,—the only two English words they knew probably. The director told me that each girl got on an average only 9 pence a day for her work. I also visited a factory where the finest Byzantine mosaic work in glass was being done. Here too the director was anxious that I should see the different processes of the work and the beautiful articles his factory was able to turn out. He took a pride in informing me that the Rajah of Bobbili and others from South India had patronised him largely. I told him that I was too poor to purchase anything from his expensive shop, but I was not able to overcome the temptation of buying a beautiful photo frame (cabinet size) for which I had to pay as much as 15 franks (Rs. 10 approximately). I shall always cherish it as a memorial of lovely Venice.

In the Piazza is also a tower, 316 ft. high, known as the Campanile. From the top of this tower, we have a splendid view of the city and its surroundings. From the dizzy height one sees lovely Venice with her canals and narrow streets,

golden crosses glittering in the light, islands covered with gorgeous domes and turrets, the green sea with great ships lying near at hand in stately indolence; boats and barks with sails and flags; wide quays, strewn with bales, casks, merchandise of many kinds; groups of busy sailors working at the cargoes of their vessels, &c. I doubt whether from any height in the world one sees such a lovely sight as that which meets the traveller from the Campanile of the Piazza San Marco of Venice! In the Piazza also is the great clock-tower where two huge bronze figures strike the hours of the day. There was a band at the Piazza on both the evenings I was at Venice. On the second day I had the pleasure of listening to the city band consisting of 70 men, which is supposed to be the best in all Italy. I wandered about the narrow streets which wind in and out in all directions, admiring the exquisite paintings, the portraits and pictures and other articles exposed in the shop windows and took leave of the lovely city by the sad sea waves. The city is a lovely dream upon water and I still wonder whether all that I have seen,—the stately palaces, the dimly lit churches, the narrow streets with beautiful shops, the silent galleries, the boats and barks flitting in all directions on the silent canals, the green sea, the city resolving into and purple under the effect of the crimson flush of the setting sun—whether these and many other things I saw are all a phantom or a reality.

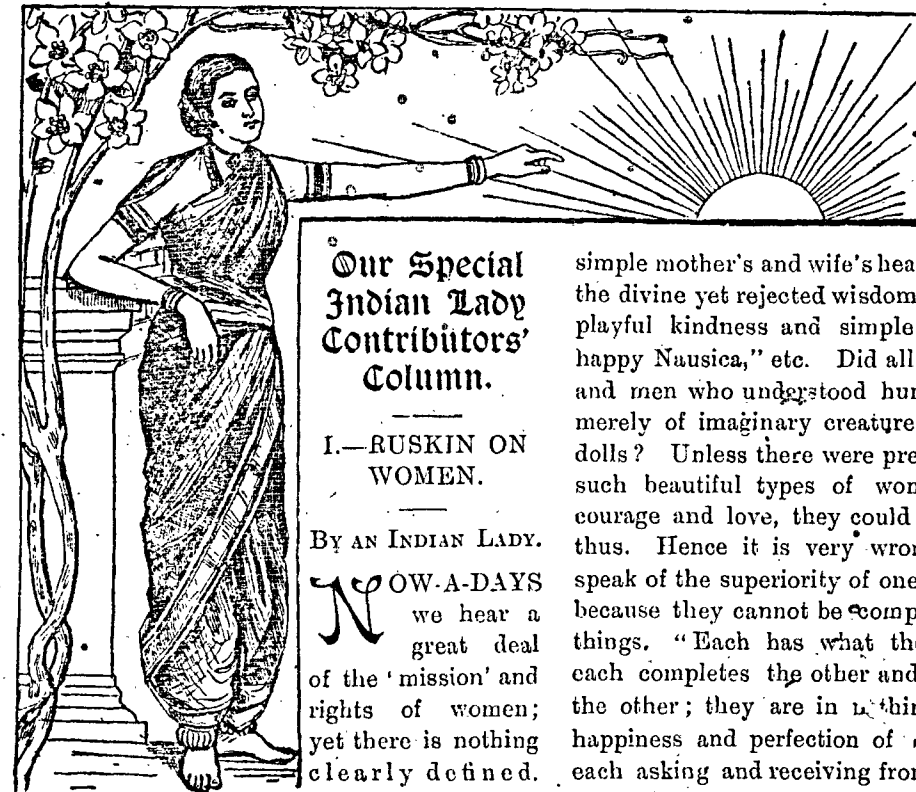
"Some day the soft Ideal that we wooed
Confronts us fiercely, foe-beset, pursued,
And cries reproachful, 'Was it, then, my praise
And not myself was loved? Prove now thy truth;
I claim of thee the promise of thy youth!
Give me thy life, or cower in empty phrase
The victim of thy Genius, not its mate!'
Life may be given in various ways,
And loyalty to Truth be sealed
As bravely in the closet as the field!—
So bountiful is Fate!"

What if Earth
Be but the shadow of Heaven? and things therein
Each to other like, more than on earth thought?"





THE LATE MISS FRANCES POWER COBBE.



Our Special Indian Lady Contributors' Column.

I.—RUSKIN ON WOMEN.

BY AN INDIAN LADY.

NOW-A-DAYS we hear a great deal of the 'mission' and rights of women; yet there is nothing clearly defined.

Some consider woman to be perfectly independent of the man and having a separated field of her own work; while others think that the woman is but the shadow of the man, owing him a servile obedience, the cause being her weakness, and his domineering strength. Ruskin thinks the former idea wrong, while the latter he denominates as foolish. In his own gentle and sympathetic way, he proceeds to show the place and position of women, the power they wield and the education they ought to receive. First of all he appeals to the testimony of the great poets and men of the world with regard to the relations between men and women. Take Shakespeare, for instance. His plays centre not round heroes, but heroines of various temperaments, so that we find in almost all cases it is the woman "who watches over, teaches and guides the youth; it is never, by any chance, the youth who watches over or educates his mistress." Scott yields the same testimony in all his works; while, going back to the older ages, as for instance in Homer, we find such lovely types of womanhood: "The

simple mother's and wife's heart of Andromache, the divine yet rejected wisdom of Cassandra, the playful kindness and simple princess' life of happy Nausica," etc. Did all these great poets and men who understood human nature write merely of imaginary creatures and dressed-up dolls? Unless there were present among them such beautiful types of womanly tenderness, courage and love, they could not have written thus. Hence it is very wrong and foolish to speak of the superiority of one sex to the other, because they cannot be compared in the same things. "Each has what the other has not; each completes the other and is completed by the other; they are in nothing alike, and the happiness and perfection of both depends on each asking and receiving from the other what the other only can give" ("Sesame and Lilies"). Having settled the position of women with regard to men, he next takes up the subject about the power that she can wield. Man's power is to defend and protect his home. "He is eminently the doer, the creator, the discoverer and the defender." But woman's power is to rule the house, to keep things neat and in order. "She sees the qualities of things, their claim and their places. Her great function is Praise." Thus their home guarded from temptation and danger without by the man, and from disorder and confusion within by the woman, is a temple of love and a shrine of peace. In whatever circumstances a true wife is placed, home is always around her. This is woman's true place and power; but for this position she must make herself worthy. What is the kind of education which should be given her to gain such an object? Ruskin says, first of all, that good physical training and exercise should be given her, so that strength may enhance her beauty. Then "fill and temper her mind with all knowledge and thought which tend to firm its natural

instincts of justice and refine its natural tact of love." The course of study should be the same as for a boy, but 'differently directed.' A woman, in whatever rank of life she may be placed, ought to know something in a general way about the work of her husband, so that she may be helpful to him and give him sweet encouragement. Her mental powers should be so cultivated as to enable her to take her position in society. Before her should always be placed the most refined models, so that all the ideas she draws from them may be ennobling: not only in the material and course, but yet more earnestly in the spirit of it, a girl's education should be serious. They are brought up without any grand ideals and afterwards people complain of their frivolity. "Give them the same advantage that you give their brothers; appeal to the same grand instincts of virtue in them; teach them also, that courage and truth are the pillars of their being," says Ruskin; and do you think they will not answer to that appeal, and become noble and great women? Give them not noble teachings, but noble teachers. You trust your girl's education to one whom you treat with scant respect. Is a girl likely to think her own conduct or her intellectual abilities of much importance, when you hand over her character to be formed, to one whom you do not revere or respect? Thus we should be very careful in the education of a girl. Lastly, leave her, says Ruskin, to the influence of nature. Joan of Arc's character was moulded largely by her contact with nature. Hence you should allow your children to roam as much as possible in gardens and other places of natural beauty, so that they may learn to love nature and let her influence their lives.

Thus having given them a course of education which should make them really true and tender women, Ruskin tries to determine their function in the State. How much may not a true woman be able to alleviate the misery around her and 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 more) should be done by a woman than by a man?"

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, you are saved for ever? Is this only a little power? Far among the moorlands 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 rescue them in their trembling from the fierce wind?" (Sesame and Lilies). Was ever lesson more tenderly given? asks Mrs. Ritchie, and we cannot but agree with her in asserting the sweetness, the sympathy and the love of Ruskin as he preaches his gospel of truth and beauty.

II.—WHAT IS IT TO BE A LADY.

[A PAPER READ BEFORE AN INDIAN LADIES' CLUB.]

THIS is what Ruskin says about being a lady: "It is now long since the women of England arrogated, universally, a title which once belonged to nobility only; and, having once been in the habit of accepting the simple title of gentlewoman, as correspondent to that of gentleman, insisted on the privilege of assuming the title of 'Lady,' which properly corresponds only to the title of 'Lord.' I do not blame them for this; but only for their narrow motive in this. I would have them desire and claim the title of Lady, provided they claim, not merely the title, but the office and duty signified by it."

The gist of this statement is; that to be a Lady, a woman must be a lady, not in name only, but in earnest, in the best sense of the word. And therefore, let us discuss this all-important question, What is it to be a Lady?

You know that, in ordinary English, the word 'lady' corresponds to the word 'gentleman,' in other words, is the feminine of gentleman. Hence a lady should be what a gentleman is. Therefore, let us first take the qualities common to a lady and a gentleman.

First, let us discuss the question of manners. First, let us discuss the question of manners. First, let us discuss the question of manners.

glitters." We are all, more or less, attracted by the gold-like glitter of false things at first; but gradually the attraction wears off; and we are left to lament over our own emptiness of heart that could be so taken in by the outward glitter of appearance hiding the inward baseness of heart. In the same way, we never recognise true greatness, when it is hidden by external awkwardness and want of manner. In Telugu there is a proverb, which distinguishes between gold and a metal called 'bel-metal.' The shining in both cases is the same; but the sound produced by each is different. Bel-metal sounds empty; gold sounds heavy. And so it is with men and women. Those who have something worthy in them, shine in the world with a kind of chaste brightness, with a brightness which always gives us an idea of having something behind it. But those who have nothing of real greatness in them, try to hide that very emptiness of heart by outward foolishness of manner. So we see that the proverb is true that 'Manners maketh not a man.'

But does that mean that good manners are to be completely despised? Certainly not. It is very important to form good habits, before those bad habits are formed which we cannot afterwards shake off. And good habits apply to everything in life, to every quality which we must cultivate. First, then, there is truthfulness. Never tell lies. A lie is a crime before God, an insult to man; it lowers our self-respect, it degrades one in the sight of one's fellows. It is a cowardly trick. Now, you must not be angry with me for insisting upon this. I do not mean to say that any of us are apt to tell direct lies. But, you know the little lies we like to tell—the white lies, or the French lies as they are called. And very often, when we mean one thing we say another. We try to hide the truth in a number of words. Very often we like to flatter. And oftener than all, we love to exaggerate. I do not know about you all. But for myself, I find it so easy to do all these things, and yet I like to delude myself with the idea, that I am telling the truth.

Secondly, we must be humble. We must not think too much of ourselves. We like to think so often how good we are, and how bad are

other people. We think often how we would not do certain things which other people do. Is not this pride?

Thirdly, out of this humility comes charitableness; not exactly in the sense in which it is now used. Of course we must be charitable to the poor. That is one of the first conditions of a good life. But, by charitableness, I mean large-heartedness, magnanimity. You know the definition of charity in the Bible. Well, I mean that.

Therefore, if we are to be charitable, what must we do?

We must have a large heart, which will not allow prejudices to enter it. We must try to find out the best in everyone, not only to find out their faults and criticise them. And therefore, we must not allow ourselves to gossip or talk scandal. I know it is very difficult not to gossip; but still we must try. And then we must ever try to be patient and forbearing towards others, long-suffering as the Bible has it.

To be a gentleman is to be 'gentle'; and therefore another quality of a gentleman or a lady, is to be gentle towards others; to show courtesy to everyone; first to the parents, then to the elders, then to everyone around, whether elders or youngsters, and last, but not least, to the servants. The servant question is a very difficult one in India; and the servants, by their very cringing submission, make it so difficult for us to behave courteously to them. We look upon them as something to be trodden under foot. But we must try to remember, that they too are, as the Bible tells us, our brothers and sisters.

Then there is the question of honour. We must look to our honour; we must not allow it to be impeached; it is to say, we must ever try to behave in a way that our ideal of life should never be lowered, but always kept high before us. By honour, I do not mean, fame, or prosperity, or position, but honourable conduct, rectitude of heart and mind. There are so many ways of losing one's honour, through pride, through lying, slandering, and so on. One way of keeping one's honour I must mention. We are so apt to neglect it. It is, that we must keep to our word, when once

we have given it. If we have taken any obligations upon ourselves we must perform them, however difficult they may be. Another way of keeping to one's honour is a rather difficult thing to perform, viz., whether we should tell our friends their faults. This is a hard question. Should we, or should we not, tell them? My own opinion is that we should tell them, only when we think we can be of use.

There are so many other things I could mention. But I want you all to make suggestions yourselves, and therefore I must not enlarge myself upon the question. But I must mention another quality—unselfishness, or self-denial, forgetting oneself, and always trying to give in to others. Our club motto is 'In Honour preferring one another'; and therefore we must especially keep this virtue in mind. We must always try to give the best to others.

Then there is courage, courage to do our work, whatever it is.

Then there is earnestness in work. Whatever we do, we must do with our whole heart. Sometimes we cannot find a work to do; we search far away. But often it lies just in front of us, close to us. For instance our work lies in our homes. But, talking of home duties, we come to the special duties of a lady, apart from those which we said are in common with gentlemen.

A lady means, literally, a *bread-giver*, the supplier of bread, that is, someone who gives something. And I think we cannot take it to mean anything better than giving happiness to our home. There are so many ways in which a woman can give happiness to others. The power to do that does not rise from higher education. I think true education would mean, not an education in a special direction, but all-round education, to develop all the faculties that are in us. It is not education then that makes a woman charming, not beauty, not fashion, but just a happy and kind heart.

A woman should be kind, tender, charitable, patient, forbearing. She should set others at home. When they come to her, she should have the power of adapting herself to any circumstances; she should be helpful in every way, a kind angel smoothing the difficulties in

every path. She should be neat and clean in her home, taking a pleasure in making it beautiful, not with valuable or costly things; but just in a simple pleasant way. She should be simple in her dress; but that does not mean she should rush to extremes and neglect her dress, as so many do, as they say, for the sake of simplicity.

All these qualities then seem to me to be the characteristics which a lady ought to possess. No doubt you can all suggest more. I really wish you would.

One word as how a lady can try to learn to be a lady. First by having good friends, then by reading good books, then by doing good works, then by always keeping a high ideal before her, and finally by believing in her religion. We can get the greatest power from our religion, if we believe in it.

III.—A LEGEND.

[By Miss Zoi Bose.]

Far away, in the very interior of the Himalayas, a temple stands; from top to bottom it is one unbroken stone. Let us look back and see what the long past centuries have to tell us of this curious piece of masonry:—The Aryan invasion was still fresh in the minds of the Dravidian inhabitants; from field and forest they had been driven into mountain fastnesses. In one of the prosperous villages lived a wealthy landowner or zemindar in the language of our own country. Loved by her husband, honoured and respected, his wife, to her less fortunate neighbours, seemed to have all that heart could wish, and so she had, all but one thing, and the lack of that one thing clouded not only her own but her husband's life; they had no child. They had prayed with passionate earnestness to the high and pure Varuna, and by the virtue of their lives, strove to gain from him the boon they so longed for, but all in vain. One evening the husband, whom we shall call Puram, came to his wife, as she sat gazing out on the rich cornfields they called their own. "Beloved Draupadi," he said, "lookest thou on our possessions, thinking that none we can call our own will inherit them after us, and yet dear one, despair not, in our sacred hymns we are told that sacrifices move the heart of the gods to give us our desires, we have sacrificed, we have prayed, but one thing we have not done, the great Asvamedha is left unperformed. Before to-morrow's sun doth rise

thou and I together will repair to the great altar and offer there what is as but omnipotent to gain us our desires.

The grass was yet heavy with dew, a solemn stillness was over all, even the birds seemed to be reserving their fullest sweetest notes, till the lord of day should flush the sleeping world into radiant life, when Puram and Draupadi, with swift and noiseless footsteps, made their way to the altar of the Asvamedha. The great priest venerable and stately with his snow-white beard met and addressed them in tones of deep reproach: "Ye are come, oh unsubmitive human hearts to move the heart of the mighty gods to grant an offspring, by this last and greatest of all sacrifices; I know this well, yet hearken to me ere ye perform it,—long years of dealing with gods and men, long years of reading the desires of my kind and the answers of those mighty beings, have given me a greater than human insight—a child ye shall have, a daughter. The intervening years I may not see, yet this I know, yea I see it as clearly as I see yonder rising sun,—passionately as ye long for her, with the same earnestness, nay even with greater longing will ye desire her death. Do ye still wish to extort the boon the gods are reluctant to give? Husband and wife looked at each other and for a moment their resolve was shaken at the prevision of unknown trouble the priest's words foretold for their daughter; and yet the future was dim and distant, for what might be a short time of trouble would they lose years of joy and delight a child would bring to their lonely home? For some time at least she would brighten their lives. "The gods are merciful, father," Draupadi answered, "and sorrow is the lot of all that is human, why should we expect our child to be exempt from it." The priest bent a long solemn look on them, and a look of almost pity overspread his passive features. "As thou wilt," he replied at length, and turned to make preparations for the great horse sacrifice. A year rolled by, and Puram and Draupadi, were the joyful parents of a little girl. Sweet and frolicsome in her childhood, her charms only increased as years went by, and in the fond happiness of her parent's hearts, the indefinite prophecy of the priest seemed almost forgotten. Sometimes indeed as the mother's eyes rested on her daughter, as among girls of her own age she was the gayest of the gay, a chill would fall on her heart from those words, all but faded into oblivion by the brightness of the present; but she used the same argument to herself as she had used to the priest:—if her daughter had to bear sorrow in what way would she be different from her kind, why should she tremble at the thought of her beloved child drinking the same cup which was

impartially dealt out to every human being? Poor self-deluded human heart, trying to strengthen itself by unavailing human philosophy!

When Parvati, Draupadi's daughter, was nineteen her hand was sought by a noble youth, and her parents yielded her to him without a fear, and he did not abuse their confidence. Heavy sorrows visited her; for one after another, her children drooped and died ere they passed out of mere childhood, but in all he was her stay and comfort, and even amidst the crushing grief of seeing blossom after blossom fade and die she ever found in his love a very haven of calm and rest.

The glowing afternoon was shimmering in a golden haze, when Parvati was surprised at seeing her husband's figure darken the doorway—"Why comest my lord home so early? I see the sheaves still cover the goddess earth with their golden offerings, surely the reapers have not finished their work? Not but thy presence doth always send a thrill of joy to my heart." He did not answer her, but looked at her with such deep reproach in his gaze, that Parvati was frightened. "My noble lord what dost thou see in thine own Parvati, that such displeasure should take the place of the love I always meet in thy gaze;" but still he did not answer, and putting her gently aside, he passed into the inner apartments. Parvati was thunderstruck, he had never treated her like this before, but the afternoon passed into evening, and evening faded into night, and night broke into the glorious life of morning, and still there was no change in her husband's behaviour, and thus day after day passed. In vain she tried to speak to him, to have an explanation of his unusual conduct he always avoided her, and would be away from the house for days together, always wending his way to a lonely forest which stood hard by. He used to look in those days as if he was haunted by a spectre, his once handsome features sharpened and attenuated by long fast and vigil, and eyes which looked more gloomy and hopeless every day.

Unable to bear this treatment any longer, Parvati one day followed him into his usual forest haunt; she saw him kneeling on the ground, with hands outstretched in supplication to some unseen being, and a world of misery in his pale drawn face. She stepped softly behind him, and laid her hand on his shoulder, "My lord what is this unspoken misery, which not even thy devoted Parvati may share." He did not shun her this time but rising, took her hand in his.

"Parvati," he said, "why didst not thou, why didst not thy parents tell me, thou art the child of an unwilling gift; not with

impunity may the will of the gods be crossed, and a brooding curse is not only on thee, my bright my beautiful one, but on all whom that brightness and beauty doth attract, even as the luminous stars do attract others to follow in their train."

"Inderjit, what are these words. How have I drawn down a curse on all those who have blessed me with their love. Yet stay, in my childhood my father used to fondly stroke my head and call me the child of a mighty sacrifice, but speak, all is dim and hazy in my distracted mind; to what dost thou allude?" Then Inderjit told her the story of her birth.

"Parvati," he said in conclusion, "dost thou remember as one after the other our children were taken from us, we remarked that on the same day of the year, at the same hour, death visited our home, till we began to dread the time when the cycle of the earth should bring it round, and we still had a child to lose; that day, that hour were the same when the priest's warning words were spoken to thy father and mother, and they will be the same when a yet more crushing sorrow—for the vengeance of the gods is not completed yet—lay desolate all the remaining happiness of thyne and mine, but that which is more precious to thy fond and dutiful parents. Yet though all that human may be weak, love is mighty beyond the bounds of our frailty and impotent it rises strong to do, strong to suffer for those on whom it sets its regal seal. Harken to me, thou chosen of my heart, not only for the fleeting days of this earth, but even midst the uncertain shadows of an unknown future. How far the wrath of the gods may be appeased. I know not, but they may be propitiated by sacrifice of another kind than that which brought thee into the world. I go into loneliness and solitude, to emaciate my frame by meagre sustenances and yet just enough to keep thy memory a living, burning flame within my heart. I go never more to behold thee on this earth, to try and avert the sentence fate has passed on thee"—"My Parvati," he continued passionately, "dost thou think I doom myself to this with a resigned and patient heart; death would be bliss compared to my present agony, to know that the light of thy countenance doth yet bless this world, and yet that it may not shine on me. A greater sacrifice is not within my power, and therefore I lay what is dearer than life itself at the feet of the gods, imploring them for its sake to spare thee."

"And art thou not hastening the night of sorrow which thou sayest is to come on me? Taken from me by a living death; by thine own free will what more better trouble could I have?"

Inderjit, stay from thy purpose, by thine own hand do not bring down the vengeance of the gods on me sooner than they did see."

Inderjit shook his head: "In our short-sighted human wisdom we cast up our sorrows and presume to judge their weight. By the love I bear thee, I may not heed thy supplications, nay stay me not beloved, thou dost but prolong my agony. If blessing uttered by mortal lips doth avail, I bless thee for years of faithful love, for the hallowed sunshine thou hast shed around my path I bless thee. A dim uncertain hope is mine that in another world we may yet blend the broken music of our lives in one unending united harmony. Farewell!" and before Parvati could realize it, he was gone.

Her parents took her to their home and by every gentle art love could suggest strove to make her sorrow more bearable. There is a wonderfully soothing power in affection; it cannot take away the heavy weight which presses down life and spirits, but it acts like balm on a heart torn and fevered by many wounds, and thus was it for a time with Parvati, but only for a time for their woes, which even love is powerless to heal.

A year passed away since she and Inderjit had separated and her passive endurance seemed to be deserting her, her eyes looked wild and restless, and her movements were gaining a peculiarly noiseless rapidity. One moment her parents would see her beyond the enclosure of their dwelling and the next she would be at their side watching them with strangely glittering eyes. Once in the gray dawn of morning her mother was awakened by a stealthy movement; raising herself from her couch she saw her daughter approaching her intently watching, with a small curved knife in her hand. Breathless Draupadi waited till it was just within reach of her throat, and then she raised her hand, "My daughter wouldst thou kill thy mother?" she asked in quiet tones. Finding herself discovered Parvati dropped the knife on her mother's bed and sprang out at the doorway with a loud wild laugh, and then the poor mother could no longer conceal from herself the truth she had been trying to avoid,—Parvati was mad, now indeed were the words of the priest fulfilled. It was exquisite agony to the father and mother to see that once lovely creature becoming every day more and more devoid of human reason. Sometimes for a whole day, at a time, she would not touch food, and then she would devour it with the ferocity of a wild animal. Sleep she did not know at all. Like all mad people, Parvati who had always had for her parents a peculiarly tender affection, seemed to look on them with unflinching hatred. It was pitiful in the extreme to see her wandering about in heavy

tropical rain, for no weather, and no restraint would keep her in, sometimes exposed to the pitiless rays of the burning summer sun, and after at night, her voice once remarkable for its musical softness but now grown wild and hoarse would be heard singing and shouting on the star-lit plains.

One evening the priest of the Asvamedha, the same Draupadi and Puram had visited years before, saw a human form crouching near the temple; his keen eyes recognized at once who it was though the shadows were falling fast. "What now woman?" he asked, "what, dost thou desire another sacrifice to extort a blessing from the gods?"

"Spare me father," Draupadi cried in piteous tones, "would I had been content with a childless home, would I could give back the longed for gift, yea even though for years she has been the light and joy of our house, but now the desolation her affliction has brought on it is greater than all, for her dear life is tortured though in her unreasoning mind she wots not of it. My father, thou art mighty with the gods, grant me this boon, a fulfilment of thine own words. Once I prayed for her birth, now I come back to ask for her death, better that I should see that dear face lying still and cold than distorted in all the workings of frenzied thought, better that that precious frame should be motionless in the composure of eternal sleep than that it should wander unceasingly wet with the dews of heaven, and scorched with the noontide sun, often racked with pain and suffering but never seeking rest, never still. My father, my father, turn not thou away, for what is thy power given but to intercede with the mighty gods for us, to move their strength to aid our weakness."

The priest's voice as it answered her might have proceeded from a block of marble, so cold and even were its accents, yet its very passionlessness had a quieting effect on Draupadi. "Well it is, woman, that thou rememberest my words. I knew this hour was coming, I knew I should hear this request wrung by intensest agony from thy unwilling lips, but enough; I would have had no power to have thy prayer granted, were it not that thy daughter's husband by bitter mortification has obtained a reprieve of her sufferings. Before another sun has set thy child shall be no more."

Sometime after, Draupadi and Puram were seen with bowed heads, grown snow white with sorrow, standing reverently before a temple in the interior of which a number of priests were chanting the following words:—

"Oh thou, all encompasser, thou higher than all gods, the great Varuna:

"No boon do we offer to thee worthy of thy

greatness, yet great is thy mercy and thy virtue, and gratitude doth well become thy finite creatures.

"Thou dweller amidst the boundless space of air no dwelling place do we give now to thee.

"Yet a mark of thanksgiving do the sacred hearts of a father and mother offer

"For thou hast granted their request, and given the priceless boon of rest, to the wild unrest of human anguish, and called their child away to the dim unknown.

"By reverent human hands has this temple been raised, no rude clang of metal has sounded near its silent stones.

"In future days, when lesser gods shall overshadow the serene whiteness of thine unapproached virtue and other temples shall arise around thee.

"These unbroken walls shall bear witness to the homage which hearts, then lying still and cold, once paid to thee."

Gleanings of Hindu-Thought.



THE one power in man, which most clearly marks him out as occupying the crowning position in the scale of created beings, is the power of speculative thinking.

Other creatures may in some measure be able to draw practical inferences from observed facts. They may see a few inches of their path, before and after; but it will not be disputed that man alone

has attained a commanding ground, where he may pause and contemplate in one glance, the whole scheme of the universe, and his own place in it.

And it is a fact full of significance that despite our modern advancement and enlightenment, later ages do but revive the same old problems and the same old solutions. We are far in advance of our forefathers as regards steam engines and the electric telegraph, but we cannot boast of having attained views essentially new on subjects which concern man as man.

Anaximander was the first Evolutionist. In Empedocles we find foreshadowed the Darwinian doctrine of Natural Selection; Democritus taught an atomic theory and the principles of the Conservation of Energy and Matter. In Heraclitus we discern the dim outline of Hegel, whose philosophic sympathy found even in Thales the rudiment of the most advanced thought. And the doctrine of pleasure and pain now so fully

developed by Hamilton and Spencer was also anticipated by Aristotle.

Oriental philosophy lacks the scientific precision which we find in Greek thought; yet its religious depth and ethical earnestness give it an interest all its own.

I now proceed to quote the sentiments found in one of the oldest poems of India, on the greatest of all virtues, namely, Charity:—

"Reviling meet with patience; ne'er
To men malignant, malice bear.
Harsh tones and wrathful language greet
With gentle speech and accents sweet
When struck return not thou the blow.
Even gods their admiration show
Of men who thus entreat a foe."

Here is another from the same:—

"To bad as well as good, to all
A generous man compassion shews.
On earth no mortal lives, he knows,
Who does not oft through weakness fall."

Again in a widely-read book in India we read thus:—

"Here then a summary of righteousness, and ponder well the maxim.—Never do to other persons what would pain thyself."

The mysterious process of life has in all ages engaged the attention of great thinkers. The vicissitudes, its many sorrows and few enjoyments, the weakness and frailty of man, his utter helplessness in following anything good, his proneness to evil and his entire dependence on a Higher Being—all these have been constant sources of meditation to the great men of India, in bygone days.

"The body, is it not like foam
The tossing wave, an instant resting?
In it, the spirit, bird-like resting,
Soon flies to seek another home.
In this thy frail abode, so dear,
How canst thou slumber free from fear?
Why dost thou not wake up, when all
Thy watchful enemies ever seek
To strike the just where thou art weak,
To bring about thy longed for fall?
Thy days are numbered—all apace
Thy years roll on—thy powers decay
Why dost thou vainly then delay,
And not arise, and haste away
To some unchanging dwelling place?"

Do we not find in such a passage as this, a simple yet true epitome of man's life? Our enjoyments what are they but "bubbles on water" as an Hindu poet says elsewhere. All this is true, but is man then doomed to suffer? Is there no hope for him in future? Several passages can also be quoted, which fully point out the "refuge" and "rescue" which the "Holy Lord" above has prepared for humanity. We who live in these days of apparent pleasures and luxuries are apt to take a very

materialistic view of life, but may it not be well for us to realize:—

"How worthless is man's life, how vain:
How full of woe and grief and pain,
To e'et wealth is certain woe;
To gain it, yet a heavier blow.
To gain and on it set our heart
And then to lose it, oh the smart!"

But it is here necessary to point out the difference between the Oriental and Western view of life. The former is often very gloomy. To an Oriental the following lines of a Western poet would sound meaningless:

"Tell me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem."

But we cannot blame them for taking such a sombre view of things, for they fully believed that our present life is a prelude to a more perfect state of existence hereafter. Death is a mere passage to the other world.

In the following passage death is personified and an hymn is addressed to the deity:—

"O king we come, the born must tread the path
That thou hast trod—the path by which each
—race of man
In long succession, and our fathers too, have
—passed—
Soul of the dead depart, fear not to take the reap
The ancient road—by which thy ancestors have
gone;
Return unto thy home O soul; thy sin and shame—
Leave them behind on earth, assume a shining
form
Thy ancient shape—refined and from all taint set
free."

One chief feature of the Hindu mind which distinguishes it from that of any other nation in the world, is the preponderance of excessive religious sentiment. An Hindu it may be said, lives in an atmosphere of religion. He never rests until he sees God in everything.

But in these days of scepticism and infidelity nothing is more cheering to us than to know what men of old, even with the little light they had, said and thought about the Being who governs the Universe. One is very much struck with the simple, yet sublime view they formed of Him by whom they were influenced:—

"Him may we know, the Ruler of all rulers,
The God of Gods, the Lord of Lords, the Greater
Than all the greatest, the resplendent being,
The world's protector, worthy of all homage.
Of Him there is not cause nor yet effect.
His power is absolute, yet varied
Dependent on Himself, acting with knowledge.
He the one God is hidden in all beings.
Pervades their inner souls and rules their actions
Dwelling within their hearts, a witness, a thinker.
All-knowing, tranquil, spotless, without blame

One penetrator of the Universe
Known only by the heart: whoever knows him
Gains everlasting peace and deathlessness."

It would not be less interesting if we try to glean a few thoughts which reveal man's social condition and the standard of duty to which he was expected to attain in those ancient days."

The despotism of Eastern Kings has become a proverbial expression in these days, but the following passage, which gives the ideal of a Hindu King, may probably give the reader quite a different impression.

"That king rules well whose arm defends
His friends from aliens, these from friends
Whose sway o'er every class extends;
O'er all whose realm his subjects roam,—
Like sons within a father's home—
Securely, whether weak or strong,
And insult never dread, nor wrong,
Nor ever need their wealth to hide
But undisturbed in peace abide."

The Poem goes on to say, which king should ask himself,

"Do I fulfil my kingly task?
Do vices in my nature lurk,
Whose power obstructs my noble work?
Do all the men my aims know
Of these their admiration shew
And does my virtue's fame extend
O'er all my realm, from end to end?"

Respect for elders and filial love for parents are duties which are strongly insisted upon in every religious and moral work of the Hindoos.

"Thine own preceptor value more
Then teachers ten of sacred lore.
And more than ten preceptors deem
Thy father merits thy esteem:
But ten-times more than even they sire
Thy mother dear should love inspire.
Yea, think that she who gave thee birth
Herself, for thee, exceeds in worth,
Whatever else exists on earth."

But it may be asked how did the Hindoos regulate their conduct? Did they believe in the rules of morality laid down vaguely and indistinctly in their Scriptures? The following passage points out the inefficacy of mere theological knowledge:

"No varied store of sacred texts has power
To save the man in guile and fraud expert:
His lore forsakes him in his final hour
As birds, full fledged, their native nests desert."

They seemed to believe in an internal principle inherent in man which moves us to do that which is right and shun that which is wrong,—a principle akin to Butler's 'Conscience.'

"'Tis not for gain, for fame, from fear
That righteous men in justice shun,
And virtuous men hold virtue dear;
An inward voice they seem to hear
Which tells that duty must be done."

Now and then we get some Machiavellian counsel.—Here is an amusing instance.

"Whilst thou dost watch thy chance, with seeming care

Thy mortal foe upon thy shoulder bear;
Then down to earth thy hated burden dash,
As men against the rocks an earthen vessel smash."

One of the greatest hindrances to the social progress of India, is the unhappy condition in which her women are placed. But every possible effort is now being made by English philanthropists as well as the enlightened part of the native community to restore the Hindu women to her own lost status.

She did indeed once occupy a very exalted position. Everywhere in the Ancient Literature of India, we find a distinct recognition of woman's influence over man and her 'natural' supremacy.

The following is a quotation from an old Hindu drama:

"My woman's teacher, and she learns
More, she than man, the pedant gleans from
books."

And again
"Men seeking knowledge, long must strive
And over many volumes pore;
But favoured women all their lore
Unought from nature's grace derive."

Does the description of conjugal happiness found in the following lines, in any way fall short of our modern ideal?

"Our love these sweetly speaking women gain,
When men are all alone, companions bright;
In duty, wise to judge and guide aright,
Kind tender mothers in distress and pain,
The wife is half the man, his priceless friend;
Of pleasure, virtue, wealth, his constant source
A help and stay along his earthly course
Through life unchanging, yea, beyond its end."

Between the Hindoo woman's present social position and that which she held in past ages, there is a great gap which would require mighty efforts to fill up; but her devotion, her fidelity and her purity have not left her, and in the words of an English Poet, we may well say:—

"I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet record, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright nor good,
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles."

SIGMA.



Editorial Notes.

Our frontispiece represents a group of Hindu women teachers in the Maharani's College, Mysore. One of the difficulties connected with the education of girls in India is the paucity of women teachers. In England and

America the education of children of both the sexes is mainly in the hands of women teachers who are found to deal with them more sympathetically than men do; but in this country, even in purely girls' schools, the teachers are mainly males. At present Eurasian and Indian Christian women have taken largely to the teaching profession and their services are highly valued everywhere. We should like however to see Hindu women coming forward to be trained as teachers more largely than they have done. In this respect in particular special facilities are offered to Hindu and Mohamedan widows to up training, by means of scholarships. Mrs. Curzon's scheme for the training of Hindu and Mohamedan widows has already begun to bear fruit and in Mysore the encouragements for the training of widows as teachers are equally satisfactory. We should like to see every institution for girls in India, from the lowest to the highest grade, taught by Indian women teachers. The Bethune College, Calcutta and the Poona Training College for women, which are taught by Indian ladies entirely have reached a high degree of excellence.

By the death of Miss Frances Power Cobbe, at the ripe old age of 82, the woman's cause suffers greatly; for she was an indefatigable worker in everything connected with the advancement of women.

Our readers will remember the address that was presented to her on her 80th birthday by some of the greatest men and women, of all shades of opinion, both in England and in America, which we published in the *Indian Ladies Magazine* in March 1903. The claims which Miss Cobbe had on the public were many and varied. She was among the first publicly to urge the right of women to university degrees, and her powerful pen did much to advance the movement towards equality of treatment for them, in educational and other matters. She did the work of a pioneer in social amelioration.

such as ragged schools and work house reform. She was the first to explore the dark continent of man's relations to his dumb fellow-creatures, to let in light on their wrongs and to base on the firm foundation of the moral law their rights and our duty to them. It is not merely as a philanthropist that she has claims on our attention; she has distinguished herself as a journalist and in the higher realms of literature. A woman with a very large heart and great abilities she spent her life in doing good. She loved India with all her heart, and took a special interest in the Brahmo Samaj movement. A personal friend of Babu Keshub Chunder Sen she had great hopes of the Brahmo movement. She will be ranked along with Florence Nightingale, Mary Carpenter and other similar distinguished women philanthropists of Great Britain. In private life she was singularly genial, witty and merry; in conversation most amusing. In whatever part of a room Miss Cobbe sat there was sure to be a group round her joining in the pleasant talk which flowed from her, and which she had the special gift of drawing forth from others. So noble a character and so genial a personality will be long remembered.

What is being done for and by India's Daughters.

Miss Sunderabai Powar, who has a Zenana Training home at Poona, reports progress in her work. She has as many as 120 girls under her. Some of them are trained as Bible teachers, others as school mistresses, others again as nurses. Several of those who have left the home have homes of their own, having married suitably. The Home is supported by voluntary contributions and has no definite income. Miss Powar has the co-operation and assistance of Miss Burder, whose influence is greatly appreciated.

—Lady Curzon's very successful scheme for training Indian lady doctors, midwives and *dais* has begun to operate. Scholarships and stipends are given in almost every Medical College and School and training class in hospitals. The Central Committee now fully realise the necessity of spending money more in Hospital Assistants and Nurses than in hospitals themselves. The report says: "Our main duty now lies not so much in the direction of erecting new hospitals, to the initial cost of which must be added the necessary charge of superintendence and upkeep: as in promoting wider education of hospital assistants, nurses, and midwives, who may be enabled to carry relief into the outlying districts and villages. Indeed quite a considerable number of the principal towns and centres in India now possess hospitals in which relief is systematically offered to women and children."

—Those who wish to make their homes cheerful and happy—abodes of affection and piety, contentment and industry—ought to read Mr. S. Tattvabhushan's *Indubala*, in which he does not draw upon his imagin-

ation, but gives a picture of Mr. Sasipada Banurji's home, and particularly of his daughter Indubala, who died before she was sixteen. There is much truth in Mr. Tattvabhushan's remark that "the reformer who neglects his wife and children, and proceeds to reform the country, is either a pretender, who covets the honours but shrinks from the troubles of a true reformer, or lacks the wisdom that ensures success." Mr. Banurji's maxim is *Akrodhena jayet Krodham*—by no anger should anger be overcome; and in his family children are not to be scolded even with the word 'naughty.' Children and menial servants, even the street-sweepers, are to be addressed as *baba* and *tumi*. In such surroundings was Indubala born and brought up. She had inherited the ability of the family—which was so conspicuous in her older sisters, Ushabala and Banalata, once editresses of the magazine *Antahpur*, now deceased—and in addition she had an extra-share of sweetness of temper, devotional inclination—inherited from a father who is subject to religious trances—regard for the feelings of others, dislike for finery and enthusiasm for work. If the lives of great men teach us how to make our lives sublime, the lives of little girls may often diffuse in a home the sweet, if faint, odour and the white radiance of a lily. There is more than conventional simile in the Indian lullaby which says that a home without a child is like a tank without a lotus. It is not always the lotus that grows in a tank, unfortunately, but spiritual botany is a science which makes it possible to impart to one plant the characteristics of another. No one can read Mr. Tattvabhushan's little biography without being impressed with the possibilities and the blessedness of this domestic gardening.

—In memory of the late Ranee of Kuruppam, Maharanee Gajapati Row of Vizagapatam erected a fountain near the Mahal which was unveiled by Mrs. Campbell on the 22nd ultimo. Miss Brown on behalf of the Maharanee read an address explaining the circumstances which led to the adoption of the design, the central idea of which is a banyan tree, as symbolical of rest and shade. The same evening the foundation-stone of a new Poor House, the latest gift of the Maharanee, was laid by Mr. Campbell, on a site near the Civil Hospital. Mr. Campbell in performing the ceremony declared the stone well and truly laid and thanked the Maharanee in the name of the town for her generous gift and made mention of the way in which the family of the late Maharaja exemplified the benefits that accrued from liberal female education. There was then a pleasant social gathering and the proceedings terminated.

—The North India School of Medicine for Christian women, at Ludhiana, Punjab, is an interdenominational institution, and was founded in 1894 by Dr. Edith Brown (who is its Principal) in conjunction with a committee composed of medical and educational missionaries and others "who realised the need of providing medical training combined with the influences of a Christian home for the Christian women of India." The primary object is to train women to become medical missionaries. The school works in hearty co-operation with some of the leading Missionary Societies, and has been recognised by the Punjab Government as a School of Medicine. The Committee's ninth Report, signed by the President Dr. J. C. R. Ewing of Lahore, records a year of

great progress. During the nine years of its existence the school has been able to send out thirty-seven graduates into different parts of India as medical missionaries; while in addition ten hospital assistants, ten compounders and seventeen nurses have been trained. At present there are thirty-five in training, viz., nineteen in the hospital assistant class, six compounders and ten nurses. There are also four Christian and six Muhammadan students being instructed in midwifery.

Catholic Ladies' Association, Karkul.

Proceedings of a meeting of "Karkul Catholic Ladies' Association" held on 18th April 1904, in Mrs. Pulcheria Colaco's house. PRESENT:—Mrs. Teresa Mathias, President; Mrs. Stephen Mathias, Secretary; Mrs. M. M. Lobo; Mrs. Edwin Lobo; Mrs. Eugene Aranha; Mrs. Pulcheria Colaco; Mrs. Rita Aranha.

As proposed in the introductory meeting of the association the President delivered the following lecture on the "Preparation of Pickles" by the Catholic Ladies of Karkul.

"Pickles are prepared from the following:—Mangoes, limes, citron, wild jack fruit, papaw fruit, dates, plantain pith, gooseberries, cucumbers, tender jack fruit, bamboo shoot, country figs, cardamoms, ginger roots, fish, mutton, *ozia rotunda*, hog plum, cucurbita dioica, jejupe fruits, gardenia longa, jasmimo nerium fruits, narangi and chellangai.

Of these mangoes are the favourites. Both the tender and grown up unripe fruits are used. From the tender variety two sorts of pickles are prepared. The first one is very simple. Gather the tender ones dropped from the trees, cut them into four pieces each lengthwise, and macerate them into salt water for sometime until salt is absorbed. This form of pickle is used to give taste to the insipid morning congee which is so universally used.

The second sort of pickle prepared from the tender variety is somewhat more complex. Gather the fruits fresh from the tree, remove the stalks, mix them thoroughly with powdered salt and keep them pressed with a weight in a wooden vessel for three days, stirring them morning and evening. On the 3rd day the weight is removed, and the pressed fruits are separated from the salt which has liquefied and kept separately until the water is drained off. The liquid from which the fruits have been removed is allowed to stand so that any impurities may settle down. The clear fluid is strained to remove any surface impurities. Some more salt is added to it and the mixture boiled. For 100 mangoes 1 seer of salt for mixing and 1 seer of salt for subsequent addition are necessary. Take 1 seer of chillies by weight, one piece of tumeric, $\frac{1}{2}$ seer of mustard, 1 tola zeera, (cumin seeds) and 1 tola cum and keep them drying in the sun for two days. Powder the chillies and keep the powder separate. Powder the remaining 4 ingredients collectively and keep the powder separate. With the water mentioned above which has been boiled and kept down to cool, grind the chillies, powder and after it has been thoroughly

ground, add the other powder and grind again. The next process is the thorough mixing of the pressed fruits with the mixture of the abovenamed condiments in a wooden vessel. Take about half a tola of leaves of curry leaf tree, mince them, and fry them in 2½ ounces of til (sesamum) oil with half tola of garlic. The vessel is kept down to cool and this mixture is poured on the mangoes which are well stirred so that each mango may have some of it. They are then packed in a wide mouthed jar which has previously been well cleaned and dried, and a little of the til oil left in the vessel poured on the top. A piece of clean linen dipped in the oil is then laid over the mangoes and the lid is closed tight."

The process of preparing pickle from the grown up fruit will be described in a subsequent meeting of the Association.

Literary Notes.

[Specially compiled for the readers of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*]

—Mr. Justice Amir Ali, says the *Moslem Chronicle*, proposes to devote his residence in England to literary occupation. He is engaged in collecting materials for a series of very important works, involving great research and interest, as *Nur Jahan*; or *the Romance of an Indian Queen*; *Moslem India*; *India—Past and Present*, &c. It is needless to say that the issue of these publications will be watched with great interest.

—Miss Margaret Noble, whose impressive addresses in Boston and Cambridge, three or four years ago, upon her educational work among the women of Calcutta are so warmly remembered, has completed a book upon "The Web of Indian Life," which is about to appear in London. Miss Noble will probably visit her home in England next summer; and she is expected to take part in the International Peace Congress in Boston in October, speaking upon the importance of mutual understanding and respect among the different races as the preventive of antagonism and conflict. A special meeting upon this subject, with several important addresses, will be a feature of the Congress.

—In Herbert Spencer's Autobiography, recently published, there is an interesting reference to George Elliot which we quote below:—

"In physique there was, perhaps, a trace of that masculinity characterizing her intellect: for though of but the ordinary feminine height, she was strongly built. The head, too, was larger than is usual in women. It had, moreover, a peculiarity distinguishing it from most heads, whether feminine or masculine; namely, that its contour was very regular. Usually, heads have here and there either flat places or slight hollows; but her head was everywhere convex. Striking by its power when in repose her face was remarkably transfigured by a smile. The smiles of many are signs of nothing more than amusement; but with her smile there was habitually mingled an expression of sympathy either for the person smiled at or the person smiled, with. Her voice was a con-

traalto of rather low pitch and I believe naturally strong. On this last point I ought to have a more definite impression for in those days we occasionally sang together, but the habit of subduing her voice was so constant that I suspect its real power was rarely if ever heard. Its tones were always gentle, and, like the smile, sympathetic. Of course, as we were frequently seen together, people drew their inferences. Very slight evidence usually suffices the world for positive conclusions; and here the evidence seemed strong. Naturally, therefore, quite definite statements became current. There were reports that I was in love with her, and that we were about to be married. But neither of these reports was true."

—Madame Maria Martin, in *Le Journal des Femmes* for February, has a brilliant article on "The Education of the Father." She points out that the world has had abundant preaching on the duties of mothers, and it is now time that the attention of fathers should be called to their duties to their children, especially in the way of setting them a good example.

—Mr. Lal Mohan Ghose, Bar-at-Law, is devoting his leisure hours to literary work. An English version in verse of one of the Episodes from the Ramayana from his pen is appearing in some of the Bengal Magazines. We note the influence of Milton both in the metre and in the language which he has adopted. Here is a specimen:—

"High on a throne of gold
(Resplendent as the highest mountain peak
When on its snowy front the morning sun
Reflects its rays and dazzles every eye)
Sat Lanka's king. A hundred courtiers stand
Around, their heads in lowly reverence bent.
Matchless on earth the splendour of that hall
Of purest crystal built, inlaid with gems
Of varied hue; not brighter to the eye
Appears the gorgeous wealth of lotus flowers
On gentle Manasa's pellucid breast."

—Miss Cobbe was a prolific writer. Besides many books and pamphlets, she contributed some hundreds of articles to the leading newspapers and magazines. Her most important works are "Religious Duty," 1857; "Pursuits of Women," 1863; "Cities of the Past," 1863; "Broken Lights," 1864; "Italics," 1864; "Studies, Ethical and Social," 1865; "Hours of Work and Play," 1867; "Drawing Lights," 1868; "Alone, to the Alone," 1871 (3rd edit., 1881); "Darwinism in Morals," 1872; "Fables of the Human Race," 1874, 1888; "Re-echoes," 1876; "False Beasts and Truc," 1875; "Duties of Women," 1880; "A Faithless World," 1885; "The Scientific Spirit of the Age," 1888; "The Modern Rack," 1889; and "The Friend of Man," 1890; and of her "Autobiography," which she wrote somewhat late in life—three editions have been issued. Frances was the youngest child of the family and appears to have had an ideal life in her spacious, pleasant house, with its country surroundings and happy relationships. She was one of the very few who from the standpoint of a calm old age, could look back upon her long life and declare emphatically that it had been so well worth living that she would gladly run it all over again, taking it just as it had come, sorrows as well as joys, shade as well as sunshine.—*The Christian Life*.



News and Notes.

The Queen has promised to be godmother to Lady Curzon's baby-daughter and the date of the christening will be fixed when her Majesty returns from Copenhagen.

—Queen Alexandra has almost as large a number of god-children as the late Queen Victoria, who stood sponsor (though rarely in person) to a large number of babes and was very strict with her baptismal charges. She invited each of them to tea at least once a year and plied them with questions by no means formal or superficial about their progress during the year.

—Lady Amptill has accepted the post of Lady President of the Lady Dufferin Fund, and Major Molesworth, Surgeon to the Viceroy, will act as Honorary Secretary, during Lord Amptill's tenure of the Viceroyalty.

—It is said that the Grand Duchess Olga of Oldenburg, a sister of the Czar, is about to proceed to the seat of war to superintend the nursing contingent, of which she is the recognised head. It says much for her courage and enterprise for her to undertake such a task, although she is quite young, and can have had, consequently, but little experience in the onerous work of sick-nursing.

—There arrived in Boston recently Miss Fugi Yoshida, one of the first women in Japan to take up the study of art as a profession. She came with her brother, Hiroshi Yoshida, of Tokio, the gifted young artist whose success in this and other American cities was so marked a few years ago. Miss Yoshida, although only sixteen, does good work in water

colors. She is anxious to study figure-painting here, as in her own country, apart from the student class-work done in the government art schools, the painting of figures is attended with so many difficulties that it is very little attempted.

—A pretty story of Queen Alexandra's visit to the Alexandra Trust—a restaurant for the London poor in the dreary City Road, bordering on the East End slums—appears in the *London Daily News*. The Queen, who was quietly dressed in black was accompanied by her two daughters, the Princess Victoria and the Princess Charles of Denmark, and others. The Royal Party arrived at the restaurant at 1 p.m. The place was crowded with diners, nearly 3,000 in number, and the Queen quietly made her way to the pay box and asked for eight 4d tickets. Her Majesty was quickly recognised, and the news swept through the dining halls like a whirlwind for there is no section of the King's subjects more loyal than the London poor. Her Majesty had given only two hours' notice of her intention to "dine" there, and it was her wish that there should be no departure from the accustomed routine. The restaurant, which bears the Queen's name, owes its initiation to the interest she has taken in supplying wholesome meals at cheap prices to working people, and to the generosity of Sir Thomas Lipton. Escorted by Sir Thomas Lipton, the Royal visitors made a tour of inspection. On the first floor, reserved for women and children, were upwards of 300 little ones partaking of soup, and they, in their excitement to welcome the Queen, jumped on to the tables, forgetting the presence of the dishes, dozens of which were upset. The scene among the factory girls and women was not less enthusiastic. It was a triumphal progress of a novel character, and it obviously gave pleasure to the party. Ascending the steps leading to the third floor the visitors entered a little ante-room used by Mr. Arthur O. Pearce, the Manager, where they partook of the three-course dinner for which the Queen had purchased the tickets. Her Majesty spent an hour and twenty minutes in the establishment, and before leaving expressed her great pleasure at the excellence of the arrangements and the large and well-ventilated rooms, and the delight which her visit had given her. There was one little incident during the visit which must be recorded. In one of the corridors the Queen saw two children crying bitterly. Bending down she inquired softly what was the trouble, and the boy replied, "Please, mum, me an' er'as lost our tickets, and we can't see the Queen." Who would not have been touched? The Queen was, and her smile was very tender as she patted the child on his curly head. Then placing a silver coin in the dirty little palm she passed on, and someone told the children that they had been speaking to the Queen. "What, that lady?" they exclaimed, and it was with wonder in their eyes and gladness in their hearts that they went away. They had imagined the Queen with a golden crown; they had found her graced with the beauty of sympathy.

—Miss Della Pittsford, a blind girl living at Selma Ind., is attracting wide attention through her work in the churches and in literature. Her church and Sunday-school work would do credit to many blessed with sight. Her skill in typewriting is such that she carried on correspondence for a number of

papers for years before the editors became aware that their correspondent was totally blind. She has had practical charge of a large Sunday-school class and of the choir of a leading church of Selma for several years.

—Dr. Frances Dickinson of Chicago is in favour of establishing little hospitals on wheels for city service. Eight years of practical experience in treating emergency cases in the down-town district has convinced Dr. Dickinson that her plan is practical. In her opinion, hundreds of lives have been lost in Chicago because hospitals are stationary. The hospital on wheels suggested by Dr. Dickinson is as large as a department store truck, but has the appearance of a houseboat. It is propelled, heated, and lighted by electricity. The big vehicle is fitted up in the fore-castle for a dispensary, and abaft for an operating room. It contains a table and surgical instruments. It is intended to take the place of the operating room of a "stationary" hospital, and will carry a crew consisting of a surgeon and two graduate nurses.

—Five German educators from leading German universities who have visited Chicago University have been closely studying the young women students. The girls were highly complimented, at the dinner given by the University of Chicago to the educators. "Wonderfully brilliant and wonderfully beautiful," is the expression of Dr. Delbrueck, the famous philologist. He saw the greatest difference between life at the German universities and that of the American young women. "The presence of the girl students here," he said, "left home," he said, "my friends said to me, 'Now, you are a great student of women, professor, tell us when you come back whether the college-bred American woman is so much more talented than our women, and whether she is so much more beautiful.' I have been here only a few days, but I can already tell you what word I must carry to them. I have found the American woman wonderfully brilliant and as wonderfully beautiful. At this distance from home I am free to say that she has captivated me."

—A recent issue of the *World* contains an interesting sketch of Harou-Ko, Empress of Japan. The writer, after remarking that in very far back days there was an Empress of Japan, who was held in quite special love and reverence by her people, and that there are latter-day Japs who maintain that this empress is now living in their midst, and has assumed the form of Harou-Ko, their Mikado's Consort, says: "For a lady who lived so many centuries ago Harou-Ko is in appearance quite startlingly modern; for her dresses—they are all made in Paris or London—are always *à la dernière cri*, and she wears them as one born in the rue de Grenelle. Although not strikingly beautiful, at least according to Western taste, Her Majesty has a singularly fascinating face—it is so kindly, intelligent, and expressive. It is a strange face, too, one full of subtle contradictions, and with lines that tell diverse tales."

In spite of her Parisian toilettes and her English manners, the Empress is a thorough Oriental, with all the Oriental's reverence for tradition and hatred of change. But she is passionately devoted to Japan; there is no sacrifice she would not make for her own people. Her great desire in life, indeed, is to be completely at one with them in their hopes, fears, and aspirations. "Harou-

Ko was born in 1850. She was a daughter of Prince Tadaka, a member of one of the great noble families from which the Mikados are expected to choose their consorts; and she was educated with a special view to the possibility of her becoming Empress. Her early days were spent at Kioto, the seat of the old Japanese Court, where she lived as completely cut off from the world as if she had been in a convent. There she stayed until she was nearly nineteen, when she was brought forth and married to the Mikado, who was some two years younger than she was. Youthful and inexperienced as they were, the Imperial couple seem to have demeaned themselves with great dignity, and they soon became exceedingly popular. It was a time of great political excitement in Japan, the morrow of a revelation; the old state of things had just been swept aside completely, and considerable doubt prevailed as to what the result would be especially with so young a Sovereign at the head of affairs. It was a piece of supreme good fortune for Japan, therefore, that her Mikado had not only able Ministers to help him to rule; but a wise and prudent wife to share his burdens with him. "In spite of the Mikado's devotion to her Harou Ko has always been in a difficult position; for although she is his chief wife, and, therefore, Empress, she is not his only wife, and, what is still worse, perhaps she is not the mother of his heir. She has no children, and this in itself has always been a source of grief to her. Luckily, both for herself and her husband, however, she is no Sarah; and as soon as she realised that there was no chance of her bearing him a son she adopted as her own the son of one of her rivals and devoted herself heart and soul to fitting him for his future station, lavishing kindness on his mother the while."

Selection.

BRAHMIN MARRIAGE RITUAL.

Mr. Ramanbhai Mahipatram Nilkanth has issued a second edition of his interesting and useful compilation of the Marriage ritual as it obtains among the Brahmins of Gujarat. In a valuable English introduction prefixed to the compilation, he writes:—"This little brochure contains the Brahmin Marriage Ritual as performed in the highest Brahmin Caste in Gujarat—Vadnagarā Nāgar Brahmins. Everything that is not enjoined by the Shastras but performed on the authority of *achara* (custom) has been omitted here, the aim of the work being to give a clear idea of the solemn ceremonies performed, the noble oaths taken, and the great promises given (which it is very easy to see were never meant for children) in accordance with the Shastras. By pointing to the professions of the bridegroom and therefrom deducing his age, supposing him to mean and understand what he says—as he ought to do, unless his marriage is to be a farce—it is intended to make this pamphlet a contribution to the literature on the question of the proper age of marriage. The position promised to be given to the bride by the bridegroom in his family will, it is hoped, throw a considerable light on the question of the position of Women in Hindu Society."

The omission of the directions of custom does not affect the validity of the marriage.

As the subject is one in which many besides Gujarati-knowing people take an active interest, a summarised account of the ritual is given below in English. Only the ceremony of the chief day, the wedding day, is important to know in connection with the subject, and that only has been given in this publication.

Both the bride and the bridegroom perform ablutions at their respective houses at an early hour.

Then the bridegroom (on horseback, by custom) accompanied by his relations and friends comes to the house of the bride. At the door he is received by the bride's mother, custom requiring that the bride, brought with her face covered, should pinch his foot, as if to give him warning about the new and responsible stage of life on which he is about to enter. After the party enters the house, the bride's father solemnly declares before the gods that he would honour with a good reception the bridegroom who has come to his house desiring the hand of his daughter. The bride's father welcomes the bridegroom and offers him a seat which the latter accepts with a declaration that he himself is the worthiest among his equals. The bride's father gives the bridegroom materials for worship, with which the blessed and kind waters are worshipped. This done, the bride's father offers *madhuparka* (a sweet mixture) to the bridegroom which the latter accepts, first asking the gods to partake of it. The bride's father orders a cow but the bridegroom urges that she is an innocent and useful creature and should not be killed. He requests that she should be let off and given grass to eat, which request being granted, the welcoming ceremony (*madhuparka*) is over.

Then begins the *Kanya-dana* ceremony wherein the father makes a gift of his daughter to the bridegroom. The bridegroom takes his seat facing the East with the bride clothed in white garments (and with her face covered as enjoined by custom) on his right. Then the bride's father with his face towards the North accompanied by his wife on his right.

The bride's father worships the bride and the bridegroom. The Brahmins present request the gods and the Rishis to shower choicest blessings on every one.

Then the bride's father makes a solemn declaration that he will make gift of his daughter, so that he may be rewarded for his meritorious act.

The holy gods being invited to be present and to preside, the bride's father, taking water and sacred grass in his hand, and specifying the cycle, the age, the year, the season, the position of the heavenly bodies, the day, continent, the country, the province, and the place, mentioning his family and his Vedic studies as well as those of the bridegroom, solemnly declares that to achieve happy results (as promised in the Shastras) he gives his healthy daughter to the bridegroom, with a dowry proportionate to his means, with two sets of clothing and shoes. Beseeching the pleasure of the Creator, the father declares that the daughter is no more his. So saying he puts his daughter's right hand in the right hand of the bridegroom. The bride's mother, who has been also fully initiated to his gift.

thanks them and accepts the bride's hand, entreating the gods to bless the donors of sweet gifts.

The blade of grass placed between the hands of the bride and bridegroom is removed, the hitherto uncertain and temporary connection is made certain and permanent, and the marriage is irrevocable for ever.

The bridegroom says to his bride that out of regard for the gods, the god Varuna gave her to him that he may get ambrosial happiness. He tells her that in giving her to him her father has given him his very life. Touching her right shoulder he says, "It is Love that gave this, Love that received it, Oh Love! all this is thine." To the bride he says, "Enter thou the Ocean of Love, I accept these out of love. Thou art rain; the heavens give thee, the earth receives thee." Here the *Kanyādāna* ceremony is finished.

The bride and the bridegroom accompanied by the priest and some young ladies next proceed to the *Kautukāgāra* (a room where certain paintings are drawn on the walls). The bride and the bridegroom there tie love-knots to each other's wrist. The bridegroom opens the hitherto covered face of the bride and gives her an upper garment. The priest ties the garments of the two in a knot. A crown is placed on the bride's head. Praying to the gods to bring them together, the bridegroom applies collyrium to the bride's eyes and the bride to his eyes. The bridegroom gives her a porcupine-quill and a looking-glass for her toilet, and places a garland of varieties of things round her neck. Then the party return from the *Kautukāgāra* and the ceremony of *Vivāha-homa* (marriage-sacrifice) begins.

The bridegroom sits at an altar with his bride on his right. There is fire before them. Over it ghee, meant to be conveyed to the gods, is poured. The father or the brother of the bride drops ghee over her head, saying: "Become thou the sovereign ruler over thy father-in-law, over thy mother-in-law, over thy sister-in-law and over thy brothers-in-law."

Then, taking the hand of the bride, the bridegroom says to her, "I take the hand that thou mayest live with me as thy husband for a long time; the gods Bhaga, Aryama, Savita and Purandhi have given thee to me that I may be a householder." He says that the god Sama gave her to Gandharva, Gandharva gave her to Agni, and Agni gave her to him together with wealth and sons. The bridegroom again says to the bride, "As in the word *Sama* the syllables *Sa* and *ama* are mutually connected and interdependent, so are we; I am *ama* thou art *Sa*, I am the heavens, thou art the earth. As a Sainā verse is related to Rik verses of which it is composed, so am I to thee; then shouldst thou follow me." "Like these pairs, let us marry, produce progeny, obtain sons; may they be many and may they live long."

Then follow the ceremonies of *Asmarohana* and *Mangal Perit*—those of mounting the stone and making four circumambulations round the sacred fire. Getting up from his seat and holding forth his hand to his bride, the bridegroom says to her, "Come lady! place thy foot on this stone, and be as firm as this stone. Resist whatever is evil." Then taking her right toe, he places it on the stone, and then, with her behind him, he goes round the sacred fire. On returning to their seats, the bridegroom

makes his bride give an oblation to fire saying for her, "This woman prays, May I be auspicious to my relations and may my husband live long." They go round the fire four times and at the end of each circumambulation the bride presents an oblation.

Then the very significant ceremony of *Saptapadi*—taking seven steps is performed. Seven small heaps for rice are placed at small distances, in the north-east direction. The bridegroom takes the hand of the bride and, as she places her foot on the first heap, says to her, "Take the first step and become the partner of my drinks." Then he says, "Take the second step and become the partner of my food." "Take the third step and become the partner of my wealth and prosperity." "Take the fourth step and become the partner of my good health." "Take the fifth step and become the partner of my cattle." "Take the sixth step and become my companion in all the seasons." "Take the seventh step and become my friend."

Here the ceremony ends, custom directing that a dish containing sugar or some sweet preparation should be placed before the bride and the bridegroom, whereof each puts some morsels in the mouth of the other.

Thus ends the Marriage Ritual. At the present day so very few understand what is recited, and so hastily is the ceremony conducted, that what ought to be a most solemn rite appears but an unmeaning and trifling formality. The form is preserved but the spirit is lost sight of. But, to one who stops to think and what is said and done and to reflect on it, a new vision is opened up. There comes before one's view the ancient Aryan

who went to get married, after finishing his studies, proud of his worth and not shy in declaring it, the ancient Aryan, who declared he married for love and dedicated his marriage to love, who looked upon his wife as the head of his family, the partner of all the business of his life, and the harbinger of wealth given to him by the gods, his friend and his equal, who called her his very life and the constituent of his self without whom we would fall unsupported, and who believed that his marriage would bring him a family of long-lived sons. Such was the ancient Aryan. Such is not the Hindu of the present day. He marries when but a boy, and when he cannot know what love is. At such an age he considers his marriage as the concern of others. In theory, he regards his wife as his servant and not his companion and friend. He believes that hers is an inferior and degraded sex, not meant by nature to take any part in civil life. He marries early and produces a weak, degenerate and short-lived race. What a contrast!

Happily the theory of the Hindu of the present day is too unnatural to be completely put into practice. Woman has her powerful influence even in such a society. Every honest Hindu, whatever his theory may be, must testify to this when he considers whose voice it is that is powerful in his family.

Woman has another injustice done to her in Hindu society. She is not fully given the education which is her due. If she is to be given promises at her wedding she must understand them. If this injustice were put an end to, much will be done to restore the social balance.—*The Indian Social Reformer.*

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Acknowledgments for April 1904.

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TIRUMALA NAICK'S PALACE, SOUTH INDIA.

A recent English Tourist writes:—"Within a short driving distance of the great temple at Madura stands the palace of Tirumala Naick. It covers an immense area of ground, but its regal glory has long departed, for to-day it is utilised as a court of justice, and for other public offices. The throne originally stood under the grand dome, which is 61ft. in diameter and 73ft. high, and is unsupported by pillars. From the palace we drove through tree-shaded roads and past smaller shrines to the Teppakulam (tank of the raft), a sheet of lovely water, walled round with finely dressed granite, and with a small island perfectly square in its centre, out of which rises a pyramid-shaped and beautiful temple of pure white, its base hidden in masses of palms and trees."



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Vol. III.

JUNE, 1904.

No. 12.

TO MY CHILDREN.

JAYA SURYA, Aetat 1.

GOLDEN Sun of Victory born
In my Life's triumphant morn,
My auroral sky of love,
May your growing glory prove
Sacred to your consecration
To my art and to my nation.
Sun of Victory, may you be
Sun of Song and Liberty!

RANADHEERA, Aetat 2.

LITTLE lord of battle, hail
In your newly, tempered mail!
Learn to conquer, learn to fight
In the foremost flanks of right,
Like Valmiki's heroes bold—
Rubies girt in epic gold.
Lord of battle may you be
Lord of Love and Chivalry.

PADMAJA, Aetat 3.

LOTUS-MAIDEN, you who claim
All the sweetness of your name,
Lakshmi, fortune's queen, defend you
Lotus-born like you, and send you
Gentle joywinds to caress you,
Balmy moons of love to bless you,
Lotus-maiden, may you be
Fragrant of all ecstasy.

LILAMANI, Aetat 4.

SPARKLING jewel of Delight
Severed from the tender night,
Of your sheltering mother-mine
Gaily laugh and leap and shine,
Blithely and securely set
In Love's magic coronet.
Living jewel may you be
Laughter-bound and sorrow-free!

Sarojini Naidu.

Woman and her Mission.



THE greatest thinkers of the world have borne testimony to the fact that woman's power is manifold.

So far as India is concerned, it has been proved, time and again, that by her ample desire to take part in the toils and cares of life, and to strengthen man's courage by entering heart and soul into his projects and achievements, her influence over man is unrestricted and her power great.

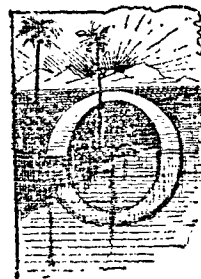
We very often meet of women who have traversed the realms of science and literature, of philosophy and religion, of music and art, and in short of all the departments of evolutionary advancement, as well as the common road of housework. One and all of these proved beyond a shadow of doubt that whenever and wherever she had been allowed ungrudgingly her privilege which is by birth-right her own, she has led with credit mankind in art, science, religion and philosophy. In all the departments of evolutionary thought and advancement she held the throne for ages and was therefore able to mould man according to her own conception, only through a proper understanding of her innate power, which is popularly known as vanity. And it is this vanity that she prizes most; it is this that is her saving grace and her supreme power of attainment. But for this, the feminine poets and philosophers of this country, would have been buried in the debris of a forgetful world. When this vanity, or better, this self-consciousness, this spirit of individualism was erased out of her mind by the depreciation of her ability, there came the inevitable downfall and weakness which is now the order of the day. She had been

called a virago, a *Thutaki* or a *Lankini* whenever she claimed her dominion and sway. She had been said to be outside her rights, whenever she claimed the right of giving counsel. The majority of the fair sex, then, owing partly to their physical weakness, and partly to their deference to the peace of society, shrunk more and more to the background. Then was it said that it is natural for woman to occupy the background.

Then came the superiority of man over woman to be regarded as an axiomatic truth. Man then threw her into prison, enslaved her by shutting her up with domestic cares and mortgaged her freedom. And she in her turn lost sight of her loyal inheritance, so much so that we now find a majority of our Indian women perfectly reconciled to a life of misery, submission and brutal slavery. Centuries of subordination have taught them to believe that their mission is accomplished in losing sight of their individuality. But the law of nature and justice dictate forcibly that it is otherwise. The relations existing between woman and man are better than those existing between a slave and his master. A wife stands to her husband in the relation of a ministering angel, a born companion, an admirer, and last of all a slave. These relations involve a responsibility for which she is eminently fitted being as she is the soul of humanity and the fountain of wisdom. In fulfilling this responsibility she must know wherein her power lies, and knowing, she must jealously guard the door leading thereto. Her right of leading mankind, step by step, away from all concept of evil, must be left to her undisputed. Thus will she have a proper conception of her mission in the world. With an eloquence that enchants, rivets the attentions and likewise touches the human heart, will she be able to mould the destinies of the nations of the world, and to the glory of the Creator lead mankind to the kingdom of God. Unless she is awakened to a consciousness of her powers, she will not be able to accomplish her mission.

M. W. D.

Heroines of Spenser.



ONE can at once perceive that Spenser's manner of portraiture differs a great deal from that of Chaucer and the other poetical masters. His powers of observations are, as it were, dissolved in his sense of beauty followed by moral idealism. Chaucer considers a beautiful woman nothing more than as a beautiful creature of this good earth, pleasing the spirit of man as though with some light, bright wine. To Spenser behind each woman made to worship or to love, rises a sacred presence which can be termed womanhood. The beauty of face and limb is but a manifestation of the invisible beauty, and this is of one kin with the Divine wisdom and the Divine love. According to him beauty is two-fold. There is beauty which is a mere pasture for the eye and there is the higher beauty of which the peculiar quality is a penetrating radiance; it is a beam from the Divine Fount of Light; it lifts up the soul of man out of the mire of this world and animates him to pure and passionate endeavour. He was born a lover of all that is pleasant and comely to the sense.

Spenser retained for the uses of the Renaissance the moral idealism of chivalry, and he renewed and recreated it. He clearly pointed out that what England of the Renaissance most needed was noble character in man and woman. Elizabeth's reign was in almost every sense—political, social, intellectual, and geographical—the age of new things. But in her court too he had found much that repelled him—spurious gentry, aristocratic barbarism, vulgar pleasure, ignoble ambition and ignoble case.

Spenser's Faerie Queene is not a frigid moral allegory or a mere mosque of the fancy but his genius, his delight in sensuous beauty and lovely and heroic human character has made the book a perfect poem. His admirable poetical creations are not masquerading qualities, well or ill attired, but ideal characters of man and woman. To repeat what Craike said, with Spenser "poetry was the most poetical of all poetry." This author is at his best in female figures. Coleridge says, "the perfection of woman is to be characterless," that is, no single prominent quality, however excellent, can equal in beauty and excellence a well developed, harmonious nature. We find each of the heroines of the Faerie Queene possess in her own kind that perfection of womanhood which Coleridge praised and loved.

His women we see rejoice, they sorrow; fears and hopes play through the life blood in their cheeks; they are tender, indignant, pensive, ardent; they know the pain and the bliss of love; they are wise, with the lore of purity, loyalty and fortitude.

Spenser's landscape is in harmony with his figures, possessing a portion of feminine beauty. His Faerie Land is such a country as Gloriana might have created for her own empire. What he especially loves, are those select spots devised by nature for delight, sacred and secure, where nature vies with art and where men in instinctive gratitude would fain build an altar on the green, sward to the mild genius of the place. The roaring wilderness of waters appals him; he had watched the billows in the Irish sounds charging one another like angry rivals. In other words the objects and aspects of external nature which impress us as sublime were to Spenser, as to the other poets of his time, not sublime but dreadful. He considers a cave to be the native haunt of evil. He hates darkness and foulness and the close damp of the den. In a cave lies coiled the feminine serpent Error and their dwells the ragged wretch Despair.

B. K. GUPTA.

Around a Distant Star.

BOOK I.—CHILDREN OF EARTH.

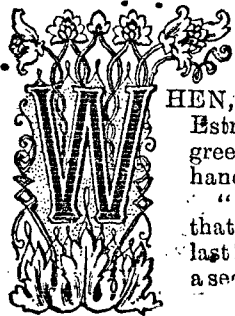
BY JEAN DELAINE.

Author of "Alsation Tales," "A Dream of Fame," etc.

CHAPTER IX.—ESTRELLA'S DECISION.

[SUMMARY OF CHAPTERS I TO VIII.—Royal Stanton and Olive Delafield were friends at school, and the former was the hero in it, both on account of his intellectual attainments and his high moral character. He was greatly interested in astronomy, and was ever trying to discover something new. They both were staying at Estrella Lodge—in the Isle of Jersey—the home of Roy and his sister, and there they had listened to a clever lecture on the system of double stars by a learned Professor, which had made a great impression on Roy, and filled him with impossible dreams of reaching the stars. After this, Olive goes to Egypt. When, after an absence of two years, he returns, he finds Roy quite changed, unhappily brooding over the misery of human beings, which is brought home to him by the sight and close knowledge of evil and sorrow revealed to him in the slums of London by a friend of his—an atheist, yet a philanthropist. Roy is filled with a desire to do his duty in the redemption of such misery; but, to him, the chief characteristic of whose nature is the need of absolute, mathematical certainty in all things, it seems that the hopelessness of their lives can only be relieved by a certain belief in Christ, by someone saying "I know. I have seen. I believe in Him,"—a faith to be induced by certain light alone. After this, Olive goes to India. Seven years later, having lost his father, and being disgusted with

the second marriage of his mother, he returns to Roy, and finds him on the brink of completing his work, which work however is a secret from almost everyone. But Roy's mother, through the force of her love, has almost guessed the secret, and imparts what she thinks the nature of it to be, to Clive. In fear and wonder, they await his real revelation. In the meantime, Clive and Roy's sister, Estrella, become engaged to be married. And at last the secret is revealed. Roy had solved the problem of inter-stellar communication by means of Positive and Negative electricity,—positive electricity acting motive power to itself. He had constructed an air-boat, which was to be launched into space by a dynamo with a velocity, which could be graduated from one million to over three million miles a second, and with this he hoped to go, not to the planets, but to the confines of the Universe. Roy also succeeded in inventing a telescope of incomparable magnitude which revealed wonderful aspects of the planetary world.]



WHEN, next morning, I met Estrella in the garden, she greeted me with outstretched hands and a happy smile.

"Ah, Clive, how glad I am that you know everything at last! It was hateful, keeping it a secret from you, and Mother—other guessed it long ago—and so did you, perhaps?"

Come, confess—as the mystery of mysteries revealed to you—a vision—or did you wander about the observatory at night time and peep through the keyhole?"

"Neither," I replied laughing, "but I thought—Well, I hardly know what I thought! That something wonderful was in course of preparation, I knew; but that this something was to be a journey into space, to the farthest stars. Why, even now I fancy at times that I have dreamt the most amazing of dreams, and I shall presently awake, write a book about it and become famous!"

"You would not rob poor Roy of his hard-earned fame?" queried Estrella gaily. "Think what a revelation it will be to the world when his discovery is made known!"

"And that will be ———?"

Estrella shook her head with a little movement of annoyance.

"Ah, not yet—not yet! I have often begged him to make it known as soon as it is completed, but he is obdurate. His answer is always the same: 'When I return from a successful journey to the stars, then the world shall know....' And Lord Vynne goes a step further and tells him: 'Make your discovery known before you start, and the world will call you a dangerous lunatic—make it known when you return, and it will hail you as the greatest genius ever born of woman.'"

"But," I ventured to say, "suppose—that Roy—never returns?"

"O Clive, don't say that!" pleaded Estrella. "I know he will return! I believe," she added with a smile, "that he has given me something of his wonderful faith, for I used to be like poor mother and dream of untold dangers—picture awful catastrophes in mid-space—yet now I am fearless. I know he will return, I know he will succeed."

"But," she added in a lower voice, after a moment's silence, "even if he remained—in space—in some distant planet—even then his invention would not be lost to the world. He has foreseen everything. Nearly all his plans are ready for immediate publication; those that are not, will be completed before he starts; then there are the toy models of his machines, all perfect in themselves. He made me promise that if he did not return within four years, I should make his invention known far and wide. 'For where I may fail,' he said, 'another may succeed, and if I have only shown the way, I shall feel my work was not done in vain.'"

We stood silent and dreaming for some moments, walking hand in hand, like two children, down the narrow garden path. It was one of those perfect summer mornings when Nature and Man sing in unison the great song of Life. Roses swung their incense cups in the warm breeze, laburnums shed their golden flakes at our feet and tall lilies rose high on their stem to see the lovers pass. How fair seemed the world, with the woman I loved by my side! As in a dream I remembered the wonders I had seen in Roy's observatory, and I felt that no star or planet in space, no unknown beauties of distant systems, could yield me the gladness of this June morning on Earth, as I walked in the sunshine with Estrella's hand clasped in mine.

Instead of the passionate admiration that had thrilled me the night before on learning Roy's discovery, I felt a vague regret, almost akin to pity, as I thought of my friend passing, with eyes and heart closed, through the spring-time of his life, searching the Heavens and dreaming of other worlds—when there was love in this!

"I was so bewildered last night," I said at length, "so dazed by all the marvels I had seen, that I never thought of asking Roy when he intends to start on his aerial journey. I suppose it will be some time next year?"

Estrella stopped short in her walk, and her fingers tightened on mine.

"Some—time—next year?" he repeated, looking at me with troubled eyes. "Why, how is it Roy did not tell you——?" She hesitated for a moment. "O Clive! He and Lord Vynne will start in ten days' time!"

It was my turn to look at her in amazement. "You cannot mean this, Estrella? You must be mistaken! And Lord Vynne——? I never knew he was to accompany Roy. And in ten days? Why, surely, it is impossible!"

In spite of my serenely philosophical mood of a moment ago, I felt myself trembling with excitement.

"Yes, dear, it is quite true. And of course Lord Vynne shall go. Someone must go.....Think of Roy starting alone on such a journey—alone in space!.....And ten days is the last limit, you know. If he does not start then, he will be too late."

"Too late?" I repeated, feeling more and more puzzled. "Why too late?"

Estrella gave me a long, deep look.

"You do not know?" she whispered at last.

"I do not know what you mean, darling. Is there another mystery?"

And as I spoke I remembered Roy's words of the night before: "No other planet in infinite creation would have meant to me what means this one—this only one.....But I must not speak of this now.....Besides, it cannot be told in one moment....."

Another wonder in the midst of wonders? Another mystery in the web of mysteries?

"What do you mean, Estrella?" I asked, still clasping her hand in mine and looking into her eyes.

Her lips quivered as she met my glance.

"I must not tell you, dearest," she said gently, "not if Roy has not told you—yet. It is so very wonderful," she murmured dreamily, after a minute's silence. "I thought you knew—everything. But Roy will tell you—soon—and then there shall be no more secrets between us!.....I hate secrets, don't you?" she added in a brighter tone as she turned to me with a smile.

We were alone in the garden—or so I thought—and I drew her close to me to kiss the smile on her lips, when suddenly I heard a hasty step on the gravel path behind us. We turned. It was Roy, and his face was white and drawn.

"Roy!" cried Estrella, running towards her brother.

It was some moments before he spoke, and then his voice had a harsh, unusual ring. He looked at his sister and then at me.

"Lord Vynne has just had a fall from horse-back and broken his thigh," he said at last. "He cannot be moved for at least two months."

"Royal!"

There was a ring of anguish in Estrella's voice which I would not have understood a moment ago, but now, with her last words still ringing in my ears: "Think of Roy alone—alone in space!" Its meaning was only too clear.

The accident to Lord Vynne meant either that Roy would not start on his perilous journey, or that he must start alone.

We were looking at one another in a silence filled with anxious thoughts, when a slight noise and the rustle of a silk dress betrayed Mrs. Staunton's presence among us. She had probably seen her son as he passed through the house, and, struck by his pallor, had followed him, unperceived, down the garden path. She stood a little way behind Estrella—a frail dark-clad figure in the dazzling sunshine—watching Roy as only a mother can watch the son whom danger threatens.

When Roy turned towards her she came forward with outstretched arms. She too had heard—and understood.

"Roy," she pleaded, "you will not go alone?"

Roy was silent. She came a step nearer.

"Roy, you will not do this?.....O my son, my little son, my Royal, not this—no, not this! Have pity on your mother, Roy!.....I have been patient. I have said nothing, all these years.... I tried to be brave, for your sake! But not this, Roy! Not this! Oh, if only you knew a mother's heart! No, this is beyond my strength. Roy, have pity! Not alone in the night, in the silence, in the eternal void....O God, have pity on me!"

Never shall I forget the look in Roy's eyes as he answered—his voice scarcely raised above a whisper:—"Mother, you break my heart!...It is my life's work: I must go."

"But not alone. I will go with you, Roy!"

Had my brain dictated, my lips uttered these words? In the sudden hush which followed them, I asked myself the question: Certainly one second before I spoke I did not know that I should speak. Then Mrs. Staunton's voice rose in the silence, like a great cry of deliverance: "God bless you, Clive!"

Involuntarily I turned towards Estrella, and as I met her eyes I realised the full meaning of my words.

"My life now belongs to another," I said slowly, "but if Estrella allows it, I will go."

"I shall not accept this sacrifice," said Roy peremptorily. "It was different with Vynne. He was eager, anxious even, to go; he is alone in the world, with no ties but those of friendship. Whereas Clive——"

"Listen to me, Roy," I interrupted eagerly. "I swear to you that, were it not for Estrella's sake, it would be no sacrifice! I would willingly accompany you—in space—or wherever you choose to go! From my childhood you have been my friend, and I would follow you without fear, in this world or beyond. Estrella has

faith in your invention: she believes you will return. Let her but consent to it, and I will go."

As I said the last word I sought her eyes with I know not what fear, yet what wild longing to hear her say: No! But her lips remained, mute and her eyes avoided mine. A heavy silence fell over us.

Then once more Mrs. Staunton's voice rose in supplication, but: "For Roy's sake, Estrella!" was all she said.

Estrella hid her face in her hands. "Oh! leave me time," she cried, "time to think—to decide—to pray!"

That evening, in the little summer house where we had plighted our troth, Estrella gave me her answer. It was the one I had foreseen. In the world-old conflict between Love and Duty, Estrella was not the girl to choose love, and, in happy indifference, leave duty to take care of itself.

"For Roy's sake—for Mother's sake—and mine, dear heart—go!"

And thus was decided my journey into space.

Waste Thought.

[By Miss M. C. SIDGWICK.]

THIS article is intended especially for women, and more especially for that class, upon whom apparently the world smiles but who nevertheless are discontented and unhappy. I write, not of the butterflies of existence, but of the more thoughtful class, who have vague perceptions of what their lives might be, but are dissatisfied and hampered by what they are. Mothers of large families, eldest motherless daughters, any one in a responsible position whose work is not strictly defined, and is therefore never over, are the women to whom I write. That which hinders them, in the daily struggle onward, are the constant little jars and worries of life. The mustard pot is broken, the salad dressing wrong, the clock stops; all this is laid at their door, and in time the constant rub, at first hardly noticeable, becomes an unbearable sore. Time that should be spent in relaxation or self-culture, becomes more and more infringed upon by the details of life, and the demands of those around her, until were she to pause and

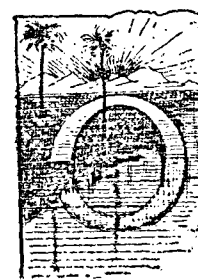
consider the women of whom I write would be confronted by the startling fact, that literally she cannot call one moment of the day her own! She feels harassed and overdriven and she has a sore feeling that life expects too much of her, and treats her unjustly, but her only idea is to work harder and expend herself more in her efforts after control and organise. A long and tiring journey is taken in an omnibus, to give an order, which a letter would have delivered equally as well. Several little journeys are made, backwards and forwards to local shops, when all might have been saved up and done together at one time. Notes are written, when notes are not needed, letters answered, which if left alone, would answer themselves. She flies here and there, and up and downstairs, her whole life gradually shaping itself around one object—the desire to please the fault-finding members of the family and keep the wheels of the household running smoothly.

This state of things is not right. The end is good, but the means to attain that end, are wrong. If the head of the household attempts to do everything and loses sight of the proportion of things, in her eagerness to forget no detail, she can never create happiness and harmony for those around her. Power comes only through repose. In a life of striving wear and tear, she loses power and fails to develop her individuality. To fill a leading position well, we must be many-sided. It is impossible to follow any one thread to perfection, to pursue any one hobby unchecked and unhindered and be a ruler, but several threads must be fairly within our grasp. Waste thought is the evil which lies at the root of many busy yet unsuccessful lives. Thought—as controlling the ordinary lives of ordinary people—must be organised even as big schemes and large movements are organised. Order and method must rule daily life. Set others to work, but do not make work for them. Let details subordinate themselves to the general whole. Keep a margin of force in reserve, into which you can dip at needful moments, and never live quite up to the limit of your powers. Refuse to yield to the requests of others if by so doing you strain your own memory or nerves. We all owe duties to ourselves. Do not always attempt at

once, the next thing to be done, whether it is a letter to be written, an expedition to be undertaken, a party to be formed, but pause, and (metaphorically speaking) step backwards in order to see better, how it falls in with the general scheme of life. It is sometimes better to put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day!

If only the weary women who are heads of households would learn that the perpetual patching of defects is not the best way of living, but that each must reap as he sows, and suffer or enjoy, according to the kind of life he or she leads there would be fewer grumblers, and more contented households.

The Princess Alice.



ON April 25, 1843 was born in London, the well-beloved and ever-lamented Princess Alice, the third child and second daughter of the late Queen Victoria. At her baptism she was called as 'Alice Maud Mary.' Her birth was a happy one, for, when she was a year old, her father Prince Albert declared her as "the beauty of the family, and as an extremely good and merry child." The Princess Alice, from her very childhood, "had a decided talent" for foreign languages, music and drawing. She wrote a pretty hand and her writing copy books were very neat. "Fresh, blooming, and healthy; escaping most of the illness of childhood; cheerful, merry, and full of fun, Alice delighted in all bodily exercises, such as gymnastic, skating, &c. Above all, she was very fond of riding and of horses. She preferred playing with her brothers and was as fearless as a boy." In the Isle of Wight she learned to use tools, to cook and do domestic work. In Scotland she used to visit the poor in their humblest cottages, and thus a feeling of pity to help the poor, the sick and the needy was aroused in her heart. Thus the Princess Alice was well-educated in every way.

In 1860, Prince Louis of Hesse came as a guest to Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle where our Princess fell in love with him. The prince's second visit to London at the close of the year, resulted in the arrangement of his marriage with Alice.

No sooner the marriage preparations were finished than Prince Albert fell ill. Sunday the 8th December, 1861, was very unfortunate, as it found the great and good Prince in a dangerous condition. Princess Alice passed the afternoon alone in attending her father, while the other members of the family were at their prayers in the church. At his request she went through many of her favourite hymns for his consolation. The following is one of them:—

"To Thee, O Lord, I yield my spirit,
Who break'st in love, this mortal chain!
My life I but from Thee inherit,
And death becomes my chiefest gain,
In Thee I live, in Thee I die,
Content for Thou art ever nigh."

Prince Albert entered into his rest the same evening.

On July 1st, 1862, seven months after her father's death, Princess Alice in her 20th year was married to, Prince Louis. Prince Louis with his young bride entered Germany in state, where every one from prince to the peasant welcomed him.

Even among the happy days of her marriage Alice did not forget her widowed mother, for she sent her consoling letters even from Germany. The following are extracts of some of them:—

"My heart was very full when I took leave of you and all the dear ones at home; I had not the courage to say a word—but your loving hearts understand what I left. May God strengthen and soothe you, beloved Mamma, and may you still live to find some ray of sunshine in your solitary path, caused by the love and virtue of his children, trying, however faintly, to follow his glorious example. I do strive earnestly and cheerfully to do my duty in my new life and to do all that is right, which is but doing what dear Papa would have wished."

In 1863, Alice gave birth to her first girl at Windsor Castle. The following Easter Sunday, she was baptised as 'Victoria.' And a second daughter was born at the close of the following year. She used to nurse her own children, and to make dresses for them. It was from this time that she used to take great interest in questions pertaining to health and the mental and moral education of children. She was appointed "Protectress" of an "Institution for lying-in women." She thus declares the happiness of her married life:—

"I have nothing on earth to wish for. If I say I love my dear husband, that is scarcely enough—it is a love and esteem which increases daily, hourly; which he also shows to me by such consideration, such tender loving ways."

In 1866 Germany declared war against Austria. The Princess tried her best to supply linen and clothing for the wounded soldiers, and to visit them in hospitals. After the restoration of peace the Princess established a "Woman's Union" to help in nursing and supporting the soldiers in time of war. In time of peace its duty was to bring up and educate nurses for the task, so that they might be well-educated to work in hospitals or amongst the poor. Another committee to encourage "Female Industry" was founded by the Princess. Its chief aim was to improve the condition of the poor unmarried women.

On the 25th November 1868, to the great joy of the rich and the poor, a son was born, who was christened Ernest Ludwig.

In 1870 war broke out between Germany and France. Prince Louis had to proceed with his division to it. The Princess worked, as best as she could, to relieve the sick and the wounded of their troubles and sufferings. In her own palace she established a depôt to supply the necessaries required for them. She used to visit hospitals, and railway stations where refreshments were supplied to the wounded passing through them. A second son was born on the 7th October 1870. After an absence of seven months Prince Louis got ten days' leave to visit his family at home. The happy rejoicings of our Princess at the meeting of her beloved husband may be left to the reader's imagination. Shortly after this, in 1872, an 'Orphan Asylum' was added to the many institutions our Princess had founded.

The year 1873 was a happy one, but on the 29th May an unexpected and miserable event took place. Her two little princes were playing in her room. No sooner she left the room than the younger son fell out of the window on a stony platform below. He was taken up at once but the blow he received was so severe that soon afterwards he died in the lap of his distracted mother. She thus expressed her sorrow on this irrecoverable blow:—

"I miss the little feet, the coming to me, and 'Ernie (the elder) feels so lost, poor love. But when I think my darling is at rest, free from the sorrow we are suffering, and from every evil to come, I feel quite resigned."

In 1877, the grand Duke of Hesse died, and was succeeded by Prince Louise. Although the Princess was now the grand Duchess, she did not allow a moment's delay in taking care of her charitable institutions which were now rapidly prospering. During a visit to England she made friends with Miss Octava Hill "the warm-hearted friend of the poor," and with her visited the poor in their humblest cottages

in London and Mayence and made a plan for the erection of some buildings for them.

The following year the grand Duke with his wife the Princess, and children passed the summer months at Eastbourne, in the south of England, where too, the Princess enquired into the condition of the poor and tried to better where it was bad.

When she returned to Darmstadt, she engaged herself with 'redoubled energy' in all her institutions; but, alas! her most benevolent work was now to be no more on earth. On the 8th November 1878, her eldest daughter was attacked with diphtheria, an infectious throat disease. Though she was kept apart, yet her children and even the Duke himself took it. One of her daughter's died. The Princess herself arranged "every detail of the funeral of her beloved daughter and laid her down with a heavy heart. No sooner she disengaged herself than she went to her kind husband the grand Duke who was so ill that he had to be ignorant of what was going on. All but one recovered; but she who had tried her best to nurse them was herself attacked by the dangerous disease. She suffered her troubles with indescribable patience and was ever ready to obey the orders of the doctors, however painful. On the morning of 14th December, 1878, she breathed her last, murmuring "From Friday to Saturday—May—dear Papa;" and was buried amidst the universal grief of high and low in the mausoleum of the family. It was exactly 4 weeks since the death of her child and 17 years since the death of her father. A beautiful statue of white marble representing the Princess Alice holding her beloved daughter May in her arms stands on the spot where she rests.

BRIJ MOHAN LAL VARMA.

Morar, C. I.

The Late Miss Frances Power Cobbe.



IN continuation of what we said in the last issue of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*, the following taken from the obituary notice from the *London Times* will be found interesting to our readers:—

"On the roll of the women-workers of the Victorian Era the name of Miss Frances Power Cobbe, whose death is announced as having occurred on Tuesday (April 5), will occupy a prominent place.

Though she had been associated of late years more particularly with the anti-vivisection movement, the whole of her long life—for she was born so far back as December 4, 1822—had been practically devoted to the public service in one form or another; and it was in no spirit of exaggeration that, in reviewing her own career, she said that her efforts had ever been in the direction of an appeal for some truth, a vindication of some principle, an exposure of what she conceived to be an absurdity, a wrong, a falsehood, or a cruelty.

"Had I been a man," she wrote on another occasion, "and had possessed my brother's facilities for entering Parliament, or any profession, I have sometimes dreamed I could have made my mark, and done some masculine service to my fellow-creatures. But the woman's destiny which God has allotted to me has been, I do not question, the wisest and happiest for me, nor have I ever seriously wished it had been otherwise, albeit I have gone through life without that interest which has been styled 'woman's whole existence'." Yet to a masculine vigour and to what was, in many respects, a decidedly masculine turn of mind she joined an intensely womanly sympathy; which made her a practical and most active philanthropist, whose chief mission in life it was to show a tender solicitude alike for her own sex and for the dumb creation. Although too, her work in the anti-vivisection crusade provoked much hostile criticism, and was regarded in many quarters as showing rather more of zeal than of discretion, the perfect sincerity of Miss Cobbe herself was never to be doubted.

Frances Power Cobbe was the daughter of Mr. Charles Cobbe, of Newbridge House, County Dublin. At the age of 14 she was sent from Ireland to a school at Brighton; but she was indebted for her intellectual attainments mainly to her subsequent omnivorous reading of classical, philosophical, theological, and other works. In this way too, though brought up as an Evangelical Christian, she acquired various "heresies," which led her, when still young in years, to accept the principles of Theism, and to keep to them for the rest of her days. Her first book was published in 1855, and was an essay on "The Theory of Intuitive Morals." Her father died in 1857; and soon afterwards, having an income of £200 a year, she made a year's "pilgrimage," as she called it, through France, Switzerland, Italy, Egypt, and Jerusalem, as "a sort of conclusion to her self-education." Returning home and desiring to take up useful work, she went to Bristol and joined Miss Carpenter, who had founded there the first reformatory for girl criminals. For a time Miss Cobbe not only worked with Miss Carpenter,

but lived under the same roof with her. Miss Carpenter, however, was essentially a Stoic, and her companion's health broke down under the severity of the régime, so that she had to take rooms elsewhere. She still went on with the reformatory work, but gradually engaged more and more in visiting workhouses instead, the condition of English workhouses in 1859 being very different from what it is now. In the dreary wards of the Bristol workhouse, Miss Cobbe gained the friendship of Miss Elliot, daughter of the late Dean of Bristol, and together they did much to add to the comforts of the sick. They devoted, themselves, too, with great energy to obtaining special consideration for incurables, and their attention was also drawn to the girls who were sent from the workhouses to service.

On leaving Bristol Miss Cobbe spent several years in Italy, acting as correspondent for the *Daily News* in Rome for one year and in Florence for another; and she became very active with her pen, producing, besides her journalistic writings, a succession of books on theological and other subjects, and of articles for magazines and periodicals. Some of the latter were published in volume form, under the titles of "Pursuits of Women," "Studies New and Old on ethical and social subjects," "Cities of the Past." Her book "Broken Lights" also belongs to this period. On her return to London she acted from 1868 to 1895 as a leader-writer on the *Echo*, and many of her contributions were collected together in a book entitled "Re-echoes." She subsequently wrote for the *Standard*, but ceased her connexion with that paper because it published a paragraph which she regarded as "pro-vivisectioning."

Miss Cobbe also took up the question of women's rights, frequently writing and speaking on that subject; and in 1862 she read a paper before the Social Science Congress advocating the granting of University degrees to women. For a week or two after this she was, as she wrote, "the butt of universal ridicule;" but seventeen years later she was invited to join a deputation to thank Lord Granville for having, as President of the London University, conceded the very degrees that she had demanded. But the part of her work for women to which she looked back with greatest satisfaction was the effectual effort she made to secure protection for cruelly treated wives, an effort which resulted in the passing of the Act giving magistrates power to grant separation orders. Miss Cobbe's practical solicitude for her own sex was also shown by writings in which she put in a plea for healthy exercise and activity as a remedy for many more or less imaginary complaints from which she found women to

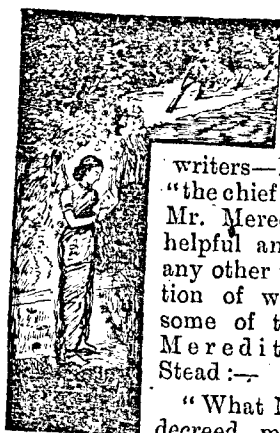
suffer, and by her series of lectures in 1881 on "The Duties of Women," in which she sought to show that women should add to their claims for just rights of all kinds the adoption of the highest standard of duty.

It was in 1863 that she started the anti-vivisection movement, her indignation being aroused by the stories of the cruelties inflicted on horses in the Veterinary Schools at Alfort, near Paris. These reports, supplemented by others from Italy, led Miss Cobbe to resolve, henceforth, to do everything she could to maintain the "claims of the brutes." We have no space here in which to record all the developments of the movement. Suffice it to say that the subject was brought before the British Association in Liverpool in 1875, that a Royal Commission on vivisection was appointed in 1875, and that in November 1870, Miss Cobbe and Dr. George Hoggan resolved to found a society "to obtain the utmost possible protection for animals liable to vivisection;" Miss Cobbe and Dr. Hoggan becoming joint secretaries. The name of the Society was subsequently changed to the "Victoria Street Society," and this title, in turn, was changed in 1897 to the present one of "the National Anti-vivisection Society."

Miss Cobbe sought to spread the movement throughout not only Great Britain but Germany, Sweden, Denmark, Italy, Russia, America and elsewhere; and in the course of six years she herself wrote no fewer than 173 pamphlets of leaflets on the subject.... Miss Cobbe resigned the honorary secretaryship of the society in 1884, and retired to Hengurt, Dolgelly, a considerable legacy left to her by Mrs. Yates, of Liverpool, enabling her to spend the remaining years of her life with the comforts made possible by comparative wealth. Her interest in the anti-vivisection movement remained as keen as before, and she continued an active member of the National Society until February, 1898, when a special meeting of the Council passed a resolution affirming that "while the demand for the total abolition of vivisection will ever remain the ultimate object of the National Anti-vivisection Society, the society is not thereby precluded from making efforts in Parliament for lesser measures having for their object the saving of animals from scientific torture." Maintaining her previous uncompromising attitude in favour of "nothing short of absolute abolition," Miss Cobbe left the National Society, taking with her about 5 per cent. of the members, and formed, in the following May, at Hengurt, "the British Union for the Abolition of Vivisection," the Headquarters of this new body being at Bristol. In a pamphlet dated June 1, 1898, and

entitled "Why we have founded the British Union for the Abolition of Vivisection," she spoke of "this last effort of my old age to help to deliver the brutes—not deceptively or partially, but completely and for ever—from their tormentors." Nor did advancing years prevent her from herself showing a good deal of energy in the interests of this new society, of which she remained president to the day of her death. She wrote a fresh series of pamphlets, she supervised the formation of fresh "sections" of the "British Union" (there are now over 20 of such sections), and in 1902, during a stay of several months at Clifton, she personally attended every Committee meeting of the local organization.

Mr. George Meredith on 'Women.'



IN the course of a character sketch on George Meredith—one of the greatest of the living writers—Mr. W. T. Stead says "the chief point on which I found Mr. Meredith more constantly helpful and more inspiring than any other man was on the question of women." Here follows some of the views which Mr. Meredith expressed to Mr. Stead:—

"What Nature originally decreed, men are but beginning to see, namely, that women are fitted for most of the avenues open to energy, and by their entering upon active life they will no longer be open to the accusation men so frequently bring against them of being narrow and craven."

"I now believe in women more than ever; they have immense possibilities, of which they are becoming more and more conscious. For ages they have been compelled to be the mere bearers of children and the keepers of a comfortable home for men; but nowadays, the wider outlook that has opened before them has brought home to their consciousness the fact that these two things do not constitute the sum of the service which they can render to the race. Women, however, have two great defects or faults. The first is, timidity. They have been kept subjected so long that they are often greatly lacking in courage. The other defect is their inability to be carried off their feet by a great wave of emotion."

"Nevertheless, I am strongly in favour of women's suffrage. I would give them all a vote, and give them at once. My political friends shudder when I say this, and ask me how I dare face the enfranchisement of a class which is liable to such sudden stampedes under the flush of a great emotion. They also point out that Mr. Arthur Balfour and other Conservatives support women's suffrage, because they believe that women would always vote for the Conservatives. To them I reply that even if they were at first to vote Conservative, they would not always do so, and they would very soon emancipate themselves, and take an independent course. For my own part, I am prepared cheerfully to face the bad quarter of an hour after their enfranchisement, believing that it would soon work itself right. Any how, I am in favour of giving them all a vote. Until you throw open to women every avenue of employment in which they can use their faculties, you will never realise the service which they can render. Women would make excellent preachers and ministers of the Gospel. A woman has an excellent pigeon-holing mind, and therefore would make a good lawyer. She can argue a case with excellent subtlety and ingenuity, and is specially adroit in taking advantage of the weaknesses of her opponent. But, of course, I do not say that women can do everything that men can do, but they should be allowed to try to find out by experience what they can do, and what they cannot; they should be encouraged to try, for, as I say, their great fault is timidity. They are afraid to venture. Most of my men friends, however, shrink from giving women this liberty. As I once wrote long ago, men have got past Seraglio Point, but they have not yet doubled Cape Turk, and this Turkish idea is very strong in the male breast. There is a curious antagonism between the sexes, which, although latent and unsuspected, is always present. It is due to the long ages during which woman has been subjected to the dominance of the man. There is a certain contempt on the part of man for the creature whom he has subdued and made a minister to his own gratification. Even among civilised races, where women are treated with all outward show of deference, there is always a subtle, underlying contempt, and this begets on the part of women a certain sense of resentment, which finds expression in many ways."

When Mr. Stead said that he feared that the woman's cause had rather gone back of late years,

"No, no," said Mr. Meredith, "it is but the fall of the wave, which will rise again. There has been no ebb in the tide." Then varying the metaphor, he said, "Women are not lighting

fires which they cannot maintain. They are steadily working. It heartens one to see women banded together in union. I get many letters from women all over the country which tell me that a great, steady, silent movement is going on all the time. Nevertheless, there is still a great deal of brutality inflicted by men upon women, even in the most advanced races."

Family Life as a training for Society.



SOCIETY is an aggregation of families, and social life all but identical with family life. What wonder then if family life be the best training for society. All the social virtues spring from, and are first practised in, isolated families. Let us

cast a hasty glance at the education of the man from his cradle, where he lay snugly in his swaddling clothes to the time when assuming the *toga virilis* he enters upon society fully able to shift for himself, and in want of no helping hand. The infant scarce able to talk as yet, first learns to recognize its mother by her smile and to smile itself in childlike sympathy. The first words it learns to articulate are words of love and reverence, and ere long it knows that certain of its words and certain of its acts are greeted with a smile of approval, while other words and other acts call down frowning looks and angry words. Thus an associative growth begins in the child's mind between a right course of conduct in itself and the outward manifestations of approving sentiments in others. To cut a long story short the child learns with astonishing rapidity that it cannot please itself, it cannot enjoy the gratification of its little desires, unless to a small extent at least it is prepared to please others. But this germ once implanted requires time and care to develop itself, and assume the proportions that it has in mature life; and it can only grow and "bring forth fruit a hundred fold" under the fostering influence of family life. Consideration for others, for their feelings, for their ways of thinking, their pleasures and pains, is the great end of law and of social life. Always surrounded by its parents, its brothers and its sisters, the child soon comes to realize that it cannot have its own ways in all things, that it may not violate the sacred injunctions of its parents with impunity, that it may not rudely interfere with the enjoyments of its brothers and

sisters lest it should bring about an unpleasant quarrel. It soon acquires a certain degree of adaptability. It learns to conduct itself in a certain way towards its parents, in another way towards its brothers, in a different way towards its sisters, and in yet another way towards the servants of the house. Nay it goes further. It observes among its small circle considerable variations of temper and taste, and it not only learns naturally and unconsciously to have a due regard for them, but is specially taught to do so.

The legislative and executive power is represented in the persons of its parents, while the fact of such an association lends a sacred character to all authority in the abstract. Inasmuch as the Family Law is imposed by the parents and breaches of it punished by the same, it is hallowed by the love of both and tempered by the mercy more especially of one. Thus does the child learn naturally and habitually to recognize the fact of a superior authority and the necessity of a passive and loving obedience to it. And it is this early and congenial education that best prepares the youthful mind to realize unconsciously and unavoidably the fact of social law and the sanctions which society itself has thought fit to attach to any violations of its law a result which is happily not due to the selfish workings of a base fear, but to a vague and habitual sense of what is conducive to the general welfare, and in well ordered families at least to a rational recognition of the same.

The nature of man and the character of his environments declare in a clear and unmistakable manner that man is a "social animal," and that such was the original intention of his Maker. The facts of dependence and responsibility have become parts of the defining attributes of man. At all events they are the most natural and logical deduction from human nature and human circumstances. The most opposed and divergent schools of philosophy have concurred in maintaining the close connection, the identity one might say between the general interests of humanity and the happiness of every individual man. Man has certain duties and responsibilities, duties to self, duties to fellowmen, and it is absolutely necessary here as elsewhere that practice should precede theory, that a practical realization of the same should precede an intellectual recognition of it. Hence the overwhelming importance of the preliminary training in a family, a training pregnant with great events for the tree is but the germ developed, and family life is at once the cradle and the nurse of the social virtues or vices. The following extract from Dr. Currie's Manual of common school education may well repay perusal.

"Duty of the family in education.—The family circle and the school share between them the

responsibility for the education of childhood, but not equally; for the family is responsible primarily and essentially, the school secondarily and by delegation. The obligation resting on the family to educate the child extends thus far: by precept and example, and sympathy, it should bring him up in good sentiments and habits; by constant familiar conversation it should develop his latent capacity of language, and exercise his intelligence on the things around him. For the rest to whatever extent it cannot carry on the work itself and it cannot be expected to advance the child in the technical branches of study—it should lend its friendly aid and encouragement to the school on which it relies to supplement its own efforts. The advantages which the family has for discharging its responsibility are chiefly these two: indefinite strength of affection between parent and child, whereby the one is compelled to seek the true welfare of the other; and indefinite contact in the daily engagements of life, whereby the parent has the child's action under his constant inspection with a view to the formation of habits, and has adequate opportunities of intercourse to quicken into life the seeds of intelligence. This conjoint responsibility deserves the more emphatically to be insisted on, at a time when the element of family responsibility in the child's education has come to be almost lost sight of. The duty of the family in this matter is neither optional nor transferable; no plea can be sustained for neglect. It is as necessary to educate the child as it is to provide for his bodily sustenance. If in any state of society this discharge of duty by the family is found to any extent impracticable, then the blame is so far removed from the family in particular to society itself at large, but the blame rests somewhere. This plea is in general however unreasonably urged; keeping in view what has been stated as to the measure of the family obligation, there cannot be many families where the opportunity or the ability is entirely wanting to discharge it."

The great end of all laws written or unwritten is the general welfare, and children should be instructed as early as possible in the noble "art of pleasing." Parents are only too apt to forget that "the child is father to the man" and to neglect the moral and social training of their little ones. The diffusion of a healthy moral tone among youth, and at a time when the mind is the most plastic and open to impressions from without, is a *conditio sine qua non*; but the neglect of the rules and ceremonies of genteel life often bears along with it a train of evils the most grave and disastrous.

The breach of an unwritten law as Socrates has said carries along with it its own punishment, and the offender is visited with the neglect of

society, and is prevented from breathing the refined though artificial atmosphere of high life. A sentence of ostracism is silently passed against him and as silently put into execution. Inexorable etiquette is imperative in its demands and will be satisfied with no less than full and absolute obedience to the letter of its laws.

The individual who has been early removed from the argus-watch of a loving mother, deprived of the genial and determining force of family influences in general, and of all opportunities of and facilities for social intercourse, grows up ignorant of the conventional rules and forms of fashionable life, which he necessarily violates to the confusion of others and to his own infinite distress. When for the first time he finds himself in company with more fortunate individuals of either sex, he feels as if he were anywhere but in the right place, he is deprived of all power whether of speech or action, he is literally paralyzed. He sits disconsolate in a corner, afraid to speak or move as if "wisdom gets its gems by gaping." The whole thing often takes the form of a tragi-comedy where the hero is truly a tragic picture. His perplexed air, rustic manners, and embarrassed gait, when joined with more serious violations of etiquette succeed only too well in raising a laugh and in making him an object of public pity and contempt, while his more sterling qualities of mind and soul pass unnoticed. The gold is often lost sight of in the dust which envelopes it, and public attention being fixed on his little blemishes he is often the subject of serious misconstruction. A "little leaven leaveneth the whole lump," and in the inimitable language of "our king"—Shakespeare, whom Carlyle would not give up for all the Indian Empires in the world.

"Oft it chanceth in particular men
That for some vicious mole of nature in them
* * * * * these men
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,
Their virtues else be they, as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault."

The workings of social neglect and contempt on a mind which happens by nature to be highly sensitive often engenders a feeling of bitter cynicism, of dislike for fellowmen, and for the enjoyments of life, a feeling which serves but to blind and pervert the reason. A trifling incident has often embittered one's whole existence and disposed one to a feeling of continual war with society, which unhappily is not always alive to its true interests. An attempt has been made to systematize and explain the recognized rules and forms of etiquette, and the result has been the publication of various manuals of etiquette; but the true book of etiquette is *Family Life*.

It is all very well to say "do this and abstain from doing that," but, when it comes to the real question of acting, the individual, who has not been regularly brought up from early infancy to act in conformity with the requirements of the circle in which he is to move, finds it a difficult and almost impossible operation all at once to apply his theoretical knowledge to actual practice. It is therefore the duty of parents while mindful in the first instance of the moral and intellectual culture of their children, to pay some attention also to their social training, as it has been called, so as to fit them to occupy with honor the station in life which their birth entitles them to. It should be ever our desire to please in great things as in little.

The Poetry of Tennyson



STRIKING scenery in nature, a master-piece in painting, a beautiful countenance, these are things which must only be seen to be well appreciated. They do not produce half the true impression by describing them, however skilfully. So it is with a poet, a real poet: to understand

him thoroughly we must meet him face to face, enter into his feelings and thoughts, try to think as he thinks and imagine as he imagines, "sympathise" with him as Carlyle says. To stand by and look at him with a critical eye, to dissect him and find how much of the sublime or how much of the beautiful has entered into his poetry; to scrutinize his powers and tell him, he ought to have written in a particular manner and that this thought of his is tame and that one exaggerated and a third bit overdone—this sort of a thing is hardly a pleasant task. The pulling into pieces and anatomising a poet in this way is just as loathsome as the result of a dissection produced by the surgeon's knife. Criticism is all right in its way, if only conducted by those who are able to criticize. But it is not all that can criticize; whereas all may appreciate.

We shall therefore confine ourselves to simply calling attention to some of the special excellencies of Tennyson's poems, and reproducing as much of the author's writings as will suffice to give the reader an idea of his style and genius.

Tennyson is undoubtedly one of the greatest poets of the Nineteenth century; nay, we may go further and, comparing him with the other

poets who have preceded him, Wordsworth or Byron or Shelley, still pronounce him to be their equal if not their superior in many respects. Those who went before him had been carrying everything to extremes. A Wordsworth had buried himself in metaphysics and morality; a Byron "making a medley of crime and heroism had conducted through darkness and flashes of lightning, a train of contorted and terrific figures desperate with remorse relieved by their grandeur"; others again had been dwelling too much on the human conditions and spent their lives in the sublime and monotonous; whereas Tennyson avoiding all extremes still appears splendid. The forms and ideas which had been both the strength and weakness of the poets preceding him are not wanting in Tennyson, but are found modulated, refined and purified:—"His poetry is like the lovely evenings in summer; the outlines of the landscape are then the same as in the daytime; but the splendour of the dazzling dome is dulled, the reinvigorated flowers lift themselves up and the calm sun on the horizon harmoniously blends in a network of crimson rays the woods and meadows, which it just burned by its brightness."

What words shall we find to describe his poetry? Shall we say it is sweet? Well! it is sweet, if indeed that word is adequate to express all the beauties of this charming dreamer. He seems to have made up his mind to delight us from beginning to end; he has seized all that is beautiful in nature and so exquisitely put them together, and given the whole a freshness and a sweetness surpassing all that we can expect even from a poet. Notice also the refinement of his thoughts and the purity of his style, so simple yet so appropriate. He has touched every theme with his magic wand. He has given us ideal men and women, he has described us "fantastic" adventures of extinguished chivalry; he has sung us war songs and love songs; he has unfolded to us the beauties of nature and the charms of life; he has even soared above and introduced us to the realms of thought, and made us feel to what sublime heights even mortal man can rise. One is also struck with the calm and the peace of his thoughts; none of his writings display the raging rebellious thoughts of a Byron. It was only twice he attempted to wade in a stormy sea but he soon came back to the calm waters. In "Locksley Hall" and "Maud" we notice a Byronic tone, and the following quotation from the latter, display the despair of a violent sensitive soul:—

"Dead, long dead,
Long dead!
And my heart is a handful of dust
And the wheels go over my head,
And my bones are shaken with pain,

For into a shallow grave they are thrust,
Only a yard beneath the street,
And the hoofs of the horses beat, beat,
The hoofs of the horses beat.
Beat into my scalp and my brain;
With never an end to the stream of passing feet,
Driving, hurrying, marrying, burying
Clamour and rattle, and ringing and clatter
O me! why have they not buried me deep
enough?

Is it hard to have made one a grave so rough
Me, that was never a quiet sleeper?
May be still I am but half dead;
Then I cannot be wholly dumb;
I will cry to the steps above my head,
And somebody, surely, some kind heart will come
To bury me, bury me
Deeper, ever so little deeper."

But this style is not congenial to our poet, he leaves the storm clouds and returns to the azure sky and sinks into his "golden languors." Let us have a look at some of his other pieces written in his usual calm reveries. Foremost among them stands his famous "Idylls of the King." The poet takes us back to the days of King Arthur, the 'prince of purity and noble deeds'. We move in the company of Ideal Knights, in the midst of their jousts and tournaments; we are brought face to face with lovely women and are made to admire their purity and their chastity and listen to their "high talk of noble deeds." We hardly wish to return to civilization and refinement, after once being introduced into this strangely sweet primitive world. Ah! and what dazzling scenes are to be met with in this world? Here we are taken to a city of "shadowy stately palaces rich in emblem and the work of ancient kings, who did their days in gold"—A city:—

"Which Merlin's hand, the Mage at Arthur's court,
Knowing all arts, had touch'd and everywhere
At Arthur's ordinance, apt with lessening peak
And pinnacle, and had made it spire to heaven.
And ever and anon, a knight would pass
Outward or onward to the hall: his arms
Clash'd;
And out of tower and casement shyly glanced,
Eyes of pure women, wholesome stars of love;"

This is Camelot, Arthur's favourite city, where he found that "fair Order of Table Round":—

"A glorious company, the flower of men
To serve as model for the mighty world
And be the fair beginning of a time"

"The goodliest fellowship of famous knights"
who swore to reverence the King as if he were
their conscience and their conscience as their
King:—

To ride a broad redressing human wrong
To speak no slander, no nor listen to it
To honour his own words as if his God's,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
To love one maiden only, cleave to her
And worship her by years of noble deeds
Till they wor her."

Not only to keep down the base in man
But teach high thought, and amiable words
And courtliness, and the desire of fame
And love of truth, and all that makes a man"

We at first feel our unworthiness in moving in such a company; still we need such ideal lives put before us. Man can never be perfect in this world; but his perfection consists in striving after something ideally perfect, in having before him the worthiest and purest motives, a golden orb suspended before our mind's eye urging us on to virtue and renown. There is much in Tennyson which reminds us of Spenser, particularly so are the pictures of women which he so skilfully portrays. The only flaw in them is, that they are too sweet. Here is one, Elaine the "lily maid of Astolat," who meets Launcelot. She does not even know his name; he is on his way to the tournament and happens to enter the castle of Astolat. Elaine sees him and to her innocent eyes he appeared,

"—Noblest, when she lifted up her eyes,
However marr'd of more than twice ten years,
Seam'd with an ancient sword cut on the cheek,
And bruised and bronzed, she lifted up her eyes,
And loved him, with that love which was her
doom."

And how quickly does true love for this man "from spur to plume a Star of tournament" grow upon her. She never could imagine him to be otherwise than noble and great. Even when Launcelot describes the great wars of Arthur, his triumphs and his achievements she thinks her lover greater than him and utters to herself after listening to him, "Save your great self, fair lord"—

"And all night long his face before her lived,
As when a painter, poring on a face
Divinely thro' all hindrance finds the man
Behind it, and so paints him that his face,
The shape and colour of a mind and life,
Lives for his children, ever at its best
And fullest; so the face before her lived
Dark splendid, speaking in the silence full
Of noble things, and held her from her sleep."

He departs the next morning, accepting a favour from her to be worn at the tourney and leaves his shield behind with her till his return. Even this becomes sacred to her, for it belongs to him she loves. She places it every morning where the sun's rays might strike on it and awakes her with a gleam; she makes for it a case of silk and braids upon it all the devices blazoned on the shield and

"..... Day by day
Leaving her household and good father, climbed
That eastern tower and entering barr'd the door,
Stript off the case, and read the naked shield,
Now guessed a hidden meaning in his arms
Now made a pretty history to herself
Of every dint a sword had beaten in it,
And every scratch a lance had made upon it,
Conjecturing when and where this cut is fresh,

Thus she lives in love and 'fantasy.' Meanwhile Launcelot goes and wins the diamond, but being wounded takes shelter in a hermit's hut, all by itself 'far from the world's rumour, sheltered by a grove of poplars.' The wound is severe and he is lying in daily doubt whether to live or die. She hears of his danger and deeply moved goes to watch and tend him; she returns to the castle in the night.

"But woke with dawn and past
Down thro' the dim rich city to the fields,
Thence to the cave; so day by day she pass'd
In either twilight, ghost-like and frigid,
Gliding and every day she tended him."

He was even uncourteous to her sometimes, but she 'sweetly forbore him, being to him more than any child to a rough nurse, milder than any mother to sick child, and all because the deep love upbore her.' Her tender care saves him and Launcelot begins to love her "with all love except the love of man and woman, when they love their best." He gets well and is about to depart and requests her to ask of him a gift, for her tender kindness in saving his life. What, indeed can she ask of him? She speaks:—"I have gone mad, I love you, let me die." She can live no longer, her love for Launcelot is all to her in this world. How pathetic is her Song of Love and Death!

"Sweet is true love tho' given in vain, in vain;
And sweet is death who puts an end to pain,
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.
Love art thou sweet? then bitter death must be
Love thou art bitter; sweet is death to me
O love, if death be sweeter, let me die.
Sweet love, that seems not made to fade away
Sweet death, that seems to make us loveless day,
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.
I fain would follow love, if that could be;
I needs must follow death, who calls for me;
Call and I follow, I follow! let me die."

She hears of Launcelot's guilty love for the Queen, but she will not believe it. To her mind, he is all perfect:—

"Sweet father," she says "all too faint and such am I

For anger: these are slanders: never yet
Was noble man but made ignoble talk.
He makes no friend who never made a foe.
But now it is my glory to have loved
One peerless, without stain; so let me pass,
My father, howsoever I seem to you,
Not all unhappy, having loved God's best
And greatest, tho' my love had no return."

She makes a strange request to her father and brothers at her death-bed and asks them to lay her body in a boat and with a letter in her hand be rowed to the King's palace that all might know the love she bore for Launcelot:—

"When the next sun brake from underground,
Then, the next morn'g, brethren slowly with bent brows

Accompanying, the sad chariot bier
Past like a shadow thro' the field, that shone
Full summer, to that stream whereon the barge
Pall'd all its length in blackest samite, lay.

And on the black decks laid her in her bed,
Set in her hand a lily.....
And kissed her quiet brows, and saying to her
'Sister farewell for ever,' and again
'Farewell sweet sister,' parted all in tears."

The barge slowly moves on to the palace and
the bier is brought in, she lying lovely pale.
The letter from her hand is taken and read
before Launcelot, the Queen and the whole
court:—

"Most noble lord, Sir Launcelot of the Lake,
I, sometime call'd the maid of Astolat
Come, for you left me taking no farewell,
Hither, to take my last farewell of you.
I loved you, and my love had no return,
And therefore my true love has been my death.
And therefore to our lady Guinevere,
And to all other ladies, I make moan:
Pray for my soul and yield me burial.
Pray for my soul thou too, Sir Launcelot
As thou art a knight peerless"

Such is the sad end of Elaine and such are
the sweet tender pictures which Tennyson
pours. What a variety he has to be sure,
all so delicately sweet and admirable! Just look
at another the "May Queen," our readers are
familiar with the picture:—

"O sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath
the skies
And sweeter is the young lark's voice to me that
cannot rise
And sweet is all the land about, and all the flow-
ers that blow
And sweeter far is death than life to me, that
long to go"

In the "Idylls of the King," our poet gives
us more than a picture of extinguished chivalry;
he shows us in King Arthur a type of a truly
noble king and man, who is bent upon doing
something at least in this world, some noble
work to benefit mankind and to make this world
of ours purer, if possible less corrupt. Does he
succeed? No! Would not this earth of ours be
a paradise if only our ideal visions become true?
Arthur's "Fair Order" becomes soon corrupted.
His own wife Guinevere is the first to fall.
She sins with Launcelot and flees from the
stainless King to hide herself in the holy house
at Almesbury. What a picture have we
here,—the guilty Queen wrapt in her grief and
shame, and lying helpless struck with remorse!
And what sad words fall from the lips of Arthur
as he comes and sees his Guinevere!

"Thou hast not made my life so sweet to me,
That I the king should greatly care to live
For thou hast spoilt the purpose of my life."

Then he points out to her—

blighted his life and his high ideals and yet his
noble heart forgives her:—

Yet think not that I am come to urge thy crimes.
I did not come to curse thee, Guinevere,
I, whose vast pity almost makes me die.
To see thee lying there, thy golden head
My pride in happier summers at my feet.
And all is past, the sin is sinn'd and I
Lo! I forgive thee as Eternal God forgives."

He loves her still, notwithstanding her sin,
for he has loved none else:—

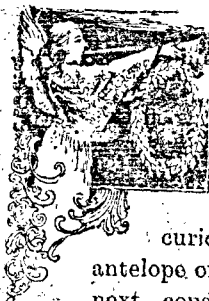
"Let no man dream, but that I love thee still
Perchance, and so thou purify thy soul,
And so thou lean on our fair father Christ,
Thereafter in that world where all are pure
We two may meet before high God, and thou
Wilt spring to me and claim me thine and know
I am thine husband, not a smaller soul,
Nor Launcelot, nor another."

And thus he takes his last farewell of the
Queen.

The passing of Arthur is beautifully told.
Arthur being mortally wounded in his struggle
with Modred, knows that his mysterious end is
drawing near. He is taken away by the three
"Queens with the golden crown" and his only
companion Sir Bedivere speaks to him:—

"Ah my lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight
Such times have not been since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole Round Table is dissolved,
Which was an image of the mighty world
And I the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me and the years
Among new men, strange faces and other minds."

The Antelope Rat.



F all the animals that are a
regular pest to agriculture
and consequently the har-
bingers of the oft-recurring
famine, the most potent is a
curious little animal known as the
antelope or the jerboa rat. Though their
next cousins are the brown rats of
our homes, yet they do not move so freely
with them as might be expected, and many
are the invitations for balls and garden parties that
are not accepted by these little antelopes, for
they do not condescend to mingle with their low

The Princess and the Fowler:

A STUDY IN EMOTIONS.

This is a reproduction of a painting by the two famous Travancore



THE PRINCESS AND THE FOWLER:—

A Study in Emotions.

artists:—Ravi Varma and his brother,
C. Raja Raja Varma. The subject of
it was given to Ravi Varma by one of
the most refined and cultured of the
chiefs of the Kathiyawar in the Bombay
Presidency. It was his intention to
have commissioned the artist to paint a
series of pictures representing the vari-
ous passions and emotions of the human
mind, but before he could take the
second painting in hand, the chief un-
fortunately for the ~~country~~ died, and
the scheme fell through. The picture
is an attempt to represent compassion
and cruelty. The subject as described
to the artist was this:—A certain princess
was sitting in a sequestered spot by the
side of a stream, enjoying the music of
her Vina, when a bird pierced through
by an arrow fell at her feet and was
going to die. She took it up and, placing
gently the arrow, when the cruel hunter ap-
peared on the scene demanding his
game. The Lady is shewn as reproachfully
looking on the savage and asking
him why he had injured such an innocent creature. The motive of the picture
is to show the contrast between the lovely princess full of pity and compassion
and the dark fierce looking, hard-hearted hunter. The sentiment and execution
of the work have been declared by several critics to be noble and artistic.

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CORNELIA SORABJI
(who has just been appointed Legal Adviser to the
Wards, Bengal).

bred cousins who inhabit the worst slums of the world, as stinking street gutters, closed underground cellars and filthy out-houses; and their frequent boast is that they are lords of the open corn fields and the green meadows adjoining them.

In size they are not larger than our *Ell*, whom they resemble to a great extent, and in appearance they look like an Australian kangaroo seen through a diminishing glass. This resemblance to the oceanic genus is due to unusual elongation of its hinder extremities, when compared with which the fore-limbs are mere nothing. These long legs are of much advantage to them, in that they form a kind of springy apparatus by which they can elude the pursuit of even the swiftest foe. When pursued by dogs they are so very agile as to escape by skipping and hopping and often jumping over the backs of these bewildered dogs, and making prodigious leaps so as to clear a distance of 15 or 20 feet at a jump. Their nimble bodies, together with the ever vigilant large rustling eyes of these dainty little animals, have given them the name of the Antelope rats.

Their homes are situated far away from human habitations and they generally inhabit holes on the ridges which separate the corn fields, on tank bunds and near sloping meadows on hill sides. The borings they make on the fields are enormous. The hardest gravel or the toughest clay do not escape the wanton activity of their teeth. They spring big holes and burrows from any part of the field or meadow, the mouths of which are often filled with turned up soil from the interior. The clever way in which they create underground paths by their assiduous toil makes itself felt all on a sudden in a plain, when the apparently solid-looking place sinks down, as we walk over it, to many a feet leaving a wide hiatus. On an evening these rats can be seen peeping out of their diurnal retreats, to have a close smack of the cool evening breeze and a closer look at the then state of the flourishing corn. First, they see whether any unwholesome guests are hard by, and if they smell danger they evaporate themselves in no time. But on the other hand if there be no cause to frighten them, these ever vigilant creatures emerge from their strong-holds in batches of twos and threes and parade the whole corn field. Some are sent in advance as outposts to apprise them of approaching danger. At such times these pioneers sit on their haunches, after the manner of a puppy waiting for a crust of loaf at the table, and thrusting their long stiff tails on to the ground behind, which thus forms a sort of pivot, they turn their bodies this way and that by way of reconnoitring. While the outposts are thus engaged the rest of the mice betake them-

selves to where the corn grows in plenty and select the choicest seeds for their repast. They require no scythe or sickle to cut the ears with, no mortar or pestle to remove the husk off—none of these human inventions, but by a single nip of their chisel-edged front teeth, unperringly administered they cut the whole ear down, and by the same process separate the husk from the rice more speedily and cleverly than any human ingenuity could devise. If only these dexterous animals can be domesticated and properly trained and their services availed of by man in his rice pounding and husk removing industry, many a rice mill and workmen of enormous cost and wages can be summarily dispensed with.

Now to our friends or rather our enemies. They do not rest satisfied with their fill of corn but go on cutting down more ears as a provision against the hard days to come. Usually this wholesale system of robbery remains long unnoticed by the poor ryot, and even if some ears chance to be missed some innocent cow or other is made the scapegoat and the loss of corn is attributed to the nocturnal browsings of some of these strayed bovines.

Their habitations are curious and an excursion to one of them would highly edify us. As we approach their nice villas which skirt the picturesque hill sides or the refreshing tank bunds, we find no gates to their homes to be unbolted, no doors where we have to knock and wait. The front entrance leads us to a long corridor of cylindrical shape the sides of which are made of massive clay with drops of water oozing out now and then from the porous stratum. The corridor leads into half a dozen passages each of which again divide into another half a dozen rooms, the latter being an exact copy of the former. As we enter these rooms we are much struck by the solemn stillness of the surrounding sphere. None meet our eager gaze and none forth to greet us. The right wing of the house is set apart as the store house: on the left is the kitchen where a few husks of paddy lying scattered on the floor, probably the remnants of a hasty meal, meet our view. The room at the back part of the house is the nursery where a hundred or two of little rosy red young ones, looking like so many miniature hogs, being left in a hurry by their knowing and highly prolific parents, lie huddled up together, squeaking and scrambling, kicking and screaming, and each trying to get foremost into the centre of the group. We leave these young ones to take care of themselves and proceed further. A little further off we see an old lame crab hastening out by a side door dragging its unwilling little ones after her. The upper story is let to an aged gouty frog who catches hold on the slightest notice whatever, and whelps on coughing and croaking.

over the night to the immense mortification of an over-fed easily irritable water-snake two passages off, who keeps on hissing and swearing at every new-comer. We are not a little amused at these sights and in our hurry to get out of this pandemonium we lose our way, traverse a number of labyrinthine passages, the same passage over and over again, tumble down in one room, tread over a few yet innocent young mice in another, get our feet lacerated by a crab's claw or two in a third, and finally with the furious water-snake at our heels we leave this den by an exit far far away from that by which we have entered. At our departure the runaway jerboas return to their homes and begin their depredations on the corn fields again.

Thus pass many days, when the harvest season arrives. The corn is reaped and the grass well beaten, the chaff removed and the seeds are measured. Lo! what can describe the anguish and look of distress of the poor farmer when he finds his expectations lessened by more than a half. He gets into a rage, beats his head, tears his hair all to no purpose.

He orders his coolies to go and bring the daring marauders to justice. Armed with crowbars and pickaxe they repair to the corn fields and begin their mining operations there in search of the hidden treasure. The inhabitants of these subterranean fortresses having found their aggressors too strong and numerous to contend safely with, have abandoned their citadel carrying off with them the available corn. The diggings prove fruitless, only a few handfuls of corn is got which the coolies pocket, and finding that they could not live on nothing, they resolve to feed on these fat antelope rats. The last ing now deprived of their once splendid rats have now adjourned to the grassy fields, where they spend their time digging among the bushes, and the consultation as to their future. The half-famished coolies with blazing torches in one hand and stout lathes in the other, slowly crawl to their place of revelry and apply their sticks forcibly on to the backs of the assembled group. Seeing themselves assaulted without previous notice, the jerboas leave their merry feast and take to their heels, hopping and skipping, running in and out and over the heads and between the legs of the hot assailants. A fortunate few escape, but the majority fall under the vigorous strokes of their well aimed lathes, and it is not uncommon to find many an innocent frog, the uninvited guests of the late antelopes, falling victims to the fury of these half-blinded men mistaken by their hopping movements. The coolies are not to be blamed for this. They are only doing what they think is right.

some dry brushwood they kindle a fire, and roasting these rats over it, these voracious men satiate their hunger. Thus end these diminutive antelopes, and in these times of scarcity and famine, the frequent loss in the shape of grain is more than compensated by the constant supply of a delicious flesh on which many of the low class labourers gloat.

"INCA."

Mrs. Steel at the National Indian Association at London.

I. BY AN INDIAN GENTLEMAN.



THE cry at present is "Female Education." After all that is said or done on this subject, it is still considered backward, the test applied being percentages, and the period of calculation being a half century. No one seems to lay to his heart the causes of this backwardness. The Government seems to be anxious to advance and encourage the cause by awarding scholarships and grant-in-aid, a circumstance which betokens the unwillingness or poverty of the recipients or their guardians. It may also be taken to imply as much the unsuitableness of the methods adopted as the national or the fictional prejudices of the people, originated, propagated, and sustained by a long series of religious, or customary, or caste traditions.

With this cry on one side, there is another cry on the other, that future efforts in the cause of Female Education should be so ordered as to be "careful first and foremost not to see that the Indian woman became a B.A., or M.A., but to see that education evolved and did not suppress her womanly qualities." This utterance is from no less a personage than Miss Flora Annie Steel, the well-known Anglo-Indian lady novelist, who spoke at the annual meeting of the National Indian Association held at the Imperial Institute, London, in the first week of May.

The Government of India, in an important Resolution on Education, have observed that "they have always acted on the view that through Female Education a far greater proportional impulse is imparted to the educational and moral tone of the people than by the education of men." The Hindu law-giver with an experience far more over-reaching, in his epigrammatic style, said, "where the women are honored, the gods are satisfied." Whence does this sentiment spring?

On all hands it is admitted that education, the cultivation of the mind and of all that is bright and valuable in it, is the foundation on which the fabric of social life is built. Men are educated for being useful citizens. Their education according to the extent and degree of their attainments is impressed with an academical stamp; honor and prestige is proportional to the groups of letters and titles added to their names. This utility is more or less commensurate with the amount of knowledge. Letters and titles, apart from anything else, are the best introduction into good society as it is at present constituted. They are only the hall mark of the knowledge and intellect attested in the same way as are certificates of all "primaries" in the list of a school inspector. The glamor of these letters and titles does not throw enchantment of blindness on the wearers thereof. They do not un-man a man by his wearing of them; they all the more ennoble him than un-man him. They do not tend to suppress manly qualities. By their aid or by the knowledge which their possession indicates, he is better able to exercise his political, social and domestic functions to the improvement of himself and his neighbour.

Now-a-days, it is a circumstance of common remark, made through either ignorance or prejudice that a woman B.A. or M.A., is an oddity. Both men and women declaim against them: who are to be pitied, those or these?

European genius in the cause of education is lauded to the skies for its Girtton and Newham Colleges, and multitudinous associations and seminaries, not to speak of London University degrees in arts, law, medicine, music &c., which yearly manufacture women graduates who are valuable marketable articles of high repute. Have these degrees un-womaned the holders thereof? Have they not, on the contrary, enhanced their social value: have they not been ornaments to society, wielding a power to the edification of even social magnates and much more the social ordinaries, and to the comfort and pleasure of the domestic hearth.

The energy and finance of missionary and zenana enterprise is spent on the "primaries": in every nook and corner of India; no girl school is worked for the evolving of womanly qualities in the strict sense thereof. They teach nothing but ordinary spelling books and primary instructors, with a modicum of sewing, songs, and the four simple and compound rules of Arithmetic, if haply that standard can be reached before the girl can be snatched away by her guardians on the ground of her having attained the age, when it is thought necessary to screen her from public gaze according to their social or sectional standard. I may with some confidence

say that this slipshod education is imparted at so much cost for the parading of reports at grand meetings and salons, not for evolving womanly qualities at any rate: I have seen that pressure is brought to bear upon the guardians not to take away the girl during the term-time, lest the government grant should be lost.

But who are now women B.As. and M.As.? It is not from among the Hindus and Mahammadans that they spring, but chiefly from Indian Christians and Parsis that a few such have had the audacity to work their way up to the degrees, despised as they are for the simple reason that they are supposed to be flaunted by the poor girls.

A woman is a woman, whether a B.A. or M.A., or a simple drudge within the four walls of the harem or of an ordinary family: her instinct as a woman is never lost. Her womanly grace and charm, modesty and dignity are as much secured in her educated as in her uneducated bosom. Her educated mind can evolve an orderly sequence out of the domestic tangle, as easily as she can restore into an organized whole the apparently repellent and incongruous discordance. Her cultivated intellect sharpens her natural instincts. Just as a skilful gardener culls and cultivates flowers and groups them into harmonious plots of color and shade, pleasing to the eye and exhilarating to the mind, so she arranges her surroundings and orders her domestic economy into the marvellous vitality of harmony.

It may be said, and is said, that by being raised into a plane above the common level by her education, a woman is apt to despise her ordinary environment to the neglect of her domestic duties. It is a circumstance, if true, common to the gentle sex as well as to the stern sex and is to be attributed to the aberrations of nature rather than to education. It has its origin in circumstances of abnormal temperament, and as a special instance proves the general rule.

It is admitted that the more the knowledge acquired by study and application, the greater is the aptitude to do things in an orderly and cultivated style and manner. The degrees obtained simply stamp the extent and amount of knowledge and are an index of attainments at which men and women are valued in their respective social circles. In special instances, the knowledge aided by education may be far greater than the amount attested by degrees, and some women may be the happy possessors of knowledge unrecognized by degrees or academics, and to them the contemptuous M.A. or B.A. may not be ascribed.

Perhaps it is expected of women who are not opprobrious M.As. and B.As., that they can cook their curry and rice well.

nice puddings and jellies: even this art requires a scientific treatment, as is shown by the establishment of colleges for cooking and certificates are awarded for proficiency attained: therein an educated mind describes a thousand and one ways of doing most ordinary things in a most methodical and brilliant manner, saving time and material, a circumstance to be recognized and maintained in many a family where waste and destruction, not to say of dilatoriness, is the order of the day in uneducated hands. How many dames stand appalled when inducted into the domestic forum and are bewildered by confusion and disorderliness, when a simple method and a well ordered mind at once brings order and sequence; no man, particularly a hard earning member, likes waste of time and substance in his house, and happy will he be when he can find a helpmeet, able and strong enough to arrange a thrifty management, a standard to be attained by education and application.

Many a dame and a man with an uncultivated taste and an uneducated mind find time hanging on their hands. "Satan finds some mischief for idle hands to do." Education makes one acquainted with all that is bright, beautiful and truthful in nature and trains the intellect to find out cause and effect in things ordinary and complicated, and to devote time and leisure to the gazing "on the bright countenance of truth in the mild and dewy air of delightful studies": education and the happy social status it brings nurtures self-esteem and promotes the gradual extinction of narrow, selfish and unscrupulous jealousy as also gossip, scandal and spite, a state of things that is deplorable in many a club and family circle.

Educate the girls by all means to any extent possible, stamp them with any number of degrees be they M.A., B.A., or even LL.D. The degrees are nothing; it is the amount of knowledge acquired and training undergone that are everything. Let the education acquired be stamped with any number of letters; these are mere accidents. Bow to the standards of social environment and be assured that no woman with a generous womanly heart and with a substantial substratum of womanly instinct, her natural bulwark, will lose her head by the mere addition of some letters indicative of a certain standard. I wish that all the women and girls are M.As. and B.As.; and blessed—thrice blessed—is that happy family, presided over by a woman who is at once able and strong to wield a power for the stamping out of despicable morality and for the bringing of a healthy and vigorous offspring.

Mrs. Steel at the National Indian Association.



II. BY AN INDIAN LADY.

I was with pleasure, but also with disappointment, that we read the remarks of Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, the well-known novelist, on the occasion of the late annual meeting of the National Indian Association at London. The pleasure at seeing her speech is easily understood; but why the disappointment? Because it seems to us that her remarks were not worthy of her, as a woman, who, as she herself says, has accomplished more than what is required by the ordinary duties of women. She has indeed, as Sir Stewart Bayley said, given us a great deal to think about, no doubt in a salutary direction, but still with a distinct effect of discouragement, with a distinct result, as of—to use the common expression—"pouring cold water" on our enthusiasm for female education. She said she was like Balaam, who, called in to curse, remained to bless, but it seems to us that, called in to bless, she remained, not to curse, but to do something which has the same effect as cursing.

Mrs. Steel's position is this. Be careful that the Indian woman does not become a B.A., or an M.A., but see that education evolves and does not suppress her womanly qualities. This supposes that the education necessary for becoming a B.A., or an M.A., is unsuitable for making a woman of a woman. Why should it be so? The study necessary for a B.A., or M.A., is not of a low order. It embraces a wide area of subjects. Are we to understand then that the womanly duties of women are of such a low order that, instead of being improved, they are rather lowered by a wide area of study? No doubt the course of study for an M.A. has some unnecessary subjects for a woman; but there is nothing wicked in it; and when did anyone not benefit by a wide course of study, necessary or unnecessary for a particular purpose, doing no harm to anyone, and undeniably salutary generally. Men are supposed to be improved by study. They do not lose their manliness. Why should women lose their womanliness? Certainly, womanliness is essentially different from manliness; and therefore we must admit it does require a different kind of study. But our point is this: what harm will the men's course of study do the women? There is womanliness and womanliness, and to us it seems that a womanliness which has been tried in various

ways, and yet remains womanliness, is much better than a sheltered and corseted womanliness, which may break from its bounds at the slightest touch of wider external aims. For instance, look at the false modesty of some Indian women. They think it does them harm to even speak to men. Is not this false modesty a thousand times worse than the freedom which can associate freely with men and take not the slightest harm from such an association? Gold is purer when tried in the fire. There is modesty and modesty; so there is womanliness and womanliness. True womanliness is instinctive, something that will not be corrupted by external agencies. A woman may not be a true woman, even if left to herself, uneducated; and a woman may be a true woman, even if educated in the same direction as men. Our argument then is this: A wider and a higher education would do women good in any case. If we regard her from one point of view, as something different from man, as his complement, then a higher education would be sure to improve her outlook. If it does her harm, why then the harm is preferable to the simpering false seclusion behind unknown and unpassed barriers. If, on the other hand, we take the larger view of woman that is now gaining ground, that she is the equal of man, then, an equal education with man is just the thing for her. The mistake seems to be in taking a mere utilitarian view of education. Men must study to work. Women must study to do their home duties. Why should higher education be looked upon as only a means of earning a livelihood? Surely every girl who passes through a training at Girtton 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. 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? Education means the development of every quality that is in us. Then if there is in a woman, a higher intellect that craves for a higher course of study than what would be generally given her, why put obstacles in her way? Let her choose what she likes. Give her freedom to choose her course of study, as you give men freedom. 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 general education? 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. 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. Therefore, if women like to try for degrees, let them do so. At the same time let the generality of women be given a simple general education, such an education as Mrs. Besant prescribes.

She says: "Briefly I would suggest the following outline: A thorough and literary knowledge of the vernacular—Hindi, Bengali, Gujarati, Tamil, Telugu, whatever it may be—including written composition; a knowledge of Sanskrit, sufficient to enable a woman to read with pleasure and profit by the magnificent literature of the past, its poems, its dramas, its stories; a knowledge of English if possible, because, under present conditions such a knowledge is necessary for sympathy with English-educated husbands and also because it opens the way to a world of thought that may be studied with advantage and enjoyment, and because it brings the woman into touch with a most potent factor in the modern civilisation of India: a knowledge of hygiene, of the laws which make for health in the house, in personal habits and domestic arrangements; a knowledge of elementary physiology and household medicine, sufficient to make the mother an intelligent nurse and, in slight ailments, physician for her children; a knowledge of some art—music above all, painting, needle-work both plain and artistic—that she may make the home bright with pure attraction and make it a centre of happy and harmless amusement."

Mrs. Steel wishes to warn Indians to be quite certain whither they wish Indian women to go if they are anxious to have them educated. No doubt this is very good advice; but this

time to frighten us by warnings. Our men are just beginning to learn the value of education for our women. They are still afraid; they still draw back; they still only speak, and not act. Then, is it right to frighten them more? Let the education of the Indian women be first begun, then it could be directed into the right channel. Mrs. Steel says she was "one who had personally gone beyond the work that was usual to women." Has the experience done her harm? If it has not, is she then of such a superior quality to other women, that she should go unscathed where they must be injured? With her higher education, she is yet able to warn others to be moderate. So may other women do. So may they combine moderation with a wider scope. Says Mrs. Steel:—"Woman from the beginning had always had as her proper sphere the work of the home to which her genius for domestic detail led her. The instruction we gave our girls in England, being devoid of domestic and hand labour, was unfitting them for that work. The finer qualities of women, qualities which had been represented in the symbolism of woman all over the world, were being destroyed, and the cry was for openings for women. She was the threshold, the gate through which unborn generations of men passed on to the perfection of humanity. Woman had therefore inherently within herself the openings for her destiny."

Why should not women cry for "openings?" Why should not they do wider and freer work, while at the same time they look after their homes and fulfil their womanly duties? Mrs. Steel might say they would have no time for it. Then men should have no home life, as that would take them away from their work-duties. Men turn to home happiness as a necessary break and relaxation in their sterner duties. So let women turn to "external openings"; then they would come to their womanly duties with greater love and longing. If a woman has a desire for "openings," then her desire must be natural, therefore let it be fulfilled.

Mrs. Steel is very anxious to promote social intercourse between the West and of the East. "Bit by bit they would come to look at those questions which disturbed them to-day, as to whether the West was understood of the East and the East of the West, as questions of the past; they would know that the two hemispheres must understand each other, for they were one." Quite true, but how can Western women associate with Eastern women, when the latter are uneducated up to a high standard. So many of the English ladies are qualifying for degrees; and an English lady once asked me: "What point of interest is there between Indian women and those who live in India for

years and yet fail to learn an Indian language. She says: "One great obstacle to the promotion of social intercourse between English and Indian ladies was the culpable negligence of the former to learn the vernaculars. The Englishwoman who was satisfied to spend in India 25 years of her life without making herself acquainted with any Indian language wrote herself down an ass."

But we Indian women shall write ourselves down greater asses, if we fail to learn the English language, living as we do in a land where English is becoming the common language, where our fathers, brothers, husbands are all learning to talk English, to read English, to work in English, where we have been associating so long with Englishmen and Englishwomen.

"SATYAVATI."

Manu on Woman.

The curious mixture of contempt and courtesy which characterized the attitude of ancient India in regard to women is seen in the work of the great Law giver Manu. With fine courtesy, and with knowledge of male nature, does he begin:

Where women are honored, there the gods are pleased; but where they are not honored, "no sacred rite yields reward."—III. 56.

Where the female relatives live in grief, the family soon wholly perishes; but that family where they are not unhappy ever prospers.—57.

Hear now his subtle estimate of feminine appetites: Hence men who seek their own welfare should always honor women on holidays and festivals "with gifts of ornaments and clothes and dainty food."—59.

Poor things at best are these women, to be propitiated because the gods might revenge them; to be bribed and kept happy, but never to be allowed independence:

By a girl, by a young woman, or even by an aged one, nothing must be done independently, even in her own house.—V. 147.

In childhood a female must be subject to her father, in youth to her husband; when her lord is dead, to her sons. A woman must never be independent.

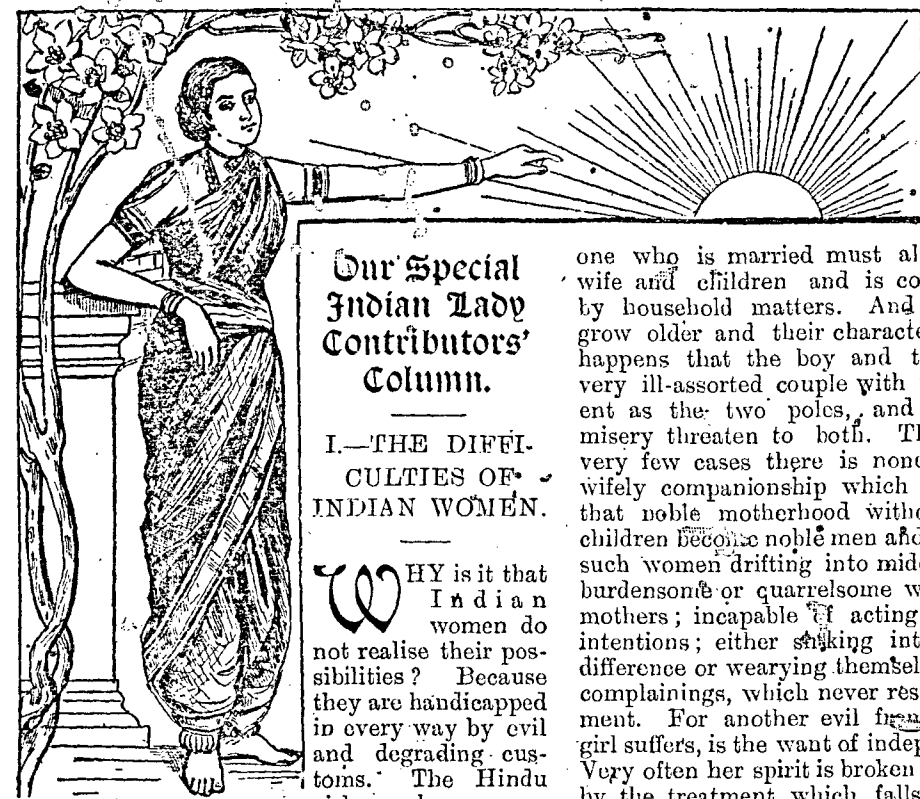
Yet, is she good for something and has her place in the scheme of life:

She must always be cheerful, clever in the management of her household affairs; careful in cleaning her utensils, and economical in expenditure.—150.

And a high standard is expected of her:

Though destitute of virtue, or seeking pleasure elsewhere, or devoid of good qualities—yet a husband must be constantly worshipped as a god by a faithful wife.—154.

It was a husband who conceived that law: No sacrifices, no vow, no fast must be performed by women apart from their husband. If a wife obeys her husband she will "for that reason alone" be exalted in



Our Special Indian Lady Contributors' Column.

I.—THE DIFFICULTIES OF INDIAN WOMEN.

WHY is it that Indian women do not realise their possibilities? Because they are handicapped in every way by evil and degrading customs. The Hindu girls rarely or never

have a voice in the selection of their husbands, and indeed they could not be given any choice, for the custom is that they should be married very early and marriage at that age puts before them none of the immense responsibilities it is charged with. Dr. Bhandarkar points out how the early marriage of girls was unknown till late in the ancient times, and how she is allowed to choose her own husband as in the Swayamvara; but now the girl is allowed no time when she can prepare herself for the duties of marriage;—the time of maidenhood which English girls make so much of, the season of culture, when the judgment has to be formed, the intellect disciplined, and feelings and passions brought under strict control, the time when the heart is most susceptible of external influences and therefore the time to be most carefully watched over. Neither can the girl have education worthy of the name, for, in spite of zenana work, in spite of the fact that there are schools for married young women, education after marriage is nothing like the education which an unmarried girl can receive, when most of her time is at her disposal and her fresh intelligence and healthy curiosity are in no way impaired by the dignity of married matronhood. The husbands also are required to be grown-up men, for while an unmarried student is free to devote all his time to his books,

one who is married must also attend to his wife and children and is constantly troubled by household matters. And then, when they grow older and their characters refine, it often happens that the boy and the girl prove a very ill-assorted couple with natures as different as the two poles, and unhappiness and misery threaten to both. Thus, except in a very few cases there is none of that elevated wifely companionship which is necessary, nor that noble motherhood without which so few children become noble men and women. Picture such women drifting into middle age—helpless, burdensome or quarrelsome wives; lazy, feeble mothers; incapable of acting upon their good intentions; either sinking into a hopeless indifference or wearying themselves out with weak complainings, which never result in any amendment. For another evil from which a Hindu girl suffers, is the want of independence at home. Very often her spirit is broken down and crushed by the treatment which falls to the lot of a daughter-in-law from her husband's family. She lives in constant dread of her mother-in-law, who in her turn is afraid of her daughter-in-law gaining too much ascendancy over her son, and who accordingly seizes every opportunity to breed discord between the two. The poor girl's character is pictured in the worst colours before her husband, and the etiquette of Hindu society is such that she is forbidden to seek any opportunity for defending herself, and perhaps if she were brave enough to do this, no one would pay much attention to her. Naturally, her spirit is soured and embittered, and she rapidly descends to the level of her companions, perhaps in her turn to tyrannise over her daughter-in-law when she gets one. A wife, however young or foolish she may be, must be mistress in her own house, and she must have a voice in the bringing-up of her children, which rights mothers-in-law are very fond of infringing upon; and there must be free social intercourse between husband, wife and children. But the mother-in-law herself must have privileges, and dare we say a few words in her defence? Young wives do not sufficiently consider how very hard it must be for a fond mother to lose her office as primary agent in her son's welfare and ever his happiness. This is the case in England as much more so is it in India where the

of the mother-in-law is supreme and that of the wife nothing. A young wife, if she has any right feeling, will listen patiently to the advice of her elders and feel grateful for any advice given. Surely "the primal elder curse" must be upon the woman who voluntarily or thoughtlessly tries to sow division between her husband and his own flesh and blood. There arrives a season when the most uncharitable mother-in-law becomes harmless. Then and after her death, blessed are those sons and daughters who during her life-time so acted towards her that her death lays upon them no burden of bitter remembrance.

Then there is the custom of seclusion which, though it is slowly giving away now, was in former times very stringent. There are some arguments urged by the defenders of this custom, such as the want of education, but they are causes which can be easily removed. And what are the evils of such a seclusion? The woman does not mix with society and therefore does not get that wider knowledge of life which acquaintance with the outer world imparts. Owing to the narrowness and blankness of her daily life, she is glad to catch at any straw of interest. Gossip is her only recreation and her life is made up of contemptible nothings. Then again she is careless about her friendships, not knowing that a true friendship is to be entered upon thoughtfully, earnestly, as upon an engagement made for life, and that a true friend, faithfully tested and tried, is an inestimable, but not easily acquired, treasure.

Last but not least among the handicaps of Hindu women is the custom that widows should not be remarried. It often happens that girls are married to persons who are old enough to be their fathers and the chances are ten to one that they are left widows even sometimes before they are old enough to understand the sad change that has taken place in their lives. For indeed a sad change it is. The poor young widow's life is made a burden to her. She is openly reviled and ridiculed; every misfortune that happens in her family is ascribed to her evil influence. Her lot is a miserable one, with not even a gleam of hope to brighten her dark existence. The domestic services rendered by widows are often very valuable, but in most cases do not help to lighten her misery. Here is a bitter appeal from a widow: "Oh! Lord! hear our prayer. No one has turned an eye on the oppression which we suffer, though with weeping and crying and desire we have turned to all sides hoping that some one would save us. We have and below, but Thou art the only one who hearest our complaint. For ages, dark clouds have covered our mind and spirit. Let us go out. We are bruised

and beaten. Oh! Father! When shall we be set free from this jail?" Is it not time something were done to assuage the sad lot of widows? And something is indeed being done and our hope is that before long their lives will be made worth living, not alone by allowing them to marry again, for marriage should not be the sole hope of womanhood, but, chiefly by bettering their condition in their own homes, by showing them love and sympathy from their fellow-creatures, and by providing them with some lofty object in life for which they could live.

Our social reformers should try their best to reduce the influence of the custom of early marriage. But where that is not possible, let the husband educate his wife, or allow private zenana education to her. And indeed, to do justice to the zeal of those engaged in the work of reforming India, much is being done in this way. But yet, though the subject of female education is a theme of constant exhortation with those interested in the progress of the country, one cannot help noticing that but little is being done in the way of action. The fault lies with the men, for though many talk, yet few set an example; but it lies with the women also. We leave it to the men to do everything, showing a sad lack of rightful and perfectly justifiable ambition on our part. It is obviously our duty to educate ourselves and show the men that they can place us on the same level with themselves.

II.—FOR HER SAKH ALONE.

A STORY.

SARASVATI, said her husband to her, "what is this I hear about your father's money? Is it true that he has failed?"

"I—I do not know," she faltered.

"Where is your dowry?" he said. "He promised to give a good deal of money to you. Where is it all? How am I to get it now?"

Sarasvati looked in amusement at her husband. She had never heard him speak in such a tone before, though latterly she had been noticing a change in him. Was she to be disappointed in him, after all her high ideals of him? Did he care only for her money?

"I tell you I must have the money," he said to her roughly. "I have been building hopes on it. I must have it."

"But how can I get it for you, my lord?"

"Then, why did your father tell such lies to me? You yourself must have known it. You must be a liar to yourself."

"I did not know anything about it."