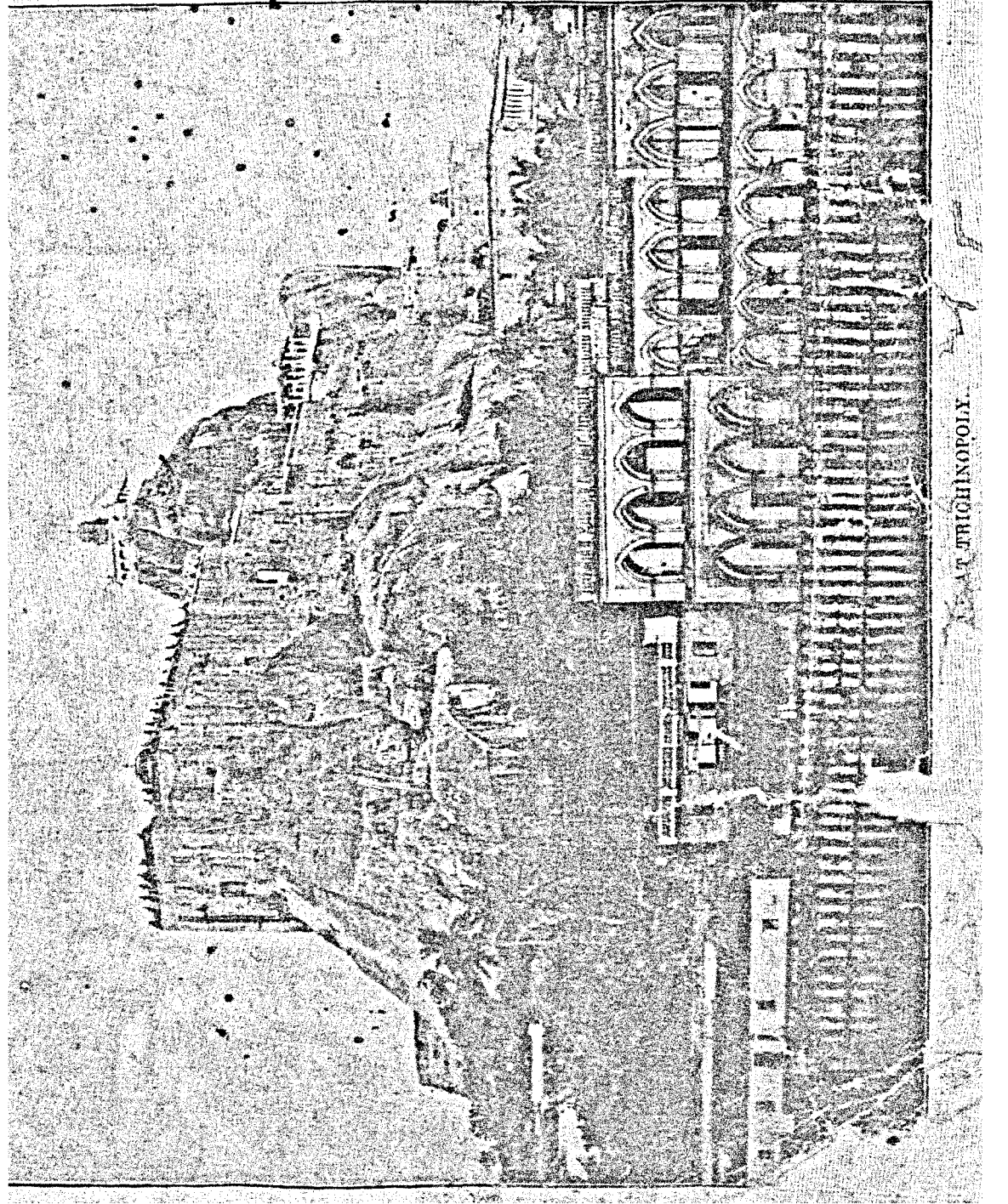


The Indian Ladies Magazine



185505

INDIAN LADIES
MAGAZINE

1904-05

DIGITIZED



and when they get up they generally get up in nasty tempers; imagine the rest,—chaos, and nothing short of it! And the poay itself! It is generally introduced by a pageant representing the court of the Burmese King. It gradually drifts into the drama. Drifts is the only word to describe it. The play is generally round a hero and heroine, called for no earthly reason the Prince and Princess: sometimes it is about a Prince and Princess, but more often than not it is about a rich man's son and another rich man's daughter. Love is the main theme, and it is not always sacred and holy love either. The Burman play-wright—by the way I have often wondered if any Burman in his senses has ever actually sat down and put such indescribable things on paper—who married his hero and heroine at the first set off, would find his wares on his hands for all time. The first part of the play is mainly devoted to love-making. The language is mostly *double entendre* and the heroine gives as good as she gets. To keep the audience in good spirits, there are always two or three clowns who never open their mouths except to let loose a stream of obscenity and vulgarity. The second part of the play ends in tears and lamentations. An evil spirit or an irate parent steps in, and the hero and heroine are separated. As I have never in all my life in Burma waited for the end of the play, I cannot tell you what it is. But I want you to imagine what effect these performances must have on the women who witness them. I have often looked at them when the clowns have put a little extra effort into their part. The only effect on the women is to make them cover their mouths with their handkerchiefs and to be convulsed with inward merriment. I have rarely seen more disgusting and revolting sights. Englishmen can see nothing wrong in it. They look on the Burmese as little more than children. The same men would see their own women shot before they would allow them to witness the same sort of thing in *English*. These are only Burmese! It is their national custom. There can be no harm in it. And above all you cannot put the whole world right. It needs a strong protest to put these poays down, or at all events to make them innocent amusement for the young. But a strong protest means public opinion and—but I am not going to enter into politics. As I was saying, the Arakanese rarely if ever have poays and when they do have them they are not as harmful to the women as in Burma, because the women never go out. An Arakanese woman must be middle-aged before she can go out of doors. There is a lot of good in that arrangement, but there is also a lot of bad about it. I dare say some of your clever contributors know more about it than myself. Personally I think it is good for ignorant women not to be

allowed to gad about, especially when religion is not the sheet anchor it is in other places.

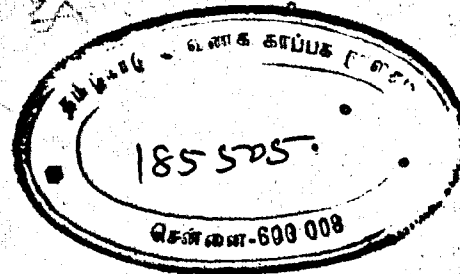
The Hill tribes are like the Chins in Upper Burma. Being hill tribes they are naturally and really independent. They look on hackney carriages pretty much as a parrot does a cage. But that is not to be taken as a sign of barbarity, because far more civilized people look on the hackney carriages that disfigure the roads of Akyab, the principal town in Arakan, in pretty much the same light. They are veritable cages drawn by the knock kneedest and famine strickenest specimens of the equine race that I have ever seen. Harness! Save the mark! Like the knife grinder and his story, they simply have none. A few bits of rope and there you are! How some of these gharries hold together is a mystery known only to the driver and the more intelligent if less human ponies.

Arakan is the wettest place in India except Cherapungyi. I met a Cherapungyi man once in Calcutta and talking about kings and cabbages we came to climate. He said his was the most blessed spot on earth. I added it was the wettest. He seemed pained. "About the average," he said, "but miles away better than Calcutta. Give me rain in buckets or not at all." I said "each man to his taste" and he said "so." In the same way the Arakanese look on Akyab as an earthly paradise. Last year the rainfall was in the region of 250 inches. This year I am told it will be heavier. And this rainy season is to the Arakanese the pleasantest part of the year! You do not see the sun for days together sometimes. Picnics, pleasure parties, excursions and similar diversions are planned and carried out now. It is a notoriously malarious place, and the Arakanese know that exposure to the rains means fever and often death, but what would you have? Surely you would not allow fear of fever or death prevent you from enjoying yourself! There is a lot of horse sense about that. It is at all events plausible, if not convincing.

Some day I hope to be able to tell you something more about the Burmese. Au revoir, gentle reader.

PADRAM

The 25th July, the date of the passing of the Widow Remarriage Act has been settled upon as the day to be especially celebrated in connection with the reform of marriage customs relating to widows. This day has been accordingly observed in Bombay, Calcutta, Ahmedabad, Poona and in other places. It is a treat to honour the names of those who taking a part of the Act have identified themselves with the reform.



INDUBALA

செப்பனியுபவர் பெயர்

கோ-டி கலியாணம்
செப்பனியுத்தற்காக எடுத்த
கொள்ளப்பட்ட நாள் நூல்

செம்பலிட்டு முடித்த நாள் 1955

சுரிபா ரீகீம்

செயா ப்பம்

1910

Some useful hints to Mothers.



A SOUND set of teeth is a great blessing to children. A good set can be preserved only when they are kept clean. Children should therefore be taught to clean their teeth regularly every day. It is better to use a tooth brush, for it will be found convenient to clean them on all sides

both inside and outside. A little precipitated chalk with some astringent such as alum is very good for cleaning the teeth. Make the child to rinse the mouth before and after eating. Fragments of food sticking to the teeth ferment and the acidity produced by the fermentation causes decay. The tooth pick should not be used unnecessarily or often. The habit of cracking hard nuts, biting bones or thread should be checked. Without good teeth, we cannot chew our food properly and without good mastication we cannot expect to digest our food properly.

Most of the ills to which a child is subject are brought about by ill ventilation of the rooms. Nearly half of the lives of children is spent in their bed rooms. Bed rooms should be well ventilated, cheery and not dark. The child should be taken out at least twice a day and should not be hindered from taking open air exercise.

The stomach requires nearly 5 hours to completely digest an ordinary meal and at the rate of three meals a day it would have to work 15 hours a day out of 24 hours. But man in his greediness eats whenever he likes and whatever he desires, and gives work unnecessarily to the stomach and no rest to it. Man complains that he is overworked when he is asked to work for 6 or 8 hours a day, but he never considers how much work he gives to his stomach, his best friend. He keeps his stomach constantly working without giving it any sort of rest and thus shatters his own health and becomes a confirmed dyspeptic. Every mother should therefore impress on the minds of her children the necessity for giving rest to the stomach to enable it to work with vigour when food is taken.

is a valuable remedy in a household
are children. You can prepare lime

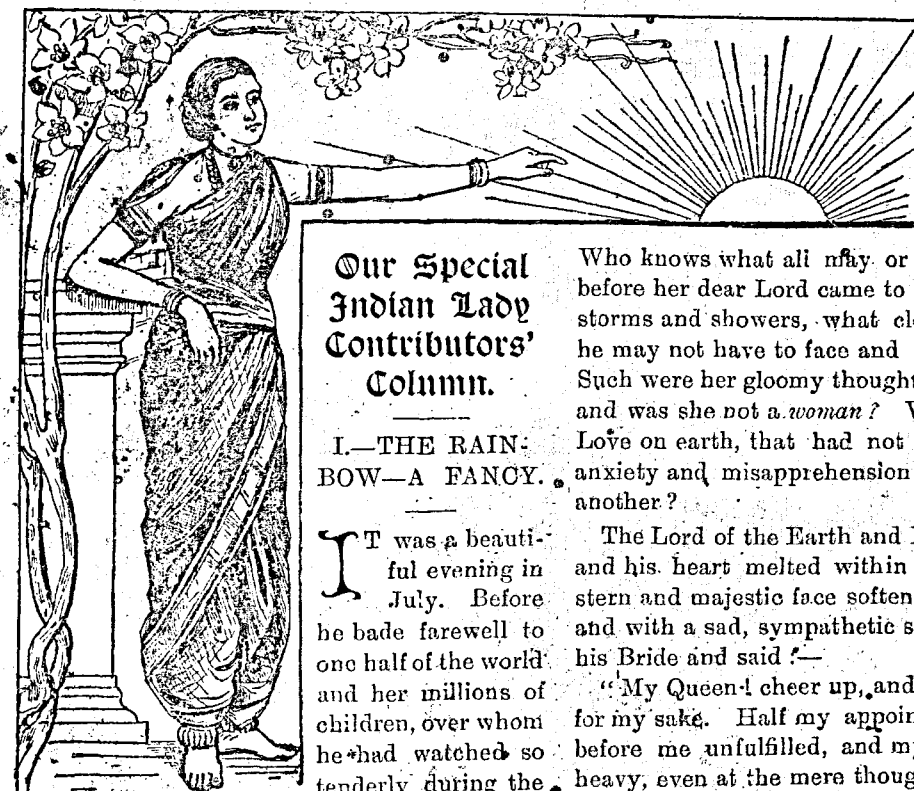
water easily in the following manner. Put a piece of quick-lime in a bottle, pour cold water on it and cork the bottle. Allow the bottle to stand in a cup-board for some time and draw off the clear water for use. This water can be used with advantage for cleaning feeding bottles. A small quantity of it added to milk prevents the milk from turning sour. It is admirable in cases of acidity of the stomach. When a small quantity of it is evaporated on a fire it gives off vapour which when inhaled gives immense relief to the pain caused by croup, diphtheria, etc. Small quantities may always be given to children with their milk.

Teach your children always to breathe through the nose. Breathing by the mouth is always harmful. The nose and the mucous membrane attached to it act as a natural filter, and hinder most of the injurious and impure matter found in the air from entering the lungs.

A new born infant, if it is healthy, sleeps a greater portion of the day for the first two or three months, and parents do not disturb it when so asleep, for they know that children require more sleep than adults. But when children attain 7 or 8 years of age and go to school, parents lose sight of the fact and worry their children by giving much brain work and less sleep. Children 8 or 9 years of age should have at least 10 hours sleep and youths up to 20 should indulge in sound sleep for 9 hours.

Instruct your children to be always clean. Some children have dirty habits and they must be checked with a strong hand. Kind words and good advice are more potent in controlling children than the dread of the rod. Teach them that spitting on the slates to clean them, sucking the fingers at leisure hours, biting the nails to while away the time, moistening the pencil with the tongue to make it write black, hiding copper or silver coins in the mouth, wetting fingers with saliva to move the leaves of a book and a number of other nasty habits are dangerous to health.

C. K. NAIDU.



Our Special Indian Lady Contributors' Column.

I.—THE RAIN-BOW—A FANCY.

IT was a beautiful evening in July. Before he bade farewell to one half of the world and her millions of children, over whom he had watched so tenderly during the day, the sun was smiling, and looking particularly bright and lively. He was just about to plunge into a clear lake of sapphire, which was fringed on all sides with immense quantities of all kinds of precious stones,—amber and amethyst, ruby and emerald.

Ere his unwearying career began in "fresh fields and pastures new," he turned his longing eyes to have a last glimpse of his Love and Queen—the East. When lo! he beheld the face of his beloved One dark, and drowned in the depths of deep melancholy. A thick black cloud overhung her brows. Her ample hair lay dishevelled on her broad shoulders, in wild and careless confusion. From the fountains of her large eyes welled up steady streams of tears:—And why?

Her dear Lord and Master was going away from her now, on his vague and unknown journey; for another twelve long and cheerless hours she must wait in patience for him, sad and lonely; during all that dismal interval the only company she would know of would be that of her tiny little children, the twinkling stars.

Who knows what all may or may not happen before her dear Lord came to her again,—what storms and showers, what clouds and eclipses he may not have to face and struggle through? Such were her gloomy thoughts and forebodings, and was she not a woman? Was there ever real Love on earth, that had not its own care and anxiety and misapprehension at some time or another?

The Lord of the Earth and Heavens saw this, and his heart melted within him. His usual stern and majestic face softened in expression, and with a sad, sympathetic smile he turned to his Bride and said:—

"My Queen! cheer up, and grieve not thus, for my sake. Half my appointed task lies yet before me unfulfilled, and my heart is sad and heavy, even at the mere thought of being away from you, however short-lived our separation may be. If you would only brighten up a little and show a little more courage, it would be such a great help and comfort to me on my lonely journey. Cheer up, sweet, cheer up!

"When my duty is done, I shall race back to you quick. At my approach, you will blush, and they will call it the beautiful Dawn. The glow and the warmth of your welcoming kiss, they will call the bright and life-giving sunrise. For us fire-winged songsters of the woods will pipe their sweet and happy love-songs. The four corners of the earth will greet us with messages of joy and welcome, through their soft and balmy breezes. The beautiful flowers of the fields will open their hearts at our touch, and yield up unto us all the treasure of their fragrance. Think, therefore, of all these bright days to come, Love, and cheer up!"

Having spoken such words of hope and courage, the king of the heavens picked up from the margins of the sapphire lake, the very choicest gems he could find; these he wove into a subtle and mystic and wondrous necklace.

This he took in his hand and placed it round the neck of his Love, as a sure pledge of his enduring love and constancy.

Thus came into existence the beautiful *Rainbow*! It is thus that it inspires its beholders with Love and Hope and Fidelity!

"The brightest rainbows ever play,
Over the fountains of our tears."

PREMA.

II.—PRIZE DISTRIBUTION OF THE GIRLS' SCHOOL, AMRAOTI.

[FROM MRS. P. KANE.]

THERE was a prize distribution of the Girls' School, Amraoti, on the 9th July, 1904. About 200 Hindu ladies were present on the occasion.

It was a unique spectacle, for there were many ladies present who were of old views, showing by their presence their appreciation for Female Education.

The girls sang some songs prepared for the occasion and played a game of Tipia (Casatnet). After this the head-mistress read out all the names of the ladies from whom she had received subscriptions and also read the yearly Report of the working of the school.

One of the Hindu ladies present spoke a few words in connection with the gathering and then the prizes were distributed.

This gathering was held at Mrs. Khaperde's house, who awarded pieces of cloth for small jackets (chotkham) to the girls and presented a satee and choli to the Head-mistress. Some books and toys were also given to the girls and they all looked quite pleased with what they got.

Some of the old Hindu widows were sitting in an adjoining room looking and enjoying the singing and the performance which the girls did so well.

After the prize-giving, sweet-meat, *pausupari* and flowers were distributed along with Koonku.

The whole thing was entirely planned and carried out by Indian ladies alone. There was no help of whatever kind from gentlemen, nor were any of them invited to the gathering.

This is probably the first distribution of prizes held so successfully by the ladies of Amraoti.

The credit is due to the head-mistress, who is taking a great interest in the welfare of her pupils.

I wish her all success.

III.—ON THE RIVER.

[BY AN INDIAN LADY.]

WHEN we made up our minds to take a short change to this quiet place on the seashore, we were fortunate enough in securing a comfortable house on the border of the lake into which the river expanded before joining the sea. From the balconied verandah of the upstairs room, a magnificent view could be had of the beautiful scenery around. On the other side of the lake, beginning with a long line of sluices, a long bank of red earth extended in a semi-circle half-way down the opposite shore, flanked in the long distance by a green line of trees, among which the white wall and the red roof of a little house could be just seen. This ended in a little bend in the shore, and from there growing almost to the brink of the water, extended dark clumps of trees and two long groves of casuarinas in the dark intervals of which high up on the bank were snugly nestled a few white-washed and red brick houses. Here and there the shore was dotted with little straw-thatched picturesque looking huts, forming a strange contrast to the comfortable houses above. On the right the lake ended in a narrow neck of water bounded on either side by banks of white sand, against which the foamy white breakers of the sea dashed with fury, on the other side sometimes even washing over the sand into the lake in high tide time. And beyond this the calm water of the sea seemed, from the distance we were, to extend in a blue unbroken line, like a dark blue velvet cloak edged with white fur. The blue water of the lake, dancing and shimmering like diamond sparkles in the dazzling light of the sun, was often dotted with little sail boats and heavy dinghies laden with bales of merchandise which sailed up the river with all the proud majesty of swans. Altogether the prospect was so alluring, and the little boats seemed to beckon to us so invitingly to take a sail in them, that we engaged a boat for every evening we were to be there, and had most enjoyable excursions on the lake, especially in the nights when the moon shone in all her glory; and among these we shall never forget the sail we had on the evening before we left this charming retreat. We started late in the evening just when the sun was about to set; and as our boatmen punted the boat slowly across the lake, there being no oars and the wind not being favourable for the sail to be put up, it was our privilege to see one of the most magnificent sunsets, it has ever been my lot to see. It is impossible to describe it in fitting words; but it was a wonderful sight. Just opposite us, in the west, the sky was one

beautiful mass of all colours, the harmonious blending of which seemed to culminate at the point, where the sun, sinking above the horizon like a red ball of fire, flung around a circular halo of golden flaming light. From this, a long flimsy amber-coloured cloud extended straight up into the sky, like the lurid smoke rising out of a blazing furnace. Between this cloud and the halo of light was a long broad horizontal line of dusky-blue clouds, which extended over the sky like a sharp-edged sapphire crown set on a brow wrapped in flaming gauze. This magnificent sight lasted but a short time, after which all the rainbow-hues gradually melted into the dark-blue of the sky leaving behind streaks of clouds edged with different shades of pink. From this spectacle we turned for a moment and it seemed as if on the opposite side another sun was coming up. This was the full moon, which gradually rose into the sky, a round red mass of dull fire, by degrees changing into the white silver light which we generally associate with the orb of night. We sailed in an oblique line across the lake to the bend in the middle of the opposite shore that we had seen from our house. And here there was, what is called a lock, an arrangement to allow the water to flow into the fields beyond the river. Here with the dark gates of the lock on one side connecting the two banks of the bend into which the lake narrowed at this place, a broad expanse of glistening water on the other, and groups of tall dark casuarina trees on the opposite bank shaking their branches fantastically in the breeze and allowing broad glimpses of the moon through their feathery leaves, we anchored for a short time and tried to fish; but the fish would not swallow the bait, and we lingered there, tempted by the still beauty of the night, with our attention fixed more on the wonderful beauty of the scene around us than upon the fish. Our boatman, who was a fat, jolly chetty, chattered to us and made fun of our poor attempt at fishing, till we gave it up in disgust. Then we turned back again and sailed parallel to the shore till we arrived very near the sea, when we turned back and went home. Our boat, quickly punted by the boatmen, scudded over the water like an arrow, the water rippling against it with a soft splashing sound. Now and then fish leaped up in the water like streaks of silver and one jumped right across our boat. We soon left the sluices and the long red bank which ended in the lock behind us till it melted in the horizon in the dim light, and behind us there only seemed to be a wide expanse of water. On the opposite shore, the houses could not be distinguished from the dark clumps of trees among which they were; but the lights in them stood out distinctly against the darkness, like red stones; and the

light which we knew came from our house seemed to beckon to us like a beacon light. We sailed very close to the shore on our side, and trees which at a distance were grouped together in masses, clearly defined themselves as we drew nearer, and stood out sharply silhouetted against the sky. One tree grew in the water, and its huge branches half fell into the lake, forming a beautiful sight, and the thin grey feathery leaves of the casuarinas waved almost in our faces. Soon we came to the huts which could be made out distinctly. Lights twinkled in them, and in front of one was a group of boys laughing and playing together. As we left them behind us, their voices came to us across the water, as if wishing us God-speed. Up above in the starry cloudless heavens, the bright evening star beckoned to us behind, and the silver moon flung a glistening trail of light in front, in the very path of which we seemed to be travelling. It was an ideal scene and a deep sense of mystery stole into the air as it always does on the nights when the moon throws her silver light on everything around, and the stars shine clearly, their splendour traversed by the milky way which cuts for itself a clear path in the sky till it mixes with the blue. As our boat swiftly flew along the path of the moon, and the roar of the sea sounded louder and louder, a deep peace and calmness stole into my mind, though there was at the same time a feeling of excitement and mystery. Our small bark with its living freight cutting the water so fearlessly, seemed such a small insignificant speck in the wide Universe expanding around us, and we knew that if our boatmen were careless our boat might be drawn into the sea. But we knew we were safe, for the provident and loving hand of God was round us, and His voice seemed to be calling to us from the Heavens, telling us not to fear. Yet there was a weird sense of unspeakable mystery prevailing everywhere, and afterwards when I was thinking of this, a curious comparison suggested itself to me between this sail and our voyage of life on earth. We were going against the current, but our boatmen were so energetic that we almost flew over the water, and it seemed, as if we were being resistlessly borne along over the ocean of life on earth into the timeless Eternity beyond, a region of light and flowers, which lay across the sea at the end of the path of the moon, extending so invitingly in front of us. The boatmen seemed to be the earthly agents of the Divine will, carrying out His orders against the attractions of worldly life. The bar in front of us with its line of leaping foaming waves seemed to be the dangerous barrier between life and death, and the moment we passed it it looked as if we would be thrown

helpless into the unknown regions of the world beyond, till we anchored at last safely at the bright haven beyond. But gradually the boat's course was changed, almost invisibly; it turned from the ocean, the trail of the moon passed to our side; instead of lying before us, and it seemed as if we were turning back into the world again, after that bright short glimpse of heaven. The current was now in our favour, the breeze filled our sail, and our boat flew along faster than before; and it seemed as if all along the inclination of our wills had been fixed on the life of this world than the life of the world to come, and as if our boatmen were forced by circumstances and our own stubborn wills to take us back to the world. God tries to bring us to Him, but if we are stubborn He leaves us to our will. We sailed along very rapidly, till the breeze sank and our boatmen had to have recourse again to the punts; the light of our house drew nearer and nearer; soon the keel grated on the sand; our boatmen jumped out and held the vessel, and we stepped on shore again and returned to the prosaic realities of daily life. But we shall never forget this sail, and we shall always look back upon it with pleasant memories, with that deep sense of mystery and vagueness still lingering pleasantly in the air.

Editorial Notes.

The Baroda Marriage Bill, which has been under discussion for the past two years has been passed. The main

object of the Bill is to fix the age limit of marriage at twelve and sixteen years respectively for girls and boys, or, as the Bill puts it, the object is "to restrict child-marriage with a view that people should give more attention to physical well-being, and that, thereby, the health and life of coming generations may be improved and prolonged." The law provides for the registration of all marriages in the State. The parent or guardian of the bride should report a marriage to the proper authority, the failure to do which will involve a fine of Rs. 10.

This is the second instance of a Native State legislating in an important social matter with a view to put down child-marriage. The

Baroda Marriage Bill is undoubtedly one of the greatest steps in the direction of social reform. Its influence even outside the enlightened state of Baroda is likely to be considerable, for Indians in general will look with favour upon reform in the direction of prevention of child-marriage, now that an enlightened Native State has set such a bold and fearless example on this matter.

Some time ago the outlook for social reform in India was very gloomy and Dr. Bhandarkar was one of those who drew the attention of the public to this unsatisfactory state of things. But recent events indicate that the reform movement has gained considerably in vitality and is in a fair way to become a great success. For one thing, recent discussions have had the effect of eliminating from the circle of so-called reformers, the half-hearted workers, and though the number of those who now espouse the cause of reform is not so large as before, still we find among them real workers, who are doing their best to advance the cause which they have so much at heart. It is remarkable that though it was Bengal that produced the earliest workers in the cause of Reform, still it is in the Bombay and Madras Presidencies and in the Punjab that we find at present the men who are carrying on this work in downright earnestness. The work begun by Rām Mohun Roy and Vidyasagar is now being carried on by Veeraselingam, Chandavarkar and others.

A very important meeting was recently held at Bombay under the auspices of the Bombay Reform Association to celebrate the anniversary of the passing of the Widow-Marriage Act which was passed in 1857, chiefly as the result of a learned pamphlet issued on the subject by Pandit Ishwar Chandra Vidyasagar, who tried to show that there was nothing in the Shastras to prohibit widow remarriage, and the speakers at the meeting emphasized three points: (1) That the Act of 1856 as a permissive measure for the marriage of Hindu widows has had a beneficent effect; (2) that social opposition to widow marriage has considerably toned down; (3) that close investigation has completely refuted the allegation that the Shastras were opposed to the

marriage of child-widows. We are sometimes told that those who advocate widow-marriage have no true conception of the ideal of marriage. This view is thoroughly investigated in a leading Indian journal, *The West Coast Spectator* of Calcutta. We quote an extract from it as, we think, it embodies the views of all right thinking men in India on this subject of Widow-marriage:—

"The cause of the child widow, it must be said, has suffered some check of late. Mrs. Besant has placed her powerful personality in opposition to the movement on the ground that re-marriage is opposed to the Hindu ideal and that all the evils of compulsory widowhood would disappear when early marriage is abolished. When girls marry only at sixteen or twenty, she says the child widow will cease to be. But what till then? What about the child of twelve months who yesterday was 'married' and to-day becomes a 'widow'? Is she to be taken to the barber as soon as there is hair enough on her head to shave, kept on one meal a day, and driven from human neighbourhood as an inauspicious thing? In Bengal alone 4,000 girls under one year are 'married' and 600 of these are 'widows.' Are we to console each of these six hundred baby widows with the assurance that some day the evil to which she is a victim will cease? Or shall we tell her that in a former incarnation she must have robbed a woman of her husband and therefore she suffers now? Or shall we tell her that the marriage ideal is sacred, and that there is a certain philosophy which enables us to be reconciled to proximate evils for the sake of a distant good?"

We fully recognise the sacredness of the marriage ideal. We cannot afford to lower it. We have personally not much regard for one, whether man or woman, who marries, re-marries, and marries again as if marrying were the one purpose of existence. We have the highest regard for one who, having married and lost, remains true to his or her departed spouse and seeks occupation in other than matrimonial pleasures. Nay more; we consider that this is the right thing for both man and woman. India wants men and women who, freed from private cares, can devote themselves to the public good; and the widows of Bharatavarsha have more noble work awaiting them than to wed a second husband. We would be the last to put the idea of matrimony into a widow's mind. We would even discourage her gently from allowing her mind to run along that line. But compulsory widowhood is a crime, and to insist that a child that could not know what marriage means is to be treated as a widow is diabolical. If that child grows into a bright and happy woman and does not think of marriage, she deserves to be adored. For Heaven's sake, don't recommend marriage to such a girl, but encourage her to find means whereby she can serve her sisters. But no sophistry can justify the conduct of those who insist on keeping a little child as a widow for life on the plea that the marriage ideal is sacred."

One of the most striking architectural structures of South India is the Trichinopoly Rock Fort Temple—a picture of which we give in this issue of our journal. Trichinopoly is one of the places of historic note in India as it is associated closely with the names of Clive and Chunda Sahib. The Fort itself is situated on the right bank of the Cauvery, about a mile south of the river. It is a rectangular figure, measuring about a mile by half a mile. Inside the fort is the Trichinopoly Rock, which rises abruptly out of the plain to a height of 273 feet above the level of the street at its foot. The ascent to the rock is by a covered stone staircase, the entrance to which is on the south side of the rock. At the head of the first flight of steps a street runs completely round the rock, by the sides of which a number of houses have been built. At the head of the last flight of steps that is covered in there is a temple to Siva. Close to this is a cave-like room, cut out of the rock, which was formerly used as an arsenal. After this point the remainder of the ascent is by means of steps cut in the Rock itself, and on the summit there is a small Pillaiyar (Belly God) pagoda. Every year in August a feast is held at this temple, for which a large number of persons assemble. A few hundred yards to the south of the rock is the building known as the Nawab's palace which was restored in 1873 by Lord Napier. The building affords accommodation for several of the public offices. Between the rock and the north-west entry to the fort, known as the Main-Guard Gate, there is a handsome *teppakulam*, in the houses round which the officers of the garrison lived during the stirring times when Trichinopoly was first a military station. One of these houses is still pointed out as having been Lord Clive's house.

Literary Notes.

[Specially compiled for the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*.]

—There has been no more enjoyable book published this year than "The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen" (Macmillan), by the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." Leaving her flowers and her babies, Elizabeth set out last summer for a driving-tour round the island of Rügen, in the Baltic Sea. This is the record of her trip, and it may at once be said that Elizabeth on a journey is as delightful a person as Elizabeth in her beloved garden. It has all the peculiar charms of its predecessors—spontaneous humour, keen observation, quiet but incisive criticism of life, and an overflowing joyousness. No writer of to-day has a fuller sense of the joy of living—of the sheer pleasure of drawing breath in the sunshine with the sky overhead and the grass under foot, and no writer can communicate that joy to his readers in quite the same way.

—A new life of Lord Tennyson has been brought out by Mr. Arthur Benson. In the preface he claims "neither novelty of view nor elaborate apparatus of learning," but he writes with a freshness and an individuality of judgment, which make his work a real contribution to Tennysonian literature. A passage from the conclusion contains some of the most beautiful and penetrating things that have ever been written about Tennyson:—

"My own belief is that Fitzgerald was mainly right, and that Tennyson's real gift was the lyric gift. I believe that while he continued careless of name and fame he served his own ideal best; I believe that in his early lyrical poems, in *In Memoriam* and in *Maud*, his best work will be found; that in *The Princess*, the *Idylls*, the dramas, and the later poems, he was drawn aside from his real path by the pressure of public expectation, by social influence, by the noble desire to modify and direct thought. I do not underestimate the services he was enabled in these popular writings to do for his generation, but it can hardly be maintained that he was practising his best gift. . . . I would think of Tennyson, then, not as the man of rank and name and fame, the associate of eminent persons, the embarrassed fugitive from peering curiosity, but as the lonely dreamer, lingering in state and secret places, listening to the music of the woods, the plunge of stream and waves, the sighing of winds, with the airy music beating in his brain. This first; and then as heavily conscious of the deep and mysterious destiny of man, the bewildering magic of destiny, the bitter admixture of sorrow and pain with the very draught of life. . . . On the one hand beauty, the beauty that triumphs over the petty, busy handiwork of man, and on the other mystery, the mystery from which man comes and into which he goes."

—One of the popular novels of the season is Mr. G. K. Chesterton's "Napoleon of Notting Hill." Though on the surface it seems farcical and meaningless, it has an inner meaning that makes its wildest laughter wise. The whole book is alive with fine suggestion, and all the fooling of it is touched at the close with a beautiful and pathetic significance. As irresponsibly ludicrous as a modern

burlesque, as quaintly serious at least as a medieval morality, "The Napoleon of Notting Hill" is a unique and altogether brilliant achievement.

—Mrs. Craigie's new novel, "The Vineyard," should not go unnoticed in these columns. As usual this work also contains some masterful studies of character, of which that of Gerald Fedarene is the most important. Gerald is a self-confident egoist, with the artist's temperament; he is edged with romance, as he has distinguished himself in South Africa during the Boer War. He has been many times in love, but meeting with Jeanne-Sussex fancies that he is really in love. He is a strange blend of simplicity and cunning, of honesty and duplicity, and like most hypocrites unconscious of his hypocrisy. After making love to Jeanne he is bent on making money and gets involved in money difficulties. Another woman comes to his rescue with whom he falls in love. The conflict of feelings between this woman and Jeanne is worked out powerfully. The book has some brilliant epigrams, and is written with a knowledge of human motives, an acute analytical power, and a quiet strength and graphic terseness of style that give it a place among the one or two exceptional novels that the year, so far, has given us.

—Lord Tennyson wrote, by Royal request, two stanzas which were sung as part of 'God Save the Queen' at a state concert in connection with the Princess Royal's (the late Empress Frederick of Germany) marriage. These were printed in the *Times* of January 26, 1858, and being little known may here be quoted:

God bless our Prince and Bride!
God keep their lands allied,
God save the Queen!
Clothe them with righteousness,
Crown them with happiness,
Them with all blessings bless,
God save the Queen.

Fair fall this hallow'd hour,
Farewell our England's flower,
God save the Queen!
Farewell, fair rose of May!
Let both the peoples say,
God bless thy marriage-day,
God bless the Queen.

What is being done for and by India's Daughters.

—What Mrs. Macrae is doing for the Calicut Ladies' Association, that Mrs. Glyn Barlow is doing for the Palghat Ladies' Association. At a recent meeting of the latter Association Mrs. Barlow delivered an address on her visit to China and Japan. We expect great things from this Association as well.

—The important place that Widow Marriage has occupied in the Hindu social reform movement has been due mainly to the legal and religious hindrances that at first confronted it. In the year 1856, under the Viceroyalty of Lord William Bentinck, the legal difficulty was removed by an enactment of Government, known as the Widow Marriage Act. Since then much controversy has been waged over the question, and not only has a large body of Indian

public opinion veered round in favour of the Act, but numerous marriages of widows have taken place, both between parties of the same caste as well as those of different castes. It seems a happy arrangement that the Bombay Presidency Social Reform Association should have commenced this year with the celebration of the 25th of July, the day on which the Widow Marriage Act was passed, thus affording opportunity to report progress. Two years hence when the 50th anniversary of the passing of the Act will occur, we hope progress made will be far in advance of that reported now. Last Monday's meeting was held in the Widow Marriage Hall at Girgaum in this city, and among the speakers were prominent leaders, including the Hon. Mr. Justice Chandavarkar, the Hon. Mr. G. K. Parekh and the Hon. Mr. D. A. Khare. The testimony of these speakers was threefold: (1) That the Act of 1856 as a permissive measure for the marriage of Hindu widows has had a beneficent effect; (2) That social opposition to widow marriage has considerably toned down; and (3) That close investigation has completely refuted the allegation that the Shastras were opposed to the marriage of child widows. We welcome such a gathering and congratulate the Association on having resolved to hold a meeting each year on the 25th of July, in remembrance of the Act that will eventually, we hope, remove the most iniquitous phase of enforced widowhood among Hindus: Pundit Ishwar Chandra Vidyasagar was able to announce that he had found the authority he had been searching for in a famous verse in Parashar Smriti which sanctions widow re-marriage under certain specified conditions. The result of this discovery was a pamphlet written by him on the subject which at first led to his persecution by those to whom these ideas were displeasing, but which eventually led to the acceptance of his views by the Government, and the passing of the Widow Marriage Act, the anniversary of which they had assembled there to celebrate.

—The B. G. M. High School Girls' Association, Palghat.—It is very pleasing to find that the young girls attending the Basel German Mission High School, Palghat (and they are very few in number), have caught the spirit of the times, and have formed an association of their own, for their spiritual, intellectual and moral improvement. They held four meetings last month, two devotional and two literary. For the latter, the article 'What is it to be a Lady' contributed to the May number of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* by an 'Indian lady'; and the life of Miss Cornelia Sorabjee (from Mrs. Chapman's 'Some distinguished Indian women') were read first in English and then translated into Malayalam. The devotional meetings will be discontinued as soon as they have a Y. W. C. A. in their midst, which, it is hoped, will be formed soon. Recitations of well-known English pieces also form a feature of the meetings. They have unanimously resolved to subscribe for a copy of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*, and hope to get down some journals from England. The Secretary will thankfully receive any books, pamphlets, or papers (religious or literary) that may be sent by any lady or gentleman interested in the work of the Association.

—A school for Mahomedan girls has been started at Godhra, chiefly through the exertions of Mahomedans

themselves. The following information given about the origin of the school by the Honorary Secretary of the Anjuman-i-Islam will interest our readers:—

"It was in October last that he proposed to the Anjuman, under the presidency of Mr. G. Carmichael, I.C.S., the then Collector, the establishment of a Mahomedan Girls' School at Godhra, for from his enquiries I learnt that there was not a single Mahomedan girl attending the Municipal School. He was thankful to the members of the Anjuman for the support received from them, and was especially grateful to Khan Sahib Haider Shah who had promised him aid from the Janjira State, and to Syed Manover Ali. Where were the funds to come from? had been the stumbling block, but to-day he had the satisfaction of finding his long cherished dream realized. The typical spirit of practical religion was to do something to increase the happiness, mitigate the sufferings, and dispel the darkness of mankind, the claims of their caste-fellows ranking first. The step taken by the Anjuman was in this direction. It held forth the torch of learning and civilization to the neglected half of the Mahomedan community of Godhra. The school would impart education in spiritual as well as secular subjects including Urdu, Gujarati, arithmetic, geography and needle-work. The kindergarten system would not be neglected. As a matter of fact a small beginning has already been made. He was glad to say many members of the Anjuman, and some outsiders as well, had enthusiastically come forward with presents to the maktab. Chairs, tables, boxes, books, kindergarten gifts and carpets have been received. The well-known promoter of spiritual education, Sheth Haji Ibrahim Haji Ismail Turawa of Surat, has presented the maktab with 120 copies of two religious books useful for beginners. One remarkable and pleasant feature of the donations was the present of a carpet from a Hindu Thakor. Special thanks are due to the president who had kindly taken the trouble to grace that meeting with his presence and also to Mr. Vernon. Finally as honorary secretary of the Anjuman-i-Islam, Godhra, he requested Mr. Pratt to be good enough to declare the school open."

—The ladies of the Gujarat Club presented an address to Mrs. Lely on her departure from Ahmedabad. Mrs. Vidiagevari Ramanbhai, B.A., the first Gujarati lady graduate, read the address, which was as follows:—

We, the members of the Gujarat Ladies' Club, beg to approach you with this address on the occasion of this probably your last visit to the city of Ahmedabad. We had the honour of having you as our President till the occasion came for you to leave this part of the country permanently. You have been kind enough to take very great interest in the well-being of our institution, and with your help and guidance the club has reached a state of high efficiency and great usefulness. To the members of the club and you have always shown the greatest kindness and sympathy. We, therefore, owe you a deep debt of gratitude and we shall ever cherish your memory with love and respect. Your association with this city has been of many years and the sphere of your sympathy and benevolence has been very wide. The cause of female education has always had your care and solicitude, and the work done by you in this cause will always be gratefully remembered. As President of the Gujarat Branch of the National Indian Association, you have done much to promote social intercourse between the European and native communities. For this noble purpose you and your distinguished husband, the Hon. Mr. Lely, have frequently extended your hospitality to the leaving

citizens of Ahmedabad and of other towns in Gujarat. The example of this kindness and sympathy has helped all communities to come in closer contact with mutual regard. The women of Ahmedabad are under special obligations to you. You have evinced unstinted regard for them. The ladies who have so often met under your roof cannot forget your kindness to them and your efforts for the welfare and advancement of the women of this country. For the poor women of Ahmedabad you have been kind enough to establish a working class where they earn means of maintenance by doing useful work. You will carry with you the heartfelt and sincere blessings of these helpless women. When the province of Gujarat was under the grip of a most severe and unprecedented famine, you and the Hon. Mr. Lely, whom we had the honour and good fortune to have as our Commissioner, spared no pains to relieve suffering multitudes. Gujarat then realized that it had no truer friends than yourself and Mr. Lely. Your help, your support, and your sympathy went forth to destitute men and women, to deserted children, and to dying cattle. The great and noble work done by you is still so fresh in the memories of all that we need not recapitulate it in its entirety. In conclusion, we assure you that we shall always miss your loving presence. In bidding you goodbye, we pray that you and the Hon. Mr. Lely may long be spared for your career of doing good. We shall always be anxious to learn that you and your family are in the enjoyment of health and happiness.

In reply, Mrs. Lely said: Ladies, it is indeed very kind of you to think of me, and present me with this very lovely casket and address. I am sure I do not deserve all the compliments paid by you. You have been kind enough to mention Mr. Lely's name in the address. It may not perhaps be proper for me to say so, but I may say he really deserves all that you have said about him. As far as I know, there is no other club like this in the whole of India, and you must all work to keep up its exemplary character. In Mrs. Doleret you have a president who is very keen about the club, and who is trying her best to make it prosper. You must all help her and try to come here as often as possible. By knowing one another more we learn to love one another, and to excuse our mutual faults. I thank you all for the beautiful present, and I hope to come to Ahmedabad again before we leave for England.—*Indian Social Reformer.*

—Proceedings of a meeting of the "Karkal Catholic Ladies' Association" held on the 17th of July 1904, at Mrs. Edwin Lobo's. PRESENT:—Mrs. Pulcheria Colaco, Vice-President; Mrs. Stephen Mathias, Secretary; Mrs. Lily B. Sequeira; Mrs. Isabella Nazareth; Mrs. Rosy D'Souza; Mrs. Edwin Lobo; Mrs. M. M. Lobo; Mrs. Rita Aranha; Mrs. Eugene Aranha; Mrs. Sabina Rebello, Mrs. Rosy Mathias.

1. The Vice-President read a draft address to be sent to the Rev. Fr. Vicar-General, the Patron of the Association on the occasion of his jubilee. The address was unanimously adopted.

The address will be sent to Fr. Pereira, the Vicar of Milagris, with a request that it may be read and presented to the Patron on the occasion.

2. A lecture on "Boiled Mango Pickle" was delivered by Mrs. M. Lobo.

3. The next meeting will be held at Mrs. Eugene Aranha's, the subject being the "Preparation of Pudding." The preparation of puddings will be practically demonstrated.

Mrs. Pulcheria Colaco	will supply	sugar.
" Stephen Mathias	"	loaves.
" L. B. Sequeira	"	raisins.
" Isabella Nazareth	"	almonds.
" Eugene Aranha	"	eggs.
" M. Lobo	"	batter.
" Rosy D'Souza	"	milk.
" Edwin Lobo	"	nutmegs.
" Rita Aranha	"	cloves.
" Sabina Rebello	"	cardamoms.
" Rosy Mathias	"	mace.

4. The Association is glad to have a new member, Mrs. L. B. Sequeira.

5. The meeting closed with a vote of thanks to the chair and with the distribution of tea.

Indian Cookery.

MINCED MANGO PICKLE.

The following is a recipe for a pickle, by Mrs. Teresa Mathias of the Karkal Catholic Ladies' Association:

Take 1½ seer of salt, dissolve it in water and allow it to settle for some time. Pour off the clean upper fluid and boil it until the salt crystallizes. Take 50 ordinary sized unripe mature mangoes and remove the thin outer covering with a sharp knife. Make numerous rapid incisions lengthwise and breadthwise, with a sharp knife, plunging the knife down to the seed. Take the knife horizontally across these incisions about 4 or 5 times until the seed is reached. Receive these pieces in a vessel. Then mix them thoroughly with ¾ of the salt. Take 1 seer by weight of chillies, 1 tola turmeric, 1 tola zeera, (cumin seeds), 1 tola onion, 1 tola menthe, 1 tola Bengal gram, 3 tolas mustard, 1 tola gingelly seeds, 1 tola Phaseolus-radiatus, 1 tola green gram and 1 tola pepper. Place a frying pan, (a piece of broken earthen pot will do) on the fire; after it is well heated, remove it from the fire, put the chillies in it and gently heat them. Next powder the chillies. Repeat the process of heating with each of the other ingredients and powder them together. Mix both kinds of powders together, and this combined powder should be added to the salted mango pieces. Take 100 chillies, 1 seer fresh ginger and 1 seer garlic; mince all these three ingredients and mix them. Add this mixture to the minced mango. If salt is insufficient some more may be added from the remaining portion. Then take 4½ ounces of gingelly oil, 2 tolas garlic, and 2 tolas of curry leaves; boil the oil with garlic and curry leaves until these last two become red. Remove the oil from the fire, set it aside to cool and then pour it over the minced mango stirring the mass constantly. Next take a clean well dried jar and fill it with the pickle. Keeping a clean cloth dipped in the oil over the mass close the lid tight.



News and Notes.

The King has conferred the Order of Merit for Art, Science and Music on Madame Aibani.

—Miss D. Watts, B.A., First Assistant, Maharajah's Girls' College, Trivandrum, has been appointed Tutor to the young Ranees on an allowance of Rs. 100 per mensem.

—The Maharani's College, Mysore, is to be opened to all classes of the community—Native Christians, Parsis, Jews, Muhammadans, Europeans and Eurasians.

—A conversazione for representatives of the Girls' Friendly Society from India and the Colonies was held on the 20th June, at Lambeth Palace, by invitation of the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Davidson. Among those present were Viscountess Hampden, Lady Lyttleton, and the Bishop of Lucknow.

—The great Conservative political organization, the Primrose League, owes its success to women, who have adapted it to the political exigencies of the period. Probably no organization has in so short a time enrolled so large a number of members as the Primrose League, for they amounted in 1902 to 1,571,490 and are increasing yearly.

—The cost of the Coronation of King Edward VII. establishes a record for modern times. It was considered a lordly and magnificent thing for the subjects of George IV. to spend £238,238 in putting a crown on his head, but we have eclipsed their lavishness by £121,000. William IV and Queen Adelaide were content with a modest £50,000.

—A representative Church Council formed of members of the Convocations of Canterbury and York and the Houses of Laymen in both provinces, under the joint presidency of the Archbishops, passed by a large majority, a Resolution "that it is desirable that the initial franchise of lay electors should be extended so as not wholly to exclude women."

—Helen Keller received on June 28 from Radcliffe College, Cambridge, Mass., the degree of bachelor of arts. Thus proceeds the educational career of this remarkable young woman, who, though deaf, dumb and blind from the age of eighteen months, has required only two years more than girls with all their faculties to complete the same courses of study they have taken. Miss Keller is just twenty-four years of age.

—It was a woman who first started the Band of Hope, one of the largest of the temperance societies. In 1899 it numbered 8,430,117 boys and girls as members. There are several important temperance organizations: the National British Woman's Temperance Association, of which Lady Henry Somerset is president, and the Women's Total Abstinence Union are the best known.

—Knitting is declared by specialists in the treatment of rheumatism to be a most helpful exercise for hands liable to become stiff from the complaint, and it is being prescribed by physicians because of its efficacy. For persons liable to cramp, paralysis, or any other affection of the fingers of that character, knitting is regarded as a most beneficial exercise. Besides, the simple work is said to be an excellent diversion for the nerves, and is recommended to women suffering from insomnia and depression.

—The National Indian Association, Poona, was 'At Home' at the Council Hall on Saturday evening (24th July) when there was a large gathering of European and native ladies and gentlemen. The Council Hall was prettily decorated for the occasion with flowers and plants. Their Excellencies, the Governor and Lady Lamington, accompanied by Captain Bayford, A. D. C., arrived early, and spent an hour or two, the time passing pleasantly in conversation and music. Lady Jehangir, Captain Bayford, Miss Ruston, and several others sang and played.

—From the annual report presented by Miss Bowlby, the Secretary of the Girls' Friendly Society (whose anniversary service was held on the 23rd June, when the Bishop of Lahore preached to a very large congregation), we gather the following statistics. There were 156,885 members, including 41,390 at home, 23,857 in mills, factories and laundries, 57,076 in service, and 29,510 in business and professions; candidates 65,125; associates 32,891; parishes 6,744; servants placed in permanent situations 3,805; members helped during illness or convalescence, 4,343 at a cost of £3,500. Assistance had been given to 250 members and associates who had emigrated. At 560 railway stations and harbours in England and on the continent arrangements had been made for meeting members when travelling, thus minimizing the grave dangers to which inexperienced girls were sometimes exposed.

—The summer commencements for the conferring of degrees of the University of Dublin were held on

the 29th June in the Examination hall of Trinity College, Dublin. The University Caput consisted of the Vice-Chancellor (Mr. Justice Madden), the Provost (Dr. Traill), and the Senior Master, now Regent (Mr. Cathcart). There was a crowded attendance, not only of graduates and undergraduates, but of ladies who came to see degrees conferred upon women for the first time in the history of the University. The following degrees were conferred *honoris causa*:-

Doctors in Literature—Miss Jane Barlow, and Mrs. Sophie Bryant

Doctor in Laws—Miss Isabella Mulvany.

The candidates for honorary degrees were introduced in the usual Latin speeches by Dr. Louis C. Purser, the Public Orator. The three ladies had an enthusiastic reception. In introducing Miss Barlow, Dr. Purser said that she had lovingly united two things hitherto unconnected in Irish fiction—poverty and dignity.

A large number of ordinary degrees were also conferred. The Bachelors in Arts included six ladies from the University of Cambridge, who having passed the examination for the degrees there, have taken advantage of the new Dublin regulations to obtain a formal degree. It may be mentioned here that at the recent midsummer entrance at Trinity College the 122 candidates included 14 women, out of whom Miss Olive Purser took the first place at the entrance examination.

—The Salvation Army (which held its International Congress in London, last month) owes its success in a remarkable measure to the ministry of its women, and to Mrs. Bramwell Booth belongs the honour of having been the pioneer of one of the greatest opportunities women have had of exercising their influence in the cause of religion.

—Mr. T. R. Ramunni, writes:—The late Rev. F. W. Kellett, M.A., (Professor of History, Madras Christian College) at whose sudden and untimely death, the hearts of many students, friends, and admirers are now bowed down in extreme sorrow, was one who had the most genuine sympathies for the educational advancement of Indian women. I distinctly remember how, at the Educational Conference of the Teachers' Guild held in 1901, he warmly upheld the cause of Indian women taking to English education. He was also a great supporter of your valuable journal. Mr. Kellett in giving a most hearty welcome (in the August number of the *Christian College Magazine* for 1901) to the first issue of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* suggested, that, though there were not many English-educated Indian ladies to support the journal, it should be subscribed by all educated Indians, and its contents made known to their wives, by translation. It is not only men, but women also who have lost a personal friend in the death of Mr. Kellett—a man distinguished by his simplicity of living, and great in intellect as in character.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

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THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

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No. 3.

THE CREED OF OPTIMISM.

"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 be at his ease while another suffers."

HELEN KELLER.

Optimism—an Essay by Helen Keller.

THE words we give on our first page are the words of Miss Helen Keller, the wonderful blind and deaf girl, who has accomplished so much that would be a credit to any clever well-equipped girl, much more so to one who is handicapped so severely as she is. In the picture before us, we see a likeness of Miss Keller. One would not think it was a blind and deaf girl that is represented here; she looks so happy and contented. Even so, one would not think the essay on *Optimism* comes from her,—such a spirit of happiness runs through it. But so it is. It is "an exposition of the author's creed of cheerfulness, a protest against the pessimism of Schopenhauer and Omar Khayyam," exhibiting "a breadth of view and depth of reading, which stamp it a valuable literary contribution, aside from the interest aroused by its authorship." This is what she says about herself: "Once I knew the depth where no happiness was, and darkness lay on the face of all things. Then love came and set my soul free. Once I knew only darkness and stillness. Now I know hope and joy. Once I fretted and beat myself against the wall that shut me in. Now I rejoice in the consciousness that I can think, act and attain heaven. My life was without past or future; death, the pessimist would say, a consummation devoutly to be wished. But a little word from the fingers of another fell into my hand that clutched at emptiness, and my heart leaped to the rapture of living. Night fled before the day of thought, and love and joy and hope came up in a passion of obedience to knowledge. Can any one who has escaped such captivity, who has felt the thrill and glory of freedom, be a pessimist?" This is her brave faith, and is it not worthy of our keenest attention? As she herself says: "If I am happy in spite of my deprivations, if my happiness is so deep that it is a faith, so thoughtful that it becomes a philosophy of life—if, in short, I am an optimist, my testimony to the creed of optimism is worth hearing. As sinners stand up in meeting and testify to the goodness of God, so one who is called afflicted may rise up in gladness of conviction and testify to the goodness of life. Her sentiments are so brave and grand, and her expression of them so true to the sentiment that we shall quote largely from her own words.

Miss Keller's essay is divided into three parts: Optimism Within, Optimism Without, and the

Practice of Optimism. In the first part she speaks of what Optimism consists of. In the first place, Optimism does not consist of physical pleasure and material possession. It is something within, a deep faith, a thoughtful philosophy of life; as the authoress testifies to by her own experience. "If happiness is to be measured in terms of physical pleasure and material possession, I who cannot hear or see have every reason to sit in a corner with folded hands and weep." But, "my optimism is no mild and unreasoning satisfaction. A poet once said I must be happy, because I did not see the bare cold present, but lived in a beautiful dream. I do live in a beautiful dream, but that dream is the actual, the present,—not cold, but warm; not bare, but furnished with a thousand blessings."

Therefore,—and this we might take as the second principle—Optimism does not consist of a mere contemplation of the good and ignorance of the evil; but in a complete knowledge, and thus avoidance, of the evil. Says Miss Keller: "I can say with conviction that the struggle which evil necessitates is one of the greatest blessings. It makes us strong, patient, helpful men and women. It lets us into the soul of things and teaches us that although the world is full of suffering, it is full also of the overcoming of it. My Optimism, then, does not rest on the absence of evil, but on a glad belief in the preponderance of good and a willing effort always to co-operate with the good, that it may prevail. I try to increase the power God has given me to see the best in everything and everyone, and make that best a part of my life. The world is sown with good; but unless I turn my glad thoughts into practical living and till my own field, I cannot reap a kernel of the good." And what is the result of this assurance that Optimism consists in the knowledge of good and not in the avoidance of it? We shall find that our optimism is grounded in two worlds, ourselves and what is about us. "I demand," says Miss Keller, "that the world be good, and lo it obeys. I proclaim the world good, and facts range themselves to prove my proclamation overwhelmingly true. So to what is good I open the doors of my being, and jealously shut them against what is bad. I am never discouraged by absence of good. I never can be argued into hopelessness."

This, because we know what evil is, we shall want to work to eliminate the evil out of the world, to keep the good in it; in other words to bring life out of chaos, order out of the world; order is optimism; and therefore the third principle of optimism is the desire and will to work. Miss Keller speaks of Carlyle's beautiful doctrine of Work: "Work while it is called To-day; for the night cometh wherein no man may work." Did

Carlyle advocate this doctrine, because he wished men to forget their misery in work? No. "Fool," he cries, "The ideal is in thyself; the impediment is also in thyself. Work out the Ideal in the poor miserable Actual." "I, too, can work," says Miss Keller; "and because I love to labor with my head and my hands, I am an optimist in spite of all. The gladdest laborer in the vineyard may be a cripple. I long to accomplish a great and noble task; but it is my chief duty and joy to accomplish humble tasks, as though they were great and noble. It is my service to think how I can best fulfil the demands that each day makes upon me, and to rejoice that others can do what I cannot. I love the good that others do; for their activity is an assurance that whether I can help or not, the true and the good will stand sure."

Fourthly, because true work can arise only from true faith, optimism is trust—the religion of optimism. "I recognise the beneficence of the power which we all worship as supreme—Order, Fate, the Great Spirit, Nature, God. I recognise this power in the sun that makes all things grow and keeps life afoot. I make a friend of this indefinable force, and straightway I feel glad, brave and read for anything Heaven may decree for me."

The second part of the essay deals with the fact that Optimism Without justifies Optimism Within, that "the outward world justifies my inward universe of good." And first, what is this inward universe of good, what is the story of man's spiritual life? This is to be found in the history of Philosophy, which Miss Keller says is the "history of a deaf-blind person writ large," the record of "the efforts of the human intelligence to be free of the clogging material world and fly forth into a universe of pure idea."

Then, how does this philosophy reflect the Optimism Within of man's mind? First, in its principles and second in the lives of its great expounders. "Philosophy," affirms Miss Keller, "gives to the mind the prerogative of seeing truth, and bears us into a realm where I, who am blind, am not different from you who see"; and the declaration of philosophy, she says, is "that the good is the only world, and that

world is a world of spirit. It is also a universe, where order is all, where an unbroken logic holds the parts together, where disorder defines itself as non-existence, where evil, as St. Augustine held, is delusion, and therefore is not." All these principles of philosophy are worked out in the lives of its great expounders. They learned to live in a happy isolation. "They were seldom of the world," says Miss Keller, "even when like Plato and Leibnitz, they moved in its courts and drawing-rooms. To the tumult of life they were deaf, and they were blind to its distraction and perplexing diversities. Sitting alone, but not in darkness, they learned to find everything in themselves, and, failing

to find it even there, they still trusted in meeting the truth face to face when they should leave the earth behind and become partakers in the wisdom of God." Thus these great philosophers lived on the truth that all happiness springs from trust in God. Miss Keller takes the example of Spinoza, when he was excommunicated, suspected, poor, despised. "Like many great spirits," she says, "he accepted his place in the world, and confided himself childlike to a higher power, believing that it worked through his hands and predominated in his being. Deep solemn optimism should spring from this firm belief in the presence of God in the individual, not a remote



HELEN KELLER.

unapproachable Governor of the universe, but a God who is very near all of us, who is present not only in earth, sea and sky, but also in every pure and noble impulse of our hearts." Therefore, from the lives of these philosophers we learn that the great truth of philosophy is that though outward things change and are shadows, the mind is steady, "compasses all truth, embraces the universe as it is, converts the shadows to realities and makes tumultuous changes seem but moments in an eternal silence, or short lines in the infinite theme of perfection, and the evil, but 'a halt in the way to good.'" No wonder then that "to know the history of philosophy is to know that the highest thinkers of the age, the seers of the tribes and the nations, have been optimists." But the world within is one thing and the world without another. Do both correspond together? Miss Keller points out that it is so. She traces the embodiment of the spirit of optimism in the emancipation of the savage from fearful ignorance and superstition into the civilization of morality. The wonderful, but imperfect ideals of Greece and Rome are worked by the nations of the North into a more permanent foundation of society, based now on freedom and independence. Then came the nations and finally America. "From the first hour of the new nations," says Miss Keller, "each century has seen a better Europe, until the development of the world demanded America." Here she pauses to refute the accusation of Tolstoi that America is in bondage to Mammon. She admits that America has devoted herself largely to the solution of material problems. But there is an excuse for this in the civic struggle she is undergoing, in the fact that she is trying to make one nation from the vast mixture of foreign element in its citizenship. Then again, by the solution of material problems, America is evolving a new education, by placing at the service of every man's need every resource of human skill. She is educating her men, so that "all men should bring mind and soul to the control of matter. The best that the land can teach them they shall know. They shall learn that there is no upper class in their country and no lower, and they shall understand how it is that God and His world are for every body." At the same time, are the interests of charity neglected? No. "Behold," says Helen Keller, "what America has already done to alleviate suffering and restore the afflicted to society, and tell me if indeed she worships Mammon only?"

Thus the embodiment of optimism is to be found abundantly in America, in the glowing of the world's best life beneath the untest of its materialism, in the abundant evidence of progress between the ignorant past and the glorious

present. For one thing, crime has decreased, showing that the public conscience is more sensitive than it ever was. Then again, the condition of the working class is much improved. They are provided with better houses, and it is realized that the rights of the employer are bound up in the rights of the employed. Then again, the State recognises the right of education to belong to every man. The scope of education itself has been broadened, no longer limited to mere dry facts and theories; but widened to the real knowledge of science and the grappling of public questions. And how immense are the results of this wide education? Not to point to others, "The highest result of education," says Miss Keller, "is tolerance, the courage to recognise the faiths of their brethren and their rights of conscience. Men study the human soul with sympathy, and there enters into their hearts a new reverence for that which is unseen. The idea of brotherhood re-dawns upon the world with a broader significance than the narrow association of members in a sect or creed. The heresy of one age becomes the orthodoxy of the next." "Finally, there is a new and better patriotism than that which seeks the life of an enemy. It is a patriotism higher than that of the battlefield. It moves thousands to lay down their life in social service." "Thus in my outlook upon our times I find that I am glad to be a citizen of the world."

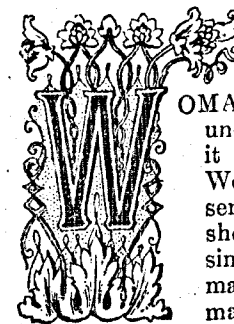
The third part of the essay deals with the Practice of Optimism. The test of all beliefs Miss Keller points out is their practical effort in life. She talks of the immense difference between the Pessimist and the Optimist. The former drags back the world; but the latter cannot fall back, but holds his way on fearlessly. All work has its root in Optimism. The world's philosophers, as we have seen, were optimists. So also are the men of action. "The optimist believes, attempts, achieves. He stands always in the sunlight. Some day the wonderful, the inexpressible, arrives and shines upon him, and he is there to welcome it. His soul meets his own and beats a glad march to every new discovery; every fresh victory over difficulties, every addition to human knowledge and happiness."

The great men of letters are also optimists, at least those who have won undying influence. Compare the influence of the sunlit optimism of Dickens, Lamb, Goldsmith, Irving, Thackeray, Shakespeare, Browning, Johnson, Lamb, and others, with the dark hopeless Pessimism of Swift, Schopenhauer and Omar Khayyam. And what is the secret of optimism? The optimist moves along with progress and hastens it. He struggles against poverty, ignorance, crime. He has faith, he has ever-

lasting hope. He assumes the good in man, and will not believe in the bad, till he has proof of it. Miss Keller speaks of the fatalist pessimism of India, which has kept it back so many centuries and contrasts it with the bright optimism of the Western nations, who have carried civilization to the uttermost parts of the earth. And she finally leads up to the joyous hopefulness of Christ and Christianity. "Jesus utters, and Paul proclaims a message of peace, and a message of reason, a belief in the Idea, not in things, in love, not in conquest. The optimist is he who sees that men's actions are directed, not by squadrons and armies, but by moral power. Ideas are mightier than fire and sword. Noiselessly they propagate themselves from land to land. History records man's triumphant ascent. Each halt in his progress has been but a pause before a mighty leap forward. The time is not out of joint. If we have lost some of the heroic physical qualities of our ancestors, we have replaced them with a spiritual nobleness that turns aside wrath and binds up the wounds of the vanquished. All the past attainments of man are ours; and more his day-dreams have become our clear realities. Therein lies our hope and sure faith."

And finally the brave authoress prophesies: "As I stand in the sunshine of a sincere and earnest optimism, my imagination 'points yet more glorious triumphs on the cloud-curtain of the future.' Out of the fierce struggle and turmoil of contending systems and powers, I see a brighter spiritual era slowly emerge—an era in which there shall be no England, no France, no Germany, no America, no this people or that, but one family, the human race; one law, peace; one need, harmony; one means, labour; one taskmaster, God."

Some Opinions of Woman.



OMAN," says Tennyson, "is undeveloped man" and really it is fortunate that it is so. Were she to develop into a semblance of real manhood she would cease to be dissimilar, and part with all that makes her charming to the masculine sex. Mr. Gladstone once said—"Woman is most perfect when she is most womanly." Burns

the Poet thought that woman was the acme of creation. In humorous vein he sang—

"Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes O!
Her prentice han' she tried on man
And then she made the lasses O!"

It must be said however, that Burns scarcely lived up to the faith that he held. The web of English literature is so woven through and through with observations, good and bad, charitable and libellous, pretty and obscene, about women, that it may be interesting to the readers of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* to know what has been said about them by a few writers of note. One of the quaintest and—taking into consideration the 'variableness'—to use Sir Walter Scott's word—of the sex—truest descriptions of that complex thing—a woman—is to be found in a book called "A Digit of the Moon"—a Hindu love story translated from the original MSS. by F. W. Bain. *Apropos* of women, is a short legend. "In the beginning, when Twashtri came to the creation of woman, he found that he had exhausted his materials in the making of man, and that no solid elements were left. In this dilemma, after profound meditation, he did as follows: "He took the rotundity of the moon, and the curves of creepers, and the clinging of tendrils, and the trembling of grass, and the slenderness of the reed, and the bloom of flowers, and the lightness of leaves, and the tapering of the elephants' trunk, and the glances of deer, and the clustering of rows of bees, and the joyous gaiety of sunbeams, and the weeping of clouds, and the fickleness of the winds, and the timidity of the hare, and the vanity of the peacock, and the softness of the parrot's bosom, and the hardness of adamant, and the sweetness of honey, and the cruelty of the tiger, and the warm glow of fire, and the coldness of snow, and the chattering of jays, and the cooing of the cuckoo, and the hypocrisy of the crane, and the fidelity of the *chakrawala*; and compounding all these together he made woman, and gave her to man." Woman is a paradox! no generalization about women is of any use—but still men will generalize and in doing so very frequently stigmatise a sex, which, when all is said and done, stands on a higher level than the sex which only too frequently traduces her. The everything-by-turns and nothing-long characteristic of the average woman is immortalised by Scott in his

"Woman in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made,
When pain and anguish wring the brow
A ministering angel thou."

Another poet—an Indian—Kalidasa, has found her more than a ministering angel for he found her to be "a rest in life's wilderness." But why should we go to poets? There is no single man in this world to whom woman has not been a benediction. Mother, wife, daughter, sister, friend, who has not felt her sympathy, her encouragement, her love? Life would, indeed, be grey without her companionship. Tennyson, in one of his rather inconsequent poems, laments the "tender grace of a day that is dead," and "longs for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still." Is there any one who has not felt that regret, and experienced that longing? Yes! there can be no doubt that Thomas Moore was right when he said:—

"Disguise our bondage as we will,
'Tis woman, woman rules us still."

Old Dryden uttered the same sentiment in a different form

"As for the women, tho' we scorn and flout'em
We may live with, but cannot live without 'em."

Man is monotonous to man; and it is woman's unexpectedness that is so charming.

A modern novelist, Mr. Frankfort Moore, talking of the difference in men and women, humorously says:—"The soul of a man is a musical box of one tune only; while that of a woman is one which, when properly wound up, will commence, it may be with a jig, and then, without even giving the click that comes from an ordinary musical box, proceed to a stately minuet or saraband, then to a fugue, a revival hymn, a Polish Mazurka and a funeral march."

Generally, the stronger a man is physically, mentally and morally, the more amenable he is to a good woman's influence. It is only the little-minded man, the coward, who steadily persecutes her. Some English Bishop whose name escapes memory stated that he governed his 3 wives—he was married 3 times—by giving them their own way. They were so delighted that he easily got them to go his way in the end. It is tact alone that can work such a miracle. The great French novelist, Balsac, was of opinion that "the man who can govern a woman can govern a nation"—and that shrewd student of human nature evidently considered the woman the more difficult task of the two. An ancient proverb hath it, "When going to war say one prayer; when going to sea say two, but before marrying say three!"—a saying which makes marriage a hazardous venture. But there are women, and women, and I am inclined to concur with that dear old social philosopher, Oliver Wendell Holmes and say—

"God bless all good women; to their soft hands and pitying hearts we must all come at last." On the other hand, one may be equally just, if less charitable, in wishing with Oion Boncicault, "that Adam had died with all the ribs in his body"! One man suffers from a woman's inquisitiveness and straightway declares that "She is curiosity." Pope says "she's a contradiction." The same author says

"Nothing so true as what you once let fall,
Most women have no character at all."

This is, by no means, a libel—and is tantamount to saying "Woman is a contradiction." She has been described as "a mere note of interrogation," as "a tempestuous wind" and as "a splendid possibility." So far her character. As to her beauty, the Poets have raved about it. But we all feel that "a pretty woman is a welcome guest." Even Herbert Spencer longed for beauty. Some great admirer of the sex has declared "That there are no ugly women; only women who do not know how to look pretty;"—a saying which is worth much consideration. Browning said, "A pretty woman's worth some pains to see." Another American writer quaintly remarks about the disregard that some women pay to dress. "If God made woman beautiful he made her so to be looked at, and to give pleasure to the eyes which rest upon her—and she has no business to dress herself as if she were a hitching post." How true this is? How many women lose that blessing of life—love—by ceasing to attract love. Lawrence Hope (Mrs. Nicholson), the latest Anglo-Indian poet sings:—

"We know not Life's reason,
The length of its season,
Know not if They know the Great Ones above,
We none of us sought it
And few could support it
Were it not gilt with the glamour of love."

Is it not the poet Waller who sang

"Go lovely Rose,
Bid her that wastes her time and me
That now she knows
When I resemble her to thee
How sweet and fair she is to me."

He then laments that she should shut herself "from being desired" and for blushing "that she should be admired" and warns her of the fate of the rose, which, had it been in "deserts where no men side, it would have uncommended died"! The world is full of beauty, and amongst its most beautiful things are beautiful women. With most men and women, it is beauty in some form that is the first attraction. Beauty is relative. Personal charm, manner, magnetism call it what one will is what attracts and gives birth to love. To choose a husband or wife on account of mere beauty, or for her good nature; wealth, birth and position, is perhaps wisdom;

but it is not love! and yet love is sad sometimes. To quote Lawrence Hope again:—

"We shall not meet as loved and lover
Here or hereafter, you and I,
My time for loving you is over,
Love has no future but to die."

"Love has no future but to die"! Sad words! Even love is not immortal! But is the experience less to be desired. I think not. Let another poet speak:—

"Many waters cannot quench love
Neither can the floods drown,
For love is strong as death."

A. P. S.

Extracts from an American Girl's Letters on the way from India to America.

SERIES NO. III.

London, April 1st. — You see by this heading that we are really in London. Oh, it seems so good to be out of the ship and on terra firma again. One gets so tired of ship sights, sounds and smells. I got so sick of the smell, the indescribable ship smell, before we got off. We enjoyed the ride up the Thames to the Albert Docks very much after the fog lifted. We passed a wreck in the river, a steamer had evidently sunk the day before. We saw only the funnel and two masts above water. It was a very sad sight.

At the Docks we had to wait for another steamer to go on, ahead of us. There was a crowd waiting for our steamer, the *Egypt*. The people had been waiting there four hours and it took us nearly two hours to get into the Dock and land. It was such a weary waiting time

Sunday evening we went to hear a Mr. Jackson, a noted Scotch preacher from Edinburgh, who works a great deal among the students of the University there. He gave us a very fine sermon, illustrating his remarks from the life of Luther. His text was from Titus—"Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy He saved us." The music of the great pipe organ, and the large chorus choir were beautiful. The service began at 6-30 and I thought longingly of the English service in dear old Nellore, although they do not have pipe organs or chorus choirs there.

The flowers are just coming out, crocuses, daffodils, hyacinths and tulips, while the hot-houses are full to overflowing of these and rarer blossoms. The flower girls along the

street press their flowers on the passers-by, begging them to buy. I saw such a beautiful handful of lilies-of-the-valley which I wanted so much. I spent 5d. and got a bunch of violets, one of wall flowers and two dear bunches of primroses. A young lady from Siam staying here brought me a bunch of daisies, to-day, to cheer me up. They are so pretty and it was good of her to remember me

April 8th.—Docket has finally given her consent to my going sight-seeing, and we took as our trip for to-day Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament. We started immediately after breakfast and as it was a beautiful sunshine morning I didn't want to bother with an umbrella, but Docket looked at me and before that look I quailed and hurried to get out my umbrella.

• We walked down one block and then took a tram-car, paid our "tuppence" and then sat back to enjoy our half-hour's ride to the city. We passed many fine buildings and a number of shops and I was amused at some of the signs in the windows, the wording was so different from those in America. There is one nice thing about English trains and busses, they do not take on any more passengers than can be seated, so there is none of that most disagreeable crowding which one finds in American cars.

We left the tram at the Bank and then walked round for some time seeing the sights, going down Cheapside and through Paternoster Row where we spent quite a little time over the book-stalls. Suddenly, without warning, it began to snow quite hard and we had to use our umbrellas after all. Docket didn't say to me, "I told you so," but I guess she wanted to.

At Chancery Lane we took a bus to Westminster. On the way we passed Trafalgar Square with its handsome Nelson column, the Lions and the statue of Havelock. There were other statues but I couldn't read the names. A little further on I passed the Horse Guards with the two fine looking sentries of the Queen's Life Guards standing at either entrance and after that the War and Navy offices, a magnificent building. When we passed the Houses of Parliament, it all began to have a very familiar look and soon we came to the grand old Abbey. When we went in there was a service on and so we waited till it was finished, and then I waited still longer to hear the organ voluntary. Oh it was grand! The music began very softly, just a breath as if afraid to disturb the silence of the old Abbey and the dead lying there. Then it gradually swelled until the volume of sound filled the whole place, the treble soaring higher and ever higher and the thunder of the Bass echoing and re-echoing from transept to transept. Sud-

denly with one magnificent chord the music stopped and the silence which followed was almost awesome in its intenseness. This organ is called "the Celestial Organ" and I think it is well named.

We did not go into the chapel of Henry VII., but went first of all to the Poet's corner where I had my little hero-worship over the monument of Longfellow. Lord Tennyson is buried next to Browning, not very far from where Longfellow's bust stands. Tennyson's bust is almost at the head of the grave in a little niche in a pillar. The "old friends" I particularly noticed were "rare Ben. Johnson," Milton, Spencer, tomb of Geoffrey Chaucer, Dryden, Shakespeare, Scott and the monument to Handel. Have you ever noticed that? Handel is represented holding the manuscript of the Messiah and I could plainly read the words with the music, "I know that my Redeemer liveth" &c.

The only other busts I remember at all, are the ones of Matthew Arnold and Charles Kingsley in the baptistery at the end of the south aisle of the Nave. Oh yes, there was a tablet to John and Chas. Wesley in the south aisle which surprised me a bit. Above was a medallion portrait of the two men, and below that a bas-relief representing John Wesley preaching to a crowd of people in the open air and the words—"The world is my parish."

As you turn down the north transept to go out, you may see an insignificant white slab set into the floor of the aisles, walked on by all who come in and go out, a slab perhaps three feet square, with the simple inscription "W. E. Gladstone" and the date of his birth and death. I was rather sorry nothing was said about the man as on some of the other monuments, and that there was no bust of him, but perhaps this very simplicity is the best tribute to his memory, just as if the name was sufficient and there was no need of any other words. Some one told me there were only two places left for burying in the Abbey, one was given to Gladstone, the other was reserved for Queen Victoria herself. The English nation conferred a very great honor on Gladstone, did it not, to give him one of the two last places left in the Abbey? This however, is what was told me, I only give it second-hand.

After spending an hour or two in wandering round the Abbey, we crossed over to the Houses of Parliament. In the Queen's Robing Room, I specially noticed the Dado all round the walls representing various scenes on Arthur's Round Table. I liked those about Sir Galahad. In the Prince's Chamber I was specially struck with the paintings of King Henry VIII., and his six wives. There stood the old sinner as jaunty and debonair as you please with his "women

folk" in a line beside him, Catherine of Arragon, Anne of Cleves, Anne Boleyn, Jane Seymour, Catherine Howard and Catherine Parr.

As we went through the Peers' Lobby, we were greatly interested in the paintings, that lined either wall, of the different scenes in English history and Docket thought if one sat down on the low bench that runs along the sides one could see the paintings much better and so she innocently sat down. She had no more than got seated, however, when a policeman said in most austere tones, "no one is allowed to sit here." Poor Docket got up as if she had been shot. The presence of so many policemen was quite a drawback to our full enjoyment, for as Docket said, we hardly dared gaze at the pictures and things for fear of doing something wrong.

It was so cold that we did not go into Westminster Hall, but went as quickly as possible to the place where we took the bus. It rained some and snowed some and the sun shone some but it was cold and windy most of the time—just a fickle April day. Mr. L. said when we got home it reminded him of a poem he read once—

"First it friz and then it theer
And then it bleer and then it sneer."

London, April 12th.—We have been to the Tower of London to-day. It is well worth going to see and we have had a most beautiful day for our visit. First we procured tickets for the "Regalia" and the Armory and then went across the moat under the Middle Tower to the Regalia Tower. That was just beyond the Bloody Tower. You can read the list of jewels in the guide book. The sceptres were very handsome, the handles being encrusted with diamonds and other precious stones. Queen Victoria's crown, I think, is the handsomest of the crowns in the Regalia. It simply sparkled and glinted with the diamonds in it. In front is a magnificent ruby blood-red, which belonged to Edward the Black Prince and which Henry V. wore in his helmet in the battle of Agincourt. George III.'s big sapphire just under the ruby is also very beautiful but I prefer the ruby for richness of color. They say that when Queen Victoria was to be crowned they were in a dilemma, for the St. Edward's crown could not be used as that was a king's crown, neither could Mary of Modena's crown be used as that was the crown of a queen consort, so a new crown had to be made for the occasion.

The royal bracelets, I think, were very ugly, they reminded me of some very wide napkin rings of enamel which we bought in America some years ago, for a quarter.

Next to the crown of Victoria I liked the salt-cellar modelled after the White Tower and set

with some very fine emeralds in place of windows. The emeralds took my eye. They have a curious fancy now for setting diamonds in silver which I do not much like. These stones seem to show off much better when set in gold.

The Baptismal font was a very fine piece of work. The Kobinor model was uncut and looked like a very handsome crystal but it rather disappointed me. Of the orders, I think the Star of India in pearls and turquoises was the handsomest, though the Order of the Bath, in diamonds, was also very striking.

After coming out of the Jewel Room, we passed again under the Bloody Tower, and stopped for a few moments at the Traitor's gate opposite to look at that famous entrance by the way of the Thames. There is only one way for visitors to go the rounds, which was so clearly marked out that there was no danger of straying.

We next went to the White Tower containing the Armor. At the gate where we delivered up our tickets, the gate keeper was a C. E. man and we stopped and chatted with him a moment. He seemed so glad to see one of the "order," if we may so call it. We went first through the Banqueting Chamber, looking at old guns, cannon, suits of oriental armor, war implements from India, etc. We then went into the chapel of St. John, which was not half so beautiful as the picture made out, being of yellowish stone. I do not think Norman architecture was very much for beauty, though it is curious and evidently it is useful more for strength than beauty. I have a beautiful etching of this chapel which I bought with five others at the Beauchamp Tower for one shilling. We also saw in the far end of the Banqueting Chamber the model of the rack and other instruments of torture. There was a figure of Queen Elizabeth as she went on a white horse to St. Paul's, which was originally very handsome, her dress being almost covered with what represented pearls and other jewels. At the end of the room is the old beheading block and axe which looked horrible and murderous.

Then we went upstairs and saw more old armor, one or two of which I liked. We looked out of the window on the parade outside and saw two soldiers at a bayonet drill which was very interesting. They had on heavy quilted jackets and masks on their heads and the points of the bayonets were padded. This upstairs room is called the Council room.

The walls of this Tower were from 13 to 15 feet thick, but in later days they were cut out to form rooms and passage ways. The stairs all run through the thickness of the walls. Outside the White Tower were some old cannon pieces which Mr. L. stopped to examine, while

Mrs. L. and I went on to the place in the Tower Green, marked out and railed in as the spot on which the scaffold was erected for the execution of Lady Jane Grey, Anne Boleyn and others.

Then we went into Beauchamp Tower within which we saw the interesting old inscriptions made on the walls by famous prisoners. Some modern globe trotters have also added their little names, but this is looked after now and any one found defacing the walls is taken into custody. Quite right too! The prison in Beauchamp Tower is an octagonal room with very narrow windows and is very cheerless with its stone walls, floor and roof.

After coming out of this Tower we asked one of the "Beef-eater" Warders and he took us into St. Peter's chapel and showed us the place where all the people who were beheaded were buried. Poor Anne Boleyn did not even have a coffin, for that item had been forgotten and her body was put into an old box which had contained bows and arrows. The floor of the altar is composed of tiles with the various coats-of-arms of the noted prisoners buried underneath. After a long time, the bones found in this chapel were gathered together, classified, put into leaden caskets and buried in the crypt under the altar. In former times a little portion of the chapel was railed off from the main part and there the royal visitors sat unseen by the others, seeing and hearing the preacher through an oblique slit in the wall, which looked into the altar. This room was called St. Mary's Shrike, and the slit in the wall, a "Habeas Corpus Squint." If you visit the Tower, be sure and see St. Peter's chapel, it is a very interesting old place, but one cannot go in without a warder.

The Royal Jack in Travancore.



HE country, that is said to have no history, has its history engraved not only on rocks and temple walls, wells and bathing-ghauts, but also on tablets more enduring than marble viz., the hearts of the people. Nothing in India lasts longer than her unwritten traditions which are handed down from generation to generation, by word of mouth. Indian traditions, though commonly shaped out of materials derived from myths and legends, usually have a historical basis. Those who consider it rank heresy to believe anything unwarranted by authentic

history will do well to remember that traditions are valuable side-lights on history.

Readers of history need but be reminded of the fight between the Parliamentary Leader, Oliver Cromwell and Charles II. of England which took place in the first half of the seventeenth century A. D. The defeat and flight of Charles are well known to us. For forty-two days he wandered about several villages in England which he had not seen before and he had been concealed in eight different hiding places. On one occasion he fled to Boscombe House in Shropshire and concealed himself in the adjoining woods. It was raining heavily; the storm was more violent over the woods than in the open fields; the Republican soldiers passed on the outskirts of the wood and missed him. Early next morning the King hid himself among the leafy branches of a large oak and escaped the sight of the soldiers who had been watching even the movement of dead leaves in search of the king. It was this tree that averted the cruel fate that awaited him at the hands of his enemies. Ever since that incident, the tree has been called the "Royal Oak" and it is reported to have withstood the blasts of years till the very dawn of the eighteenth century. Because of the importance it had thus gained, the tree became in later times the resort of hundreds of visitors, each of whom carried away with him small pieces of its trunk as a memento of his visit and in course of time the tree became extinct. All these affairs are facts of history.

About a century after this incident to Charles II., Prince Marthanda Varma of Travancore (904-933 M. E. or 1729-1758 A. D.) had to wander about his kingdom in fear of his enemies who had set a prize on his head and who had also menaced with severe punishment all who should give him refuge. The Travancore Prince underwent trials and adventures similar to those of his English confere. There is ample evidence to show how this famous and powerful Prince was constantly troubled by the baronial "Ettuvittil Pillamars" or the Pillamars of the eight houses and how he was saved by his loyal and faithful subjects. Every one of those who had rendered him any help in his wanderings received handsome rewards from the Prince. To mention but a single instance out of the many. While staying one night as an unknown stranger in a poor Brahmin house in Parvati-puram near Nagercoil, the Prince was given a hearty meal of cold rice (cooked rice soaked in water for twelve or more hours). On returning from his wanderings, the Prince gave over to that family and its distant descendants a few paddy fields free of tax which are to this day known as "Pazhanchottuvirutti" or "cold rice grant."

Like Charles II., once in the course of his wanderings, Marthanda Varma had to take refuge in the hollow of a jack tree (*Artocarpus integrifolia*) whose sanctity and importance is indeed much more than that of the 'Royal oak.' This jack tree has been to this day known as 'Ammachi Pilavu' which if literally done into English would run 'The Queen's Jack.' The tree stands in the Sri Krishnaswami temple at Neyattinkarai, a village twelve miles to the east of Trivandrum. During the time of the Prince's wanderings, the vicinity of the tree was quite inaccessible. There was not a single human habitation in the neighbourhood. It was the time when the oppression of the 'Attuvittil Pillamars' was at its height and when their very name was a terror to the country. Even now as I write this, the banks of the Neyyar are studded with inaccessible thickets and trees; need we say anything about their condition during the times with which we are dealing? The tree stood in the midst of largely spread thorn thickets of *Incha* (*Acacia Intsia*, the bark of which is beaten out and torn into fine fibres which are used in bathing to serve the purpose of soap and towel by the fashionables in Travancore). Searching for a hiding place, after fording the river, the Prince found himself near the thicket. Clad in the coarse and thread bare garments of a peasant, with no friend to advise him, nor a guard to protect him, with enemies following him at every step, the Prince stood alone with a heart full of anxiety and sorrow. A Prince of the bluest blood, barely twenty, experiencing the severest trials of his destiny. Alas! what a dreadful picture of sorrow and despair! yet a ray of hope shone on his royal brow. Now went up from his heart, prayers fervent and sincere, to his tutelary God, 'Sri Padmanabha,' as whose servants and delegates the Travancore Princes have been ruling the state. Bold and implicit confidence in unknown powers is often as much a source of safety as a solace. A boy appeared to the Prince and said "Lo! drop yourself into the hollow of yonder jack tree." At that moment, the thicket, too thorny even for rustics to tread on, was no hindrance to his tender feet from running to his hiding place. Is it anything to wonder at, that in moments of extreme peril, for the purpose of self-preservation, men would undergo any sort of physical trouble, if they are but sure of escape? That was a well-seasoned tree with a hollow just sufficient for a man to drop into and remain unseen. Even at that distant date, it had already entered on its old age. The Prince hid himself into the hollow and stood there with anxious looks. The arrows of the enemy, shot from the other side of the river, fortunately for the Prince, ran into the bark of the tree, and

after a few minutes, leaving his asylum, the Prince found them still quivering. Tradition says that in accordance with a vow taken on the spot, Marthanda Varma built a temple and dedicated it to Sri Krishna. Since there are no stone inscriptions in the temple, we do not have evidence either to prove or disprove the above statement. Outside the eastern boundary wall of the temple, the thicket of *Incha* has not yet disappeared. Marthanda Varma's saviour stands in the north-western corner of the temple compound and it measures some five yards round its foot, about which a floor, three feet high, has been raised. Its main trunk is hollow through, and it rises to six feet; then it shoots off into branches. The hollow has increased in volume by the devastating process of time; now two men could find standing accommodation in it. The arching branches and leaves meet in a green canopy and spread their grateful shade covering a plot of circular ground whose diameter might measure some eight yards. To those who love the feathered folk, it is pleasant to sit under its shade and listen to the melodious voice of the little birds that perch on its branches. To this day the tree bears fruit abundantly. In accordance with a custom which takes from the time of Marthanda Varma, its fruit is offered to Sri Krishna, and then sent to the table of the Maharajah at Trivandrum. When the members of the royal family of Travancore go to Neyyattinkarai, they make a point of worshipping Sri Krishna and prostrating themselves before the Ammachi Pilavu, from gratitude to the tree which was instrumental in saving the life of their most illustrious ancestor, in whose reign Travancore assumed its present proportions and attained somewhat of its present prosperity.

T. RAMALINGAM PILLAI.

Around a Distant Star.

BOOK I.—CHILDREN OF SPACE.

By JEAN DELAIRE.

Author of "Alsation Tales," "A Dream of Fame," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

[SUMMARY OF CHAPTER I TO XI.—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, 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. 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 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. He had also succeeded in inventing a telescope of incomparable magnitude which revealed wonderful aspects of the planetary world. It had not at first been arranged that Clive should go with Roy; but, owing to an unexpected occurrence, this result was eventually arrived at, and it was settled that Clive and Roy should go together on their wonderful journey. And in a final conversation, the supreme object of the wonderful journey is revealed—to go to a planet, the light rays from which would take nineteen hundred years to reach the Earth; so that if one went to this particular planet one would see the Earth as it was nineteen hundred years ago—that is, in the time of Christ. And at last, they start in their air-boat, which they name, The Estrella, and are launched into the night and silence of infinite space.]



SHALL not dwell long on our journey in space, for it was strangely—I might almost say cruelly—uneventful.

When the first wonder of our situation, and our new conditions of life, began to wear off—when I no longer thought myself a disembodied spirit because my flesh had ceased to be a burden, and moved about with me as lightly as if it had been made of wings of butterflies—when the wonderful dream became the every-day reality, the monotony of our life began to weigh on me with a nameless oppression. With a mind untrained to astronomical distances, I had naively imagined that once we were far away from Earth, we should be in the region of the stars, pass close

to them, discover their planetary system, and be illumined by their radiance as Earth is illumined by its sun. But though we crossed the void with the unimaginable speed of three hundred million miles a second, yet we seemed to come no nearer to these suns of space.

My wonder increased as day followed day, and still we journeyed in the endless desert. Day followed day, or rather an everlasting night slowly dragged its minutes one by one, and still the stars were remote, still they looked but mere dots of light on the dark face of Heaven.

Young as I was, with all life before me and the woman I loved awaiting me in the far away planet Earth—with, normally, no more desire for death than the average healthy human animal—I yet longed, longed madly at times, for some wild disaster to befall us—a meeting with comets, a conflagration of worlds,—a falling of stars—anything, any death, no matter how gruesome, anything to break the awful monotony, the perpetual silence—the eternal night.

More terrible even than the night was the silence, the unbroken silence of space. Many a time, on Earth, had I stood on some high peak, in Scotland or Wales, and listened to the great quietude of the mountains. Yet that silence seemed as the roar of the ocean compared to the unrelieved, absolute stillness of space. On the mountain top I sometimes heard the bleating of sheep in the valley, or the soft fall of a cone from its branches, or the cry of a hawk as it slowly circled over a precipice. But here—nothing; complete, eternal silence—the silence of the Void.

Sometimes I would stand by one of the windows and listen—listen—listen—hoping to catch I know not what sound, what whisper of the infinite spaces.....Then, half maddened, and reeling like a drunken man, I would shout insanely: "We are in space, in space, in infinite space! At every second of time we are further by millions and millions of miles from the Earth—the little planet where once we lived—or was it a dream? Or is this a dream?"

But Royal was calm and self-possessed as ever, with the wonderful light burning in his eyes and a confident, almost joyous smile on his lips.

And thus, in more or less patient waiting—in reading, writing and dreaming of the wonders that awaited us—the time of our captivity in space slowly went by.

Thank God, we were both of us lovers of books, and the cabin of the *Estrella* contained several large chests filled with the master pieces of our favourite authors—all old friends, tried and not found wanting, old familiar friends we

never tired of, but loved better as we know them better. Roy had taken ponderous volumes of Science and Philosophy, whilst I brought with me a complete collection of the poets I loved—and they were many; in the place of honour the works of Shakespeare the King—then Dante's *Divina Commedia*—Goethe's *Faust*—Schiller's and Hugo's grand historical dramas—the gem-lyrics of Heinrich Heine—Alfred de Musset's *Don Juan*—Baudelaire's *Sonnets* and the poems of Keats,—that sweetest of modern singers.

The great masters of prose were represented by the divine Montaigne's *Essays*, Bossuet's *Sermons*, Boccaccio's *Decamerone* (Variety is the soul of Joy!) Malraux's *Introduction*, Ruskin's *Seven Lamps of Architecture*—and a batch of novels by Zola, Maupassant, Meredith, Hardy, Zangwill and Henry James.

Thus companioned, there was little fear that our minds would starve, and indeed intellectual nourishment seemed to be almost the only one we required, physically as well as mentally, for our bodies had ceased to exist, save as palpable shapes that flitted to and fro at the command of our will.

Flying as we were through inter-stellar space, where there is no above and no below, no right side nor left, completely isolated in the endless void, our bodies had become dematerialised, in feeling if not in appearance, since one of the chief attributes of matter—weight—had vanished. Our air boat was alone in space like a little planet escaped from its system: There was no sun or planet near by to attract us to itself and so create in sentient bodies the feeling of weight. We were as light as air, lighter than a bird poised in mid-air, lighter than a winged insect in the blue. We moved about as one moves in a dream, or as spirits may move in the kingdom of shadows. We needed little or no sleep, for we could feel no fatigue, and in a true sense we never rested, for we never felt the need of rest; yet Roy decreed that we should live our days as nearly as possible in the same way as on Earth, lying down in the hours we called night, reading, writing, studying, at regular intervals in the hours we called day. Without this wise precaution I verily believe our minds would have become unhinged in the awful sameness of an existence not varied even by the familiar alternation of day and night, but dragging itself, apparently for ever, in the same darkness, the same silence, the same emptiness of space.

One day—we had been in space nearly two months, but Time, as well as Distance, seemed annihilated—I asked Roy to tell me something more about the last and greatest wonder of his

discovery: a view of the Earth as it was nineteen hundred years ago, seen from a planet millions upon millions of miles away.

"Has this always been the central idea in your work," I queried, "or did it evolve in a natural way from your discoveries? In other words, was the idea born of your invention, or your invention born of the idea?"

Roy was silent for a moment, as if in deep thought; at last he said meditatively: "This is a question I cannot answer. The two ideas, the two hopes, the two dreams, seem never to have been separated; to journey to the stars—and from the stars to see the Earth as it was in the times of Christ....At that memorable lecture on Astronomy that we heard together, in Jersey—does it not seem a life time ago?—there was a sentence of the professor that I know almost by heart, and I so remember it because I felt then as if every word were written in my brain. "Could we have wings," he said, "more wonderful than poet ever dreamt of, could we fly in one moment to the nearest star, we should see our Earth as it was three and a half years ago; did we take our flight still further into space, we should see 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 Caesar—as it was in the time of the early Greeks—of the first Egyptian civilization—as it was before human footsteps had left their impress upon some Earth.".....And immediately I added—or did one tell it me in a whisper?—As it was in the times of Christ!"

"From that night onward, the idea was with me never to be forgotten. It seemed more like a vision than a thought: Forever I saw myself in a world so far away that it appeared to be at the very confines of the Universe, and from there I looked upon Earth—not the Earth of to-day, but the Earth of the past—the Earth as it was under the domination of the Caesars and the Roman eagle—in the time when Jerusalem was but newly fallen and the temple still stood on Mount Moriah—the times of John the Baptist and the Christ Jesus."

"What is your faith?" I asked brusquely, in sudden remembrance of a conversation in the past.

After a moment's hesitation, Roy answered slowly:

"My faith is in the True—the Beautiful—the Good—the ever holy Trinity that reveals itself to all men in all times."

"In nothing beyond?" I suggested.

Roy smiled.

"And is that not all-sufficient? Is not every one of these another name for God? Does it not embrace everything holy on Earth and in Heaven?"

I was silent for a moment, then remarked smilingly:

"There was a time when your faith was different—at least, when it was not quite as simple and elemental as this! Do you remember our ponderous talk on Religion and Philosophy, one evening, in the garden of your Jersey home? Why, you were half resolved on becoming a missionary to the London heathen, only you could not decide on the right message to deliver them! Do you remember?"

"Yes," said Roy thoughtfully, "I think I remember the conversation you mean,—and I certainly have not forgotten the mood which inspired it....I suppose every one that thinks must pass, once in his life, through the Gethsemane of doubt—when the burden of humanity, the burden of sorrow and sin, seems to rest on our shoulders, crushing all hope and all faith from our hearts....When I learnt to know all the evil and shame and sorrow hidden in the world, then my turn came to face the inevitable question—in itself almost a revolt—Why?... Why is not the world such as we see it in our childhood's dreams? Why are there broken hearts and broken lives, and sins too hideous to be told?"

"The friend, whose influence over my life was so great, answered the question in his own way: You know he was an Atheist. His answer could not satisfy me. I could not conceive the world without God: In my eyes, each blade of grass revealed Him! Yet the old faith had dropped from me as a cloak—I hardly know when—nor why. I became a Theist. A religion without Mediator, without Priest, without Church—a religion free and simple as love itself—how it appeals to the young soul seeking Truth!"

For a time I was an enthusiastic convert—it helped to lighten the burden—but little by little I came to feel a void in the new faith, it was too divine: The human element was missing. It seemed to me that the basis of this religion is not a real but an idealised humanity—not man as he is, with all his weaknesses, his inconsistencies, his daily failures, but man as he should be—as he may be some day, on a higher plane of existence.... The apostles of this faith seem to forget that man is essentially weak—that he needs a Friend, in human shape, to walk by his side in the rough roads of life—he needs a Christ, a Perfect Example—no matter by what name we call Him: Son of God, God, or Man—One who has himself trodden the blood-stained paths, and having trodden them, can truly say: Follow me! With this realisation returned the old faith, but developed, widened almost beyond recognition. And with it returned the old idea—the old dream: To see, from some infinit.

distance in space, the Earth as it was in the times of Christ—to see Christ himself living, teaching—dying I knew it was possible, but how to accomplish it I did not know. At times the magnitude of the task overwhelmed me, and I wondered if I were not mad even to dream of attaining so far, so inconceivably far, beyond the reach of Man.

"It is curious that the problem of inter-planetary communication should always have seemed to me a simple one to solve. When I discovered the marvellous velocity and motive power latent in electro-magnetism, I knew that not only interplanetary, but inter-stellar communication were made possible. Then my dream assumed a distinct shape: Henceforth it was the central idea of my life. It reconciled me with myself: It gave to all my work a consecration of its own.

"You know how I longed—with all my heart and soul, God knows!—to be of service to my fellow-creatures, the down-trodden and defeated in the battle of life. How the thought of them haunted me! The stars in all their glory could not make me forget them: the starving men, the fallen women, the little children who never play in the sunshine! It was like a great wail rising from Earth into the silent spaces But then, ah, Clive, I thought of the rejoicing there would be in the world if from those silent spaces came an answering voice, a new-told message of peace and love . . . If one returned from the heavens to the Earth, saying: Behold, it is true! It is no dream, no dim tradition, no half-forgotten promise: It is the living truth! From the far distance of infinite space I have seen Him, who lived and died to teach us the meaning of love Tell me, shall not the world thrill anew at the message? Shall not something of the joy of the first Christmas night return to us—when all nature was glad, and rejoiced at the coming of the Child?"

I gazed at Roy thoughtfully, silenced, as I had been so often before, by his faith and his enthusiasm. On Earth, on the far-away planet Earth, his wonderful hope could not have failed to move me deeply; but here, in space, in the "silent spaces" of Infinity, every word he uttered burned with wonder and mystery. We were even now on the way to realise this hope, to possess ourselves of this dream; and every second that elapsed brought us nearer to the Secret as yet hidden in the womb of Time.

From those silent spaces, was ours the voice to bring the message back?

Industrial India: A Review.*



Any list that one might make up of the most notable books published in India during the year, Mr. Barlow's little volume is bound to have a distinguished place. To every patriotic son of the soil, the brochure has a special meaning, proving as it does that there are still many Englishmen amongst us—who would that there were more!—who keep a warm corner in their hearts for the natives of the "Land of the White Moghul." Full of genuine sympathy and bristling with friendly and encouraging suggestions, Mr. Barlow's book is among the kindest we have come across. Besides, he writes with so remarkable a knowledge of the people that one feels that here one has something really worth reading, something quite different from the sort of stuff that globe-trotting foreigners who "do" India inside of a fortnight say in print about a people whom they neither understand nor sympathise with. Written in the light, cheery manner that was Mr. Barlow's own in the old editorial days and brightened in numerous places by brilliant patches of eloquence, *Industrial India* affords delightful reading and is sure to please and interest even where it fails to convince.

Mr. Barlow begins by saying that, with the richness of her resources and the cheapness of her labour, India could bid defiance to foreign competition and find both her necessities and her luxuries within her own borders. "But," says he,

"princes and people must be up and doing or the Empire of India will, from the mercantile point of view, be overthrown. The Roman Empire fell because it was attacked by the Goths and the Huns. The Goths and the Huns are pouring into India now in the shape of foreign-made goods. India must be up and doing—determined both to resist the invader and to establish her own dominion. It is a patriotic thing, therefore, for an Indian to help in the development of India's industries and India's trade; and it should be an inspiration for an Indian trader or manufacturer to bear in mind that he may thus combine patriotism with trade—that he may at one and the same time be manifesting his patriotism and making his money. The idea may be somewhat novel in India; for India is a land where money-making is by no means always patriotic."

But there must be no spurious patriotism in industrial schemes. The Indian manufacturer must not solicit the patronage of the public for his inferior articles, merely because they are

* *Industrial India*: by Glyn Barlow, M.A., Principal, Victoria College, Palghat, formerly editor of the *Madras Times*. Copies can be had of Messrs. G.A. Natesan & Co., the publishers.

made in India. The industrial patriot must look to it that his standard of production is high. Nor must the patriotism be all on one side. Mr. Barlow has the sheerest contempt for the Indian who affects to despise "bazaar" goods, and accordingly he has no hopes of the industrial salvation of India unless and until the Indian buyer learns to do justice to himself and his country by patronising really good Indian-made articles.

A chapter is devoted to the consideration of what co-operation may achieve in the development of industrial India and Mr. Barlow is forced to regret that the well-to-do Indian is averse to invest his money in Joint Stock Companies. The reasons for this backwardness are not far to seek. There is, to begin with, a fondness for tangible wealth—wealth, that is to say, in the shape of money, jewels, houses or land. Moreover, in many parts of this country, Mr. Barlow has observed that there is a preference to lend money at high interest on substantial security. A third reason is that Indians are instinctively timid in the matter of risking money, which timidity, moreover, must have been increased by the fact that a good many natives of India have been badly "bitten" by joint-stock companies of old. But where the company promoters are of the right sort, the directors are men of influence, substance and good repute and where the would-be investor is convinced on investigation that the scheme is likely to be a success, he may hope for the best. Mr. Barlow expresses the hope that, in these days of the advance of female education, the wives of some of our timid capitalists, possessed of the courage, if not of the wickedness, of Lady Macbeth, will take an increasing practical interest in their husband's affairs and will be able to persuade them to take advantage of their opportunities.

Mr. Barlow is enthusiastic about the utility of industrial exhibitions. He traces their history and offers certain interesting and useful remarks for the guidance of organisers, exhibitors and visitors. On the whole he has little but praise for the admirable way in which the last exhibition in connexion with the Madras session of the Indian National Congress was organised, but he thinks there is considerable scope for improvement. The conductors of the forthcoming Bombay Exhibition will no doubt profit by his observations.

One of the great drawbacks of the average Indian according to Mr. Barlow is that his mind is *inquisitive* rather than *inquiring*. He says:

"The Indian is inspired by a spirit of curiosity which prompts him to ask a number of unprofitable questions; but, on the other hand, he is seldom inspired by a desire to know the why and the wherefore of things, the con-

nexion of causes and effects. He will stare a stranger out of countenance and will ask him personal questions of a most intimate sort, in such a fashion that the stranger is likely to be imagining that he must be a suspicious looking creature and that his questioner must be a policeman in dress; but it is all in the way of curiosity, and is in no way prompted by a desire of profitable knowledge. . . . The inquiring spirit is a spirit that the Indian, and the Indian student in particular, needs to cultivate if he would fall in line with the requirements of the age."

Mr. Barlow proceeds to conduct a minute and certainly very interesting investigation of the reasons for the absence of the inquiring spirit, which we regret the limitations of space at our disposal do not permit us to follow.

It is surprising to note how completely the foreign manufacturer has invaded the Indian market. Mr. Barlow puts the case most feelingly and forcibly:—

"Let the Indian gentleman, seated in his arm-chair look round his room and consider its conditions. The foreigner's trademark—which for India is the mark of the beast—is here, there and everywhere. The lamp by his side was made in Germany, the chimney was made in Austria, the oil was produced in Russia and the match with which the lamp was lit was made in Sweden or in Japan. The clock that ticks on the shelf was made in America and the watch that ticks in his pocket was made in Geneva. The ink in his inkstand was made in London, the nib in the penholder was made in Birmingham and the pencil in his pocket was made in Bavaria."

And so on through quite a page. But happily things are beginning to improve.

To the fair readers of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*, the chapter on Indian Art is likely to prove of the greatest interest. Foremost among Indian arts stands architecture in which India has excelled for centuries. But in pictorial art, which is of really commercial value, India is decidedly poor. Mr. Barlow warmly repudiates the suggestion that there is any merit in the majority of contributions sent by Indian artists to picture-exhibitions. Besides Ravi Varma and his brother, and a few Bengali and Parsi Artists, there are but very few Indian painters of any merit. Putting it broadly, says Mr. Barlow, it may be said that the Travancore artist stands almost alone as a painter of all Indian renown; and except for his work and for the work of a few other painters, Art in India as represented by pictures is down in the depths. The reasons for this gloomy state of things are not far to seek. In the first place, India has never till lately been brought into touch with the highly refined style of art that has grown up in the West. Moreover, even to-day, the Indian child sees few pictures that will develop his taste. Coming to art as applied to industries, India already excels; but Mr. Barlow finds it necessary to warn the Indian art-workman

against the uprising of a hybrid species. "This is how he sums up :

"Indian art work is excellent, but if Indian art-craftsmen are to be an abiding force they should maintain an individuality for their productions, should see that their designs are according to nature and should be careful to put a proper finish into their work."

Mr. Barlow draws prominent attention to the "Indian Stores, Limited," of Calcutta and commends heartily the idea embodied therein. He strongly advocates the establishment of similar institutions and we would fain dwell on his description of the Calcutta concern had we more space at our disposal. In his chapter on "Turning the Corner," Mr. Barlow outlines the careers of some of the most prominent Indian worthies like Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeeboy, and the late Sir Dinshaw Manockjee Petit, who from very lowly beginnings rose to be the magnates of finance and commerce in India, and the despairing capitalist will do well to take heart of grace from the records of their lives. We cannot conclude this review better than by extracting the concluding sentences of the book.

"Enough! Industrial India is a great subject on which many long and learned volumes might be written; but the very greatness of India's resources makes lengthiness hardly necessary. There is no room for doubt that India's vast resources may be immensely developed, and there is room for much encouragement in the knowledge that Indian industrialists are already developing them... The titular prince in his palace, the village headman in his thatched cottage, may each of them help. If the reader is a son of India, is he going to do anything for the country of his birth?.... India has been so great in the past that it would be a pity that she should not be great in the future too. But the iron age—the industrial age—is upon her now; and her children should learn to move with the times and to win a share in India's greatness whilst they help to make India great."

T. V. SUBRAHMANYAM.

Wordsworth as a Poet-prophet.

MATHEW ARNOLD, with his usual critical acumen has said that the distinguishing features of poetry are Truth and Beauty. In Wordsworth, more than in any other poet, excepting Chaucer and Shakespeare, are found the poetic Truth and poetic Beauty. His superiority over the other poets consists not only in his being a prophet of Nature which the other poets are not, but also in his possessing in an excellent manner the above qualities of Truth and Beauty. He evinces an inflexible loyalty to Truth and unmindful of adverse criticism is bold in the expression

of his views. The whole truth of his poems is steeped in an atmosphere of moral grandeur and human sympathy. True, Thompson, Gray, Burns and Scott had paved the way for him. But it is indisputable that all these precursors had seen the truth only partially. Thompson's love of nature was only *physical*. He had not the power to penetrate into the mysteries of human nature. Scott too, in spite of his instinct of a wild animal for the open air, the forest, the hill-side, which made him

• "Love nature like a horned cow
Deer or bird or Carribeau"

failed to hear the music underlying the vast and complex structure of nature. Only Burns and Wordsworth found out the lost key with which to open the secrets of nature. Both showed how far deep down into the common life one must plunge to understand nature really and fully and how the language for common men can be made the vehicle for sublime thoughts. But Burns, in spite of his decidedly great success as a teacher of the masses, could not skilfully make use of the discovered key. There are truths that were not at all seen by Burns, but that are revealed to us by Wordsworth. The analysis of human sympathy as exhibited by Wordsworth is more subtle than that of Burns; and the strains of the poet of the Rydal Mount are more noble and sublime than those that are produced by the lyre of the author of the Twa-dogs.

Even Byron and Shelley, notwithstanding their deep and disinterested love of nature, are inferior to Wordsworth. Shelley, as Mathew Arnold has beautifully expressed, is an angel who strikes his wings in a vacuum. True he is full of philosophical ideas. But he is incapable of steadiness of thought and of giving form to his aerial conceptions. His thoughts melt away into dreams. He confounds the ideal with the actual. In him, imagination is ablaze, and is not curbed by sober thought. Even his appreciation of Nature is only one-sided. His nature is only himself in another form, while Wordsworth's nature is universal, resplendent with all-embracing unity and sympathy. But Shelley, it cannot be denied, surpasses Wordsworth in the exquisite beauty of his lyric poems. Love in him, as the Rev. Brooke says, dies into dreams. But it pleases us, it shows us how the heart weaves for itself its sorrows, joys, different hopes and fears and dreams. Wordsworth has nothing of the lonely wanderings of Shelley's regretful thought, the imagination in its hours of child-like play with images. Shelley's expression of them is unique. Still, these qualities which

• Coleridge Morrison's "Macaulay" in his Comparison of Scott and Macaulay.



THE LATE MRS. W. C. MUKERJI.

vide page 87.



PUNDIT AND MRS. VEERASILINGAM.
(Vide Editorial Note.)

AN INDIAN FOLK SONG.

O little mouse, why dost thou cry
While merry stars dance in the sky?

*Alas! alas! my lord is dead.
Ah who will ease my bitter pain?
He went to seek a millet-grain
From the rich farmer's granary-shed.
They caught him in a baited snare,
And slew my lover unaware—
Alas! alas! my lord is dead.*

O little deer, why dost thou moan
Hid in thy forest-bower alone?

*Alas! alas! my lord is dead.
Ah, who will quiet my lament?
At fall of even-tide he went
To drink beside the river-bed.
A waiting hunter threw his dart,
And struck my lover thro' the heart—
Alas! alas! my lord is dead.*

O little bride, why dost thou weep
With all the happy world asleep?

*Alas! alas! my lord is dead.
Ah, who will stay these hungry tears,
Or still the want of famished years,
And crown with love my marriage-bed?
My heart burns with the quenchless fire
That lit my lover's funeral pyre—
Alas! alas! my lord is dead.*

Saraji Naidu.

Wordsworth lacks, and which form the beauties of Shelley's poems cannot fitly be the characteristics of a prophet. They may be beautiful as the features of poems, but not as those of a prophet's speech. Haziness and airiness form the characteristic of Shelley's poems, while clearness is that of Wordsworth's. So, on the whole, in spite of Mr. A. C. Swinburne's imperious claim, that Shelley must be pronounced to be decidedly superior to Wordsworth, we hold that in practical common-sense, in the possession of a wide heart and a didactic mind, in the unswerving loyalty to Truth, Wordsworth is by far superior to Shelley.

Coming to Byron, the chief claim that his votaries advance in his favour is that he is never surpassed, nor even equalled by Wordsworth in the treatment of martial subjects. The intense passion which glows in his poems is never to be found in Wordsworth. This is a sweeping statement. Wordsworth, in his moments of rapture, is equalled perhaps only by Milton. His gentle admonishing voice swells into a thunder-storm. If you require a confirmation of this fact, listen to what Swinburne says on this point. "The time has been, since the close of Wordsworth's day, when the appeal of his own memorable sonnet to Milton might perhaps with no less propriety have been addressed to him who wrote it. In any case, the spirit and the body of such poems must be alike imperishable, the lesson of their heroic example a possession beyond price for ever. Serene as is the spirit of his teaching, and profound in the love of all peaceful things and influences, his note was not always that of the stock-dove brooding over his own sweet voice: though, doubtless, it never caught the 'tumultuous harmony' of the Nightingale's, there were times when it swelled into the strength of the rushing winds, and made the verses ring like storm-swept crannies of the crags and scaurs that nursed the spirit which imbues. Those other poets of his day who dealt more immediately than he with martial matter had in them less of heroic thought and intelligence than the seemingly self-centred student of uninvaded solitudes. Scott could make men breathe the breath of battle; Byron could only make men smell the reek of carnage; but Wordsworth alone could put into his verse the whole soul of a nation armed or arming for self-devoted self-defence." (*Nineteenth Century*, May, 1881).

One other claim advanced in favour of Byron is that his powers of impressing in us his unique individuality of storming all in a sudden our stronghold of thought are all unrivalled. But this is all. The fact remains a fact—as Goethe, the German poet and critic, and Matthew Arnold

tell us—the moment he thinks *he is a child*. He has no other tale to tell us than *Himself*. He is only one, or rather the chief, of those poets that always speak of themselves. His poems form one autobiography. They teach us very little of the outward world.

That Wordsworth was not of this class of poets is superfluous to establish. The moment he thinks he is a sage, a prophet, call him what you will, but never a child. The subject-matter of his poems is not himself, but the whole universe, "i.e., man, nature, and human life." True, he does not know how to storm our heart. True, he is incapable of the delineation of a very passionate love. True also, he has not the rugged rocky beauty of Byron. Yet we cannot deny that if he does not storm our heart, he approaches it slowly, wending his way through all its labyrinthine paths, never failing to impress his track with marks of truth and at last, after having won our heart slowly but surely, succeeds in implanting in them the banner of Truth; that if he is incapable of delineating a very passionate love, he is a very master in painting soft and touching love; that if he has not the rugged rocky beauty of Byron, he has the majesty of a bald mountain which rears its head in the very heart of the vaulted sky.

Again Wordsworth has done more successfully in poetry the work which Thackeray, Dickens, and George Elliot have done in prose. These three novelists discovered that the deepest lessons of morality and truth can be found in the humblest positions of life. But none of these have been bold enough to put forth their theories with a strength of connection that we find only in Wordsworth; and none succeeded so well as our poet. Now and then imagination carries them away from the field of every-day life into a sort of fictitious, or caricature life. "Put Wordsworth in his most fiery moments of inspiration and enthusiasm, never allowed himself to relax his hold on reality and truth: as he would scorn to express any sentiment or impulse short of or beyond the actual impression which caused them; so with the most jealous strictness he measured his words. He gave them their full swing if they answered to force and passion; but he watched them all the same, with tender but manly severity. Hence with his power and richness of imagination and his full command over all the sources of voice and ear, an austere purity and plainness and nobleness marked all that he wrote, and formed a combination as distinct as it was uncommon. To purity, purity of feeling, pure truthfulness of expression, he is never untrue. In wild excitement or lawless

Rev. B. W. Church, on "Wordsworth" in his preface to the Edition of Wordsworth by Ward.

exaggeration, as in self-indulgence and foulness of passion, he will recognise no subject of poetic art. Keenly alive to beauty and deeply reverencing it, he puts purity and the severity of truth above beauty. With his eager instincts of joy, it is only the joy of the pure-hearted that he acknowledges.

It has been claimed by some that whatever may be the merits of Wordsworth, he is not still as great as the author of the "In Memoriam." But, "Sweet as is the song of Tennyson, and tender as are the chords which at times he touches, though remarkable his powers over verse and language, yet a great poet in the sense of having real power over the hearts of man and deep sympathy with nature, we do not think him. He is certainly the best artist in the English language. He is very skilful in the wearing of thought, possessing the power of combining beautiful and harmonious words to produce the effect of a rainbow on the eye. But then the vivifying element in all poetry i.e., thought—deep thought,—we shall vainly seek to find in his poems." As Hugh Walker says, "they are deficient in two things essential to great poetry, depth of thought and fervour of passion." It is true, he says this much only of his earlier poems. But what does he say of his later writings. His opinion, even then, is not very eulogistic. He tells us that "Tennyson is at least endeavouring to be what Sir Henry Taylor says what a great poet must be, a philosopher as well as an artist. Yet, he is only endeavouring but has not succeeded in his endeavours. Perhaps, it may be said he possesses the ability of an artist in an extraordinary degree. What of that? Is he a philosopher as well? Is he a poet of man, nature and human life? Does he make us more spiritual? Do we close his poems with more love for our fellow-men and more devotion to the Creator? Do we derive the consolation in the reading of all his poems that we get from a study of a single poem of Wordsworth? No, no, he is not a teacher of mankind. While he is himself in doubt as to the final issue of our life, how can he teach us truth. He has himself no sure faith. He cannot assuredly affirm as Wordsworth does, that our life must be 'faith, hope and love.'

"The food of hope
Is meditated action; robbed of this
Her sole support, she languishes and dies.
We perish also, for we live by hope
And by desire; we see by the glad light and breathe
by the sweet air of futurity,
And so we live—or else we have no life."

—THE EXCURSION.

* O'C. Conor, S. J., in "His Reading and the Mind."
† In his "Age of Tennyson," page 40.

But Tennyson says *

O, yet, we trust, that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill

Behold we know not anything
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last to all,
And every winter change to spring.*

Is not this a faltering faith?

I falter where I firmly trod
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar stairs
That slope through darkness up to God

I stretch lame hands of faith; and grope
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all
And faintly trust the larger hope.

Is not this a groping in the dark?

Marshall Mather calls Tennyson a moodist, i.e., one who expresses in poetic language the different moods that characterise life at different stages. But to me, all these moods seem to be the moods of sorrow. Then almost all the important poems of Tennyson are steeped in an atmosphere of sadness. Even in the case where a character in his poems arrives at the haven of Hope, we see it has been reached only after a troublous voyage through the stormy sea of life. Tennyson portrays the sufferings of a soul so vividly in such black colours that the reader closes his book with an impression of sadness. There is wanting in all his poems the buoyant hope which we see, reflected in all the poems of Wordsworth. In the "In Memoriam" the weight of sorrow is very oppressive. But does not the same sad strain run through "Mariana." "He cometh not," she said, "I am weary, weary; I would that I were dead."

My heart is wasted with my woo, Oriana—
There is no rest for me below—Oriana

I dare not die and come to thee—Oriana
I hear the roaring of the sea—Oriana

Here he leaves us amidst the "roaring of the sea." He does not take us up like Wordsworth from Nature to Nature's God. Wordsworth, in being a poet of joy—the joy offered to us in the simple primary affections and duties, in being a teacher who gives our heart sweet repose, who sows in our minds the seeds of strong faith and truth—is far superior to Tennyson; I make bold to say—ought to be considered a greater master than Tennyson. Tennyson, like Pope and Dryden, polished his verses over and over, now sacrificing deep thoughts, now profound sentiments, to the mere playful trash of good words. He never wrote except perhaps in the case of the "In Memoriam" out of the exuberance of the heart. His verses are the purified sheets of gold produced out of the furnace of the

* In his "In Memoriam"

"verse-smith." He has clipped the wings of the Muse and put her in a cage where, though she may sing and babble and please us by her pretty voice, she is yet not free to mount "up into the clouds, singing, singing." Tennyson himself saw his mistake; and the result is, as Hugh Walker says, "the old smoothness and melody are in great part gone (in his later poems), but a number of pieces prove that Tennyson retained the skill though he did not always choose to exercise it. . . . But while we may legitimately mourn for what time took away, we ought to rejoice over what it added, rather than left." The great fame of Tennyson as an artist rests chiefly on his earlier poems. These have the stamp of the hand of an artist; and with all their feminine grace of melody and smoothness, lack in great measure naturalness and manly grace. But Wordsworth's style is a natural effusion; and as such it is simple, and telling. Note what Mr. A. C. Swinburne says of Wordsworth's style. "And in such lines— austere—august but sweet beyond the most polished and perfumed verse of any more obviously elaborate melodist—all the best poems representative of Wordsworth are rich enough to satisfy any taste unspoiled by too much indulgence in metrical confectionery. Wordsworth was so great a master of the strict and regular octosyllabic measure, that at times, its proverbially "fatal felicity" seems in his hands alone to have lost all danger. Its fluency gains strength and weight, its use assumes gravity and grandeur. It is just and fit, therefore, that the noblest tribute ever paid to his name should be couched in verses not only worthy of his own hand, but written in this very simple and very exact metre: So easy to work in badly, and so hard to work in well, that perhaps one poet alone has learnt all the effect of its elegiac resources from this master of the difficult and simple secret." *Nineteenth Century*, May, 1884.)

"The truth is that Wordsworth, of all poets worthy to be named in the same breath with him, stood the most in need of artificial confinement and support to prevent his work from sprawling into shapeless efflorescence and running to unprofitable seed, though, if any one were to speak of his blank verse in a tone of sweeping and intemperate reverence, no doubt, the great names of "Lorton Vate" and "Tintern Abbey" would rise up before all our memories to shame the speaker into silence. Milton alone could surpass, perhaps, Milton alone has equalled, the very finest work of his great disciple in this majestic kind." (*Ibid.*)

So we see that Tennyson's style, in spite of all its exquisite polish, and sweet harmonious cadence has still the defect of being artificial and

not being the effusion of a sympathetic heart. In fact, too much polish of words and the sadness of his poems are not the only causes of his failure as a teacher. Tennyson had not a wide heart. His patriotism did not extend beyond the sacred isle of "Great Britain." He had no fibre in his heart which could reverberate in unison with the general cry of distress of any of the nations but his own. How can we then say that Tennyson with his narrow heart is as great a poet as Wordsworth whose sympathy extended to the very mountains of Switzerland and Italy? For my part I would not especially in speaking of the sympathy of heart—utter the two names, Wordsworth and Tennyson in one breath. In short however we cannot fitly apply the remark that Tennyson has passed on the writings of Ruskin, to the poems of Tennyson himself. Do you wish to know the remark? it is this: Ruskin is a man who has said many foolish things in his life, though there is a generous appreciation bespeaking the critical acumen of the poet. Though we cannot say as regards his poems as much as this remark amounts to, we hold with O'Connor that thoughts of Wordsworth and Ruskin will live when both the foolish and wise things that Tennyson may have said, shall have ceased to occupy the minds of serious men and the harmonious and pellucid stream of his verse shall have ceased to ring in their ears and merited at their hands only as much praise as the easy-flowing and bewitching strains of Pope and Dryden exact from us.

One other name remains in the long list of the English poets—and a revered name it is, which can fitly challenge comparison with Wordsworth. That great name is none other than Chaucer. In humour, animation and variety, the father of English poetry is far superior to the poet of the Rydal Mount. And even in the vivid veracity of accurate and sympathetic representation of life he is never surpassed by Wordsworth. But still in the earnestness of teaching and keen understanding of Nature, the poet of "We are seven" and "Laodamia" is greater than the poet of "the Canterbury tales." "On all other points," says our critic, A. C. Swinburne, "Chaucer is immeasurably the superior of Wordsworth. In breadth of human interests, in simplicity of vivid sympathies, in straight forward, or superb command of his materials as an artist, the inspired man of the World excels the slow-thoughted and self studious recluse as in warmth and wealth of humour, in consummate power of narrative, and in childlike manfulness of compassionate or joyful emotion; but their usual relations are reversed when the subject treated by Wordsworth exacts a deeper and intenser expression of feeling, or when his thought takes wing for higher flights."

To conclude, though Wordsworth is surpassed in dignity and majesty of diction by Milton, in the harmony and sweet cadence of verse by Spenser and perhaps also by Tennyson, in the warmth and the deliciousness of humour and variety—by Chaucer and Burns; in intensity of passion by Byron; in the exquisite charm and music of numbers by Shelley, it cannot be denied that when it is the question of who it is that has educated humanity, that has soothed and solaced it, and guided it as a beacon in this storm-beaten, weary, mad-foamed ocean of life, who it is that has taught us to love God's nature so well that we think we should love and serve Nature's God the better and thus be more truly men, when it is the question of this, the very greatest names with us will be *Shakespeare and Wordsworth*.

K. V. SUBAYYA.

Newspapers and Magazines.



THE copiousness of periodical literature, the multiplicity of reading rooms in our towns, and the eagerness with which the various newspapers and magazines are read by men and women, all clearly testify to the immense popularity of 'the fourth estate' in modern times. While this is so, we hear from certain quarters that the habit of reading newspapers and magazines destroys from people their love of reading the standard authors in the English language. Some even go further and condemn the whole periodical literature as offensive and as the most insidious enemy to culture. This wholesale condemnation of newspapers and magazines is on a par with the astounding statement made by a gentleman that novel-reading (novel-reading—mark—without any qualification) produced the most pernicious results he could think of, and that none ought to read novels. (Oh readers! picture the state of our mind and the barrenness of the English literature, if we were deprived of the immortal novels of Scott, Thackeray, George Eliot, Dickens, Goldsmith and a host of other eminent writers!). Such unreserved remarks are calculated to do more harm than good.

It is an undoubted fact that amid the abundance of periodical literature, there are to be found hundreds of newspapers and magazines that ladle out day by day, and month by month, all sorts of trash which satisfy the prurient curiosity of certain classes of people. One can fully sympathise with the earnest and well-directed

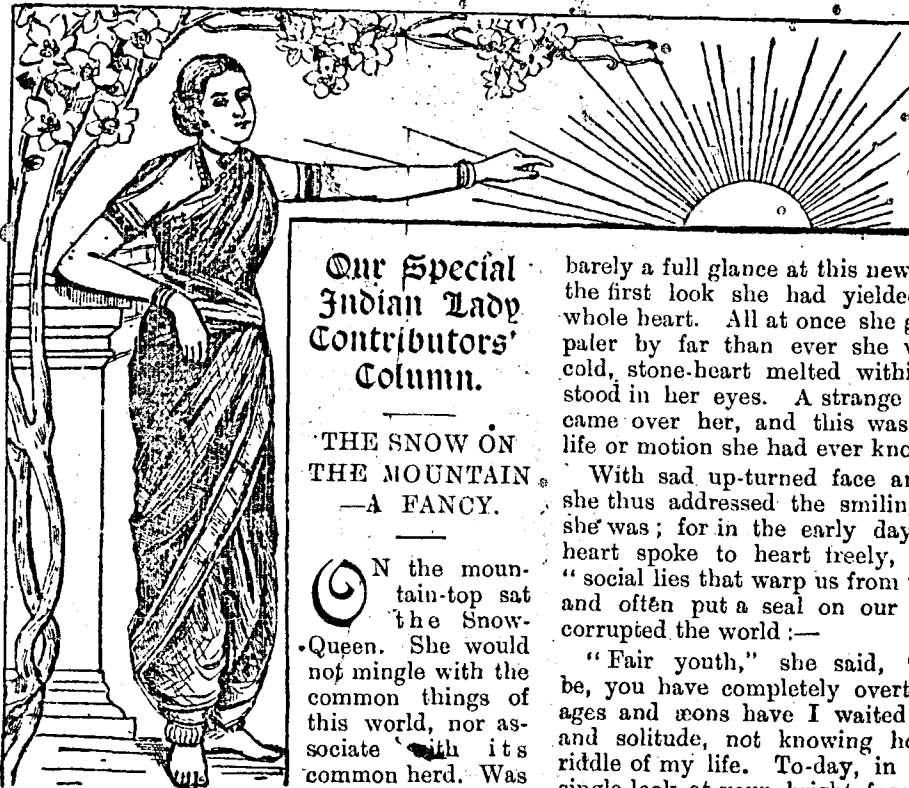
efforts of those persons who warn young men and women to be guarded against such journals. No sane man would gainsay the fact that a rapacious love of reading such trashy literature is most injurious to all. But one can hardly remain patient with the remarks made indiscriminately by some that periodical literature produces only baneful results, ignoring the potent and beneficial influence it exercises on men and women. I shall, in this short paper, roughly mention a few of the many advantages to be derived by reading good newspapers and magazines.

All good newspapers (and there are many to be had in these days) primarily exist for the purpose of providing their readers with information of what is going on in the various parts of the world, with strict adherence to truth and without casting aside 'those restraints which good taste and good feeling impose on them.' "They discuss the latest developments of affairs every day or every week in a manner which gives reasonable men something fresh to think about, or interpret for them the thoughts which are only vaguely floating in their minds." It would be most cruel on the part of some purists if they want us to keep our minds perfectly blank without taking any interest in the numberless things that relate to our fellow-beings around us in this work-a-day world.

Every information regarding the various benevolent schemes intended to allay human suffering is recorded in the newspapers and readers will further the cause of humanity by their co-operating with others in these schemes. The news about the outbreak of any dangerous disease in a particular area is at once chronicled in the columns of newspapers and competent men discuss in their pages the measures to be taken to eradicate the disease from the affected area. Questions touching public health are discussed in newspapers, and the readers are greatly benefited by their perusal. All scandalous methods in the administration of any country are freely criticised and brought to the notice of the proper authorities who promptly check them and thus bring good to the country.

Various literary appreciations on standard authors and their works often appear in the pages of magazines and newspapers and these engender in the readers a love of reading the 'original works,' and directly send them to the fountain heads where they derive knowledge and pleasure. Many a man has been put on the track of books which he might not have even dreamed of reading had he not read reviews of them in the periodicals. Are these not facts which directly refute the statement that the love of reading solid literature is destroyed by the habit of reading newspapers and magazines? These on the

(Concluded on page 87.)



Our Special Indian Lady Contributors' Column.

THE SNOW ON THE MOUNTAIN. —A FANCY.

ON the mountain-top sat the Snow-Queen. She would not mingle with the common things of this world, nor associate with its common herd. Was she not a Queen,

so pure, so fair? And would not the touch of the busy world sully her? Reasoning thus, she betook herself to the mountains, to the loftiest of them, and there sat from age to age, indeed in splendour and majesty, but her splendour was so solitary and her majesty so lifeless.

While thus she sat in her cold beauty and pride, she looked like some fair bride, clad all in lily-white, and impatiently waiting for the advent of the bridegroom. And who was to be her bridegroom? Indeed she knew not herself who that favoured person would be. The strong winds and the storms and the tempests had wooed, but could not win her. In her eyes they were too fickle and changeable.

The King of the clouds had made offers to her, and sent her many a fine apparel by way of love-gifts, which even now she wore; but he was too little of a man for her: he lacked the masculine virtues—solidity and strength, patience and perseverance. She therefore sat there on her throne alone, looking grand, majestic, inspiring,—withal so cold, so icy-cold, and therefore, so lifeless; so loveless.

At last, on a fine summer morning, the clouds rolled off, the Heavens opened, and lo! a fine bright youth, with a bewitching smile on his face, stood on the brow of the mountains. It was the youthful sun. The proud Queen had

barely a full glance at this new-comer, and with the first look she had yielded up to him her whole heart. All at once she grew deadly pale, paler by far than ever she was before. Her cold, stone-heart melted within her, and tears stood in her eyes. A strange thrill and tremor came over her, and this was the first sign of life or motion she had ever known.

With sad up-turned face and quivering lips she thus addressed the smiling sun, woman as she was; for in the early days of the world, heart spoke to heart freely, and the modern "social lies that warp us from the living truth," and often put a seal on our lips, had not yet corrupted the world:—

"Fair youth," she said, "whosoever you be, you have completely overthrown me. For ages and æons have I waited here, in silence and solitude, not knowing how to solve the riddle of my life. To-day, in a moment, by a single look at your bright face, I have known more than all the mysteries of ages could unfold. I am yours, wholly, solely, from this moment onwards. Be kind to me, a lone forlorn maid, and make my life, hitherto barren, full and rich and living."

To this, the sun, in soft and courteous words, thus replied:—

"Fair maid, and pure! Your freshness and purity delight me, your solitude grieves me, but your coldness and rigidity well-nigh kill me. Till now your life has been so lonely and cheerless, not because Life and Love have forsaken you, but because *you*, in your pride and desire for isolation, have fled from the scenes of Love and Life, and perched yourself up high on the mountain-tops, far away from the busy thronging life of the world. Know you not yet that "Love is of the Valley?"

"Love and Life are warm,—you, cold and freezing: Life is liquid, mobile,—you, are hard and unyielding. Life breathes life, mingles with life, strengthens and supports life, but you put an end to all.

"If you would be my bride, you must become like me, for know you not that Love reflects the thing beloved? So grow warm, melt down your austerity, leap over these barren heights and race down to the living plains. If indeed you would be my partner in life, share my life's

work. Brighten and soften the Earth—as I do the Heavens. Make it rich and smiling. Throw your hidden treasures about as you go. Bear the world's burdens, its joys and sorrows, its cares and anxieties. Mix with the crowd, the restless throng, and with your purity, purify all."

"Gather not up your skirts, afraid of the touch of the multitude. Walk over the trodden path. The Angels of Heaven are not so much clean-footed as they are pure-faced and pure-hearted. As our Indian poets so often say, the fair Lotus and the pure Lily walk in mire and dirt, but their faces reflect ever the glory of heaven, their hearts are pure gold. Go on thus, fair maid, and bless all and in turn be blessed by all."

With these words the bright sun kissed the virgin snow and away she darted, over hill and dale, leaping and jumping and flashing. She knows of no rest till her little life is part of the boundless life of the Ocean.

Thus, the river of Life needs the sunshine of Love to make it flow in gentle, easy currents of help and usefulness.

PREMA.

(Continued from page 85.)

other hand, lead them to substantial literature which they would else have missed.

There are (thanks to that noble band of men and women in England and India, who even at great pecuniary loss to themselves strive to disseminate wholesome literature among young minds) several periodicals specially devoted to the uplifting of young men and women, and to giving them an all-round training for fighting the battles of life. No purist can lay the ban on such publications. Nothing pernicious can result by a perusal of such. To take a particular case, I challenge any man to find anything not suited for men and women in those magazines which are so ably edited by that most untiring and energetic of editors—Mr. F. A. Atkins of London. Many articles that appear in them, even the snippets, are not of an ephemeral interest, but are solid things that deserve to be 'marked learned and inwardly digested.' It would be a great pity if we scatter the loose numbers of such magazines on our tables; they are (with all deference to Charles Lamb) worthy of being 'dressed in full suit' and kept on our shelves.

The above are some of the numerous excellent features of good newspapers and magazines. Let me strongly urge the young readers of this magazine to devote a reasonable portion of their time to the reading of periodical literature, only taking care to see that they reject all poisonous garbage and always go in for the best.

T. K. RAMUNNI.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE LATE MRS. W. C. MUKERJI.

When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above—
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast?
Hush! be every murmur dumb,
It is only "Till He come."

Kali Tara Mukerji was born on the Kalipujan day in the year 1844, in the district of Barisal. Her father died when she was very young, and of the three children left by him—one son and two daughters—two died quite early and Kali Tara alone was left to console her widowed mother. Of her childhood Kali Tara retained the most vivid recollection and loved to talk about it to her children and grand-children. It was a childhood spent in poverty and obscurity but of unlimited freedom and as happy as a dream.

At the age of seven, Kali Tara was married to Babu Woomesh Chundra Mukerji, a high-caste Brahmin, then eleven years old. The boy-husband together with his child-wife were placed inside a palanquin and sent home. Ever bright and fearless, Kali Tara enjoyed the novelty of her situation and after keeping silent for a short time, began questioning her husband. "Am I going to your house?" "Where do you live?" "Your house seems very far off," and so on. To all these questions, the husband answered in monosyllables and then seeing there would be no end to them, asked her to stop.

In the year 1857, the year of the Mutiny, when Kali Tara was about twelve years of age, her husband left his Hindu home—a home not only of comfort but affluence—to become a Christian. He came away without her knowledge and did not dare to trust the precious secret to her, for once before when he had taken her into confidence, she had betrayed his trust by telling her mother-in-law about it and so had prevented his coming out. For nearly three years she remained in her Hindu home, loved and petted and even looked up to by the whole household for her intelligence and strong common sense, which were noticeable even at that early age and which characterised her throughout life. Her husband's eldest brother, who was at the head of the household, was greatly attached to her, and being childless had made up his mind to adopt her as his child and leave her in possession of all his worldly goods. For nearly three years Kali Tara had not even a glimpse of her husband, for his father's doors were closed against him and he dare not even cross the street where his paternal home was, for fear of being shot. But when after nearly three years with the aid of her mother-in-law, Kali Tara met her

husband in secret, by previous arrangement, at Babughat, where they had gone on the pretence of bathing in the Ganges, and he asked her to join him, she, notwithstanding some grave doubts and fears, consented to his proposal, and forsaking all, followed him, simply because she felt it to be the right course. Her husband's brother—almost a father to her—was furious and tried to dissuade her by every means in his power; but to no purpose. Failing in his attempt to dissuade her, he told Woomesh Chundra that as might was right and possession nine-tenths of the law, he would be allowed to take his wife only on one condition, and that was by relinquishing his claim on the paternal property, and rather than go to law with his eldest brother, whom he truly loved and respected and whom he had already deeply wounded by having become a Christian, Woomesh Chundra relinquished all his claims by a legal deed, and this was an act of no small sacrifice on his part.

Kali Tara always frankly confessed that she had left her Hindu home not for the love of Christ but of her husband, and so was not baptised immediately. She lived the life of a Hindu lady in her husband's house, not allowing him to touch her food, &c., but cooked her food with her own hands and had her wants attended to by a Hindu servant. But gradually under Christian influence and systematic Christian training, her mind expanded and she came to be convinced of the truth of Christianity and the saving power of Christ, and so on the 23rd of December 1860, several months after she had left her Hindu home, she was baptised by the Rev. S. J. Hill, now in glory.

Twelve years of peace and prosperity and unalloyed happiness followed, such as is seldom vouchsafed to mortals, when God, in His mysterious providence, called Woomesh Chundra Mukerji Home, before he had completed his 33rd year, and Kali Tara was left a widow at the age of 28, with four children—two sons and two daughters—aged twelve, seven, three and one.

For more than fifteen years, Kali Tara's life was one of incessant toil and trouble and struggle, but she counted it all as nothing; being upheld by her wondrous mother-love and a sense of doing her duty. "We talk of the courage of men, of heroes falling in fight. But the greatest heroism is the heroism of everyday, and with what can be compared the heroism of a woman, uneducated, unprotected, without means, surrounded by powerful enemies, bearing a life-long hunger in her heart, confined within the four walls of her home, seeking no recompense, caring not a straw for fame, fighting the battles of life single-handed and guarding her own with the fierceness and courage of a lioness, and ready to

shed every drop of blood in her veins for them, if necessary!

Kali Tara took an active interest in the education of all her children, and was a strong advocate of Female Education. She rose up every morning at four with her younger son—the youngest of all her children—and though she did not understand a word of English or Sanskrit, yet she made him do every lesson aloud and from the way it was read, could always say whether it was being learnt properly or not, and strange to say, could always call back his attention at the right moment.

The secret of her success in life was her love to Christ and her absolute trust in him. Ever eager to further the cause of Christ, she took part, when young and in health, in many Christian movements. When the late Rev. C. N. Bannerji became the pastor of the Church she belonged to, and organised a Bible class for grown-up women, she was one of the first to join and take an active interest in it. With Mrs. Payne, she went about the city of Calcutta, holding meetings for women and helping them in various ways. It was only as her health began to fail and eye-sight grow dim, that she gave up these things one by one, but she was eager then as ever that her children should step forward to be co-workers with the servants of God.

Throughout her life, Kali Tara was marked on the one hand, by her independence of spirit, and on the other hand, by her unfailing courtesy and sweetness of speech. Her whole soul rose up in rebellion against all forms of injustice and all attempts to infringe personal liberty.

Of her unfailing courtesy and sweetness of manner and tone one cannot say too much. She made every body feel at home, and all who came under her influence were won by the irresistible might of her womanly gentleness. Hindus, Mohamedans and Christians, young or old, rich or poor, high or low, in the social scale of life—from the Judge of the High Court to the beggar in the street—delighted to call her mother and she had a warm corner in her heart for all and always had a kind word for them behind their back. The only class of people, for whom she had absolutely no respect, were those mothers, who while devoting their time and energies to other forms of useful work, neglected their children shamefully and let them go their own way to ruin and degradation. Kali Tara was very kind to the sick, irrespective of creed and caste and always responded to their call, even if it came at dead of night.

Ever since July 1900, Kali Tara's health began to fail, but she went about her household duties as usual, and her children simply felt their mother was no longer young and strong, but

never dreamt her life would be cut short, in four more years. For years past her eye-sight had been failing, and although the doctors held out hopes of a successful operation, yet she had not much faith in their opinion and looked forward to being totally blind in her old age.

A series of rather serious illnesses, beginning from August 1903, and lasting till June 1904, and attacking one after another the various members of her large household, told upon her health and she began to fail visibly from the latter end of June, suffering from fever, loss of sleep, appetite and other complaints. But the brave spirit bore on uncomplainingly, seldom speaking of her sufferings, lest it should cause her children trouble and anxiety. Her grown-up sons and daughters were still her babies to be loved, cared for and if necessary, scolded, but shielded from all anxiety and harm.

From the middle of July she began to fail rapidly and grow worse. Never was a spirit more prepared for heaven or more fearless of death. "Oh child, God loves me so," she would say over and over again, as if her heart was just full of that one thought, and when one thinks of the blessings the Lord had showered upon her and of the way her prayers were answered, one cannot help being impressed by the truth of the saying.

Her death was singularly peaceful. She lay on her back, her breath came softly and regularly as a babe's, and her children, whose hearts were well-nigh breaking with grief, asked one another—"Is this death?" If so, verily "Oh Grave, where was thy victory? Oh Death where was thy sting?" This was on Sunday, the 31st July, at 5-54 A.M.

At 5-30 the same evening, her remains were tenderly and reverently borne by friends to the cemetery and laid to rest by her husband's side. And now that beloved form is no longer with her children, but her spirit is ever present with them, and in the stillness of the night, they can hear the sweet voice saying to them,—

Do I forget? Oh, no!
For memory's golden chain
Shall bind my heart to the hearts below,
Till they meet to touch again.

Each link is strong and bright,
And love's electric flame
Flows freely down like a river of light
To the world from whence I came.

With them is a sense of abiding loss; in their hearts is a void which nothing earthly can fill, but their mother's memory will ever be an inspiration to them and their chief and constant endeavour in life will be to live worthily of so good and noble a mother. Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; they rest from their labours and their works do follow them. Amen.

Ahalya Bai, the Mahratta Rani.

MALHAR RAO HOLKAR, the Mahratta Rana of Indore in Central India, died in 1765. He had an only son named Khandi Rao, who was killed by the Bhils shortly before the death of his father.

Khandi Rao had previously married Ahalya Bai related to the Scindhas of Gwalior, by whom he had one son named Mali Rao. The son succeeded his grandfather but died in a short time without an heir.

Now there was none in the Holkar's family to succeed him, so his mother Ahalya Bai who used to lead a very retired life as a Hindu widow was obliged to take the government in hand.

When she ascended the throne there was a large sum of money in the royal treasury. Her first act was to offer it as a *shankalapa* or sacrifice to the poor. She took the reins of government in her own hands and selected wise men to be the state officers. She took great interest in the welfare of her subjects.

She used to rise an hour before daybreak to perform religious ceremonies; she then attended lectures on Shastras and Vedas, &c., delivered by learned Brahmans, and then engaged herself in distributing alms to beggars. Then, partaking of her food which consisted of only vegetables, she retired to her room, where reposing for a while she would proceed to the Durbar to hear the complaints in person.

Ahalya did not observe the purdah system of the Muhammadans which was the real cause of the degradation of female sex in India. She used to take her seat unveiled in public durbars and courts for hours together.

Though Ahalya Bai was now queen, yet she never wore the rich attire of royalty, but always dressed in pure white according to the custom of Hindu widows. She did not allow any one to interfere in her State affairs, or to oppress her subjects. She always kept a vigilant eye over the officers of the State and punished them whenever they showed negligence in the discharge of their duties. She appointed strict punishments for light offences, so that none dared commit any fault. Thus Ahalya Bai made her country happy and prosperous. The rule of justice was spread throughout the state. But the wicked and the vicious never like justice; so some people organized a plot headed by Gangadhar Jaswant, the priest of the royal court, to depose her. But Ahalya Bai was an intelligent woman, she at once found

out the object of the royal priest, sent for him to her presence and said; "Reverend father, I shall always obey you in religious matters as I am bound to do; but I most humbly pray to you not to interfere in matters which do not concern you."

These firm words of Ahaliya Bai so enraged him, that he again formed a plot and induced many other men of great influence and power in the state to join the conspiracy. One of the conspirators was a man named Raghubbada, the uncle of Madu Rao, one of the rulers of Indore. He was one of the respectable men of the royal family. Under him the conspirators openly sent a letter to their queen. The letter ran thus:—"Please adopt a child and appoint a regency, for you being a woman are not a fit person to remain on the throne of Indore, when it is threatened by the Rajputs on one side and the English on the other."

But Ahaliya Bai had already made sufficient arrangements to meet the conspirators. She appointed a new police, and stationed soldiers, in disguise, near the houses of the conspirators, ready to arrest them. After she had finished her arrangements she replied to the conspirators under Raghubbada:—"Don't think I shall allow you to threaten me or do anything to raise the standard of rebellion in my kingdom. I am a Mahratta woman, so you must be careful how you displease your queen and sovereign. As I apprehend mischief from you, I have ordered my officials to arrest you and to throw you into prison."

As soon as the letter from Ahaliya Bai reached the conspirators, they were arrested and imprisoned before they could try to escape. But afterwards many of them were pardoned on taking the oath of allegiance, while Raghubbada was set free and ordered to leave the Holkar territory.

Raghubbada being thus crushed left the kingdom and went to join the Rana of Udaipur. When Ahaliya Bai heard of this, she thought that at one time or other the Rajput chief would certainly invade her country, so she began to strengthen her army, and appointed an able man named Tukaji Holkar as commander-in-chief of her forces.

Shortly afterwards the Rana of Udaipur, advised by Raghubbada, and mistaking Rani Ahaliya for a weak woman, entered the territory of Indore, invaded and conquered Nimbhaira and drove away Shibnana its Governor. As soon as Ahaliya was informed of this, she despatched an army of five thousand soldiers under Tukaji Holkar and Sirbhai to help Shebnona. Tukaji and Sirbhai met the Udaipur chief and routed his army. Nimbhaira was retaken.

The Rana fled in despair and never ventured again to invade Indore as long as Rani Ahaliya lived.

At her ascension to the throne of Indore, the whole kingdom was full of robbers and decoits; the life and wealth of the subjects were in danger; anarchy reigned supreme everywhere; peace was nowhere to be found. She held a Durbar to which she invited each and every man of her kingdom and openly declared before it that he who would clear her whole kingdom of the robbers, would receive the hand of her beautiful daughter, Mukta Bai in marriage. One Jaswant Rao undertook the task and with great efforts succeeded in freeing the kingdom of Indore from decoits and robbers,—and thus was married to the Princess Mukta Bai with great pomp and dignity.

In spite of this she herself used to rule wisely and well. She was very strict in justice and for this very reason it is not improper to call her 'the Lioness of Justice.' She was one of the extraordinary women that ever lived in India. She found the kingdom of Indore weak and rebellious, but left it united and prosperous.

One should not omit to quote a few instances as to how she was strict in justice. Once a man named Sirkham Dain at a village called Basia died without an heir to his vast store of wealth. His poor widow wished to adopt a child, but the revenue collectors interrupted in the execution of her desire and wanted to confiscate all the wealth left to her by her dear husband and thus increase the state revenue. But when Rani Ahaliya was told of their evil desire, she rebuked them for their misconduct and allowed the poor widow to adopt the child.

On another occasion two rich men among her subjects named Tulapdass and Baremdass of Kargram died without an heir to succeed them. Their widows came to the Rani asking her to accept their vast amount of wealth, as they wished to pass their lives in strict retirement. But the noble Rani Ahaliya replied to them, "Sisters, I thank you for your kindness, but I am rich enough not to require or wish for more. Go, spend the sum in digging tanks where there is scarcity of water, in building charity houses where there is want for them and in such works as may benefit the public." The widows spent their money on charitable works as requested.

Once a Brahmana wrote a book in which he extolled the virtues of Rani Ahaliya to the skies and presented it to her. She had it read and remarked, "I am a weak sinful woman and undeserving of such praise." She then ordered it to be thrown into a well and took no notice of the author,—an excellent example to prove that she was quite void of vanity.

Rani Ahaliya Bai used to live very economically; and all the money thus saved, she spent on charitable works for the public benefit. There was no village where she did not dig a well or a tank; or where she did not establish comfortable houses for the poor. She constructed many forts and public works, the greatest of which was a road over the Vindhya mountains. Many temples were made in her reign at different places,—the most famous of which is the temple of Vishnupada at Gaya.

In summer she used to establish Pausales throughout her kingdom; in winter she supplied the poor with cotton clothes, rags, &c. She did not neglect even birds and beasts. She used to have ripe fields of corn reserved for them. In brief she passed the whole of her 30 years' peaceful reign in feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, comforting the distracted, relieving the distressed of their troubles,—thus fulfilling the desires of each and every man of her subject to his entire satisfaction.

This great and good Rani Ahaliya Bai breathed her last in 1795, at the age of 60, to the great grief of her subjects. Her reign is regarded by all as a most flourishing period. She is now worshipped in Malwa as an incarnation of the deity.

All her good and charitable works spread throughout India are but a speechless testimony to her kindness, leniency, intelligence, bravery, nobility and charity!

BHAI MOHAN LAL VARMA.

Editorial Notes.

One of the most valuable supporters of our Magazine has been Mrs. C. K. Lamont known to our readers as "Mrs. C. Besley." Indian women have no truer friend among English ladies than this gifted lady who has shewn her practical interest in the cause of India's daughters in so many ways.

Mrs. C. K. Lamont who has, for the last year and a half, been studying Hygiene and Public Health in London has been appointed lecturer on Hygiene to the West Riding (Yorkshire), County Council.

Mrs. Lamont holds the Hygiene Diploma of the National Health Society. The studies for this course include Hygiene and Public Health,

Sanitation, Sanitary Law, Physiology, Physics, First Aid, Nursing and Elocution.

Mrs. Lamont also holds the Certificate of the Sanitary Institute and of the Sanitary Inspector's Board. In addition to this Mrs. Lamont has been studying at Bedford College (University of London) where she has taken up the special course of Hygiene, which is on the same lines as the Oxford and Cambridge D. P. H. The studies included Physiology, Physics, Chemistry, Bacteriology, and Hygiene. The students have every facility offered to them in the spacious laboratories attached to the College. Mrs. Lamont's duties will consist in giving four lectures a week on elementary and advanced Hygiene, in different villages in the West Riding District. These lectures which are given under the direction of the Technical Board of Education, have become very popular, and the attendance is very good.

All the lectures are illustrated with attractive models and diagrams and the audience have shown an intelligent appreciation, and in many cases the results of these lectures have been very pleasing. The subjects taken up by the lecturers cover a wide field, from house construction and Sanitation and the care of dust-bins to the feeding of Infants and the rearing and education of Children.

Among India's great reformers, Pundit Veerasalingam should take a prominent place for he has done work which is equal to that

of Pundit Vaidiasagar. He has just retired from active service as a Pundit from the Presidency College and is devoting his leisure more than ever to pushing forward the cause of social reform. He and his wife have spent themselves in this cause, and their names have become household words throughout Southern India. Mr. Veerasalingam has been touring recently in the Northern Circars delivering lectures, presiding at meetings, and helping to form Sabhas and Associations. He has at all times had an earnest following of young men, but at this juncture when he is bringing to bear upon the work of reform all his mature gifts he needs the sympathy and support of all earnest men in India who have at heart the welfare of their country. We wish him God-speed in his noble work. In this connection, what a Rajahmundry correspondent has written to the *Indian Social Reformer* will interest our readers:—

"Friday, the 26th August 1904, is a very important day for the Hindu ladies of this place. That was the day when they received a 'Town Hall' so to speak, where they can meet freely, and conduct meetings. This Hall, as one may easily guess, is a gift of Rai

Bahadur K. Viresalingam Pantulu, our great benefactor. The Hall is situated in the heart of the Town, not far from the Town Hall which is also a gift of the above named gentleman, to the townsmen of Rajahmundry. The new hall built for ladies is a storeyed building; the ground floor contains three rooms sufficient to accommodate a small family. It is believed that this portion of the building is to be occupied by any Hindu lady who is pledged to the cause of elevating her sisters, and who will conduct meetings and lectures for their benefit in the upper hall. At present, it falls to the happy lot of Srimati Sitamma Garu, a very earnest and enthusiastic lady-worker of this place. For a long time past she has been conducting regular meetings of Hindu ladies on Friday afternoons in her own house for Prayer purposes. She will hereafter conduct her Prayer-meetings in the new hall. Telugu people know her as the author of a number of small books in verse and prose, chiefly devoted to the propagation of correct ideas about the pure Theistic faith. Friends of the National Social Conference may know her as one of the lady-speakers at the last Conference held in Madras.

The Hall proper is spacious enough to accommodate a large gathering. It is well lighted, and very well ventilated too. Adjoining the Hall, a room is being built in the verandah for the 'Ladies Library' to be established very soon. At one end of the hall hangs a fine portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Viresalingam. This hall was formally opened on Friday last. There were over two hundred ladies present on the occasion. There were also guests from Cocanada and other neighbouring places, chief of whom was Srimati M. Ramabaiamma Garu, the editress of *Hindu Sundari*, a Telugu monthly intended specially for Hindu women, and what is more, conducted almost exclusively by Hindu ladies. At the opening ceremony prayers were offered, hymns sung, and lectures delivered, chief among the lecturers being Sitamma Garu and Ramabaiamma Garu. The meeting began at 2 p.m. in the afternoon, and closed at about 4 p.m. After that the gathering was treated to a musical entertainment by Mr. Viresalingam Pantulu with his Gramophone. The proceedings were brought to a close by 5.30 p.m.

The editress of *Hindu Sundari* visited both the local Government Girls' Schools on Saturday morning accompanied by Mrs. Viresalingam. She stayed for about an hour in each school, and listened to the songs of the girls, and witnessed their drill and other performances. She addressed the girls in both the schools on the 'Value of Education for Women.' She specially pointed out that it should be an all round Education, and not simply learning, mere book learning. She also exhorted the girls to lead good and useful lives and to become an ornament to womenkind. She next examined the needle-work and wool work of the girls, and before she left the schools she presented the first three girls in each school with the *Hindu Sundari* and 'Mirabai' a small poetical composition of her own. Saturday evening she paid a visit to the Town Hall with Sitamma Garu, and was also shown the Prayer Hall for men, also a gift of our illustrious townsman. She was next conducted to Viresalingam Young Men's Hindu Association Hall situated right above the Prayer Hall. She also saw the Circulating library for women which the Association has been maintaining for over two years.

What is being done for and by India's Daughters.

—Lady Curzon's Scheme for the supply of trained Nurses to Europeans is now before the Secretary of State for India. We learn by the last mail that the

India Office is avourable to it, so there is every probability of its early sanction.

—Last year the Maharani Girls' College, Mysore, was thrown open to Native Christian girls of approved parentage. At the Managing Committee's recommendation, the following order has now been passed:—"The Maharani Girls' College shall be open to daughters of all respectable caste Hindus; and pupils of approved parentage belonging to the Native Christian, Mahomedan, Parsi, Jewish, Eurasian, and European communities, who have passed a standard equivalent to the English Lower Secondary Examination may be admitted to the High School and College classes, each admission being subject to the approval of the whole Committee."

—Writes the *Dnyanodaya*:—"Whenever an Indian lady comes forward to take an active part in the progress of her sex, it is a pleasure to mention her. Strong as Indian womanhood is in possibilities, it is in the reality that the disappointment lies—not her fault however, but that of the injustice of the Hindu system. We have enough examples to feel sure of the high position that Indian womanhood can take if only given the chance. The country is sustaining an incalculable loss by the stunting of woman's intellect, and the confining her in narrow circles. When Indian womanhood is given a free chance this will be a different land. Of Ramabai Ranade the *Indian Social Reformer* says:—

"Mrs. Ramabai Ranade is doing quiet but very valuable work among Indian ladies in Poona. She has organised a working class and other opportunities of their meeting together for useful purposes, and her influence is a great elevating factor in the social life of the city. Lady Lamington recently paid her a visit, and the last *Government Gazette* announces that Mrs. Ranade has been appointed a non-official visitor to the Yerrowda Central Jail. This is the first instance, we believe, of a Hindu or, for that matter, an Indian lady engaging in public humanitarian work, and Mrs. Ranade's example is the highest tribute that can be paid to the memory of the great man whose loss the country will not soon cease to feel."

—The following appears in the *Calcutta Gazette*:—"With a view to give a further stimulus to the cause of female education and to encourage girls to continue to read up to comparatively high standards, the following relaxation of the rules in favour of Hindu and Mahomedan girls obtaining Primary or Middle Scholarships, has been sanctioned in Government Orders No. 1074 T. G., dated the 23rd June, 1904:—"If a Hindu or Mahomedan girl obtains a Primary or Middle Scholarship and if unable to attend any recognised school owing to the customs obtaining in Bengal or to the circumstances of the particular class to which the scholar belongs, or to distance from any suitable school, then, if the scholar still prosecutes her studies to a higher stage, the scholarship gained by her will be held to her credit subject to the following arrangements:—If before the expiration of the period for which the scholarship is to be held, the girl pupil in question submits to an examination to be held by an Inspectress of Schools, or by a female teacher for zenana education, or by an Inspector of Schools, or by a Deputy Inspector of Schools, or by some officer specially selected by the Inspector of Schools, for the purpose,

and if the scholar is found on such examination to have attained the desired higher stage of education, then the scholarship money, which would under ordinary circumstances have been paid to her in the form of monthly stipends, may be paid to her as a prize.—*The Bengalee*.

—A correspondent to the *Indian Social Reformer* speaks appreciatively of a Mrs. Parvati Bai Athavle, educated in Prof. Karve's Widows' Home at Poona. Writing from Hubli he says:—

"We have among us just now a lady teacher, Mrs. Parvati Bai Athavle, of Prof. Karve's Widows' Home, Poona. She has come here on a lecturing tour on behalf of that Home and will also visit other parts of the country. Surely, it was a happy idea that suggested itself to Prof. Karve to send out lady representatives from his institution. For, it is only when such ladies are sent by the hundred that the salvation of India will not be long in coming. Mrs. Parvati Bai Athavle is a certificated teacher attached to the Home and has devoted her life to its cause. Being of the old type and still young, devout and religious, and not having any of the new-fangled western fashions common among the uneducated, her words find a ready response in the hearts of all who are given a chance of hearing her.

Her address to the boys dealt chiefly with the rules of conduct that ought to guide them in their life at home and at the school and was delivered so boldly that even a man could have been proud of it. There was a ring of earnestness in her appeal on the wrongs done to mothers, daughters, wives and sisters who had often to drudge themselves to death with no hope but that of a pleasant smile from the lord of the house. In conclusion, she exhorted the audience not to ape western manners and customs, but to lead well regulated lives and to do some real service to the country that gave them birth."

—The Hindu Girls' School at Mylapore, Madras, was founded about thirty-four years ago and maintained by the late Maharajah of Vizianagram as a Hindu Caste Girls' School, teaching up to the Upper Primary or Fourth Standard. After the death of the late Maharajah the circumstances of the Vizianagram estate under the management of Government did not permit the continuance of the school. It was then handed over to the National Indian Association. Attempts were made to raise the standard of the School, but the Association was eventually forced by financial considerations to hand over the management of the School to a local Committee, which paid the deficit of Rs. 330 at the end of last year, 1903-04, and undertook to manage the School under the supervision of the Association. Since taking up the management of the School in May, the Committee has been able to secure the services of Mrs. N. A. Courtwright as Honorary Superintendent, and has also been able, with the co-operation of the leading Hindu residents of Mylapore, to raise the School to the Lower Secondary Standard, and to collect a permanent fund of about Rs. 5,000.

With a view to enable the Hindu girls to attend school at least two years longer than they do now, the Committee has resolved to place the school entirely in charge of women teachers, and the resolution is being given effect to as far as women teachers are available. Arrangements are also being made to

secure the services of a music teacher and a teacher to give moral lessons from Puranic stories on entirely orthodox lines. The Zemindar of Kangundi has been kind enough to accede to the request of the Committee and has given a building now under his holding for the occupation and location of the school. The Maharanee of Rewa, the sister of the late Maharajah of Vizianagram, has been approached by the Committee with a memorial to endow the school with a building and compound costing between Rs. 10,000 and Rs. 12,000 and the Maharanee, we hear, has favourably received the memorial. The public of Mylapore have also appreciated these efforts of the Committee and have sent their girls in large numbers, most of whom had to leave the school in the previous years for want of higher classes. The strength of the school has risen from 79 to about 110.

—Her Excellency Lady Lamington on the 16th July paid a visit to the Ladies' Work Guild, which is carried on under the auspices of the National Indian Association, at Mrs. M. G. Ranade's house in Shukrawar Peth in the city. Her ladyship, who was accompanied by Mr. Du Boulay, Private Secretary, was received, on arrival, by Mrs. Lawrence, the Honorary Secretary of the Poona Branch of the National Indian Association, Mrs. Ranade, and some other native ladies, who conducted her to a seat reserved for her ladyship. Mrs. N. Bhide then read a short account of the work of the Guild and welcomed her ladyship on behalf of the ladies present. She said: "Your Excellency and Ladies.—About 12 years ago an attempt was made, through the National Indian Association, to bring about friendly relations and establish social intercourse between English and Indian ladies. This good work was vigorously pushed forward by the sympathetic interest and energetic help of Mrs. Chatfield. After her departure for England the laudable work seemed to languish for lack of interest. Now, however, we rejoice to say that we have Mrs. Lawrence to take her place, both as a kind friend amongst us and as a vigorous Secretary of the National Indian Association. It is to her that we are indebted for this pleasant opportunity of meeting your Excellency. We beg to tender you our very grateful thanks for this exceedingly kind visit to our working party, and the thought that in the midst of so many pressing engagements you have found time to come amongst us will be a great encouragement to our ladies, and will surely induce them to work harder for each other's benefit and welfare. We must not forget to mention that our friend, Miss Sorabji, is a great help to us." Her Excellency in a few graceful words thanked the ladies for the kind reception they had given her, and expressed the hope that she would often be able to meet them at the Guild during her sojourn in Poona. Her ladyship then went round the various rooms with Mrs. Lawrence and inspected the different kinds of needlework being done by the native ladies of the Guild, Lady Lamington showing a great interest in watching them at work. Mrs. Vennbai Namjoshi next addressed those present in Marathi, and again expressed the thanks of the Guild for her ladyship's kind visit. There were about 75 Hindu, Parsee, and Mahomedan ladies present to meet Lady Lamington, who spent some three-quarters of an hour at the Guild. Her ladyship then returned to her carriage and drove back to Ganeshkhind by way of Sadashiv Peth, Vishrambagh, and Reay Market.



News and Notes.

Miss Marion Stopes, B. Sc., Ph. D., has been appointed junior demonstrator in botany in the University of Manchester.

—The Czarina frequently reads, before bed-time (which comes about 11 o'clock) an English novel or the *Times* aloud to her husband.

—The Duchess of Albany is a talented musician and painter and good judges of embroidery say that her skill in this direction is remarkable.

—Miss Hannah Robertson, B.A., head of the Training Department Bedford College for Ladies, London, has been appointed Mistress of Method at Leeds University.

—Miss Catherine Chisholm, who was loudly cheered on the occasion of her being presented with the degree by Vice-Chancellor Hopkinson, is the first lady graduate in medicine at the University of Manchester.

—The Japanese women are quite as enthusiastic about the war as the men. Ladies join the Red Cross Society and eagerly listen to the instruction given by nurses and practise bandaging on dummies, so that they may be of service in attending to the wounded.

—At the London School of Economics and Political Science, the Hutchinson medal for the best piece of research during the year has been awarded to Miss C. A. J. Skeat, D. Litt., for her thesis on "The Council in the Marches of Wales—A study in Local Government during the 16th and 17th centuries."

—We are very pleased to learn that, at the conclusion of the midsummer-term at the Royal College of Music Miss Grace de Rozario, A. R. C. M., was awarded a Council Exhibition of £10 in the Piano-forte section. Miss De Rozario left Madras shortly before Easter to resume her studies at the College, and her many friends in India will be glad to hear of her having gained fresh honours so soon.

—From the report on Public Instruction in Mysore for 1902-03 we find that of the females in the Province only 0.6 per cent. were returned as literate. The percentage of girls under instruction was 4.15. There has been a slight increase in the number of female pupils in the schools as a whole. Of 16,325 girls at school, no less than 3,046 were Muhammadans.

—From the general report of the census of England for 1901 which was issued on the 29th July last, we find that there are only six classes of occupation in which women greatly outnumber men—namely, as sick nurses, teachers, domestic servants, book-binding and paper and stationery manufacturer, the manufacture and sale of textile fabrics, and the manufacture of articles of dress.

—M. Paderewski, the world-renowned Polish pianist commenced to study the piano at the age of six. His first tutor was unable to play the piano, while the second had little or no knowledge of technique. But so well did the student progress with his own natural ability, and under the guidance of masters whose pupil he became at the age of twelve, that by the time he was eighteen he was a professor at the Conservatoire at Warsaw.

—Mlle. Marthe Pepuy, whose remarkable volume of sonnets has just won the coveted Sully Prudhomme Prize, lives in an attic. When ten years old she could neither read nor write, but ultimately developed into a Post Office clerk. After eight years' service she retired with shattered health and an enthusiasm for poetry. Her book will shortly be published under the title, "Idylle en Fleurs." All the sonnets are after Virgil, Theocritus, and Anacreon although she knows nothing of Greek or Latin except what she culled from the pages of Leconte de Lisle.

—Mme. Sarah Barnhardt, the celebrated French actress, in the fifth instalment of her memoirs, contributed to the August issue of the *Strand Magazine*, thus pays a high compliment to the English:—"Hospitality is a quality made up of old-world taste and antique grandeur. The English, are, in my opinion, the most hospitable people on earth, and they are hospitable simply and munificently. When an Englishman has opened his door to you he never closes it again. He excuses your faults and accepts your peculiarities. It is thanks to this broadness of ideas that I have been for twenty-five years the beloved and pampered artiste."

—The grounds at Buckingham Palace on Friday, the 29th of July last, were the scene of a most interesting gathering. Queen Alexandra had invited all the members of the National Pension Fund for Nurses who have been enrolled since 1901 to come and receive at her hands their certificates of membership, and over 1,000 responded. All the visitors wore their nursing costumes, and very picturesque they looked when grouped on the lawns in front of the palace. The guests were marshalled under Colonels

Campbell and Bor, of the Royal Marine Artillery, and were drawn up in "line of columns." Shortly after three, their Majesties accompanied by Princess Victoria, left the Palace and made their way to the scene of the ceremony. The ceremony of distribution began at once, and for exactly an hour the Queen was kept busy. She handed every certificate to its owner personally, and had a smile or kindly word for every recipient. The nurses who had already received their certificates merely marched in column past the Royal tent. The nurses were afterwards entertained to tea in the grounds of the palace. The gathering was the largest of the kind yet held. The fund is the largest thrift organization for women in the world. It possesses sick, benevolent and annuity branches, and is paying out over £15,000 a year in benefits. Of the £120,000 which now constitutes the income of the fund, nearly £100,000 is contributed by the nurses themselves.

—The *Madras Christian College Magazine* remarks thus, on the meetings held in Bombay and Poona, to celebrate the anniversary of the passing of the Widow Remarriage Act:—"Pundit Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar certainly deserves to live in the memory of his enlightened fellow-countrymen. The movement for the remarriage of widows may be said to have begun with him, and in the face of persecution he laboured till the Widow Remarriage Act of 1856 was passed. Further, unlike some "reformers" he not only exhorted others but showed that he himself was not afraid to act, for he married his son to a widow. Vidyasagar was famous in other ways also—as a writer and as an educationist. It is said that in the annual celebrations of his memory in Bengal there has been a tendency of late to exclude reference to his work as a social reformer. We are glad to see that that has not been the case this year at all events."

In Bombay and Poona meetings were held on the 25th July to celebrate the anniversary of the passing of the Act, and at them prominent men such as the Hon'ble Mr. Justice Chandavarkar, the Hon'ble Mr. Parekh and Dr. Bhandarkar took part. It was, of course, impossible for some of the reactionary papers to refrain from indulging in a sneer at this celebration. When it is shown, however, by the Census that in Bengal alone there are 4,000 baby girls under one year who are married, and of these 600 are widows, it is clear that the reformers still need to put forward every effort they can to remove what is, in spite of the cant sometimes written about it, one of the greatest blots on the Hindu social system."

Selection.

SOCIAL REFORM.

What is Social Reform? What are National Lines? Social Reform may be defined generally as the altering of existing customs so as to make them more compatible with the spirit of modern culture and the demands of modern civilization. It is not equally easy to define the exact significance of the term 'national.' The politician talks of a 'National Congress.' The moderate reformer talks of reform on 'national' lines. Does the word 'national' mean

the same thing in the mouth of the one as in that of the other? The former uses the word for bringing and binding together people differing in a hundred ways. When the latter uses it, he wishes to differentiate between modes of action of which he approves as being 'consonant with the genius of Hindu civilization' and those of which he disapproves as being opposed to it.

Now, is it possible to secure the progress of the country along 'national' lines, keeping in view this two-fold significance of 'nationality'—of nationality as a unifying force and as a differentiating quality? Is it possible to make the people of India a nation while preserving all that is distinctively Hindu, whether good, bad or indifferent? This is possible on one supposition and only one: namely, that 'the genius of Hindu civilization,' whatever that may mean, is competent to bind the various races, creeds and types of character and civilization that obtain in the land, and weld them into a compact whole surcharged with a social and political efficiency fit to command the respect of the nations of the world. Nobody who remembers that the Indian population consists not only of Hindus but of Muhammadans, Parsees and Christians will grant the supposition. Nobody who remembers how 'the genius of Hindu civilization' has helped to divide men and keep them divided for ages, repressing the growth of all classes but one, will accede to it either. Nor will any body agree to it who knows how powerless 'the genius of Hindu civilization,' unaided by foreign influence is to reform Hindu Society and how the very idea of a united nation in India is the result of half a century and more of western education imparted by western zeal and western sense of duty, and not a purely indigenous growth, and how the idea has to struggle with 'the genius of Hindu civilization' as embodied in social institutions and customs before finding complete practical realization.

The truth of the matter is that western rule, accompanied by western civilization and western education, has ousted the pandit and the priest from the position of intellectual and moral leaders and teachers of the people. The teachers and guides of the people are looked for elsewhere than among the pandits and the priests. Room is sought to be made in the social life of the community as embodied in social customs and institutions for principles of individual conduct and social regulation learnt from western science and western literature. The priests and the pandits feel bound by considerations of honour if not of self-interest to oppose the strange introduction. The fight about Rationality and Nationality in social reform is really a fight as to what should be the source and sanction of reform in Hindu society. The college-taught young men of to-day say Rationality, and when they say it, they mean their own reason and conscience as enlightened and informed by western knowledge. "No," say the friends of the pandit, "that would make reform unnatural, inconsistent with 'the genius of Hindu civilization.' Reform should proceed from within and not be pushed from without. We shall get the pandit and the priest to approve of all we want by way of adjusting the institutions of the country to the requirements of modern civilization." But these friends of the pandit,—Progressivists as they are called—speak without sufficient knowledge of pandit nature.

Thus 'Social Reform on National Lines'—except in the sense of what will make the people of India a single nation—has no meaning. It is a contradiction of terms.

In these circumstances, what should be the attitude of those sons of the soil who wish to serve their day and generation most faithfully? It is their duty to recognise that it is not in vain that Providence has brought India into contact with the West through British rule. No longer is it possible, even if it were desirable, for the communities of India to remain isolated either from one another or from foreign nations. Customs and institutions which may have preserved them from social disintegration in the past will not help them to a respectable and efficient existence in the future. These communities should move towards one another until a practical coalescence is brought about. We should become debtors not only to the wisdom of our own ancestors but to the wisdom of the wisest of all ages and in all countries. We should cultivate sympathy, not mere

intellectual sympathy, but practical moral sympathy, with all classes of people, including those who have hitherto been down-trodden in this country, and not excluding the pandits and the priests whose narrowness of vision and sympathy, if allowed to prevail, will stand in the way of national progress. We should yield to the best and noblest influences that play around us, not caring to ask whether they proceed from 'national' sources or not. Loyalty to conviction and sympathy with our fellowmen,—these should be the guiding-stars of our life.

To thine own self be true;
And it must follow as the night the day
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

At the same time—

O brother man! hold to thy heart thy brother;
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there
To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

—The Christian College Magazine.

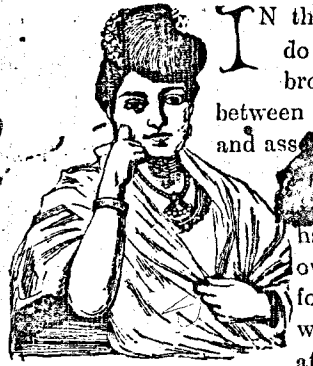
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Being and Doing.

[By Miss M. C. Sidgwick.]



IN the following paper I do not wish to draw a broad line of distinction between Being and Doing, and assert that one is right and the other wrong. In views of conduct we have claims of their own. But the people for whom this is written are those that affirm that Being and Doing are not separable—that they are one and the same thing—that, in fact, the latter creates and includes the former. I would show them that they are mistaken, and that two possibilities lie before each of us, namely—either to Do, or to Be.

Let us try and define these two views of Life, Being and Doing. The one is passive, the other active, the one subjective, the other objective. In the former method we sit still and let life come to us. We are content to absorb, and will grow as "the lilies of the field," unconsciously and without effort. We shall grow all together as a whole, no one part will be specialised in any direction, our minds must be open to all impressions, like a fertile field, from which the winds, rain and sun of life can draw unexpected beauty of fruit and flower. This is Being in its highest aspect—a state of calm receptivity, a condition of many-sided possibilities.

In a life of Doing we travel on totally different lines. Our whole attitude, our direction, our goal are all different. Success is what we aim at, and the road towards it generally lies along one narrow definite track; we have no time for the thoughts and concerns of others. To the surrounding landscape we must be blind if we would achieve our purpose. We therefore rush out to meet life eager to seize opportunities and shape circumstances according to our liking. We expend a great deal of energy, try and create fresh work, and evolve new thought; we toil and strive for our

ends, fight incessant warfare, if need be, and never know when we are beaten. And what is the end of this activity? The real artist (taking the word in the widest sense, as one who *does*, who takes an active part in life) the real artist is never satisfied. Whether he be poet, painter, philosopher, philanthropist or statesman, as fast as one goal is reached, another presents itself. Success flies before him like a will o' the wisp, for Ideals grow in the effort made to attain them. His only refuge, if he desire one, is to renounce his views and look at life from another standpoint, that of being content to be.

Let us now look at Being and Doing, as it affects the daily conduct of ordinary life. Many of us start life with an intense desire to Do. What, we do not exactly know, but we must take an active part, make a mark somehow, somewhere, impress our individuality on those around us, dust them, overtop them, crush them under foot if need be. We must be felt and seen and heard. To this end we try and shape our lives. We scrupulously forbear from attending to anything that does not bear upon our own object, our own work, our own views. We live in a niche of our own choosing; we gather around us congenial companions of the same tastes. When persons fail to interest us, or jar upon our nerves into their antagonistic ways of life and thought, we drop their society and cease to trouble our heads about them. We waste no time in social duties when we are not working towards our ideal ends, we enjoy our leisure in social pleasures or delightful repose. Life is rounded by the consciousness that we are working towards an object, and all that does not bear directly upon that object, is irrelevant, or looked upon in the light of relaxation.

If we succeed, what then? We have perhaps written a great book, painted a great picture, organized a great movement, contributed to a scheme, but to do any one thing well, we must be dead to all outside influences. We have moulded ourselves so firmly into one niche, that we can fit no other corner, and outside our own little kingdom we find a huge unexpected world which knows us not! There is a danger in specialising. If it deepens the stream of our powers, at the same time it often narrows both heart and head.

Suppose however that Being and not Doing has been the ruling motive of our bias? We should then look upon ourselves as instruments upon which Fate should play at will; we should be receptacles for all the good or bad things she chose to fling at us—our part merely to receive—to absorb. We should lose something, but also gain something by this change of attitude. We should have gained a wider outlook, a more tolerant view. Our lives would be mapped out for us, not by us. They would depend upon the lives of others, and our happiness determined by the people and circumstances amongst which we found ourselves placed. We grow by absorption, not by effort. If Fate prove unkind, and our circumstances uncongenial, the only idea that presents itself to us is that of submission. We hope for "better luck," and should an opportunity arise we clutch it eagerly, but it never occurs to us, to consciously carve our lives towards any definite end.

What is the goal of this apparently negative, passive life? Do these people aim at success, like their more active brothers and sisters? Certainly not, they are not ambitious, but they make for more happiness, a larger life, fuller powers, and they gain these by merely watching and waiting, and keeping an open mind. They lose in energy, in will power, and concentration, but their interests are wider, and their powers of expansion greater. It is often difficult for a person whose mind works very rapidly and intensely, to take a deep interest in events and situations, however important they may be, in which he himself has no active share. World stirring events just touch him for the moment, but he does not dwell upon them, nor form opinions as to their possible conclusion. And here the person, who is content to be a spectator of life, has an advantage, for to him, the world is an open book, in the perusal of whose pages, he lives far more keenly and vividly than in his own dreamy negative life. Speculation and theory are the very air he breathes and his thoughts form only through interchange of ideas with his fellows.

People who belong to this latter class are more popular as a rule, than the Doers in life. They are more companionable, more genial, more sociable. They adapt themselves better to

circumstances and fall in readily with other people's ways. They are more broad-minded, though much less in earnest, can see with other's eyes, though not so far in any one direction as the Doers. Being is more common than Doing, but only in its initial stages. In its broadest, highest interpretation Being merges into Becoming. To be able to be still at will, to control the mind and all inward forces, is the greatest power, and will gain for its possessor an undreamed of range and possibility. Enough however has been said about the relative merits of Being and Doing. The world needs both types, for its proper advancement. Much more might be said on this subject, but the object of this paper is merely to point out, that the line between the two states is wide and deep. They are not interchangeable; their goals are separate, and they move along different planes.

Extracts from an American Girl's Letters on the way from India to America.

(SERIES NO. IV).

April 13th.—After leaving the Tower yesterday we had lunch at the Ticket Office and then went out by the Thames way to cross the Tower Bridge. We climbed to the highest walk, 210 steps from the lower one, but got a very poor view because of the net work on either side, to prevent suicides, some one told us. Then we crossed again on the lower walk and were in time to see the Draw-bridge go up to let a steamer through. Really it is a most wonderful structure and it must take a powerful machine to lift the two ends of the bridge and yet it works as easily and as silently as if it were almost nothing.

Afterwards we went to see the "Old Curiosity Shop" immortalized by Charles Dickens. It is a dilapidated shop used for a waste paper shop and for selling odds and ends of things. When the proprietor knew we came but of curiosity to see the old shop, he took us into an inner room which was filled with etchings, photos, water colors, and oil colors of the old shop, of little Nell, and of others of Dickens's heroes and heroines. We bought each an etching of the house and pictorial postal cards. We also saw the old house which Dickens used as the "Bleak House." The "Old Curiosity Shop" is in a



HER EXCELLENCY LADY CURZON.



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No. 4.

CONSECRATION OF MIND.

"How sure it is
That if we say a true word instantly
We feel 'tis God's—not ours!"

E. B. BROWNING.

"Where our thoughts are born,
Though they be good and humble, we should mind
How they are reared, or some will go astray
And shame their mother."

J. INGELOW.

Lord, make my heart a place where angels sing!
For surely thoughts low-breathed by Thee
Are angels gliding near on noiseless wing;
And where a home they see
Swept clean, and garnished with adoring joy,
They enter in and dwell, and teach that heart to swell
With Heavenly Melody, their own untired employ."

KEBLE.

little side street near the King's College Hospital. Before we went there, we went into the Law Courts and heard a very interesting case, a medical one, in which a woman wanted damages for alleged negligence on the part of a chemist's assistant who gave some strong medicine which left a scar on the face of her child. The wigs of the judges and pleaders amused me very much. They looked so comical especially when they were so small that the real hair showed underneath.

April 14th.—Yesterday we had a long and rather tiring day. First we went to the City Temple to hear Dr. Parker preach. He gave us a grand sermon, which although I cannot repeat, I can remember and it is always with me. After the service we went to Spurgeon's Pastor's College, going all through and then looked over the Tabernacle which is being re-built. After that we went to Stockwell by way of the electric railway which is fine and the most comfortable travelling I have found in London and almost the quickest, certainly the cleanest.

At Stockwell we went to Spurgeon's Orphanage. The buildings are in the form of a hollow square with a pleasant little green in the middle. One side formed the offices, headmaster's house and a large hall. The next side was given up to boys' school and dormitories. Each house having its own matron. The third side was the playground of the boys and girls, separated by a small division, and the Girls' Calisthenic Hall is also there. On the fourth side are the girls' school and dormitories. Young Mr. Charlesworth, the son of the headmaster, took us round, showing us the classes and some of the dormitories, the laundry, worked entirely by machinery and the bakery, where they bake four hundred and twenty loaves of bread a day and finally took us into his own house and gave us a nice tea, after which we went home. There are 250 girls and the same number of boys in the Orphanage and they have very bright intelligent faces and seem very happy and contented. Besides the regular studies, the boys are taught type-writing and short-hand and the girls sewing and are made ready for service in homes. The girls are much more precise than in some of our home schools even, and seem to enjoy their drill. There are about 45 children in each house under a matron, and about 14 beds in each bed-room. There is a place downstairs for boots and shoes which the children change every time they come in or go out. Each child is numbered and all their belongings, even to tooth-brushes, are numbered the same.

April 17th.—This morning we went down town and I spent a shilling in 12 photographs

of London, 8 by 6 inches and beauties. The pictures are platino type and are very clearly and well done. After looking at the shops and longing for the "flesh-pots of Egypt," we resolutely turned away and went to visit Wesley's chapel and his house. In the chapel is Wesley's old pulpit, a fine old piece of mahogany furniture and we all climbed into it for a moment. There was also an old bench from which Wesley first preached in the open-air meetings. The ceiling and wall ornamentation of Wesley's own designing are also beautiful and interesting. After looking over the chapel we went to Wesley's house next door, and were very much interested in the things there. The front room was used as his sitting room and was filled with pictures of himself, Chas. Wesley and other noted men of Methodism; old letters; hymn books; chairs used by him; his Conference chair; the candle-stick he used and his old-fashioned tea-pot. A party came once to see these curios and while the conductress was explaining some pictures one of the party took the cover off the tea-pot and carried it off. It wasn't discovered till after the party had gone. Was it not a shame, such vandalism? Some Americans have offered ten thousand dollars for the tea-pot.

In the hall is an old clock 150 years old which John Wesley used. It is even now a splendid time-keeper, they say. We also went into his bedroom where he died. The only piece of furniture in it is an escritoire beautifully inlaid with various coloured woods and fitted out completely with secret drawers and really is an exquisite piece of work. I think the man who showed us round said an Englishman had offered 3,000 guineas for it. Next to this room was a tiny alcove room, fitted out with bookshelves, where John Wesley used to go every morning at four o'clock to pray before going to his five o'clock preaching service.

April 19th you know is dear to us as it commemorates the Battle of Lexington. It is celebrated in England by the Conservatives as Primrose Day and all day all good Conservatives wear Primroses in their buttonholes in memory of Lord Beaconsfield. A lady gave me a bunch to wear and I wore them to please her in the morning, but forgot to put them on in the afternoon. We went to Haverstock Hill to see the Orphan Working School under the patronage of H. M. the Queen with the Duke of Cambridge as President of the Institution. Between you, me and the nearest blue gum tree, that Orphanage wasn't nearly so nice as the Stockwell Orphanage. The beds were much meaner and the rooms were large and barren holding a hundred or more beds instead of the cute little

cottages whose rooms contained only 14 beds each, at Stockwell. In the dining room we saw the tables set for tea and all the things they have for tea are a mug a piece and a plate for two children. At breakfast and dinner also, two children eat from one plate. However the kitchen, store-rooms and laundry were all beautifully clean and fitted up with all modern improvements. What most took my eye was a patent bread knife nearly two feet long, fitted to a table, that cut bread in the shortest possible time. The lady who showed us around cut a loaf of bread for us, and I think did it in three seconds. They cut large chunks of bread, 6 ounces in each slice which is the amount given to each child. They have bread and milk for supper, bread and cocoa for breakfast and for dinner, soup twice a week, meat four times and on Saturdays suet pudding. It takes 147 quarts of milk a day for the children and 9 pounds of cocoa for their breakfast each day. The cocoa is bought in huge barrels. It is a mixture of cocoa, sugar and farina. On Easter Sunday they have pickles, a rare treat.

Steamer St. Louis, April 22nd.—Well we are again on the "bounding deep" and while it is smooth, I want to write the rest of my wanderings in London. Thursday we spent in packing our trunks, looking over our possessions to see if there were any dutiable articles. This took a good part of the day and the rest of the time we rested. Friday was so rainy that we did not attempt to go out except Mr. L., who went down to the British Museum and also stopped at the Agency to get the tickets and to see if the bus, which the railroad company had agreed to send, would be there in time. The Agent assured him that every thing had been attended to. This morning we were up at 5-30, picking up the last things, had our breakfast and were all ready to start by 7-15. The bus came late and the driver took such a time getting the baggage put on that we didn't get started until five minutes to eight and consequently missed the train on which we were to go. There was another "special" and we had to pay the balance of £10, took the "special" and were off. We thought it rather hard lines when it was through no fault of ours that we were late, but we had to do that or wait over another week.

This ship is a fine one and our cabin is splendid, nearly twice the size of ours in the *Egypt*, with every convenience. There are curtains to each berth and various hooks for hanging clothes and my cabin has a dear little wall closet too and there are two chairs to each cabin. I have seen my room-mate and she seems very pleasant indeed, but she is as German as—as sourkrant, talks quite broken

English. Nearly all on board are either Germans or Swedes—but more of the passengers later on. I hope the voyage won't be rough. I never had such a dread of going on the sea before, as I have had this time. As I look forward it seems to me as if I could not possibly stand even seven days of it. Isn't it strange? Docket says I am overtired. I don't know what it is, but though it is most beautiful moonlight and the sea is as smooth as glass almost, I cannot bear even to look at it. Your good sailor daughter is growing chicken-hearted, I fear. It is too cold to write more, my pen is almost slipping from my fingers, they are so numb. I am warm all except my hands, feet and the tip of my nose, and they are so cold. I will have turned into a piggy-wiggly when you see me again, I am afraid for I have been eating such quantities of bacon and ham since coming to England. It is healthful and fattening they say and it is certainly delicious.

April 25th.—It has been simply lovely all day to-day, a perfect spring day when it is joy simply to live and breathe the pure air. I have been talking India to a gentleman for over an hour. He cannot see how I like it so much and want to go back. He thinks it a dreadful country. Finally he said—"Well, this must convince a person that there is a higher power which rules over you and gives you great compensation for all the good things you leave in going out to that dreadful country, or you never would be happy there."

There is a little girl eight years old who has been trained for the stage. She sang last night and took off the street Arabs and the Negroes wonderfully well. But she has all the theatre airs and graces and is not in the least shy, though she does not seem spoiled, either. It is a shame, though, for a child so young as she, to be trained in that way!

They have got a funny little man to sing and to chaff him. They love to egg him on and then make fun at him, though he cannot see that they are making fun of him. He is chock full of conceits.

There is so much more of ship-life to write about. I have been talking all evening with a Mr. Jackson, who has been travelling for 31 years and has been all over the globe. He has such a fund of information and it is a delight to talk to him. He is going to India again next year and I told him if he was in Madras to go and see you all at Nellore and he said he would like to. Another man has been to the Klondike and all his jewelry, studs, scarf-pins, &c., are nuggets of gold.

I will tell about our landing and what happened afterwards, in my next letter. I will

be so glad to get off this ship. We have had a very quiet voyage, but I have had about enough of sea-travel.

Around a Distant Star.

BOOK II.—CHILDREN OF SPACE.

By JEAN DELAIR.

Author of "Alsatian Tales," "A Dream of Fame," etc.

CHAPTER I.—ON THE SHORES OF A NEW WORLD.

SUMMARY OF BOOK I.—Royal Staunton and Clive Delaheld 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. 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 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. He had also succeeded in inventing a telescope of incomparable magnitude which revealed wonderful aspects of the planetary world. It had not at first been arranged that Clive should go with Roy; but, owing to an unexpected occurrence, this result was eventually arrived at, and it was settled that Clive and Roy should go together on their wonderful journey. And in a final conversation, the supreme object of the wonderful journey is revealed—to go to a planet, the light rays from which would take nineteen hundred years to reach the Earth; so that if one went to this particular planet one would see the Earth as it was nineteen hundred

years ago—that is, in the time of Christ. Roy wishes to assure perfect faith in Christ by the accomplished fact of a certain sight of Him, as He actually appeared in the world. And at last, they start in their air-boat, which they name The Estrella, and are launched into the night and silence of infinite space.]



GOD be praised: Daylight at last! Not the familiar light of the Sun, the golden brilliance wherein we had played as children, far away on the little planet Earth, but the strange silvery light of another sun, in another universe.

At last, after the long weary months of waiting, we were within sight of the goal. Already our speed was lessened, and we knew we were no longer in the power of the formidable electric current which had hitherto propelled us in space. We were rapidly flying towards the planet with the help of our acquired velocity, to which would succeed, when this had become exhausted, the attraction of the planet itself—if Roy's problem had been correctly solved! If it had not, we would have accomplished the most daring journey ever attempted by man, only to be wrecked within sight of the harbour, and see our projectile—man-made satellite of a new-discovered universe—become the small, inglorious moon of one of its planets—probably the very one we had meant to conquer and possess.

It was the crucial moment of our journey. Imprisoned in our projectile far more relentlessly than birds in a cage—for every law of nature conspired to make our prison-house secure—we were utterly powerless to help ourselves, and should the tenth part of a second be missing between the moment our acquired velocity should cease, and the attraction of the planet begin, we would not be able to raise a finger to guide our boat and ward off our fate.

With wildly beating hearts we pressed close to the north windows and saw the planet, a small white sphere in the vast distance, shining in front of our path in the reflected radiance of its sun, while the sun itself, apparently motionless in the centre of the system, was gradually changing the dark emptiness of the space into the splendour of an eternal noonday.

Slowly, very slowly—or so at least it seemed to us in our fevered impatience—the little sphere grew in size and brilliancy. Now it looked like a small moon—now it became a planet, large and resplendent as the earth when it sails in the zenith of its satellite. Now—Ah!... What was this? ... A strange dizziness came

over me—the metal floor of the *Estrella* seemed to give way beneath my feet and I instinctively caught hold of the hand rail to steady myself. Then the truth flashed upon us.

"God be praised!" cried Roy, "we are falling on the planet!"

Falling on the planet! Falling, perhaps to be burnt alive by the friction of the planet's atmosphere—perhaps to be crushed into a shapeless mass as we touched the shores of the new world—yet we rejoiced and gave praise, and felt as the dead may feel when in their silent tombs they hear the call of the Angel of Life.

Our preparations for landing were simple in the extreme. With a few exceptions, everything that our boat contained was already securely fastened and so could not be damaged in the fall; we had only ourselves to think of. We quickly moved to the south end of the projectile—the side furthest from the cone—and, holding on with both hands to the hand-rail—verily for dear life!—we waited.

How long did the waiting last? How long did we stand thus, side by side, staring blindly at each other, our senses numbed and every nerve thrilling in the unnameable suspense?

In what seemed an incredibly short space of time, the airboat had passed from the horizontal to the vertical position, and we were now suspended, like birds on a branch, to that side of the projectile which had become the roof, whilst the interior of the boat lay at our feet. It was a singular position—one which, at any other moment, would have aroused our sense of humour; but our appreciation of the ridiculous in life is apt to lose itself when one stands face to face with death.

So great had been my suspense, so poignant my anticipation of the shock, that when it actually took place my first impression might have been translated in the homely exclamation: *Is that all?*

The pneumatic buffer had done its work well, and before I quite realized that all was over—our landing successfully accomplished, our wonderful journey at an end—Roy had touched a spring, and our prison doors stood open! Light, air, sunshine, poured in, and for some moments, unheeding all the wonders that awaited us, we closed our eyes in silent beatitude and drank our fill of the blessed air, the blessed light, the blessed sunshine.

Then, slowly, fearfully, like some underground animals emerging from their hiding place, we crawled to the door, and lo! The fair new world was lying at our feet!

As Roy had foreseen it, the cone of our projectile was deeply imbedded in the soft earth of the planet, and only the main body of the boat was visible, standing based upwards, its door

about twenty feet above the ground. A rope ladder was promptly unrolled and fastened to the outer wall, and Roy bade me descend.

I obeyed, and had almost reached the last step when a sudden thought arrested me.

"No," I cried to Roy, who, from above, was watching my descent, "your feet must be the first to tread this soil. Come!" And I quickly ran up and in my turn stood by the open door of the *Estrella*, watching Roy as he lightly stepped down the ladder. Then I followed, and a minute later we stood side by side on the shores of the new world, a world fresh from the hands of God, a world which no humanity had yet watered with its tears, crimsoned with its blood, or transfigured with its dreams.

It was a wonderful moment, such as no word can tell, or pen describe. After a journey of nearly thirteen months—thirteen months in the darkness, in the silence, in the endless void of space—thirteen months without the least sight or sound of life—to stand once more in the sunshine, and then to remember it is the sunshine of another star—another universe—a universe so far distant from our own that its sun, with all its system of planets and satellites, has become invisible, lost in the unfathomable depths of space.... What mortal language can describe this mingled pain and ecstasy?

For some time we stood silent, bareheaded in the sunlight, feeling less like conquerors of a new world than like worshippers in a new temple. The glory surrounded us—the white glory of the wonderful sun, falling silver-white on the deep gold of the forests and plains.

We found ourselves in a valley formed on either side by low hills, above whose summit rose in the distance the snow-crowned heads of a high range of mountains. The valley was a broad one, covered with every imaginable form of vegetation, and divided into two almost equal parts by a tempestuous river that fell in a bold sheet from one of the nearest hills. In the light of its white sun, and enveloped in an atmosphere itself purely white, with its wonderful colouring ranged from the most delicate yellow to the deepest gold, the landscape presented so strange, so unreal an appearance that it made me feel, more vividly than ever before in our stellar expedition, that it must all be a dream—the most wonderful ever dreamt—or else that Fairyland had come to life, and that Roy and I were whiling away the summer hours in a land of strange enchantments, where the foliage was of beaten gold, and the flowers and fruit of precious gems.

Diamonds and topazes seemed to blossom, flower-wise, at our feet, for instead of grass, a curious moss-shaped vegetation, pale gold in tint, carpeted the ground, bearing on every

stem a small white flower that glittered like a star. Here and there rose groups of strange, five-fingered vegetals without flower, foliage or stem, some so dwarfed as hardly to be distinguishable from the moss they grew in—others almost attaining the height of a small tree. Their colour was a rosy white, spotted with deep orange, and from a distance, moving slowly to and fro in the breeze, they looked like so many hands, some of men, some of giants, lifted in welcome—or was it in warning?

After gazing for some moments at the strange spectacle, we made our way towards the forest which spread itself for many miles at the foot of the hills; and as we walked noiselessly over the carpet of gems Roy spoke for the first time.

"What a strange silence, Clive! Not a sound of life anywhere.... Are we the only living creatures in this world?"

Hitherto I had been too wrapt in wonderment to notice the absolute stillness that encompassed us, but at Roy's exclamation I stopped short and listened. A warm wind fanned our faces and sent faint ripples through the moss-like vegetation at our feet;—it was a faint murmur—one of the least noises of nature. With it mingled the distant roar of the falling river. But of life-sounds there were none: no song of bird or drone of insects, no patter of hurrying feet or whirr of flying wings..... Were we alone in this strange world—alone among the golden hills and star-strewn plains?

"Perhaps there are no inhabitants?" I suggested.

"But there must be, asserted Roy," for I have seen them!

At least, he corrected hastily, "there were living creatures here nineteen hundred years ago, and it is not probable that every type of animal life should have become extinct since that period..... It is true that I never saw many—though I observed the planet with my greatest magnifying power..... It may be that in this world the proportion between the animal and the vegetal kingdom as it exists on earth is reversed, and that here it is the vegetal kingdom that predominates."

"What kind of living creatures did you see on this planet?" I queried suddenly, at the same time wondering that I had never yet thought of asking the question.

"In shape they resembled deer and antelopes, but they were purely white and wonderfully agile and graceful in all their movements. Then, but once only, I saw others, white also, that looked like small monkeys, darting in and out of the trees; but they disappeared so rapidly that my impression of them is not distinct..... Of course, it is possible that for some reason or

other, this valley has been deserted by its inhabitants..... Still, it is strange."

As Roy spoke these last words we arrived at the edge of the forest, and as we penetrated within its golden depths I felt that no beauties this planet, or any other planet in space, might reveal to us, could ever surpass the magical splendour we now beheld.

Imagine a forest, not of trees, but of flowers, and flowers resplendent in every colour of the rainbow, some so low-growing that we could look into their hearts and breathe their fragrance, others almost as tall as the tallest trees on Earth, with a corolla so wide that its petals could have cradled a sleeping child as easily as a rose hides a bee within its folded leaves. Imagine a foliage the colour of amber through which the sun is shining, and stems that look like pillars of gold entwined with precious gems. Imagine every fantasy of structure, every caprice of colour, merge in one all the fairest descriptions of Elfinom and Fairyland, and still the fancy picture shall be far below the reality as we saw it, Roy and I, in the white sunshine of that wondrous morning.

As we penetrated deeper into the forest and approached closer to the strange flower-trees, we discovered the secret of their gem-like covering. On earth, as every school boy knows, certain objects have the power of splitting the white rays of the sun into the seven colours of the rainbow, thus clothing themselves in a many-tinted garment fairer than a king's. The plumage of some tropical birds possesses this property: colourless in itself, it reflects in dazzling iridescence the glory of the sun; so does mother-o'-pearl, and every dewdrop which on a fair summer morning trembles on the grass. On close examination of the flowers within our reach we saw that, with the exception of the white blossoms, whose velvety petals shone like new fallen snow, every flower was a living rainbow. The stems which bore them—of a deeper gold than the foliage—were as much "a thing of beauty" as the blossoms themselves, for in their close-set fibres they bore the fruit—large oval berries, some emerald-green, some purple, others blue as an eastern sky or crimson-dyed as if in blood. They were imbedded in the stalk like precious stones in a pilaster of gold, some twining spirally around the stem, others forming quaint irregular designs; and it was not the least wonder of this curious vegetation that in every variety we discovered the flowers were separated from the fruit. But then—were they flowers? The whole structure of the plant was so different from anything that grows on Earth, that our names must necessarily be at fault in describing them. Whereas in terrestrial vegetation it is the flower which

bears the most important organs of the plant and is the scented bower wherein fecundation takes place, and the germ of life develops, in these strange flower-trees the blossoms seemed to be nothing but a brilliant flag hoisted on the top of the stem to catch the sunshine and the breeze; the real life of the plant was centered in the berries that bore the seeds—flower and fruit in one.

With some difficulty I detached one of these from its socket and, in spite of Roy's warning, tasted it. It had an acid, unpleasant flavour, and its flesh was fibrous and hard.

"This is undoubtedly the garden of Eden, Roy," I remarked, "but if all its fruits are like this one, they will not tempt the first woman to her fall!"

"Patience," smiled Roy. "We shall certainly find something, whether fruit, flower, or grass that will serve us for food, as it does the inhabitants of this planet!"

"If there are any," I interposed hastily. "At present it seems to be a Fairyland without the fairies, a Paradise deserted—"

"Hush!" said Roy. "What is this!"

I followed the direction of his gaze and barely repressed a cry of alarm as, from behind a low bush of clustered blossoms, a pair of human eyes met mine. Human? There was man's intelligence, nay man's cunning, between those wide open lids, but the strange whiteness that encircled them did not belong to human flesh. The remainder of the face and the body were hidden; only the eyes were visible, watchful, intense. And as Roy quickly advanced towards the hidden creature he whispered the ominous question: "Monkey—or Man?"

Female Education in Trivandrum.



THE annual distribution of prizes to the students of H. H. the Maharaja's College and High School for Girls came off on the evening of Monday, the 19th September, 1904. The interesting function was, as usual, held in the Victoria Jubilee Town Hall, which was decorated in a manner befitting the occasion. His Highness the Maharaja presided and distributed the prizes to the children, and Mr. G. T. Mackenzie, I.C.S., British Resident in Travancore and Cochin, delivered a speech which is reproduced in *extenso*:—

YOUR HIGHNESS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Writers on social subjects have often pointed out that, in estimating the comparative degree of civilisation attained by the various nations throughout the world, one distinctive note is the position which in its social economy a nation gives to women, and European writers generally seem to have a notion that in the East the position held by woman is low and that in Oriental countries a woman is secluded out of sight or is at best a mere household drudge. Possibly this idea has some foundation in Mahomedan regions and in lands which have been under Mahomedan rule, but this State of Travancore is one corner of India that never was under a Mahomedan Government and perhaps that is one reason why in crossing the mountains from British India one finds that women in Travancore have more consideration shown them than is given to them elsewhere. Possibly another reason may be that a portion of the population for more than a thousand years past has been Christian with the Christian system of monogamous marriage, and a third reason may be that which Mr. Subrahmanya Iyer gives in his Census Report that under the West Coast system of inheritance through the mother and not through the father "women are regarded as of equal importance with men, if not more, and enjoy a conspicuous amount of personal freedom. Girls are at least as much cared for and valued as boys, not because they are sources of income, but, what is of greater moment to the family, because they are the channel through which the property is conserved and transmitted." This explains why in Travancore so much importance is attached to His Highness' School and College in Trivandrum and why we all feel that Miss Williams as Principal of this school and college has a special opportunity and is doing a good work in moulding the characters of these girls, who in years to come may doubtless exercise much influence on the destinies of Travancore. Think what a difference it may make in India when men marry educated wives. I remember hearing Mr. Justice Shephard of the Madras High Court speak of the double life that is led by an educated Hindu gentleman. Outwardly, in his public life, he may be the keenest of reformers, receptive of all the latest ideas of the best intellects of Europe, but when he crosses his threshold he must bow submissively to the prejudices of his mother and of his wife with their stolid and ignorant hatred of the slightest change. How much more efficient as a citizen such a man would be if he had a mother who would encourage him in his pursuit of progress and a wife who could enter into and sympathize with his ideas. And now I venture upon somewhat delicate ground, but this is the last time I shall stand here and I feel that I

ought to speak out. Reforms come best from within and the force of an instructed public opinion is very great. There are hopes that on this coast educated wives may do something to purify the Marumakatayam family system from worst features, may cause marriage to be regarded as a life-long union and may encourage their husbands to show the affection of a father towards their children. Already there are signs that such a change is pending. The law still stands that the children of the sister of a man and not his own children are his heirs, but the instinct of natural affection revolts against this system and recently the Travancore Legislative Council passed a law empowering a father to make provision for his own children and to nominate a guardian to administer that provision after his death without any interference by the manager of the mother's family. The Travancore Legislature would not have made this change had not a considerable body of public opinion demanded it. That is the sort of work, that is the direction of social reform in which educated women may help and if such reforms are to be the result of the teaching given within these walls, we wish this school and college God-speed. (Cheers.)

The Teaching of Carlyle.



We are at first baffled, and feel ourselves at a loss to know what to make of this strange being. When we approach him he frightens us with his Baphometic-Fire Baptism, Logic-mortar, Gerund-grinding, Transcendental-moonshine and what not. His thoughts, his reasonings, his expressions and the very style in which he clothes his thoughts have a novel and pedantic tone about them. Where the world sees beauty and harmony he sees deformity and discord; a Pagan with his 'Jotuns' and his barbarous thoughts is to him a 'great heart open to take in this great Universe, and man's life here and utter a great word about it. He is intensely rude and anything but conscious of the presence of other great men besides himself. The Universe we live in is an 'immeasurable swine's-trough, consisting of the attainable and the unattainable, the latter in immensely greater quantities for most pigs.' Of course all men are pigs, and Justice one's own portion of the swine's-trough. What a view of modern

English life to be sure! To his mind the ridiculous and the sublime are one, with the same hand he touches them both and marvelously blends them together. Here is an example, he brings Teufelsdröckh—the clothes-philosopher—before us. Lifting his huge tumbler of guk-guk and for a moment lowering his tobacco-pipe, he stood up in full coffee-house, where all the virtuosity and nearly all the intellect assemble; and there, with low, soul-stirring tone, and the look truly of an angel, though whether of a white or black one might be dubious, proposed this toast: the cause of the poor, in Heaven's name and ———'s. Who would have thought that the soul-stirring Teufelsdröckh would end by looking like the devil!

He also attacks with a violent impetuosity anything which does not satisfy his peculiar taste. We have already had an instance where he compares modern life and morality to a huge swine's-trough and pigs wash. Here is another. Speaking of the sceptical tendency of the age he remarks thus:—'What man believes in these days is something which he can button up in his pocket and with one or the other organ eat and digest. We call these ages in which he gets so low, the mournfullest, sickest and meanest of all ages.' We who are so much reminded of the wonderful advances which science has made in these days are puzzled and do not know what to think of a man who speaks thus:—

'Shall your Science proceed in the small chink-lighted or even oil-lighted, underground workshop of Logic alone; and man's mind become an Arithmetical Mill, whereof memory is the Hopper, and mere Tables of Sines and Tangents, Codification, and Treatises of what you call Political Economy are the Meal? And what is that Science, which the Scientific head alone, were it screwed off and set in a basin to keep it alive, could prosecute without shadow of a heart,—but one or other of the mechanical, and menial handicrafts, for which the Scientific head is too noble an organ? I mean that Thought without Reverence is barren, perhaps poisonous; at best dies like cookery with the day that called it forth; does not live like sowing, in successive tilths and wider-spreading harvests, bringing food and plenteous increase to all Time.

If he has the tendency to cry down anything which does not meet with his approval and sympathy, he on the other hand exalts to the skies all that satisfies his capricious taste. And yet this man of strange contradictions is the philosophic hero of the literary world. Is there anything in Carlyle which makes him worthy of the high homage paid to him? Could we learn something from one who is spoken of as so great and sublime a personage? Is there any beauty or any harmony to be found in his strange thoughts which he has poured forth so profusely and, it would seem, so indiscriminately? Let us see.

It is said that all great men or men of genius have each in their hands a sort of solar-micro-

scope. With this microscope adjusted to a particular focus, the great man sets to view the things before him. That which does not come within the adjusted focus appears distorted and disfigured, but on the other hand the tiniest object, say an ant, which happens to be in the right position appears to his eyes a huge elephant. Carlyle undoubtedly had a solar-microscope, of which he made constant use, before he gave out his opinions regarding individuals or his views on questions of importance. Let us just notice one or two of his microscopic images. John Sterling is a man of ordinary powers, with endowment either as a thinker or as a practical worker who happens to come within the focus. What dimensions does he assume! Carlyle no great writes of him thus:—

'On good evidence let the world understand that here was a remarkable soul born into it; who, more than others, sensible to its influences, took intensely unto him such tint and shape of feature as the world had to offer there and then; fashioning himself eagerly by whatsoever of noble presented itself participating ardently in the world's battle, and suffering deeply in its bewilderments. A man of infinite susceptibility; who caught everywhere more than others, the colour of the element he lived in, the infection of all that was or appeared honourable, beautiful and manful in the tendencies of his time; whose history therefore is, beyond others, emblematic of his age.'

Or take another. Odin the Pagan with his wild beard and eyes, with his rude speech and ways becomes under Carlyle's microscope a 'teacher and captain of soul and of body; a Hero of worth immeasurable; admiration for whom, transcending the known bounds, became adoration.' The grub-street Johnson also coming within Carlyle's view, at once swells:—'As for Johnson, I have always considered him to be, by nature, one of our great English souls. A strong and noble man; so much left undeveloped in him to the last: in a kindlier element what might he not have been.—Poet, Priest, Sovereign, Ruler!'

That 'sincere fanatic' Cromwell, how he rises in our estimation after looking at the microscopic image of Carlyle:—

'Poor Cromwell,—great Cromwell! the inarticulate Prophet. Prophet who could not speak. Rude, confused, struggling to utter himself, with his savage depth, with his wild sincerity, and he looked so strange, among the elegant euphemisms, dainty little Falklands, didactic Chillingworths, diplomatic Clarendons! Consider him. The depth, and tenderness of his wild affections: the quantity of sympathy he had with things, the mastery he would yet get over things: this was his hypochondria. The man's misery, as man's misery always does, came of his greatness.'

Enough of these images. They are indeed peculiarly attractive and one would like to linger longer and gaze on many others in wonder and amazement. They have been, even stripping them of their magnifying influences, very instructive to us, they have taught us how to estimate

the greatness of a man. Great men do not belong to any particular age or land, they are all fundamentally made of the same stuff, 'sincerity, a deep, great, genuine sincerity is the first characteristic of all great men.' They hate sham and everything is genuine. An unconscious element enters into their greatness, they are never aware that they are great. There is much originality about them, they come as it were at first hand, "messengers from the Infinite Unknown, with tidings to us." We may call them anything we like Poet, Prophet, or King. They are open to the Divine significance of life, the power of true insight and superiority of vision being gifts peculiar to them. These are Carlyle's Heroes, and our trying to learn something from their lives and character is his Hero worship. Is not Carlyle himself a great Hero? But he speaks again:—

'If Hero means sincere man, why may not every one of us be a Hero? A world all sincere, a believing world; the like has been; the like will again be,—cannot help being. That were the right sort of Worshippers for Heroes: never could the truly Better be so revered, as where all were True and Good.'

One would have thought that Carlyle with his strange unrealizable thoughts and opinions would be able to teach us nothing practical, that all his teachings would be ideal, nice indeed to think of and grand in conception but of no practical utility. We should however be entirely mistaken if we go away with such a notion. In Carlyle we find the ideal and the real, the visionary and the actual strangely mixed up. What then is the practical lesson he is able to teach us? This merely:—Do your work in this world, sincerely and thoroughly and with a willing heart. Be wedded to your work for 'What is the chief end of man? Behold, I too would live and work as becomes a denizen of the Universe, a child of the Highest God!' This is his gospel of work. Let us try and learn something more about it:—

'A world where much is to be done and little is to be known; do not sink yourselves in boundless bottomless abysses of doubt, of wretched God-forgetting Unbelief, you were miserable then, powerless, mad, how could you do or work at all. Such is the gospel all great men preach and teach coupled theoretically and practically with this other great gospel 'clear your mind of Cant.' Have no trade with Cant.'

But what says Carlyle to the nature of our work? What shall it be? Are there not times in which we try our best to do some work and do not succeed, or when at the best our little work ends in great failure or becomes so miserably hampered with sin and folly that the whole thing ends in a pitiable collapse? Is it not better to do no work than to do such paltry and worthless sort of work? and one so much mixed up with man's weakness and so contemptible in the sight of the All-perfect Being above? We are certainly justified in asking such questions. Let Carlyle

answer for himself. His reply would be somewhat in this strain:—O man! Thou art a mere worker, thy Taskmaster will see to the results of thy work, but work thou sincerely. Do the Duty which lies nearest thee and which thou knowest to be a Duty 'Produce! Produce! Were it but the pitifulest infinitesimal fraction of a product, produce it in God's name! 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee: out with it then. Up! Up! Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy whole might. Work while it is called To-day; for the Night cometh, wherein no man can work.'

'There is in man, a higher than love of happiness, he can do without happiness and instead thereof find *blessedness*'; this is also one of the fundamental lessons of Carlyle's teaching. Every school of Philosophy and every leader of thought have tried at all ages and countries to give at least a one-sided and inadequate expression to this, the grandest of all truths. That which is ordinarily called happiness never could represent the highest capability in humanity or meet its indefinite aspirations. The older philosophies such as the Pythagorean, Stoic and Platonic were all attempts to embody this truth in teaching and carry it out in life, but they were all very imperfect in comparison to the grandest of all teachings taught by Him who is so significantly called the 'Man of Sorrows.' He gave this truth a perfect and exhaustive doctrinal expression as well as a practical exemplification by His life and death. Since then all great men have had peculiar powers given them to place this truth with greater force before the world at large. Carlyle undoubtedly obtained the strength which he had in giving weight to this—what we may call his *life-principle* from Christianity and its Founder:—

'I ask myself, what is this that, ever since earliest years, thou hast been fretting and fuming, and lamenting and self-tormenting, on account of? Say it in a word: is it not because thou art not happy? Because the Thou is not sufficiently honoured, nourished, soft-bedded and lovingly cared for? Foolish soul! What Act of Legislation was there that thou shouldest be happy? A little while ago thou hadst no right to be at all. What if thou wert born and predestined not to be Happy, but to be Unhappy. Art thou nothing other than a vulture then, that fliest through the Universe, seeking after somewhat to eat; and shrieking dolefully because carrion enough is not given thee? close thy Byron; open thy Goethe?

Carlyle is very fond of the word *sincerity*. In fact we may sum up the whole of Carlyle's teaching in that single term—*sincerity*. If he has been violent in his denunciations, partial in his estimations, and even perhaps unjust in his sweeping conclusions, let us remember, it was because he missed that grand element of sincerity in us. Alas! There is a great deal of sham in this world and we need a Carlyle now and then not only to teach us sincerity but also to make us sincere.

But we must hasten on to look at this great man from other points of view. Carlyle is a true philosopher in the highest sense of the word. All philosophy begins and ends in wonder. He kept 'wondering' the whole of his life-time:—

'Thou wilt have no Mystery and Mysticism; wilt walk through thy world by the sunshine of what thou callest Truth, or even by the hand-lamp of what I call Attorney Logic; and "explain" all, "account" for all or believe nothing of it?...Dost not thy cow calve, doth not thy bull gender? Thou thyself, wert thou not born, wilt thou not die? "Explain" me all this, or do one of two things: Retire into private places with thy foolish cackle; or, what were better, give it up, and weep, not that the reign of wonder is done and God's world all disembellished and prosaic; but that thou hitherto art a Dilettante and a sand blind pedant.'

In another place he says 'Wonder is the basis of worship.' Scientists may reduce everything to Force and thus endeavour to strip the Universe of Wonder. But whence is this Force? Has not Force some Divine origin? The Universe is divine and man, an 'omnivorous Biped that wears breeches,' is a divine apparition. Carlyle's whole soul revolts against the tendency of the present age—finding or trying to find a reason for everything. He would like to leave everything alone, look upon them as mysteries and stand by and meditate.

There is also something awful in some of his sistent meditations:—

'With men of a speculative turn, there come seasons, meditative, sweet, yet awful hours, where in wonder and fear you ask yourself that unanswerable question: Who am I; the thing that can say "I." The world, with its loud trafficking, retires into the distance; and through the paper-hangings, and stone walls, and thick piled tissues of Commerce and Polity, and all the living and lifeless integuments (of Society and a Body), wherewith your Existence sits surrounded,—the sight reaches forth into the void Deep, and you are alone with the Universe, and silently commune with it, as one mysterious Presence with another.'

Our philosopher is also a poet, a true lover of Nature. His constant contemplation of Nature raises in him powerful emotions. The silent stars rolling eternally in the pale firmament above and the green earth below with its storehouse of live-stock all furnish thoughts for—what we may call—his *poetry of wonder*. Here is a specimen of his poetry:—

'This green flowery rock-built earth, the trees, the mountains, many sounding seas;—that great deep sea of azure that swims over-head; the winds sweeping through it, the black cloud fashioning itself together, now pouring out fire, now hail and rain; what is it? Ay, what?

Carlyle's eye saw the Divine in everything, the Universe is to him the 'star-domed City of God' and 'through every star, through every grass-blade, and most through every living soul, the glory of a present God still beams.' We are reminded of some lines of Goethe which Carlyle himself quotes elsewhere:

'In Being's flood, in Actions storm,
I walk and work, above, beneath,
Work and weave in endless motion?

Birth and Death!

An infinite ocean;

A seizing and giving

The fire of Living:

'Tis Thus at the roaring Loom of Time I ply,

And weave for God the garment thou seest Him by.'

And what shall we say of his wild imagination, his untutored energy and his unconscious strength! Everything in him is free and rude, he is as it were a huge uncut rock neither polished nor chiselled, but looking the more natural on account of its rude exterior.

Now and then, gleams of an ethereal love burst forth from him and sometimes soft wailings of infinite pity. On occasions he looks as if he was going to clasp the whole Universe in his bosom and keep it warm. At other times he shows a malign indifference to all that goes on in the world and all that men strive after. We feel ashamed of our sham life and work here whenever we catch a glimpse of his biting sardonic countenance. The world appears as a mere 'Whirligig, where kings and beggars and angels and demons and stars and street-sweepings are chaotically whirled and which only children could take interest in.'

There is much in Carlyle that takes him far beyond our reach and comprehension, yet he has a certain fascinating influence upon us. Something great and genuine there is about him, notwithstanding his imaginative follies, his want of order, taste and measure, and his rambling hallucinations so full of gloom and danger.

The world indeed would be very dull if it were not for the appearance of these great men now and then, with their strange thoughts and wild imaginations. Carlyle's greatness is entirely due to his strangeness, but a strangeness which has been intensely sincere and not in the least assumed. Are not all men of genius sincerely strange?

One word more. There is something in Carlyle peculiarly attractive to us as natives of India, something Oriental. We feel at home with him in his wild mystic thoughts and strange fancies; very little of English common sense element is to be found in him. Can we not claim this great Englishman as our great man and pay this slight but real tribute of homage to him? But alas! What grander things would he not have taught us, if he had only the same unwavering faith in a Personal God as he seems to have had in a mysterious unknowable Being that pervades the Universe.



Florence Nightingale.



HIS English philanthropic lady, the daughter of William Edward Nightingale of Lea Hurst, Derbyshire, was born in 1820 in a fair Italian city, the name of which she bears. Under the instruction of her parents she was well-taught in Mathematics as well as in Music. Besides the ordinary accomplishments of an English

lady, she acquired a competent knowledge of the modern languages. From her childhood she was solicitous at every moment to help every one who needed aid. Her hands were the first to offer help to those who met with an accident in the mines or quarries. When she was twenty-one she succeeded to a fortune; she might have passed her life enjoying every pleasure of the world, but she liked to devote her life to benevolent labours. Her time and money were chiefly spent in assisting the distressed. With the view of learning the best mode of nursing the sick, she travelled all over Europe, attending the fever-stricken places and haunts in which cholera raged.

In 1854, when war broke out between the English and the Russians, an English troop of 25,000 men sailed for the Crimea. Shortly after the declaration of war the hospitals were filled with the sick and wounded. Miss Nightingale, on being asked to go out to attend the sick, responded at once and went out with forty-two nurses, some of whom were of high position.

The following day after her arrival at Scutari, the great battle of Inkermann was fought. The wounded, whether they were badly hurt or not, were brought to this Hospital, in the interior of which there were long bare rooms with rows of beds packed so closely that there was scarcely room to pass between them. Miss Nightingale with all the other nurses wore aprons and bands with 'Scutari Hospital' marked on them, plain gowns, and white caps.

Some people, who were half-clad and had to sleep on the damp ground, when the winter was bitterly cold, and had to toil hours together in the trenches, ankle deep in water and mud, were taken to this hospital. In addition to the kitchen which supplied the general food for the sick, there were other places where arrowroot, soup, broth were made for those who were too ill to eat the usual hospital fare. In some urgent cases Miss Nightingale would cook herself, and feed the sick and dying men. Sometimes she became the executor of the estates of the deceased men. She had a great command over the soldiers. When

some of them would sooner die than meet the knife of the surgeon, she would encourage them to be brave, and take her stand beside them; and they, with folded hands and closed lips, would set themselves for her sake to endure the necessary pain. And the soldiers would look at her gliding down their wards and wish for their turn to come.

The hospital assistants and the soldiers under her, who were ready to obey her, did everything without a murmur. Everyone of them never failed her in ready attention, obedience, and devotion during that dreadful period. They toiled and endured for her sake what they would never have toiled or endured for any one else. "Never," said she, "never came from any one of them a word or a look which a gentleman would not have used." The tears would steal into her eyes as she thought, "how amid those terrible scenes of suffering, disease, and ill-health, these men, accustomed to use bad language, perhaps to swear, never once used a bad expression which might have distressed their 'Lady in Chief.'" She had very hard work.

When first she went to the hospital, she found that only seven shirts of the soldiers had been washed, then she had a laundry by which there was a great improvement in the cleanliness of the hospital.

One day in the month of December, when she received a letter from the Queen, there was great excitement in the wards of the great Scutari Hospital. "I wish," wrote the Queen, "Miss Nightingale and the ladies to tell these poor noble wounded and sick men, that no one takes a warmer interest, or feels more for their suffering or admires their courage, and heroism more than their Queen. Day and night she thinks of her beloved troops." Several copies of this letter were made, and read loudly in each ward, and as soon as the last words 'God save the Queen' were uttered, a vigorous 'amen' rose from the sick and dying men. They were very much pleased with the Queen's sympathy and that England was thinking of them in that far-off land.

During the hot season she went to pay a visit to the camp hospital, and to take some nurses there. She rode on a pony and some men followed her with luggage for the hospital, where she was heartily welcomed by the sick soldiers. After a short time she was attacked by fever, and carried on a dooly to a hut hospital where she lay for some time in high fever. When she recovered her health she was carried down and placed on board a vessel bound for England, but though ill and weak, she thought of the work to be done, and came back to Scutari Hospital.

In September, 1855, the war came to an end and peace was signed the following spring. But Miss Nightingale did not leave the Scutari Hospital until the English had finally left

Turkey in the summer of 1856. When she was on her way to England, the whole English nation from the Queen to the peasants resolved to give her a hearty greeting, but she shrank from it, and arrived quietly at her home in Derbyshire unrecognised. But the English wanted to show their gratitude to her in some way for the good work she had done. So a testimonial fund, amounting to £50,000, was subscribed in which both the soldiers who were wounded and those who were not gave all they could, which, at her request, was devoted to the institution of an hospital for the training of nurses. Universal was the feeling of thankfulness to Miss Nightingale, 'who had given up so much for their sake and risked her life to ease their sufferings and cheer their long hours of pain.'

The Sultan of Turkey presented her with a costly diamond bracelet; while the Queen sent a beautiful diamond brooch; the word "Crimea" was engraved on its one side, and on the other were the words "To Florence Nightingale, as a mark of esteem and gratitude for devotion towards the Queen's brave soldiers. From Victoria R."

She wrote several excellent works, the last of which was 'Notes on Nursing.' In this book she relates how much harm is done by bad nursing; pure air is the most important thing; cleanliness has the second place, advice is next given about clothing, sleep, food, &c.

During the Indian Mutiny there were many diseases among the European soldiers. Miss Nightingale, in order to show how their health might be improved, wrote a valuable paper. Her benevolence was not limited to her own citizens; but she, urging Government to take measures which would render the towns and villages much more healthy, sought also the welfare of the Indians. Thousands of people, who never heard her name, will benefit from her exertions. An English poet, who was reading one night of the "Great army of the dead" on the battle-field of Crimea, has written thus about:—

"The wounded from the battle plain
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors."

As he pictured this solitary scene, he seemed to see an English lady moving through the "glimmering gloom" from bed to bed with a little lamp, and the 'speechless sufferer' turned to kiss her shadow on the wall; then he added:—

"A lady with a lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood."

SYED JAWAD AHMED ZAIDY.

Morar, O. J.

The Purdah and Polygamy in Islam.



In the course of a thoughtful paper on "Is the day of Islam over?", contributed to the *Observer* of Lahore, Mr. Syed Dilawar Hussain Ahmed, B.A., late Inspector-General of Registration, Bengal, refers in the following terms to the customs of

the Purdah and Polygamy which largely obtain in Mussulman Society in India:—

"Syed Shamsul Huda is reported to have said at Rampur Baolya, that he had no sympathy with those who, in their zeal for female education, would do away with *Purdah* and he thought that the education of women should proceed with due regard to this custom. But, has he considered how it has ramified and extended; how it has affected the whole life of the people; or how it has vitiated the entire civilization of Islam? Has he realized what female seclusion really means? The word *Purdah* does not adequately convey the significance of female seclusion: high walls there are and rooms without light and air, but the essence of the system is seclusion. In every Indian household the male sex and the female sex live apart, sit apart, converse apart, work apart, eat apart and visit apart; and this social separation running throughout life deprives both sexes of a large share of happiness; and deprives the female sex of interchange of thoughts and of participation in the knowledge of the male sex."

The wife of Mr. Mahdi Ali observed to Lady Jersey at Haiderabad: "I am not a human being but a bird in a cage." Freedom is the sole condition of progress and under the system of bondage in which she has her being, a Muhammadan woman is weak in intellect and weak in character; so that if the truth is told, she is not a help but a hindrance to the right bringing up of children. Under the *Purdah* system there can never be a Grace Darling or a Florence Nightingale—women who reflect honour not only on the female sex but on the whole human race. Under the *Purdah* system we consider woman as all sex and nothing else; but she is also a human being like her lord and master and must therefore be allowed the liberty and education which are withheld from her. Education, when it rolls up the *Purdah* of Ignorance will as a necessary consequence tear up the *Purdah* of Seclusion, but it will set up instead a *Purdah* of a stronger texture—the indestructible *Purdah* of Modesty; and strength

of understanding and strength of character are surer safeguards than strength of walls and strength of bars or bolts. Education and liberty will give woman the opportunity to develop that heavenly and angelic nature born of love, which she so often displays on earth, and which raises her far above her lord and master.

I come now to the custom of plurality of wives. It will not be claimed that the effects of a system of polygamy on society are the same as the effects of a system of monogamy. On the contrary a society in which polygamy is permitted must have a wholly different development from the development of a society in which monogamy is the rule. The custom of plurality of wives arrogantly thrusts aside the claims of women and takes no consideration of half the human race. Social Science and Ethical Science must say and do say that the custom is opposed to the principles of justice. Mr. Amir Ali, Syed Ahmed Khan and other writers have taken pains to ascertain that polygamy is dying out in India, though I believe it will never die out so long as the permission to marry many wives is not rescinded. They are glad to be able to feel that polygamy is dying out in India, because they are convinced and hold it as an axiom that polygamy is a lower form of family arrangement and must be abandoned if we wish to reach a higher state of civilization.

Polygamy has the effects of converting the wife into a chattel and an article of personal comfort to be thrown aside, in reality even though not in form, when no longer capable of giving pleasure to her lord and master. The power of divorce again rests entirely with him, while the wife, even if starved, beaten or otherwise ill-treated, has no way allowed to her of escaping from her hard lot. The power of marrying many wives and the power of indiscriminately divorcing them have been largely exercised among the convert descended Muhammadans of India; and the consequence is that the whole social system of the Muslim peasantry in Bengal, where polygamy and divorce are most painfully prevalent, is rotten to the core—full of injustice, full of immorality and vice, full of crime.

Not only has polygamy sanction accorded to it, but even concubinage is a lawful institution; the sanction given by law to polygamy in either form is the essential vice of our social organization—a vice and an evil that must be rooted out before we advance again in civilization.

The Bombay Presidency Social Reform Association.

(From the 'Indian Social Reform'.)

ANNUAL REPORT FOR 1903-4.



ON Sunday, the 25th September, at 4 p.m. the first annual general gathering of the above Association was held in the Madhavdas Raghunathdas Widow Remarriage Hall, Girgaum. There was a good attendance of members and sympathisers. On the motion of the Hon. Mr. Justice Chandavarkar, seconded by Mr. B. N. Bhajekar, the Hon. Mr. Gokuldas K. Parekh was voted to the chair. Mr. B. N. Bhajekar then read the report which is printed below:—

The Association was established on the 28th of June, 1903, on which day, as the result of several preliminary meetings, a number of friends met at this Hall and formally constituted themselves into the Bombay Presidency Social Reform Association, with Mr. Justice N. G. Chandavarkar as the President, and Messrs. K. Natarajan D. G. Padhye, B. N. Bhajekar and Bhagwandas Madhavadas as Secretaries. Several more gentlemen joined these first members and the Association held its first regular meeting on the 6th of September at which the Rules and Regulations of the Association were adopted and various office-bearers elected. Mr. Lalshankar Umashankar was elected Vice-President, the Hon. Mr. Gokuldas K. Parekh, Chairman of the Managing Council, and Rao Bahadur Khandubhai G. Desai, the Treasurer. The Rules and Regulations were adopted after a mature deliberation, a special Committee having been appointed for the purpose of drafting them in the light of the views prevalent here as well as of various suggestions and proposals, received from distinguished friends of reform in the mofussil who were specially consulted in this behalf. The Association thus began active life from the 6th of September, and the present report covers an account of its work from September 1903 to the end of August 1904.

There were at the end of August 1904, on the rolls of the Association 105 Members, of whom ten were Patrons, two Life Members, 34 First Class Members, 33 Ordinary Members, 24 Mofussil Members, and one Sympathiser. The list includes one lady Member. During the year there was one resignation and the Association lost by death two members, the late Messrs. S. D. Khote and Fakirchand Premchand. Mr. Khote had been elected Joint Treasurer with Rao Bahadur Khandubhai.

The Accounts of the Association attached to this Report will speak for themselves. It will be seen that the bulk of the funds at the command of the

Association consists of the Ranade Social Reform Fund, transferred to it in accordance with the provision made under the Rules and the Regulations, to the effect that subscribers of Rs. 1,000 or more to the said Fund shall be regarded as Patrons of the Association, in case the subscriptions are handed over to this Association. About Rs. 14,000 have been subscribed to this Fund up-to-date, out of which Rs. 10,000 have been collected.

During the year, there were held six general meetings of the Association, three of them being devoted purely to the transaction of business. Of the remaining three, two took the form of a conversatione, Rao Bahadur Khandubhai G. Desai introducing a discussion on "Methods of Social Reform" at one of them, and Mr. B. N. Bhajekar, on "Moral and Religious Education in Schools and Colleges," at the other. A list of subjects has been suggested for discussion for next year. By far the most important gathering was, however, the one held on the 25th of July 1904 to celebrate the anniversary of the Widow Marriage Act passed in 1856. About 150 members and other friends of Reform attended this gathering and great sympathy was manifested for the cause. The Hon. Mr. Justice Chandavarkar presided and suitable speeches were delivered by the President and the Hon. Mr. G. K. Parekh, the Hon. Mr. Daji Abaji Khare, and Messrs. B. N. Bhajekar and D. G. Padhye. The anniversary of the death of the late Mr. Cursondas Mulji, also falling on the same day, a tribute to his memory was paid at the gathering on the motion of Mr. Mukundrai Mehta seconded by Mr. G. K. Gadgil. This was the second celebration of the passing of the Act in Bombay and the Association cannot but notice with pleasure that the day promises to become a red letter day in the annals of social reform considering that several similar gatherings were held in different places, the most notable of them being the one held in Poona at which an audience of over 400 people heard with appreciation elaborate speeches in defence of Widow Marriage, delivered by Dr. Bhandarkar and Professors G. C. Bhate and V. R. Patwardhan. The Association took advantage of the second Jain Conference held in Bombay to give on the 23rd September an evening entertainment in honour of the leading members, namely, the President, Rai Badridas and Messrs. Gulabchand Dadh, Premchand Roychand, Fakirch and Premchand and others. The Conference was congratulated upon its progressive work and the gathering, proved a decided success.

The Managing Council held during the year under review 13 meetings. The most important portion of their work consisted in fixing the programme of work for the Association and considering the ways and means for furthering the various items of reform approved of by the Association. The Council appointed Committees for this purpose and carefully considered the reports and recommendations submitted by them. As these reports are full of important suggestions they are separately printed and attached to this Report, in the form in which they were adopted by the Council. Acting on the recommendations and suggestions in these reports, the Managing Council has sanctioned the publication of suitable pamphlets on Widow Marriage, Child Marriage and Foreign Travel, also the appointment of preachers and missionaries for instructing and rousing public opinion. The Council has sanctioned



INDIAN FAKIRS.

for these purposes sums of Rs. 150, 75, 60 and 100 respectively, the last item being merely an year's allotment for the work of preachers. The Council hopes to be able to soon begin the more important work of giving further practical effect to the various recommendations and suggestions of these Committees and show definite progress in the next Annual Report.

The most striking event of the year under review from the point of view of social reform was undoubtedly the Child Marriage Prevention Bill, recently passed by His Highness the Gaikwad's Government. The Association took the opportunity of submitting to His Highness a memorial on the subject, congratulating His Highness' Government on the courage and humanity it had thus shown, and offering various suggestions for the amendment of the Bill. The Act, as finally passed, is probably neither perfect nor sufficiently progressive. But friends of reform will note with unmixed approval the emphatic manner in which a Hindu Ruler has given a helping hand to the cause of social reform by legislative enactment.

The Association kept itself in active touch with the various reform movements of the day. It elected a number of delegates to the Social Conference at Madras and several of them attended and took conspicuous part in the discussion. The Association also sent delegates to the Bombay Temperance Conference held in April last. Three of them attended the latter meetings.

One of the sanctioned "Methods of Working" of the Association, as defined in Rule 3, is that "it will affiliate Reform Associations, aiming at the same objects and will be in frequent communication with them." The Association is glad to note that its efforts in this direction have borne some fruit. During the year under review, three new Associations have been started, namely the Gujarath Reform Association, the Thana District Social Reform Association and the Budhgam and Sangli Reform Association, with all of which as well as with distinguished friends of reform throughout the Presidency, this Association has kept itself in close touch and constant communication. In fact, it lays great stress on the co-operation of these and kindred bodies in the movement. All these bodies are sure to bear in mind the heavier responsibility that lies on each of them, to take active steps to further the cause of reform. In Bombay city, the Association may well claim to secure the active help and co-operation of all friends of reform and of the leaders of such Associations as the Prarthana Samaja, the Students' Brotherhood, the Araya Samaja, and other kindred bodies.

It is hoped that this will prove no unsatisfactory account of the work done by the Association in the course of the first year of its existence. It has supplied a long-felt want. The number of members is yet too small. Looking at the extensive programme of work taken up in hand, the funds at our disposal are smaller still. We also require active workers like the veteran Mr. Lalshankar Umiashankar of Ahmedabad, to whose strenuous efforts the Ranade Social Reform Fund owes its inception as well as success and for whose help and co-operation the Association cannot be too grateful. Its thanks are also due to Mr. D. W. Pilgankar who exerted himself to secure a number of members for it. If the

example of these gentlemen is followed by other members, there should be no difficulty in the way of the Association having at its command the pecuniary strength and personal energy which are bound to achieve success.

In conclusion, the Association would tender its best thanks to Mr. Bhagwandas Madhawas for the ungrudging manner in which he has placed his Widow Marriage Hall at the disposal of the Association, and to the gentlemen of the Committee which performed the laborious task of drafting the Rules and Regulations and to the members of the Committees, who considered the ways and means of carrying out the six items of reform taken up for the present by the Association, and submitted reports, which the Council has the pleasure of publishing. These will be printed in subsequent issues.

Mr. Justice Chandavarkar formally moved the adoption of the Report. Rao Bahadur Khandubhai Desai seconded. Mr. K. Natarajan, in supporting the motion, said: Although my name is among the signatories as a Secretary, I have been able to do very little. And though the fact has weighed on me much at other times, to-day I find a measure of relief that I am thereby enabled to speak with some propriety on this occasion. Indeed, I have my doubts if my friend Mr. Bhajekar, did not mean it as a gentle hint of my dereliction. However that may be, I heartily congratulate ourselves on the excellent beginning that has been made. And, it is my opinion, which I am sure is shared by all here, that the largest part of the credit for it is due to our friend, Mr. Bhajekar, to his earnestness, energy and indomitable perseverance. I congratulate this Association on the good fortune of having Mr. Bhajekar as its Secretary. With him are associated those whose earnest zeal for the well-being of the people has been proved on many an occasion. So far, then, as the men are concerned, the Association lacks nothing. And, in all such work, the men are the first consideration. Some of us might wish that we had more funds, but I am sure that with the men we have, we shall not find the public backward in providing us with the material resources to carry on our work. As to the work itself, you will see from the appendices to the Report, how carefully the several Committees have laid down the lines which may be immediately adopted. There is not much that is new in them, perhaps, but the essential thing is that we mean to work on the old lines with a new zeal. In one sense, all progress is no more than a prevention of waste—waste of intelligence, waste of energy, waste of raw material. Many definitions have been given of civilization, but I think it is as good a definition as any of them to say that it is that state of social life where all the powers and talents of a race are employed to the maximum advantage of present and future generations. We cannot say that of any people absolutely, but

MYSORE DUSSARAH.

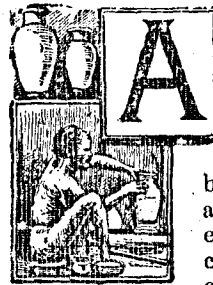
relatively there are many races which it must be admitted are ahead of us in this matter. It is sometimes remarked that an interest in social reform seems to make lukewarm politicians. I do not believe it at all. We are all politicians more or less, past or present, active or potential, and I cannot think that we are less alive to the duties and responsibilities which devolve on Government, or less resolved to insist on their proper discharge, than those who are not members of this Association. But I do think, speaking for myself, that an informed and living interest in social questions is necessary to give to political questions their right proportion and perspective. How can I who am conscious of the terrible drain we are daily subject to on account of our vast infant mortality—drain of youth, drain of health, drain of emotions and affections, not to speak of the waste of natural resources—how can I pretend that the most exhausting drain on the country is the sixteen or eighteen millions sterling which annually goes out of India in excess of our imports? Or how can I pretend that the people who look on with indifference to the cruel waste that is going on in their immediate vision are mightily indignant about this comparatively petty waste of material resources. This is one instance. All around us there is similar waste—waste of life, waste of intelligence and thought and feeling which are, after all, the foundations of all national greatness. Let us by all means try and stop the drain of wealth, but let us not forget there is more important work to do; work to be done before and not after the other. We have before us the question of how to promote the health and happiness of the vast population of which we are units. Its solution requires not only enthusiasm, but deep and patient study. The several Committees, whose recommendations are appended to the report have gone about their work in the right spirit, but it is a work of which neither we nor our successors for many generations will see the end. You are really, therefore, planning for posterity and when a body is animated by so much zeal, patriotism and character as our Association one may confidently rely on its finding reinforcement and sustenance in the forces of righteousness in which man lives and moves and has his being.



Rambles in London.

[BY AN ANGLO-INDIAN.]

BATTERSEA PARK.



AMONG the many fine recreation grounds in and around London, Battersea Park is well worth seeing. It lies in the south-west of London, along the banks of the river Thames, and is about 200 acres in extent. A wide carriage road connects the gates, which are closest to the two bridges over the Thames. Many carefully planned paths wind in various directions and are all confined by iron railings, by which the flower beds and shrubs are protected, so that the visitor walks steadily on the "beaten paths." This arrangement seems to be necessary, for at intervals, hanging from the bough of some tree, is a printed warning against picking flowers, for which offence a fine of £5 will be rigorously enforced.

Towards the middle of the Park is a large lake, with a boat-house and many boats drawn up ready for use. On Summer afternoons many people may be seen enjoying themselves upon the water.

In early spring, the tulips, bedded out in various parts, make a blaze of contrasting colour, as hundreds of graceful red-cups on slender stalks, are succeeded by orange or pink tulip-heads, bowing beneath the passing breezes, or upright in the bright sunshine.

There are several cricket grounds of a very large size, and here in the afternoons may be seen scores of school teams practising, and, with them mingled in confusion, wherever a few square yards of ground can be secured, 'private' players,—three or four boys possessing their own stumps or bats, hitting out and exercising their legs after the fashion of English youth.

Seated on the various benches, or wheeling numerous babies in perambulators, are the sisters of the boys. They begin life early as caretakers, and may be seen surrounded by a crowd of tiny children, to whom they seem to be very kind and attentive. Here is a group listening to a tale that is being read out, with some hesitation and stumbling; it is true, but not the less interesting because there is some difficulty in surmounting the hard words. Then another 'mother' may be seen showing various eager friends how to make daisy chains. Having deposited her baby on the ground, she is using the flowers brought to her by the small boy who

has been lifted over the railings to gather them. It appears that daisies do not come under the category of forbidden flowers, as they grow among the grass and are not cultivated specimens.

Two splendid avenues of trees lead to the band-stand and from this centre paths radiate in various directions. One leads to the sub-tropical garden; another to the collection of pigeons, fowls and various birds which attract numerous visitors during the day. Others cut across the cricket grounds and many more, connected with the above, lead back to the lake or to the carriage drive which goes in the direction of the gates furthest removed from the river.

The birds, thanks to the protecting railings, are very bold and build freely. It is very interesting to stop and watch the thrushes hopping in the grass or the little sparrows struggling with straws or giving themselves 'sand-baths' in great security. The doves' plaintive cry is often heard, they seem to prefer the rocky part of the gardens near the deer run and may often be seen there. The lilac, the hawthorn, almond and apple blossom make glorious banks of colour when in full bloom. In many places the light lilac is contrasted with clumps of deep purple iris, growing beneath, and as the eye rests upon the combination, a sense of satisfaction creeps over the feelings. The butterflies linger among the more secluded paths and they are here in their natural element, for quite a wealth of flowering shrubs nestle in among tall trees away from the broader roads frequented by noisy motors, parties of cyclists and many pedestrians.

Life may be studied in various aspects here. Some sights seem fitted to bring tears of sympathy to the eyes, as when the lonely old man or woman is seen drinking in the beauties of surrounding nature, resting a stage on their journey after a hard experience that has left its marks of care and trouble; then comes a troop of laughing children, with bright eager eyes, and one forgets the bench at the corner and its lonely occupant and watches the children, or the next passing sight that attracts the attention.

Then the problem of the 'unemployed'; how it stares at one, in the persons of the numerous ragged men who lounge about on the benches during the day time—they seem to disappear towards the afternoon, when the more well-to-do folks crowd in to enjoy the fresh air and the flowers!

On Saturdays and holidays the Park is the paradise of the children who flock there in hundreds and seem to spend a healthy happy

time playing out of sight of the dull unattractive streets where their homes are. The new passion for dress is seen even among these small people, who, when they are not quite ragged and smutty, are prettily and tidily dressed.

WITHIN THE SOUND OF BIG BEN.

The grey weather stained walls of Parliament House—what a thrill passes over one, as the huge building is approached for the first time. How calmly life goes on all round! Here is the lounge leaning up against a massive gate, fast asleep, in spite of the presence of the 'Bobby' stationed a few feet away, who is guarding a door with much dignity. When one looks closer, he has a kindly bearing, in spite of the majesty of the law, so perhaps he looks with an indulgent eye on a weary fellow mortal.

Then the little pigeons that strut about, they seem quite unconscious of any claims to attention, and yet their presence adds to the sense of repose caused by the stately grandeur of the buildings.

The statues of valiant warriors seem to look pityingly down at the peaceful citizens who hurry past or linger for some moments to gaze at the world-famed building ere they go.

Now the roar of traffic becomes more distinct, as one follows the pavement winding away from the building, separated further and further by the green lawn. Oliver Cromwell's huge statue may be gazed at from a distance, and at the same time a truer sense of proportion obtained.

One tries to recall the history of that eventful period as the eyes rest upon that calm personage. Vain endeavour! Everyday life seems to obtrude its claims more strongly; the man selling penny views of London now waves them aloft and shouts, 'all for a penny.' Cromwell and the past, the history of a great struggle, is forgotten, and one becomes aware that busy London lies around.

Further on is Westminster Bridge and the endless stream of traffic up Parliament Street. The crowd near the Westminster gates of Parliament seems to increase. They are sight-seers interested in 'The House,' some have guide books. Two ladies consult the police man as to their homeward road and he seems good-naturedly willing to assist with his advice: "Oh," says one, "do look there—why the 'House' is on fire!" "Oh no!" replies the police man calmly, "the smoke is from the furnace." "Good gracious! well, they must burn a lot of coal!"

Big Ben now strikes, and as it is nearly time for service at the Abbey, we wend our way in that direction.

Here is impudence! two little girls and a perambulator block the way. Having found a quiet corner near the Abbey door, they have arranged a little jumping contest over a rope; however, this must be put aside for a moment, to let the troublesome strangers pass in.

This is the glorious Abbey. We walk quietly around, gazing at the memorials of famous men or reading the descriptive lines, quoted from various authors, which tell how its beauties have affected great men.

Here is an eager small boy following his beautiful and stately aunt, who is pointing out the names of departed celebrities.

A restless feeling seizes one; there is no quiet; there are too many sight-seers; they throng the Abbey and it is difficult to find a place in which to collect one's thoughts.

Then the service begins, and a solemn stillness gains the ascendancy. The glorious 'rose' windows and the soft subdued light, the organ notes with their swelling sounds, all contribute towards a sense of the greatness of the temple built to the glory of God; we almost whisper 'Lo this is none other than the house of God, this is the gate of heaven.' As we pass out into the evening sunshine, we feel that it has been good for us to have been there.

A WALK BY THE LONDON SHOPS.

Leaving the private dwelling houses behind, we come to the fashionable shops. These are numerous, and contain much in the way of millinery and other advances towards artistic perfection, to astonish and interest the new comer. One shop has its Ascot dresses on show, and expecting many distinguished visitors perhaps, has a footman and page-boy clothed in semi-military costumes waiting outside. The goods displayed in the windows are marvels of dress-making and tailoring ingenuity. They are artistic 'creations' and one cannot but admire how the details have been combined to make up the exquisite and dainty wholes.

Another shop displays fruit; strawberries carefully set out in fancy baskets, peaches wrapped in pink paper and nestling in a mass of green, apples shining with inviting rosininess, bunches of grapes suspended from a brass rod, round which is twined a creeper, the dark green leaves of which form a contrast to the purple grapes. Vases of flowers are also placed in the window, so that the passer-by is attracted and lingers to look, and may perchance be tempted to buy.

Then there is the butcher's shop—not the unattractive vision one is apt to call to mind, but a butcher's shop without many of the

elements which make one desire to pass quickly. The counters are made of marble and this also forms a considerable portion of the wall, which is painted above with flower designs. There is clean saw-dust on the floor and the meat is displayed with as much care as the fruit in the fruiterer's or the flowers in the florists'.

And this brings us to the next interesting feature in the London streets, namely, the florists' shops.

Here is one which may perhaps be taken as a specimen. A dwarf cherry tree blossoms alone in one window, but its lovely profusion of delicate pink glorifies its surroundings; these consist of baskets of orchids hanging suspended above and a mat of moss placed round the tiny tub in which the cherry tree stands. The soft green of the moss shows to the best advantage pink rosebuds which have been thrown down on it in a negligent manner. The other window contains vases of various flowers, clove pinks, roses and daisies mingled with ferns. Within the shop are many more varieties of floral wonders; but one reluctantly moves on and examines the display of fine art needlework which is shown next door. Here tea-cloths, table-centres worked and unworked, fancy nick-nacks and beautifully tinted silks are the chief attractions, but these are forgotten before the superior beauties of the next window. Here an exhibition of imitation roses is on view and a wonderful sight it is. It has for the time being displaced all the millinery that is usually shown at this shop.

The whole of the available space has been laid out to represent a rose garden, so tiny rose trees stand, with straight slender stems, crowned with a bush of artificial leaves and flowers, so closely resembling what may be seen in any garden in England, that one looks with astonishment at this artistic success. Fixed in careless sprays on the glass, lying in bunches on the carefully draped floor, drooping over vases and hanging in festoons or from baskets, are many more roses of every conceivable shade and size. And the imitations are so exact that one cannot but admire the skill that has resulted in this beautiful effect.

These shops of the Western world are a source of great interest to the new comer from the East, and furnish one means by which Western life can be understood.

AN INDIAN FOLK SONG.

Honey child, honey child, whither are you going?

O, would you cast your jewels all to the breezes blowing?

Would you leave the mother, who on golden grain hath fed you?

Would you grieve the lover who is riding forth to wed you?

Mother mine, to the wild forest I am going

Where upon the champa boughs the champa buds are blowing,

To the kokil haunted river-isles where lotus lilies glisten,

The voices of the fairy folk are calling me—O listen!

Honey child, honey child, the world is full of pleasure,

Of bridal-songs and cradle-songs, and sandal-scented leisure.

Your bridal robes are in the loom, silver and saffron glowing,

Your bridal cakes are on the hearth—O whither are you going?

The bridal-songs and cradle-songs have cadences of sorrow,

The laughter of the Sun to-day, the wind of Death to-morrow,

Far sweeter sound the forest-notes where forest-streams are falling,

O mother mine, I cannot stay, the fairy folk are calling.

Sarjini Naidu.



Our Special Indian Lady Contributors' Column.

I.—ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

An Indian Story.

IT was evening in the little town of R.... The sun, just about to set, was sinking below the horizon under a mass of crimson clouds, behind a group of tall palmyras; and the long crimson lines flowing from his globe of fire cast a lurid glow over the whole scene around. Just touching up with gold the leafy rustling tops of the trees, his broad rays of light lingered lovingly over the short space of green grass beyond, till they came to where, nestling in a grove of cocoanut palms, lay huddled together a small cluster of huts, which was the parcherry of the village. But the sun seemed to be possessed with a merciful spirit, perhaps because he was so very near the end of his day's existence; for, instead of exposing the dingy squalor of the huts, he only just touched their roofs, while, on the contrary, his rays made the waving branches of the cocoanut palms glisten with brilliant, if short-lived, splendour. The cocoanut trees did not end where the huts ended, but continued in two straggling lines, till they were lost in a casuarina tope, which curled round upon itself at right angles, and parallel to the short space of green grass opposite. Behind this tope was the chief part of the town, as could be seen from the glimpses of white-washed houses, as well as the taller roofs of larger buildings, now and then visible. In the East loomed a bank of grey clouds with golden outlines, against which the whole scene stood out vividly. Somewhere

near the end of the casuarina tope was a primitive-looking well, round which were gathered a group of laughing, happy girls, most of them carrying bright water-vessels, burdished to the brightness of bright gold. The sun especially seemed to love to linger here, and it was here alone, that he appeared to meet with his due welcome, for the chastened evening glow, which he shed over the girls, was reflected back from many things about them—their bright water-vessels with the dark water gurgling inside, their wet clothes dripping with water, their jewels, and sometimes even their bright black eyes. They made a pretty sight, these girls, with their dark, languorous, oriental beauty, as they stood in different attitudes. Some, their work finished, with the filled vessels at their feet, stood together in groups, laughing and talking, sometimes playfully throwing water at one another, sometimes chasing the others in graceful play. Some stood with the water-pots hoisted on to their hips, preparatory to going away, yet still lingering to talk a little more gossip; some were still drawing water out of the well and calling their friends to wait for them; while now and then all would look up to welcome a new arrival, or call out a laughing goodbye to the departing ones. The air rang with happy voices, and almost every face looked happy, for this was the grand evening rendezvous of the girls, and even the unhappy ones were anxious to lose not a moment of the only brightness of their dull, drudging day. At last, all had finished their task, and as it was growing dark, most of them had departed, with the exception of five or six girls who still lingered.

"What are you waiting for, Punkajam," asked some of them of a girl, who stood by.

"I am waiting for Lakshmi," answered Punkajam, a fair sweet-faced young woman, with a bright buoyant look on her face.

"Yes, yes, you are always with her. You care for none of us, though I do not know I am sure what there is about her to attract you. Such a poor, ugly, spiritless thing as she is—"

"Proud thing!" broke in a hard-voiced woman; "I do not like her. Because her family was once rich, forsooth, she must not talk to us. I wish she would be taught a lesson."

"You have no right to talk like that," cried Punkajam. "Lakshmi is my dear friend. She is a sweet girl. What you think pride is only shyness, and how can she talk to you, if you do not talk to her? Besides, she thinks that her husband—"

"Yes, yes," answered the other. "Her husband is the right one for her. He is a disgrace to the community. My father-in-law—"

"I cannot think why you are so dead set against Lakshmi. I suppose it is because she is so much better than you, and was once so much richer."

"Why is her father-in-law then so stuck up? What is there for him to be so proud about. As for me, my father-in-law has told me not to associate with Lakshmi, because her husband is such a bad man."

"You and he should be ashamed of yourselves then," cried Punkajam. "Why should her husband's conduct affect her?"

"Hush, hush," broke in the others. "There is Lakshmi coming."

And sure enough there was a soft jingle of anklets, and a moment after another girl approached, and without saying anything began to draw the water. The others stood for a while in constrained silence, and then left, leaving Punkajam and Lakshmi alone. The former put her arm round her friend's neck, and tried to speak cheerfully.

"Well, Lakshmi, and how is everything at home?"

"Just the same as usual, Punkajam. Everything is at sixes and sevens. My father-in-law will not speak to his son, and he scarcely comes to the house. To-day is the 15th and he has not brought his pay yet. We are nearly starving and my—"

"O you poor thing! You are starving, are you? and it is all because of that bad man. Oh! when will he come to his senses. Let me lend you some money, Lakshmi. It is the only thing I can do for you, and I have so much."

"No, no, Punkajam, you have already given me too much, and I have not paid back any thing. But thank you so much. But it is not that which is troubling me so much. He is so unkind to me Punkajam, and he can be so kind when he likes. I am afraid he despises me. You see he is so clever and I am so stupid."

"You are nothing of the sort. I love you dearly."

"But many hate me, and he is one of them. I am not worthy of him."

"He is not worthy of you! But I am sure he will come to see your worth some time. You must be patient, Lakshmi. I know you have been patient, dear, but wait a while longer."

You know my husband hated me once, but now we are so happy, and it will be the same with you, by and by," and so talking under the calm, softly blazing stars, the two girls reached home.

Hari Rao, the husband of Lakshmi, was the only son of parents, who had been very rich once, but whose money had all been lost. He had been idolized by them, and in the time of their prosperity they had indulged his every whim, so that he had had nothing of that early training which makes children good men and good women. He was not without good points in his character; he could be generous and kindly; but it was generally his worst side that appeared. His parents' inordinate affection had spoilt him and now his wayward, irritable temper would not brook any thwarting. He knew his father was poor, and yet he preferred to waste his time rather than work; while the poor old man kept toiling away for the sake of his thriftless son. So matters were at the time that our story opens.

About this time a sad event happened. Punkajam's husband died suddenly; and Punkajam, the sweet friend of Lakshmi, was left a widow. Her grief was very great, for her life had been wrapped up in that of her husband's who had in turn been very kind to her. After the numerous rites and ceremonies attendant on a Hindu's death had been gone through, Punkajam's life passed much in the same way as before; and indeed, except for the irreparable loss of her husband, her lot was not a very hard one, for her father-in-law and mother-in-law were very fond of her, and tried their best to brighten her life and bring back the old smiles to her face.

Now Punkajam was a very pretty girl. Bright and piquant, wit and humour beamed from every feature of her face. But Lakshmi had not been so well-favoured by nature. At the first look, her face appeared plain and homely, though looking at it a second time, one found that it had a special attractiveness of its own, the stamp of a fine character and a sweet nature making itself felt beneath all the homeliness of her appearance. But Hari Rao, with his usual thoughtlessness never cared for her beautiful character, perhaps never noticed it, and hated her for her plain face and had often blamed his parents in his heart for their choice of a wife for him. But Punkajam's face had always had a curious attraction for him. He had often met her in the streets walking with his wife; and knowing that she was almost the only companion that Lakshmi had, he had been easily able to identify her. But to do him credit, he had not thought much of her, while her husband had been living; but now that the latter was dead, and he was hearing so much about her, for his family and hers were close friends, his thoughts con-

stantly began to turn in her direction. Punkajam's father-in-law had not allowed her to be disfigured by having her head shaved, and in spite of her sadness she still had her old winsome look, though it was very seldom now that Hari Rao had an opportunity of seeing her. Why had the fates, he often found himself asking, not given him such a wife as Punkajam, instead of that poor creature, Lakshmi. How happy he would be with her. He had often heard some of the young men about him talk of educating their wives, and with his usual desire to imitate the fashion of the hour, he had wished to do likewise. But in his perversity he insisted on thinking that he could do nothing of the sort with Lakshmi. But with Punkajam of course it would be possible, at least, so he thought in his changeable mind, eager as it always was for change and excitement. How he wished something would happen and cause it to be as he wished. He would turn over a new leaf and have such a happy life. As was natural, following such thoughts, for the old adage that "Satan finds mischief still for idle hands to do," is always true, came the thought, why should not that something happen? Ah! he had it! Punkajam was a widow. This was the time of social reforms and of widow marriage. Why should he not marry Punkajam? He would gain his object, and many would admire him for his courage in taking such a step. Of course, Punkajam would never object, for her own husband could never be compared to himself, who was so clever and—and so handsome besides. Ah! but what to do with Lakshmi. Wicked woman, as usual, she was in the way. Why could he not be rid of her? This thought was constantly haunting his mind.

While the evil fiend was thus at work prompting Hari Rao with evil designs against his innocent wife, Lakshmi herself was daily growing more unhappy. She could see how her husband hated her, and with her quick woman's intuition, she even guessed how the land lay with regard to Punkajam; and one day the doubt became a certainty. One day, she was out walking with Punkajam, whom she had persuaded to come out, in spite of her unwillingness to show herself to the public; and they had met a party of young men, among whom was Hari Rao. Punkajam and Lakshmi veiled their faces; but something prompted the latter to glance up; and as she did so she caught Hari Rao's look fixed on her with such contempt and hate that her heart shrank into herself with horror. She stared a moment longer, fascinated, and then saw Hari Rao's look pass to Punkajam; but with such a change in it for the better, that the growing doubt in her heart about her husband's preference for Punkajam became a

certainty. By this time the two groups had passed each other; Lakshmi tried to recover her equanimity and managed to deceive Punkajam, who was moreover absorbed in her own grief. The two girls reached home and each went to her own house. Lakshmi finished her usual occupations, reserving all thought till the silence of the night came; and then she began to think. Oh! the despair and shame that burned her heart at the thought of all that had happened. She never for a moment thought of blaming Punkajam; and with the Hindu woman's usual sweet self-forgetfulness and devotion to her husband, she never blamed Hari Rao after the first moment. Of course it was all her own fault. She was not worthy of him, and perhaps all this was the recompense for some evil deed that she had done in previous births. Who could work against fate; and it was her fate always to come in the way of her husband. Perhaps if she was out of the way, he might find some way of accomplishing his object, and besides, he could be rid of her. And what was her life worth now? Nothing; it was better for her to die. It was too late now to do anything; the doors were all closed, but to-morrow she would be out of the world.

She did all her duties bravely and thoroughly; and she was more than usually obedient to her mother-in-law, for it wrung her heart to leave the gentle old woman, who had never been unkind to her. In the evening, just a little after the time when the girls returned from drawing water, she slipped away to the well as if on her usual errand.

When the usual time for her return had come, her mother-in-law, who wanted her on some business, called for her; but there was no answer. She waited a while and then again looked for her; but still there was no Lakshmi. Then her suspicions were aroused. She had long been aware of the unhappiness existing between her son and his wife, and that day especially she has been struck with the pathetic sorrow expressed in every feature of the girl's face; and now her mind at once jumped to the thought of suicide. The old lady's usually gentle temper was roused. She had always liked the girl and had even remonstrated once or twice with her son. She knew that her son had returned home, and in her anger she marched straight to his room and confronted him.

"Where is Lakshmi?" she asked.

"Why, what do I know where she is? am I her keeper?"

"You ought to know. If anything has happened, it is all your fault."

"Why mother! what have I done to Lakshmi?"

"Done! Why on account of you the poor girl has gone. You will never be troubled with her any more."

"Why, what has become of her?"

"I am sure she has taken her own life. She has gone to the well, and has not come back. Oh! you wicked boy! you will have to answer for all this. Lakshmi! poor Lakshmi! What have you done, my child! And such a sweet girl she was too, never an unkind or a rude word to me, and now she is gone, and the whole world will make us responsible for her death"—and the poor old soul fell on the ground and began weeping and beating her breast. As he heard his mother's words a great revulsion of soul came over Hari Rao. The scales fell from his eyes. He saw at a glance how he had been treating his gentle wife all the time. It was all through him that she had committed suicide. He had wanted to be rid of her, and by his own act, and now he was rid of her, and she had herself done it. But ah! poor girl, she must have seen how he hated her and been unable to bear the misery. He ought to be glad that he was free! But was he glad? No! a thousand times no! he would rather have her back again than have to live hereafter with such a burden on his soul. And, after all, was she so bad that he need have hated her so much? His mother and father loved her, and she had been ever obedient to him, never grumbled at his hard words. It was all his own perversity. What a fool he had been! He had refused, in his blindness, to see her goodness, and now she was gone,—and a great horror and misery came over Hari Rao's mind. He wished that the past had never been, that all his life were before him to live over again, and now, there was no hope for him. He was a murderer in thought if not in deed. He was accused for ever. O! God have mercy on him. But the next moment another thought entered his mind. But was Lakshmi dead? His mother was not sure. She had gone to the well, something might have detained her there. He would go at once and see; and leaving his mother crouching on the floor, he rushed from the room.

The sun had sunk, and it was now that short twilight which comes before night. The sky was blazing with colours, orange and crimson and amber and heliotrope in the West, toning down in other directions into a soft, infinitely tender pink—a magnificent harmony of colours. There was a soft glow over the whole scene; the stars were just peeping out one by one. There was the bright evening star shining like a divine eye above the glistening trees, and yes,—that was the moon, that little crescent just appearing in that corner. There was a confused twittering of birds. All nature seemed preparing

for rest. As Hari Rao hurriedly walked out, he felt the great contrast between the outer peace and the inner turmoil raging within him. He felt what a black heart had hitherto been his. Oh! God grant that Lakshmi was alive, and he would be a reformed man hereafter.

Hari Rao had left the town behind him and was nearing the casuarina tope, beyond which was the well, when suddenly turning a corner he saw a white-draped form walking slowly before him. He started—it was a female form; was it Lakshmi? was he in time to save her after all? He rushed up to the figure, and, regardless of ceremony looked into her face, which was veiled. It was Punkajam.

"Punkajam," he cried, forgetting in his eagerness that it was not customary to speak to Hindu women on the road;

"Is that you; where is Lakshmi?"

She stared at him: "Why! where is Lakshmi?"

"She is gone to the well, and, and—my mother said—"

"Why, what did she say? Tell me quick."

"She said that, that—Lakshmi had,—"

"Had what?"

"Might have committed suicide."

"Committed suicide! O you wicked man! suppose it is true! What will you do?" and Punkajam hurried forward, while Hari Rao followed her. And in the anger and alarm of the moment, the girl forgot her usual shyness and the supposed modesty of Hindu women in not speaking freely to men, and rated the man soundly for his conduct to his innocent wife. "You are unworthy of her," she cried. "You do not know her worth, and you do not deserve to be happy, if you only know the joy you have lost. Oh! my husband and I were so happy—no one will know how much. But you do not deserve that I should tell you anything about it," and so on. They came to the end of the tope and in sight of the well, and, yes—there was some one standing there. They were in time to prevent her,—and they hurried forward.

When Lakshmi arrived at the well, she found many girls still standing there, and with one excuse after another, she contrived to remain behind, till they had all left. Then the critical moment faced her. She had quite made up her mind; but she was loath to leave the beautiful world. How calm and peaceful everything looked! The little crescent moon shining overhead, the bright stars twinkling softly, the glistening cocoanut leaves far away at the other end of the square, the grey huts peeping through them with now and then the figures of people visible and now and then voices ringing sharply across—how beautiful it all looked, and yet she had to leave it! Why, even those poor low-caste

parchery people were happier than she was! After all everything did not depend on caste! Well, it was best; and, after all what had she to lose in the world, she, an accursed wife fated to be hated by her husband; and Lakshmi turned to the well and was just throwing up her arms, before falling into the well, when she heard a sudden cry of 'Lakshmi' behind her, and a hand was laid on her arm. She turned round—could she believe her eyes? There were Punkajam and Hari Rao standing together. So Punkajam also was a traitress. She also was conspiring against her, in league with her husband. Well, well, even her dear friend was lost to her. It was well, very well—and in the bitterness of the moment, Lakshmi laughed a strange hard laugh. "I am sorry I was in your way, Punkajam," she cried, in a voice strangely foreign to her usually soft tones. "I did not know you would be here. Now, I will not be in your way any more," and she again turned to the well and bent over it.

"What do you mean, Lakshmi?" cried Punkajam astonished.

"What do I mean! What else, but that even you, whom I once thought to be my friend, have turned against me. O accursed woman that I am! Why was I born?"

"What do you mean, Lakshmi?"

"Why are you and he here together? If you want him for yourself, you can have him. I will not be in your way."

"Oh! and Punkajam suddenly straightened herself, while her face became stern in its just anger. "Is this your thought? and who, pray, gave you leave to think like that? If any one put the idea into your head, may he be—. As if I could want him, him so different from my own husband," pointing her finger with scorn at the wretched Hari Rao. "Oh! Lakshmi! I am ashamed of you, thinking such thoughts about me. I thought you knew me better than that. After this, it is better that I should go away," and Punkajam sadly turned away; but with a sudden sob, Lakshmi was at her feet.

"O Punkajam, dear friend, forgive me. You are the only friend who loves me. I never suspected you for a moment before this. Only when I saw you and him together, I thought—I thought—. Forgive me, Punkajam." Punkajam hesitated for a moment, but the love conquering wounded pride and honour she lifted Lakshmi up, and the two girls wept in each other's arms.

Meanwhile, Hari Rao had been standing by, mutely witnessing all this. But after a while with a delicacy that was rare in him, and perhaps feeling too much ashamed to stand there, he walked away into the tope. After a few minutes, Punkajam looked round for him. Her heart was

still sore, but the thought of Lakshmi's coming happiness overcame her; for though Hari Rao had not said anything, she had seen that his feelings towards Lakshmi had changed. "Come, Lakshmi," she said, taking her friend by the hand. "Hari Rao is waiting for you. Let me take you to him. No no," as Lakshmi hung back, "it is not the old Hari Rao. He now sees you as you are. You ought to have seen his anxiety when we were coming here. By the way, I have not explained yet why we two came to be here together. You bad girl! you owe me reparation for that wicked thought of yours. But, never mind, dear, I forgive you. Come, let us go to Hari Rao," and the two girls also disappeared into the tope.

And so, let us drop the curtain here, satisfied that Hari Rao appreciates Lakshmi as she ought to be appreciated, and has promised to be a reformed man. Let us hope that his resolution will hold good, and wish him and Lakshmi all happiness.

II.—LOVE'S CHILD: A FANCY.

LOVE'S child was the sweetest thing imaginable, a lovely little cherub, over whose birth the whole world rejoiced.

Its parents, themselves so lovely, hung over it in immeasurable love and wonder. But there was one thing that troubled them. Even from a little babe, the child had a sad far-away look in its eyes. Even when it smiled, as it often did, its smile was one which brought tears into the eyes. So Love and his wife sent to ancient Wisdom, who lived in a mountain cave far away. And Wisdom, being like a father to them, came to give his advice. The little babe lay like a fallen star in its cradle. It clapped its hands and tried to pull Wisdom's beard; but that far-away look was the more apparent for its childish gaiety.

"It is the babe's destiny," said Wisdom. She is looking for something, and will look till she gets it. Call her Faithfulness; for what else is the child of Love and Trust to be called? So Faithfulness grew up into a little girl and then a young woman, with ever that look in her eyes. And ever she went through life, wistfully looking for something she could not find. And soon suitors came for her hand, for she was lovely to look upon. But Faithfulness repulsed them all.

"O father, mother," she cried, "do not force me. I am waiting for the companion, with whom I am to go through life. Sooner or later he will come. Let me wait."

So she waited. And, as Faithfulness was her name, so no one could find a more faithful friend than she could be.

Some years later, Love's kingdom was threatened by a great calamity. An enemy came threatening its peace, and, unless a champion could be found to defeat that enemy, Love's kingdom was in peril. For even Love is at times daunted. Then when the realm was in despair there came rumours of a mighty champion, who would defend it. And he did so; but he was defeated. Yet his brave defence so won the heart of the enemy, that the latter consented to leave Love's kingdom alone, if the brave champion gave himself and his little realm into his hands; for the champion himself was king of a small kingdom. And the champion did consent to give himself up.

So, on a certain day, the enemy made a triumphant proclamation, bidding all to come and see the submission of Self-sacrifice; for that was the champion's name. And Love and all his people came with their hearts full of sorrow. There stood Self-sacrifice, a brave young lad, so undaunted in the midst of his enemies. Suddenly a cry was heard, a figure flew out of Love's ranks; and Self-sacrifice stood no longer alone. For Faithfulness had joined him. No longer was her face pale, nor was there the old wistful look to be seen. Happy and joyous, it beamed on her knight whose face was lit up with the same holy joy.

Love and his wife did their best to dissuade Faithfulness from her choice; but she was firm.

"I have found my companion," she cried, "Leave us alone."

"But you are going into captivity."

"Not captivity, but only the submission of sacrifice. My lover's spirit is unconquered, and I go to keep him company. Let me be." And they let her be, for this was Wisdom's advice also. "When did Faithfulness ever give up her faith?" he asked. "She has found her mate, and she will be ever true to him."

The day before the enemy was to take them away, there stood a purple-winged angel before

Faithfulness. "Who are you?" she asked. "I have come to keep you company in your exile," the angel replied.

Faithfulness accepted his services, for he was so brightfaced. But in the night a dream warned her. "The bright-eyed angel is none other than Sadness with his deceitful face. Send him away." And sure enough, it was so, and he was dismissed. Then there came a little cherub to Faithfulness. "I am Cheerfulness," it cried. "Take me with you." And his tender services were gladly accepted.

The whole realm turned out to pay homage to Self-sacrifice and Faithfulness, before they left. "You are our saviours," they cried. "What could we do without you?"

But Self-sacrifice reproved them. "What have we done?", he cried. And, taking the crowns that the grateful people placed on their heads, he hung them up on a tree. "Let this be for our remembrance," he said, "if we do not come back."

And so, Sacrifice and Faithfulness went away to accomplish their duty. Their hearts were light and happy. For their sacrifice had been accepted. Upon their heads had fallen a shower of Heaven's sweet flowers, and Heaven's sweet music accompanied their steps. And the crowns they left behind never faded or were forgotten; for they were of incorruptible blossoms.

Editorial Notes:

The serious illness of Lady Curzon has been causing a great deal of anxiety throughout India. Her condition has been extremely grave the past three weeks or so, and even now she is

Lady Curzon's illness. not free from danger, but we trust that as her Ladyship has been able to maintain her strength so far she will yet be able to tide through her illness and be on a fair way to recovery soon. Lady Curzon was on the eve of her departure to India when the illness developed with startling rapidity, due to her motoring the previous day. The voyage was instantly can-

celled and all eyes in India ever since have been turned towards Walmer Castle where the lady is lying ill attended by her loving husband. People of all classes and communities have joined together in expressing their sympathy with the Viceroy at this time of grave affliction and the loyalty shewn by Indians towards their ruler is touching in its sincerity. Lady Curzon has done much for India and she has planned a great scheme for training nurses, which in time is likely to be as useful as Lady Dufferin's scheme for providing medical aid to the women of India. She has taken a deep interest in the advancement of the daughters of India and we hope and pray not only that she will regain her health and strength, but that she will also be able to return to India to complete her great scheme and also to engage in other good works for the women of our country.

The only college in S. India intended entirely for Indian girls is the Sarah Tucker College which is doing excellent work. The report for the year 1903 is before us and is in every way a record of progress. Attached to the college is a Training school which trains year after year between 30 and 40 teachers of different grades, and the teachers trained in this institution are to be found all over the Presidency. The report is adorned with several interesting pictures descriptive of the actual life of the girls. There is also a school for blind boys and girls and the work carried on here is unique of its kind. Some of the pupils trained in the Blind schools are found usefully employed in industrial and other work, whilst a fair number take to the teaching profession. Four boys and one girl from the Palamcottah school passed the Primary examination. The work done by Miss Askwith and her lady colleagues is of extensive character and is a striking illustration of Christian philanthropy.

What is being done for and by Indian Ladies.

THE PALGHAT LADIES' ASSOCIATION:—Mrs. Dupen, the President, entertained the members of the Palghat Ladies' Association, at an 'At Home' given at her residence 'The Hall,' on Saturday, the 24th ultimo. Some thirty-five members, including European, Hindu and Indian Christian ladies were present. Mrs. Dupen read a paper in English on 'Health in the Home,' and this was translated into Malayalam by Mrs. C. P. Raman Menon. A magic lantern exhibition was also held towards the end of

the meeting. Mrs. Glyn Barlow and Mrs. Madhava Rajah rendered great help in explaining the slides in English and Malayalam to the audience.

—A 'Young Women's Christian Association' has been formed at Palghat, with Mrs. E. Hiller as President, Mrs. Susanah Eapen as Vice-President, and Mrs. Bethse Menzel as Secretary and Treasurer. Some twenty women have already been enrolled as 'Active Members.' A few Hindu ladies were present at the first ordinary meeting held in the Basel Mission High School Hall on the 1st inst. It is hoped that some of these will join the Y. W. C. A. as 'Associate Members.' Many of the members, it is pleasing to note, are keeping 'Morning Watch' and, using 'the Daily Bible Readings' issued in connection with the National Young Women's Christian Association.

—On the 19th of September, a large gathering assembled at the Victoria Jubilee Town Hall, Trevandrum to witness the distribution of prizes to the girls of the Maharajah's High School and College, H. H. the Maharajah presiding. The proceedings began with the reading of the Annual Report by Miss S. B. Williams, M.A., Lady Principal, which showed that good work had been done by the school during the year. An important event of the year was that the Female Normal School was attached to the Girls' College and placed under the management and supervision of the Lady Principal. A programme of music and songs was gone through, all the performers doing very creditably indeed. We publish in another column the speech of the resident, Mr. G. R. Mackenzie.

BOMBAY AGRICULTURAL AND INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.—THE LADIES' SECTION.—Among the several novelties to be displayed in connection with the Industrial Exhibition to be opened in Bombay next December, will be a Ladies' Department which is likely to attract more than usual attention. No pains are spared to make it as inviting as possible. This department is to consist of articles made by ladies and articles fit for the use of ladies. The Exhibition Committee had expressed a desire that the ladies' department should be organised and superintended by ladies. In order to give effect to this desire and to consider what steps should be taken to that end, invitations were issued in the name of Bai Rahatbai, wife of Mr. Justice Budroodin Tyebjee, Bai Luxmibai, wife of Mr. Justice Chandavarkar and Mrs. Meherbai Dorab Jamsetjee Tata to a meeting held on Friday evening at Esplanade House, the residence of the late Mr. J. N. Tata in Waudby Road.

Among those present at the meeting were Mrs. Budroodin Tyebjee, Mrs. Chandavarkar, Mrs. Amirudin Tyebjee, Mrs. Fateh Ali, Mrs. Khare, Mrs. Bhaishanker, Mrs. Dikshit, Mrs. Rookmani, Mrs. Ranade, Mrs. Modak, Mrs. Dorab Tata, Mrs. J. M. Banarjee, Mrs. D. Saklatwalla, Miss Sheerin M. Cursetjee, Mrs. R. Mistree, Miss D. Parakh, Miss Parakh, Miss Dinshaw Wacha, Mrs. Bastavalla, Mrs. Hormusjee Masina, Mrs. M. N. Wadia, Mrs. R. S. Powalla, Mrs. K. S. Powalla, Mrs. S. Mehta, Mrs. J. Setna, Mrs. M. Modi, Mrs. P. Kanga, Mrs. Ardasir Unwalla, Mrs. J. D. Powalla, Mrs. P. H. J. Rustomjee, Mrs. B. F. Khan, Mrs. Muljee B. Barbhaya, Miss Balvant, Mrs. Nanibai Sakharani, Mrs. Vasantrao Sakharani, Mrs. Madhavdas Pasta, Mrs. Siroor, Mrs. Madhavadas, Mrs. Bhikaijee Cama, Mrs. Merwanjee Mody, Mrs. Desai, Mrs. P. N. Wadia, Mrs. S.

Dhondy, and Mrs. Jehangir Karaki. Some of those present were "purdah" ladies for whose convenience special arrangements were made by Miss Sheerin M. Cursetjee.

Mrs. Budroodin Tyebjee was called to the chair and having thanked those present for doing her the honour, she requested Miss Sheerin M. Cursetjee to explain the object for which the meeting had been called.

Miss Sheerin M. Cursetjee, in doing so, said that simultaneously with the Congress an Exhibition was to be opened next December. There were differences of opinion about the Congress, but in order that they should not affect the work of the Exhibition, some explanation seemed necessary. There were two names associated with the Congress and those names were such that there should be no question about the work and the aims of the Congress. The first of these names was "India's Dada," Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji, and the second was that of Sir Pherozeshah Merwanji Mehta. The Hon. Mr. Justice Budroodin Tyebjee was also an advocate of the Congress. The aim of the Congress was the best and most comprehensive. Among the multifarious religions and nationalities, and the thousands of people of different races the ruling race must necessarily be foreigners. When the Hindus were rulers of the country, the Mussalmans regarded them as foreigners; and when the latter were the rulers, the Hindus regarded them as foreigners. Under the present British rule, they enjoyed every comfort and many benefits; and it was the chief aim of the Congress to preserve and perpetuate the glory of this rule. It was the business of the Congress to watch and see that, in consonance with the Proclamation of 1857 issued by Her Majesty Queen Victoria, the affairs of this country were administered properly without any distinction of caste, colour, or creed.

They had nothing to do with the subject that day; but as women, they would wish to advance in education and enlightenment, and have their share in promoting the glory of the British "raj." For twenty years the Congress had been doing work not only for the good of the Government, but for that also of the country and its people. In the Congress camp was held every year a Social Conference. During the last three years Exhibitions were held for bettering the industrial arts and agriculture. A novelty was to be introduced into this year's Exhibition, and that was to be a Ladies' Department in connection with it. In order to show what share women could take in the arts, what industries they had developed, and how far new industries could yet be developed, various articles and goods will be displayed at the Exhibition. This work was for the advantage and benefit of women, and it was the duty of every lady to assist therein. Others besides those present had expressed their sympathy in the work. Lady Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, Lady Jehangir Cowasjee, and Lady Petit had agreed to give all the assistance in their power to make the work a success. A committee was to be appointed to consider what steps should be taken in the matter. It was proposed by Mrs. Dorab Jamsetjee Tata, and seconded by Mrs. Nana Narayan Kothare, and resolved, that a General Committee be appointed in connection with the ladies' branch of the Exhibition, that they should communicate with leading ladies in

the chief cities of India with a view to appoint similar committees; and that the committee be empowered to make all arrangements to make their work more successful.

Literary Notes.

A Malayalam Ladies' Magazine, we learn, has been projected at Ernakulam, under the editorship of Mrs. T. C. Krishnan Menon.

—The *Pall Mall Gazette* of June 13 says: "Speaking on Saturday at Oxford, where he opened the new library at Somerville College, Mr. John Morely said that of all the movements that had taken place in this country since he was an undergraduate the movement which had raised women in all the chances of life to something like an equality with men struck him as the most important and the most far-reaching. In his view, women needed more and not less than men of those adjuncts to what he might call the mere academic honor of school knowledge, because they were debarred from what was the great root of education among men, namely, a responsible interest in great affairs and in the large public interests of the country to which they belonged."

—We have received from Messrs. G. A. Natasen & Co., of the Esplanade, Madras, copies of some of their recent publications, "The Son-in-law Abroad" by Mr. P. Ramchandra Rau and some reprints of articles that appeared in the *Indian Review*. "The Son-in-law Abroad and other Indian folk-tales of fun, folly, cleverness, and humour," to give the volume its full name, contains 32 amusing stories, some of which are really well told. But the author's humour is often forced and his pleasantly elephantine. He has included in his collection, moreover, a few stories that offend against good taste. On the whole, however, the little volume is good value for 6 As. Among the reprints is Dr. Salvadori's brochure on "Spencer's Economics" which consists of six papers containing, among other things, a brief sketch of Spencer's published works, an examination of his contributions to the theory and history of Economics and a survey of the three parts of the Spencerian Economic system, Economic Dynamics, Economic Statics and Economic Politics. The price of the reprint is 2s. Mr. J. M. Robertson's criticism on "Rudyard Kipling" (price 2s.), another of the reprints, does scant justice to the poet and story teller. We cannot help thinking that Mr. Robertson is unnecessarily harsh. The booklet is illustrated with portraits of both the critic and the criticised. "Maitreyi" by Pundit Seethanath Tattvabhushan, author of "The Vedanta and Modern Thought," "Hindu Theism" &c., is a Vedic story in 6 chapters and contains an interesting study of an Indian Hypatia, namely, the wife of the great sage—Yagnavalkya. The book is very well written and will amply repay perusal.

—We have received a copy of the latest number of the *Zamana*, a high class Urdu magazine. The *zamana* is a unique publication in Urdu inasmuch as it has for the first time successfully enlisted the co-operation of a very large number of

eminent writers, poets, leaders of thought and learning of both the great communities of India. It has among its contributors, one or two Christians also. It is trying to do for the Urdu-knowing public just the same service which the *Hindustani Review* is doing to the English-educated Indians. It has opened its columns for the discussion of all kinds of subjects—political, social, religious and literary and historical. It publishes at least one article on the need of Social Reform. In the September number which I herewith send for your review, there is a very well written article on the "Restrictions of Caste" (a plea for their abolition) by Prof. Manohar Lal Zutshi, M.A. Another article is on the "Need of Political Education in India" by the talented Editor of the *Advocate*, Lucknow. The *Zamana* also gives the portrait of some leading Indian every month, together with his life sketch. The September number contains the portrait of the Late Pundit Vidyasagar together with a very well written character sketch of his life. It also contains an admirable survey of the last two months. The *Zamana* has been favourably reviewed by the *Pioneer*, the *Englishman*, the *Indian Daily Telegraph*, the *Indian Spectator*, the *Indian Social Reformer*, the *Advocate* and the *Indian People*, the *Hindustani Review*, etc., and is deserving of every encouragement.

—A WELL-MEANING BUT ILL-ADVISED BOOK.—One of the books that are being widely read at the present time is the recent volume of Sister Nivedita, bearing the very poetical name of "The Web of Indian Life." Sister Nivedita brings to the service of this country so much of unselfish enthusiasm, and there is so much of real sacrifice for India in her life that it would be unkind to say anything in disparagement of her work. But at the same time we are constrained to feel that her book, entirely well-meaning as it is, is likely to do much harm, specially to the less thoughtful section of the educated people. If it were put into the hands of foreigners alone, we would not mind the idealising halo which Sister Nivedita with the help of her robust imagination casts round every feature and incident of Indian life. In the case of foreigners like Sister Nivedita such romantic veneration may be innocent enough. But it is likely to do much harm to the unthinking, balanceless, half-educated people, of whom there are a good many in our midst even now, who are guided not so much by reason as by sentiment. These people would not accept the advice and opinion of well-meaning friends like Sister Nivedita in their entirety, but would avail themselves of the commendations which they might have made with many qualifications, of some of our national prejudices or weaknesses. Those who are in the least acquainted with the tendency and temper of the present generation of Indians know very well what great harm such ill-advised utterances of good and great friends of our country have done. Many of us do not care to know or remember that our European friends have insisted on the absolute necessity of the reform of many of our existing beliefs, customs and institutions; but relying on some of their commendatory phrases we may believe or actually believe that the salvation of our country is assured. We are afraid Sister Nivedita's book will afford fresh materials for misleading these people. It is very easy for Sister

Nivedita to see a rofhantic beauty or poetry in the life of a child widow, or a child wife; but they alone who are victims of these pernicious, inhuman practices either in their own persons or in the persons of their near and dear ones know what they really are. If Sister Nivedita had to fast regularly every fortnight—fasting not in the European sense of the word, but real Indian fasting without partaking of a drop of water to moisten the parched tongue—or even if she had seen an unfortunate widow girl of seven imploring her parents and relatives for a little water on a livelong summer day, we should like to know if she would still speak of the poetry of widowhood. We quite agree with the reviewer of Sister Nivedita's book in a recent issue of the *Statesman*, who made some very pertinent remarks, a few of which we may be permitted to quote. The reviewer says in one place:—"There are times when Sister Nivedita reminds one of Emerson's typical optimist: she dips her pen in the blackest ink because she is not afraid of falling into her inkpot. Thus she does not shrink from the confession that while wifehood is great, dedicated celibacy is greater still. And listen to this: 'An incomparable moment in the history of a Hindu family is that of the return to it of a young daughter freshly widowed.' One speaks upon this subject with extreme diffidence, and it may be at once admitted that for educated readers, both Eastern and Western, nothing was more urgently needed than a statement of the ideal of which Hindu widowhood is the constant assertion. Nevertheless it may still be doubted whether anything that Sister Nivedita has said or can say will alter the reader's conviction that the lot of the child-widow is the ineffaceable blot upon the social structure of Hinduism. The point need not be laboured. We leave it with the remark that, beautiful and true as are doubtless many of the things that are said here as to the nobility of character which widowhood may develop and the place that widows have filled in the civic life, there is a world of undeniable and pitiful misery to be explained away before the picture we are considering can be accepted as completely justified." Continuing, the reviewer says, "From what we have said thus far it will perhaps have been deduced that Sister Nivedita's faculty of not seeing is at times fully equal to her power of seeing. Unconsciously the reader finds himself hesitating to accept an explanation or illustration of hers as satisfying: he prefers to wait for further light from other quarters. He may even confess a strong feeling of antagonism when he lights upon a sentence inviting him to throw over a theory or a historical view long classed among the things that need not be disputed." And the concluding sentence of the *Statesman's* review may be profitably pondered over, not only by many of our countrymen, but by Sister Nivedita herself, which runs thus:—"And yet we are not sure that the thoughtful reader will not lay it (Sister Nivedita's book) down with a feeling that the author has formed for herself a contradiction. If India is to be reborn, will new India be related to the old in this fashion? Is it possible, in Asia or in Europe, that the past should save the future?"—*Indian Messenger*.



News and Notes.

Mrs. White, a Negress, having passed a creditable examination, has received a certificate from the Circuit Court, Louisville, Kentucky, to practise law, being the first Negress so honoured.

—The best "Life" of Queen Victoria, yet published, was written last year, by Mrs. Emily Crawford, the brilliant journalist, long associated with the *Daily News* and *Truth*. Mrs. Crawford, it may be said by the way, has met most of the people best worth meeting.

—As is well-known, the Princess of Wales is an excellent swimmer, and she intends that her children shall go through a course of instruction in swimming and life saving. Queen Alexandra and all her daughters, too, are good swimmers.

—Mme. Carlier enjoys the unique distinction of being the only woman in France wearing the decoration for "war services." In 1895 she won for herself the cross of the Legion of Honour, awarded for her bravery in defending some hundreds of Armenians who had taken refuge at the French Consulate at Siras in Asia Minor, when pursued by the Turks.

—The King of Korea who ascended the throne when he was twelve years of age is seldom seen by his subjects. When, however, he does condescend to appear in public a remarkable spectacle is witnessed. All the shops are closed, and His Majesty is preceded by a crowd of individuals dressed in the most fantastic of garments. The din created by cymbals, pipes, trumpets, bells, and the voices of the multitude is indescribable. The Emperor travels in the imperial chair of state which is carried by thirty runners.

—Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, the celebrated French actress, has sent the following message to the *Daily Telegraph* (London) in reference to the proposed memorial to Shakespeare:—"It is not too late to pay universal homage to the greatest poet who has ever lived on this earth. The intellectual brotherhood of all civilized minds will give to that homage colossal proportions. This monument must, in truth, be more beautiful than all the monuments raised to emperors, to kings, to great men, for this Poet is King over Kings and Elect among the Elect."

—In the course of a character sketch of the Tsaritsa appearing in the September number of the *Lady's Realm* the writer says:—

The Empress is a devoted mother, and hardly ever parted from her four little girls. The little Grand Duchesses have, therefore, seen a great deal of the world, especially the Princess Olga, who has accompanied her father and mother on their visits to France and England. The Tsaritsa's English leanings are further exemplified in the training of her daughters, who are brought up on an entirely English system. Their education is carefully attended to and from their cradle they are taught to speak English, French and German, as well as their native tongue. Though the Tsar is the richest sovereign in the world, the home life of the Imperial couple is very simple, and almost without ceremony. The Empress may appear cold and stately towards strangers—in private she is brimming over with good nature and mischievous humour. But at no moment is it possible to mistake the underlying strength and earnestness of her character. The Tsaritsa exactly suits her husband. She is always with him, even when he is at work, and when statesmen come to consult him he often begs her to remain in the room. Although hers are quite the most luxurious homes of any European Queen, her tastes yet remain perfectly simple. Though she has wonderful pearls, star sapphires and cabochon rubies, she seldom wears jewels; and when State ceremony compels her to be magnificently attired, she chooses gems of beautiful and antique design. Before her marriage she was so puritanical in her dress that it was only with difficulty that she could be persuaded to choose a trousseau befitting an empress and even now she despises over-laborateness in dress and sets no extravagant fashions to those around her. The Imperial pair when alone usually converse in either English or German, very seldom in French or Italian. The Tsaritsa did not learn it till after her betrothal, but she speaks it very correctly and with a good accent. One of the Tsaritsa's most earnest endeavours has been to ameliorate the condition of the poorer classes of women in her country, and with this object in view she has taken an active part in all measures of poor law relief that have been set on foot since the beginning of her reign. The favourite residence of the Empress is the Alexander Palace, a small mansion at Isarkoe Selo. Here the Imperial pair can throw off the cares of State and become themselves.

—It is said of George Sand, the famous French novelist that "she could write very impassioned novels for six hours at a stretch, calmly and carefully, that she had a gift of mental concentration that enabled her to take her pen and transfer her dreams to paper amidst the talking and laughing of a large company as if she were sitting in perfect solitude."

She could work most of the night, and after a long morning sleep, which she could command at will, she awoke refreshed."

—Mir Sultan Mohiddeen Sahib Bahadur, Deputy Collector, Tanjore, has offered a reward of five hundred rupees (Rs. 500) to any one who will produce from the Koran and the *Hadis* authority for the *Purdah* system as it obtains among the Mohamedans of India.

—Mr. Syed Sajjad Hyder, B.A., now at Bagdad, proposes that educated Musalmans should cut themselves off from the bulk of the community and form a separate sect called the "*Naturee* sect." It is satisfactory to note that among other things the *Naturee* Musalmans are to believe that Islam enjoins monogamy and that it does not sanction the existing form of the *Purdah*.

—Writing in a recent issue of the *Orescent*, Liverpool, Mr. Mirza Abul Fazl points out that seclusion of women is not enjoined by Islam, but that the Koran ordains that a Muslim who confines women for fear that they may abuse their liberty should be scourged with fourscore stripes and that his testimony should be discredited for all time to come. (Vide Koran, XXIV., 46).

—The *Indian Messenger* writes: "At the meeting held in the Bethune College in connection with the celebration of the anniversary of the death of the late Drinkwater Bethune on the 12th ultimo Pandit S. N. Sastri read a very thoughtful paper on the life of Mr. Bethune and the history of female education in Bengal. In the course of it, he nobly refuted the implication often made by many at the present time that female education has been a failure. He earnestly pleaded for the greater diffusion of female education, ending with a dignified protest against the base allegations of little-minded uncultured calumniators. We hope that the paper which was written in Bengali will be published in some of the Bengali magazines."

—Mrs. Humphrey Ward has again achieved success in her philanthropic work. Five years ago she established a branch for special instruction and care of crippled children in the vacation school of the Passmore Edwards Settlement in London, which was founded through her influence. These little handicapped children had been nursed and taught trades and arts, and the tiny school is now able to announce that one boy, formerly a helpless invalid, has been apprenticed to a firm of gold and silver smiths; "another boy with spinal complaint and another with club feet have been apprenticed to an artist in photogravure; another pupil is a printer's reader; one girl is serving in a milliner's atelier, another is at the Art School and will finish her training eventually at the Royal School of Art Needlework." The idea has been to train these physically helpless children in the use of their brains, that their lives may be happy and self-supporting in spite of their infirmities. The wonder remains that Mrs. Ward can find time to accomplish so much valuable work in addition to the writing of novels, of which her latest, "*The Marriage of William Ashe*," is now appearing in *Harper's Magazine*.

—The Bengal Police administration Report for 1903 furnishes interesting evidence that *suttee* is by no means dead in that Province. In Gaya it is reported that, "a Patak died in the morning, and evidently the villagers were expecting something for a Muhammadan duffadar sat in the inner courtyard of the house to see that the widow did not commit suicide. At about noon the body was being taken to the burning ghat, when the widow called to the bearers to take the body back. After this she rushed out of the house with her clothes on fire calling out 'Sita Ram.' She fell, or was pushed down, and the body of her husband was laid beside her. Fuel and ghce were then heaped on the widow and on her husband's corpse, and both were burnt." Sixteen persons were sent up for trial in connection with this case, of whom eight were convicted.—*Pioneer*.



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Vol. IV.

NOVEMBER, 1904.

No. 5.

SCRAPS.



"We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers If we shall stand still
In fear our motion will be mocked or carped at,
We should take root here where we sit."

SHAKESPEARE.

"E'en in my brightest time a lurking fear
Possessed me: I well knew my weakest resolves,
I felt the witchery which makes mind sleep
Over its treasure, as one half afraid
To make his riches definite: but now
These feelings shall not utterly be lost,
For I, having thus again been visited,
Shall doubt not many another bliss awaits,—
And, though this weak soul sink, and darkness come,
Some little word shall light it up again,
And I shall see all clearer and love better,
And unknown secrets will be trusted me,
Which were not mine when wavering."

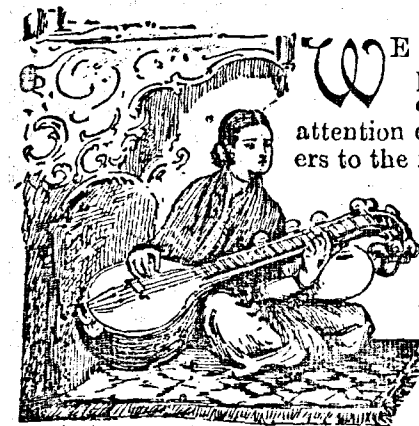
BROWNING.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Acknowledgments for September, 1904.

	RS.	AS.		RS.	AS.
1. Mrs. J. Andrew, Madras	...	4 0	18. Mrs. Sushila Bai Dhareshwar, Madras	...	4 0
2. Dr. Ayachumal, Bangalore	...	4 0	19. Miss A. Foxton, England	...	4 8
3. Mrs. Boddani, Madras	...	4 0	20. Joseph J. Ghose Esq., Ahmedabad	...	4 0
4. Capt. C. R. Bakhu, I.M.S., Sakhur	...	4 0	21. Rev. E. A. Hensley M.A., Jabalpur,	...	4 0
5. Miss A. Bopanna, Veerpet	...	4 0	Central Provinces	...	4 0
6. B. Bangaranna Aska, Ganjam District	...	4 0	22. T. Jivaji Esq., Nandyal	...	4 0
7. Miss Sita Bai, Ahmedabad	...	2 0	23. R. Krishna Row Esq., Alipur	...	5 0
8. Mrs. Shyambai, Trimbak, Canaran,	...	4 0	24. Mrs. E. Lash, Ootacamund	...	4 0
Hyderabad	...	4 0	25. Miss P. Roberts, Mangalore	...	2 0
9. Miss Christlieb, Anantapore	...	4 0	26. Mrs. Ramesam, Madras	...	4 0
10. Khan Chafid Esq., Farrukhabad	...	4 0	27. Ajjeraper Ramanna Esq., Rajahmundry	...	4 0
11. K. Chidambaram Rao Esq., B.A., Masuli-	...	2 0	28. K. V. Ranganadaswamy Esq., Kulumany,	...	2 0
patam	...	2 0	Trichinopoly District	...	4 0
12. Chinnaswamy Udai Esq., Srirangam	...	4 0	29. Mrs. Redfern, England	...	4 0
13. K. Chandren Esq., Cannanore	...	1 8	30. The Secretary, Hindu Student Literary	...	2 0
14. Mrs. Cumming, Hubli, Deccan	...	8 0	Association, Masulipatam	...	4 0
15. Mrs. C. S. David, Bangalore	...	4 0	31. Mrs. B. Shreenavassa, B.A., Waltair	...	4 0
16. Miss P. Devaki Amma, Mylapore	...	2 0	32. Mrs. S. Sivasubrahmanyam, Guntur	...	4 0
17. Vishwanath Narayan Dalvi Esq., Agra	...	1 0	33. Miss L. Woerper	...	4 0

Women's Section of the Industrial and Agricultural Exhibition, Bombay.



WE have much pleasure in drawing the attention of our readers to the fact that, in connection with the Industrial Exhibition to be held in Bombay in December next, a special section is to be devoted to work done by women, amateur and professional. The most pleasing feature about this project is that it is under the supervision and guidance of Indian ladies themselves—a fact which bears eloquent testimony to the new era of activity, upon which, thanks to British influence, Indian ladies are entering. We need hardly say that this novel movement deserves the enthusiastic support of all well-wishers of India and we trust that our readers all over India will make a point of doing something to help on this movement and make it a decided success. We publish below the circular issued by the ladies' committee, the Rules and Regulations of the Central Committee, and also the classes of exhibits that are wanted.

DEAR MADAM,

As you may know that in the Industrial and Agricultural Exhibition, to be held in Bombay in December next, there is to be the novel feature of a Women's Section. The ladies of Bombay have formed themselves into a Central Committee to whom is entrusted the working and success of this section. We hope, therefore, to enlist the sympathy of all women in India to this most useful undertaking, and propose that leading ladies of all the larger towns in this country should form themselves into Local Committees in each place, and thus help us to procure contributions (either monetary or in kind), for the Women's Section. To give you an idea of how it is to be worked, and what kind of articles will be acceptable, we are sending you

copies of the Prospectus and the Rules and Regulations of the Ladies' Committee for the Women's Section of the Industrial and Agricultural Exhibition. We confidently hope that you will do your best to help us by distributing these amongst all such as are likely to send Exhibits. For competition of prizes, *bona fide* work by women alone must be sent, but in the Loan Collection rare articles and even jewellery can be exhibited and will be taken care of in a special safe room. We shall be very glad to send you more copies of prospectuses, &c., if you require them. The main object of this undertaking is to make known to the women of India what they can do and are doing in the various Provinces, and thus to encourage and develop the several industries which would be beneficial to them all.

What we request of you to particularly help us in, is to induce the women of your City and Province to send us Exhibits of any and every kind as mentioned in the Prospectus. Failing them, we hope you will yourself kindly arrange to send us a representative collection of the production of various trades and industries done by the women of your district. We hope thus to have help and contributions from all parts of India and thus make the Women's Section a success. We are sure of your kind help and interest in this matter, and confidently expect a large number of contributions or exhibits from you. We shall be very glad to supply you with any particulars or details you may require to know if you will kindly write to Miss Dinbai N. Patuck, Secretary for receiving Exhibits, Girgaum Back Road, Bombay.

Yours truly,

SAKEENABIBI LUKMANI,
ATIABIBI H. A. FAIZI,
MANECKBAI N. N. KOTHARE,
LUXMIBAI SHRIPATY RANADAY,
MEHERBAI D. J. TATA,
SERENE M. CURSETJI,
DINBAI N. H. PATUCK,

Honorary Secretaries.

BOMBAY,
22nd October, 1904.

RULES AND REGULATIONS OF THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE.

1. The Exhibition will be opened on the 10th December 1904 by H. E. Lord Lamington. One of the sections will be for work done by women, amateur and professional. An official catalogue of all Exhibits, with the names and addresses of the Exhibitors and their Agent or Agents, if any, will be published by the Exhibition Committee before the opening of the exhibition. The Members of the Executive Committee will

supervise the arrangement of all Exhibits. A Committee of specially qualified Ladies will be appointed as jurors, who will examine the Exhibits, determining their relative merits, and decide which of them deserve special recognition. The decision of the jurors will be final; Gold, Silver and Bronze medals will be awarded according to their verdict. Certificates of merit will also be given. The names of the successful Exhibitors will be published together with a description of the Exhibits and the medals and certificates they have respectively obtained.

A Loan Section will also be attached to the Women's Section, Works of Art and articles of special merit, including those of antiquarian interest, will be thankfully received for this section from ladies who do not aim at any commercial advantage or benefit. All arrangements for the display of the Exhibits lent for this section will be made by the Exhibition Authorities at their own expense.

2. Articles of indigenous Art or Manufacture, from any part of India, Burma or Ceylon and adjacent British possessions will, as a rule, be accepted for the Exhibition. Implements or machines of foreign manufacture, which, in the opinion of the Ladies' Committee are likely to promote or develop Industries for Indian women, will be also accepted.

3. Intending Exhibitors should refer to the printed list of the Women's Section attached herewith. The list is meant only to serve for general guidance, and will not prevent Exhibitors from sending articles not specially enumerated therein. Such articles will however be admitted at the discretion of the Ladies' Committee.

4. Intending Exhibitors are requested to send in to one of the Secretaries as soon as possible, a list of their proposed Exhibits, in the printed form attached herewith. This list should reach the Secretaries at the latest by 15th November.

5. Exhibitors are requested to mention in their applications whether they intend to practically illustrate the process of their manufacture, and if they do so intend, to describe the nature of the demonstration, so that suitable arrangements may be made for them.

6. The Ladies' Committees will inform the applicants whether they are registered as Exhibitors and will allot a number to each Exhibit when it arrives, and will inform each Exhibitor what the number of her Exhibit will be.

7. The Ladies' Committee will have absolute discretion as regards the acceptance or rejection of Exhibits and the allotment of space, covered or uncovered.

8. Exhibits will be received from the 15th November till the 5th December 1904, by any member of the General Committee of the Women's Section, preferably by Miss N. H. Patuck (Girgaum Back Road), who is the Secretary for receiving contributions. Receipts will be given for all the articles sent.

9. All packages received or delivered must bear a label on the upper cover specifying the name and number of the Exhibitor, and should be addressed to any member of the General Committee of the Women's Section. They must contain inside a duplicate list with all particulars required under Rule 14 in regard to the Exhibits in the package. This list will be compared with the previous list submitted by the Exhibitor along with her application, and a formal receipt will be given to the Exhibitor for the articles found in safe order.

10. Exhibitors, who fail to send their Exhibits by the 5th December 1904, unless with special permission from the Ladies' Committee, shall forfeit all right to Exhibit.

11. Exhibitors must bear all expenses incidental to the transport and the delivery of their Exhibits to the Secretary for receiving contributions, Miss N. H. Patuck (Girgaum Back Road), or to any other member of the General Committee of the Women's Section. Goods or parcels sent "unpaid" shall be refused. The removal of the Exhibits after the Exhibition is closed should be attended to by the Exhibitors, or, if they desire, the Committee will see to their safe removal and despatch at the expense of the Exhibitors.

12. The Ladies' Committee will consider the case of providing funds, if necessary, for those Exhibitors who are certified by some well known citizen to be unable to defray the expenses of forwarding and removing their Exhibits, so as to facilitate the development of all Industries for Women.

13. All reasonable precaution will be taken to guard the premises of the Women's Section, and secure the safety of the Exhibits. The Ladies' Committee, however, do not at all hold themselves responsible for any damage or loss, howsoever, occurring. Exhibitors wishing to insure their articles may apply to the Secretaries, who will arrange for the same on payment of the necessary charges. All valuable Exhibits, such as jewellery, gold and silver plate, must be forwarded under the charge of an attendant. The Ladies' Committee will be very pleased, if Exhibitors will provide their own glass cases for such articles as need to be taken special care of. If, however, an Exhibitor does not wish to do so, the Committee will provide the glass cases, if they think it necessary.

14. Every Exhibit must bear a label for the Women's Section, and on that label must be given the name or description of the article, its value, the place of its production or manufacture, the names of the Manufacturer and the Exhibitor, and also mentioning its price, if it is for sale. Suitably printed labels for the above particulars will be supplied on application.

15. Exhibits may be sold during the continuance of the Exhibition, and arrangements will be made for registering the names of the purchasers, &c. No article shall, however, be removed whilst the Exhibition continues, except with the permission of the Ladies' Committee. Exhibitors must remove all their articles within ten days after the close of the Exhibition. But the removal of the articles will be allowed only on presenting or forwarding the receipt given to each Exhibitor at the time of receiving her Exhibit. If they fail to do so, the Exhibits will be removed and stored at the risk and expense of the owners, and will be handed over to them on payment of all expenses specially incurred for the removal and the storing up.

16. The Women's Committee reserve the right to remove the Exhibits of any person who does not conform to their Rules and Regulations.

17. No article exhibited may be copied, photographed, drawn, or reproduced in any manner, without the special permission of the Exhibitor and the Women's Committee. General photographs may, however, be taken with the permission of the Women's Committee.

18. In connection with the Women's Section there will also be a Loan Section, and women, both Indian and European, desirous of sending Exhibits for this Section should write to that effect, giving all the necessary particulars about their Exhibits, to any Secretary of the Ladies' Committee, who will inform them of the acceptance of their offer, and make with them all the necessary arrangements in connection with the Exhibition of the offered articles.

19. All women desiring to become Exhibitors shall be held to signify their assent to, and acceptance of all the foregoing Rules and Regulations, and also, such other Regulations as the Ladies' Committee may hereafter issue.

N. B.—All communications should be addressed to any one of the Secretaries of the Ladies' Committee.

GOOLBAI JAMSEDDJI JIJIMTOY, President.

SAKEENABIBI LUKMANI,

ATIABIBI H. A. FAIZI,

MANECKBAI N. N. KOTHARE,

LUXMIBAI S. G. RANADAY,

MEHERBAI D. J. TATA,

SERENE M. CURSETJI,

DENBAI N. H. PATIL

Hon. Secretaries.

THE INDUSTRIAL AND AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION OF THE TWENTIETH INDIAN NATIONAL CONGRESS, BOMBAY, 1904.

SUPPLEMENTARY LIST OF GROUPS AND CLASSES OF EXHIBITS.

Section III. Ladies' Section.

N. B.—Special medals and certificates will be awarded for exhibits sent for this section. Ladies desirous of sending Exhibits for this section should send their application so as to reach the secretaries not later than the 15th November, 1904, and the exhibits must reach the Secretaries or any member of the general Committee of the Women Section before the 5th of December.

Each application for permission to Exhibit in this section must be accompanied by a declaration by the exhibitor in the annexed form.

Group I. Fine Arts.

Painting in oil or water colours, wood carving, etching, drawing, lithographing, reproduction, stained glass, wood staining, inlaid work, embossed nail work, fret work, photography, pyrography, crystoleum painting, painting on silk, velvet, etc., and methods of design and their application.

Group II. Embroidery and Needle-work of every Description.

Ancient and modern silver or gold or mixed thread embroidery, ancient and modern silk embroidery work, Madras, Surat, Bengal and Karachee embroidery work; applique work, ribbon work; embroidery machine work, knot-stitch and drawn-thread work; and bead embroidery work; canvas card-board work.

Group III. Dress-making and different articles of dress.

Group IV. Typical Costumes of Women.

Group V. Laces and Knitting.

Ceylon, Goa, Maltese, Brussels and Irish lace; crotchet lace, macrome point, torchon and matting lace; shawls, socks, stockings, hoods, chemises and other knitting work, by hand or machine.

Group VI. Tapestry.

Carpet weaving, durrie weaving, silk and gold embroidery weaving, cotton weaving both hand and machine, illustrative of the mill industry.

Group VII.

Dyeing; silk and cotton printing; Cashmere and Karachi printing.

Group VII. (a) Moulding.

Methods of casting and preparing moulds.

Group VIII. Pottery work.

Group IX. Kindergarten work.

Toys, etc., for children.

Group X. Music.

Newly composed.

Group XI. Home Industry of the Middle Classes and the Poorer Classes.

Washing, soap-making, basket making, cane and bamboo work, bead curtains, grass-bead curtains, reed curtains, rope making tapes, buttons, Kusti, Khadi-making.

Group XII. Articles of Ladies, Apparel etc. of ancient times, samples of ladies' handicraft of old times, etc., etc.

Groups XIII. Confectionery, Preserves and Eatables,

which will keep unspoilt for a length of time.

Group XIV.

Women's handiwork not enumerated above.

An American Girl's Letters on her way from India to America.

THE ARRIVAL IN AMERICA.



WE landed on Saturday at about eight o'clock in the morning. I told you in my last letter about being short of money, and the L's too were in the same predicament. There is a new law in force in America making the customs rather hard to get through. Through the kindness of our Inspector a man agreed to pass all the little gifts of lace, etc., free of duty but I had to declare on the lace which was put in for sale and had to pay a heavy duty—over twenty-one dollars—I nearly cried then and there and dare say I should have, if there hadn't been so many people around me sympathizing. I hadn't but 20 cents to my name and the L's were just as badly off and we would have been in a fix, only Mr. F. came up and advanced the money. Wasn't it good of him?

New York.—I am having a lovely time here, everyone is so kind. I feel just like a child set down all at once to shift for itself and yet I am 24 now, ever since yesterday and ought to be able to take care of myself. Tuesday I went to spend the night with Mrs. C. Do you know that is the place I like to visit most, because it is most like home. That night Mrs. C. got me by myself and said—"Now, daughter, all the young people are gone, but Margaret, and my heart is

just yearning to love and mother some one. I want you to feel that while you are away from home and your own mother, that you can come to me whenever you need help. I want you to let me be your mother, and love you and help you and advise you!" Wasn't it dear of her? This place is done up so beautifully you would not know it. It is an ideal home.

May 9th.—I have been so busy visiting that here it is mail day and I have not finished my letter. I am off to Philadelphia to-day. I went all over the Frazer Tabloid Factory yesterday, and enjoyed it very much. I want to get Father one of the dear little pocket medicine cases perhaps for Christmas, for they are little dears. I will tell you more about everything in my next. Warmest love to all. Here goes for Phila and Alice. Hurrah!

West Chester, May 13th.—By the heading you understand I have seen Alice at last. I spent Thursday with her at the Normal School and Friday afternoon came with her to Dr. P.'s. They are taking such good care of me. I almost believe I am an invalid after all. At least I am treated as one.

Dr. P. is treating me and his doses are very pleasant;—driving with him on his rounds from nine till one, a walk in the woods in the afternoon, a siesta from two to three and plenty of milk and cream.

You know that book of photos I left behind and you mailed to me, mother? There was a duty of 57 cents on that, coming in the mail. They are heaping on the duty because of the war, so be careful, friends, what you send through the mails. They will be putting a duty on foreign letters, next thing, to protect "Home Industry." We have to pay a cent for every telegram blank, a cent on every express or freight package, one or more cents on every cheque, etc., *ad infinitum*. If you look sad and inquire "why?" The man looks gloomy and replies—"War Tax." Every one is grumbling and growling, but what is the use?

I met Dr. Parker of Chicago, and he and I had some talk about Missions. He asked me what kind of workers were needed on the Mission Field and I said both men and women, educated ones and bright ones. He said, if returned missionaries would only give more of their home life in their speeches, bits of native life and character, tell more of their trials, etc., they would be better understood. He said missionaries on furlough were apt to give mission sermons in the abstract, such as "mission work ennobles the Savage Tribes." I spoke to the children in New York and I did not err in that direction, I assure you. My "glimpses" were very realistic. If no one else did, the

children liked it or *me* rather, for I was dressed as a Telugu woman.

The wild flowers are simply lovely here. I look, oh so anxiously, for each week's mail. I hope you will have no trouble of any kind through the natives or any other way. Alice and I wish we could be with you all. Ah me! I see so much evil all around me. I wish our dear Lord would come soon and take us up to Himself and take away all sin and sorrow.

May 16th.—I suppose you will want to hear all about the Aryan Reunion which, of course, was the great event in Normal School life. The committee had procured Prof. Southwick as reciter and Mrs. Donovan as singer. The latter was simply charming. She has a most beautiful voice and puts her whole heart into every song she sings. I enjoyed her so much and she had a very choice collection of songs for the evening. Prof. Southwick is a very fine reciter, has the art of personating to perfection, added to which is a tall commanding figure and a splendid head. Our seats were in the gallery and we had a fine view of the whole chapel. It was a pretty sight—all the girls in their bright varied evening dresses, all dainty and sweet as posies, and real girlish. I saw nothing that was too fancy or that shocked me. Alice was two sweet for anything. She had that dress with the drawn-work yoke you sent her, made up very simply with vivid scarlet neck and waist ribbons. I pinned on her a spray of feathery green stuff and half a dozen carnations which I had brought for her. She was a perfect picture! My flowers were a bunch of the white honey locust which is just now in full bloom along all the country roads.

After the programme was over, we walked through the various rooms admiring the decorations, the Library was a perfect little bower of green and yellow and blue; plants and flowers here and there; rugs, easy chairs, screens, a few choice paintings and with the electric lights shaded by lovely pale blue and yellow shades.

There were cozy corners in the recesses of the halls fitted up with sofas, with cushions galore, rugs and chairs and little tea-pays, just like tiny Drawing rooms, and the office and reception room were like bits of the woods, everything being trimmed with maple boughs and having pretty palms and foliage plants standing round. The decorations were all tasteful and pretty and the whole scene wherever one went was made even more charming by the merry groups of daintily dressed maidens, the only dark spots being the boys in their sober suits of black.

I am writing this in the carriage while waiting for Dr. to come. He is visiting some one while I hold the horse. Not much holding I do, for the reins hang on my knees and the horse is

grazing. I am out all the morning from 7-30 until 1-30 with Dr. and the fresh air is doing me lots of good. I get so hungry between whiles that I have a little lunch of an apple and a biscuit at 11 o'clock. Dr. has an apple too at 11, and we sit and munch them as we drive through the country. We had such beautiful big strawberries smothered in cream, that was cream, yesterday. I enjoyed them so much.

I was stung by nettle, the other day, while on a Botany expedition. Oh how my hand swelled and burned!

May 29th.—I wrote three pages of a letter to you while I was out with Dr. this morning, but the first page of that the horse trampled on; the second I lost somewhere out of the carriage and so I thought I would tear up the third and begin again.

I expect to attend a Mass Meeting of the Brooklyn "Farther Lights," June 2nd; Aunt Kate wants me to speak in Phila. 4th; I have said I would attend Mrs. Colgate's big missionary meeting in Yonkers, June 9th; and I am booked to speak here, June 11th. I am right in the thick of it. Alice is storming away at my taking part in so many meetings but I want to help as much as I can.

I took Alice up town with me Saturday, as I wanted to get some note paper and while there we went into Kugel's and I treated her to strawberry ice-cream. Oh it was good! Alice enjoyed it so much. I couldn't eat all my cream because of my tooth, so while Alice was looking round I put half of mine on her plate and the dear little chickie never knew the difference. She wondered why I got through so much quicker than she did! I am having a lovely time here with the P.'s—they are kindness itself to me and do everything they can to make me happy and to help me have a good time.

Philadelphia, June 4th.—Well, I have made my maiden speech before a select Brooklyn audience and actually got through without failing. The occasion was a Mass Meeting of the "Farther Lights" of Brooklyn, and I was so nicely treated and so warmly welcomed that I enjoyed myself immensely. As I had a meeting here for the 4th I thought it would be too much to go to New York and return; but Mrs. Will. Carleton wrote me such a beseeching letter that I telegraphed I would go and I am so glad I did so.

Mrs. C. intended to meet me in Jersey City, so when I reached there I looked around for her. I couldn't find any one I knew, so, after waiting about fifteen minutes I took the "Annex Boat" and sailed off to Brooklyn alone and got there without any trouble. My bag was awfully heavy to carry and I was very tired when I

reached Green Ave. Mrs. C. had sent a young man in her place; she said she described me exactly to him—but in one thing she went astray. Instead of wearing my brown dress, which she described, I wore my white pique and that is what put that poor young man off the scent.

Friday evening there was quite an audience, though much smaller than it would have been had it been any another night. I dressed up in my violet and white skirt and native jacket and my pink, gold bordered native woman's cloth and all the native jewelry I could find in Alice's lot and mine. On the platform, besides several clergymen there were, Mr. Grant, who has travelled all over the East in the interest of missions, Mrs. Kate Upsom Clarke, the authoress, Six Farther Light's girls who took part in a symposium and your humble servant. Mr. Grant came first. His text was "From darkness to Light" and he spoke very nicely showing the difference between heathenism and Christianity as he had seen it in Africa, China and India. The symposium came next, an exercise showing the fruits of mission work in six different countries in the world. Then Mr. Will. Carleton, the poet, made a plea for gifts, telling the story of the four Udayagiri orphans.

Afterwards I spoke, telling them mostly about Minnie's work; then came Mrs. Clarke who spoke only a few words, but those were very interesting. After the meeting I shook hands with a lot of people whom I don't know, but who seemed to know me when I was a little shaver.

I went to see the Catholic High School work in art, this morning. Mr. Liberty Tadd, the Director of the Public School of Industrial Art, to whom I had a card of introduction, asked me to come and see the work there. It is really fine. I think I will get his book on Art, so I can learn his methods. I hope to go to his studio this afternoon.

Later.—I went to Mr. J. Liberty Tadd's studio this afternoon and had a lovely time with him. He showed me his methods of work and work which his pupils have done in modelling, wood carving, drawing and painting. We got to talking about Indian children and he says we are going about teaching drawing in a wholly wrong way and that is why we do not see results. He says it is all nonsense about children not having any imagination. I would like to try the experiment of putting a little native girl under his instruction and see if he could make a good Drawer of her. He says he could do it in a year or two. And indeed he has succeeded very well in the case of the Negro children.

I am going to practise on "Amphidextrous Drawing." It was so fascinating to see boys

draw most complicated and beautiful original designs on the black board with both hands, at once, and only take about ten minutes to it. . . .

I went over to New York and spoke at the Yonkers meeting and then returned to West Chester for the meeting there on the 11th. After I had spoken, I said I would sing a couple of Telugu hymns. So I began with 149 in the hymn book. I had sung the refrain and was just beginning the first verse, when I heard the softest richest chords on the organ accompanying me. You cannot imagine how lovely it was. Prof. W., the blind organist was so taken with the time that he improvised an accompaniment then and there. He is a splendid player and a composer, besides. After the meeting when I thanked him, he said he wanted me to sing more of the Telugu airs to him, so he could write them down. He uses raised letters like the blind alphabet.

Every one likes my costume with the silver belt. They almost invariably ask if it is tin. I have had a number of invitations to spend a week or two at different places, but all are for the same time, so I am in a quandry. I have at least three for next week.

But now I must close or else I fear this won't go in this week's steamer.

Around a Distant Star.

BOOK II.—CHILDREN OF SPACE.

By JEAN DELAIR.

Author of "Alsatian Tales," "A Dream of Fame," etc.

CHAPTER II.

[SUMMARY OF BOOK I. AND CHAP. I. OF BOOK II.—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, 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, 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 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. He had also succeeded in inventing a telescope of incomparable magnitude which revealed wonderful aspects of the planetary world. It had not at first been arranged that Olive should go with Roy; but, owing to an unexpected occurrence, this result was eventually arrived at, and it was settled that Olive and Roy should go together on their wonderful journey. And in a final conversation, the supreme object of the wonderful journey is revealed—to go to a planet, the light rays from which would take nineteen hundred years to reach the Earth; so that if one went to this particular planet one would see the Earth as it was nineteen hundred years ago—that is, in the time of Christ. Roy wishes to assure perfect faith in Christ by the accomplished fact of a certain sight of Him, as He actually appeared in the world. And at last, they start in their air-boat, which they name The Estrella, and are launched into the night and silence of infinite space. After a journey of many months they reach their destination, a planet, wonderful like a Fairy land lit by the light of a White Sun. They meet one of its inhabitants.]



HE query remained unanswered, for the moment at least. All that we saw on arriving at the spot, where we had seen the mysterious creature, was a vague white form rapidly disappearing behind the flowering bushes. Human or not, the unknown had the fear of man. Was it instinct, or experience?

"Shall we follow him?" proposed Roy.

I promptly assented, and in pursuit of the white creature we penetrated into the very depths of the Forest of Flowers.

The enchantment deepened as we advanced. We were walking through a veritable tangle of blossoms, not one of them single-tinted, but all sparkling with the colours of opals in the sun: Flowers around us, above us, flowers strewn at our feet, nodding over our heads, shedding their perfume on us as we passed, flowers everywhere, rainbow-tinted on a background of gold!

"Roy," I exclaimed, "what name shall we give this planet? Let it be a name that signifies beauty, for verily nothing in all the world

ever was, or ever shall be, so supremely beautiful!"

"Let us call it *Kallistos*—"Most Beautiful" the name given by Homer to the planet Venus."

"Hm! A classical name?"

"Why not? The ancients were worshippers of Beauty, and they worshipped it with a fervour we moderns have lost. "But," Roy added quickly with a bright smile, "are we moderns now and here?" If there are thinking animals in this world, and the story of our coming is handed down from generation to generation, we shall be known in all ages to come as the pre-Adamites of *Kallistos*!"

Disentangling our way through the wilderness of fairy flowers, we found ourselves gradually descending, by a gentle slope, towards the East, instead of ascending the knoll, as we had intended. As far as we could judge we were now in that part of the forest which the lowest range of hills had hidden from our view when we landed in the valley.

After perhaps ten minutes' walk we came to an abrupt halt. At our feet, in a deep hollow formed by blue-grey rocks, was a pond—a lake almost—covered with a white-sailed flotilla of water lilies. One might well call them by that familiar name, for they closely resembled our nenuphars, both in shape and in the texture of their petals, which were of that soft velvety whiteness that seems to give forth a radiance in the moonlight. They were tall, taller than any water plant known to Earth—taller than the imperial *Victoria Regia* itself—and though they were covered with blossoms, all of these were closed, and lazily nodding to the ripples of the lake, as if their time for flowering had not yet come. But although I had good reason, later on, to remember these queenly flowers, neither Roy nor I gave them more than a passing glance as we arrived at the edge of the pond: for on the opposite bank we espied, running in and out of the trees, small white creatures in human shape.

During half a minute perhaps curiosity held us fixed where we stood,—staring,—speechless; then Roy whispered: "Let us hide and watch them." So, as slowly, as noiselessly as if we had been Red Indians on the war path, we crept back to the shelter of the bushes. "Our turn now to see and not to be seen," I murmured sotto voce as I nestled among the blossoms.

Were they monkeys? Were they men? In size they were the height of a child of ten or twelve; in shape they resembled men, although they had the long arms characteristic of the Simian tribes. They walked erect, however; their cranium was well developed and the jaws not prominent. Save for the absence of ears—at least apparent ones—their features were absolutely human; and the strangeness of their

appearance was chiefly due to the snowwhite fur that enveloped them from head to foot, leaving nothing bare but the face, which was covered with a skin as purely white as the fur itself.

It took us sometime to note these details, for the creatures moved about with incredible swiftness, darting hither and thither with the winged lightness of birds. They seemed to be in pursuit of one of their companions, a creature more agile even than the others, who ran ahead, holding some brilliant object—probably a berry—clasped against his breast. Were they in play or in earnest? Were they enjoying the very human pleasure of the chase—or was the first act we were witnessing in this new world a phase of highway robbery?

It seemed likely that they would soon return into the depths of the woods, for already the quarry had disappeared behind the trees and the others were about to follow.

"Shall we show ourselves, and see what they will do?" asked Roy in a whisper.

My only answer was to start out of my hiding place and, with Roy at my heels, run to the edge of the water. So intent were they upon their game—if it was a game—that they neither heard nor saw us. Then Roy clapped his hands and immediately every creature stood still, looking at us with eyes that seemed to grow larger and more brilliant every moment. It was irresistibly comical. Were I to attain to the legendary old age of the patriarchs, I believe I would still, at the completion of my three or four hundredth year, laugh as merrily as a schoolboy at the remembrance of that scene; and the scene itself would be painted in my memory in colours as vivid then as now. In the background, the forest, deep gold beneath the silvery sun; in the foreground fifteen or twenty snow-white creatures, each one standing, immoveable, in the attitude in which it had been surprised, staring at us as would stare a troop of men on Earth if, from the clouds, a celestial visitant suddenly dropped into their midst.

Alas for the dignity of Man, messenger, from a far-away world! Truth compels me to record that our first interview with the inhabitants of *Kallistos* was signalised by a peal of Homeric laughter, which indecorous behaviour seemed to startle the creatures even more than our miraculous appearance, for with one accord they turned their backs on us and fled!

They fled, but only to return, cautiously, creepingly, with the rancour of flowering bushes between themselves and us. Evidently their curiosity overcame their terror, which seemed to point them out as men. We could see them behind the low-growing flowers, peeping at us with brilliant eyes, a white hand sometimes

showing itself amidst the opal-tinted blossoms, or a white forehead emerging from the golden bushes only to hide again with lightning rapidity.

For perhaps ten minutes we remained thus, immobile, watching and watched. Then I volunteered to reconnoitre the enemy. Slowly—and observing the while the eager eyes fixed upon us—we skirted the edge of the pond and began to climb the opposite bank. The creatures gave no sign of fear. Still the eyes gleamed behind the bushes. We advanced further, and now stood on a level with them, almost at the entrance of the forest; then there was a movement in the thicket, a rustle of leaves, a stampede of hurrying feet.

"Are they running away?" cried Roy, advancing more quickly.

A cry, weirdly human in its note of fear, answered him from the depths of the forest. We penetrated into the wood just in time to see the creatures flying in terror before us—all but one, who remained... It stood at barely thirty feet from us and quietly awaited our coming. The others had disappeared. It was alone.

"What does it mean?" I whispered.

Roy did not answer, but continued to advance with his eyes fixed on the motionless creature, and not until we were almost within an arm's length of it did we understand the mystery. The creature was wounded in the knee; it could stand, but could not walk.

Seen at so near a distance the animal looked strangely, almost repulsively human; probably the extremity of its dread distorted its features: it was ugly with a weird ugliness, and its eyes had the fixed stare of a man in agony. As I looked, I almost uncensciously repeated aloud Roy's query: "A monkey—or a man?"

The sound of my voice added, if possible, to the creature's alarm. With an effort which must almost have wrenched its injured limb, it sprang to its feet, picked up a fragment of rock and hurled it at our faces. The stone fell at Roy's feet. He turned to me with a half smile and answered my question.

"They must be men," he said.

The animal seemed to have spent all its strength in the effort; it fell heavily on the ground as in the lassitude of death. Another step brought Roy to its side, he knelt by it and laid his hand on its brow. And then a strange thing happened—it might be called a transfiguration. The creature opened its eyes in terror, its half dormant brain anticipating God knows what awful fate, what prolonged agony, at our hands. It saw Roy bending towards it in compassion, and the creature understood. It needed no word, no gesture, no caress, to convey the message of goodwill. A long tremor shook

the animal's frame; it heaved a deep sigh as of a sleeper awakening to life, and lo! before our eyes the brute became man—a smile parted its lips—the divine light of intelligence shone in its eyes. And still Roy bent over it, his hand on its brow, and still the creature gazed up at him, confidently, as to its creator.

As last Roy turned towards me.

"Shall we carry him to the *Estrella* and dress his wound?"

I hesitated. Interested though I was in the strange creature—and in Roy's influence over it—yet I could not altogether conquer my repugnance; but Roy was my leader in all things and somewhat churlishly perhaps—I assented.

When I approached the creature it showed signs of renewed fear and turned to Roy as if imploring his protection; then, seeing I came, not to injure but to help, it let its hand lie passively in my grasp. It tolerated my presence and my touch: Roy alone had power to call the smile to its lips and the human look into its eyes.

And thus, burdened with the wounded animal which we sometimes carried, sometimes merely helped on the road, we returned to the *Estrella*—still our shelter, our home, in this beautiful strange world—*un coin de la patrie* in a far-away universe.

The creature's surprise at the sight of our air boat was amusing to witness, but—and this spoke well for its degree of intelligence—it almost immediately connected its presence in the valley with the arrival of the two wonderful beings from another world, for it pointed to it and then to us as if to ask: Has this also dropped from the clouds with you?

Arrived at the foot of the *Estrella*, we had a moment's hesitation as we wondered how best to convey our charge up the ladder; but the creature was not as helpless as we had deemed it. Seeing Roy mount the first step it grasped the situation in a moment and, evidently determined not to be parted from its protector, it immediately followed, lifting itself from rung to rung with the sole help of its hands, and as easily as if it had climbed rope ladders all its life.

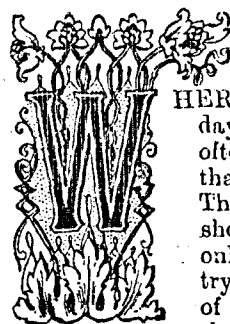
At the doors of the *Estrella* new difficulties confronted us, for our once comfortable cabined home was now, owing to the vertical position assumed by the projectile, transformed into a sort of pit, wherein the walls were changed into floor and ceiling, and not a single object occupied its normal position. But this difficulty was soon overcome, as we had another rope ladder in reserve which we fixed inside the *Estrella* in the same manner as the first one had been fastened outside, and thus we were able easily to ascend and descend, and reach the different parts of the projectile. With this

arrangement we had to be content until we should be able to set free the *Estrella* and place her once more in the horizontal position; and we knew that, in spite of the specially constructed, electrical cranes which formed an all-important part of our machinery, this would be no easy task.

Once settled—if this word can apply to our novel possession—in the pit of the *Estrella*, we played in all conscientiousness our role of good Samaritans; we dressed and bandaged the creature's wound, which appeared to have been caused by running against, or falling on, some sharp projection of rock, probably in the mad hurry of flight. The animal followed our movements with the curiosity of a child that tries hard to understand what is taking place about him; but there was undoubted gratitude in his little grunts of satisfaction when the cool bandage was tied around his knee and he was made to lie down on a blanket with a pillow under his head. For some time curiosity kept him awake, watching us intently; then, slowly, fitfully, the eyelids fell over the tired eyes, and the creature slept.

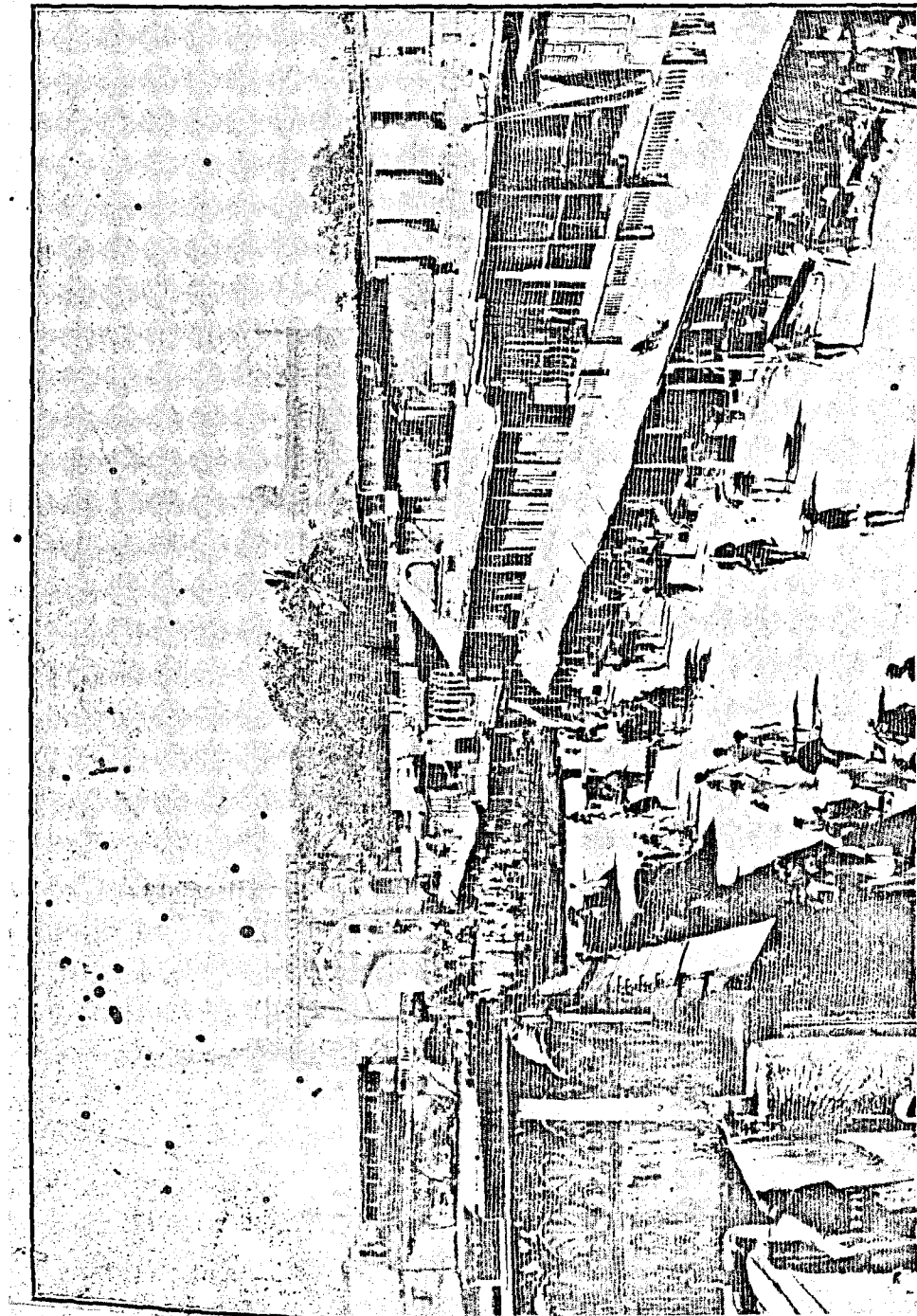
Holiday Scenes and Places in England.

THE ENGLISH LAKES.



By Miss M. C. SINGWICK.

HERE shall we spend our holidays?" is a question which often takes longer to decide than the actual holiday itself. There are so many places we should like to visit, and, time only for one or two. Let us try and bring before the minds of our Indian readers a few of the varied holiday places and pleasure resorts, scattered throughout the length and breadth of our beautiful island. And first an idle glance at the English lakes. These lakes are all in the north-west corner of England. They are many in number and vary in size. Windermere, the largest is, 15 miles in length and some of the smaller ones barely a mile and a half. The lakes are studded over a mountainous tract of country a region quite unlike anything else to be found in England. They form a wild beautiful oasis, bounded on two sides by the black coalpit county of Durham



PRINCIPAL STREET, HYDERABAD.

and Lancashire, while not far on another side, is the open sea.

We will now describe, more in detail, one of the best known of the English Lakes and will take for our purpose Ullswater,* considered by many to be the most beautiful of them all. Ullswater ranks second in size, and is nine miles in length and, in places, several hundred feet in depth. It is 300 ft. above sea level which makes the climate less enervating than many of the Lakes. Ullswater is somewhat difficult of access. It is five miles from a railway station, and then the traveller finds himself only at the foot of the Lake, where the scenery is flat and uninteresting. A stage coach brings him here from the station, but he must now continue his journey, either in a private carriage, or by steamer up the lake.

As we proceed, the scenery grows grander. An undulation on our left, quickly rises into a lofty fell, which becomes in time the well known High Street mountain range. Half way down the lake, still on the left, the steamer stops at Howtown, a picturesque spot, situated in a deep bay and closely backed up by mountains. The village consists only of the "Inn" and a few scattered farm houses, and, further on, over the hills a tiny church. The shore becomes steeper, as we near the head of the lake. In some places the mountain side, richly wooded, comes sheer down into the blue waters. Further on, green fields through which flow mountain becks, float into sight; then again the mountains rise, here steep and unclothed, a stone strewn narrow path alone breaking their rough contour.

The head of the lake culminates at Patterdale, a favourite resort for visitors. Here civilization again stares us in the face, in the shape of a large hotel close to the landing pier, in the garden of which is a lawn tennis ground, and young men and women, in knickerbockers and blazers, short skirts and smart blouses, persons of the usual objectionable type—are seen in these places disporting themselves. Patterdale is little more than a hamlet; it possesses, however, a post office, and a few shops, and we are no longer alone. There is also a large house standing in beautiful grounds in which lives the owner of much of the country side. A coach runs over the Kirkston Pass, to Ambleside, at the head of Windermere, close to which is Grasmere and Rydalwater. It is a beautiful drive, and passes the highest inhabited house in England. Windermere is the largest of the English lakes, but compared with Ullswater the scenery is tame. Grasmere is a lonely little lake, but the climate is peculiarly enervating; it lies in a valley through which it seems impossible to get a free draught of air.

In the way of amusements, the lakes offer fishing, boating, walking and climbing. The fishing is difficult, but to an expert fisherman this is rather an attraction than otherwise. The small beck trout are capital eating, and show good fight: to catch them with a fly is no mean sport! while the man who merely looks upon fishing as a pastime, can often heal out plenty with a worm. Dry fly fishing in the lake, by which the big lake trout are sometimes caught, is another possibility for the artistic angler here, and when the sun is so bright that all else fails, it is good fun to lie in a boat and angle with a wriggling minnow for the sleepy stupid perch.

Sketching is another attraction at the lakes. True the scenery is difficult, but what of that? An amateur will sit confidently down before a panorama from which a professional would shrink. Rock and valley, hill and torrent, glowing with the soft colour and atmosphere peculiar to the lakes, inspire the brush with hope.

In some parts of the lakes, the attraction of hill climbing rivals that of Switzerland.* It even surpasses it in danger and excitement. For in Switzerland difficulties are alleviated by guides and ropes and well made paths. But in the wildest parts of the English lakes, the mountains, though not so high, show a formidable array of unbroken crags and peaks, to the ambitious mountaineer. The lake in the writer's mind is Wastwater, a gloomy mere, not often visited by travellers on account of its inaccessibility and the difficulties of climbing the surrounding hills. Walking of all sorts can be had however, in this part of the world, either a pleasant stroll along the moss grown paths of whispering woods, or over undulating meadow land where the clouds cast swiftly fleeting shadows, and the air is full of the song of the lark, or along the narrow lanes, and broad white coaching roads that border the lakes and penetrate into the country beyond, or up great sweeping fells covered with grass and weather-scattered granite rocks, the only other living creature besides yourself, the curlew, and the small frightened sheep. All kinds of walks are possible for the pedestrian in this wild fascinating unique region of England.

The best time to visit the lake country is in June or October. The fishing is best in the former month and the long light evenings

are a great attraction. The chorus of wonderful bird song heard in England at this time of year often continues till past 9 o'clock, when it abruptly ceases all together; though the sunset

(See page 141.)

THE DUST OF THE ROSE-LEAVES.

"Only the dust of the Rose-leaves remains to the heart of the Perfume-seller."—Akbar.

BY A PARSEE LADY.

Tangle of roses sun-grown, sweet,
For God and the owner, as it were meet:
For God—and the owner sitting there,
Crooning a love-song into the air—
What time the evening sun was low,
And the firefly lights began to glow.

That hour, when the evening sun was low,
And the firefly-lights began to glow,
Was the time that she chose herself—the rose,
To whisper that secret of love and woes
Which gave her colour, and form, and scent,
And made her the thing that God had meant:
A! all Earth listened—finger at lip,
Hush!—finger at lip...see the red sun dip.

The Earth still listened, finger at lip,
She never could let one dear word slip,
But the red-gold sun had changed to grey,
With the bruised, blue look which ends each day.
And the owner sat silent, and sad, and lone,
He had done that for which he might never atone:
He had gathered his roses, and crushed them to dust,
Selling their perfume—oh! traitor to trust—
And had lost—small wonder—his power to hear,
That song, erstwhile to his soul so dear.
For—nothing but dust, to the Lover is left
Who selleth rose-perfumes—self-bereft.

"To the seller of perfumes, nothing but dust"—
But suppose now, it was not betrayal of trust;
The perfume's the world's, as was meant, meseems,
But the secret—with God and the dreamer of dreams
Still alone is shared. And, that handful of dust
Is better than perfumes, to Love's heart we trust."...

I grant that:—the fault was, he sold did not give,
And his wages? Why death; for alas! he must live
Deaf to rose-songs—God-secrets of fragrance, of light,
Of colour and beauty, of love in its might.....
So—Tangle of roses, sun-grown, sweet,
Scatter your fragrance as it were meet,
But—your secrets hide in that handful of dust,
For the Lover who never betrays a trust.

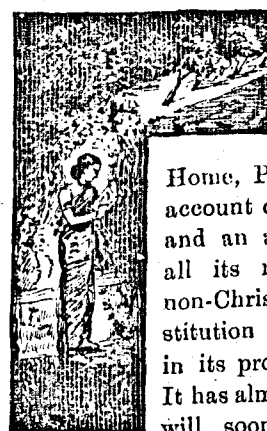
C. S.

may still be lingering in the west, succeeded by an exquisite pearly after glow, which does not melt into darkness till past 10 o'clock. In October we see the wonderful autumn tints, when the trees and drying brocken on the hill sides are all turned to gold, crimson and yellow.

Besides the inns and hotels in the lake country, there are many farm houses that take in lodgers during the summer and autumn months. These are generally clean and comfortable, the visitors live chiefly on the farm produce of poultry, eggs, milk and butter; the farmer's wife bakes excellent bread and North county tea cakes, and the butcher calls perhaps once a week.

I will close with a few useful hints to those who may, at some future time, visit the lake county. Always provide yourself with a mackintosh as it is sure to rain while you are there. Have some rough nails put into the soles of your boots, for the hill sides are steep and slippery. Also get a bottle of lavender-oil for the face and hands as, in the evening, the midges bite freely, and above all things, be out as much as possible on the tops of the hills, for, let those deny it who will, down by the lake shore the air is not invigorating to those unaccustomed to the climate.

Mrs. Parvatibai Athavale.



ABOUT this time last year the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* obliged the Hindu Widows'

Home, Poona, by publishing an account of its history and work and an appeal on its behalf to all its readers—Christian and non-Christian—alike. That institution has made great strides in its progress during the year. It has almost doubled its staff and will soon have large additions made to its modest suite of buildings. Another strong school house is rising into existence and the work of the institution promises to grow fuller, perfecter and healthier on all sides. The most important feature of its progress in the year is the enrolment on its teaching staff of four lady

teachers who have joined the Home to devote themselves entirely to its interest. They ask no pay, no remuneration. All they ask in return for the work they do, is to be allowed to work, to live and move and have their being in the Home among its widowed inmates and for their good. Mrs. Parvatibai Athavale, the subject of this short biography, is one and the first of these noble ladies working in a spirit of self-sacrifice for the amelioration of their sisters. At this time she is moving about in the Carnatic to inform the public about the Widows' Home and to collect subscriptions for it. She is in look and form, in garb and guise, a thoroughly orthodox Hindu widow, living and carrying herself in strictly orthodox style. To the great delight of Professor Karve, Mrs. Parvatibai's mission has hitherto met with uniform success. She has outstripped even Professor Karve himself in the work of collecting funds. Wherever she goes, she commands respect and is listened to with sympathy and admiration. Those who read the following short account of her life would see how much real work is possible with earnest effort and disinterested industry.

The story of Mrs. Athavale's previous life is short and uneventful. She was born in 1870 of very poor parents at the village of Devenkhi in the district of Ratnagiri. When about eleven she was married to a poor young man serving as a clerk in the Customs Department. Two years later she went to her husband to begin house-keeping and was happy in her little house for about nine years. Then burst the bolt of heaven and the young mother of a surviving child found herself a helpless woman. Her husband died and she became heir to the Widows' weeds that now add immensely to her influence and power. The first two or three years of her widowhood were passed in the ordinary way and Mrs. Athavale would have been nothing more now than many a widowed sister of hers is, a stranger to letters and social or public life, had not Mrs. Karve disturbed the obscurity of her existence. Mrs. Karve persuaded Mrs. Athavale to come down to Poona and find a home under her roof for herself and her son. Here her son was put to school and the mother's education was taken in hand. After the most elementary studies were done at home, it was proposed to

put Mrs. Athavale also to school. As usual the poor widow was obstinately averse to join a school and would not pollute herself with the touch of it. Mrs. and Professor Karve were not however people to give up their noble work and by constant persuasion and discussion they succeeded in winning Mrs. Athavale's reluctant consent to learn in school. Mrs. Athavale was thus placed, much in spite of herself, at the Female Training College and completed her course there with a first class certificate.

In the meantime the Widows' Home was started and Professor Karve often would sit for hours together, quietly discussing schemes and methods with Mrs. Athavale. Slowly, imperceptibly, yet surely, were the noble principles of self-sacrifice and social altruism impressed upon the once reluctant learner, but the result has been splendid. The germs have taken deep root. The nobler instincts of the widow's heart have been awakened and Mrs. Athavale has now thrown herself heart and soul into the Widows' Home, Poona. If her work as a teacher and Lady Superintendent for the first year was successful, her services as a missionary working in the cause of the Home and going round for funds have been more so. She entered her new mission in May last and has addressed till now over forty meetings, in fifteen different towns she visited and has collected nearly fifteen hundred rupees. Readers, just imagine a lady once so obstinately opposed to the unholy touch of letters now working at the head of a band of lady educators and pursuing an educational mission. Verily the ways of Providence are miraculous and Mrs. Parvatibai Athavale is perhaps one of the numerous miracles that are daily wrought amongst us. May Mrs. Athavale be spared in health and vigour for years and years for the Home! May her work bear fruit more and more glorious and thus give her fresher and fresher heart to labour in the field of the education of her sisters!

V. B. PATVARDHAN.

The Belief in Immortality among the Hindus.



THE faith in immortality in some form or other has been characteristic of all nations, and may be regarded as coeval with the very beginnings of humanity. Two conceptions mankind have had from the very dawn of human existence—they are the belief in a Supreme Power or First Cause and the belief in immortality. Modern anthropology has demonstrated beyond a shadow of doubt that a belief in immortality, in some form or other, has characterized even the most degraded of savages. Says M. Renouf in his *Hibbert Lectures*: "A belief in the persistence of life after death, and the observation of religious practices founded upon the belief, may be discovered in every part of the world, in every age, and among men representing every degree and variety of culture." Dr. Tylor also writing in *Primitive Culture* says: "Looking at the religion of the lower races as a whole, we shall at least not be ill-advised in taking as one of its general and principal elements the doctrine of the soul's future life." Of all living creatures it is man alone that realizes fully the true significance of death and tries to meet it with a solution, and hence we may well admit, with one of the greatest living thinkers of the day, that "man is not only the primate who possesses articulate speech and the power of abstract reasoning, who is characterized by a long period of plastic infancy and a corresponding capacity for progress, who is grouped in society of which the primordial unity were clans; he is not only all this but he is the creature who expects to survive the event of physical death." Every savage nation has some conception or other, however crude, of a world of ghosts, where abide the thronging simulacra of departed tribes. The earliest Egyptian records attest the belief of this nation in the immortality of the soul. In the Greek mysteries the doctrine of immortality is taught by implication; and the Greek conception of Hades has its counterpart in the religious systems of the Babylonians and Assyrians. The

doctrine of immortality constitutes the very foundation of Plato's system of thought. Plato, in his *Phaedo*, bases his belief in the soul's immortality upon the argument of cyclical movement,—namely, that all existence moves in a cycle, from life to death and again from death to life—and this has been regarded by some as foreshadowing the doctrine of the conservation of energy. Though this argument is by no means convincing, still what strikes us most is the serene confidence with which the doctrine is put forward by the illustrious Greek thinker. As for the Jews, though the doctrine did not receive that triumphant emphasis in the Old Testament which it did in the New Testament, still the conception of the survival of the human spirit after death was not alien to Jewish thought. The Jews from the earliest times believed in Sheol, an underworld of spirits corresponding to the Greek Hades. The belief in immortality is clearly implied in the Apocrypha; and the scene at Endor narrated in the Book of Samuel is also an instance in point. The passage in Job xix. vs. 25-27, beginning with the words, "For I know that my redeemer liveth," is regarded by some higher critics as a later interpolation; but the passage in Dan. xii. 13 is explicit,—“And many of them which sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt. And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.” Moreover, what is recorded of Enoch and Elijah also points to a belief in future life. But though the Old Testament contains the germ of the doctrine of immortality, it is only in the New Testament that it receives its glorious and inspiring development. The Resurrection of Jesus Christ is the very heart of the Christian revelation. It is the fact of the Resurrection that takes Christianity out of the domain of caprice and individual consciousness, and rests it upon a foundation external to the believer.

We find that the belief in a future life was very strong among the ancient Hindus. Opinion is divided as to whether the doctrine of transmigration, which has taken so dominant a hold on the Indian mind, was one of the earliest beliefs of the Hindus. Eminent authorities, like

Max Müller, Whitney, and others, think that there is no shadow of evidence for this belief in the Rig-Veda. However this may be, Vedic literature testifies clearly to the belief in a future life. Nor is this belief the outcome of a melancholy view of the vanity of existence, a cynical contempt of all things temporal, which tries to find consolation in an imaginary world of existence beyond the grave. It is true that later Indian literature, especially Indian philosophic literature, is replete to saturation with the theory of the misery of life, but in Vedic literature this dark side of human life, the inexplicable dissonance in existence, does not obtrude; on the other hand, the joy of living, the feeling of real import in actual and present experience, a hearty and healthy love of earthly life, these seem to have been the main characteristics of Vedic Aryans if their sublime hymns contained in the Rig-Veda may be taken as a clue to their inner life. The belief in a future life in the Hindu was not therefore rooted in any sickly pessimism. Death was not viewed with any terror, it was merely Yama's kind messenger who brought people to the home which he had gone before to prepare. Somewhere beyond the grave, in the regions where gods dwelt, the departed spirits were assembled under the sceptre of Yama. The morning and evening twilight, the gloaming in which darkness mingles with light, were the "outstretched arms of death," the two watchful dogs of Yama, guiding men to their rest. There is a striking hymn addressed to Soma, in which the depth and intensity of the longing for immortality is brought out with vivid effect.

"To the world where unfading Light, where Sun-shine itself hath its home,
Thither bring me, O Soma, where no harm and no death ever come;
Where Yama as sovereign rules, where the innermost heaven exists,
Where the great waters repose, Oh, there let me dwell an immortal.
In the heavenly vaults where man lives and moves at his pleasure,
Where are the mansions of light, Oh, there let me dwell an immortal.
Where wishes and longing abide, where the Sun ever beams in his glory,
Where bliss that can satisfy dwells, Oh, there let me dwell an immortal."

Where gladness and joy may be found, where
pleasure and rapture prevail,
Where every wish is fulfilled, Oh, there let me
dwell an immortal "

The concluding book of the Rig Veda contains an interesting description of the ceremonies that should be followed at a burial and, strange to say, some of the ceremonies are kept up even to the present day. The greater part of the funeral hymn, as it may be called, is taken up with the separation which takes place between life and death. It commences with the following appeal to death:

Go forth, O Death, upon a distant pathway, one
that's thine own, not that the Gods do travel;
I speak to thee who eyes and ears possessest;
harm not our children, harm thou not our heroes.

In order to mark the boundary and separation between the living and the dead, the priest draws a circle, and sets a stone between it and the grave! The company, leaving the dead body alone, go up to the place set apart for the living. The men go first and next the women. There remains only the wife with the deceased and she too is led away by her brother-in-law, or a foster child or an old servant with the following words:—

Go up unto the world of life, O woman! thou liest
by one whose soul is fled; come hither!
To him who grasps thy hand, a second husband,
thou art as wife to spouse become related.

The deceased has a bow in his hand which is taken away from him to signify that he has done for ever with all active occupations of life. After all this the body is committed to the earth with the following words:—

Approach thou now the lap of earth, thy mother,
the wide extending earth, the ever kindly;
A maiden soft as wool to him who comes with gifts,
she shall protect thee, from destruction's bosom.
Open thyself, O earth, and press not heavily; be
easy of access and of approach to him;
A mother with her robe and her child, so do thou
cover him, O earth!

May earth maintain herself thus opened wide for
him; a thousand props shall give support about
him;

And may those mansions ever drip with fatness;
may they be there for evermore his refuge.
Forth from about thee thus I build away the ground;
as I lay down this clod may I receive no harm;

This pillar may the Fathers here maintain for thee;
Yama there provide for thee, O son.

We have quoted enough of this ancient hymn to show that the Hindu practice of immolating the widow at the grave of her husband finds no support whatever in the Vedic scriptures; that the practice of cremation was not resorted to in ancient days; and that the people of the Vedic period believed in a life beyond this life. We conclude with one more striking passage in which this belief comes out more prominently:

The living have removed him from their dwellings;
carry him hence away, far from the village.

Death was the kindly messenger of Yama, hath sent
his soul to dwell among the Fathers.

.....This place the Fathers have prepared for him;
.....a resting place is granted him by Yama.

I grant to him this place of rest and refuge, to him
who cometh hither, and becometh mine;

Such is the answer the wise Yama maketh, let
him approach and share in my abundance here.

SIGMA.

There appears to be a general awakening among our Mahomedan brethren on the vital question of Female Education. The Mahomedan Education Conference held at Ahmedabad, last week, unanimously passed a resolution in favour of educating the girls of their community as well as boys. The old ideas regarding womanhood are giving place to new and we have no doubt their influence will ere long be felt in the homes of our Mahomedan brethren. In these days of enlightenment it is not possible for any community—unless it chooses to be utterly destroyed—to shut women away from the light of knowledge which alone distinguishes man from the lower creation. If women are the wealth of a nation—and no sane man now disputes the fact—then how can any community afford to neglect its very wealth and thus put an end to its own prospects in this world. It is therefore with unfeigned pleasure that we welcome the activity of our Mahomedan friends in this direction and hope that it will be continued with vigour and will not prove to be a shortlived one.—Selected.



MRS. PARVATIBAI ATHAVALE.

(Vide page 141.)

Mrs. Kashi Bai Devdhar, Lady
Superintendent, Poona Widows'
Home, in Madras.



At a meeting of Hindu Ladies and Gentlemen held on Wednesday, the 26th October 1904, at the Egmore Literary Union, Egmore, Madras, Mr. P. Ramachandra Row, B.A., the Chairman of the meeting, in introducing Mrs. Kashi Bai Devdhar to the audience, said:

"I have great pleasure in introducing to you Mrs. Kashi Bai Devdhar, the guest of the evening. She is herself a widow and Lady Superintendent of the 'Poona Widows' Home,' labouring for the amelioration of the condition of our widows. As long as the customs of infant marriage and enforced widowhood prevail in our community, there must be a large number of young widows in our midst; and the lives of most of these are spent at least not very usefully to the community, if not in actual misery and sin. Whatever difference of opinion there may be between the Orthodox and Reform parties on the question of allowing and encouraging them to re-marry so that they may not yield to temptation but live useful and happy lives, there can be no two opinions as to the necessity of maintaining, educating and taking care of such of them as are poor, helpless and uncared for, with the object of enabling them to live peaceably and usefully to themselves and to the community at large, and of training such of them as are so inclined to take up useful employment and live honorably and independently. Such is the noble work in which Mrs. Devdhar is engaged and her interest in it is so great that she had come to Madras all the way from Poona and has been addressing several gatherings of ladies and gentlemen in the various suburbs of this city. Her work is so useful and honorable that it ought to evoke our support and sympathy, not simply in our thoughts and speech, but in our action as well, in subscribing what we can towards her 'Widows' Home of Poona.' I shall not detain you any longer with my remarks but shall at once request the lady to give us in her own words an account of the origin and development of the Poona Widows' Home and of the useful work it has been doing."

Mrs. Kashi Bai Devdhar's Speech.

Mrs. Kashi Bai Devdhar addressed the audience in English thus:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I beg to offer you my sincerest thanks for having given me the opportunity of saying a few words on this occasion. I venture to stand before you, not because I am fit to address wise heads, nor because I am experienced, but I feel that I am in duty bound to help my sisters. The second reason which has induced me to come so far is to place before you an account of the efforts of the great advocate of Female Education generally and of the widows' cause particularly—Professor Karve—whose one great desire is to see the Widows' Home, he has started, managed solely by women.

As you all know, the position of women in any nation marks its civilization. Our scriptures as well as our ancient writings clearly prove that the women of ancient India occupied a very high position. Otherwise we could never have heard of *Brahmavadini* and her class of religious teachers well versed in the Vedas. These women exercised so much influence in Society that they had the privilege of addressing large assemblies and taking part in the discussion of important questions. Sakuntala was able to write to her kind royal lover. Rukmini wrote a *patrika* to Krishna asking him to take her away and marry her. All these things prove that the women of ancient India were educated; their counsel was sought on important occasions. Gandhari was never afraid of reproaching her son in a public assembly.

Coming down to a later period of history we see a distinct decline in their position. The Muhammadan conquests completely cramped their intellectual faculties. Shut out from the world around we see them growing narrower in mind. Even in modern India, there is very little improvement in their condition. The great majority of the women in India are sunk in ignorance. They have no freedom of thought: they are not allowed to make use of their intellectual faculties. All civilized nations sanction female education. Even lower animals are taught to speak. In many houses parrots are taught to speak. Women who are far above these animals are not even given an elementary education. Is it not necessary that they also should be taught? How long are they to remain in darkness? Are they to remain young children? The whole world is progressing. Should not women also be given a chance to rise? Many enlightened men of India have strained, and are straining, every nerve to promote the cause of female education. In spite of these efforts female education has not gone beyond the elementary stage.

Early marriage withdraws girls from school rather too soon, and the education they receive is not sufficient for their future career. Motherhood

is thrust upon them before they are able to take upon themselves the duties of a mother.

Both sexes are necessary for society; so the happiness of both must be taken into consideration. The whole body of woman is made to typify grace, modesty, kindness, and strength of mind; while that of man improves the intellect. If the respective qualities of both are developed to a degree, we shall widen the gulf of difference between them. But if, on the other hand, as Mrs. Annie Besant has said, the defective parts are made up we shall establish a balance between the two. Many promoters of social reform have come to the conclusion that the sanction of women must be obtained in all these matters. Now, if their sanction is necessary, if their opinions are expected to carry weights, their minds must be enlarged by education. When the veil of ignorance is removed from their minds, if they are attracted by the light of education, they will begin to view with interest and concern the affairs of life. Their prejudices will become less keen. They will be able to manage their houses better. Private jealousies and hatred will disappear. They will begin to take pleasure in their home work instead of despising it. They will be able to devise methods of their own which will be conducive to the happiness of the home in general.

The bringing up of children is not an easy task. If this work is entrusted to educated women, they will be able to do it better than those who are not educated. Children are more with their mothers than with their fathers; so it is natural that they should be impressed by the character of their mothers. If children are required to become great and patriotic, their mothers must be educated.

The condition of widows especially, in our society, is deplorable. When a young girl is brought up with care her father is pleased to introduce her to his friends as his *Kanyaratnam*. He is ready to spend all his money for her marriage; nay, is even ready to incur debts—his sole object being to see her happy and comfortable. Her husband's relations receive her with great joy in their house. They look upon her as the ornament and wealth of the house. For a time she becomes an object of admiration to both the families. Her life now becomes a round of happy incidents. But when fortune frowns on her, she is at once deprived of the whole support of all who made her happy and cheerful, and down tumbles the idol of the house. Now her misery knows no bounds. Her relations turn their hearts from her so far as to enforce on her the ceremony of disfigurement, before the dead body of her husband is removed from the house. Gentlemen, it is not inherent cruelty

that overrules them. It is the long established custom that guides them in this matter. She is not allowed to weep over the occurrence to relieve herself. She must pine in silence, otherwise she might disturb the minds of the inmates of the house. She now becomes a burden to the family. She is looked upon with contempt, nay, she is even looked upon as the embodiment of ill-luck. However hard she may work, she can never expect a kind return for her work in the shape of words. I don't know what is the prevailing custom here, in our parts no marriage or *munji* can take place without the help of a widow. If the widow happens to be a girl she is unable to apprehend the gravity of the misfortune that has befallen her. Renunciation is the chief thing she is required to observe. No consideration is shown towards a child widow. Sometimes all female relations think it their duty, in the way of preparation for the final stroke, to allow her to wear ornaments and costly clothes. By this her misery is redoubled, if she is old enough and sensitive enough to understand this kindness. Then comes the ceremony of disfigurement. No kind father, affectionate brother, or beloved mother comes forward to speak on her behalf. Even her mother comes to regard her as useless as a straw.

Under these circumstances there is no doubt that she feels her life is not worth living. She would welcome death instead of living a life of protracted misery. Is it not proper to ameliorate these helpless widows? As men, brothers and members of the same society, are you not responsible for this state of things? Is it not your duty to see that your sisters are not thus paralysed? With very little trouble and self-sacrifice you will have done a great deal if only you can move in this matter.

About 50 years ago, the educated people of those times tried to ameliorate the condition of these widows by inducing the government to pass a law recognising the re-marriage of widows as legal; but their minds did not turn towards the education of widows. Banerjee was the first to chalk out a new line of bettering their condition and this was likely to be considered less objectionable than the previous one. Pundita Ramabai made an effort in the same direction. She tried to collect subscriptions on that account. As there was no proper awakening of the mind at that time, her attempt failed and she was obliged to seek help at the hands of foreigners.

These two efforts gave an impetus to Prof. Karve's idea of an independent Widows' Home for their education. Prof. Karve is a family man of Bombay. As Professor of the Fergusson College he received pay just sufficient for decent maintenance. In the year 1893, when the idea of starting an independent Home for Widows' edu-

cation occurred to him, his savings amounted to Rs. 1,000. Thinking not a bit of his own family he made over this sum to the Widows' Home. He announced in the local papers that a certain gentleman was ready to offer Rs. 1,000 to the Widows' Home. But this announcement fell upon deaf ears. Again he made another announcement, that it was he who had made the offer of Rs. 1,000. After working for two or three years, he was able to organise a Widows' Home Association. In 1896 he was able to collect some contributions and donations which were used in supporting a few widows in the Female Training College and the High School in Poona. The idea of an independent Widows' Home was not taken up until funds were sufficient. In the year 1898 he was able to open a Widows' Home with two new widows—those in the Female Training College and the High School having continued to receive support as before. In a short time the number of widows increased. These were removed to *Hemray*, a village four miles from Poona. Here they lodged in a very small building, just as an experiment, and were superintended by an elderly Brahman lady. Prof. Karve underwent great hardships, especially in the rainy season. Every evening he would start on foot, with sometimes a bag of provisions on his back. Thinking very little of resting, he would at once begin to teach Sanskrit to some of the students. Our house in the village was tiled with ordinary tiles, but it was all leaky. It resembled more or less a plague hut; at night the rain poured in. Early in the morning he would do some teaching and return to his family to Poona.

Can we say that he was actuated by a self-seeking policy? It would be ungenerous to say so. His whole heart was in the Home. He was ready to undergo any hardships for it. In order to be more useful for the institution, he took leave from his own college without pay and was working: even though he resumed his college work he never failed to take an interest in the institution. The affairs of that institution were so very pressing that whatever conversation one might introduce he would never fail to refer at least once to the Widows' Home. Happy will be the day for India when such institutions spring up under good management and fostering care. Not one, but several, like this are required for the stability of such institutions.

At first the whole of the teaching work was done with the help of male teachers. Prof. Karve was able to exert his magnetic influence on the Brahman female workers. One of them is a matriculate of the Bombay University and the other two are trained mistresses of the Poona Female Training College. One of the latter two keeps a Latin class and thus col-

lects subscriptions for the Home and it is a happy thing that she has been able to do good work. Our system of these life-workers is based on the same principles as that of the Fergusson College, with this difference—that our life-workers do not receive a pie except a small amount of pocket money. Our institution aims at lifting the minds of widows and of removing their ignorance. If these widows who are so very useful to the society be trained and be made to see that life is worth living, they will please all. Our curriculum is not intended to be strictly in accordance with the Rules of the Educational department. Grown-up women find it very difficult to get through all the subjects. Special attention is paid to the development of their special faculties and to the usefulness of education for practical life. Virgin widows will be trained in the Widows' Home as assistant mistresses, mid-wives, nurses, religious teachers; but special attention will be paid to the development of the intellectual faculties of young and promising widows. These will readily grasp difficult subjects like Sanskrit and others. Professor Karve's one great wish is that this institution should become the centre of all female education and that it should resemble, not in name but in reality, the *ashramams* of Rishis of ancient days. Keeping this high ideal in view, he has already begun to teach Sanskrit, Marathi, English and other subjects. Mathematics, history and geography are not altogether neglected. So English is also taught. Religious education is also given, the Bhagavadgita being the text book. As regards the study of the Bhagavadgita, the inmates are divided into two classes. First those who have made some progress in Sanskrit and can understand the explanation of verses. Second those to whom the explanation of the verses is premature and who are simply asked to repeat the verses by heart.

Moral education is also attended to. The inmates are made strictly to observe the rules of conduct laid down for society. High ideals are placed before them and every effort is made to inculcate the importance of virtues, like truthfulness, &c. It is impossible for any inmate, when leaving the Home, not to be influenced by the principle of plain living and high thinking which is impressed upon the minds both by precept and example. Home-work which is absolutely necessary for Indian women forms a particular feature of the education as imparted to the students. Every one, however, knows that a lady has to undergo this training during school hours. The question may naturally arise where are these widows to find employment. Village boys cannot often get elementary education. If some widows will come forward to teach these boys, villagers will be very willing to supply the

wants of these widows. If they have a certain amount of knowledge of the treatment of ordinary diseases some widows will be of use in conducting home classes. Married ladies cannot attend the schools on account of home-duties and for several other reasons. These will be able to get instruction at home in reading and writing, their Vernacular, English, Sanskrit and other subjects which they choose. Simple scientific lectures may also be arranged for them. Some widows will be of use in conducting kindergarten classes, some in reading *Puranas* to elderly women and thus earn their living.

We do not mean to confine our energies to this Home. In time to come we may be able to expand our institution and send out life-workers from this home to start institutions like this in different parts of India. The increased sympathy with the number of widows is a clear proof of the popularity of the experiment. When the idea of an independent Home was found to be successful, the idea of a decent permanent building was taken up. Before taking up this work Prof. Karve was in great difficulty about money. He was ready to mortgage his life-policy of Rs. 5,000 and thus raise a portion of the amount required. But fortunately this unhappy time did not last long but the happy idea of mortgaging his life-policy was not lost sight of. He made an additional gift to the Widows' Home by making it over and undertaking to pay the premium.

This new building could provide accommodation for only 30 widows. There were only school-rooms, and there was no kitchen and no dining rooms. So the Association thought of extending this building. Again the money difficulty cropped up. Now Prof. Karve had no policy to make over to the Widows' Home. He made up his mind to raise a loan on his personal responsibility and to make up the deficits from his private savings. In order to raise the money he visited Bombay 13 times. He was thus able to raise Rs. 5,000. We are now in the same difficulty. Our present buildings do not provide sufficient accommodation for the inmates. The number of widows is increasing. It is a hard thing to refuse admission to these helpless widows. The work of extending these buildings has been begun. The extensions will cost Rs. 15,000. We have already got in hand Rs. 6,000. The rest we are endeavouring to raise from fresh contributions.

I hope every one of you will come forward to show his sympathy for this useful work. My imperfect language may not have conveyed to you my ideas, but I hope you will take up the meaning and sense and excuse my faults. I am prepared for disappointments. If I am not able to raise money I shall have to go on begging

in different parts to raise the building fund. Craving your indulgence for the mistakes that I may have made, I beg your leave to sit down." (Applause.)

Dr. Jagadnayakulu Razu Garoo, Rao Saheb, said—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I sincerely sympathise with the promoters of this meeting and especially Mrs. Kasibai Devdhar, the lady superintendent of the Poona Widows' Home, who is now devoting her life to aid in the cause of the destitute widows of our country in the sister presidency to rescue them from their suffering and moral degradation.

No Hindu lady has as yet been able to venture to come before the public to uphold this sublime cause, to lecture and to collect money for the benefit of needy sisters at a great sacrifice, undergoing misery and starvation.

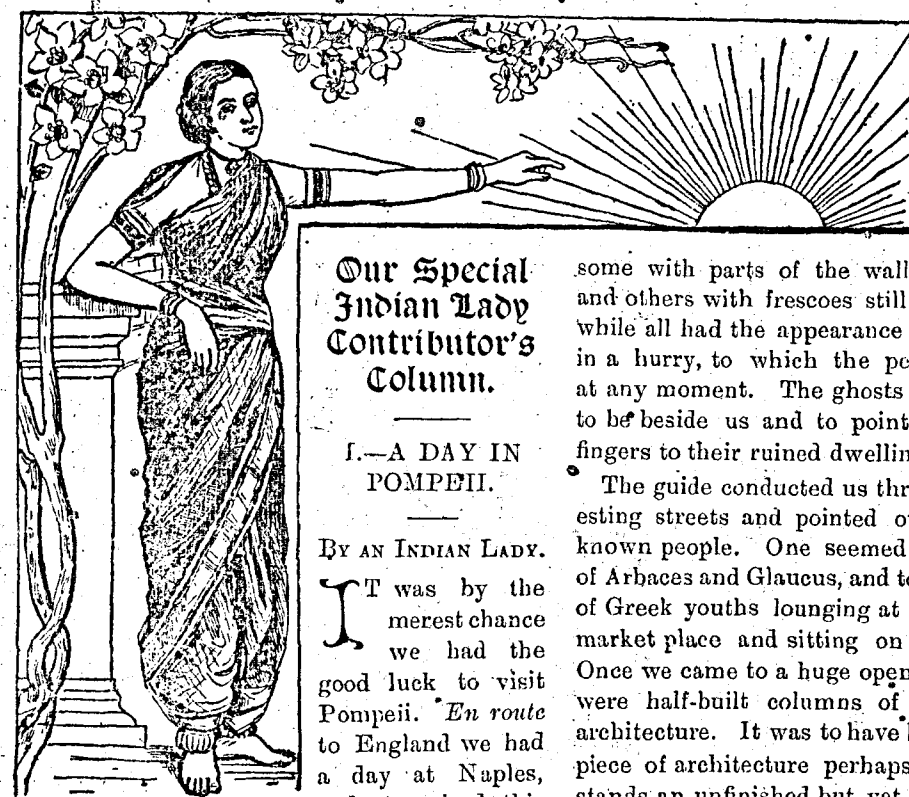
I cannot say anything further except to offer my deep and most heart-felt thanks to the lady lecturer in particular, and to Mr. Ramachandra Rowjee Pingate, and the ladies and gentlemen that are present here to-night. I may here add that Mr. Rowjee is one that spares no pains in showing his deep sympathy and warm interest in all movements, religious, secular and moral, and several other such things that have taken place under his presidency.

I may offer my humble suggestion, with the approval of the ladies and gentlemen, that are present here this evening; and that is to open a branch asylum in this large presidency town on the same footing as the one in Poona.

Some generous self-sacrificing lady in the noble cause might hereafter be able to look after the management of the Institution, and a managing committee may be formed to collect subscriptions for its maintenance. This, I have no doubt, will greatly ameliorate the condition of a great number of destitute women.

But for the interest displayed by Mr. Ramachandra Row and the members of the Egmore Literary Union, we would not have had the pleasure of this meeting here to-night.

May the Almighty Father instil feelings of sympathy in all hearts by pouring forth his choicest blessings on the lecturer so as to enable her to complete her mission successfully."



Our Special Indian Lady Contributor's Column.

I.—A DAY IN POMPEII.

BY AN INDIAN LADY.

IT was by the merest chance we had the good luck to visit Pompeii. En route to England we had a day at Naples, and we seized this

opportunity to run into Pompeii for a few hours. A half hour by train through some picturesque Italian scenery, and then we were at Pompeii passing from a city full of life to a city of the dead as it were. The station, the restaurants near by and parties of visitors with their attendant guides seemed the only signs of life; all else lay shrouded in a mantle of silence, a silence that was eloquent but voiceless.

We were first taken to the Museum. Bits of old pottery, Greek urns, graceful vases, instruments of war and such little curios were exhibited in shelves placed along the wall, while in the centre were glass cases in which were placed the mutilated remains of bodies found buried in the ruins. The latter which had become embedded in lava had preserved their form and outline and looked as if carved out of stone.

After looking through the museum, we walked down the paved streets where our footsteps echoed in a weird manner. On each side were houses in all sorts of conditions, some roofless,

some with parts of the walls crumbling down, and others with frescoes still bright and fresh, while all had the appearance of having been left in a hurry, to which the people might return at any moment. The ghosts of the dead seemed to be beside us and to point with their ghostly fingers to their ruined dwellings.

The guide conducted us through several interesting streets and pointed out houses of well-known people. One seemed to see the houses of Arbaces and Glaucus, and to imagine the knots of Greek youths lounging at the corners of the market place and sitting on the temple steps. Once we came to a huge open place where there were half-built columns of different styles of architecture. It was to have been some splendid piece of architecture perhaps; but there it still stands an unfinished but yet lasting monument.

We walked through the Forum, saw the temples of Jupiter and Juno with their graceful columns and capitols, magnificent though in ruins. We then went on to the Grand Circus, where the gladiators were wont to perform their feats. As we gazed at the tiers upon tiers of seats we almost seemed to see the audience sitting there and watching with eager delight the fierce fights in the ring below. Everything seemed as if it might have been full of life, but alas it was deserted, bare and empty.

As we walked through the ruins every now and then we caught glimpses of Mount Vesuvius standing guard, dark and grim, against the blue sky. Strange to say it had begun working only the night previous, and now we could see a thin line of smoke rising from the summit. The people in Naples had told us that this sudden working of Vesuvius had caused them much anxiety.

The ruins and everything connected with it were most interesting and we could have spent hours among them, but our time being limited we had to get back to Naples. The same even-

ing at dusk we steamed away leaving Naples lying among the shadows, while her little lights twinkled like jewels and in the far distance we saw the grim outline of Vesuvius, from whose summit a thin fiery stream of lava was running down.

Thus our visit ended—and this passing glimpse of Pompeii which we were fortunate enough to get will always remain one of those cherished memories, which lie hidden away in some corner, hidden but not lost nor forgotten.

NILOTHPALAM.

II.—A BEAUTIFUL LIFE.

LIFE," says Sir John Lubbock, "is a great gift, and as we reach years of discretion, we most of us naturally ask ourselves what should be the main object of our existence." The true answer to such a question would be the fulfilling of the responsibilities and duties we owe to others. The true standard of greatness is service. Christ taught this truth when He said, "Whosoever will become great among you shall be your minister. I came not to be ministered unto, but to minister"; and the great Preacher, St. Paul, expressed the same truth, when he spoke of himself as debtor to everyone, Greek and barbarian, wise and foolish. It was love that he owed, the only kind of debt that he believed in. "Owe no man anything," he said, "save love to one another." This is one of the secrets of a beautiful life—service for others. We should all endeavour to contribute as far as possible to the happiness of our fellow-creatures; and we cannot do this, unless we are imbued with the true spirit of love. If we have this spirit in us, our thought will ever be, not what we can get of pleasure, of help, of profit, from others, but what we can give to them; for true love is not receiving, but giving. This feeling will restrain us from doing harm to others, either by putting temptation in their way, or by influencing them in the wrong direction. We should always be careful of our influence on others, lest in any way we should cast a hurtful, instead of a healing, shadow on them. True love will show us that what we ought to do is not the mere seeking of happiness for ourselves, not merely looking after our own rights and demanding proper honour and attention from others. What we ought to do is that we must be prepared to be a blessing to every life that comes in contact with us even for a moment; and then without any seeking we shall

attain our own happiness too in securing the happiness of others.

"Life were not worth the living,
If no one were the better
For having met thee on the way,
And known the sunshine of thy stay,
Give as thy God is giving;
To no one be a debtor."

But this does not mean that we should not try to be happy ourselves. Our own happiness, of course, must not be our main object; and we must not allow the pleasures of life that we may have to rule over us and occupy our whole thoughts. But we must remember that unless we are happy ourselves, we cannot do much good to others, for everything that we put our hands to, would then be done in a perverted spirit. But where a heart is overflowing with content and happiness, out of it will flow all sorts of happy schemes, which will make others also bright and cheerful. Every one also must have felt what it is to have a cheerful friend coming to us when we are in any sorrow or difficulty. Therefore it is a duty that we owe to ourselves and to others to be bright and cheerful, even though that may require an effort, for sorrow and joy generally come together.

"We look before and after
And grieve for what is not
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of
saddest thought."

"But though there may be sorrow in the world, there is much to be thankful for. Few of us appreciate the number of our everyday blessings. We forget them because they are always with us. But, as Isaac Walton says, "let not the blessings we receive daily from God make us not to value or not praise Him because they are common; let us not forget to praise Him for the innocent mirth and pleasure we have met with, since we met together." "Every sort of beauty," says a writer, "has been lavished in our allotted home; beauties to enrapture every sense, beauties to satisfy every taste; forms the noblest and the loveliest, colours the most delicate, odours the sweetest and subtlest, harmonies the most soothing and most stirring: the sunny glories of the day; the pale Elysian grace of moonlight; the lake, the mountain, the primeval forest, and the boundless ocean." Does not all this look as if God made us to be happy in this world? And so we shall be if we do not magnify trifling troubles, if we look at things as they really are. Much of what we call evil is really good in disguise. "Pleasure and pain are the nails, which fasten body and soul together," but to be happy or unhappy depends greatly on ourselves. We may so relate ourselves to our conditions and circumstances that we shall be

masters, not slaves, that our very hindrances shall become helps to us; for

"Stone walls do not a prison make."

Thus we may be victorious even in sorrow; and indeed to be otherwise means that we are living below our privilege as children of the All-loving Father. And this spirit of victoriousness we must carry into every walk of our life, trying to conquer our temptations, however strong they may be, and doing our duty, however hard it may be. This lesson of victoriousness is one of the secrets of a beautiful life; for if we learn it, whatever may happen, we shall not be overcome.

Another secret of a happy beautiful life is learning to live by the day. Life as a whole seems too great for us, and we are often discouraged with the endlessness of time, as it seems to be. But if we learn to look upon life as extending just for the day, we shall do much better. "Do to-day's duty, fight to-day's temptation and do not weaken or distract yourself by looking forward to things you cannot see." We are never sure of to-morrow, and so let us live to-day patiently, purely, lovingly, and the next day will look after itself.

Such are some of the secrets of a beautiful life. We all ought to try and make our lives beautiful. We are God's children, made in the image of God, and we should so live that all those immortal possibilities that are in us may be realized to their highest and noblest extent. Completeness is beauty; and completeness will be obtained if we try to keep God's commandments, and seek to do His will and realize His purposes. And we must try never to lose our opportunities; for our life can be lived only once, and we ought therefore to live it well. "Beautiful days make beautiful years, and beautiful years make a beautiful life at its close."

The Personal Hygiene of the Infant.

(Selected from Major Simpson's *Infants, Their Ailments and Management in India.*)

EVERY one who has had anything to do with infants, knows what a condition of dirt and squalor they would get into even in one day if left to themselves unless the usual changing and cleaning are carried out; in fact, they soon become 'messy little creatures,' if not looked after. The daily bath therefore is a necessity,

more especially in India, where perspiration, dust, and dirt are more profuse, and where the skin is also liable to many sources of irritation, to which the bath is a grateful and soothing alleviation. Whatever time the bath is given, it should be always at the same time of the day and not irregularly, sometimes in the morning, sometimes in the evening, and sometimes through the day. The regularity of time is more important than the time itself; some prefer the morning, some midday, and others the evening before bed. The last-named time has the advantage of coming at the end of the day, and thus enabling the child to be put to bed washed and clean, and in a state conducive to sleep which a warm bath always induces; while at the same time no risk is run of the possibility of any cold or chill being contracted afterwards. It should be carefully borne in mind to put always the cold water in the bath first, and then add the hot water to it, otherwise the child may very easily be scalded, as has happened often.

Advantage should be taken at the time of the bath to take the opportunity of examining the skin, as infants develop with marvellous rapidity skin eruptions of various kinds, their skin being exceedingly delicate and liable to respond to any slight irritation from whatever cause. Children are very apt to be red and sore between the thighs and buttocks, partly from rubbing, but chiefly from irritation produced by urine or motions being allowed to remain without changing the diapers at once.

Nothing contributes more to comfort and a feeling of well-being in an infant, than frequent changing of diapers and applying powder, i.e., the moment they are soiled instead of waiting, as is common enough, with nurses, until a certain time has elapsed before doing so. If not immediately changed, the napkins smelt from urine soaking into and decomposing in the clothes, the skin between the thighs is irritated and becomes chafed and red, and, in consequence, an inflammatory skin trouble is set up, producing much discomfort and pain and preventing sleep.

CLOTHING.

Great variety exists among Europeans in the material used for clothing themselves, and an equally great diversity of customs exists in the clothing of their children. Some infants are swathed in woollen things; to such an extent that it takes some time to reach them, from the not unnatural desire to protect them from cold or chill, while others are lightly wrapped in some cold cotton things from a laudable enough desire to harden the child, but which is not always a success, the most disastrous consequences sometimes resulting from this so-called

hardening process; and it should be borne in mind that the true hardening process is that which leaves the child's constitution able to endure hardship, a condition which is not attained either by unreasoning exposure, or by over-care or coddling. From the heroic measures such as cold baths, scanty clothing, and exacting rules that are adopted with some children, one expects in such cases to see something of a Hercules, but instead one is usually confronted with something pale, puny and peaky, and the sacrifice of numbers of infants to this fetish of supposed hardening by educated people is a freak of the present day that takes many lives and permanently stunts many others. In time we shall learn perhaps a little wisdom* on this point.

To rigidly pursue either course (of over-care or over-exposure) is a mistake, and it is equally objectionable either to oppress the child with excessive warmth, or to lay it open to the risk of exposing the body to the sudden great changes in temperature which are a feature of the Indian climate. It is also a mistake to adhere to the same amount of clothing under all circumstances instead of adapting it to the state of whether at the time, and unless the mother sees to this herself, it would never enter the heads of ayahs or native servants to vary by one jot what has once been shown to them; in fact, if a heavy wrap be thrown round the child to keep it warm in a cold raw day when going out, it will be used in the same way on a hot blistering day until further orders.

A flannel binder, not too thick and heavy, is necessary for encircling the waist, fixed either by a few stitches each time it is put on, or by tapes attached to the binder, and as it has a great tendency to ruck up towards the chest where it is not wanted, it should be frequently seen to that it is kept in place around the child's abdomen. The napkins, which should be of Turkish towelling in square pieces folded so as to form a triangular bandage, should encircle the body above the hips, while the free portion should be brought from behind through between the thighs and then carried up in front to be attached by a safety pin to that part of it which encircles the waist, the safety pin embracing in its hold at the same time the lower border of the binder in front, which is thus held down in position in this way; a piece of flannel is finally applied over the napkin for warmth when it is sufficiently cold to require it. The appearance in consequence is like that of Turkish trousers made of Turkish towelling, which hygienically is infinitely superior to the cold linen diapers

* "But there are many, many millions of lives before her, she will get wisdom a little, it may be, in each one."—Kim.

usually seen in use, and rendered still colder when saturated with urine and lying loose or shifting about around the child's body.

The chest is best covered by some open netted vest not too heavy, which is preferable to close woven flannel material, and care should be taken that it does not fit too tightly, as it will otherwise impede the respiratory movements and render them rapid and shallow. Similarly, care should be taken that the binder is not fitted on too tight, which is very likely to be the case, if it is not seen to, and nothing worries an infant more than a tight thing round its body; everything about it must be sufficiently free to enable it to move without restraint, otherwise a feeling of oppression will result, as all its movements are of a turning, twisting, wriggling nature.

REGULARITY OF FEEDING.

It is not an infrequent custom with some nurses, whenever an infant cries, to at once feed it, the consequence being that it is taking in food at all irregular times, and its stomach has not half disposed of one lot before it is rushed with another, and the digestive system has to struggle to keep the various stages of digestion going on simultaneously, until the process becomes so mixed and incomplete that the child becomes the victim of indigestion. If the mother considers that her child cannot get a sufficient amount of nourishment by restricting it to certain times, owing to the small quantity it takes each time, it is easy enough to shorten the intervals, and by restricting it to these intervals, the appetite for food and the capacity for taking it will be increased.

If, in addition to having a distinct interval between the times of feeding, the latter occur at the same time each day, nature will soon assert itself, and the system will become adapted to receive nourishment at these fixed periods. The infant should be treated in this respect like a young animal and always fed at the same time with unvarying regularity, and under circumstances as nearly the same as possible. Moreover, it should not be forgotten that the infant's cry may be as much a cry from thirst as from hunger, and the possibility of an infant ever being thirsty and requiring a drink is a contingency that never seems to occur to some nurses. Several times a day therefore, the child should be offered a little plain water from a teaspoon, and sometimes it will take it greedily and often be soothed by it, besides its digestion being assisted thereby.

FRESH AIR.

A still more important desideratum for the child is plenty of fresh air, and opportunity should be taken of having it out in the air, it

there is no reason to the contrary, and especially in the morning and afternoon, whenever the weather permits, care being taken to protect it from the sun, while the clothing is adapted to the existing conditions of weather. For the same reason the nursery should be as airy a room as possible, without subjecting it to a condition of draughts and varying temperature, nothing being more essential for an infant's health than an even temperature, sudden changes of the same being, on the other hand, a fruitful source of ailments from its excessive sensitiveness in this respect. In fact, the excessive sensitiveness of infants to sudden atmospheric changes is a point not sufficiently borne in mind, and is one to be constantly on guard against in the management of infants.

For the purpose of insuring fresh air in the nursery, a roof of sufficient height is an important point in the Tropics, in order to avoid oppressive heat and closeness of atmosphere; in fact a low roof, especially if only tiled, is a positive danger, and may be a fruitful source of irritability and fever in infants. It may be laid down generally that the height of the ceiling should never be less than 11 feet.

Editorial Notes.

The cause of Social Reform cannot be regarded as being on the wane when Hindu ladies themselves go about addressing the public earnestly on the changes necessary in Hindu social customs.

Indian Lady Lecturers.

We publish in this issue an account, with photo, of Mrs. Athavale, who is now on a lecturing tour in the Bombay Presidency, with a view to collect funds for Professor Karve's Widows' Home at Poona. Herself a Hindu widow, she has made a deep impression on the audiences she has addressed. The Superintendent of the Home, Mrs. Devakar, is now touring in South India and we have pleasure in publishing an account of a meeting addressed by her, at which in simple, forcible language she placed before her hearers the present condition of Hindu widows and the directions in which their condition is capable of being

improved. One of the pioneers in the cause is Pundita Ramabai and though her work at present among widows and orphans is on different lines, still the example set by her has not been without its effects on the younger generation. Our readers have been made acquainted from time to time with the good work done by Professor Karve, and we shall be glad to see his work supported by all educated and enlightened Indians.

We have received two very useful publications,

Two Useful Publications.

which we should like to recommend to our readers in India. One is entitled *The Housewife's Companion* and

is published by Combridge & Co., Mount Road, Madras. Though intended chiefly for Eurasians and Anglo-Indians, it will be found to be of invaluable help to Indian housewives as well. The Introduction contains useful hints on Domestic Economy, Hints on the Management of the House, &c., but the main part of the work is taken up with original recipes for the preparation of sweets, curries, pickles, chutneys, sauces, meat and other dishes. It is one of the best books on Indian cookery that we have come across and should be in the hands of all those who wish to try their hand on Indian dishes. We hope to reproduce, from time to time, some of the recipes contained in the work. The price of the book is Rs. 1-8 (cloth binding, Rs. 2) and could be had of the authoress, Mrs. C. J. Vieyra Moovatupuzha, Travancore.

The other publication is one that will appeal to all mothers in India, whether European or Indian. It is entitled *Infants, their Ailments and Management in India*, by D. Simpson, M.A., M.D., Major, I.M.S. The following are some of the subjects dealt with:—The Infant and its World, Personal Hygiene of the Infant, Feeding, Artificial Foods, Teething, &c.; the various forms of diseases to which children are liable are dealt with exhaustively. The work is of special value to Indian mothers as the author has brought to bear upon it much valuable experience of treatment of children. The book is well got up and could be had of the well-known Calcutta publishers, Messrs Thacker, Spink & Co. We reproduce as a specimen

some extracts from one of the chapters, entitled "Personal Hygiene of the Infant."

The Early Marriage Act recently introduced by His Highness the Gaekwar of Baroda into his State has without doubt given a great impetus indirectly to the cause of social reform throughout India. If such an Act had been introduced by the British Government itself, it would have led to misapprehension and would have been taken as an indication of forcing Western ideas on the Indian people. The fact that a Hindu Prince himself has introduced the Act shews that the need of reform in the direction of preventing early marriages is felt by those within the Hindu camp itself. In a recent article in the *Hindu* of Madras it was pointed out that the premature death of Indians was due chiefly to the custom of early marriages. There is therefore hope for the cause of Social Reform so long as the movement in the direction of change proceeds from within the Hindu camp. In this connection we should like to place before our readers what His Highness thinks will be the effect of his bold legislation. Speaking recently at Allahabad of the Early Marriage Act, he said that it was a very modest legislation. All said and done, all progress must intimately be based on physical health. The development and cultivation of physical health was the first necessity of existence. But this was impossible so long as children were married to children. A girl of 12 was in Western countries called a child of 12. He recognised that the limit of 12 was an extremely low limit, and his own ideal was 16. But rulers could not afford to be enthusiasts. They should carry with them as much of public opinion as possible. With a view to this he had fixed the minimum limit for marriage of girls at 14 in the Bill, but he had been obliged in passing the Bill into law, to go still lower down, to 12 years, by the adoption of which, opposition was practically disarmed. He hoped in the time to come the people of Allahabad and Baroda and their social reformers, would work to increase that limit, without which they could not be said to have carried the reform right through. Notwith-

standing the low limit of age, His Highness hoped that some real good would be done by that measure of legislation. All their successes must be measured by the civilization of the people and by the circumstances under which they were placed.

Higher education of women in England is a movement of late growth in Great Britain, but already the results achieved surpass all expectations. The success of the two great ladies' colleges at Cambridge is an instance in point. When these colleges were started fears were expressed as to the effects of the introduction of a new and unknown element into the life of young girls, but the enthusiasts in the cause of women's education persisted in their efforts with the result that even the staunchest opponents of the movement pronounce these two colleges to be an unqualified success. Our readers will remember the interesting article contributed to our columns by Mrs. Adam of Cambridge, herself a distinguished graduate of Cambridge, on "Colleges for Women in Cambridge." Her conclusion was to this effect:—"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 avowed 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." At present, Girton, the first of the women's colleges at our older Universities, can show a roll of 908 students since its foundation at Hitchin 35 years ago, of whom 630 have received certificates equivalent to the Honours Degree, and 51 certificates equivalent to the Ordinary Degree. Those of its students who have taken up special work have in most instances adopted an educational career, as lecturers, teachers of special subjects, and mistresses in private and public schools, of whom over forty are, or have been, head mistresses, while some have devoted their cultured intellects to education in India and the Colonies. But other branches of work have also claimed them, scientific and literary pursuits, secretarial work,

missionary and other religious and philanthropic work, medicine. A Girton student is the Principal Lady Inspector of Factories, another is a Superintendent of Mills. Many have remained in the ranks of private life, raising it, we cannot doubt, to a higher level. In this connection we have much pleasure in publishing the following appeal made recently by the council of the college:—

GIRTON COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

SIR,—May we, on behalf of Girton College, make a special appeal through your columns to the liberality of those of your readers who are friends of the College, and interested in women's education? The immediate occasion of this appeal is the generous offer made by a parent of one of the present students to contribute £2,000 towards reduction of the debt on the new buildings at Girton, on condition that an additional sum of £18,000 is raised before July, 1907.

Girton College was opened at Hitchin, with six students, in 1869, and since 1873, when it was removed to buildings on the present freehold site near Cambridge, has been enlarged from time to time to meet the steady growth of demand for admission. Towards the close of 1897, however, it came to be felt that unless development was to be seriously checked there must be further extension, and on a much larger scale than hitherto, including, besides more students' rooms, an increase in the other accommodation (dining hall, kitchen, &c.), which had long been found inadequate to existing needs. This extension was resolved on and carried out, and the College has now room for 150 students. Of 908 students who have entered since 1869, 147 are at present in residence, while 599 have obtained honours in Tripos Examinations of the University of Cambridge, and the College has, we believe, as Mrs. William Grey affirmed in her letter to the *Times* of January 9, 1898, "justified every prediction of good, and falsified every prediction of evil, to arise from the University education of women."

A considerable sum has been contributed by friends and old students towards the cost of the latest extension, but it has been necessary to raise a mortgage of £40,000. Thus a heavy liability still remains, and we therefore venture to appeal for help to enable us to take advantage of the offer so generously made towards the reduction of the building debt.

Subscriptions can be paid to the Bursar, Miss M. Picton, 54, Abingdon Court, Kensington, W., or to the "Girton College" Account at Barclay's Bank, Cambridge.

We are, yours, etc.,

Stanley of Alderley,	H. R. Tomkinson,
Mary E. Ponsonby,	E. A. Manning,
James Bryce,	Mary Gurney,
Leonard Courtney,	W. Cunningham,
Charles A. Elliott,	Gertrude E. M. Jackson,
Alex. Hill,	M. F. Latham,
Henry Jackson,	E. Welsh,
Sedley Taylor,	E. E. Constance Jones,

Indian Cookery.

HINTS ON MAKING HULVAS

(Selected from *The Housewife's Companion*, Cambridge & Co., Mount Road).

All hulvas should be made in a large, round, broad-mouthed brass vessel called Oorralie.

Fruit hulvas should always be made with wooden ladles; these ladles are shaped like cricket-bats and are of the same size, only the broad portion should not be more than 8 inches in length and the remaining should be narrowed and rounded off for the handle; while hulvas other than fruit are generally prepared with iron ladles shaped like tennis-bats but the round portion of it should be only the size of a saucer.

Use always the best loaf sugar in making hulvas.

The success of the hulva depends much upon the proper consistency to be arrived at before removing it from the fire. This could be known by the two following tests:

- 1st, when a white coating of sugar is found to form in the bottom of the Oorralie and
- 2nd, when a little of the Hulva, size of a marble, taken and rolled between the fingers, does not adhere.

When ready, the mass of hulva should be taken and placed on a board or table previously cleaned and greased with butter or ghee and then spread out with a greased wooden roller to the thickness of about an inch or so.

Then while still warm, cut out the Hulva into diamond-shaped pieces and put away in tins when cold.

Muscat Hulva.

REQUIRED—1 measure rolong, 1 bottle cow's milk, 3 measures sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cleaned almonds, 3 pods of cardamom, 2 wine glasses of rose-water, 4 table-spoonsful of ghee, $\frac{1}{2}$ measure sugar.

METHOD.—Soak the rolong in water overnight and the next morning put the paste into a dungry towel and knead well, when the water has become milky and thick remove the same into another vessel; then again add just a little water and continue kneading till this water in the dish also turns milky. Repeat doing this till all the milk is obtained from the rolong paste, and only a gummy substance called gluten remains.

Keep the milky water for, an hour or so, and when the flour has settled in the bottom of the vessel and clear water is found on the top, drain this gently away. Clarify the sugar and make into syrup, then strain into it the rolong milk, stir well till it gets thick, then add the cow's milk, almonds sliced thinly and the cardamoms peeled. Keep stirring always to prevent hard lumps being formed; when the hulva forms into a dough, add the rose-water and by degrees the ghee. Just before taking out strew in the $\frac{1}{2}$ measure of sugar. When a white paste is found forming in the bottom of the vessel, the hulva is ready to be taken out.

Spread out the hulva on a plate previously greased with butter or ghee to the thickness of about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches and cut into slices when cold. In the rolong milk there must not be too much water, as that means longer boiling of the hulva which spoils it in a manner. Use always the best rolong and sugar.

If properly made, this hulva will be quite white and have a fine crust. The gummy substance called gluten, could be used as paste by adding a little chunam. Mix both together thoroughly.

White Hulva.

REQUIRED—1 measure rolong, $1\frac{1}{2}$ bottles cow's milk, $3\frac{1}{2}$ measures sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. almonds, 2 wine-glasses rose-water and 2 tablespoonsful ghee.

METHOD.—Pour about 5 bottles of water into the vessel, add the rolong, cow's milk and the sugar clarified, set on fire and keep stirring the whole often, when the hulva will become a mass, throw in the almonds cleaned and sliced, rose-water, and add also the ghee by degrees to prevent burning; continue tossing the hulva and when ready, take and spread on greased board and cut when cold into diamond-shaped pieces.

Pumpkin Hulva.

REQUIRED—A well-seasoned, ripe pumpkin weighing 15 lbs., sugar 5 lbs., and 4 table spoonsful of ghee.

METHOD.—Cut up the pumpkin into 15 or 20 thick slices, skin and scrape out the seeds and pulp. Wash and boil the slices in steam till soft, then take and keep by to cool. Put the slices into a basin and either mash smooth with the hand or pass through a potato masher. Put the mashed pumpkin with its juice into a Oorralie and mix with it the sugar. Place on fire and keep stirring with a wooden ladle.

When the hulva forms into a lump add the ghee by degrees and stir. When done spread on greased board and cut as soon as cold. This hulva, if well made, has a fine yellow color.

What is being done for and by Indian Ladies.

An excellent work is being carried on by Miss Henderson of the Church of Scotland Mission, Madras, for poor Christian women and girls. Some five years ago the ladies of the Church of Scotland Women's Association, Madras, seeing the great need there was of some kind of Industrial work which should provide a means of livelihood for widows, poor Christian women, and girls who are physically unfit for the teaching profession, opened an Industrial School in one of the rooms of the Mission Bungalow, for teaching lace, making embroidery, and fine needlework generally. During this time 62 widows and poor women, and a number of girls have been taught and put in the way of doing something towards earning a livelihood for themselves. They work in their own homes when their household duties are done, and earn sums varying from Re. 1 8 to Rs. 7 per month, according to their ability. Nine (9) girls trained as teachers have passed their examination and are now employed in different parts of the country, and the girls attending the Boarding School are all required to spend part of their time each day in Industrial work, and are being put through a systematic course according to the Government Code, with a view to their eventually becoming expert workers. Every worker from the oldest to the youngest is paid at market rates for work done, and the work is sold mainly in India, the surplus of any being sent abroad. A fund is being raised for the erection of a school building and Miss Henderson will be glad to receive subscriptions towards the object from friends.

—A correspondent writes to the *Hindu* as follows:—One of the most remarkable signs of the progress of enlightened ideas in this country is the formation of Associations of Hindu ladies. So far as this Presidency is concerned, such Associations are of very recent growth. In the Northern Circars, Ladies' Associations have been formed in Cocanada, Rajahmundry, Aska and other places. The second annual report of the Association at Aska was published in the October number of the *Savitri*, a Telugu Ladies' Magazine of Cocanada. As I think some extracts from it will prove interesting to your readers, I subjoin the following facts regarding the Association:—

The Association was formed on the 18th September 1902; the members are all Hindu ladies and Mrs. B. Bangaramma is the Secretary. During the 1st year of its existence, the Association held 13 meetings. At these meetings essays were read, and reading classes were held when useful Telugu works were read. The 1st anniversary of the Association was celebrated on the 18th September 1903, when Mrs. B. Veeralakshmanamma, wife of the Deputy Collector of Vizagapatam, presided. During the second year 36 meetings were held; on an average about 22 ladies attended each meetings; on some occasions the number rose to 50. Essays on female education, early marriages, jewels, biographies, geography, ceremonies and other subjects were read by the Secretary and other members. The reading classes were also continued. Some members also sang and played or-

the violin at some of the meetings. The Association has also a Library attached to it. The Report states that as the Association has on its rolls wealthy and enlightened lady members, its financial condition is very satisfactory and the usual appeal for funds is conspicuous by its absence in the Report. The Association also maintains at its expense a cart which takes young girls from their homes to school and drops them at their houses after the school work is over. Although in the beginning, there was some hesitation among the ladies of the town to join the Association, after its working it gradually unfolded its usefulness and the Association became popular. Its 2nd anniversary was held on the 18th September 1904, and on this occasion ladies were invited from all the chief towns in the Circars. The chair was taken by Mrs. P. Lakshminarsamma, the editor of *Savitri*, who went all the way from Cocanada to Aska for this purpose.

—We are glad to be able to announce the publication from this month of a ladies' magazine in Malayalam which is to be conducted by Malayalee ladies. Mrs. T. C. Kallyani Amma of Ernakulani has undertaken the chief responsibility of conducting the journal and she will be helped by three or four young Malayalee ladies. We wish the enterprise every success and trust that it will receive the cordial support of the Malayalee-speaking public. Mrs. Kallyani has already written several articles in Malayalam and is full of enthusiasm in the cause of the education of India's daughters. We might mention in this connection that more than one journal in Telugu is successfully edited by Indian ladies.



MRS. T. C. KALLYANI AMMA.

—In accordance with the action of the Calcutta Missionary Conference for August, a meeting of ladies was held recently at Calcutta to discuss the project of a union college for girls. Representatives of all the Evangelical Missions were present, and after considerable discussion the meeting arrived at the following conclusions:—A Christian college for

girls, to be conducted upon an Evangelical basis, is advisable; such a college shall be open to both Christian and Hindu girls; and some institutions already in existence should be made the basis of such a college. The school of the American Union Mission, Dharamtala Street, and the United Free Church School, Duff Street, were mentioned as those which could be made the basis of a college, which should be a union college, intended for, and in a measure supported by, all the Missions of Calcutta. The ladies in charge of these schools were asked to confer with their respective Boards so that it may be known how they stand affected towards the plan. Among the ladies who took part in the discussion was Mrs. Shome, M.A. In the course of the paper she read before the Conference she defended the cause of higher education for Indian girls in a spirited manner. She said:—

“The university training of the present day may not be as perfect as it might be, but it is a training, and a training, too, which fits men and women for higher spheres of usefulness. It develops their faculties, brings out many of those qualities, such as perseverance, judgment, observation, perception, etc., which help to the formation of a strong character, and is an incentive to regular work. It produces self-respect in a woman and often gives her a taste for what is noble and pure. Moreover, in the absence of a better system of education, she ought to make the best of what she has, instead of wasting her life and precious opportunities in idleness and ignorance, and waiting another fifty years for the appearance of an ideal code. But education proper, whether primary or high, must be threefold in character, and include a culture of the body and soul as well; and any system of education which develops the intellectual faculties at the expense of the physical, and more especially the spiritual, is not worth the name.”

At Leicester, on September 29, Miss Gertrude von Petzold, M.A., was inducted to the sole pastorate of the Christian church. There are several women pastors in America, but this is, we believe, the first instance of such an appointment in England. Miss von Petzold is 28 years of age, and the daughter of an officer in the Prussian army. Her early education was received at the High School, Friedenshof, Stettin, and at the age of eighteen she gained the Government teaching diploma. As she was desirous of obtaining a degree she left her native country, and went to Scotland, where she passed the University preliminary examination. Having studied at St. Andrews for two years, she proceeded to Edinburgh, where she succeeded in obtaining her M.A. degree. To prepare herself for the ministry she took a course of theology at Manchester College, Oxford, and worked for three years at this branch of study. She also attended lectures at Berlin University. The Master of Balliol, who was unable to be present, sent a letter expressing the hope that Miss von Petzold would have a successful and useful ministry.



News and Notes.

The death of Mrs. Isabella L. Bishop, the eminent lady traveller occurred on October 7.

Lady Curzon is on a fair way to recovery and Lord Curzon will be starting for India this month.

In Sydney, the Government has appointed Dr. Mary Booth to lecture to the State school teachers and pupils on the laws of health and sanitation.

The Sultan has conferred the title of *Shefaka*, first class in brilliant diamonds, on Mrs. Watt Smyth, wife of Mr. T. Watt Smyth, late Judge of the High Court of the Punjab, India, in recognition of her literary work in connection with the Turkish Empire.

Bowdoin College has just conferred the degree of Doctor of Literature upon Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, an American author. Bowdoin is a famous old New England College, at which Hawthorne and Longfellow graduated. It has never before conferred a degree upon a woman, save in the case of Sarah Orne Jewett, Mrs. Wiggin's sister-novelist.

As the result of competition in the sculpture classes of the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*, in France, three young girls have seen the doors of a sanctuary hitherto reserved almost exclusively for men, opened to them. They are Mesdemoiselles Henvelmans, Swirsky and Schwat. The first has been definitely admitted and classed third.

A poor woman of Ouessant, Mademoiselle Rose Héré, has received the *Jean Dufour* prize, and the medal from Madame la comtesse Foucher de Saint Faron. Rose Héré, some months ago saved fourteen

sailors of the *Vesper*, a Marseillais boat, who were on the point of perishing on the dangerous coast of the island of Ouessant. Her heroism on this occasion brought her also the *Chauchard* prize.

The grand daughter of the celebrated Morse, inventor of the telegraphic apparatus used throughout the world, has just received from the University of Jena the diploma of Doctor of Philosophy a diploma rarely awarded by the University. Miss Morse has gained a particularly brilliant victory, as the professors have added to the diploma the words "*Summa cum laude*," with the highest praise of the jury.

After a young American lady had left the Savoy Hotel the chambermaid discovered jewels, including a diamond tiara, valued at thousands of pounds, and a purse containing £75 in the ashpan of the bedroom vacated by the lady. The valuables had been deposited in their hiding-place by the lady herself, and had been forgotten in the excitement of departure. The find was transferred to the hotel safe, and about an hour afterwards the lady wired from the Continent: "Left something in fireplace; please hold till we return."

Selection.

THE HANDICAP OF MARRIAGE.

(From the 'Indian Social Reformer').

In our last issue we reprinted from the *Times*, Mr. Cloudesley Brereton's article entitled "The growing handicap of marriage." And we did so in the full view of the certainty of our reactionaries making the most of it against the advocacy of social reforms. But a dispassionate and thoughtful consideration of the question will show that such a procedure is altogether unreasonable. Because under the peculiar influences of English society a certain proportion of women have turned their opportunities to petty and selfish uses, it does not follow that the social system of India is the best in the world. A social system must have a better justification for it than the imperfections of other systems prevailing elsewhere. Besides, those who are preparing to paste Mr. Cloudesley Brereton's contribution to the leaves of their common place book for future use along with Mr. Swinny's article in the *Positivist Review*, the passage about divorce in Mr. Harrison's Essay on George Eliot, Sister Nivedita's "Webs" and Mrs. Besant's cobwebs, will be counting without their host. In a subsequent article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in which he indicates the remedies for the state of things so luridly depicted in his article in the *Times*, Mr. Brereton does not even remotely allude to infant marriage or enforced widowhood as possible agencies of reform. His position, in fact, is that the evils are chiefly due to the imperfect transition from the old to the

new, from the "seraglio" atmosphere, to the atmosphere of true womanhood, and that the remedy is to efface for ever, by greater attention to the education and enlightenment of women, the relics of the "seraglio" view to which he traces the vanities, the affectations and the pettinesses of the modern fashionable English woman. "One cannot forecast the new ideals," he writes, "but surely they will contain a larger leaven of social justice, and of the welfare of the community, than the old-fashioned woman had ever a chance of gaining. They should lose a good deal of that narrow-mindedness, or, rather, personal sensitiveness, that makes them apt to take everything in a personal sense, like the lady-guardian who, when her statement was traversed by a male member of the Board, protested that it was rude to contradict a lady. Again, no doubt, they will enlarge their outlook—learn to look at things in a broad, general way, and grasp a question in its entirety, instead of fastening on some trumpery little detail; manage, in fact, to see things in wholes, not merely holes in things. They will grow to be less proud; to find excuses for evil, more ready to seek for its causes; to strive not merely for victory, but for truth; and to rule men by appealing to their higher, rather than their lower, nature." With reference to the epithet of woman-hater levelled against him, Mr. Brereton says "it is only because I have been privileged to know and admire certain superior specimens of the truly modern woman, that I have a lesser appreciation of sundry all too prevalent feminine types of to-day." Similarly, there is nothing in the ideas connoted by social reform, which commits any one to the adoration of every *sari* wearer who has learnt to smile to the accompaniment of a few set, mechanically-delivered phrases in English, but who may have less of mind than many a noble lady who knows no language but her own mother tongue.

Has the Hindu marriage system any of the effects of a handicap on those who live beneath its sway? That is a question to which we may address ourselves with more profit than to that of suggesting remedies for the deficiencies of the English system. Let it be remembered at the outset that in one respect, at any rate, the Hindu system has not the excuse of the English system. The apologist of the latter may say with some force that, good or bad, nobody is compelled to enter it except of his or her own free will. The Hindu system allows of no choice. The difference involves an important moral responsibility on the upholder of the abuses of the later system. We have no right to compel men and women to handicap themselves in the race of life. True, that where everybody is handicapped, it is the same as if nobody was handicapped. But this plea is

good only so far as it concerns one Hindu as against another, and not as against members of other races and communities in which the universality of marriage is not a recognised principle. And, besides, the effect of such handicapping on individual development should not be lost sight of. That, in several respects, the Hindu system does seriously hamper our young men and women cannot be gainsaid. The evils of our system, it is true, do not declare themselves in the same form and garb as those of the system Mr. Brereton has denounced. But, for all that, they are scarcely less serious, if, indeed, they are not far more serious. Nobody will contend that it is a good thing for a young man to start life without any advantages save that of the sacramental efficacy of Hindu matrimony. Nor does the belief that the Hindu marriage is a sacrament prevent thousands of young girls in this country from becoming a prey to the cruel death or the lifelong miseries of early maternity. People who talk of the sacramental nature of the Hindu marriage in answer to every plea of reform forget that nobody wants to dispute the point. No doubt, they live in such a sanctified level of feeling that any aspect less than sacramental, leaves little impression on their minds. But social reform is not meant for saints but for the ordinary run of mankind whose regard for sacraments does not exclude considerations of health, intelligence, legitimate ambition, and aspirations not confined to canonisation. It is a great ambition to reach the reputation of saintliness, but unless followed up by a strenuous abstinence from things of the flesh, it is apt to overreach itself. We speak of the material civilization of the West and compare it favourably with the spiritual ideals of the East. But it is forgotten that a civilization which recognises the acquisition of material good as a legitimate aim of life, knows and prescribes the lines along which it can be pursued without danger to the community with which it deals; so that the pursuit of worldly benefits comes to be more or less strictly regulated with due regard to the interests of all the individuals composing the society. A spiritual civilization, with its eyes fixed on the interstellar spaces, but too often leaves its children to scramble, slander and ruin one another in the pursuit of earthly aims which they cherish none the less because their nominal civilization strenuously declines to take cognisance of such aims. The net practical result of the two systems is that while the Western or material civilization promotes the attainment of moderation in prosperity, the Eastern or spiritual civilization has its most perfect types in adversity.

But we have rather strayed from our subject which is the Hindu marriage system. The system has undoubtedly its good points. It

ensures posterity and imparts to individuals a certain stability of habit which not infrequently verges on stolidity. The bachelor has been the special object of repugnance to Hindu social life. A Hindu proverb equates his propensities of mischief with those of a hundred monkeys. The Hindu wife is gentle, patient and submissive to a fault and her husband is too often not above taking advantage of her qualities in the name of orthodoxy which is apt to be more than a little blind to his own shortcomings. It is our impression that "the genius of Hinduism" would have fewer supporters among educated Hindus if it were less one-sided in its incidence. The Hindu lady is not given to extravagance except where jewels are concerned, and these, too, she covets as much as an investment as the means of making a brave show before other women. She is unsparing in her devotion to her household duties, and generally expert in their management. We have no complaints to make against our women such as Mr. Brereton has against Englishwomen. If they knew better,

they are sure to prove more of helpmates to their husbands. It is not the individuals but the system that is to blame for the extent to which it acts as a drag on men and women in the keen competition of modern life. The fault of men and women is that they have tolerated it so long. The early age at which marriages take place, as pointed out above, is a serious handicap on young couples. The artificial horrors associated with widowhood are a source of great and unnecessary misery to many a household in the land. The system of early marriage is a corollary of compulsory marriage, and the combined effect of the two principles is to almost completely prevent the higher education of Hindu women. High as the ideal originally associated with Hindu marriages were the operative influences at the present time are far from ennobling. Moreover, it is not in consonance with the altered conditions of life in modern India. The disparity between the education of men and women is a serious drawback.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE,

Acknowledgments for October, 1904.

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THE LATE SECOND PRINCESS OF MYSORE AND COLONEL DESAY RAJ.
(From the Photo taken at the Maharajkumari's Wedding with Colonel Desay Raj. Vide page 183.)



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Vol. IV.

DECEMBER, 1904.

No. 6.

CHRISTMAS.

Was it a fancy bred of vagrant guess,
Or well-remember'd fact—that He was born
When half the world was wintry and forlorn,
In Nature's utmost season of distress?
So be it: for in truth 'tis ever so,
That when the winter of the soul is bare,
The seed of heaven at first begins to grow.
Peeping 'abroad in desert of despair.

COLERIDGE.

Peace, Peace!
Wrought by the Spirit of might,
In thy deepest sorrow and sorest strife,
In the changes and chances of mortal life,—
It is thine bequest!—Christ's own bequest,
Which vainly the tempter shall strive to wrest;
It is now thy right!"

F. R. HAVERGAL.

"Give us that Peace, O Lord, Divine and blest,
Thou keepest for those hearts who love Thee best!"

A. PROCTER.

PEACE.

[FROM THE PEN OF AN INDIAN CHRISTIAN LADY.]



HAVE you observed the moon-lit path which leads away through the waves of the sea into the quiet distance beyond? It is such a beautiful sight. The slightest glimpse of it calms and soothes the spirit. So it seems to me does the very thought of the spirit of Peace, like a drop of oil upon troubled waters, pours balm into the wounded heart of a weary world-wanderer. Like the moon-lit path in the midst of the waves, the path of peace cuts its way through the troubles and turmoils of our life. The waves dash around us, the light of the spirit of peace scarcely touches them, only barely glances on them; but the central path is clear and softly brilliant. Every little wavelet in that path is visible for a far distance. And not only does the light light up the waters; but it seems to bring out the hidden brightnesses in the waters themselves. All around the dark-blue darkness extends. It is a fearful thought to think of exploring its depths; but the most timid spirit would like to venture out over the lighted waters. They seem so safe. But mark! however safe the light may look, we can only travel in its path in a vessel, be it small or large; and whenever the moon's light is obscured behind a cloud, the path of light becomes dim,

and when the moon sails away, the path of light disappears.

So in our lives. The soft light of the spirit of peace makes its clear way through the unexplored dark depths of our heart; it brings to light hidden beauties in our natures, hidden virtues in us; but the path of peace does not exist by itself; it requires a higher light, a light above to reflect itself in us; the spirit of God, through faith in whom alone we can have peace. As the poet says:—

Peace is God's direct assurance
To the souls that win release
From this world of hard endurance—
Peace—He tells us—only Peace.

It is God's light which lights the path of peace. It is by this light alone, that we can see to anchor our bark in the quiet haven of the peaceful waters beyond. And more than this we cannot get peace till we embark on its path in a vessel, the vessel of virtue, the boat of purity, the bark of a good heart.

And is it a stagnant peace we want, a dead peace? No, no, a thousand times, no. Says Carlyle: "A brutal lethargy is peaceable! the noisome grave is peaceable! We hope for a living Peace, not a dead one." Work is the panacea of trouble. It is the peace of work that we want; the peace of striving for our ideal in the midst of trials, in spite of difficulties; the peace of doing God's will; the peace of working for other men's good, the peace of sacrifice.

In other words it is the peace of Christ that we want. Even unbelievers admit that Christ was a wonderful teacher of the best system of virtue and goodness. Where then can we find such peace as is proclaimed in Christ's doctrine?

Even to unbelievers then it is the spirit of Christ, albeit the spirit of only the human teacher, that is needed. But to us, Christians, what should be the ideal of life is the peace of Christ our Saviour, our Master, who, we believe, died to save us, and to bring us that message of Peace, which He died to proclaim and for which we now long with yearning hearts:

"Peace, perfect Peace! by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus,—this is rest!"

A Christmas Story.

THE QUEEN OF THE CRYSTAL MOUNTAIN.

BY JEAN DELAIRE,

Author of "A Dream of Fame," "Around a Distant Star," etc.



HAD wandered many days in the Tyrolean Alps, and still the witchery of the solitudes held me fast. By day and by night, keeping an eternal Sabbath of their own, the mountains stood above me, in solemn guardianship. I fell asleep in the valleys with the trustful feeling of a child on its mother's breast, and in the morning awoke with the remembrance that friends—never changing, never wearying—were awaiting me, to teach me day by day the unity of things: how life is one, in the mountain as in man, in sky and earth and sea—and God in all.

One evening, towards dusk, as I stood on the edge of a precipice a hundred fathoms deep, face to face I met the Old Man of the Mountain.

The peasants in the far off villages had told me of him, and their wives had tremblingly crossed themselves at the mention of his name. I had seen him twice from afar, but now he stood so near that I could have touched the hem of his garments. He looked me full in the eyes: "Whither?" he asked.

"Nowhere, I am a wanderer—like thyself." He gave me a long and searching look.

"What knowest thou of me, Dreamer?"

"Nothing," I answered, "or at least, very little . . . Only what the mountaineers know of thee."

"And that is?"

"That thou wanderest alone in these solitudes, by day and by night . . . That thou art wise—too wise, some say . . . That thou knowest the secrets of every soul dwelling in the valleys. Moreover—" I paused, hesitatingly.

"Continue," he commanded.

"I have heard it said that thou possessest a wondrous secret: the knowledge of a grotto, deep in the heart of this mountain, where priceless gems are hidden, and that thou alone hast the key thereof."

After a moment's silence, the Old Man remarked quietly: "Thou art the third—"

"Thou sayest?"

"Thou art the third youth whom I have met here within two days, and the same motive which brought thee hither has guided them also."

"Nay, but," I exclaimed, eagerly, "what knowest thou of my motives? I have asked thee no questions!"

A smile of scorn contracted the Old Man's lips.

"Dost thou think I do not read thy secret? Dost thou think I do not know that thou comest to this very spot day after day, and on moonlight nights, in the hope of meeting the Old Man of the Mountain, and hearing from his lips the secret of the Crystal Cave?"

A shiver of fear crept over me. The Crystal Cave! The Mystic Grotto! The Secret of the Mountain! . . . Of these had I dreamt these many nights—and the man knew it!

"Hast nothing more to ask of me?" the Seer asked, calmly, as he turned to go.

Then a madness came over me: the madness to know, to read hidden things, to revel in dreams and possess the Invisible. I detained the Old Man by a passionate gesture.

"Nay, thou shalt not leave me thus!" I cried wildly. "Thou hast raised the thirst: thou must quench it! I have indeed heard of a wonderful thing, a palace in the rock, a fairy world deep under the earth, a thousand feet below the blossoming heather. I have heard—or have I dreamt it?—or hast thou told it me in a vision?—that in the heart of a mountain of pure crystal dwells a Queen, and that the man who sees her, loves her with the love of the gods, and becomes her king for evermore. . . Show me the way! I do not fear. Be thou my guide, and I will follow, no matter where thou leadest!" He looked at me for some moments in absolute silence, as if inwardly debating a question; then, mutely, intelligibly, he beckoned me to follow, and began to climb the rocks above the waterfall.

Night had come. At our feet fell the vast sheet of water, hastening to the distant river in wild confusion; above us rose the gigantic rocks which crowned the mountain, as an altar-pile in mid-air. It was a spot for daring deeds, disastrous failures or wondrous victories. I followed my guide by the sound of his footsteps, groping my way from rock to rock, from crevice to crevice. How long did this weird night-march last? I could not tell. It seemed hours. Perhaps it was minutes only. Time ceases for fevered minds following an Idea. Then—without transition, without warning—daylight! But was it day? It was a light softer than the sun's; around me all was white with a pure, transparent whiteness, such as we dream of in the halls of Heaven. I stood in what looked like a majestic Presence-chamber hewn out of pure

rock crystal, like a fairy's nest cut in a gigantic diamond. The hall was deserted. My guide had vanished. Then—ah! what a sight was this! How my heart beat wildly, how my blood danced in my veins as a beautiful woman appeared at the far end of the hall and swiftly approached me! Even at that distance I knew her at a glance: My Beloved! The Perfect Woman I had ever loved and never met. . . . Delicately beautiful, chastely clad in long draperies of silvery white, her little bare feet gliding over the crystal floor like rose leaves on the surface of a lake, she came nearer, ever nearer. . . . She stood before me, she took my hand in hers and her clear eyes looked into mine.

"It is thou, Beloved!" she said in a voice of glad recognition, "Thou! . . . For years I have waited, yet the waiting has not seemed long, for I knew the day would dawn when I should see my Love face to face, and take his hand and look into his eyes. . . . All my days I prepared for thy coming, Beloved! I drank of the well of Knowledge, and turned my thoughts to things on high, so that our minds should be one, as our souls are one. I made my heart pure, and learned mercy, justice and loving-kindness, so that my love should not be unworthy of thine, oh my king! I made my dwelling fresh with flowers, gift of the mountain meadows, and joyous with song, and glad with hope. . . . Beloved, I am thine. . . . We shall live our lives in purity, peace and good-will, sanctified by love. . . . We shall walk together, in the light that sets, towards the Light that has no setting. . . . Together, Beloved, together!"

And as she spoke, my soul leapt in me like the Prophet-child in the womb, and I answered: "Hail, Sister Soul, my own soul; woman shape, though fairer than mine, and nearer unto God! Hail, Beloved, and Wife, Beloved of all Eternity. . . . My soul has loved before it knew the bondage of matter, and whom it shall love when all flesh has fallen to dust!" And I stooped reverently to kiss her on the lips. . . . But as a vision she faded and as a dream vanished the white loveliness of her dwelling. . . . I was in the dark once more, with throbbing temples and an aching sense of loss in every fibre of my being. With a cry of despair I threw myself face downwards on the ground. "What ails thee, oh thou Dreamer?" asked a voice close by me. I lifted my face. The Old Man of the Mountain stood before me once more.

"I have lost her, my Queen, my Beloved!" I sobbed aloud in despair.

"Look about thee," commanded my guide. I obeyed, and saw we were not alone. Two men, both young but of widely different types,

stood a little way behind me, dimly discernible in the faint light of the approaching dawn. Then I remembered the Old Man's words: "Thou art the third youth whom I have met within two days". . . . And I wondered if these men also had sought the Queen of the Crystal Mountain.

Again the Old Man spoke, and addressing one of the strangers, he bade him relate his vision in the mystic grotto. As the young man advanced towards us, I saw him more distinctly. He was a fine specimen of the Tyrolese race and had the proud bearing of one of those old basons who, but a century ago, were kings and rulers of these mountain fastnesses. But though his bearing was knightly, I noticed that his mouth was coarse and that his eyes had the cold glitter of sensuality.

"Speak!" the Old Man commanded.

"Speak!" the Tyrolese repeated in mockery, "Ay, and what shall I say? That I have been allured into these wild paths by dreams of the most beautiful woman on earth, and that, as I threw my arms around her to make her mine, she vanished as a will-o'-the-wisp on a misty night?" He paused a moment, as if overcome by anger; then, in calmer tones, continued: "As I entered the wonderful crystal dwelling, I was greeted by sounds passing sweet, soft as a woman's sigh, tender as the first waking glance of yesterday's bride. And before me, with the suddenness of a lightning flash, rose the vision of a perfectly beautiful woman. Gods! How can I describe her intoxicating loveliness—the exquisite contours of her fair limbs, the tender flesh, white as new-fallen snow, the perfect head set on a queenly neck, the soft waves of her pale gold hair, her lips red as human blood, smiling at me with a meaning as entrancing as it was clear! . . . She opened her arms to me, she said but one word, the eternal word of consenting passion: "Come!" I clasped her in my arms, and for one brief second, felt her heart beating against mine—then—night, silence, solitude, and a doting old man, where a moment before had stood the Queen of the Crystal Mountain!"

At this name madness of wrath came over me, and bounding like a wild animal towards the Tyrolese, I shouted: "It is a lie, a cursed lie! The Queen of the Crystal Mountain is not a wanton, with nude limbs and lascivious smile; she is pure as a white lily in the gardens of Heaven! She is my own Beloved—she loves me—"

"The Queen loves thee not, thou puny stranger, and she is mine, mine, alone!" he retorted savagely, lifting his powerful arm to strike me to the ground. "Peace, Sons of the Earth," spoke the commanding voice of the Old Man. "Will ye

fight in my presence, and on the holy mountain? Peace, I say! Fall back, and let the other youth tell ye of his vision in the Crystal Cave." We both involuntarily turned to see the man whose presence we had forgotten. He was the youngest of us three, tall, pale and slender like a plant grown in the shade, with wide and dreamy eyes in a narrow, ascetic face. As he passed us, he gave the Tyrolese a glance of cold disdain, and addressing himself solely to the Old Man, he began in a low, earnest voice: "Believe not, oh venerable Sage, this man of lust in what he tells thee of the peerless Maiden who dwells in the Crystal Mountain. Either he lies, or has dreamt—or has been the victim of a strange delusion. He blasphemes who talks of having won her love, for she is as far above the love of man as the Edelweiss of the mountain is above the flower in the valley. It has been granted me to see her and hold converse with her, as a pilgrim may pray at a shrine and be vouchsafed an answer from lips that are not of the flesh. How I found my way into her Presence I know not: Perhaps I was borne there by invisible hands. . . . As I entered, all at first was dark, but gradually a soft white glow pervaded the dwelling, and in the dim light, high above me on a throne of glittering crystal, I saw my Queen, my Dream, my Saint, aureoled in purity and light! Though she was in the far distance and a cloud-like veil enveloped her from head to feet, yet I knew her in one moment. At sight of me she smiled—a smile such as a Madonna might grant a returning sinner—and overcome with joy I approached her throne and knelt to kiss the hem of her garment. . . . A joyous mystery!—I heard her voice, a silver bell calling me to worship: "Hast wandered far to seek me in my dwelling?" she asked.

"I remember not if the way was long or short, perilous or easy," I replied, confusedly, "Only this present moment lives for me, oh my Queen!"

"Nay" she protested with sweet condescension, "I know thy way was long, and thou art weary, and since thou lovest me so well, thou mayest remain here, and rest thyself at my feet."

Enraptured, I dared raise my eyes to her eyes. In one ecstatic look . . . then—alas!—the light failed, the celestial Vision passed as a dream, and I found myself once more on that part of the mountain where I met thee yesterday, oh venerable sage!"

Without answering him, the Old Man turned towards me. "Speak," he commanded, "and tell us what thou knowest of the Queen."

Reluctantly I told him what I had seen in the Crystal Cave and the words the Queen and I had spoken; he listened attentively the while, as he had listened to the other two. When I had

told him all, a silence fell over us: The Old Man looked straight before him with something of a smile on his pale lips, but we, the lovers of the Queen, glared savagely at one another, each one mutely calling his companion a liar or at best a visionary.

"Understand ye not, Sons of the Earth?" asked the Old Man at last. Not one of us gave answer.

"Oh ye dullards!" he continued, "know ye not that the "Queen of the Crystal Mountain" is the Queen of young men's hearts—and that in the Cave of Dreams each one sees her as his soul has conceived her? Sensualist, Ascete, Poet, ye have each seen the Mistress of your dreams. I have granted your wish: Turn ye now from the holy mountain and return unto the valleys." Silently we obeyed, overcome with wonder and fear. Following my companions I went down the rocky path that skirted the waterfall, but turned to look once more at the strange figure of the Old Man as he stood on the edge of the precipice, clearly outlined against the rose tints of the sun-rise sky. With a quickening of my pulses, I saw him motioning me back. The next minute I was by his side again.

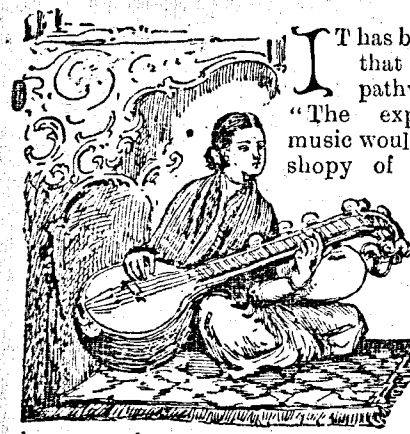
"Poet!" he said—and a kindly light in his eyes almost transfigured his face—"To thee hath been granted the highest vision: If thou dost meet thy Queen in real life, thou shalt indeed be blessed! Fare thee well, and may the peace that dwelleth in the heart of the mountains dwell with thee for evermore."

With these words he suddenly disappeared; and thus for the last time I parted from the mysterious old man. With slow steps I turned from the sunlit heights and descended into the valleys, not yet awakened by the dawn.

The amazing statement made by John Oliver Hobbes, that it would be better for young girls to read "Tom Jones" than some of the erotic novels of the day, has drawn a letter of excellent sense and judgment, and it is clear of expert experience from Miss Esther Longhurst in the "Saturday Review." Miss Longhurst says with great justness: Is "Tom Jones" the only alternative to vicious sex-novels for girls? She answers with great warmth, as one knowing girl nature, that there is—that if girls on the threshold of womanhood are reading vicious fiction or boys' stories (which latter no properly constituted girl with the right elements of feminine nature does enjoy after she is ten years old) it is the fault of the teachers and parents, who have not encouraged them to read what girls of older generations read and enjoyed. We quite agree, and do not for one second doubt that the unspoiled youthful woman of to-day would read with pleasure the novels of "Dickens, Thackeray, Mrs. Gaskell, Mrs. Oliphant and often Charlotte Bronte."

Earth's Many Voices.

BY MRS. FRANCES SWINEY,
Author of *The Awakening of Woman*.



It has been well said that Music is a pathway to God. "The explanation of music would be a philosophy of the world;" for the sound of many waters, the song of birds, the melody that renders our heart's strings, and makes our souls cry out in a passionate longing, the trumpet that calls to action, and the anthem that raises our thoughts from things earthly to a faint concept of things heavenly, are, in truth, as Newman finely expresses it, "the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound."

And more than this. From the earliest times it has always been recognised that sound—the Word spoken—had a creative power. For the significance of sound was among ancient philosophers considered the prelude to the sublime harmony of the spheres; and language and thought being regarded as one, the spoken word was inseparable from the creative idea. In all archaic religions the universe was conceived as being produced by a Word. "Names and forms" are the eternal thoughts of Brahma, and "the lordly music flowing from uncountable years" evolves the visible world. In the Rig-Veda it is written "All was made by Vāk," (Speech,) the supreme Goddess of Vedic mythology, described as a power greater than the gods, holding all things, the gatherer of treasures.

The Goddess of the Manifested Voice is the supreme deity of the Chinese, for through her all things are called into existence, and she is the Mother of the seven elemental Forces.

Among the Greeks, according to Hesiod, Rhea, the supernal Mother, is the beginning of all things, and from her proceeded Juno, the queen of the Air; and, as, according to the Greeks, sound is air that is struck, all sound proceeds from Juno, and all speech is dedicated to her.

The divine Istar of the Chaldeans and Babylonians was called the Lord of the voice, "the divine Lady of the day-spring of Life."

The Egyptians conceived the world as ordered and controlled by a fixed law, an immutable decree, which was impersonated in the goddess Māt, and to this divine law the gods themselves had to submit. From the great deep, the mother of all things, the gods had come, "before the heaven above was known by name, and the earth beneath was not named."

In the Logos of St. John the gender, as we know, is masculine, "All things were made by the Word, and without the Word was not anything made that was made." Yet the Gnostic philosophy, with which the fourth Gospel is so deeply tinged, regarded the "Word" as feminine, the spoken thought of the Supreme. Moreover from the Great Silence, the supernal mystery of the Divine Feminine, proceeded the daughter, the Word of Wisdom. We thus see that in all ages and among the most diverse peoples there has ever been an inherent belief in the formative power of sound; the harmony of the world of Form. Plato in his philosophy enunciated the same hypothesis, as he eloquently commented on the melody of beautiful figures; while Pythagoras regarded music as divine and celestial, and claimed that, in an ecstasy, he had heard the harmony of the Spheres and the Songs of the Sons of God as the world was called into being.

Strangely enough, in the light of recent discoveries, the celebrated mystic of the 15th century, Robert Fludd, urged the necessity of a musical reformation for a recovery of the lost art of Orpheus by which he moved the rocks and charmed the wild beasts. Number and sound he postulates form the universe. "Which of us," he asks, "has at this day the ability to discover those true and vivifying numbers whereby the elements are united and bound to one another?" and he sighs for "that deep and true music of the wise, whereby the proportions of natural things are investigated, the harmonised concord and the qualities of the whole world are revealed, by which also connected things are bound together, peace established between conflicting elements, and whereby each star is perpetually suspended in its appointed place by its weight and strength, and by the harmony of its lucent spirit." And it is very remarkable how in the Science of Music, this idea of balance is illustrated. Rest—motion—rest expresses the great law of progression in all musical composition, and the Word, according to the ancients, holds the universe in equilibrium. It is therefore interesting to note how modern science corroborates and justifies the transcendental intuitions of the past. Man of old believed greater things than he knew, and the eyes of faith are now enlightened by the eyes of understanding. Thus it has been proved that the great physical forces, Heat, Light, Sound

and Electricity are really the same power with simply the number of vibrations varying in a given space of time. That is to say, the relation of Force or energy to substance, depends on a law of number. And Music, it has been said, is the science of vibration; we may thus come to the conclusion that "form may be regarded as a hint capable of presenting itself under different physical conditions as heat, light, sound, or nerve-fluid, the whole range of phenomena depending upon the rate of vibration, and (to the on-looker) the capacity to respond to the vibrations. It is quite conceivable that what to one intelligence is transmitted as sound is recognised by another as colour."—Sir Norman Lockyer.

Wagner relates how he had day-dreams, "in which the key-note, third, and dominant, seemed to take on living form and to reveal to me their mighty meaning." And there are musicians who habitually see the colour of their notes, visualising their melodies in distinct forms, and thus, according to Browning's ideal, approximate to the attainment of the divinest power, "out of three sounds frame, not a fourth sound, but a star."

We appear, indeed, to be on the eve of great discoveries in this hitherto unexplored mysterious natural force with its vast and sublime potentialities. We stumble upon Nature's secrets unawares, and, suddenly, without warning, a light is shed upon the humblest things that transfigures them with an undreamt of glory. In the year 1785, Chladni, the well-known scientist, drawing his bow, at a venture, across his violin was surprised to see that the vibrations from the notes caused some powder struck on a plate to form into regular geometrical patterns. But further experiments were not made until late in the last century, when Mr. Howard Swan, in his investigation in this particular branch of natural law, found that "a certain faint slow-moving phosphorescence" is sensitive to sound vibrations, and when observed with suitable precautions in a dark room, is seen to form patterns more or less geometrical, according to the words used, thus demonstrating that the patterns are to a certain degree under the control of the will of the operator by the choice of words and sounds. The operator, in fact, becomes a creator. Moreover an instrument has lately been invented, that, upon the striking of a note, throws upon a canvass the corresponding form and colour, and thus the mighty trio, colour, form, and sound are proved to be inseparably united.

It is however a woman who has made the greatest discoveries in this fairy-land of science, and to her we owe the further development of this marvellous property of the human voice.

For some years Mrs. Watts Hughes had devoted her energies to the study of sound, which, to her, was the most beautiful and wonderful thing in the world. She agreed with Wagner that "Music is like a power in Nature which men perceive but do not understand." She strove to understand it better, and to this end became eager to measure the force of sound, and set about making an instrument to suit her purpose. She invented a very simple machine, merely a tube passing into the lower part of a vessel, over the top of which is stretched an elastic membrane. But great results followed, for one day while singing into this tube, and watching the seeds sprinkled on the membrane dancing, she was surprised to see that when they became quiescent, they had resolved themselves into a perfect geometrical figure. Her aim, at the time, was to test the force of the different notes sung into the tubes by the weights of the various substances placed on the membranes, but the apparatus which was only intended to demonstrate one of the properties of sound, enabled the singer to make visible the effects of vibrations, and to open out the endless possibilities of the human voice in particular. "For" in Mrs. Watts Hughes' own words, "the human voice, as a power for directing the movements of the disc, is above comparison with any other musical instrument." It is also remarkable that the future development of this new science will be more or less through the agency of women; for a study of the scale of vibrations brings to light some interesting facts regarding the average standard of male and female voices. For instance, the average male voice vibrates at the rate of 128 per second, while the female voice ranges from 256 to 512, thus showing a greatly increased rate of vibration, and the higher the tone the more resonant and carrying is its capacity. Now the most complicated sound figures can only be produced by the crescendo on the higher notes, it is obvious that the most complex experiments must be made by the notes of the female voice.

Bearing upon this subject, the fact, that in order to retain the higher tones of the boys' exquisite alto, necessitates the emasculation of the male, derives a new and striking significance. The supreme power of sound in form production appears to be only attainable in the female organism. Thus is verified by the materialism of modern science the mystical hypothesis and religious faith of the archaic ages.

According to Mrs. Watts Hughes, the forms created by sound may be classed under the following heads:

1. Simple disc figures consisting of more or less complex and various patterns, formed of sand or lycopodium seed. If the disc be

covered with water or milk, the liquid surface responds to the voice in a series of regular crispations, in straight or curved lines, that form some exquisite designs similar to those often observed on frosted windows.

2. Primitive forms. These interesting figures are produced in coloured liquid, and mark a significant change in procedure, for instead of the forms appearing with change of pitch as with the sand and lycopodium figures, they only appear with each change of intensity.

3. Geometrical forms. The ancient sages averred that God created by geometrizing; and a strange verification of this theory is presented by the tiny figures of the most perfect symmetry that come into existence during the steady sustention of a highly pitched note.

4. Floral forms. The experimenter here sees the flower in the making. For instance the familiar daisy forms gradually in a paste of proper consistency while a certain soft pure note is sung down the tube; and the flower may be seen to increase and decrease according to the crescendo and diminuendo of the note; while the fully developed flower is only obtained through a long sustained crescendo extremely trying to the voice. Sometimes, owing to the difficulty in controlling the voice the petals are not quite regular. A softer note is then sung, and the flower falls back again to the central heap; but on the note being sung louder beautifully shaped petals dart out and form the perfect flower.

The sounds that produce the pansy are softer and necessitate a more general crescendo than those that call forth the humble daisy; while the more composite flowers with several rows of petals only form under an alternating diminuendo and crescendo, allowing periods of rest and activity to the vibrating substance.

5. Linear curves. These are obtained by moving a piece of glass over the surface of the disc and using a hand Eidophone, every vibration being registered with the strictest accuracy, and by an ingenious invention the semi-liquid forms are rendered permanent, thus securing each experiment for future study and reference. Through this agency the most exquisite shell, fern, leaf and tree figures have been obtained, the tree-forms appearing to be the most difficult to woe into existence. And here a peculiarity in the production of the above remarkable phenomena must be mentioned. According to Mrs. Watts Hughes, the singer, at first, when directing the voice against the semi-liquid mass upon the centre of the disc, feels "as if some impassable barrier were encountered, and that it would be as easy to move a mountain with a push of the hand as to set that colour heap moving by

the action of a note. The next sustention seems only to confirm the first impression, but after several attempts one comes to feel that it *could* be done if only the right *kind* of sound could be employed? Persevering, the seemingly ponderous, inert mass is at last disturbed, and shows some susceptibility of control. Still continuing, it now begins to move, and ere long comes under complete control, expanding in petals after every repeated crescendo. When the mass moves thus easily the sensation of the singer is completely changed. The feeling is now as if all at once the air in the tube, in the receiver, upon the disc, and all around, were acting in concert for the singer's purpose, and had taken possession of every corner of space. During this state of things the apparent resistance of the semi-liquid heap upon the disc becomes so slight that it seems to move as if on wheels, and a most perfect physical control over the aerial movements is realised, the sensation of which is at the same time most peculiar and most agreeable."

Now undoubtedly here we have a tangible proof of an universal law. Will conquers matter, and though the control exercised is only expended on a small heap of wet paste, the power that put it forth is of the same calibre as that which creates worlds in space. We must recognise the stupendous significance of this discovery, for if the will-force of a human being, using sound as a medium, can call into being a daisy, a shell or a tree, so the same will-power, illimitably extended, and omnisciently exercised, could create by a word every known form of matter. Some remarkable proofs of this supreme natural law are being gathered from various sources. For instance, the weavers of the Royal shawls for the rulers of Cashmere possess no pattern of the intricate designs they weave of form and colour, but each man has in front of him a small piece of paper, upon which a few notes of music are drawn, and he sings as he weaves, for he says he sees the colours and the pattern as he sings, and thus is able to weave the shawl. We have here an example of an inherited psychic faculty, possibly perfected through untold generations; abnormally developed, but one, which, if possessed by one member of the human family, is a property of the race, and can be attained by all. Sound, in this case we notice, takes both form and colour, and it is a moot question how far this power of discernment is latent in each one of us, only awaiting active development. At present the vast majority of human beings are deaf to most of the sound waves that fill the air, and are blind to the beauty of colour above certain

* "The Eidophone Voice Figures," pp. 25-6.

rates of vibration. As light, colour, and sound are but manifestations of the same force, it appears probable that as our higher nature evolves from the meshes of gross materialism we shall see the sounds and hear the colours around us to whose beauties we are now deaf and blind. The gifted singer, according to Mrs. Watts Hughes' experiments, can already not only create notes of different pitch and strength, but can also shape, colour, and modify them, thus causing them to convey a distinct meaning. The shapeless matter is sung into symmetry and beauty. When one considers what countless myriads of vibrations an orchestra sends forth, and which, unseen and unrecognised by us, are forming exquisite figures and transmitting the most marvellous scale of colour, we can but conjecture what benefits are in store for mankind, when this marvellous law of nature is better understood, and its mysteries further explored.

I will, however, now enumerate in what way science is tentatively applying this newly-acquired knowledge in some practical efforts for human activity. Professor Hans Teitzen of New York has by careful experiments observed the influence of music on the growth and flowering of plants. He found that they grew more luxuriantly where there is music, and that they bloom sooner than they do in silence or in a discord of sounds. May not therefore the singing of the birds in spring help to call all nature to fresh vigour and renewed life; and may not the male singing to its mate be shaping and colouring in a way unknown to us their prospective offspring?

We find also that the Swiss farmers pay higher wages to the labourers who have good singing voices, as they can control the wildest of cows by singing to them while milking. Professor McConnell has moreover discovered by repeated experiments, that music, administered at the right moment, is a sure means of increasing the supply of cream from new milk. Farmers also declare that if the milk-herd sings while milking, the flow is much greater. Every nursing mother can testify to the fact that if she softly hums to her suckling child, the infant appears more restful and the milk flows more freely.

Dr. Peterson, the leader of the Medico-Musical Society, America, found that cases of insomnia are invariably relieved, if not cured, by music; and that many forms of nervous disease are successfully treated by properly chosen musical instruments playing at certain times of depression and exciting the motor nerves into activity.

In the reclamation of the criminal, and in the teaching of the half-witted, the epileptic and other unfortunates, handicapped at birth in the

struggle of life, music is now playing an important part in those institutions that are awake to the fact, that the human organism is an instrument attuned to numberless vibrations; and that by the mystic power of sound and the vibrating beauty of song, many an unused and unsuspected chord in the human heart may be touched and moved to expression, that before was seemingly unresponsive to high influences.

Well might the Greeks declare that music made for righteousness, and that it allied the mortal with the Divine. "Song is the soul's flight when walking is too slow." All those strange stirrings of the heart, all those mysterious and even awful impressions that come to the hearer from the harmony of many voices, or the seraphic call of one, are echoes of an eternal harmony, the music of the spheres, and the mighty gift of music is given to erring mortals as the heaven-sent weapon by which they can contend with the powers of evil. For as one listens to the wondrous melody of sound, one instinctively feels that, in the inner consciousness, it is not sensuous delight and gratification that is satisfied, but rather, that the *unsatisfied* longings for what is as yet unattainable of love and purity, justice and beauty, are stirred to their depths; and out of the abyss of human desire, of human incompleteness, arises the cry for the realisation of things hoped for, the ultimate victory over sin, decay and death.

And with this human feeling of insufficiency arises also a peace of triumph. We must always remember that the most exultant hymn of praise arose from the midst of a burning fiery furnace, wherein was also walking unharmed, the Son of God. So we believe, though blinded by our tears,

"All we have hoped, or deemed of good shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good,
no power,
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for
the melodist,
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth
too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in
the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that he heard it once: we shall hear it by
and by."—Browning.

FRANCES SWINEY.



"Belgaum and Around."

By SHAHINDA,

Our Moslem Lady Contributor.



THE rugged hills, the running streams and abundance of trees and brushwood make the country of Belgaum interesting and beautiful. It is studded with villages at short intervals, with grass-thatched huts, the floors slightly raised, the walls 3 or 4 ft. high, of wattled long sticks grass-coated with a wash of mud. The gardens are mostly of plantains, guavas and lime trees.

From a distance a Belgaum village is generally pleasing. They are well shaded, and many are surrounded by so high and thick a fence of Babcol and prickly pear that a stranger might easily pass them by, mistaking them for a plot of bush and brushwood. The entrance generally leads through a ruined gate into a central street lined by houses of considerable size showing signs of comfort. Almost every village has its temple, shrine and holy tree.

Near Belgaum the hills are rounded, but in the distance swelling hills rise high.

The land is well watered by deep streams. There is a plentiful rainfall and from the ever-green lawns the country at all times looks fresh and cool.

There is perhaps very little of historical interest within the limits of Belgaum, except a Fort. A few dilapidated old temples, one or two darghas and mosques, there are some interesting places well worth a visit in the near vicinity.

A two and a half hours journey by train brings you to Gokak. Rushing through a rugged and picturesque gorge between ranges of sandstone hills, and dashing over a cliff of about 200 ft. high, the river Ghatprabha forms the falls of Gokak. The water runs in narrow channels deep cut into the rocks, which as it reaches the brink of the cliff spreads across the bed of the river.

For some distance above the falls the force of the current has worn many large holes which form favourite bathing places for Brahmins.

Slight airy clouds of white and amber spray rise from the depth of the gorge in curling wreaths and veil the lower cliffs. Spray bows of varying brightness and colour form on the surface of the clouds facing the sun.

During the rains great masses of water sweep far over the brink and fall with a bursting roar heard from a distance of some miles. The fine spray shoots several hundreds of feet above the crest of the rocks, and blown by the wind falls in heavy showers.

The fall is unbroken throughout its descent. The water is clear and the rockets and spray gleam like snow. The falls are horse-shoe shaped with a great flood breadth at the crest. They lead to a still pool and a deep winding gorge with rocky sides fringed with bright green Karanj and pale feathery bamboo. The pool is of a beautiful emerald colour warmed by a reddish tint caught from the rich brown of the cliffs.

In places, through clefts in the rock, gush jets of water each bringing down to the pool a fresh green ribbon of water-plants and creepers. Flocks of blue rock pigeons circle in mid air. On either sides of the pool are big boulders of rocks fallen from above in the mighty rush of water.

A fine view is obtained by going down a flight of over 300 rude steps through a crack in the rocks. It is a rough steep underground passage along the length of the fissure, which in some places, except for a canopy of leaves, is open to the sky.

The banks vary very much in character. In some parts they rise sharply from the water's edge. In others they have a gentle slope. Except close to the river, the country around is barren and commonplace.

The river banks on either sides are studded with remains of elegant old Jain temples. These are an attractive feature of the scenery. The temples are built of large stones elaborately carved. The ceilings are low and flat with fine carving of human figures, animals and trees in the centre still in a very good state of preservation.

There are some tablets with old Kanarese inscriptions but so disfigured and besmeared with age that parts of them can scarcely be deciphered.

Near the falls and within the precincts of Koonoor village are a number of peculiar slab-walled and slab-roofed tombs or cells scattered all over the plain.

They show no sign of tools, but are simply roughly broken into shape. The cell is formed of 6 slabs of stones. Three large upright and two smaller ones in front leave a narrow aperture to form a square and one huge slab lies flat on the top forming a roof.

They were either meant for tombs or cells for devotees for worship. Some bones of a bygone sage were found in one of the tombs. It gives one a peculiar sensation to view these—far from pleasant.

"Marriage and Women."

SOME CURIOUS SAYINGS.



THE emancipation of woman is now an accomplished fact and marriage regarded from a modern point of view is more or less considered a failure. Able writers and publicists expressing their views in the American and English Reviews deplore the present day tendency to evade the marriage tie, and they indulge in gloomy and pessimistic vaticinations as to the future. It is some consolation to remember, however, that there is always a reflex action in social as in other phenomena and possibly, nay probably, the new woman of a later day in England and America

will humble herself and become patriotic and reasonable and recognise that her great and noble destiny is chiefly the continuance, the education and the preservation of the race. The woman of the present is really the woman of the past. Her assumed independence of men is a phase of the complex conditions of civilized existence in great cities, and it will give place sooner or later to a more wholesome way of thinking. A writer in the *Nineteenth Century and After* of a month or two ago observes, "Civilization has achieved a very elaborate woman but the elaboration is unimportant from a scientific standpoint. It is decorative; its structure endures; the heart of modern woman is the heart of her savage ancestress dressed, adorned and furnished." Such being the case it is to be hoped the lady readers of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* will find something to interest them in this article on "Marriage and Women"—for however opposed to marriage herself, women are always interested in others getting married.

It has often been asserted that men are often cruel to those they love. There is a modicum of truth perhaps in this, or how is it that the lords of creation rarely lose an opportunity of having a fling at long suffering femininity? Literature is full of sayings against women and marriage; and yet most men get married and live fairly happy lives. Frankfort Moore, the novelist, says in one of his books "If one wants men to be intelligible one should begin by assuming that man is the head of the brute creation." This

assumption will account for the cruelty spoken of above. However that may be, it is interesting meanwhile to glean some idea of marriage and woman in past times as revealed by proverbial sayings and snatches of verse. Some of these sayings are true, some bitter and brutal, and some wise and witty. Very few praise woman or marriage. Woman's alleged incapability of keeping a secret and maintaining silence is hit off by the saying "He that tells his wife news is but newlywedded." Her changeability and lightness of heart or hypocrisy is characterised in the following three or four sayings:

"Women laugh when they can
And weep when they will."

"The last suitor wins the maid"; "Women, wind, and the future are always changing"; "Woman conceals what she knows not and nothing more."

Wife beating is still in vogue in low life, among Europeans and natives, but in old English days wife beating must have been considered a sovereign remedy for an uncongenial wife apparently. One poet says speaking of a shrewish wife:

"If such a wife were to my lot
I'd tame her with the magic of the switch
I'd kiss her maids and kick the perverse witch."

Every one knows that famous couplet which Sam Slick did so much to familiarize people with

"A woman, a dog and a walnut tree
The more you beat 'em the better they be."

There does not appear to be much use in beating any tree, but there must be some meaning which I am not able to fathom. Spurgeon, the famous preacher, once startled his congregation by saying, "women and children are the devil," but he most probably qualified it by explaining that they were trials which men should be the stronger for possessing. Another versifier writes:—

"The crab of the wood is surely good
For the crab of the sea:
But the wood of the crab
Is sauce for the drab
That will not with the husband agree."

The wood of the crab is apparently a switch from the crab-apple tree.

Talking of shrewish wives one cynical saying is "Every man can tame a shrew but he that hath her." Some miserable old misogynist is responsible for remarking:

"He that loseth his wife and a farthing has great loss—in the farthing."

Some indignant man who must have suffered from his extravagant wife has saddled the whole sex with her sins by saying: "Maids want nothing but husbands, getting them they want every thing else." And again "women, priests and poultry never have enough." This saying

would hardly apply to the priests of nowadays, but the begging friar, the greedy ecclesiastic of the middle ages was possibly an importunate visitor who made himself a nuisance. A saying of an irritated man has thus handed their failing done to posterity.

A woman's characteristics are indicated in various little apothegms:—For instance, "the blind man's wife needs no paint" is doubtless an allusion to women who painted and powdered to make themselves attractive to their husbands. A frequent complaint heard in these days is that "Women dress only for others and put on anything for the husband." "Fair is not fair but that which pleaseth," is a compliment to the cheerful lady who tries to please everybody.

"Fair and foolish, black and proud,
Long and lazy, little and loud"

is an alliterative proverb, but only the experienced observer will be able to say if it is accurate.

The intuition of woman and her cunning and secrecy regarding her own affairs give occasion for two observations. One is "Take your wife's first advice not her second," and some distinguished writer has told us that "a woman who hesitates is lost." The other regarding her secrecy is "Women in mischief are wiser than men." A great Eastern Potentate used to ask when he heard of a commotion in his city—"Who is she?" convinced that woman, lovely woman was the "fons et origo" of all disturbances; and an old English saying crystallises his opinion into five short words: "Women's jars breed man's wars."

Another proverb hath it that "women and dogs set men by the ears." The tendencies of women to gossiping and shopping must have caused as great annoyance to their home-loving spouses in those as in these days. We learn that

"A wife that expects to have a good name,
Is always at home as if she were lame."

Another prophetic saying which smacks of the farm-yard is—"Women and hens through much gadding about are lost." Some of these old sayings are rank heresy and condemn matrimony altogether. I think it was Solon the Philosopher who said "Whether a man marries or not he will equally regret it." A sentiment which clearly indicates what a discontented being man is. The English proverbs admit marriage to be a necessary evil, e.g. "Honest man marry soon, wise man not at all." "Tis good to marry late—or never," and again, "Commend a wedded life, but keep thyself a bachelor." The honeymoon period is humourously described thus:

"First week is smick and smack,
Second week is hither and thither,
Third week the Devil take him,
Who brought me and thee together?"

In London the Bow Bells are interpreted as uttering when they ring to celebrate a wedding the words:—

"Two more fools undone! two more fools
undone!"

Two more fools undone! undone, undone, undone!

Improvident marriage is prohibited in the sayings

"Who weds ere he be wise,
Shall die before he thrives"

for women and children are as Spurgeon said "the devil" and the opinion is endorsed by many little sayings such as: "Marry in haste and repent at leisure." "He that hath a wife and children wants not for business"—that is, he has plenty to do to keep them in food and clothing. Another provident proverb is "Before you marry be sure of a house wherein to tarry." Some contented soul sighs, as others have sighed, for

"A little house well filled,
A little land well tilled,
A little wife well willed,"

One philosophic soul compares a woman to a bottle of wine and sings:—

"The love of a woman and a bottle of wine
Are sweet for a season and last for a time!"

And another resigned mortal is of opinion

"Wives must be had
Be they good or bad."

It is astonishing how few are the sayings in favour of marriage or woman. One very good one indicative of a woman's unselfishness is "When the good man's from home, the good wife's table is soon spread." That is she cares very little that she eats herself; all her thoughts are to make her husband comfortable. Some *Gourmet* has said, or some woman has learned that "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach;" and I am sure I may say happy to the women who realize and act up to this great truth.

This paper is already too long or one could go on quoting more maxims touching on the interesting subjects of woman and marriage. I only wish to remark that as of old, the writers and wits of the present day also sit in the seat of the scornful and wing their shafts with bitter poison. I must end with a very amusing quotation taken from maxims for the married. A lord of the creation is talking and he says:—

"A fellow is always in the wrong when he quarrels with a woman, and, even if he were not at the start, he is sure to be before he gets through. And a man who has decided to marry cannot too quickly learn to apologise for things he didn't say and be forgiven for things he didn't do."

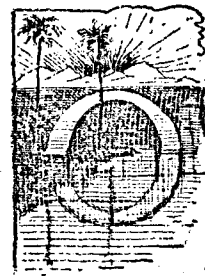
After such a confession and it is quite true, a mere man's opinions of women are mere bravado.

A. P. SMITH.

Domestic Life in Homer.

By MRS. ADAM,

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Of the two great poems known as the Iliad and the Odyssey of Homer, the latter is particularly rich in descriptions of the household arrangements of an ancient Greek chieftain in very early times, when nobles and princes lived in a patriarchal manner in roomy country houses, with great numbers of dependants, men and women around them, employed in the work of the house and surrounding estate. The household of Odysseus is presented to us at a moment when it is very much out of gear. The master of the house has been absent for many years, fighting in the great war against Troy: it is already many years since news came of the fall of Troy, but still he has not returned, and his dwelling is beset by numerous extremely ill-mannered neighbours, who are suitors for the hand of Penelope, wife of Odysseus. She refuses to believe that her husband is dead, and rightly thinks that misadventures have prevented his home-coming. Meantime she puts the suitors off with excuses, while they make themselves very much at home in the halls of Odysseus, order in supplies freely from his swineherds, cattlemen, and vintners, and generally help themselves unbidden to the property of their absent host. At the close of the poem we find that Odysseus has returned, and has made short work of these insolent suitors. From the picture that we have of the household in confusion, we can form a fairly complete idea as to how it should work when the master has settled down and has had time to restore the discipline relaxed by the disgraceful conduct of the suitors, and to repair the damage to his personal property caused by their extravagance. As to this last point the plan of Odysseus is simple, though not likely to be adopted by a modern householder, who may groan over the expenses of enforced hospitality:—he says "But as for the sheep that the proud wooers have slain, I myself will lift many more as spoil, and others the Achæans (i.e., Greeks) will give, till they fill all my folds."

Besides the palace of Odysseus we have in the Odyssey pictures of several other homes of chieftains. In all the splendour and the general

ordering of life is very similar. There is abundance of possessions, strangers are welcomed, feasts are given, women are weaving and embroidering. Entertainments on a very large scale must have been of frequent occurrence, if even a remarkable occasion, such as the double wedding of a son and daughter of the house, made so little disturbance in the well-regulated customs of the inhabitants could spend the evening after the marriage-feast in quietly carrying out her usual task of spinning. Few establishments now-a-days have the oiling of their wheels carried to so great a pitch of perfection.

Nowhere has the ideal of domestic life been more exquisitely expressed than in the words of Odysseus to Nausicaa, the delightful daughter of King Alcinoos, in whose country Odysseus arrives on his homeward journey, as a destitute shipwrecked stranger. To Nausicaa he says "For there is nothing mightier and nobler than when a man and wife are of one heart and mind in a house, a grief to their foes and to their friends a great joy, but their own hearts know it best." In these words he expresses the courteous hope that Nausicaa may one day find a husband worthy of her. Whatever may have been the case at other times in the history of Greece, in the Odyssey period at any rate we find the husband and the wife holding equal places in the government of the household. It is true that the young son of Odysseus, Telemachus, displays considerable eagerness to dispose of his mother to one of the suitors, but while Penelope remains in the house her word is supreme, and when an impudent serving-maid chides Odysseus, thinking him to be a beggar-man, it is to her mistress that he reports her, and the maid is abashed by Penelope's rebuke. In his father's absence the authority of Telemachus extends only so far as another permits; among the departments which she reserves to herself is the management of the women-servants. "The old nurse, Eurycleia, expressly explains that "Telemachus hath but newly come to his strength, and his mother suffered him not to take command of the women in this house." The serfs and men-servants also were responsible to Penelope, though those in a superior position, such as Eumæus the swine-herd, had much independence, and could build palatial pig-stys without her knowledge. Eumæus has identified himself with the family of his master to such an extent that when Telemachus visits him, he welcomes him "even as a loving father welcomes his son that has come in the tenth year from a far country. Eumæus himself is the son of a king, kidnapped in early childhood, and sold to the father of Odysseus. In return for his faithful service he hopes that Odysseus, when he comes home, will reward him with a modest

competency, "a house and a parcel of ground and a comely wife."

Similarly Eurycleia, who has been nurse not only to Telemachus but also to his father in her old age holds a special position in the household. It is her part to teach the maids "the ways of housewifery, how to card wool and to bear bondage," and judging by her modern counterparts we may guess that the younger maid-servants had no easy time under her sway; without apparently the power of quitting the situation when things became too oppressive. When Telemachus decides to go and seek his father, he is obliged to apply to Eurycleia for wine and other provisions wherewith to stock his ship, for in her charge is the storeroom where all the treasures of the house are kept. Like many old nurses she continues to be the personal attendant of those whom she cared for as children, and no baby could be put to bed with greater tenderness than that which she shews to Telemachus as a grown-up young man, when she carefully lights him to his room, folds his garment smoothly and hangs it on a peg by his bedside.

Besides the slaves, both those in positions of responsibility and the rank and file, there were also hired servants. When Odysseus at length returns home disguised as a beggar, he pretends to wonder whether there may not be a chance for him to gain an honest livelihood as a serving-man:—"no mortal," he says, "may vie with me in the business of a serving-man, in piling well a fire, in cleaving dry faggots and in carving and roasting flesh and in pouring of wine." We may remark that domestic service in those days appears to have been less specialised than it is at present. Not many applicants for a situation would describe themselves as "fitted to take the parts of cook, butler—handyman all at once."

The relationship of the Homeric servants to their masters shews a curious combination of dependence together with the power of gaining much liberty of action. With the exception of being obliged to provide a daily supply of prime pork for the suitors' use, and a triple quantity on special festivals, Eumaeus seems to have done very much as he pleased, and no one came to see how his department of the family property was prospering. In contrast to the courteous Eumaeus, some of the servants are shockingly rude, notably Melanthius, the goat-herd, and his sister Melantho, who pours out a torrent of abuse upon the supposed beggar, Odysseus, when his only offence has been a polite offer to relieve her and her fellow-servants of the duty of keeping up the fires in the great hall. It is clear however that such license would not be tolerated were the master of the house openly present as its

head, and Melantho is roundly rebuked by Penelope. It was easy for the household to drift away from its allegiance during the long and trying time of the suitors' occupation of the premises, but the absolute authority of the master is shewn by the summary punishment which he inflicts upon his rebellious men and maids. Melanthius is slain and his corpse mutilated after the battle between Odysseus and the suitors is over; and the unfaithful handmaidens are first made to take their share in cleansing the hall from the disorder of the contest, and are then strung up to a beam while their feet "wriggled for a little time, but for no long space."

One striking feature in the arrangements of the household is the great abundance of servants of all kinds. Eurycleia tells Odysseus that he has fifty women-servants in the house, of whom twelve have been disloyal. Besides the women there were numbers of men-servants in the house, as well as out-door labourers. Eumaeus, the "godlike" swineherd, has several men under him, and his superior responsibility is shewn by the fact that he will not sleep along with his subordinates in the hut, but wrapped in his thick mantle he lies down in the swine-yard, with his sharp javelin by his side, to defend him from dogs and men. About the house, the hardest work of all, that of grinding the corn in the hand-mills was done by women. There is a pathetic picture, where it is said that at early dawn out of twelve grinders, eleven were already asleep, having finished their task, but one alone rested not yet, for she was the weakest of them all. Poor things, their toil must have lasted through the night, and the weakest would doubtless have to pay for her slowness by the curtailment of her time of slumber. The work of the housemaids appears much more attractive. There is a cheerful briskness in the busy morning scene, when the old housekeeper, Eurycleia, urges on her army of maidens. Some she orders to sprinkle and sweep the hall, some to adorn it with draperies, some to wipe the tables clean with sponges (a very necessary operation, if we consider the manners of the suitors, and recollect that tablecloths are not mentioned) some to wash up the drinking-vessels used the night before, and a large detachment are sent to the well to fetch the day's supply of water. Meanwhile the men are employed in chopping faggots, and bringing to the house the animals required for the day's food and sacrifices. During the day the women retired to the inner rooms, and there spent the bulk of their time in spinning and weaving, visiting the hall from time to time to tend the braziers. After the suitors have left for the night the housemaids begin to clear away the supper-things, but they have apparently no objection to leaving the cups, &c., to be washed next morning. In

all the households described by Homer the chief occupation of the mistress is spinning or weaving. We find Helen in the house of Paris at Troy, engaged on a piece of work that must have rivalled the Bayeux tapestry in its embroidered representations of battles, and at Sparta she appears with all the apparatus for spinning. All the noble ladies whom we meet are skilled in weaving, and nearly all the time that was not needed for religious duties, the general supervision of the household and the entertainment of guests was given to this artistic form of handiwork.

Laundry work was also under the special care of the heads of the household, if we may judge from the only Homeric description of a washing-day. The princess Nausicaa's preparations shew that the ceremony was something of an event, and perhaps Homeric ladies stored up the household linen for long periods, after the manner of our German sisters at the present time.

If this be so, we can but admire the ease and rapidity with which the work is despatched. It is all finished long before midday, and the workers are free to enjoy their graceful singing-games of ball. However it is easy to dispose of a large quantity of washing if you have the best part of fifty maid-servants to help you, and we must remember that the Homeric housekeeper was free from the necessity of coping with either sheets or pillow-cases, or tablecloths. The absence of these articles must have greatly simplified the task of the family laundress.

The gentlemen of the household are fully as skilful in handicrafts as the ladies. As for Odysseus himself, he is a past master in many kinds of manual work. He can make a boat single-handed from the felling of the trees to the finishing touches of the basket work bulwarks, and the shaping of the sails and the fastening of the ropes. We hear of him also as an accomplished carpenter when he describes how he made his bedstead in days gone by, and built the chamber round about it. He not only did the rough and heavy work himself, but was competent to inlay with gold and silver and ivory. Out-of-doors too he knew how to handle agricultural implements, and was ready to challenge one of the suitors to a contest, whether of mowing with the scythe in deep grass, or of straight ploughing.

The sense of order is one of the most striking characteristics of the Homeric household, and the lack of order the chief source of perpetual discomfort caused by the presence of the suitors. A really admirable establishment of those times has everything in apple-pie neatness in house and garden. Colour and decoration of gold and silver are much valued, but symmetry and tidiness are held in equal, if not superior honour. At the palace of Alcinous Odysseus admires not only

the wonderful wealth of fruit-trees, but also the hedge that encloses the garden, and the trim beds and the irrigating streams flowing among them. After the slaughter of the suitors Odysseus is careful to cleanse his hall from all traces of the fray, and proceeds to disinfect the room with burning sulphur, after the most approved modern principle. Outside in the courtyard things cannot have been quite as scrupulously attended to. The poor old dog of Odysseus lies in a heap of filth just outside the front door, and though the corpses of the suitors cannot be tolerated for a moment in the house, nobody seems to mind that they should be lying in a promiscuous pile out in the yard. But within doors it must have needed considerable powers of management and method to keep all the contents of the store-rooms in such perfection as we read of. The treasure-house of Odysseus was a "spacious room, where gold and bronze lay piled, and raiment in coffers, and fragrant oil in plenty. And there stood casks of sweet wine and old, full of the unmixed drink divine, all orderly ranged by the wall, ready if ever Odysseus should come home." We may note that Helen knows exactly where to lay her hand upon the most beautiful of many embroidered robes wrought by her own hand, when she wishes to make Odysseus' son a parting present. There are boxes full of curious needlework, and she goes straight for the robe she desires, which lies at the bottom of all. The constantly recurring epithet "shining" suggests a great use of elbow-grease in polishing, and the sponge and broom are freely employed in household duties.

The houses that we have chiefly considered so far have not had young children in them, but scattered up and down the Iliad and Odyssey are plenty of pictures which shew us how much sympathy there was for childhood among Homer's Greeks. To begin with there is the pleasant glimpse of Odysseus' grandfather, who arrives at the house at the moment when Odysseus is newly-born: after supper the nurse Eurycleia plumps the baby down on the knees of his grandfather, whom she bids to find a name for the little boy. In another place Odysseus convinces his father of his identity by telling him the names of the trees in the garden which Laertes once gave him for his very own. "But come and I will even tell the trees through all the terraced garden, which thou gavest me once for mine own, and I was begging of thee this and that, being but a little child, and following thee through the garden. Through these very trees we were going, and thou didst tell me the names of each of them. Pear-trees thirteen thou gavest me and ten apple-trees, and figs two-score, and as we went thou didst name the fifty rows of vines thou wouldst give me." Then, as now, chil-

dren not only had gardens of their own, but they made sand-castles on the sea-shore and trampled them down when tired of them. Then, as now, a child would run along by her mother's side, tugging her dress, and tearfully begging with upturned face to be carried, and the poet could note with exquisite touch the sight of the Trojan hero's little boy, who shrinks back in his nurse's arms, away from his father's nodding helmet-plume.

Less pleasant to dwell upon is the aversion of Homeric times to old age. The old father of Odysseus, condemned to live in a remote farm house and to labour in the vineyard clad in a patched unseemly garment, rouses our sympathy, and we rejoice when Odysseus rescues him from this squalid life and takes him back to the joys of warm baths and blankets. Even the wife of Odysseus, honoured though she be, is made by her son to feel that she is past her prime, and that it is high time for her rule to give way to his. Telemachus has respect enough for his mother to say that he will not drive her away by compulsion, but it is clear that he would be very glad if she would make up her mind to take one of the suitors for her husband and depart, leaving the coast clear for him. A sadder instance of want of feeling is shewn in the description of the life of an orphan child. "The day of orphanage sundereth a child from his fellows, and his head is bowed down ever, and his cheeks are wet with tears. And in his need the child seeketh his father's friends, plucking this one by cloak, and that by coat, and one of them that pity him holdeth the cup a little to his mouth, and moisteneth his lips, but his palate he moisteneth not. And some child unorphaned thrusteth him forth from the feast with blows and taunting words: 'With thee! no father of thine!'"

On the whole, however, the relationships of family life are shewn to be full of tenderness, witness the great affection of Odysseus and other heroes for father, mother, wife and children, and taunts against the unfortunate, though they may take a different shape, are not unknown among schoolboys of to-day. There is an interesting touch shewing the better feeling of the more highly-educated and travelled Odysseus as compared with his servants. Euryaleia is about to cry aloud for joy when she sees the dead bodies of the suitors, but Odysseus restrains her, saying that it is an unholy thing to boast over slain men.

Concerning hospitality to strangers, we constantly read of the dignified welcome, the abundance of good cheer (not forgetting the warm bath), which awaited the weary traveller. Even beggars seem to have their rights as visitors, and are privileged to go through the hall, gathering

morsels of broken meats from the company. But though we hear much of hospitality shewn to strangers who are on their way to some other place, we do not meet with many accounts of journeys undertaken for the express purpose of paying a friendly visit. There are however exceptions, notably the description of the visit paid by Odysseus to his grandfather. On that occasion he was royally entertained, and a grand shooting-party was arranged in his honour, ending like some modern shooting-parties in the wounding of the guest, who is afterwards skillfully healed by his hosts, and sent home with the usual accompaniments of magnificent presents. When visitors were about, special efforts were made to entertain, whether by dances and athletic contests, or by the singing of heroic lays, or by acrobatic exhibitions. At other times draughts and the songs of minstrels are mentioned as ordinary amusements. Occasions for festivals are gladly seized. Dances and sacrifices are of frequent occurrence, and even the new moon is a sufficient cause for extra holiday-making. A funeral gives us a picture of another household ceremony, very stately in its sad ritual.

On the whole we are left with an impression that life in those times was a combination of much splendour with simplicity and even squalor—of golden statues to hold torches, standing on a floor of hard-stamped clay, of lavish food provided for visitors, but no guest-chamber other than the draughty portico of the house. Native courtesy is amply shewn; no stranger is asked his name until he has supped, but yet manners are possible such as those of the suitor, who in the middle of the banquet takes up an ox-foot from a dish and hurls it at Odysseus, who is disguised as a beggar. It is true that importunate beggars do not attend our dinner-parties, so that our good-breeding is not put to so severe a test as that of the suitors. The dignity and politeness of all except the suitors remind us of the untaught courtesy of French or Irish peasants. In the Homeric poems we find mingled ferocity and humanity, but the impression that abides with us is one of pleasure at the predominance, especially in the Odyssey, of the kindlier feelings over the brutal instincts of the natural man.

"ONCE I DREAM'D."

*Perhaps, the lady of the past,
Upon these lines may light,
The purest verses and the last
That I may ever write.
She need not fear a word of blame,
Her tale the flow'rs keep—
The wind that heard me breathe her name
Has been for years asleep.*

HENRY KENDALL.

*Once I dream'd, but only dream'd
That we linger'd side by side,
Where the moonlight o'er us stream'd,
Where the moaning of the tide,
With its tender pathos, seem'd
Sad as dirge for one that died—
Sad as my own soul had been!*

*Ocean breezes kiss'd your face,
Wondrous light your dark orbs fill'd,
Was it strange all passions base
In my sordid heart were still'd?
Angels had not ALL your graces,
Never bird such music thrill'd,
As the song you sang, my queen!*

*It was but a dream, dear heart!
What else could it be for me?
Thou and I, so far apart,
Never, never, near must be!
Only dream world knows, dear heart,
What that night thou wert to me—
What we two to each had been!*

ROLLO.

Tintern Abbey.

(By An Indian Lady Visitor.)

IT was one of the most beautiful spots I had ever seen. I was staying in South Wales with a friend, and one bright summer day, she planned this delightful visit for me. As we got into Monmouthshire, the country became more and more beautiful, and then we came in sight of the "wooded hills" and the "babbling Wye," as it wound like a silver line through the dark-green foliage.

I first caught sight of the Abbey from the train. I was disappointed. I saw a small ruined building with a huge scaffolding in front. Was this Tintern Abbey, the spot which had inspired poets, and which had stood all alone in its grandeur and beauty, proof against the ravages of time. Perhaps, here as elsewhere, the fancied image was better than the real. Oh, the pity of it! My mind was in a whirl. Soon we reached the nearest station to the Abbey, and then we had to drive. As we neared it, I was first afraid to look, my dreams might be shattered at one blow. Poor human nature, nervous lest the castles it erects round itself might vanish into thin air; then, I looked and looked again. Oh it was no mere vision after all. It was real, and there it stood against its background of dark green—nestling among the hills in all its beauty and charm. And oh, those wonderful hills. What a splendid spot the old monks had chosen for their resting-place, wild and lonely but withal beautiful, where "thoughts of deep conclusion connect the landscape with the sky."

We were driven right up to the Abbey. As we entered the porch, it seemed a sacrilege to go sight-seeing into such a place as this. We left the beautiful outlying cloisters and refectory and other rooms behind us and then entered the Abbey itself. It was roofless, only the walls were there, crumbling in places but still fairly strong. The lofty noble arches and the strong graceful pillars were all there, while the ivy clung to the old walls and formed picturesque festoons and garlands. Under foot was the green velvety grass. Overhead the bright blue sky, and as we stood within its walls, we unconsciously lowered our voices. The silence seemed sacred. We felt as if we stood on holy ground. The lights and shadows were splendid. Through the lofty arches streamed the golden light and lay in patches on the green grass, making the shadows deeper. The whole effect was beautiful, beautiful beyond words. The

grandeur and beauty entered into the very soul. One seemed to hear the "still sad music of humanity," which had rung through ages, and was still ringing for us and will ring for all time.

Fortunately for us there was no crowd of sight-seers. A lady and gentleman were in a corner; he was painting; trying to catch the wonderful effect of light and shadow. Silence reigned among the old walls, except for the little birds which twittered happily in the sunshine.

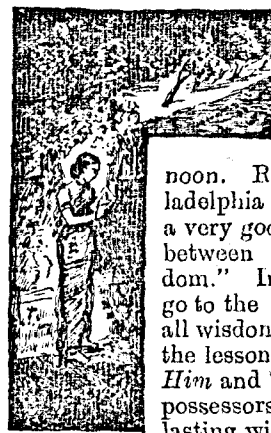
Our time was up and we had to leave the silence of the past and re-enter the world. While in the Abbey we could almost imagine the old monks strolling about the grounds absorbed perhaps in their meditations.

Thus, our visit was over; but it is one which I shall long remember and cherish as a most sacred memory.

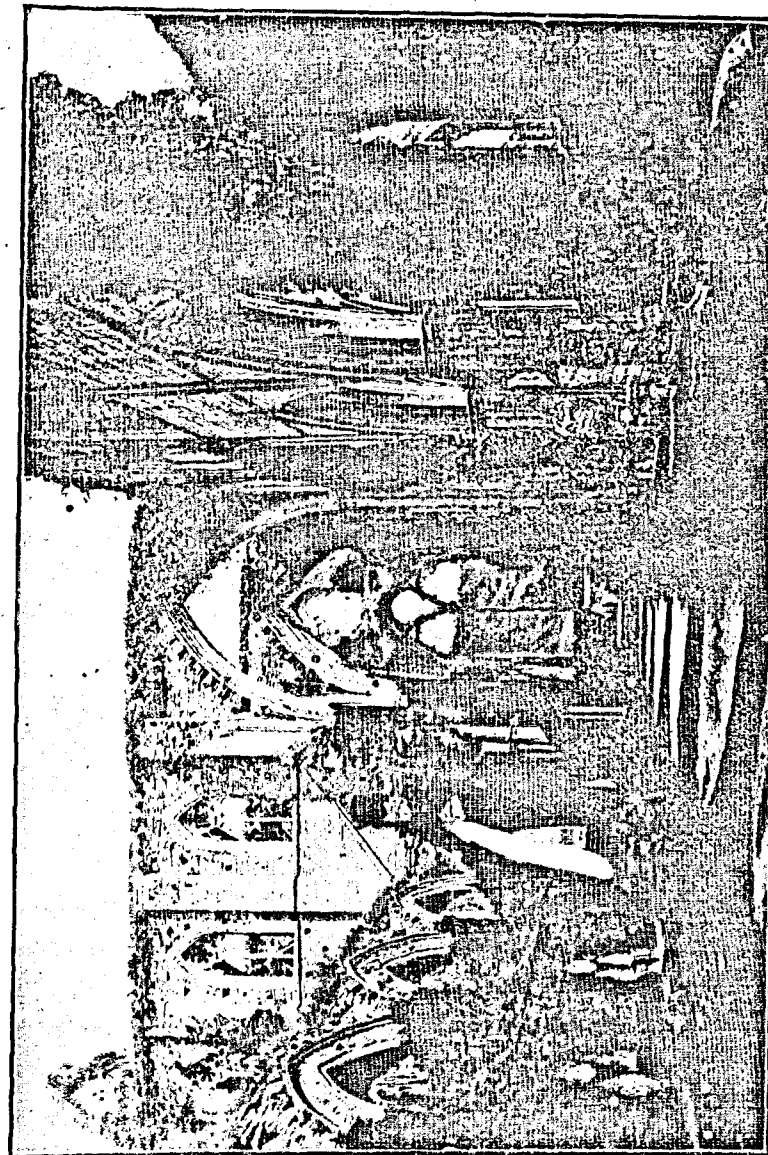
As one wandered through the sacred precincts, one felt inclined to quote these beautiful lines from Wordsworth—

"And I have felt
A presence that disturbs one with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply infused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

NILOTHPALAM

Letters of an American Girl
from India in America.

West Chester, June 19th.—I went to hear the Baccalaureate sermon to the graduating class of the Normal School, yesterday afternoon. Rev. Mr. Watson of Philadelphia preached and gave us a very good talk on the difference between "learning" and "wisdom." In closing, he told us to go to the consummate Master of all wisdom, sit at His feet, learn the lessons he has to teach, study Him and then we would become possessors of the only true and lasting wisdom. Then when the time came for us to graduate, what a glorious commencement it would be into the full rich life of eternity.



TINTERN ABBEY.
(Vide page 178.)



MRS. FRANCES SWINEY

The author of "The Awakening of Woman" who contributes an article on "Earth's Many Voices." (Page 166.)

June 20th.—I have finished my room duties, washed my handkerchiefs and stockings so now can sit down and write a little more. We didn't receive any Indian letters this week so cannot answer them. Alice carries around such a woe-begone little face when a week goes by and there is no letter. Saturday was Junior Recital at the Normal, and Alice did so nicely in her "Rikki-tikki-lavi" by Kipling. It was long and prose to boot, but she had memorized it so well that she went through it without the slightest hesitation. We were all proud of her. Mrs. P. gave her such a lovely pale blue satin ribbon for her neck and belt, and I gave her a little gilt flagree buckle for the belt. She looked very sweet in her white dress with the blue ribbons.

Kelton, Penna, June 25th.—Your nice letter, mother, came this week, and Alice and I were so glad to hear from you again. Thank you for the photo of the morning room on Home Mail Day. You all look so busy and so contented, so sweet and lovely. I wish I could be there for just one little moment and give you a bear hug all round. I get so home-sick to be back in India, so tired of being alone—for though everyone is lovely and all have welcomed me so heartily, still I feel alone without my folks. Alice has her school friends, her full rich school life, and I feel out of my element here. All my old friends have scattered and have changed, so take it all in all I would love to be back in India again, with you all.

You see I am in Kelton, at last, with A. and M. They all received me as one of the family and are all combining to spoil me. I am right in the midst of "Friends" with all their old-fashioned beliefs and quiet peaceful lives. Mrs. J. and A.'s two aunts are dear old people and want to know all about India. They make such quaint remarks about foreign countries and are so surprised over everything I tell them, that it is delightful.

The farm lies out before me as I write by the open window. In the distance ripening wheat fields and meadows for the cattle to graze and such pretty cattle, lovely motherly looking cows, and stalking proudly among them his highness, the bull, as handsome a fellow as one would wish to see. At the edge of the wheat fields stretches a bit of wood-land making a pleasant contrast to the fields. Near by is the nice large vegetable garden, the whole making a very pretty picture for any artist. Last night A. and I went to the "Young Friends' Association." As it was raining the members did not all come, so the association was postponed and those who were there held a very pleasant impromptu meeting. We discussed "Black races versus White:" whether it would pay in the end to educate negroes; "Friend's religion versus the Churches" and I enjoyed it so much. There was one staunch old "Friend" there who had very decided notions of

what he believed and what he did not. He was a character such as one doesn't often meet now-a-days. One day a farmer came to him and asked for the loan of his harness as his own had broken down on the road. Mr. W. was just going to let him have it when the man happened to say he was hauling a load of tobacco—when his harness broke. Mr. W. stopped short and said "my harness can never be used to draw tobacco even if you paid me all the money in Chester County for it," and he wouldn't lend it, just because his couldn't do it with the approval of his conscience.

Yesterday morning we went to Friends' meeting and afterwards stayed to "First Day" school. They had lesson leaves containing only the Golden Text, a few verses called "memory gems" and an exposition on the lesson for the day. We read this all in turn, each one a sentence, then five minutes were given for questions and answers on the lesson, after which there were two recitations and two general questions answered, then a roll call in which members respond with a text of Scripture or some sentiment; then the visitors are allowed to say something, if they choose. I spoke just before the school was closed.

Saturday there was a W. C. T. U. meeting held here and they had me dress in Telugu costume and speak a little about India.

I am going to make a new kind of fan. On a white gauze fan I am going to put the photos of those I want to look at, and paint a pretty design on it. I carry little photos of you all in my pocket book but that spoils the photos somewhat, so I think the fan will be better.

June 30th.—Yesterday M., A. and I went up into a cherry tree and picked cherries for canning. I enjoyed being up in the tree, so much, and I am afraid I ate over many cherries. Last night we stoned cherries—"pulped" them they say here. I love to pick cherries, but I'd rather not stone very many. While we were working I sang "Mrs. McGarty's Christmas Cake"; "Meerschau Pipe," "the Wild Man of Borneo" and such like songs. I don't know what the old people would have said for they are staid friends. Miss Philma feeds the calves and other live stock and she let me feed her little pet calf the other day. I had to put my hand in the pail of milk and the calf sucked the milk from my hand, a sort of a syphon arrangement, I suppose. My little calf was so hungry, he nearly swallowed my whole hand in his eagerness. I have named one of the calves, Soondaree. The little pigs are such cunning things. They have learned to eat little green apples from my hand though, at first, they were afraid of me.

The other day I found some Indian pipe or corpse plant, Botanical name Monotropa Upi-

flora. They are the dearest little plants, white as paper, like delicate columns of purest wax; indeed they look like death flowers, beautiful beyond words if examined and yet wierd and ghostlike. They all fell in love with them in Kelton. You read about them in the "House of Arno," the last part. I made a little sketch of them for mother dear, which I will enclose in this letter. I hope she will like it. I am sorry it does not bring out the delicate almost transparent loveliness of the flowers, but I just sketched the bunch as it stood, one evening, surrounded by ferns. Oh I am so passionately fond of flowers. I wish I could keep Spring always here for the sake of the flowers.

I think I told you Mrs. C. could not have us at her home in July as she intended, for she is still very weak and cannot even come to meals. Oh dear, I wish there were no such things as sickness and sorrow and sin and misery in the world. What a delightful old world it would be then, to be seen! Well, the greatest comfort of all is that the dear Lord knows His sheep and loves them, the weak ones as well as the strong and He will be strength for the weary, a kind shepherd to the lost, a comfort to the stricken ones and the Great Physician for the sick.

Germantown near Philadelphia, July 9th.—Alice and I are having a lovely time with Mrs. L. here. This place is very pretty and quite like the country, yet so conveniently near to the city. The houses are all so handsome, all built from architects' plans and so there are none of those frame cubical abominations that are so often a blot on our beautiful scenery. We took a walk down Germantown Ave., the other day, and how my soul revelled in the quaint little old Revolutionary houses with their histories. We saw the Chew mansion in which the British were encamped in 1877 and the place across the way which Geo. Washington and his troops occupied and from which they stormed the Chew home and tried to make the British evacuate in the battle of Germantown. A very handsome estate, the Carpenter estate, has been divided up into lots and streets and a number of handsome mansions have been built. They must trouble the ghosts of the old estate as they wander through the once familiar place. This is Polham the crême-de-la-crême of the aristocracy and wealth of Germantown. The Carpenter mansion has been torn down, but the barn and stables have been made into a beautiful mansion in Colonial style, which I think is the most beautiful of all besides having the added glory of being really old.

One of the places we visited was "The Nugent's Home" for retired Baptist ministers and their wives. It is a beautiful place, run more like a Hotel than a charity home. To enter the

clergyman pays one hundred dollars if he is able, if not, he is taken in free."

Later.—Friday evening Dr. L. took us girls to Chesnut Hill Park. I wish I could describe the scene. It was just like fairy land. In the middle was a tiny lake with tiny launches and row boats, filled with people in bright summer dresses, gliding about it. On the shores of the lake were picturesque pavilions, merry-go-rounds and what not all picked out in electric lights. Handsomest of all was the Casino, built in old Colonial style also picked out in thousands of electric lights. The reflection of these in the waters of the lake made a picture beyond my powers of description but which you who have seen the "White City" of the Chicago Exposition of 1893, lit up, can understand. As a background stretched thick groves with electric lights gleaming among the leafy boughs like so many monstrous fire-flies.

At the Casino there is a free band which plays every afternoon and evening. The Programme we heard was very good, the best thing being "The Last Chord," a solo on the Cornet. We also took a ride on the Scenic Railway. Two cars, open, each holding six people go by means of electricity over a prescribed route, up and down steep declivities and in and out of dark caverns representing the lower regions. The speed is terrific, and one feels as if her last moment had come. Really there is not very much danger, I suppose, except to one who had any trouble with the heart. There has never been any accident so far, I believe. My heart went pit-a-pit while we were going around, I can tell you.

I wish I could be with you all if only to hear good music again. It seems as if in every place I have been since coming home, the people don't care for anything but the newest negro minstrel song or "Coon song" as they are called. The latest is "Dinah kiss me; honey do." The chorus is as follows:—

"Dinah, de moon am shining
For you, dis coon am pining
Around you' waist ma arms will soon be twining,
Kiss me, honey do."

It is sung everywhere and I have got so used to it that it sets all my nerves quivering when I hear it played on the Piano. I have given up singing almost entirely except when I am alone; for my songs don't "catch on," and I don't "catch on" to most of the things sung now. There are three negro songs which I think are really pretty and they are all lullabies sung to the little picaninies—"Sleep Kentucky Babe"; "De little Alabama Coon" and "Mammy's pumpkin-colored picaninny."

West Chester, July 24th.—Another week has rolled around and another letter must roll out of

Personal and Public Health.

A NEW CAREER FOR WOMEN.

By Mrs. K. LAMOUNT,

Associate Sanitary Institute, Staff Lecturer,
in Hygiene, West Riding County Council,
London.



PERSONAL and Public Health have occupied the minds of eminent men of Science for generations past, but these questions have only lately been taken up by the public in general. The reason being that as a nation we are gradually awakening to the fact that these are matters of National and Imperial importance. For the wealth of a nation consists in its Manhood, and personal health if neglected may become a source of grave danger to the community at large.

As Bishop Butler puts it: "Morality consists in the realisation of our duties to a community." This is a point to which I think we do not pay sufficient attention. Many of the Social Problems which are constantly being presented to us in the lives of our large cities and also in the lives of our villages arise from the fact that people do not realise that they owe any duties to the community in which they live. When we come to think of it, one of the greatest truths which Christianity has taught to the world at large, is that of Co-operation, for the duty to one's neighbour is surely only another way of expressing the duty of citizenship.

No amount of public efforts alone can solve some of the great Social Problems which we come face to face with daily, such for instance as that curse of drunkenness which is on the increase in our country, and which is responsible for so much of the ill-health, disease, and insanity. Or again that scourge of consumption which carries away hundreds of our young men and women in the flower of their youth. No, indeed, public efforts may aid and guide advancement in these matters, but they cannot solve these problems. The great law and measure which alone can do so are the law of each man's home. In the case of war we might have the most efficient officers, but unless the soldiers under their command carry out their orders, of what value are their plans and tactics? It is

my brain so that you all may be kept posted. Last Tuesday four of us drove in the Surrey with two horses to Romansville to a picnic, given by Mr. C. an artist friend of H.'s. We reached there about half-past two and after chatting at the house for a few moments we all, Mr. C. and seven girls went down to the Brandy-wine for a swim. Two of the girls did not go in, but the rest of us rigged up a little tent, under the trees, and after we had donned bathing robes we went and joined Mr. C. in the creek. What fun we had floundering around in the water! H. could swim quite well, Alice a little and the rest of us not a stroke. Mr. C. was determined to teach us how to swim so began giving us lessons. When it came my turn, he grabbed my blouse just below the collar-bone and said, "strike out." I obeyed and would have got along finely, but unfortunately each time at the critical moment I saw with my mind's eye what a funny figure I must have cut, held up by the blouse like a drowned kitten by the scruff of its neck, and I couldn't resist a laugh and presto, down I'd go. You can imagine the ridiculous sight. Mr. C. over six feet high, looking benignantly down on little me "held up" by him and struggling frantically to strike out in true swimming style!

After a jolly half hour or more in the water we all dressed and drove back to the house where there was a very dainty tea prepared for us in the garden—masturtium sandwiches—garnished with the bright flowers, devilled eggs, fresh milk and chocolate layer cake. On the way home we saw such a funny sight. A house built of stone, five stories high with the little attic, very narrow and with this peculiarity, that the door was in the second floor and none whatever on the ground floor. They say the man who built it was a little crazy and got it into his head that he did not want people to come to see him, so he built the door on the second floor for protection. The family used to ascend and descend by means of a rope ladder which was hauled up when not in use. You cannot imagine how funny the house looked standing all by itself with this queer freak of a door in the second story. We all had such a good laugh over it.



the same in this crusade against preventable disease, this cannot possibly succeed unless the public in general co-operate with the authorities which issue the laws for the preservation of health.

If only people could be taught not to regard the Medical Officer of Health and other Sanitary authorities in the light of some stern school-master, whose whims and fads they must obey, and who is ever on the "qui vive" to catch them tripping; if, only, instead of this, they could be made to look on these people as their best friends, whose one object it is to help on the good of the community, how quickly should we progress, in some of these matters of vital importance! After all why does the Government go to all the expense of keeping scientific men working at these questions of Public and Personal Health, unless it is to help the people to combat preventable disease; for by diminishing this, sorrow is diminished and more sunshine and happiness is brought into the lives of the nation.

We are beginning to realise that though we have advanced in many matters we still have to face an enormous amount of disease due to ignorance. We are in fact beginning to feel that we are educating our children in all the arts and sciences, save the greatest of all, the science of life.

We have only to glance at the report issued by the commission, which enquired into the physical condition of our nation, to understand how little we have progressed in some matters of such vital importance to our nation. Take this question of Infant mortality. The death roll of infants dying in the first year of their life has not decreased in the last years, in spite of all the strides that medical science has made. We find that 90 of the children born in this country are born healthy. It seems as if Nature were making an effort to give them a fair start in life. Ten per cent. of the children are born into the world in England are unhealthy and this is caused mostly by the direct violation of Nature's laws on the part of the parents, one of the causes being alcoholism, which is one of the few things that is transmittable from parent to child.

In England 150,000 infants die annually within the first twelve months of their life, and quite 75,000 of these deaths (it has been calculated) are due to ignorance on the part of the mothers in matters concerning infant life, to unsuitable feeding and clothing, and also to a bad milk supply. The issues raised by this question of infant mortality is very far reaching, touching the very framework of our greatness as an Empire. Indeed as Bishop Wilberforce said the other day, "the question of the neglect of infant life touches one of the great sorrows of

the nation." To think that 90 per cent of the children born in England, are born healthy, and yet one out of every five dies within the first year, is this not appalling?

Medical men have been devoting their lives, trying to cope with this question, but on all parts they are met with ignorance of the simplest laws of life. The Medical Officer of Health has so many weighty questions to consider constantly, that he cannot devote his time exclusively to the solving of one problem. Consequently in the last few years people have been appointed to assist the Medical Officer of Health in special branches, such as infant mortality or sanitation. In both these branches it has been found that women are able to do valuable work for their country, that is, specially trained women. Some are appointed to visit the houses of the people, others have to inspect the workshops and factories to enquire into the conditions, under which the women and children work. Others again are appointed to diffuse elementary Laws of Health among the people by means of popular Health Lectures. These are given in villages and towns to mixed audiences varying from 30 to 300.

There are several Colleges and Societies, such as Bedford College (University of London) or the National Health Society which train students to fill these posts. The courses last from 6 to 8 months and are exceedingly instructive and interesting.

The conditions of life in England are of course different to those of life in India, yet in many respects the wants of the two countries are the same. When we think of the many women in India who are studying medicine, it is surprising that none of them take up the study of preventive medicine as a profession. As yet of course there are no Societies who would employ their services, and after all that prosaic question of £. s. d. is unfortunately one which very seriously affects our lives in many ways. Still there are a good many highly educated women, with philanthropic inclinations, who might band themselves together to try and diffuse among the people—especially of the larger towns—elementary laws regarding Health.

Only a few years ago the idea of trying to promote Social Intercourse between Indian and English ladies was laughed at, and now we have already several societies or ladies' clubs in different parts of India where this idea, though still new, is being carried out. In Bombay I see they have already started a Sanitary Aid Society, mostly, I believe, composed of ladies. I believe the Society though still quite in its infancy is doing good work. Madras, which is said to be the most advanced Presidency in educational matters has not yet taken the question up. If

some Society for the diffusion of the elementary laws of health were started, it is quite possible that Societies such as the National Health would allow them to affiliate themselves to the Home branch. Of course I merely suggest this as an idea. The advantages to be gained would of course be that a new Society starting in this way could benefit in many ways by the mother-branch. Of course many points would have to be revised to suit the needs of India, but it seems to me this might be a good way of employing some of India's "sweet girl graduates," who would have the advantage of speaking the vernacular.

As British subjects we reap so many advantages, and surely one of the ways we can best serve our Empire is to join in this Crusade against preventable disease, which we are told is responsible for half the deaths annually. Think for one minute what this means. If we could save half these lives, if we could save half this sorrow, should we not be doing something to enrich our nation?

This Crusade against ignorance and disease can, however, not succeed unless the public, not just stray individuals, realise the importance of co-operation with the Sanitary authorities, and unless the public are taught to regard this whole question of personal and public Health as a matter of Imperial and National importance.

The Late Maha Raja Kumari Kristnajammanni of Mysore.

(By an Old Servant of the Royal Family
of Mysore.)

MAHA Raja Kumari Kristnajammanni, whose death is so widely and deeply mourned in Mysore and outside, was the second daughter of H. H. the late Maharaja of Mysore and an elder sister of the present Maha Raja. She had been brought up with every care by her illustrious parents whose solicitude for their children's education has been remarkable.

In her studies she was soon able to overtake her elder sister, the first Princess, and the two sisters, thenceforward, studied together.

Of course she began with the three R's., in the vernacular; but to this was added Hindu music, vocal and instrumental. A few girls related to the Royal Family were also admitted to form a

class under regular instruction. The nuns of the convent at Mysore were engaged for a while to give instruction on the piano. Lessons in English also were commenced. A German lady of Frobel's School was employed to give them lessons in Drawing and Calisthenics, the latter being discontinued after the departure of this eccentric teacher. And then, when it was thought that the time had arrived to secure the services of a regularly qualified English lady to take charge of their education, Mrs. Thornton, who had resigned her post as the Lady Superintendent of the Maha Rani's Girls' School, was appointed to take charge of their education. About two years after, when she left for England for the sake of her health, Miss Godfrey specially selected at the request of the late Maharaja, by the much esteemed Principal of the Maharaja's College, Mr. Weir, and Mrs. Weir, came out to take charge of them, as their Governess.

Their education was of an all round nature, with a happy combination of the subjects desirable for girls; and even cookery had its place in the curricula. Their illustrious father, when they were girls 11 and 9 years old, would arrange for a dish or two to be prepared by these Princesses, once a week, according to the directions in the book on Cookery placed in their hands.

The result of such an education was satisfactory; for, in later years, when the second Princess lived in the house of her husband, Colonel Desay Raj, she managed her household matters in such a way as to be the admiration of all those who came into contact with her. She kept to her strictly orthodox habits, much appreciated by Hindu Society. She had the most refined manners, and was perfectly at home in the company of English ladies, who admired her grace and refinement.

Thus she showed in herself that happy combination, welcome to all which characterised so happily her father of universally esteemed memory. Her Royal parents as well as brothers and sisters had a special regard for her virtuous disposition and discreet counsel, young as she had been then.

The function of the prize distribution of the Maha Rani's Girls' School formed an interesting event every year, associated with the Dasara festivities, during the late Maha Raja's time. The institution itself having been described in her account of the Mysore Dasara "as the richest jewel in the crown of Mysore," by that much esteemed and noble-hearted lady, Mrs. Benson, whose unwearied interest in the cause of Hindu Female Education is so well-known all over Madras. His Highness' officers and leading representatives of the Province were given this



MADAME JEAN DELAIRE,
Author of "Alsatian Tales," "A Dream of Fame," &c., who contributes
"A Christmas Story" to this issue.

these golden opportunities? No, let us take them and there will dawn a wonderful future for us."

In order to further the education of women the lady makes a few suggestions. The early marriage system should be abolished (N.B.—This, as all admit, is easier said than done, but when the women themselves see the evils of this custom, there is still some hope for Indian women to enjoy their girlhood). Secondly, she thinks it very necessary that there should be women-teachers in the girls' schools. She upholds the example of the zenana ladies, who have given up their homes for our sakes. Should we not learn from them and try to do things for ourselves in the same way? Thirdly, the women say, it is very unlikely that we should ever be well-read in English. True, there is this difficulty, but translations in literature and history may be made, and the grandeur and beauty of foreign thought will still be ours. Fourthly, she suggests frequent meetings of associations. There is scope for mutual improvement in these, and also the papers read at each meetings may give us new suggestions, which we may carry out in our own homes.

Such was the speech. Would that the daughters of Ind come forward to equip themselves and take their stand bravely in the ranks of life.

H. S. K.

II.—SUNDARAMMA: A SKETCH.

BY SRIRANGAMMA.



SUNDARAMMA.

SUNDARAMMA was born in the year 1873 in Mysore. Her parents lived with her uncle Rai Bahadur A. Narasim Iyengar, the late Durbar Bakshi of His Highness the Maharaja Chamarajendra Wodeyar. He being one of the most enlightened gentlemen of India started a caste Girls' School in the fort of Mysore in which Sundaramma,

Mangamma, Kittamma, Bhagirathamma and some others were the first pupils. This was the beginning of the present Maharani's College.

From her very childhood Sundaramma had a decided talent for Sanskrit, English, drawing, music, especially instrumental music such as veena, violin and piano. During her school days she was always cheerful, merry and full of fun. She delighted much in open air exercises such as walking, etc. Her kind uncle, in the teeth of severe criticism from many orthodox Brahmins, introduced into the school such healthy exercises as badminton and tennis. She used to take a leading part in all these; and her sweet, gentle and lovable disposition made her a great favourite among her fellow students. She had read up to the Lower Secondary standard before she left school. She soon became one of the most advanced students in music for she learnt to play well the veena and violin, and she could play fairly well on the piano as well. In fact she and Mangamma led the way in veena instruction, which was first started in the face of much opposition and severe criticism in the house of Rai Bahadur A. Narasim Iyengar, who was the Honorary Secretary of the School.

It is a well-known fact that Sundaramma's classmate at school and comrade in music studies was that talented Mangamma, who had been selected to give lessons on the veena to the Maharani of Baroda. The appreciation of her services as a teacher in music to the Maharani and Princess of Baroda for a period of four years, was shown by H. H. the Gaekwar's applying to Mysore for her return to Baroda or another equally qualified in music, from the Maharani's College, Mysore. But Mangamma died in the first year of plague in Mysore where the institution in which she had received her education had employed her on its teaching staff, on her return from Baroda.

Sundaramma was married to Mr. Raghavar, an advocate, and one of the enlightened gentlemen of Mysore. After leaving school Sundaramma kept up her study in music as well as in English, her husband having made the necessary provision for the instruction. The Wesleyan Mission Zenana Institution ladies and the Catholic convent gave her instruction in English and Music. Throughout her life she was known to be a very obedient and amiable wife, a loving mother, a sociable friend and a strict but sympathetic mistress. Her sweetness of manner and her gentle spirit made all who came to know her like her and have great regard for her. She was full of fun and witty sayings. She never spent a single moment in idleness or gossip, but was always busy with her reading, music and needlework.

About sixteen years of peace and prosperity, and unmixed happiness were spent in this way. During all this period she had been very strong

opportunity to witness it, in order to interest themselves in female education; and that led to the rapid spread of girls' schools all over the country. His Highness, to the immense delight of all, including his European guests who were assembled to witness the prize-giving ceremony, would come and preside, accompanied by the two Princesses—which was a happy sight never to be forgotten.

Princess Kristnammanni, the subject of this sad obituary notice, whose death is so deeply mourned, was born in 1883. She married Col. Desay Raj in 1896, and died, of consumption, on November 21st, 1904, leaving four children—one son and three daughters.

May long life, happiness and prosperity be vouchsafed to these children by Him who rules over the destinies of all.

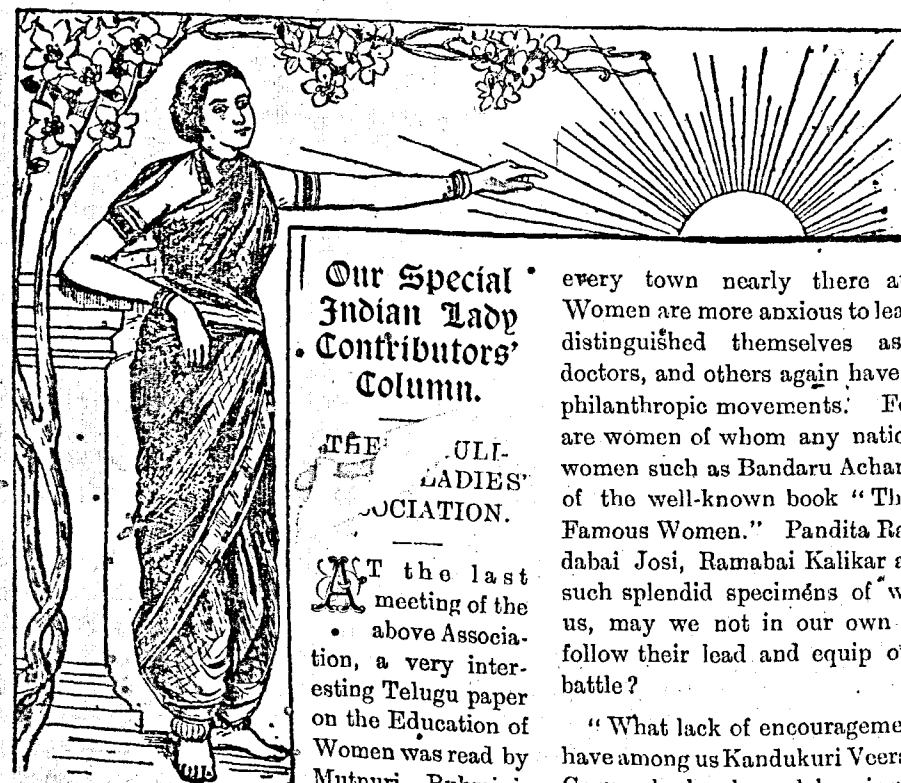
The following letter of His Highness the

Maharajah of Mysore appears in the Mysore Gazette of December 9th:—

THE PALACE,

Mysore, 8th December 1904.

"I am deeply touched with the numerous expressions of sympathy and grief which have reached me from my own subjects in the State and from sympathizers elsewhere on the sad occasion of the untimely death of my beloved sister MAHARAJAKUMARI KRISHNAJAMMANNAVARU. The loss of so amiable a member of the family, so devoted a wife and so fond a mother can never be forgotten. At such a trying time, we can but bow in submission to the inscrutable decrees of Providence. To all who have borne with me and my family this grief and have thereby afforded us such a solace and consolation, I wish to express our heartfelt gratitude."



Our Special Indian Lady Contributors' Column.

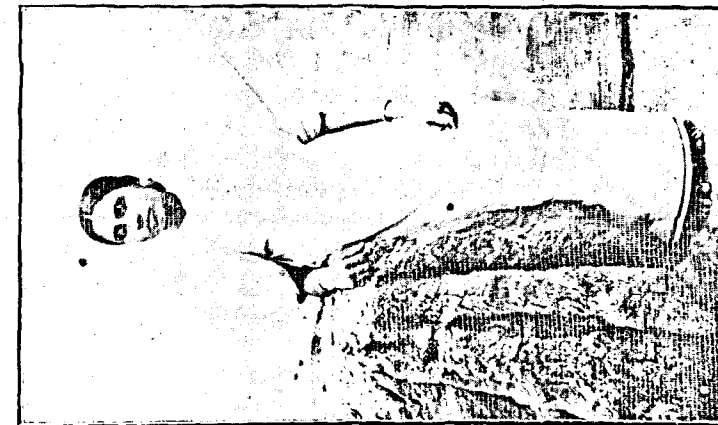
THE INDIAN
LADIES'
ASSOCIATION.

AT the last meeting of the above Association, a very interesting Telugu paper on the Education of Women was read by Mutnuri Rukmini-

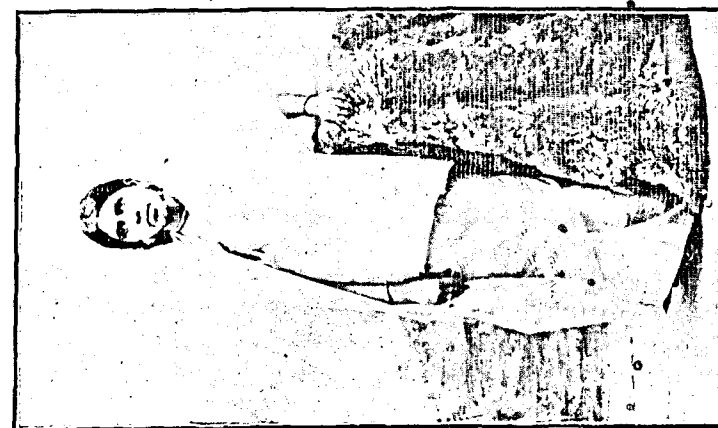
amma, one of the members. She introduced the subject with an allusion to Raja Ram Mohun Roy, one of the first supporters of Indian women's education. "Through his efforts and those of others, the movement spread, and became popular. In

every town nearly there are girls' schools. Women are more anxious to learn, and some have distinguished themselves as authors, poets, doctors, and others again have taken the lead in philanthropic movements. For instance, there are women of whom any nation may be proud—women such as Bandaru Achamamba, the author of the well-known book "The Biographies of Famous Women." Pandita Ramabai, Dr. Anandabai Josi, Ramabai Kalikar and others. With such splendid specimens of "womanhood" before us, may we not in our own spheres strive to follow their lead and equip ourselves for life's battle?

"What lack of encouragement have we? We have among us Kandukuri Veerasalingam Pantulu Garu, who has been labouring on our behalf for the last 30 years and who even now is meditating the opening of a Lower Secondary Girls' school in Rajahmundry. Even in this town the Raja of Vallur is erecting a good school house for the Hindu Girls' School. Such are some of the efforts made on our behalf. Should we lose



SRIMALI B. BHAGIRATHI AMMA
The Sister of T. B. Kalyani Amma.



SRIMALI T. B. KALYANI AMMA
Editor, The Srida, Vahachur, Trivandrum.

TWO ENLIGHTENED NAIR LADIES. (Title Editorial Notes.)

and healthy and scarcely fell ill. But about the year 1900 she went for a short tour with her husband to his native place where she contracted malarious fever. Since then her health began to fail and she became a prey to consumption. The best medical aid, both native and English, was procured but none could restore her to her former health. She used to get terrible fits of cough and pain but she used to suffer her troubles with indescribable patience and was ready to obey the orders of the doctors, however painful. Even during severe illness she never abandoned her books or her music. She had been very well taken care of by her husband and her uncle. But since 1903 she seemed to get a little better. She was getting less fever and cough. She could sit down for a while and even go for a drive on fine evenings. It is then she used to come and watch the students of the Maharani's College play tennis. Her love of manual exercises was shown in her going to the college, though she was unable to play herself, and encouraging the girls. Thus she used to spend about an hour with them pleasantly taking a delight in their exercises. Sundaramma's attachment for the school was marked.

Since June last her health and strength began to fail very rapidly and became hopeless. Especially her last days of suffering were very painful and she bore all with remarkable patience and resigned herself to the will of God. At last she breathed her last on the evening of 13th July 1904, leaving a husband, an only daughter, an uncle and many other relatives and friends to bemoan her loss.

It was one of her last wishes to give Rs. 100 for the Maharani's College to purchase materials for the physical exercise of the girls. Accordingly her husband sent Rs. 100 to the College, in fulfilment of the express wish of his wife.

It is a striking feature of the former pupils of the Maharani's College that they evince their deepest attachment to the institution, and desire to educate their daughters and wish them to learn music and in particular the veena.

Sundaramma's only daughter Little Sithamma is now about ten years of age reading in the Second Standard of the Maharani's College. Little Sithamma had her lessons on the veena from her mother under whose supervision she also prepared her school lessons. She is a good pupil in her class. We hope she will grow to be a worthy daughter of the noble mother.

The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows not substantial things,
There is no armour against fate:
Death lays his icy hand on kings;
Sceptre and renown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made,

With the poor crooked scythe and spade.
Only the actions of the just,
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

SHIRANGAMMA,
Assistant Mistress, Maharani College,
Mysore, and a classmate of the late Sundaramma.

III.—THE SUN AND ITS WONDERS.*

I am intending to speak to you to-day about some of the wonderful phenomena to be observed in the great globe of the sun.

I hope I am not making a mistake in speaking to you on such a subject. I trust it will be interesting to you.

"The Story of the Heavens" is indeed a wonderful story. Lately I have been reading a book called by this title, by Sir Robert S. Ball, in which he tells us of facts and phenomena, which should prove of boundless interest to us. We see the exquisite beauties and the grand phenomena of the wonderful nature-world around us, the mighty universe in the midst of which we have been placed by God; and yet we go about with eyes shut, blind to the wonders around. Mighty facts happen daily around us. The Sun rises, the Sun sets, the Moon appears, eclipses occur, stars appear and disappear; and we know nothing about them. A profound study of astronomy is impossible to everyone; but a little knowledge of the wonderful phenomena of nature would be of boundless interest to us, could we but open our minds to take it in. Reading the book I have mentioned, it seemed to me that the profound ignorance of most of our Indian ladies in such matters is deplorable. Very desirable and indeed necessary it is that we should know something about them. With the hope then of impressing just a few facts upon your minds, I read this summary of one of the chapters of Sir Robert's book.

To us, world-inhabitants, the most obvious fact is the rising and setting of the Sun. The Sun is such a benefactor to us. What should we do without it? "The Sun's gracious beams supply the magic power that enables the corn to grow and ripen. It is the heat of the Sun which raises water from the ocean in the form of vapour, and then sends down that vapour as rain to refresh the earth and to fill the rivers which bear our ships down to the ocean. It is the heat of the Sun beating on the large continents which causes the breezes and winds that waft the vessels across the deep. The heat in the Sun's beams developed the mighty vegetation of the

* A paper read by an Indian Lady
Ladies' Club.

coal period, and in the form of coal that heat has slumbered for millions of years, till we now call it again into activity. It is the power of the Sun stored up in coal that urges on our steam-engines. It is the light of the Sun that beams from every lamp and light that illuminates our darkness. For the power to live and move, for the plenty with which we are surrounded, for the beauty with which nature is adorned we are immediately indebted to one body in the countless hosts of space, and that body is the Sun."

We would like to ask innumerable questions about the Sun: such as, What is it? How hot is it? How big? How distant from us? What is its real appearance? Whence comes its heat? What is the use of this heat? and so on. It is to some of the wonderful phenomena of the peerless orb of the Sun that I would now draw your attention.

Perhaps it is scarcely necessary for us to note the difference in the knowledge of the ancients and the moderns about the great globe of the Sun. But it is an interesting point. The earth, according to the ancients, was a fixed body and the centre of the Universe, round which all the other bodies revolved. But the great mistake of this view was pointed out by Copernicus. He assigned to the earth its true position in the Universe. He showed that the Sun and not the earth was the great centre round which the other planets revolve. The Sun is the king wielding supreme sway over all the other planets, including our little earth. But, important as the Sun is to its own planets, it is necessary to remember one fact. Each one of the stars that we see studding the sky is in itself a mighty Sun, the centre of its own planets. Many of these stars actually surpass the splendour of our own Sun, which thus we see now is only a star, and not a very important star either. It is only because we are placed comparatively close to our Sun, and because we live in a planet which belongs to this Sun, that it is so important to us. "If the Sun were gradually to retreat from the earth," says Sir Robert, "his light would decrease, so that when he had penetrated the depths of space to a distance comparable with that by which we are separated from the stars, his glory would have utterly departed. Our great Sun would have shrunk to the insignificance of a star, not so bright as many of those which we see every night."

The dimensions of the Sun are immense. Its diameter, or the length of the axis or line, passing through the centre from one side to another, is 866,000 miles; that is to say, in other words, if a railway were laid round the sun, and if we were to start in an express train moving sixty miles an hour, we should have to travel for five years without intermission night and day, before

we went round the globe of the Sun. Compared with the earth, the bulk of the Sun is immense. Sir Robert Ball expresses the difference in this way. If the Sun were cut up into one million parts, each of these parts would largely exceed the bulk of the earth. Were the Sun placed in one pan of a mighty weighing balance, and were 300,000 bodies as heavy as our earth placed in the other the Sun would still be heavier (page 30). As for the distance of the Sun from the earth, it is about 92,900,000 miles.

The Sun's light is supposed to be colourless, but in reality it is not so. White colour cannot be called colourless, because it is a mixture in certain proportions of every colour that exists. The different colours which different objects give forth are not in the objects themselves, but are produced because different objects catch the different-coloured rays in the mixture of white sunlight and radiate these rays. Sir Robert gives an instance which is familiar to every one of us. A dress often does not look the same colour in the sun-light and lamplight. Why is it so? Because the dress has not the same colours itself; but is of such a nature as is intended to radiate certain colours which exist in the sunlight. But these colours do not exist in the same degree in lamplight. Consequently the dress has a different hue.

The wonderful indication of the nature of the sunlight. The different colours in it are produced by the refraction and reflection of the sunlight from tiny drops of water in the clouds, thus decomposing the white beams into the seven primary hues—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet. According to the principles of the rainbow, science has invented an instrument called the spectroscope, to decompose the light of the sun. The spectroscope is an arrangement made of a number of prisms. I think we all know what a prism is. It is a piece of pure glass in the shape of a wedge. When a ray of light passes from the sun or from any source through the prism, it passes through the transparent glass and emerges on the other side with a remarkable change. For the ray is bent, by refraction; and, because the prism acts with varying efficiency on the rays of different hues, the white ray is transformed into a band of many colours, from deep red at one end, through intermediate shades to the violet. Thus the spectroscope analyses the sun-light into its component parts and produces what is called a spectrum. Now there is a principle of science which enables us to learn something of the constitution of a body, by the colour of the light which the body gives forth. For instance, the splendid red light seen in fireworks is due to the presence of the metal strontium. Common salt burnt with spirits of wine produces a yellow

light. Magnesium burns with a brilliant white light. Thus, by means of the spectrum of the sun's rays, produced by the spectroscope, scientists are enabled to guess at the physical constitution of the body of the sun. Astronomers have discovered that the average density of the sun is about a quarter that of the earth. Comparing the weight of the sun with that of an equally great globe of water, it would be found that the sun is just one and a half times as much as the water. This weight is very little, and remembering that the prevailing temperature of the sun is exceedingly light, the necessary conclusion must be drawn that the sun is in a gaseous state. In fact the sun is a veritable glowing globe of gaseous matter and it has been found from the spectrum that many of the elements known on earth are present in the sun—such as calcium, iron, hydrogen, sodium, carbon, nickel, magnesium, cobalt, aluminium, chromium, strontium, manganese, copper, zinc, silver, tin, lead, potassium, and last but not least the famous but rare helium.

The sun, like the earth, forms a circular movement in its axis, or centre line; but, whereas the earth takes only twenty-four hours to turn once round, the sun-globe takes about twenty-six days to perform its revolution. And it is noticeable that the different zones of the sun on either side move with different speeds to the centre. In fact the mass of the sun is not at all like a rigid body; and the several portions are free to move with independent motions. It seems probable that the interior portions of the sun rotate more rapidly than the outer layers. But, indeed it is not possible to know much about the interior of the sun. What is observed is the surface-layer, in which the cold of space around the sun produces the condensation of the gases into luminous clouds, and owing to the rapid cooling of these clouds into smoke, settles down between the clouds, till it is again volatilised into vapour. Thus the surface of the sun is not of the same texture or brightness throughout, but is, what may be called granulated or mottled, owing to the presence of these shining clouds. But these solar clouds are quite different from our earth-clouds. Our clouds, as we all know, are made up of minute drops of water; but the sun-clouds are composed of drops of chemical elements at an extremely high temperature.

Also, irregularly dispersed over the sun-surface between the solar clouds, are small dark objects, called sun-spots, varying greatly in size and number. Their general appearance is a dark central nucleus or centre, with a lighter margin around. Not only do the spots vary in size from one another; but the details of the same spot vary continually, changes being noticed from day to day and sometimes from hour to

hour. They may last for weeks or months before they disappear. Often a large spot divides into two or more separate portions and these have been sometimes seen to fly apart with a speed of a thousand miles an hour. Sometimes patches of intense brightness suddenly break out, remaining visible for a few minutes, moving, while they last, with the speed of one hundred miles a second. Here is a description of a sun-spot phenomenon. Two astronomers were watching the sun at the distance of many miles from each other. They simultaneously saw two humorous objects, shaped something like two new moons, each about eight thousand miles in length and two thousand wide, at a distance of some twelve thousand miles from each other. These burst suddenly into sight at the edge of a great sun-spot with a dazzling brightness and moved eastward over the spot in parallel lines, growing smaller and fainter, until in about five minutes they disappeared, after traversing a course of nearly thirty-six thousand miles. An extraordinary feature is that there is an intimate connection between these periods and the movements of the needle of the compass. Another noticeable fact is that the spots occur mainly in two zones of the sun, rarely in the middle.

With regard to the nature of the sun-spots, it is difficult to be certain; but astronomers think that the best explanation is that they represent down-rushes of cooler vapour into the surface-layer of the sun. It seems very probable that the spots are generally caused by violent disturbances on the surface of the sun; because a spot is often found to be surrounded by eruptive prominences, which are in fact powerful gaseous eruptions thrown up like gigantic jets of burning, flaming material.

Wonderful and majestic indeed are these prominences. They are not steady flames, but flicker like earthly fires. Sometimes the flames rise to many thousands of miles, and the velocity with which they move often exceeds 100 miles a second. Sometimes, vast flaming masses of gas are thrown upward and then indeed the convulsions are violent. Here is an account of an exceptionally vehement eruption.

We have heard about eclipses of the sun. The plane in which the moon revolves does not coincide with the plane in which the earth revolves round the sun. The line in which the plane of the earth's motion is intersected by that of the moon divides the moon's path into two semi-circles. Sometimes the moon lies directly between the earth and the sun, and cuts off the sun's light from the earth, producing a solar eclipse. Usually there is only a partial eclipse. But sometimes the moon passes centrally over the sun, and then there is either

a total eclipse, or a thin rim of sunlight is seen right round the margin of the moon, producing what is called an annular eclipse.

There is another remarkable appendage to the sun, which extends to a distance very much greater than that of the corona; and this is the zodiac light. A pearly glow is sometimes seen in the spring to spread over a part of the sky in the vicinity of the sunset. Sometimes also it is seen before sunrise in autumn. It seems to have a lens-shaped form with the sun in the centre, and is probably composed of a kind of dust.

Many more phenomena of the sun can be described. But I must stop here. I hope I have not wasted your time by making you listen to this paper. But I trust you have found it a little interesting; and that it will be an incentive to you to read something of astronomy when you can spare time. It is so mysterious to think of the illimitable space around us, extending no one knows how far, through which float the magnificent bodies of the planets and stars. The motions of all are guided by fixed laws of their own. We too are floating in space on our little earth. And it is terrible to think that were it not for the provident power of God guiding everything through the Universe, we might be hurled into infinite atoms in space at any time. But God's hand is everywhere, and even the smallest of His creations acknowledges His power. I do not wish to preach to you; but I just want to point out to you one thing. That a simple consideration of the mighty wonders of the Universe will show us the wonderful power of God. If for this cause alone, if not for its own sake, let us, when we can, make for ourselves a simple study of the astronomical truths which scientists have been able to lay bare to us.

Around a Distant Star.

BOOK II.—CHILDREN OF SPACE.

BY JEAN DELAIRE,

Author of "Alsation Tales," "A Dream of Fame," etc.

CHAPTER III.

[SUMMARY OF BOOK I. AND CHAP. II. OF BOOK 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, 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. 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 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. He had also succeeded in inventing a telescope of incomparable magnitude which revealed wonderful aspects of the planetary world. It had not at first been arranged that Clive should go with Roy; but, owing to an unexpected occurrence, this result was eventually arrived at, and it was settled that Clive and Roy should go together on their wonderful journey. And in a final conversation, the supreme object of the wonderful journey is revealed—to go to a planet, the light rays from which would take nineteen hundred years to reach the Earth; so that if one went to this particular planet one would see the Earth as it was nineteen hundred years ago—that is, in the time of Christ. Roy wishes to assure perfect faith in Christ by the accomplished fact of a certain sight of Him, as He actually appeared in the world. And at last, they start in their air-boat, which they name The Estrella, and are launched into the night and silence of infinite space. After a journey of many months they reach their destination, a planet, wonderful like a Fairy land lit by the light of a White Sun. They come across some strange creatures—half human, half ape-like, who flee in terror at the sight of the adventurers. One of the creatures is wounded and is taken to the Estrella, to be nursed.]



It was noonday on the planet. We had been wandering for over three hours in the forests of the new world, and though excitement had hitherto kept us from feeling either fatigue or hunger, we became suddenly conscious of both, our terrestrial bodies prosaically reminding us that we had as yet partaken of neither breakfast nor luncheon. Yet the idea of the compressed food and dry biscuits we had subsisted on for over a year, was not a tempting one.

Whilst we were imprisoned within the iron walls of our projectile, it had seemed part of the inexorable necessity regulating all our actions that we should renounce the pleasure of the tables, and for thirteen months live cheerfully on a diet of tasteless tablets. But here, in this exhilarating air, in the crisp freshness of the morning, one's body—I had almost said one's soul—revolted against it. It seemed a challenge to nature itself, to sin against the blossoming earth that stretched, as far as the eye could follow it, in a splendour of vitality; but, alas! we had not yet learnt to eat flowers, however magnificent, nor moss, though it shone like gold in the sun, and we were likely to starve in this garden of Eden.

"Do you think people ever eat on this planet, Roy?" I asked wistfully, as I stretched myself on the metal floor.

Roy laughed. "Does this mean that you are hungry? So am I."

"Yes, I am hungry, but not for *that*," I declared emphatically, as Roy handed me the box of tablets.

"Ah, you must be content with these for the present," said Roy good humouredly, "for since you believe this to be Paradise, we shall soon discover the forbidden fruit."

"And eat it?"

"O Clive! When has the forbidden fruit not been eaten—and enjoyed? . . . Have a little patience, and in the mean time take your compressed food and be thankful."

I obeyed the first but not the last part of this injunction, and munched my tablets and biscuits with tempting visions rising before me of some princely banquet in ancient Rome . . .

The murmur of our voices had not disturbed our little guest; the creature slept on, its white face turned to the light, its arms thrown back in the careless attitude of a tired child.

"What shall you do with it?" I asked Roy in an undertone.

"Keen him," answered Roy promptly, "unless he prefers to return to his people."

"You speak of it as if it were a man," I remarked with a smile.

"I believe him to be one," said Roy, quite seriously, "and so we will not say *it*, if you please, when speaking of him, but we can give him a name presently—some simple, vowelled word that he can easily remember,—that is, if he has not one already."

"Are you serious, Roy?" I could not help asking.

"Quite serious. Unless I am greatly mistaken this little creature represents the dawn of humanity on this planet, and as such is more interesting in my eyes than any other living object which this world may contain."

"Granted, if he be a man, but of this I am not yet convinced."

The words had scarcely left my lips when the creature awoke with an uneasy start, and, not immediately recollecting where and with whom he was, sat up and looked about him in evident consternation. Then his glance fell on Roy and he remembered. He touched the bandage on his knee, put his head a little on one side, looked piteous and heaved a deep sigh; then gravely nodded his head at us as if to say:—"It was well done. I am satisfied." There was a strange mixture of pathos and drollery in all his movements.

And Roy then and there christened him: Lalou.

I was still holding a biscuit in my hand and with a propitiatory smile I offered it to our little guest; he hesitated in taking it, evidently failing to appreciate the value of the gift. I then proceeded to demonstrate its use by the universal language of signs. Biting a small bit off, I munched it with a great show of delight, then graciously renewed my offer. This time it was understood and the creature took the biscuit from my hand; in his turn he bit a little, a very little piece off—looked surprised—then displeased—and finally shook his head several times with a decided grunt of disapproval.

"Try him with something else," suggested Roy. "A little compressed food, perhaps?"

Beyond a severe glance, I did not answer this evil suggestion, but continued my well-meant efforts at hospitality. Some vividly coloured berries that I had gathered in the forest were offered next; these he seemed immediately to recognise, but when it dawned upon him that they were brought forward as articles of food, he looked so unmistakably offended that I deemed it wise not to renew the offer.

It was now his turn to instruct us in the matter of diet. Looking up, he saw the wide opening at the door—now transformed into a skylight—through which entered a dazzling ray of white sun. Immediately he rose, not without some difficulty, but with the help of Roy he reached the foot of the ladder and once more ascended it, monkey-wise, with his hands. I followed him. Arrived at the door, he sat himself comfortably on the ledge, and turning to me, repeatedly pointed to some object in the valley. I looked in the direction of his glance but saw nothing beyond the amber moss, with its little star-like blossoms and the curious finger-shaped plants that waved slowly to and fro in the breeze.

"Perhaps he sees some of his companions," suggested Roy who was watching us from below.

Editorial Notes.

Educated Indians, who themselves enjoy the privileges of education but grudge to give the same privileges to women,

Position and Influence of Women in Ancient India.

would do well now and then to look back on the past and see what the position and influence of women

in ancient India was. We read the names of women teachers in the Upanishads who took part in philosophical discussions. The wife took a prominent part along with her husband in performing sacrifices. The substance of one of the Vedic Mantras, repeated by the bridegroom at the marriage, is:—"The gods gave her to him (the bridegroom) for house-keeping; their union was as permanent and intimate as that of the Earth and the Heaven; and she became his friend and companion." When Buddha went about preaching his Gospel, his great supporters were women. One such female devotee was a rich lady of the name of Visakha who resided at Sarasvati, the capital of Kosala. Thus it will be seen that women's influence in the past was very considerable. In lifting women, therefore, to a higher level of intelligence and influence, our educated countrymen will only be giving her back the privileges which she had enjoyed of old.

There is considerable activity in the cause of female education in the Bombay Presidency, which other Provinces would do well to emulate. The Bombay Presidency Social

Reform Association is taking the lead in several important movements which are likely to prove of great benefit to the communities concerned. It is proposed to open classes for the education of women in some prominent locality with a view to give instruction in English, Arithmetic, History, Marathi and Guzerathi, needle-work and domestic economy. The hours for these classes will be so arranged as to enable Marathi and Guzerathi women to attend them without interfering with their domestic duties. Another project the starting of a series of lectures in various localities has already been given effect to to a certain extent. The difficulty of getting a double set of Guzerathi and Marathi qualified men to give lectures has been removed. Mrs. B. S. Patel, the well-known learned Parsee lady, has contributed Rs. 100 towards this scheme of lec-

My eyes scanned the valley on all sides but discovered no trace of animal life. With evidently increasing impatience the creature repeated his imperative gesture and, seeing I remained motionless, gave vent to a prolonged guttural sound—probably his first efforts at speech: "Oull! Oull!" Then, in evident despair at my stupidity and as a last effort to make his meaning clear, he opened his right hand, his five fingers extended, and moved it rapidly to and fro before my face, while with his left he still pointed to the valley. A light broke upon me.

"Can it be," I cried to Roy, "that he means us to gather some of those white and yellow plants shaped like a hand?"

"If he does," replied Roy promptly, "then his intelligence is indeed human!"

"Aye, and it shames us, who have taken so long to understand him!"

As I spoke I hurriedly climbed down the outside ladder and, running to the nearest bushes, I gathered an armful of the smallest and freshest-looking finger-plants. Truly there was no lack of warmth in the little creature's welcome when, thus laden, I returned to the *Estrella*! Hardly leaving me time to quit the ladder, he seized the first plant he could lay his hand on and bit into its firm white flesh with a childlike grin of delight.

Needless to say, I lost no time in following his example, nor was I long in approving his taste and sharing his greedy pleasure. The fruit,—if fruit this curious plant could be called—was the most delicious I had yet tasted. As sweet as desert-grown dates, its flesh as mellow as a well-ripened pear, it had a flavour far surpassing that of the finest peaches or nectarines ever grown in the sunny South.

"Hurrah, Roy!" I cried gaily as I ran down the ladder into the interior of the *Estrella*.

"The fruit of Paradise is discovered at last!"

"And to whom do we owe the discovery?" asked Roy, half smiling, half serious.

Involuntarily I glanced at our singular little portégé who, still squatting at the door, partly inside, partly out, was enjoying his fruit and from time to time staring at us with his head on one side and a most comically wise look in his brilliant eyes.

"Behold," I said, solemnly pointing my finger at him, "behold the serpent that gave me the fruit whereof I ate!"

Is there some truth, I wonder, in that wicked saying about the short cut to the heart of man? To confess a plain fact, at that moment my aversion to our little comrade vanished as a mist in the sun, and I felt quite ready, at Roy's bidding, to welcome him as my fellow creature—my brother-man in a far away Universe.

tures for women. The Association is arranging for At Homes for Indian ladies to be held in the houses of prominent members and it is also in contemplation to start a library, where standard vernacular books should be available for ladies. The Bombay Association is setting a splendid example to similar organizations in India, and we trust that this will lead to real, downright, earnest work being achieved in other cities as well in the cause of the education and enlightenment of women.

We have received the report of this college for 1903-04 and have much pleasure in placing before our readers certain facts and figures which show that steady progress has been maintained throughout the year, and that the institution is fulfilling its mission effectively. The noteworthy events of the year was the splendid success scored by K. Subamma and Srirangamma in the Kanarese group of the B.A. degree examination. Both of them secured a first class, the former heading the list for the whole Presidency. In November 1903 the College, which had hitherto been confined to high caste Hindus was thrown open to respectable children of all classes; further a new department of the College, called the Oriental side, has been opened. At the F. A. examination one young lady, Kasi Bai Devdhar, appeared and passed. The Training section of the College is also doing good work. There were altogether 371 pupils under instruction, of whom 304 were Brahmans. There are 26 widows also receiving instruction in the College. Three midwifery students completed their training and were permanently employed as nurses. The report says:—

"There is a great demand for such high caste midwives and nurses, and it is a keen regret to the Lady Superintendent that more of the Maharani's College students cannot be induced to enter this noble profession. The reasons, however, are not far to seek. The work is very much harder and more contiguous than that to which they are accustomed; they are almost separated from their own people, if not entirely boycotted by them; the pay offered is too low to be an inducement in itself; while there is not in their own hearts that impersonal enthusiasm for the service of the sick and suffering outside their own families which would counterbalance all the drawbacks. Yet the nursing virtues of patience, gentleness, and devotion are qualities in which Hindu women shine, and these when supplemented by proper professional training would make them ideal nurses."

It will be seen therefore that the work done is of a varied nature and that the College is becoming

ing more and more a centre of activity which is making its influence felt in the whole Province. Its great usefulness well justifies the expenditure on it by the Government of Mysore. We congratulate the Committee and the Lady Superintendent on the results achieved.

In the last issue we referred to the Malayalee Ladies' Magazine started by Two Enlightened Nair Ladies. likeness of T. C. Kalyani

Amma (Mrs. Krishna Menon) of Ernakulam who is one of the conductors of the Magazine. Elsewhere we publish the portrait of Srimathi T. B. Kalyani Amma, co-editress of the *Sarada*, the Malayalam Magazine which is being published from Ernakulam, in the interests of Malabar ladies, and also that of her sister. Kalyani Amma was born in Feb. 1883; she was educated in the Zenana Mission School, Fort (Trivandram). She passed her Lower Secondary examination in 1896. Her school-career was one of complete success. In spite of the unwillingness of her orthodox parents, she, of her own accord, continued her studies and was sent up for the Matriculation examination in 1900. She came out successful in her first attempt. She is the first Nair Lady Matriculate and is looked upon as the pioneer of English education among her Nair sisters in Travancore. She joined H. H. the Maharajah's College for girls, Trivandram, in 1901, and was a bright though lonely student both in the Junior and Senior F. A. classes. But ill-health and various domestic misfortunes told upon her and she was, consequently, not able to pass her F. A. examination. She is going up for the ensuing F. A. examination and her well-wishers hope to welcome her as the first Nair Lady undergraduate very soon. She was married in August last to Mr. K. Ramakrishna Pillai, a promising young gentleman, late editor of *The Malayali*, *The Kerala Panchika* and the *Upadhyayan* (The Teacher), and author of several educational works in Malayalam. By this marriage vast possibilities are opened to her, for, his journalistic career, literary pursuits and liberal culture will surely tend to broaden her knowledge. She has translated into Malayalam a few of Mr. W. T. Stead's "Books for the Bairns," and is now translating Mrs. Brander's "Talks on Health." She has accepted the co-editorship of the *Sarada*, the only Malayalam magazine (monthly) conducted in the interests of Malabar ladies, and will join duty as soon as her F. A. examination is over. Her sister Srimathi B. Bhagirath Amma, (whose portrait, too, is published in this number) is a Fourth Form student in H. H. the Maharajah's High School for girls, Tri-

vandram. She is a bright young girl closely following the footsteps of her educated sister. In passing we beg to note that Srimathi T. B. Kalyani Amma is one of the contributors to the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*, she being the first lady-contributor from among the Nairs.

What is being done for and by Indian Women.

We have received the first number of the *Sarada*, edited by Malayalee ladies, and we write to congratulate them on the splendid get-up of the magazine. We doubt not that the contents of the Magazine will be as good as its get-up. The publication of this Magazine should mark an era in the progress of the Malayalee ladies, and we sincerely trust that it will command the wide support of the Malayalee public and will prove a source of immense help to the cause of education and enlightenment of Malayalee ladies.

—The scheme of a Ladies' Gathering at the time of the forthcoming Social Conference, which we printed in a recent issue, says the *Indian Social Reformer*, has been received with sympathy. The Presidency Social Reform Association has approved of it in its main outlines, and arrangements are being made to make the gathering as representative as possible. The list of subjects proposed for consideration at the gathering is, of course, provisional. We are ourselves inclined to think that some of them, such, for instance, as the accommodation for women in railway carriages, may be very well left to assemblies of a different character. But these are details which may be left to the Committee, appointed by the Association to make arrangements for the gathering to settle.

—Mrs. Ranade recently narrated to a lady friend her experience as the first Indian lady non-official visitor to a jail. It will be remembered that she was some months ago gazetted as non-official visitor to the Yerrowda Jail. Mrs. Ranade has not taken it as a mere compliment. On the occasion of her first visit, the lady visitor and the female inmates naturally felt embarrassed by the novelty of the situation. At the second visit, a few kindly enquiries about the children and homes of the prisoners touched a chord of sympathy. The third time she went, Mrs. Ranade recited some hymns and religious poems in Marathi which were much appreciated by the unfortunates. Mrs. Ranade said she had come to feel that she cannot now do without these ministrations, and the inmates of the prison seem to be equally anxious for her visits.

—The following are the subjects that will be discussed at the National Social Conference to be held in Bombay this month.

- (1) Advancement of Female Education.
- (2) Facilities for Sea-voyage and foreign travel.
- (3) Marriage reform including raising of Marriage-age, inter-marriage between sub-castes of the main four castes, abolition of Polygamy and Kulinism.

- (4) Bettering condition of widows by marriage, education or otherwise and by abolition of enforced tonsure.
- (5) Improvement of religious endowments.
- (6) Temperance and Social Purity.
- (7) Admission of repentant converts into Hinduism.
- (8) Elevation of Pariahs.

—The anniversary of the widow-marriage Association and the Widows' Home, Guntur, was celebrated on the 11th inst. in the local College hall when Mr. A. L. Kuglar of the Mission Goshala Hospital presided. The Secretary's report was very encouraging. Of the 14 girls admitted into the home, 10 were married, 1 is being educated in the Primary class in the mission boarding girls' school, 2 returned to the orthodox side and 1 is now in the home. The association hopes to receive many more girls, if only sufficient funds are supplied. The association must be highly thankful to Messrs. V. Lakshminarayana, P. Subrahmanyam, and B. Anjeneyulu, for they have come forward to dine with the remarried couples and celebrate marriages in their own houses. The boldness and sacrifice of the young men, who themselves married widows, is very praiseworthy. A Widow's Home Committee, consisting of 12 members has been formed for the regular working of the home. It has been maintaining the home by public subscriptions and donations.

The President, in her stirring speech, spoke strongly against the injustice done to the Hindu woman by early marriages and enforced widowhood. The tortures and torments of Sutee can be better borne than the misery of life-long widowhood. If she were to make a choice between enforced widowhood and Sutee, she said that she would be most willing to die on the funeral pile of the husband. She advised the students present to be true to their convictions by themselves marrying widows and the elderly men, by helping the cause in all possible ways.

—Among the many reforms lately introduced in the Education Department, that of the proposed opening of a Normal School for Women must be designated as one of the most important, and far-reaching consequences may well be expected from it. In a circular letter to Commissioners, Deputy Commissioners, Inspectors of Schools and Managers of Girls' Schools the Director of Public Instruction announces that a Normal School for Women will be opened at Lahore on the 4th January, 1905. The school will be under the control of the Education Department, and will be held, for the present, in the premises of the Victoria Girls' School. The object is to prepare women to work as teachers in girls' schools. The circular adds that it is desirable that the establishment of this school should be made generally known, and it is pointed out that inspecting officers of all grades, Tahsildars and other officials will be able to give valuable assistance in promoting the success of the institution; it is also expected that the wives and female relatives of male teachers, as well as widows of some education, will in many cases offer themselves for training. Stipends not exceeding Rs. 8 per mensem will be awarded to selected students, and boarding accommodation will, if required, be provided free of charge. In cases where, in order to secure attendance of any suitable student from an out-station, an allowance for a guardian or female relative to accompany her is required, endeavour will be made to

provide this; such allowance will in no case exceed Rs. 5 per mensem. This is a step in the right direction; and judging from the care with which the scheme seems to have been worked out, great hopes of its success may be entertained with confidence.

The Bengalee ladies resident in Darjeeling gave a reception recently in honour of the Maharani Gackwar of Baroda, who was on a visit to the station. The reception was held at the Century Club, which was placed at the disposal of the ladies for the occasion. The decoration of the reception-room, the organizers of the entertainment showed admirable taste. Her Highness of Baroda arrived at the reception at 4.40 p. m. and was received by the ladies headed by Her Highness of Cooch Behar and the Maharani of Nattore with the customary blowing of conches. Most of the ladies wore Benares embroidered saris; and the colour effect of the dresses was at once gorgeous and beautiful. Her Highness of Baroda was dressed in a Deccanee sari striped and bordered with gold. A song of welcome in Bengalee, specially composed for the occasion by Mr. S. N. Tagore, was sung by some little children. At the conclusion of the song, an illuminated copy of it, together with a garland and a bouquet of flowers, was presented to Her Highness by the children. A varied musical programme had been arranged consisting of both Indian and European music. Sanskrit, Hindustani, Bengalee and Maharati songs were sung and selections of music were played on the piano and violin. Elaborate arrangements for refreshments were made, some of the ladies having themselves prepared Indian sweets. It was a strictly *purdah* party and there were about 120 ladies present, amongst whom was the Nawab Begum of Khagra who had specially come up from Kurseong for the occasion. Her Highness the Maharani Cooch Behar introduced all the ladies present to the Maharani, and at the end handed over to her a present from the Members of the Reception Committee, in the shape of a silver *pandan* set of Dacca work. The party broke up at 6.30 p. m. Her Highness of Baroda before she left expressed great regret at her inability to express how delighted she felt at what the Bengalee ladies had done in her honour, because of her ignorance of the Bengalee language.

If Paris is published, by the well-known house of Hachette, a journal for women entitled *La vie Heureuse*, in a recent number of which is a charmingly illustrated and sympathetically written article which should interest Indian readers. It is from the pen of Mademoiselle Menant, the daughter of the well-known Assyriologist and Member of the French Academy, herself the author of a learned and exhaustive work on the Parsis and their religion. Mlle. Menant's article deals with "Quelques grandes dames de l'Inde qui ont visité l'Europe," and is illustrated by excellent photographs of the Maharani of Kuch Bihar, of Mrs. R. J. Tata, and of Mrs. Ali Akbar, whose picture gives an admirable idea of the graceful and refined beauty of a well-bred Muhammadan lady. The text which accompanies these pictures is, of course, simply the pleasant feminine gossip to be expected in a journal of the type of *La vie Heureuse*, and pleases chiefly by showing how a woman of the world, can unbend for the amusement of less erudite members of her sex. It is merely a chatty account of some of Mlle. Menant's Indian

friends. But it dexterously achieves its purpose of showing how some Indian ladies have escaped from the ancient restrictions of the *zenana*, and have proved themselves fitted by charm of person, manner and character to take a high place in any society. For instance, this is how Mlle. Menant writes of Mrs. Tata: "In the month of January, 1901, I was the guest of Mr. J. N. Tata at Nansari, the Rome of Parsi-ism, as it is called, because it is there that the ancient traditions are most faithfully preserved. Here I was able to admire the attractive qualities of this charming woman. After seeing her submitting patiently to the exigencies of European social life, I watched her, even more congenially employed, simply and kindly among her own people, distributing prizes to the children of the schools founded by her father-in-law, and looking on with delight at the games of the young people as they played under the mango and cocoanut trees of the great park at Lunsikni." A pretty and sympathetic picture, surely. Here, again, is an account of a birthday party in the home of Mrs. Akbar Ali and her sister-in-law, the Begum of Janjira, at Surat. "It was charming to see these gravely courteous ladies, clothed in robes of archaic Eastern fashion, like miniatures from old Oriental manuscripts, moving gracefully in surroundings which were a picturesque compromise between Eastern and Western domestic architecture—drawing-rooms and green houses and verandahs. It was delightful to hear the Begum singing, in her soft mellow voice, plaintive old Hindustani airs to the accompaniment of the *sitar*, at the evasively melancholy hour of the brief Indian twilight. Mrs. Akbar Ali is fond of visiting Europe. She was the only Muhammadan lady who had the privilege of being presented to the late Queen, who was charmed by her beautiful young visitor. She has seen much, read much, and compared much. She takes a natural interest in the education of Musalman women, and, when at Constantinople and at Cairo, collected information to which European ladies would have had no access."—*The Pioneer*.

Our Cookery Column.

CAKES AND SWEETS.

A few General Hints on Cake-making.

[It is very important to use the best flour for cakes and scones and to see that it is thoroughly dry and well sifted before using. I strongly recommend Brown and Polson's Paisley flour for cakes and consider it far superior to any baking powder. The sugar and butter should always be rubbed together until quite smooth, before the eggs are added. It is quite unnecessary to beat the eggs. A cake can be made quite light by following the directions I have given. The oven should be properly heated before the cake is put in. A very good test is to put in a piece of white kitchen paper, and, if in ten minutes it becomes a dark yellow, it is hot enough for cakes and scones. The success of a cake depends a great deal on the baking. The best way to test a cake to see if it is baked is to stick a knife into the centre of the cake and if it comes out quite clean the cake is baked.]

Madeira Cake.

Take 8 oz. flour, 8 oz. sugar, 8 oz. butter, 8 eggs, 1 dessert-spoonful of paisley flour, 2 table-spoonfuls of madeira or sherry, and a little essence of lemon; cream the butter; add the sugar and work till smooth; then add the eggs one by one, sifting in a little flour with each egg, till you have put it all in; then add the wine and essence of lemon; pour the mixture into a tin lined with buttered paper and bake in a quick oven.

Christmas Plum Cake.

Take 8 oz. butter, 8 oz. sugar, 10 oz. flour, 4 oz. blanched almonds, 1½ lbs. of raisins, weighed after they have been stoned, 1 lb. of currants, 10 small eggs or 8 English eggs, 2 oz. candied peel, a liqueur glass of brandy, and one of curacao, and a dessert-spoonful of paisley flour.

Cream the butter; and the sugar and work till smooth; then break in the eggs one by one, working in a little flour with each egg. When it is well mixed, add the paisley flour and the raisins, currants, etc., the raisins candied, peel and almonds should be chopped fine; add the brandy and curacao; put into a buttered tin and bake in a quick oven. When cool cover with a layer of almond paste made thus.—Take 12 oz. ground almonds mixed with a dessert-spoonful of rose water and 1½ lbs. of sugar; boil the sugar in a saucepan with a coffee-cupful of water, till, when you drop it in a saucer of water, it forms a firm lump; take it off the fire and pour it over the almonds, which should be put in a cake basin; work it with a wooden pestle till it forms a paste; spread it smoothly over the top and sides of the cake and leave it to dry. The next day cover it with a white icing. Boil 1½ or 2 lbs. of sugar in a saucepan with a large cupful of water (use diamond sugar as the ordinary sugar does not make a nice white icing). When the syrup is very thick and it forms a lump when dropped in cold water, pour it on to a marble slab and work it with a palette knife till it gets white and creamy; flavour it with a few drops of vanilla, ratania, and lemon; take it off the marble slab; put it in a saucepan and place the saucepan in another saucepan of boiling water; when it is hot, pour it smoothly over the cake and cover it completely. If possible avoid touching it with a knife as it will not look smooth and shiny.

Rice Cake.

Beat the yolks of 15 eggs, for ½ an hour; stir in 10 oz. sugar, ½ lb. of ground rice, a table-spoonful of brandy and the rind of two lemons; then add the whites of 7 eggs beaten to a stiff froth; beat all well together for 5 minutes; pour into a buttered tin and bake in a quick oven.

Queen Cakes.

Take 8 oz. butter, 8 oz. sugar, 8 oz. flour, 4 oz. currants, the yolks of 5, and whites of 3 eggs, one wine-glass-ful of milk, one tea-spoonful of essence of lemon and one tea-spoonful of Paisley flour.

Cream the butter and sugar; when well rubbed together, add the yolks of the eggs, one at a time, sifting in a little flour with each; then add the currants, essence of lemon and milk, and, lastly, the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth, and the paisley flour; put the mixture into small buttered tins and bake.



News and Notes.

Bai Jerbai, widow of the late Hon'ble Mr. N. N. Wadia, C. I. E., having offered Rs. 40,000 towards the construction of nurses' quarters for the Jansetjee Jeejeebhoy Hospital, the Governor in Council, Bombay, in accepting the offer, has expressed his cordial acknowledgments to the donor for her generous gift.

A woman has approached the *Prix de Rome* so nearly as Mademoiselle Fleury; she figured among the six chosen candidates admitted to the definitive competition after the first examination, which consisted in writing a fugue and chorus with orchestral accompaniment. She has already achieved a great success, which we hope will be completed next year. "There are not," says M. Massenet, "two people in Paris as capable of orchestral writing as Mademoiselle Fleury."

The proverbial politeness of the Japanese has resulted in the development of a number of neat little customs. One of the best is the way in which a hostess gets rid of an unwelcome guest. She does not hint that the time is about up for his stay or that she is going visiting soon, but she sets to work preparing a dainty luncheon, which she packs in a little box, ties up with ribbon and paper and hands to the guest some morning. It isn't an insult, either; it's just a hint, and one that is always taken.

The presence of mind of a girl teacher, coupled with the practice of fire drill, averted a panic on August 18, at the Roman Catholic school of St. Wilfrid, Hulme, Manchester. Noticing smoke issuing from a ventilator, the teacher quietly communicated the fact to the headmistress. At a signal teachers

and scholars fell into the places allotted them in fire-drill, and in a remarkably short space of time the whole of the 620 children were safely marched into the street. The teacher who detected the outbreak remained at her post in a passage rapidly filling with smoke until her forty young pupils were safely outside.

—Queen Helena, of Italy, who lately gave birth to a son, is thirty-one years old, having been born on January 8, 1873, the third of seven daughters of Prince Nicholas, lord of the Black Mountain kingdom of Montenegro. One writer says: "She came down from the mountains with all her native freshness clinging to her, a striking figure, six feet tall, with dark hair and eyes, but with a complexion of scarlet." Victor Emmanuel was two years wooing her. Upon the birth of their first child the queen gave a cradle or \$20 in money to every babe born that day in Rome or Naples. Essentially a womanly woman, the queen is perhaps the most attractive royal personage of the day.

The *Arya Messenger* says:—"The last Census Report ought to open the eyes of those who think that infant marriages have become a thing of the past in this age of enlightenment and progress. In Bengal alone there were at the time of the Census of 1901 no fewer than 538 widows who were below one year of age. Of these 433 were Hindus, 100 Mohammedans, 4 Animists and 1 Buddhist. The number of Hindu widows between the age of 1 and 2 years was 576, between 2 and 3 years 651, between 3 and 4 years 1,756, between 4 and 5 years 3,861, between 5 and 10 years 34,705, and between 10 and 15 years 75,590. Altogether there were nearly fifty-five lakhs of Hindu widows in Bengal alone, while the total number of Hindu married women was little over one crore and twenty-two lakhs and that of unmarried women was seventy-two lakhs. It will thus be seen that nearly every fourth female in Bengal is a widow."

—It was a woman who invented "condensed

milk," which, while nobody wants it who can get the original article, is nevertheless of great value on journeys, on shipboard, and for emergencies. "It was such an emergency," says the *Springfield Republican*, "that led to the first condensed milk; for Mrs. Albert Cashingor of New Orleans, fifty years ago, had a sick baby, and must get expert medical attention if it were to live. That could not be had nearer than New York City, and it was a long sea voyage away. How to keep the little baby alive through that voyage she did not know. But she had put up many preserves and many jellies in her time, and she began to experiment on milk, and succeeded, and put up a lot of jars of her original condensed milk, which fed her child through the voyage. The fact interested several people in New York, and finally Mrs. Cashingor gave her process away to a pack of sharp fellows, who made fortunes out of condensed milk and never gave her a cent."

Mrs. Kasi Bhai Devader, the Mahratta Brahmin lady who is touring through South India to collect funds for the Poona Hindu Widows' Home, arrived at Madras on the 20th ultimo, and next evening addressed a large public meeting in the Native College Hall. The occasion was unique. No public meeting at Madras has ever before been addressed by a purely Indian lady. Left a child widow herself, and an F.A. of the Madras University, Mrs. Kasi Bhai pleaded the cause of helpless widows, their claim to receive an education which should make them useful and respectable members of society, with a simple pathos and a winning eloquence which could not fail to carry conviction. She gave an interesting account of the origin, progress and present position of the Home and concluded with an appeal for funds to extend the buildings which were found to be inadequate to provide accommodation for all who sought admission. A subscription list was opened and about Rs. 170 were subscribed on the spot. A ladies' meeting, addressed by Mrs. Kasi Bhai, came off the same evening.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Acknowledgments for November, 1904.

	RS.	A.		RS.	A.
1. Miss Abdallah, Amritsar ...	...	4 0	10. Mrs. Lahiri, Calcutta ...	...	4 0
2. Mrs. Benson, Madras ...	...	8 0	11. Mrs. M. V. Max, Palamcottah ...	...	4 0
3. Mrs. David Paul, Madras ...	...	2 0	12. P. Muthuverappen, Esq., Tenkasi ...	...	4 0
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9. Mrs. S. Lalitha Bai, Madras ...	...	4 0	18. Mrs. J. Samuel, Rangoon ...	...	4 0
			19. G. Krishnan Unnithan, Esq., Kanjirapalli ...	...	4 0

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SCRAPS.

"My life is in my hand, and lo!
I grasp and bend it as a bow,
And shoot forth from its trembling string
An arrow, that shall be, perchance,
Like the arrow of the Israelite king
Shot from the window towards the east,
That of the Lord's deliverance."

LONGFELLOW.

"I know no beauty, bliss, or worth,
In that which we call Life on earth,
That we should mourn its loss or dearth:
That we should sorrow for its sake,—
If God will the imperfect take
Unto Himself, and perfect make."

HOUGHTON.

"One launched a ship, but she was wrecked at sea;
He built a bridge, but floods have borne it down;
He meant much good—none came, strange destiny!
His corn lies sunk, his bridge bears none to town,
Yet good he had not meant, became his crown;
For once at work,—when, even as nature, free
From thought of good he was, or of renown,—
God took the work for good and let good be."

J. INGELOW.

Holiday Scenes and Places.

THE SEA-SIDE.

[By M. C. SIDGWICK.]



THE sea-side is a favourite resort for many holiday makers, especially where children are concerned. Many and various are the sea side places around the English coast from the large fashionable town of Brighton, very aptly named London by the Sea, to quiet little St. Margaret's Bay, consisting merely of one modest hotel and a few rustic cottages, in a dip between high, white, chalk cliffs.

In the present paper I propose to describe somewhat more in detail a few of the places that vary between these two extreme types.

Bognor on the south coast is a place that is very popular with children on account of the great stretches of flat sand that are left bare by the receding tide. Tides vary mysteriously at different localities both in their daily and yearly motion. At some places there is scarcely any tide while at others the sea at low spring tide almost disappears from view. This is the case at Bognor and the long flat sand levels broken at every fifty yards or so by a jagged sea-weed covered break-water, standing in its own little pool, while delighting the eyes of the children, forms a somewhat dreary spectacle for their elders. Bognor is a small town from which you soon emerge into a flat uninteresting country. A few rows of smart lodging houses bearing such typical sea-side names as "West View Terrace" or "Marine Esplanade," stand on the extreme edge of the town, facing the sea. In the summer these are always full of children and their parents: the sea is separated from them only by the road and a strip of grass, and green fields are within a minute's walk. The pebbly beach holds unknown possibilities of treasure in the shape of agate and jasper or other precious stones and sanguine nursery maids and the elder children may be seen industriously searching and chipping. Likely stones are then taken to

a shop and timidly displayed, the customer always having been warned beforehand, that the shopman will "cheat you if he can." He generally pronounces the stones to be rubbish often throwing them himself into the road, but sometimes he proclaims a treasure, upon which the ecstatic finder pays a considerable sum to have the lump of jasper, agate, or amber cut and polished so that it may adorn for ever his mantel-piece or dressing table.

Good sea bathing may be had at Bognor; and that digging on the sands and driving in little goat carriages and riding on donkeys along the narrow hedge bordered lanes, are the chief attractions; but, as we have said before, Bognor is an ideal place for children and not their elders.

We will now come to a class of sea-side places, much loved by the fathers of families and generally visited more for their sakes, than for the children's. They are places, which have sprung into notoriety during the last ten or fifteen years, on account of the growing popularity of the game which can always be played to best advantage by the sea. I mean of course the game of golf, for which wide stretches of undulating grassy land, broken by sandy dips and hollows of varying depth and difficulty are required. These long reaches of land, from two to five miles in length, are found in fullest perfection on the sea coast and several sea-side places have increased enormously in size and popularity entirely through the visits of the golfer. Cheap railway tickets from London to some of these places for golfers and their families can now be obtained. Sometimes the places are pretty, sometimes ugly and uninteresting, but the golfer does not care for that, so long as the links "are good," he will go and his wife and children must follow him willy nilly.

There is a sea-side place on the south-east coast of England which is a very favourite resort of golfers, as it is the nearest town to the famous Sandwich golf links. Once a well known seaport, it is now more than 2 miles inland, as the sea in this part of the coast is always receding. The place has but few attractions in itself; at one end of the town the houses are old, the streets narrow and ill-paved and the air redolent of fish; further on we come upon rows of hideous lodging houses. There is a barracks in

the town and an old castle. The air is particularly cold and rasping and tries the nerves of the golfers' wives. The beach is unsuitable for children; there are no sands, no rocks, only a strip of shingle and a little varying tide. Nevertheless the place swarms with visitors during eight months of the year. A large hotel has been built and lodging houses are quickly filled. Further on again, the town alters its character. The houses are detached and many of them possess sheltered gardens in which the flowers bloom luxuriantly, for, though the wind is cold, the sun is very hot. Here those who can afford it gladly seek shelter from the turmoil of the town, but the houses are expensive and not always to be had. Here on a bright summer's day however, the scene is cheerful and picturesque. The full greenish sea laps quietly in upon the shingly beach, where a row of bathing machines are drawn up, their huge red wheels half submerged in the water. Behind them are groups of persons, waiting for their turn to bathe, in varying stages of impatience. A man in dark-blue jersey and peaked cap darts about, distributing towels, exhorting patience and demanding haste, with impatient knockings at the firmly closed bathing machine doors. A perfectly straight white road, with its accompanying border of beach, bathers and sea, melts away on either side, into the glaring distant heat. The air is full of the rollicking songs of nigger minstrels, the shrieks of the bathers and the eternal splash, splash of the sea.

Bude, on the north coast of Cornwall, is another holiday resort popular with golfers. Here there is no esplanade, no bathing machines; the place, though growing, is still simple and countrified. Bold cliffs present themselves to a magnificent rolling sea, for the full force of the Atlantic Ocean breaks against this coast. The cliffs sweep on for miles both north and south, in varying undulations. Mysterious caverns penetrate them and sea-weed covered rocks are scattered upon the stretches of yellow sand along their base. The colouring on this coast is peculiarly intense, patches of crimson heather spring from the green verdure of the downs and form a rich foreground to the vivid blue sea and golden yellow sands beyond. Inland the country is very hilly and intersected with excellent

smooth roads. The old fashioned coach still runs in the summer months from Bude to a few places of interest along the coast. One of these is the little town of Boscastle, where there is a convenient natural harbour for sea craft, and further on we come to the ruins of Tintagel Castle, where, the legend runs, King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table formerly dwelt. Now the Tourist ascends a long and winding pathway, to find himself confronted by a locked iron door, set in a massive archway. The door opened, he is met, not by spacious courtyard, or galleried hall, but by the open sky and stone strewn cliff, round two sides of which the sea lashes itself in noisy fury far below. The archway and a few broken walls are all that remain of the once stately pile.

The sea is too treacherous at Bude, to admit of really good bathing. Instead of machines, little tents high up on the beach are used, from which the bathers run down to the sea, sometimes fifty yards away, having been warned beforehand to "beware of the trough"—a dangerous part, apt to be slipped into at certain tides. Besides the golf club at Bude, there are croquet and tennis clubs. It is a popular place with both old and young, for the sandy beach is an excellent playground for the children and charming walks and drives and pretty sketches can be taken inland. It is a place of wonderful sunsets, fierce storms and high winds.

Barmouth on the coast of North Wales and Alnmouth on the north-east coast of England, are both golfing places, but this is the only point of similarity between them. They differ widely in climate and scenery. Barmouth is sheltered from the east winds by a hill, which towers like a frowning sentinel high above the little town. It is a favourite winter resort for weak chested people, as the air is warm and mild and is said to possess healing qualities. The shore is covered with fine loose sand which the faintest breeze whirls into rifts and eddies, covering streets and houses with a gritty powder. Barmouth is only six miles from the little town of Dolgelly, the capital of that part of Wales, and the road from Dolgelly to Barmouth is one of the most beautiful in England. It winds in a circuitous route between lofty heather covered hills on the right and the ever widening river

Wnion on the left, which emerges at last into the open sea. At high tide the sea sweeps up the valley, overflowing the river bed and filling the mouth of the estuary with a sparkling sheet of water. The sea salt makes the pasture land rich and nourishing for the cattle which feed there, when at low tides the valley once more assumes its normal aspect.

Alnmouth on the north-east coast is a vivid contrast to this land of balmy winds and sheltered valleys. Now we have the cold North Sea and the bleak colourless country of Northumberland, yet this place has many visitors, for the golf links are excellent. Golfers have to play over a real hill during the game which enhances the difficulty and attraction. There are many places of much interest in the neighbourhood of Alnmouth. It may be said to be in the land of old castles and mediæval ruins. Bamborough, Dunstanborough and Alnwick are all within easy reach and form a delightful object for a picnic party. Dunstanborough is an old grey pile situated in a lonely bay on a wild and rocky shore, where the screech of the sea gull and the eternal moan of the sea makes the loneliness more intense. But this article is already too long, and I must reserve for a future time a description of other holiday scenes and places.

Helen Keller drew the largest throng on "Helen Keller Day" at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in St. Louis that has gathered in a single assembly since the Exposition opened. Her speech profoundly moved the great assembly. She spoke in a low voice, and her words were repeated by her teacher to the president of the Exposition, who again repeated them loudly for the benefit of the great audience. She said in part: "I have been asked to come here to-day and lend my voice to what is being done in the world for the uplifting of those who struggle with unequal and untoward circumstances. All these great halls of machinery and art are the achievement of the strength of man when his arm is free and his spirit unbound. In the midst of so much mighty achievement, it is gratifying to know that man has not forgotten his weaker brother. I have come, not for anything that I have done, but for what has been done for me. I testify to what the good and strong have done for deprivation and infirmity. All these great halls tell me the world is on our side. The forces there displayed hold up my hands and support my weakness. Science, nature and art say to me: 'Thou art deaf and blind, but enter thou, too, into the kingdom of God.' God bless the nation that provides education for all her children!" Many of the audience were in tears.

The Romance of the Malarial Parasite.

[By Mrs. K. LAMOUNT.]

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HERE was an unusual bustle and confusion on the platform at Euston. I was trying to elbow my way through a crowd of jostling, hurrying passengers and porters, when I heard the shrill whistle of the engine, the slamming of doors, and the next moment was unceremoniously bundled into a "smoking" compartment. Looking round,

I saw that the other occupants were four men who were engaged in an animated discussion, but when they became aware of my presence, with ferocious glares at me, they relapsed into a sulky silence. Evidently I had interrupted some important confabulation!

The humour of the situation struck me, and turning to my fellow-passengers I said:

"Gentlemen, I feel my presence has interrupted a discussion; I would willingly efface myself, but unfortunately the express does not stop for another two hours, so I am afraid we shall have to resign ourselves to fate—you to having an intruder, and I to feeling that you are calling benedictions on my head!"

This seemed somewhat to calm their perturbed spirits, and the ferocious glares gave way to looks of half amused resignation and one of the four, a little angular clean shaven man, with shaggy eyebrows and light grey eyes, which seemed to "place" you at a glance, actually leant back and laughed.

"Yes, I guess we shall" he said "you did come in like a flash of greased lightning, but I

calculate to you our discussion will seem somewhat slow, we were talking of the malarial parasite."

"The malarial parasite," I said eagerly, "why that's just the thing I want to hear something more about."

"Are you acquainted with it then?" asked my *vis à vis*.

"In one way only too well, in another not at all," I answered, "It is owing to malaria that I have been invalided from India; but as for the origin or cause of that most hateful scourge I know nothing of it, or of the history of this wonderful parasite."

"History—Romance is more near it"—exclaimed my *vis à vis* whose speech proclaimed him to be a hardy Scot. "My friend here," pointing to a tall well-set up man beside him, with the keen far-seeing look of the Scientist in his dark eyes, "has spent his life in bacterial research and could tell you enough to convince you that these researches have been anything but prosaic."

The tall man smiled. "Do you want to hear about the malarial parasite?" he asked. I acquiesced eagerly. "Well," he continued "we have all four been engaged for many years in bacterial investigations, especially such as relate to Tropical diseases, so I think we can give you some information."

"I calculate we can between us" cut in the American, "my stout friend has been spending the best part of his life in the Far East; tracing out the life history of the malarial parasite, our friend "Scottie" in Africa, and "Signor" over there in Italy and "Yours truly" on the other side of the "Fish pond."

"In such an illustrious gathering, practically representing all quarters of the globe, I think there is only one more element wanting;" I suggested, "viz., that loquacious individual, who has his finger in every pie—THE MAN IN THE STREET—whom I propose to represent, if you will be so good as to tell me something more about this unfriendly parasite."

"We will," said the tall man from the East. "Truth is at times stranger than fiction, and I assure you these malarial researches have been as thrilling as the most exciting 'shilling shocker.' This parasite, *i.e.*, a being which has no individual life of its own, but lives on the life of some other being, a mere speck of living matter, which has neither eyes, ears nor limbs, has ruled man for many centuries, but happily its dominion of tyranny and terror has at length received its death-blow. Does it not seem strange, when we see how man is ruler in the animal, mineral and vegetable kingdom, descending into the bowels of the earth and control-

ing the life of plants, and bringing the wildest elephants and the fiercest tigers under certain laws of obedience to him, that he has not been able to overthrow the rule which this weak bacterial protozoal germ of disease has held over him? However the evolution of Science has not been in vain and we have almost completed the chain of evidence, with which we shall be able to tether and eventually crush, this infinitesimal germ, which has been the cause of so much untold suffering to humanity at large."

"I suppose it must be responsible for a heavy deathroll in the tropics," I asked.

"Well, in British India alone, malaria is principally the cause of death of five millions annually, not to mention the immense amount of suffering, invalidism and poverty this one disease alone entails."

"But tell me," I ask, "how was it first discovered that malaria was caused by a parasite in the blood?"

"Alphonse Laveran, a French Army Surgeon, was the first to promulgate that theory. Formerly malaria was supposed to originate from chills and to be caused by some special magnetic-electrical conditions of the atmosphere and to the effluvia emanating from decaying vegetation, and certain atmospheric poisonous vapours, which seemed to be especially contagious at sunset, and when the dew of evening settled on the ground. Sailors again attributed this disease to sleeping in the moonlight. The old Romans used even to erect temples to the goddess of malaria, whom they represented as a repulsive looking witchlike figure quenching her insatiable thirst. It was not until 1880, that Laveran discovered that the real cause of this terrible scourge was a mere speck of living matter, which, assuming thread-like fineness, succeeded in entering the red corpuscles of the blood, impoverishing these by filling them with black granules. At first it was thought that the red corpuscles had merely become degenerated, but after careful microscopical examination it was found that the granules were throwing out filaments, and then there was no longer a doubt that these granules were the seeds of animated bodies, which were from then distinguished as 'Laveran's bodies.' This discovery led to many devoting their time to malarial researches, and little by little another link was forged in the chain of evidence, which is now almost complete, and our knowledge of malarial fever is now one of the proudest achievements of Science."

"Have you been yourself connected with any of these discoveries, or perhaps the author of some of them?"

"That is so. It was in China, that the hypothesis was first formed that some blood sucking insect might probably be the transmitting Agent in malarial fever. This conclusion was arrived at during the investigation of the life history of the filaria in filariasis. The idea that this insect was the mosquito arose, because the mosquito is generally found in those regions where malarial fever prevails, and strangely enough the negroes who live in the mountains of Usambara must have had some blind inkling of this truth, which Science has only recently revealed to us, since they use the same word to denote mosquito as they do to describe malaria, from which they suffer when they descend into the plains."

"I remember to have seen that Dr. Ronald Ross has been conducting some important researches in connection with malaria?"

"Yes," said my informant with a merry twinkle in his eye and a side glance at the one they called "Scottie," "the idea was suggested to him in London, just before his return to India a few years ago. He had previously spent much time in malarial researches in that country, and proceeded to take the matter up very thoroughly. The task he had before him was to discover whether Laveran's bodies were to be found in the blood of the mosquitos. Now this was no easy matter, for there are several kinds of mosquitos, and we know it is not every species that is a transmitting agent in malaria, for in Norway and Sweden, there are numerous kinds of mosquitos, yet in those countries malaria is not endemic. For two years my colleague examined all kinds of mosquitos microscopically, but with no avail for some time; however, his patient and persistent efforts were at length rewarded with success. It was while travelling up Seegor Ghat, in Mysore, which has a deadly reputation for malaria, that he noticed a mosquito with dappled wings. He caught several of them and allowed some of them to feed on a malarial patient, and then examined them microscopically. Six of them yielded no results, but the seventh distinctly showed signs of the regular pigmented malarial cell. Encouraged by his success, Ross continued the researches with renewed energy. He caused some of a species of mosquito to be infected by a malarial parasite, peculiar to birds. The infection was caused by placing mosquitos in a cage where they could feed on birds suffering from malaria, then the insects were allowed to feed on some healthy sparrows, which in due course developed symptoms of malaria, and in their blood were found the malarial cells, known as Laveran's bodies. It was now proved that the mosquito known as "*Culex*" was the transmitter in bird malaria. The theory, that human malaria was transmitted

by some blood-sucking insect, still remained to be put to the test. In Italy much time and thought were being devoted to the investigation of this subject, and it was discovered that the transmitting agent in human malaria was a mosquito known as *Anopheles*, but it remained for the School of Tropical Medicine to prove this theory to the scientific world. Thanks to Mr. Craggs (who endowed a scholarship, bearing his name, of the value of £300 a year, tenable for three years) and owing to the help given by the Colonial Office, Dr. Low and Dr. Sambon were sent to spend a malarial season in the Roman Campagna. Here these two observers lived during the most unhealthy time of the year, and though all round them, people were suffering from severe attacks of malaria, they themselves remained immune from the disease. The only precaution they took was to live in a hut specially provided with double doors and windows, protected with a fine meshed wire gauze. They went out freely during the day, but returned invariably before sunset, sleeping with the windows and doors wide open, which, protected by the wire gauze, did not impede the free circulation of air, but prevented the entrance of the mosquitos. Thus, we proved that malaria was not due to the pestilential marshy atmosphere, and that like all other diseases, it was not caused—though influenced by climate, but owed its origin to animals—including parasites—and vegetables, in this instance the former. Therefore as malaria was distinctly caused by some bacterial parasite, it only remained for Science to discover and become familiar with the laws which control this protozoal germ of disease, to obtain the mastery of this disease itself. Drs. Low and Sambon had now clearly demonstrated to us that once the mosquito called *Anopheles* was removed, the climatic influences were not sufficient to produce malaria. It had now to be proved whether this mosquito which was able to transmit malaria in Rome, would, when removed from the climatic influences, still retain the power of transmitting it in a country where the disease was not endemic. For this purpose mosquitos infected with malaria and which had fed on malarial patients, were allowed to feed on two healthy young Englishmen. These two men were thoroughly bitten by three batches of these infected mosquitos, and in due course developed an acute attack of malaria. After the fever had lasted a few days, the pigmented malarial cell was discovered in the patient's blood. Quinine was then administered, and as the disease was gradually conquered, so the parasite diminished and finally disappeared from the blood. By this means it was effectually proved that the infected mosquito was able to transmit malaria, even away from pestilential

marshes, and that atmospheric influences alone were unable, without the mosquito, to produce malaria."

Then surely that theory is indisputably proved?" I asked.

"That is so, but we have still the disease itself to overcome and finally to eradicate."

"To eradicate malaria? but surely that is a Herculean task?" I asked in astonishment.

"Aye, it is a verri har-rd task," says the one addressed as 'Scottie' and there is a very keen light in his eyes, "and have you not seen the device chosen by the London School of Tropical Medicine? It is Hercules strangling the Hydra."

"Nor is it the first time that Science has had to fight against tremendous odds, and has come out victorious from the fray," says the tall man from the East. "A soldier knows that to locate the enemy is one half the battle and to be forewarned is to be forearmed. Now we have located the enemy, the malarial parasite, and it is to this School that we all look for reinforcements to carry on the warfare, and further I believe that we shall in time be victorious."

"But do you mean to say that eventually you hope to make the Tropics free from malaria?"

"Yes, we have every hope of rendering the Tropics as free from malaria as England is at this present moment, but this will take time. England, as you know, was at one time very malarious in parts, but Science and Sanitation have annihilated this disease from England, and the School of Tropical Medicine is training students in the Tropics. Of course, there are other ailments peculiar to Tropical countries, besides malaria, with which we are not yet sufficiently familiar, such as Sprue, chronic dysentery and that terrible plague which devastates whole villages—the Sleeping Sickness—so prevalent in West Africa. This illness is so deadly, that all who are attacked by it must surely die; but all diseases are subject to certain laws of that most wonderful of all law givers—Nature—Science has but to discover these laws and their relation to disease, in order to control the disease itself."

"Surely the enormous benefits which will accrue to humanity at large, when this scourge of malaria has been eradicated, will add immensely to the wealth of our Empire in particular, and to the world in general?"

"You are right; at present, malaria is the principal cause of illness in the Tropics, rendering some of the fairest and most fertile portions of our Globe almost uninhabitable. At present the cost of administration in our Colonies and dependencies is more than doubled, and in India alone, out of 6,980,785 deaths, 4,921,583 were, in one year, attributed to fever. The

security of our Empire very much depends on the efficiency of our troops, and from the Hospital statistics, it appears that out of every seven soldiers, three suffer annually from attacks of fever, sufficiently pronounced to temporarily incapacitate them, while in Sierra Leone the death-rate among the white troops is as high as 42.9 per thousand. You must understand that we have not yet completed all the evidence regarding malaria. We know its origin, treatment and prevention, but this is not sufficient. Before our researches are complete, we must complete further experiments. I will indicate only a few of them. There are certain countries with favourable climatic conditions, which are nevertheless free from malaria and filaria."

"Pardon me, what is the difference between these two?"

• "Under filariasis—from the Latin filum, a thread—we understand all parasites of a thread-like nature. Malaria does not come under this category, as that parasite is dislike in form. Now there are countries where filariasis is endemic, but where malaria does not prevail, and vice versa, and there are also some countries where both diseases flourish side by side. In the latter case, both forms of mosquito, the one transmitting filaria, the other malaria, must be present, but before we can arrive at a correct solution of these problems we must work steadily at a number of researches, and for this purpose we are training men and women students to observe, record and scientifically study these diseases of the Tropics. They are taught what to look for and how to recognize when found, in order to fully equip them with the necessary knowledge, before they go out to combat these terrible scourges of humanity hand to hand."

"You see, to a medical practitioner in Europe such knowledge is not so essential, as he is always within reach of Bacteriological, Pathological and Physiological institutions, and can call in a specialist when he is troubled about the treatment of any disease. In the Tropical countries this is not so. There the practitioner not only finds himself cut off from all specialists, but he is also often cut off from all the latest advancements of Science, which facilitate bacterial research, and he has to depend entirely on his own resources in the prevention, cure and investigation of disease, in a field where animal parasiteology plays so particularly important a part. Lacking a fair knowledge of Scientific research and other important cognate subjects, the Tropical practitioner not only loses much of the interest attaching to his special work and is unable to treat, with the fullest benefit to his patients, many of the diseases he may meet, or to advance our knowledge in regard to them, but

also he has often to buy his experience very dearly, namely, at the terrible cost of valuable human lives. Our students have further the advantage of sending in the reports of their experiments to headquarters, where the information that is thus obtained is tabulated, compared, criticised and eventually made use of."

"But tell me what does the parasite itself look like under the microscope?"

"The effect of human blood under the microscope is familiar to many. We see a multitude of round red corpuscles, or blood cells, and these are protected by a number of shapeless larger bodies, known as white corpuscles, which like sentinels are ever on duty guarding the red cells and protecting them from a swarm of parasites which abound in the air and water and are continually invading our blood. The red corpuscles floating passively along the plasma, or fluid of our blood, are the prey of the parasites, and their object is to enter these red corpuscles before the white sentinels have pursued, engulfed and annihilated them. Were it not for the constant warfare which these sentinels are waging on the unfriendly parasites, which, all unknown to us, are at large in our system, seeking like miniature lions what they may devour, it would go badly with us. Unfortunately the parasites do not, like the lion, announce their advent by a roar, if they did—well, if—but what is the good of conjecturing? The malarial parasite is in form like a ring, with or without specks, enclosed in a red corpuscle. Having evaded the sentinel, the enemy surrounded by the walls of the corpuscle lies in ambush, carrying on from time to time a continuous guerilla warfare. The tiny ring in the red corpuscle is continually altering in shape. The protean parasite, like the snake in the legend of old, having obtained a shelter, is not above turning round to sting its very protector. Then the parasite has a royal time, devouring all the strength and food-stuff of the red cell, which accounts for its increase in form, and its never varying shape. Presently the parasite, thanks to its hearty meal, increases considerably in size, and deposits a number of eggs, or granules, in the cell. Fully replenished, the parasite, like the rattle-snake, lies dormant, and, for the time, harmless. In the meantime the granules are continually shifting and working to the centre, and finally the corpuscle itself, its strength and food-stuff all exhausted, bursts like the pod of a pea, and discharges the granules or segments, which float about freely. Now begins the chase between the leucocytes, or white cells, which you remember are the sentinels that guard the red cells, and the young parasite floating about in the plasma, or fluid, of the blood, trying to establish itself within some other red corpuscle, for, once within those walls they are secure from

the attacks of the sentinel, who is ever seeking to devour and annihilate the parasites. He is an enemy that gives no quarter and to be within the grasp of the sentinel means sure and certain death to the parasite. The war now wages fierce and strong and a race begins between the parasite and the leucocyte, and the faithful sentinel slaughters the enemy right and left, yet a certain number of parasites, that is some thousands of them, manage to penetrate the red cells, and the more they succeed in doing so, the worse it is for the patient, since as soon as one of the parasites succeeds in sneaking inside another red cell, the whole process begins again anew."

"How does this internecine warfare affect the unfortunate patient?"

"The patient is ignorant of the manner of warfare that is going on within his blood, but it is just at this time that he becomes unmistakably aware that something abnormal is happening to him. He is in fact seized at this juncture with a paroxysm of malaria."

"Ah, don't I know it," I exclaimed, "it begins with an aching in all one's bones and a general tired feeling, then you start shivering and though you cover yourself with every blanket and quilt available, your limbs shake as if you had the palsy, and your teeth chatter, until the very bed you lie on is trembling. Then the cold shiverings are alternated with paroxysms of heat, and soon the poor patient's face is burning intensely, his throat is parched, his eyes have a peculiar brilliancy combined with a heavy weary expression. A severe headache, sometimes followed by delirium, then sets in and for an hour or more the patient tosses about feeling restless, and breathing heavily. Then you get the blues all round and life does not seem worth living. Gradually you begin to perspire until your whole body is drenched with perspiration, and you feel horribly limp and tired but relieved and then by degrees the blue devils cease tormenting you and you are clothed in your right mind once more."

"Yes, I see you have had more than a bowing acquaintance with malaria," continues the tall man from the East. "One or more days may elapse, according to the type of infection, during which the patient temporarily recovers, and the parasite fully replenished with his meal, lies dormant in the red cell, or corpuscle, but as soon as the cell bursts the patient is again seized with a paroxysm, such as you have described and this goes on until by means of drugs and the help of those faithful sentinels, the leucocytes, the enemy is completely annihilated."

"When was the relation of the parasite to the paroxysms of fever first discovered?"

"Professor Golgi, an Italian, was the first to prove that an attack of fever was due to the

porification, or increase, of the parasite, though the idea was established in 1846."

"I do not yet see where the mosquito comes in?"

"I am just coming to that point. I think I told you that the Italians, working out the theory that the mosquito was a transmitting agent in human malaria, discovered that it was a species known as *Anopheles*, which is guilty of transmitting malaria."

"Mrs. *Anopheles*' goes out at night in search of a drop of human blood as food-stuff for her eggs. She is a beautiful creature but capable of an infinite amount of harm in the lives of poor mortals. Another case 'of *cherchez la femme*.'"

"How ungallant you are. You infer?"

The tall man smiles, "I—oh I infer nothing at all," he says, but there is a wicked twinkle in his eye and we all laugh.

"Well he continues, it is when Mrs. *Anopheles* is searching for her evening meal that she, in drinking a mere droplet of blood often imbibes at the same time the malarial parasite from a patient suffering from this disease. For, you must remember, that these parasites are infinitesimal; could we place the red corpuscles of one individual in a row side by side, we should by means of this chain be able to encircle the earth round five times. That will give you some idea of their number. Now to return to our mosquito. Once the parasite which has lain dormant in the human blood enters the stomach of the mosquito, he wakes up at once into life and bursting his shell undergoes some marvellous changes. The crescent bodies become round, some being granulated, while others become transparent. These latter cells might be termed the masculine cells, owing to the flagellating filaments which they project, and which wriggle off on their own account to fertilize the granulated cells. A change then takes place in the fertilized cells, the granules disappear and the cells themselves become more and more elongated, until they pierce the walls of the stomach, and here once more they move and go through some further changes. Settling on the outer surface of the stomach, between its muscular fibres and protruding into the blood spaces, they once more assume a globular shape and once more become enclosed in a transparent capsule, where further wonderful changes of evolution take place. The transparent body sometimes still contains a few specks, which denote the granules, or seeds, and these again multiply and divide into infinitesimal spheres so numerous, that owing to pressure from the sides of the capsule, where they are still encysted, they look like polyhedral bodies, i.e., a solid body with many sides, then a number of spines appear on the spores, these increase while the mother

spheres contract and finally vanish, and all we see is a mass of prickly thread-like atoms, which are known as sporozoites. These burst through the capsule in which they have been enclosed and are carried by the blood of the insect to its salivary ducts, whence they are inoculated into the next person that "Mrs. *Anopheles*" favours with her attentions. There you have the story of the malarial parasite—and I may add that those who have been studying it have found those researches exceedingly interesting—nay, fascinating in the extreme. It is this life history of the malarial parasite as well as that of many other parasites, which are being daily studied in the London School of Tropical Medicine and it is from there that we hope to find the missing links we still need to complete the chain of evidence regarding malaria and filaria, which I mentioned."

"There is one more question I would like to ask. If the mosquito has so far been proved only to be a transmitting agent in malaria, then that insect can surely not be the only cause of malaria? The poison must then exist outside the mosquito and independent of it. How do you know that there is no other transmitting agent? You may exterminate the mosquito, but the cause of the disease may continue to exist?"

"At all events by reducing the numbers of the transmitting agent, we shall reduce the amount of the disease, and as the number of infected men is reduced, the chances of the mosquito finding and propagating the disease will also be diminished. This is what has happened in England. The *Anopheles* still exists, but having no malarial subjects to feed upon it cannot transmit the disease."

"Then where does the original germ exist,—in the mosquito, the man, or the marsh?"

The American laughed.

"I reckon" he said, "you are trying to know too much. It is much like the case of the hen and the egg, which of them exist first?"

"Well," says the man from the East, "I think I told you that we had not yet completed our researches in this matter, but when we have done so, I shall be able to answer that last question of yours more fully. We are steadily forging onwards, and have every hope that the Tropical School of Medicine will assist us in completing our investigations before long."

Before arrival at my destination and taking leave of the Scientific quartette, for the benefit of our friend—THE MAN IN THE STREET—I obtained the accompanying illustrations, and a promise that I may be allowed to go over the London School of Tropical Medicine, which is doing such an immense work for humanity in general, helping to ameliorate some of the many ills human flesh is heir to in our tropical colonies and dependencies.

Around a Distant Star.

BOOK II.—CHILDREN OF SPACE.

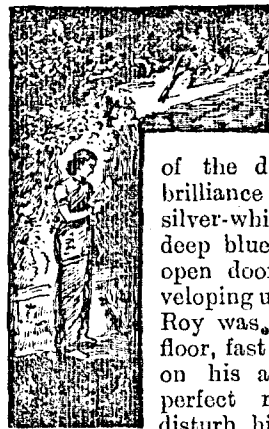
By JEAN DELAIRE,

Author of "Alsatian Tales," "A Dream of Fame," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

[SUMMARY OF BOOK I. AND CHAP. I.—III OF BOOK 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, 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. 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. He had also succeeded in inventing a telescope of incomparable magnitude which revealed wonderful aspects of the planetary world. It had not at first been arranged that Clive should go with Roy; but, owing to an unexpected occurrence, this result was eventually arrived at, and it was settled that Clive and Roy should go together on their wonderful journey. And in a final conversation, the supreme object of the wonderful journey is revealed—to go to a planet, the light rays from which would take nineteen hundred years to reach the Earth; so that if one went to this particular planet one would see the Earth as it was nineteen hundred years ago—that is, in the time of Christ. Roy wishes to assure perfect faith in Christ by the accomplished fact of a certain sight of Him, as He actually appeared in the world. And at last, they start in their air-boat, which they name The Estrella, and are launched into the night and silence of infinite space. After a journey of many months they reach their destination, a planet, wonderful like a Fairy land lit by the light of a White Sun. They come across some strange creatures—half human, half ape-like,

who flee in terror at the sight of the adventurers. One of the creatures is wounded and is taken to the Estrella to be nursed; and, taught by him, the explorers find some natural vegetable food on the planet.]



WHEN, some hours later, I awoke from a refreshing sleep, I looked about me in amazement. Instead of the dazzling, almost crude brilliance of the noonday sun, silver-white in a white sky, a soft, deep blue light entered the wide open doors of the Estrella, enveloping us as in a cloud of azure. Roy was lying beside me on the floor, fast asleep, his head resting on his arm in an attitude of perfect repose. Unwilling to disturb him I rose softly and climbed up the ladder to the door, where our little friend still sat in patient immobility. And as I glanced at the valley below and the sky above, I understood the mystery.

Overcome with fatigue after our many anxious days and sleepless nights, and probably intoxicated by the crisp air that tasted so strong and sweet after our long imprisonment, we had slept, undisturbed, through the slow hours of the afternoon and evening; and now the sun had set and it was night. Night! A night that mocked the name, a night illumined by four moons, two white, one yellow and one sapphire blue!

One of the white moons was visible only as a small silvery crescent; the other, most distant of all the satellites, shone in a cluster of stars overhead, itself only a little larger than a star of the first magnitude; but the yellow moon was newly risen above the snow-clad mountains, crowning them with its pale light, while the nearest and largest satellite, a magnificent azure-tinted orb, was poised in the zenith, shedding its warm radiance, like a luminous dew, over the silent valley.

After gazing for some time in wrapt admiration at the wonderful scene, I could no longer resist the temptation of roaming in this new fairy land, and with a friendly nod to the little creature who was eagerly watching all my movements, I swung myself down the ladder and stepped on to the soft flowering moss that covered the earth.

Gods! What mortal voice can tell, what human pen describe the magic of this wondrous night? We had named this world the Planet Beautiful when first we beheld it basking in the

noonday resplendence of its silver-white sun. By what name should we hail it now, as it lay asleep in the azure and amber light of its peerless moons? Asleep did I say? It was awake and throbbing with life in its innermost recesses!

As I gazed, I understood why the great silence of nature alone had greeted us on our arrival—why this Paradise had seemed a desert. Not day, but night, was the time of wakefulness and teeming life. Not in the glare of the silvery sun, but in the soft illumination of the blue, and white, and golden moons, did the birds build their nests and serenade their mates, the winged insects visit the flowers, the creatures of the forest peep out from their leafy hiding places and rejoice because the day was passed and the splendour of the night had come.

All the valley was awake. White fantastic forms flitted to and fro among the bushes, large swan-like birds sailed in the luminous sky, and under the dome of the near forest an invisible winged choir made the night beautiful with song. There was life everywhere, in the air and on earth, stirring in the plains and over the hills, hiding in every small plant that blossomed at my feet.

As I unconsciously wended my way towards the forest, the distant and vague concert resolved itself into a melody so penetratingly sweet, a harmony so joyfully triumphant that all I can say of it is that it made the human soul feel itself immortal.

The serenade began with a high, prolonged note, as melodious as the prelude of a nightingale beneath the forest arches; then another note, prolonged also and tender, answered it from a distance; then another, and yet another, in alternate keys, forming a quatuor, sedate and slow like a minuet song of olden days. Then over the distant hills far away, arose the chorus—a multitude of voices—an ocean of sound coming ever nearer until its vast crescendo filled all the spaces above.

Entranced, I walked on and on, unconscious of my movements, indifferent to my course, guided by the invisible songsters towards the very heart of the forest, penetrating deeper and deeper into its depths of living gems, beneath its cathedral arches of trellised gold, deeper and deeper, walking as a man in a trance, with eyes half closed and all my senses numbed in a languor of delight.

How luminously blue shone the full moon overhead! How softly filtered the light through the flowered dome, resting lovingly on the iridescent corollas, awakening each petal into new life! How lavishly every blossom shed its perfume, a priceless flask, into the song-filled night! A fragrance as of new-created things rose from the earth—the warm rich earth that was

fresh from the hands of God, and I wandered on and on, my humanity dropping from me as a worn-out garment, as my soul rose within me and rejoiced and lost itself in the Universal Life. I awoke from my trance to find myself standing on the edge of the lake we had visited that morning—the lake on whose silvery surface white water-lilies slept through the long hours of the day. But now the day was passed, and they had awakened at the first touch of the moon's rays, unfolding their petals like a woman unveiling at the coming of her lover.

As I looked deep down into the heart of the flower, the sweet lines of Heine on the Mystic Lotus seemed to be borne on the breeze:—

Die Lotus Blume angstigt
 Sich vor der Sonne Pracht,
 Und mit gesenktem Haupte
 Erwartet Sie traumend die Nacht.

Der Mond, der ist Ihr Buhle,
 Erweckt Sie mit seinem Licht,
 Und Ihm entschleiert Sie freundlich
 Ihr frommes Blumengesicht.

What was there in the words of this dainty song that seemed so strangely, so weirdly suggestive of the royal blossoms unfolding at my feet? *Ihr frommes Blumengesicht!* And as I mused and dreamt, in a sudden flash of recognition I saw the wondrous "flower-face" the *Blumengesicht* of the poet smiling at me above the calm surface of the lake.

*For one moment I stood mutely entranced, gazing deep, deep into the heart of the flower, as a man looks into the face of the woman he loves. The face of the woman he loves! Were not these her eyes, her lips, her smile? Into what dreamland had I wandered? What magic world of elves and fairies, and women in flower shape?

It was a woman's face, or else my sight was vision-distorted, my brain reeling towards madness; it was a woman's face that rose above the calm blue waters, hidden in the very heart of the lily, yet half revealed by every ripple of the lake, as the outer petals opened more and more fully to the caress of the moon. My heart beat tumultuously. I took a step forward to assure myself of the reality of the vision—another step and another—and I stood at the very verge of the water. There, rising from the nearest blossoms, a perfume, potent as midnight spell of witches, entangled me further into the web of ecstasy. My head swam, a delicious languor, as of self-surrender to a beloved one, overpowered all my senses as half unconscious, I approached the silvery blossoms. Slowly my feet sank in the moist earth: I walked on. The water mirrored my face. I walked on. Softly the warm ripples played about my ankles. I walked on—on to the wondrous face, the won-

drous smile half hidden in the flower. Almost I touched its velvet leaves, its perfume was as new wine in my veins. Almost something stopped me short—the feeling, perhaps, that I was no longer free. The water now reached to my knees, and suddenly my feet felt chained, chained far below, beyond reach. Instinctively I tried to step back: I could not. Then, with a horror passing like an icy breath through my hair, I felt the invisible chains creep up, up, binding my ankles, tightening around my knees, dragging me down. Ah, invisible no longer! With a gasp almost of relief, I saw a long sinuous arm, in shape like a branch made of human flesh, that crept up slowly through the water to encircle my waist. With frantic efforts I strove to fight against it, but the thing was strong as evil, and still crept up with the quiet, relentless movement of a snake coiling around its prey.

Ah, the horrors of that fight against the unknown! Shall I ever forget it, at night, when I lie awake and once more feel the pressure of that demon-arm, soft to the touch as a woman's hand, yet all-powerful to kill?

My wild efforts at deliverance had ceased, my strength was flowing from me like blood from a wound, and still the eyes, the eyes in the death-flower looked into mine. Yes, I knew it with a sudden intuition: it was the flower that killed! If so, who could prevail against her might? Woman and flower—and beautiful as both?

My thoughts wandered into a dreamy quietude. I thought I saw Estrella's face looking at me with a sad smile—or was it the smile of the Lotus? The coil tightened around my heart, the calm waters of the lake seemed suddenly to rise above my head, and I slowly sank into nothingness.

I opened my eyes to a white, all-pervading glare, with the dim remembrance of moonlit forests and soft azure rays on the petals of water lilies. What a wonderful dream this had been! How fantastic and yet how vivid! With half-closed, aching eyes, I glanced about me. I was lying on the golden moss of the valley wherein the *Estrella* had landed. The *Estrella* was within sight, its brilliant aluminium surface, lit by the morning sun, giving it the appearance of a bed of gold, and most welcome sight of all, there was Roy standing by the edge of the stream, filling a cup with the cool, clear water of the hills.

When he turned towards me and saw that I was awake, his face lit with sudden joy and a cry of gladness broke from his lips: "Thank God, Clive!"

My wonder increased at these words, whilst a curious feeling of uneasiness crept over me—a vivid remembrance of that horror in my dream, those fleshly branches that had encircled me and dragged me down. And then I saw that Roy's hands and arms were bandaged and that his face was haggard.

"Roy, what is it?" I queried eagerly, "what has happened? Oh, I have had a hideous dream! A dream of a flower—a flower with a woman's face, lips that smiled, eyes as fair as Estrella's! A flower that kills, that drags its victims slowly down into the mire of the lake. The dream was so vivid, I can almost feel the deadly clasp of those branches around my heart!"

Roy stretched towards me his bandaged hands.

"It was no dream," he said quietly.

"I gasped for breath; my head swam."

"No dream? Roy, can it be? Why, man, it must have been a dream! Those things do not happen, save in dreamland! Or else, what world is this? A world of gnomes, of fairies, of women in flower-shape? Heavens, Roy, if it was not a dream, then I am mad, or soon shall be!"

Roy bent over me and moistened my forehead with the cold water.

"Listen," he said gently, "you are not mad and it was not a dream. I followed you last night. I think the noise you made in stepping down the ladder awoke me, for when I looked out I saw you about to enter the forest beyond the stream. I called you, but you were already too far to hear me. My first impulse was to join you in a moonlight walk; my second thought was one of anxiety at seeing you venture out alone, unarmed, in an unknown country—an unknown world!—into a forest which, for all we knew, might be populated by far worse denizens than any wild beast known to Earth. I took my revolver and followed as quickly as I could. Clive, some good angel must have shown me the way, else I might have wandered in the woods until daybreak and never come across your track; yet I evidently followed you almost step by step, for in less than twenty minutes I found myself standing on the verge of the pond—the pond of the white water lilies—and then my hand stood on end as I saw you in mid-water, among the lilies, a terror in your eyes, a curious rigidity in your limbs. I called you, but you did not answer me; not a flicker of an eyelid betrayed a sign of recognition of life. I leapt into the water, I caught hold of you, and then—"

A slight shudder passed through Roy's frame as for a moment he was silent, looking away from me.

"And then?" I asked impatiently.

"I saw the face," Roy answered in a low voice. "I saw the face in the flower, a woman's

face, beautiful as a dream! And beyond the face I saw the embracing arms, and, far below the surface, strange skeletons half hidden in the ooze. . . It was this discovery that saved our lives, else I must have been overpowered, even as you were, by the wonderful, indefinable fragrance that seemed to emanate from every petal of the flower. But the imminence of our danger, above all, the horror of that death, lashed me into clear-headedness. With all my strength I tore at those arms that were holding you fast: I might as well have attempted to break a piece of iron between my fingers! Soft to the touch as human flesh were they not? Yet beneath this softness, what demon's power!

"My revolver was of no avail, but I had my knife with me. Feeling my strength ebbing away with every second that passed, I began to hack and tear away like a madman, right and left, cutting with one hand, wrenching with the other. I hardly know myself how I set you free at last; how, one by one, the tentacles were torn from your flesh. One had woven itself around my feet; my hands were shaking so that I became clumsier every minute. I wounded both myself and you in the struggle. You have not noticed your bandaged knee? Why, my poor Clive," he added with a smile, "we both look like soldiers returning from the wars!"

I shuddered. The horror of the night was still upon me, and in spite of Roy's explanation I felt hopelessly bewildered.

"And so you think, Roy, you think this plant. But was it a plant?" I asked suddenly.

Roy was sometimes answering my question. "It was a plant," he said at last musingly, "in form and colour not unlike the great water-lilies we know on Earth. You noticed the velvety, heart-shaped petals, the deep golden centre, the smooth flat leaves spread out like small rafts on the surface of the water? Yes, a plant, distinctly a plant, and were it not for the golden tint of its foliage, an almost faithful copy of our own *Victoria Regia*."

"Why, Roy, how can you say that? Have you forgotten the arms that dragged us down? Have you forgotten the face, the lips that smiled, the eyes that drew us on—on—to death?"

"Ah, the face, I confess, is still a mystery! I have thought of it, dreamed of it, all night. Was it what hypnotists call a subjective vision—an illusion created in some mysterious way, by the potent perfume of the flower? I can hardly believe it. Was it a chance combination of the innermost petals with the stamen or pistil, that bore some likeness to a human face—a likeness immediately exaggerated by our own heated imagination? I am half inclined to think so, and moreover—"

"But, Roy, I saw the eyes, the lips!"

"So did I. But you know we see many things that do not really exist; and you must remember that we were neither of us in a normal condition at the time. There is something in the perfume of the flower which makes a strong man weak, and transforms even the sanest into a seer of visions and dreamer of dreams!"

I touched Roy's bandaged hands.

"Was this a vision," I queried, "was this a dream?"

Roy smiled.

"Not a dream, this, no, but neither is it a mystery. The plant is evidently carnivorous—many plants are, even on Earth. There is a tropical plant—I forget its name—that subsists chiefly on insects and small birds; its petals are so constructed as to form a veritable prison house for any birds that may have been tempted to enter it, and the little creature is thus slowly assimilated—literally eaten—by the plant. But this 'woman in flower-shape,' as you call it, murders in another way. It has flexible roots, or tentacles, I might say, instead of roots, and these do the deadly work. Distinctly last night I saw the snake-like things rise noiselessly, cautiously, as it were, out of the water, then with a swift movement coil themselves around their prey. Yes, this water lily with the soft white petals, this beautiful lotus dreaming under the moonrays, is a flesh-eater like us of Earth. It has eaten animals until now, and, to judge from our last night's adventure, when there are men on Kallistos, it will eat men!"

I could not help a smile at the matter-of-fact tone of Roy's explanation. But to my mind, even when viewed in this prosaic light, there was still something weird, uncanny, elfinlike, in the idea of a beautiful plant that killed so ruthlessly, even as it lifted to the moon its serene flower-face. I secretly determined that, no matter what dangers might lurk in my path, I would fathom its secret ere another day had passed; but Fate had decreed that the mystery of the woman-flower should remain a mystery always, for little as we dreamt it that night, on the morrow we were to leave, perhaps for ever, the beautiful valley wherein we had landed after our journey across space.



Indian Ladies' Conference.

WOMEN AND SOCIAL REFORM.



UNDER the auspices of the Presidency Social Reform Association, a meeting of ladies was held at the Framji Cowasji Institute, Bombay, to consider what steps should be taken to ameliorate the social condition of Indian women. The object of the meeting was to supplement the efforts of the Indian National Social Conference by giving an opportunity to purdah ladies and others, who could not take part in the deliberations of the Conference, to express their views on the different questions relating to Indian women. The meeting was very largely attended and several English ladies were present. Those who attended included Lady Bhalkhandra Krishna, Mrs. Budrudin Tyebji, Mrs. M. G. Ranade, Ramee Saheb of Jamkhandi, Bai Saheb of Kurundwad, Mrs. N. G. Chandavarkar, Mrs. Luxmibai Ranade, Mrs. Mahadevdas Rugunathdas, Mrs. Ramanbhai Mahapatram, Miss Cornelia Sorabji, Mrs. Sinha, Miss Sirin K. N. Nabraji, Mrs. and Miss Abbas Tyebji, Mrs. Harleker, Mrs. G. K. Parekh, and others.

The proceedings opened with the singing of hymns in Marathi, Gujarati, and Hindi by some of the ladies present, and the Misses Budrudin Tyebji then played on a native musical instrument, known as "Bin."

Lady Savitribai Bhalkhandra, lady-chairman of the Reception Committee, in welcoming those present, said that it was now twenty years since the Indian National Social Conference came into existence. The work done by the Conference related to the social advancement of the women of this country and it was fit and proper that Indian women should take an interest in the deliberations of that body. It was, therefore, resolved that a meeting of Indian women, such as they had convened that day, should be held at the time of the annual gatherings of the Social Conference to discuss questions relating to female education and other general subjects regarding the social condition of the women of India.

Mrs. Budrudin Tyebji then proposed that Mrs. Ramabai Ranade should take the chair.

Mrs. Chandavarkar seconded the proposition, which was carried by acclamation.

LADY-PRESIDENT'S SPEECH.

Mrs. Ranade, in delivering her presidential address, said it gave her the greatest pleasure to see before her such a large gathering of educated ladies, hailing from different parts of this country. Hitherto a number of Indian ladies had been attending the meetings of the National Social Conference and subjects relating to Indian women were being discussed there. But they found that very few ladies attended the meetings of the Conference. The reason for this was evident. Three-fourths of Indian women were purdah women, and hence were unable to appear before the public. It was not desirable that the other fourth should take upon itself to represent the views of all the women. In order, therefore, to give these purdah women and others who kept aloof from the Conference, from a sense of delicacy, an opportunity of meeting together and exchanging views on subjects affecting their social and intellectual progress the present meeting, composed exclusively of women, had been convened. Mrs. Ranade proceeded to lay down the lines on which educated ladies of means and leisure were expected to work for the benefit of their less fortunate sisters. For this purpose she reminded her hearers of the way in which distinguished ladies set to work in former times. She gave the example of the great grand-mother of the Chief of Ichalkaranji. She was known as a Sadhvi (a pious and religious lady). The first duty she performed in the morning was to go to the holy watering-place known as Punch Gangaji. On her way there she called at the huts of the poor and inquired after their wants. She would not even hesitate to render personal assistance to sick persons, of whatever low class they might be. She would then go round temples and dharamshalas, and would only break her fast after making proper arrangements for feeding the poor and distressed travellers. At noon she would read Puran and other religious books before a gathering of women and explain to them the philosophy of the great doctrines contained in the Shastras. In this work of charity and benevolence she spent her whole life. But an example like this was not to be found only in high life. There were numerous examples of similar kind to be found in the middle class. But she regretted to say that during the last forty or fifty years this spirit of benevolence had considerably declined. She exhorted her hearers not to allow that spirit to fade away altogether. She suggested that in every village, town, or city four experienced and grown-up ladies should visit local hospitals once or twice a month and inquire after the comforts of the women and children under treatment there. The next work that they should undertake was to visit girls' schools. It now became daily evident that there

should be girls' schools in every town and village. What they had to do in these schools was this. They should see that the teachers did their duties properly, that the children were well-behaved and taught good manners, that there were adequate sanitary arrangements, that there was a play-ground for children, and so forth. Sometimes it happened that girls of tender years had to leave their parents for their husbands' homes. In such cases, the mothers-in-law should be persuaded to continue to send their daughters-in-law to schools. A great change had come about in the condition and status of Indian women in recent times. In the middle age men and women of all classes, except those of the learned and divine, were at par in point of education. Their mental level was the same. But that was not now the case. In these days the boys passed higher examinations and had attained a mental standard far above that of the girls and the result was that there was a great disparity in their respective modes of living and thinking. So it was felt day by day that in order to make marriage life happy, young men and women should so far as possible be put on a mental equality. Mrs. Ranade suggested that with this end in view a training class should be opened by educated and experienced ladies of means and leisure for the benefit of ignorant married women. But there was one work of still greater importance and usefulness than those to which she had referred. That related to the care of orphans and destitute women. Plague and famine had brought destitution to many a home. And there were women who, on account of their little children, could not go out to earn their bread, and it was necessary for the relief of their distress that they should receive sewing and other similar work at their own places. They should also receive help in the shape of clothes, food, and other supplies. Then, homes should be established for orphans, the blind deaf mutes, and destitute old men and women. Mrs. Ranade concluded her speech by making an eloquent appeal to those present to promote the works of benevolence indicated by her. (Applause.)

LADY CURZON'S RECOVERY.

Miss Shirin K. N. Nabraji moved a resolution expressing the joy of the Indian women at the recovery of her Excellency, Lady Curzon, from her recent serious illness. She said the illness of Lady Curzon had evoked an amount of sympathy among the women of this country which was only equal to that which was felt at the time of the last illness of the late Queen Victoria and the illness of his Majesty King Edward VII. The work which Lady Curzon had done in connection with the Lady Dufferin Fund had endeared her to the women of India, whose

hearts were now rejoiced to see her well again. (Applause.)

Miss Jamnabai Sakai seconded the resolution, which was carried with acclamation.

PAPERS READ.

About twenty papers were then read in Marathi, Gujarati and Hindi, the subjects being: "What works of benevolence should be undertaken by women," "What is the condition of orphans in this country?" "The ways of benevolence," "Female Education," "The necessity of founding more primary schools in villages and cities," "The best way to train up widows as teachers and nurses," "Evils of infant marriage," &c. Among the ladies who read the papers were: Shrimati Venubai Namjoshi, Bai Omabai Kelkar, Mrs. Ambabi Tooljaram Khandwalla, Mrs. Sharda S. Mehta, B.A., Mrs. Ratanbai Luxmidas, Mrs. Priyamvada Krishnarao Divatia, Bai Kashibai Navrange, Mrs. Nikombe, Bai Kashibai Kagitkar, Mrs. Vidyagavri Ramanbhai, B.A., Mrs. Saraswati Nanavati, Mrs. Abbas, Mrs. Faizi, Shrimati Parvatibai Athavale, Kumari Mathurabai Joshi, Bai Dhankorbai Purshotamdas, Miss Lilavati Bhonsle, Bai Ichagavri, Bai Surajbai Chandulal, Dr. Krishnabai Kelavkar, Mrs. Tapibai Motiwalla, and Bai Rukhmabai Kelavkar.

On the motion of Bai Saheb Kurundwadkar a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to the President, and the proceedings were closed.—*The Times of India.*

The Indian National Social Conference.



THE Eighteenth Session of the Indian National Social Conference was held in Bombay on the 30th and 31st December 1904. The proceedings were marked by much earnestness and enthusiasm and the presence of well-known supporters of the cause like His Highness the Gaekwar, the Honorable Mr. Justice Chandavarkar, the Honorable Mr. Gokuldas K. Parekh, not to speak of younger men like Mr. K. Natarajan, Mr. Sinha, Mr. C. Y. Chintamani and others added weight to the Conference. H. H. the Maharaja Gaekwar took a prominent part in the Conference, for he delivered the inaugural address; and a more eloquent and earnest pronouncement on the subject of Social Reform we have not come across anywhere else. A special feature of

the Conference was the Ladies' gathering held at the Framji Cowasjee Hall, which was attended by a large number of ladies, Hindu, Parsi and Mahomedan. We publish a separate account of it.

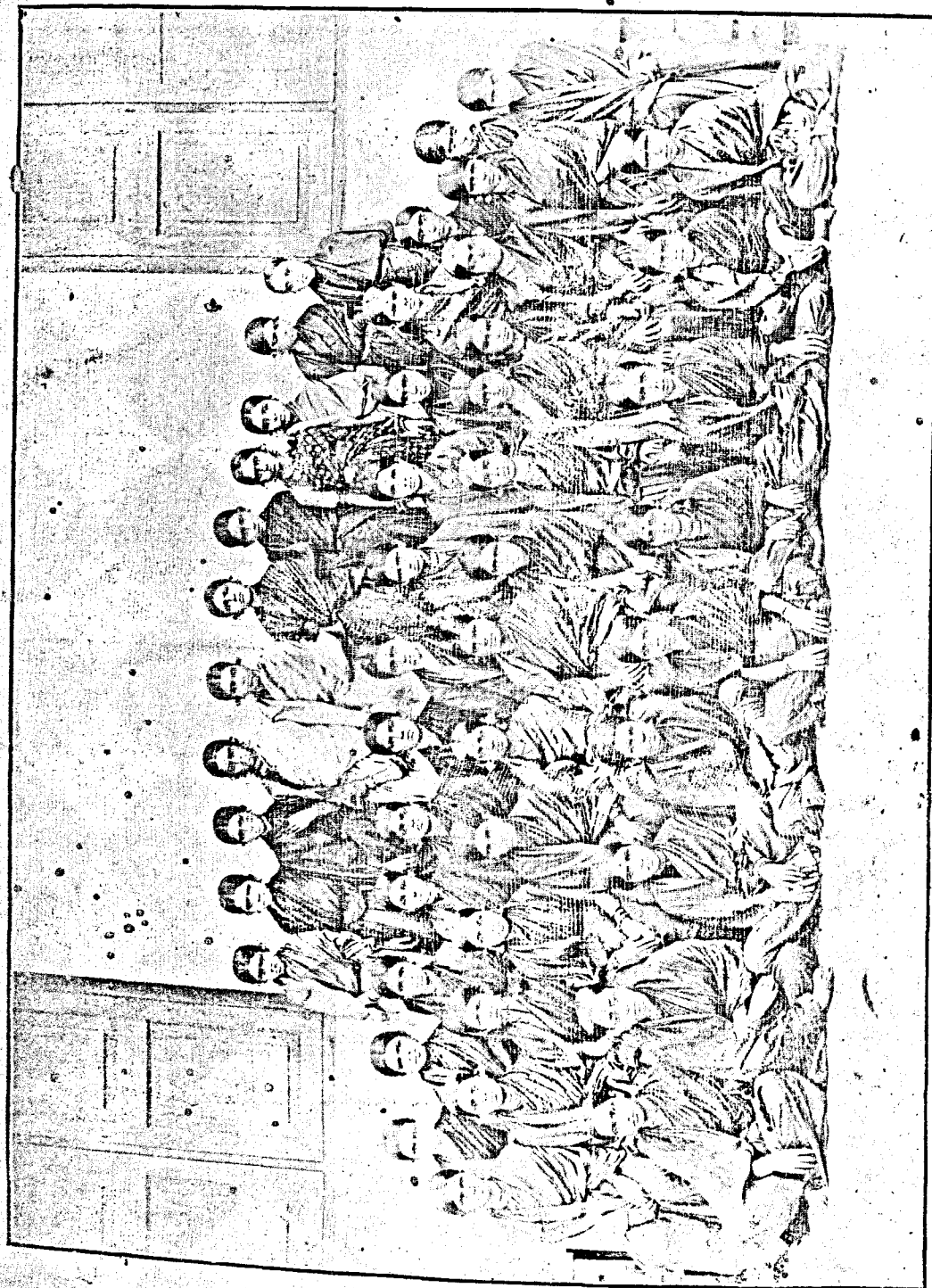
HONORABLE MR. CHANDAVARKAR'S OPENING ADDRESS.

The Honorable Mr. Justice Chandavarkar delivered the inaugural address, in the course of which he made a rapid survey of the events of the year. We give the following extracts from his speech:

PROGRESS OF THE CAUSE.

Our gains during the year have been distinctly striking and may well encourage us to act with even greater earnestness in the year just to begin. The last Social Conference held at Madras was followed by the establishment in that city of a Hindu Association. It was started by some who thought that the Social Conference was too "cosmopolitan" in its "propaganda." They charged us with trying to be "rational" and they wanted to be "national." Though the Association was established as a counterblast to this Conference by gentlemen who had more faith in their "nationality" than in their rationality, we welcomed it at the time as a child of the Conference which, when it grew, would learn from experience that social reform, or for the matter of that, any reform, did not depend upon the coining of phrases and the playing upon words. Men, as well as institutions, are judged by their work; and it was the best thing that could happen that our opponents in Madras were compelled by the force of enlightened public opinion to organise a body and show that they meant work and were not content with words. Baptised by Sir Subramania Iyer, and with Mrs. Annie Besant as its god-mother, that Association seemed to make a fair child of ours; but it seems to have been suffering from rickets. But we need not despair about its future. Our friends in Madras have discovered a new doctor in Mr. Shankaran Nair, under whose vigorous treatment we may well hope that this Hindu Association may become rationally national and see its way to do useful work in the sphere of social reform. The inauguration of the Presidency Central Social Reform Association in Bombay and of a Social Reform Association in Ahmedabad ought not to be lightly passed over. I have not time at my disposal to dwell at length upon the work which this new Association has done during the year, but this much I ought to say—that it has manifested considerable activity in different directions. The Association in Ahmedabad has His Highness the Gaekwar as its Patron, and I

must take this opportunity of thanking, on behalf of social reformers, Mr. Doderet, the District Collector of Ahmedabad, for enabling the association to purchase a plot of ground for its building at a price somewhat below its ordinary market value. The most important event of the year in respect of female education is the recognition once more made by the Government of India in their Educational Resolution of the fact on which this Conference has ever since its start, laid emphasis—the fact that through female education "a greater proportional impulse is imparted to Education." His Highness the Maharaja Gaekwar's illuminating speech on Female education delivered at the last prize distribution of the Alexandra Institution created great interest throughout the country. Undoubtedly much remains to be done in this as in other branches of social reform, but in this more than in any other, because on the education of women more than on anything else depends the progress and successful development of social reform. It is satisfactory to notice that the Government of Bengal have devised certain measures with a view to give a further stimulus to the cause of female education and to encourage girls to continue to read up to comparatively high standards. Equally encouraging is the fact that the Punjab Government has shown its appreciation of the efforts of Lala Deva Raj, President, Kanya Mahad Vidyalaya Council, Jullunder, to create healthy female literature for the females in the Punjab, by awarding to him a prize of Rs. 200. Lala Deva Raj has been justly spoken of by those who knew him and have watched his work, as a man who has devoted himself heart and soul to the cause of female emancipation in the Punjab. Mrs. Annie Besant has made a further move in the direction of her ideas on education by starting a "Pathshala" for girls at Benares. The Presidency Central Reform Association of Bombay has moved in the matter of arranging for a series of lectures and home lessons to women. At the Hindu Union Club, a Hindu lady delivered a lecture on how to improve our domestic ideals and adapt them to modern conditions of life and it was attended by a large number of Hindu ladies. The Ladies' Gathering held yesterday as a branch of this Social Conference under the presidency of Mrs. Ramabai Rauade ought to show that after all the cause of female education is moving forward. This is the first experiment of its kind. It was attended by a very large number of ladies, Hindu, Parsi, and Mahomedan. Males were scrupulously excluded from the gathering and I am informed that several ladies spoke on some of the subjects in which women ought to be peculiarly interested. I hope this gathering will be a feature of every year's Social Conference in future. Before



A GROUP OF HINDU SCHOOL GIRLS.

leaving this part of my subject, I should not omit to mention how Hindu ladies who have money to give are slowly realising the value of charitable gifts in favour of girls' schools. As an instance of this, let me name Mrs. Jethabhai Yurdhman Punshay, to whose benefaction the Cutchi Das Oswal Jain Community owes the female "Pathshala" founded for the girls of the community.

SPREAD OF ENLIGHTENMENT.

On the question of infant marriage, there is little of importance to add to what I said last year except to bring to your notice the testimony of Mr. Risley in his last Census Report that "among the better classes a feeling is springing up against it, partly because the parents dislike exposing their daughters to the risk of a long period of widowhood and partly because of the influence of western ideas which make them feel the impropriety of imposing upon immature girls the duties of a wife and mother. The two most recent Hindu sects which appeal to the educated classes—the Brahmo Samaj in Bengal and the Arya Samaj in Upper India—lay great stress on the desirability of allowing girls to reach maturity as virgins. The Social Conference which holds its meeting annually in connection with the National Congress has made the abolition of child-marriage one of the leading planks on its platform and it is aided in its propaganda by the difficulties which many of the higher castes at present experience in finding husbands for their girls." In this connection, another equally valuable testimony in support of the impression the Social Conference is making may not be out of place here. In January last, the Northern Circar Educational Conference held its meeting at Cocanada, and there the President announced that married boys would not be allowed admittance into the lower secondary classes of schools, because early marriage formed one of the greatest curses in the Madras Presidency. The *Times of India's* correspondent in noticing this incident observed that it was due to the emphasis laid by the Social Conference in Madras on the reforms introduced by Mrs. Annie Besant in the Central College, Benares. The great event of the year is the passing of the Baroda Marriage Law to discourage infant marriages among the subjects of His Highness the Maharaja Gaekwar. His Highness has taken a wise step and it is to be hoped that the example he has set may be followed by other Princes. The law came into force in the territories of His Highness on the 21st of July last. A similar law has existed in Mysore and during the present year there were three prosecutions under it—which shows that the law has not been a dead letter in that State, but that it is proving what it was intended to be

—ameliorative and preventive in its scope and object. The sea-voyage question is gradually solving itself. I have not been able to get exact information as to the result of the interview which His Excellency Sir P. N. Krishna Murti, Dewan of Mysore, had early this year with a large number of Mysore Pandits to consider the question, but that so enlightened a person as the Dewan of Mysore is interesting himself in this matter is a hopeful sign of the times. Equally encouraging is the fact that the sea voyage movement has secured the support of the Maharaja of Burdwan. He presided at a meeting where the question was discussed; and at a discussion which took place subsequently, "the whole assembly"—I am quoting the "Bengali"—"voted like one man in favour of sea voyage, with the exception of two gentlemen." As to intermarriage among subsections of the same caste I have it from the report I have received from the Punjab that Dewan Amarnath, a premier nobleman there and Governor of Jammu, gave his daughter in marriage to a young man of a different section of the Khatri community and that a similar forward step has been taken by several influential members of it. The Northern and the Southern Arorians, who, though forming the same caste, have been divided, have begun to intermarry. Mr. Justice Ghose of Calcutta has set an example in this matter of intermarriages among the Kayasthas of Bengal. The report from Ahmedabad also stated that several intermarriages among sub-castes have taken place there during the year.

ENFORCED WIDOWHOOD.

The most touching part of the address was on the subject of enforced widowhood.

I have no time to refer to the number of Provincial Social Conferences held during the year in different parts of the country and the work done in some of the directions indicated in the resolutions we pass every year. It has become commonplace with some critics of the Conference to say that its energies end with its resolutions—that it talks but does nothing. One fact is that much of the practical work done by many of the members of the Conference is done silently, and though we are not angels and have our share of human weaknesses, impartial judgment must go in favour of the view that the heaven is spreading and each year there is a forward step in several directions. I am told that the cause of widow marriage stinks in the nostrils of a large number of even our educated classes. How far that is correct I will not undertake to say, but I for one will judge of the development of really progressive ideas in the country by the test of efforts made to alleviate the lot of the virgin widow among us. The evils of enforced widowhood show the high water

mark of social cruelty and inhumanity. At a meeting of the Veda, Dhurma Pracharini Sabha held in this City in January last, Swami Nityanand, speaking of this cruelty and this inhumanity, instanced the case of a caste in Gujarat among whom it is a rule that a girl should be married on the day of her birth. The result is every girl in the caste is married on the day she is born to a flower: the flower is then thrown aside: and the girl doomed from that moment to perpetual widowhood! The Hindu community must, in my opinion, stand or fall according as it advances in or recedes from the direction of saving young girls from the miseries of enforced widowhood. There have been eight widow marriages in the Punjab, two in Bengal, two in Guntur, in the Madras Presidency, one in Mercara, two at Ahmedabad, one in Bombay, and one at Nagpur. It used to be said at one time that the males who married widows were generally men in poor circumstances and that well-to-do and influential men kept away. We are no longer subject to that reproach. In most of the recent marriages the bridegrooms have been more or less men of position, with capacity to influence those around them. The report from Berar states that profiting from the dire experiences of the plague the Sonars there are taking sympathetically to widow marriage. The Bombay Presidency Central Social Reform Association celebrated the anniversary of the passing of the Widow Marriage Act in July last; and similar meetings were held on the same day at Poona, Ahmedabad and Rajahmundry. At each of these places the meeting was very well attended and marked by enthusiasm. The most encouraging sign in this direction is the help which Prof. Karve's Hindu Widows' Home in Poona is increasingly receiving from even orthodox quarters. At one time Prof. Karve had doubt about the success of the undertaking. He now finds that its success is insured beyond expectation. He and his wife have had for some years to work single handed for the institution and the work has been so hard that Prof. Karve had to give up for a time his duties at the Fergusson College to devote himself entirely to the Home. But now two Hindu ladies—Mrs. Devdhar and Mrs. Athavale—have come to his help. They have toured through various parts of the country with the result that by their persuasive eloquence they have not only diffused among the people the benefits and blessings of the Institution, but have won over many a waverer to its cause. Wherever they have gone, people have sympathetically listened to them and subscribed to the objects of the Home. Prof. Karve in his Report sent to his Conference describes its bright future as assured. The number of widows seeking admission has increased and by the side of that the pecuniary

help for the Home has shown an upward tendency. All this we may well say, in the language of Mr. Risley, in the last Census Report, is due "to the influence of Western ideas, which through the agency of the Social Conference and otherwise is gradually bringing about a change of feeling amongst the upper classes and in the larger cities."

H. E. THE GAEKWAR'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

His Highness the Maharaja of Gaekwar met with a most enthusiastic reception. He began by giving a history of the movement from the time of Ram Mohun Roy and pointed out that with the slow advance of education the need for social reform was more generally recognised. Speaking of reform on

NATIONAL LINES

he said:—

But, before going further, I should just like to say something of a tendency which has been visible recently and that is to insist that reform, if it is to be effectual, must run on national lines.

One disadvantage of this idea is that so many meanings have been attached to the phrase. Some for instance mean by it cautious reform after the manner of Erasmus, others take up an ideal like that of the Arya Samaj, others again mean by it the revival of the purity of earlier conditions without their defects. And many, it is to be feared, make it an excuse for a reactionary policy.

There is, of course, some truth in the position that reform must work along lines natural to the country and our national characteristics. There are some features in our environment which are sufficiently powerful to modify the practical application of any idea, and these account for certain tendencies in national history which persist even through long centuries of foreign influence. It is also true that servile imitation is no reform and is often more useless than the original evil.

But the great truth behind the phrase is that it is the general advance of the nation which is the aim of reform, and that only that is national reform which subserves these national interests.

It matters nothing where the Truth comes from. If it serves a national purpose or helps national ends, then it is national whether the form in which we find it is modern or Vedic, European or purely Indian. And we must be eager to find this knowledge and apply it whether it has the sanction of the older ideas or not. We have to look forward to the future of India, we are not going to revive the past.

Therefore we must be a little on our guard in this respect. It is not religious sanction which can guide us in our choice. What the past held

sacred is often noble but still more often misunderstood, and we who have to deal with the present will do more by trying to judge of our needs from a practical commonsense standpoint and by using our reason to guide us as to the utility of past experience and new knowledge.

What we need now is action,—commonsense practical measures and not discussion as to whether this or that reform is justified by older traditions or the sacred writings of our ancestors.

The principal measures which His Highness said that the cause of reform should advocate were

- (1) Female education.
- (2) Abolition of infant marriage.
- (3) Widow remarriage.
- (4) Abolition of polygamy.
- (5) Removal of caste distinctions.
- (6) Intermarriage between sub-castes.
- (7) Interdining.
- (8) Freedom of travel and sea-voyages.
- (9) Raising the position of the castes called low.
- (10) Temperance.
- (11) The regulation of public charities.

His Highness' denouncement of caste was very effective

EVILS OF CASTE.

The evils of caste cover the whole range of social life. It hampers the life of the individual with a vast number of petty rules and observances which have no meaning. It cripples him in his relations with his family, in his marriage, in the education of his children and especially in his life. It weakens the economic position by attempting to confine him to particular trades, by preventing him from learning the culture of the West and by giving him an exaggerated view of his knowledge and importance. It cripples his professional life by increasing distrust, treachery and jealousy, hampering a free use of others' abilities, and ruins his social life by increasing exclusiveness, restricting the opportunities of social intercourse and preventing that intellectual development on which the prosperity of any class most depends. In the wider spheres of life, in municipal or local affairs, it destroys all hope of local patriotism, of work for the common good by thrusting forward the interests of the caste as opposed to those of the community and by making combined efforts for the common good exceedingly difficult. But its most serious offence is its effect on national life and national unity. It intensifies local dissensions and diverse interests, and obscures great national ideals and interests which should be those of every caste and people, and renders the country disunited and incapable of improving its defects or of availing itself of the advantages which it should gain from contact with the civilisation of the West. It robs us of our humanity by

insisting on the degradation of some of our fellow-men who are separated from us by no more than the accident of birth. It prevents the noble and charitable impulses which have done so much for the improvement and mutual benefit of European Society. It prevents our making the most of all the various abilities of our diverse communities; it diminishes all our emotional activities and intellectual resources. Again it is the most conservative element in our society and the steady enemy to all reform. Every reformer who has endeavoured to secure the advance of our society has been driven out of it by the operation of caste. By its rigidity, it preserves ignorant superstitions and clings to the past, while it does nothing to make those inevitable changes, which nature is ever pressing on us, more easy and more possible.

The most important part of His Highness's speech related to the

STATUS OF WOMEN.

It is not necessary for me to dwell upon all those familiar questions which cluster round the question of the status of women. I would merely point out that what we may most legitimately object against each is that they involve a bad economy of social forces.

Early marriage, especially now that the checks on early consummation are breaking down, must increase death and disease among the mothers, swell infant mortality and injure the physique of the race. It interferes also with the proper education of women.

A too strict purdah mutilates social life and makes its current dull and sluggish by excluding the brightening influence of women.

By the denial of education to women we deprive ourselves of half the potential force of the nation, deny to our children the advantage of having cultured mothers and by stunting the faculties of the mother affect injuriously the heredity of the race. We create, moreover, a gulf of mental division in the home and put a powerful drag on progress by making the women a great conservative force that clings to everything old; however outworn or irrational.

POLYGAMY AND WIDOW REMARRIAGE.

The existence side by side of customs like polygamy and the prohibition of widow-remarriage similarly shows a bad organisation of society. The one keeps up an unduly low standard of morality among men, the other demands an impossibly high standard from women. To enforce the standard we suppress our feelings of humanity and affection and inflict severities upon widows in order to keep their vitality low and make them less attractive; yet the impossibility remains and the laws of nature we have ignored avenge themselves; for in spite of our harsh

measures we fail to preserve even an ordinary standard of morality in this much ill-treated class.

We do well, therefore, in protesting against these evils and striving for their alteration.

STATUS OF WOMEN IN SUCCESSIVE PERIODS.

We should, however, realise where the evil lies; it is in the lowering of our ideas about women and the relations of the sexes. We get no detached picture of the status of women in the Vedic Age, but we know enough to see that it was free and honourable as in all early Aryan societies. We have a fuller idea of the Epic and Rationalistic Periods. More secluded than in Modern Europe, women were yet allowed a rational freedom, they were taught liberal knowledge and beautiful accomplishments, and a few were distinguished in science and philosophy. They were trained to be helpmates as well as devoted wives to their husbands. Their position, therefore, was not materially inferior and, in some respects, as notably in the laws concerning female property, was superior to what obtained in England until 1870; and even the point reached in 1870 was anticipated by the author of the Mitakshara who wished to make men and women equal in respect of rights of property.

In the literature of the Buddhistic period we see the first signs of change. Women are as a class debased from studying the Vedas, though there seem to have been exceptions and Buddhism admitted spiritual equality between the sexes. Monastic disparagement of women mingles in Manu and other writers with expressions of respect. The idea of wifely devotion as typified in Sita predominates over the idea of the helpmate, seclusion seems to have become gradually stricter and widow remarriage was looked on with disfavour. But women are still educated and, on the whole, respected.

A change came when the disturbed times of ignorance and foreign invasion were disintegrating Society. The ideal of wifely devotion and purity was exaggerated beyond all reason and all customs modified in this spirit. Sati, the entire prohibition of widow-marriage, early marriage and the rest were established in our Society and, in some parts of India, the strictest Mahomedan type of purdah was adopted. Ignorance increasing among men, became absolute among women. The speech concluded with a telling appeal on behalf of the depressed castes.

"Is it in pursuance of this golden rule of our religion that we despise and shrink from those who belong to different or what we choose to call lower castes? Or that we fill our social and public life with mutual distrust, jealousy and disunion?

If we really believed in the One Spirit in all, we would not maltreat His manifestations; we would realise that we despised and hated Him in despising and hating our fellows. Once more, I say to you, let us return to our own ideals, understanding them better and trying to carry them out both as individuals and as a nation. Let us try to realise the virtues and merits of those who are different from ourselves. Let us try and find the advantages in those who differ from us in caste and not insist on their deficiencies. Let us try and keep before us that ideal of the future of India as the aim to which we are all working; and let us judge our fellowmen by the work which they do to make that future great and united. Let us recognise the selfless and devoted work which many have done for India in the sphere of administration, philanthropy or science, of action, or of knowledge, whether they were Christians, Hindus, Mahomedans or Parsees, and let us try to realise that such work is the true claim to nationality. He, who loves the country well enough to give his life for it, he is the true Indian, not he who merely boasts his own superiority because of some fancied advantage which he derives from caste privileges and traditions. There is only one spirit of truth; there is only one truth behind all ideals; and all who are working in that spirit towards these ideals are doing the noblest of which they are capable, no matter what the caste or race or creed may be. That is the spirit which must animate us if we are going to work for India and hope to have any successful reform in the future.

The President of the Association, the Honorable Mr. Gokuldas K. Parekh, also delivered an earnest address. Speaking of

THE PRESENT SOCIAL EDIFICE

he said "I think it is generally admitted that our social edifice, as it exists, is not in good order. We are riddled by customs that prevent our physical development, that are the causes of many ailments and bodily infirmities that weaken our energies, lower our vitality and shorten our lives, by customs that prevent our intellectual development by placing obstacles in the way of acquiring learning and knowledge of arts and sciences and their application, and by customs which bring on moral degeneration by making us indifferent to the claims of justice, equality and charity, by narrowing the range of our sympathies and making us apathetic to the wretchedness and misery into which we find a large number of our countrymen and countrywomen steeped. The problem of the Social Reformers is to see how to get rid of these customs.

The problem of a country which has inherited its own ancient civilization, coming under the close influence of the robust modern civilization

of the West, is a novel one. The case of Japan may, in some respects, resemble that of India, but upon a number of points Japan has advantages which are denied to India. The case of India is not at all like that of uncivilized countries falling under the influence of European civilization. In a country like India, it would be impossible to destroy the whole of the social fabric and to rebuild a new one in its place. One cannot wait till time undermines, weakens and alters the whole fabric. It would be unreasonable and suicidal to try to sweep away the whole mass containing numbers of things which are really good and others which are innocent. There is an ancient building too stout to be pulled down, which has become dark and unhealthy because there are not enough openings for the admission of light and fresh air. If you make openings of sufficient width and height, the object will be attained without pulling down the edifice together, and in the case of Indian reforms the work of the architect is made considerably easy, inasmuch as that in most cases the places in which he finds it necessary to make his openings for the admission of light and fresh air are the very places where openings did exist before in the building as it originally was, but were subsequently blocked up to meet the special exigencies of the period. This is the only way in which a society having its own civilisation can be reformed. The changes may be brought about by a process of social evolution; and the improvements that have taken place during the last 50 or 60 years in our social condition, though not such as we can refer to with pride, are, no doubt, sufficient to indicate the direction which the efforts of the reformers should take."

SECOND DAY'S MEETING.

The Indian National Social Conference held its second sitting in Bombay on Saturday, the Hon. Mr. G. K. Parekh presiding. All the delegates were present, but the attendance of the general public was considerably less than on Friday.

MRS. RAMANABHAI MAHIPATRAM ON CHILD MARRIAGE.

Mrs. Ramanabhai Mahipatram moved the first resolution as follows:—

(i) That this Conference reiterates its opinion expressed in previous Conferences, that the custom of child-marriage is most injurious to the physical, economic and social well-being of the people, is condemned by ancient medical books and modern educated opinion, and does not receive any sanction in our Shastras. It therefore behoves all friends of reform to obtain, both by example and precept, a speedy and total eradication of this pernicious custom. (ii) That this

Conference congratulates H. H. the Maharaja Gaekwar of Baroda, on the courageous step he has taken in passing the Baroda Marriage Act, and feels certain that the prolonged deliberation and wise decision which preceded the act and the judicious mildness with which it is put in operation ensures its acceptance by the people concerned. This Conference hopes that this will prove only the first of a series of State measures undertaken by His Highness for promoting social reform, and trusts that the example of progressive and enlightened States like Baroda and Mysore will be followed by the Princes and Chiefs of India.

Mrs. Ramanabhai said that the desirability of putting a stop to infant marriages was no longer seriously disputed; but she thought that social reformers would be guilty of gross negligence of duty if they ceased to insist upon the prevention of this pernicious custom until there was not a single child-wife or child-mother left in this country. (Hear, hear.) This was a question on the solution of which depended the rise or fall of India. Unfortunately, this and other social sins had so sapped the foundation of the morals of the people that even in the comparatively easier reform of late marriage, people wanted to excuse themselves when their own children had to be married. And excuses were not wanting. Some parents were old and wanted to see the rare spectacle of the wedding of their young child before they passed away from this world. Some parents were afraid of losing a good bride or bridegroom. She showed that the achievement sought by social reformers was not merely a philanthropic movement carried on from humanitarian motives for the protection of women and children. It was the cause of the Indian nation. (Applause.) Referring to the Baroda Marriage Act, Mrs. Ramanabhai said that the measure passed by H. H. the Gaekwar of Baroda in the direction of social reform was of no mean significance. It would not only discourage marriages of girls under twelve, but would have a great educative effect. His Highness had exemplified in person the ancient ideal of a sovereign who watched the happiness of his subjects with parental solicitude and hesitated not to interfere wherever there was misery or iniquity whether in homes, communities or societies. (Applause.)

Mrs. Vishvanth Iyer, seconding the resolution, urged the Government of India not to adhere to its policy of neutrality in regard to infant marriages. It had abolished the hideous customs of "suttee" and human sacrifice, and legalised widow marriage. She could not see why their benevolent British Government should not follow the examples of Mysore and Baroda States, and legislate on the subject of infant marriage in the

interests of its subjects. She urged leaders of the different Hindu communities to put an end to this pernicious custom, and revert to the old custom of adult marriage.

Mr. Sevakram Dulsukhrum Parek, in supporting the resolution, said that early marriage was the common root of a host of other evils, and the eradication of this prime evil meant the eradication of all those that were concomitant. It was a pity they were slaves to such a barbarous custom which was against the Shastras.

Mr. D. G. Dālvī also spoke in favour of the resolution, which was carried.

Mr. Samuel Smith, M. P., moved a resolution on Temperance in India.

PURDA SYSTEM AND OTHER CUSTOMS.

Mr. Bepin Chandra Pal moved:

That this Conference earnestly exhorts all persons interested in social reform to co-operate in creating a strong public sentiment against practices like (1) the purda system, (2) ill-assorted marriages, (3) polygamy, (4) extortionate marriage demands, (5) disfigurement of widows, and other customs calculated to lower the dignity of women and detrimental to her moral, mental or physical well-being. In this connection, the Conference notes with satisfaction the enlightened advocacy by some Mahomedan leaders, of the abolition of the purda system among their co-religionists, and the example set by some leading families in this Presidency.

Mr. Pal referred to the comparatively small audience before him. He said they had quantity on the previous day, but he took it that they had quality that day. He for one would go in more for quality than quantity whether in politics or in social or religious reform. They need not despair that they had a smaller gathering that day than on the previous day, provided only that their allegiance to the cause of social reform was absolutely true, sincere, heartfelt and unswerving. Mr. Pal made a strong appeal to all present to do what they could to put down the evil practices mentioned in the resolution.

Swami Nityanand, in seconding the resolution, spoke strongly against the purda system. He said a woman by nature was so shy and modest; it was the man who was bold and he thought therefore that, instead of the woman, the man should observe purda. (Laughter).

Mr. R. V. Mahajani, in supporting the resolution, spoke against extortionate marriage demands. He said the value of a bridegroom nowadays increased in proportion to the higher University examinations he passed. Referring to the question of purda system, Mr. Mahajani said that in the matter they had His Highness the Aga Khan for their friend, philosopher and guide, who had strongly denounced the pernicious

custom. His Highness's words appeared to have the desired effect, for they had the greatest satisfaction in seeing among them a number of Mahomedan ladies, some of whom were even purda ladies.

Mr. A. Hydari, having also addressed the meeting about the evils of purda system which existed in the Mahomedan community, the resolution was carried.

WIDOW MARRIAGE.

Mr. N. K. Rathasami Iyer moved:—

(i) That this Conference considers enforced widowhood as an infringement of the rights of women and views with great concern the increasing number of child-widows especially, owing to plague, famine and like causes, and considers that our domestic and social well-being alike demand a speedy amelioration of their condition, and towards this end, re-recommends that all obstacles in the way of the marriage of widows should be removed. (ii) That this Conference, while it notes with satisfaction the slow yet steady advance in the country and the removal of hindrances in the way of social intercourse with remarried couples and their children, thinks that there is yet a great scope for work for combating social prejudice in this matter. It therefore urges upon all persons interested in the cause of widows, to show their active sympathy with remarried couples.

Mr. Iyer said that as a means of remedying the evil resulting from enforced widowhood it was suggested that the limit of the marriageable age of the girl should be raised. The speaker could not agree with such a view, which did not go to the very root of the question.

Mr. Roshan Lal, who seconded the resolution, said that he himself had married a widow, and was in consequence persecuted by his castemen. He attributed the curse of poverty, plague and famines to the miseries which their widowed sisters suffered.

Mr. Lalla Ruchi Ram supported the resolution. He said that according to the last census there were from 400 to 500 widows under the age of one; 20,000 under the age of five; and hundreds of thousands above the age of five. He did not go with Mrs. Annie Besant in thinking that if widows were allowed to remarry there would be old maids. He thought the existence of widows was a greater evil than the existence of old maids in their midst.

Mr. Ganpat Shanker Sohoni also spoke in favour of the resolution, which was agreed to.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

Mr. C. V. Vaidya moved:—

That this Conference, regarding the slow progress of education in this country as the chief

obstacle to the more rapid adoption of wholesome reform in the social, domestic and personal lives of the community and the individuals who compose it, desires to emphasise the urgent necessity of promoting wide diffusion of knowledge among women, and appeals to the Government, Native Princes and Chiefs, and private citizens to open more schools and colleges and to encourage by means of liberal grants and endowments other constitutions like home-classes for the same purpose.

Mr. Vaidya said that both the orthodox and forward sections of the Hindu community were agreed upon the necessity of female education. There was nothing in their religion which discounted the education of women. Again, by educating women they were not introducing any new thing; they were only acting up to the best traditions of Indian history. It was, when Hinduism was supplanted by Buddhism and Mahomedans invaded and conquered India, that the education of Indian women began to be neglected. But this neglect should not be perpetuated. With the advent of the British rule they had come to know that in ancient times their women were as well educated as their sisters of the western countries of the present time.

Mrs. Kashibai Kanitkar, in seconding the resolution, placed the necessity of female education above all other social reforms. Indian women did not want to be graduates, but they wanted sufficient education to be useful members of society. She thought that when women were properly educated, they would manage the social reform movement themselves and leave men to look after politics. (Applause).

Mrs. Kashibai Harlekar, in supporting the resolution, said it seemed to her that education was denied to women through fear that their views of life would become ambitious and they would be less anxious for married life than they now were. These were vague fears. The only solution to the problem of widow marriage was female education.

Miss Mathurabai Joshi and Mrs. Tarabai Wanare, having also addressed the meeting, the resolution was carried.

PROFESSIONS FOR HINDU WOMEN.

Mrs. Venubai Namjoshi:

This Conference considers that there is a great scope for Indian women to benefit their sisters in their capacities of teachers and preachers, doctors and nurses for which their inborn qualities make them pre-eminently well fitted. It regards these professions as offering an unique opening for Hindu widows who may be thrown on their resources. It therefore appeals to the

public to support institutions which prepare for these professions, more especially those meant for the education of widows.

Mrs. Namjoshi, in commending the resolution to the meeting, made a strong appeal on behalf of widows, and suggested as one means of relieving their distress that a class should be opened where they might be trained as nurses, midwives and teachers.

Mrs. Parvatibai Athavale seconded the resolution, and it was carried.

Other resolutions, that were passed, related to Foreign Travel, Union of Sects, Caste, Social Purity, Religious Endowments, &c.

The Ladies' Gathering.

29th December 1904.

(Contributed to the *Indian Social Reformer*, by Mrs. Rahmanbhai Mahepatram Nalkhamb, B.A.)



THE Indian Ladies' Gathering organised in connection with the Indian National Social Conference was a great and unprecedented success. Never in the annals of Bombay were ladies assembled in such large numbers in an exclusive gathering. The Framji Cowasji Hall was literally packed and many who came late had to stand. The galleries too were full. No male was allowed entrance, and the meeting was solely managed by ladies. The proceedings began at twelve noon and lasted till 5 p.m. Visitors were received by a Reception Committee consisting of Lady Bhalchandra, President; Mrs. Budrudin Tyabji, Mrs. Chandavarkar, Mrs. Gokaldas K. Parekh, Mrs. Jannabai Nagindas Sakai, Mrs. Nikambe, Mrs. Ramanabhai, Mrs. Jhaverbai Laxmidas, Mrs. Dhankorbai Purshotamdas Thakordas, Mrs. Kabilibai Motilal Saraiya, Mrs. Ratanbai Laxmidas Harilal, Mrs. Ramabai Bhandarkar, Mrs. Krishnarao Divatia, Mrs. Yamunabai Bhajekar, Mrs. Umabai Khare, Mrs. Saraswatibai Joshi.

The proceedings were commenced with Gujarati and Marathi prayers, led by Mrs. Jamanbai Sakai and Mrs. S. R. Bandharkar. These were followed by a song by the Misses Budrudin Tyabji. The singing over, lady Bhalchandra rose and on behalf of the reception committee offered welcome in a Marathi speech to the ladies assembled.

Mrs. Jaiji Jehangir Petit, having been unable to come, sent a letter of regret and sympathy which was read to the meeting.

Mrs. Budrudin Tyabji then proposed that Mrs. Ramabai Ranade should take the chair. Mrs. Chandavarkar supported the proposal which was carried with acclamation, the whole meeting standing up.

Mrs. Ramabai Ranade then delivered her presidential address in Marathi, printed copies of the address in Marathi and Gujarati being also circulated to the meeting. Mrs. Ranade, after referring in deeply touching words to her great loss since her last appearance before the ladies of Bombay, explained the objects and advantages of a gathering of the kind and went over the several subjects which had been proposed for discussion. She pointed out very ably the several fields of philanthropic activity which were open for women and concluded with an earnest appeal to her sisters to join the other sex in the work of national regeneration.

After the presidential address, Miss Shireen Kabraji proposed that this meeting expresses its joy at the recovery of H. E. Lady Curzon from serious illness. In putting the proposition before the meeting, Miss Kabraji regretted the absence of Parsee ladies on the occasion, which circumstance showed that unfortunately they were neglectful of social questions. Referring to the resolution before the meeting, she said that the whole of India had felt deeply concerned in Her Excellency's illnesses and prayed for her recovery. She referred to the great help Lady Curzon had rendered to the Lady Dufferin Fund. The proposal was seconded by Mrs. Jamanabai Sakai and it was carried with great enthusiasm.

Miss Tyabji then gave a song on the 'Bin.' Mrs. Abbas Tyabji then read a paper in Urdu on Female Education. Lectures were delivered on the same subject by Mrs. Hirlekar in Marathi, Mrs. Vidya Ramanbhai, B.A., and Saraswati Nanavati in Gujarati, Miss Kashibai Nowrange, Mrs. Nikambe and Mrs. Kashibai Kanitkar in Marathi. The papers referred also to the need of extending primary girls' schools in cities and villages, of having better paid and more qualified women teachers and of adopting better means of training widows as teachers, midwives and nurses.

The next subject taken up was philanthropic and charitable work which can be undertaken by Indian women including visits and helps to orphanages and improvement of the condition of famine girls.

This subject was dealt with by Mrs. Sharda Sumant Mehtaa, B.A., Mrs. Ambabai Khandwala, and Mrs. Ratnabai Laxmidas in Gujarati

and Shrimati Venubai Namjoshi, Mrs. Umabai Kelkar, Mrs. Umabai Marathe in Marathi.

The discussion of social questions was then taken up. Shrimati Parvatibai Athavale and Mrs. Kanitkar spoke (in Marathi) on the evils of early marriage, and Miss Mathurabai Joshi on the means of bringing the present condition of our domestic life in consonance with our modern ideals (in Marathi). Mrs. Dhankorebai Purshotamdas and Bai Ichhagavri and Mrs. Surajbai Chandulal spoke on the evils of early marriage in Gujarati.

The last subject discussed was medical relief and better rearing of children, Miss Yamunabai Kelavakar reading a paper in Marathi on the former subject written by Dr. Miss Krishnabai Kelavkar, L. M. & S., and Mrs. Kakhmabai Kelavakar speaking on the latter subject in Marathi.

Miss Lilavati Bhonsle of Ahmednagar read a paper in English on Female Education.

Bai Saheb Kurandwadkar proposed a vote of thanks to the President which was carried.

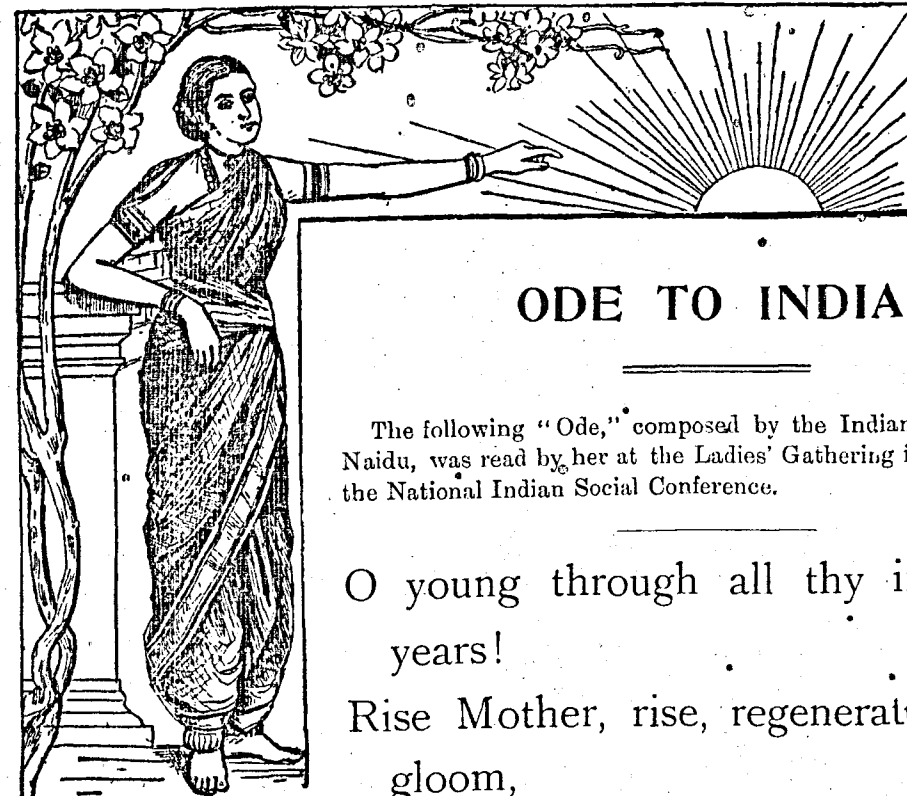
Mrs. Sarojini Naidu then read an 'Ode to India' composed by herself.

This was followed by a song in Hindi by Miss Faizi.

Mrs. Lamanabai Cakai expressed her gratefulness to the ladies who had assembled on an occasion of such great importance.

The proceedings were then closed.

"The Love Affairs of Miss Anne" by S. R. Crockett (Macmillan & Co.) is a novel full of genuine wit and humour. As the title implies, we have here depicted the interesting and sensational love-affairs of Miss Anne and Clemmy her "playmate first, then accomplice in villainy; last of all her companion and friend and her very faithful servant always." The way in which the two worked together to get as much fun as possible out of their lives and the extraordinary amount of inborn devilry which they possessed is admirably brought out in the chapter *Our Flitting to Ravensmuick*. Realising that the young man would call simply to make love to her as an heiress, she, without telling her companion her plans, introduces Clemmy as Miss Anne Kilpatrick and herself as the governess. No sooner had the door closed on the first two callers than "Anne dashed at Clemmy with a yell and whirled her into a wild waltz round the carpet. 'Oh, I have not had such a good time for years. We must keep it up.' And just then we turned our eyes to the door which had re-opened noiselessly. There stood the younger Errol with his mouth more than slightly open." This episode led to a series of funny complications which are well worth following. The book right through is full of humour and does credit to the author.



ODE TO INDIA.

The following "Ode," composed by the Indian Poetess, Sarojini Naidu, was read by her at the Ladies' Gathering in connection with the National Indian Social Conference.

O young through all thy immemorial
years!

Rise Mother, rise, regenerate from thy
gloom,

And like a bride high-mated with the spheres,
Beget new glories from thine ageless womb.

The nations that in fettered darkness weep,
Crave thee to lead them where great mornings break,
Mother, O Mother, wherefore dost thou sleep?
Arise and answer for thy children's sake!

Thy future calls thee with a manifold sound
To crescent honours, splendours, victories vast;
Waken, O slumbering Mother, and be crowned,
Who once wert empress of the sovereign past.

The Purdah System.

MR. A. HYDARI'S SPEECH AT THE NATIONAL SOCIAL CONFERENCE.



THE Mussalmans are charged—with what degree of truth, I leave it to our antiquarians and historians to determine precisely—with having introduced the baneful system which forms the subject of that part of the resolution of which I have been placed in charge; and I presume it is as an expiation for this crime of my forefathers that our respected Secretary has dragged me from the quiet seclusion of my office room to face the ordeal of addressing this vast assembly. It would be an insult to the intelligence of this audience and to the deliberations of this Conference, now in its eighteenth Session, for me to dilate at length on the evils of the purdah system.

PHYSICAL DETERIORATION.

If you want to know how it is gradually, but none the less surely, working towards our physical deterioration by denying all fresh air and free exercise to the mothers of our community, you have only to turn to our statistics of mortality and they will tell you with all the convincing eloquence of hard facts how the most wasting diseases find *ceteris paribus* the largest number of victims among those people with whom the purdah is the strictest and will bid you not to rest until you have wiped off this custom from your social economy. It was indeed this aspect that led Dr. Ismail Jan Mahomed to preach his crusade against its insidious introduction into his own community, happily to a great extent thus far free from it, and I trust I shall be permitted to accord at this place my respectful congratulations to the family of such an ardent worker in the cause of social reform, on the way in which his efforts in the direction of female education have fructified in the success of his daughter at the last Matriculation of the Bombay University and her thereby attaining the proud position of being the first Mahomedan lady under-graduate in this Presidency and the second, I believe, in the whole of India.

MENTAL GROWTH.

But it is not only our physical but also our mental growth that is stunted by denying to the educators of our childhood and to the partners of our adult life all contact with the realities of the outer world, a denial that must eventually render their mental horizon unduly narrow and

circumscribed. We hear a great deal of the necessity of making our learning living and real, and not merely book learning; and yet in most parts of India both Hindus and Mussalmans ensnare those who will be wives and mothers at so tender an age that a private proposal from me to the Secretary of the Social Reform Section of the M. A. O. Conference to make 12 or even 11 as the purdah age for girls was rejected by him as premature and radical and as likely to unduly interfere with the success of other items in his programme. Why, a friend of mine in Allahabad, a barrister, told me that his people were looking askance at him as he could not resist the temptation of driving about with his girl of six in his native town. And remember that this purdah means not only purdah against us rude males but against all womankind outside a very narrow and limited circle of female relatives; so that when I asked some friends in Northern and Southern India whether, if my wife setting aside the usual etiquette amongst us, of the new comer being called upon, called first herself, it would be reciprocated, I was met with a very dubious nod.

MORAL DEGRADATION.

And then look at the grave moral degradation that ensues from the dissociation of our youths from the humanising influences of woman's society, and the consequent temptation it leads them into to fall into the bewitching wiles of the nautch girl—a person who from a similarity of causes has come to occupy in India a position similar to that of the Hetaira in the Greece of Pericles and Aspasia. I am sure if this were fully realised by all parents they would, for the sake of the happiness of their daughters' lives and the purity of their sons' homes insist upon sound views on this question as a necessary preliminary to any negotiations regarding their children's marriage.

ECONOMIC EVIL.

Not only are the evil results of this system physical, mental and moral, they are also economic, when one-half of our workers have to put up with all the inefficiency which the purdah system, with its consequent obstacles to education, entails and all the circumscription of activity which confinement within the four walls of a zenana (often not more than 100 sq. ft. dimension) implies. I have in this connection before my mind's eye the case of a Mussalman chaprasi of mine in Northern India at Rs. 6 or 7 a month who, in addition to his official work, had to do all the bazaaring and also the bhisti and the sweeper's work in so far as the carrying of water and refuse from or outside his house was concerned.

SUPERFLUITY.

But I shall be told especially here by my Bombay friends, who have, by a combination of circumstances, been able to relax the bonds of the purdah and who make special purdah arrangements for everything, that these objections hold good for the poor but not for us, whose ladies can have fresh air in evening drives and higher education through visiting teachers and strict zenana schools and can order the external necessities of their household through servants. In the first place, how many in the whole of India can be so fortunately placed as to continuously command these facilities; and do these hothouse arrangements make for the growth of a healthy, vigorous, social life? Even presuming that they did, what an absence of any sense of responsibility of the richer and more favoured classes towards the poorer classes does such a reply reveal? How entirely do these people forget that the poorer classes adopt their standard of respectability from the higher; and in setting up a fictitious and artificial standard, one based on mere appearances and not on intrinsic grounds of desert, you are turning the goal of endeavours of the masses to a wrong channel.

IMMORALITY.

Again I shall be asked to picture to myself a state of society conjured up after devouring loads of penny dreadfuls and shilling shockers and asked whether I wanted our society to be like this. I have too great a respect for English womanhood and for our womanhood to say anything more in reply to this objection than that it is an insult to your wives and mothers and daughters to be cast off, whenever urged, with shame and scorn, that it is one which serves to reveal only the depth of blackness of the objector's own heart and that I would much more disbelieve in the foundations of all morality than believe that it rests on so slender a basis as the curtain of cloth that marks the zenana entrance.

CONCLUSION.

I am afraid, gentlemen, I have travelled much beyond the limits of time I had set before myself. My only excuse is that I feel strongly on this question as a vital one in the scheme of social reform, as one that is among the best tests of the spirit in which you approved the whole question of social reform. There may be differences of opinion as to how best to bring about an uprooting of this system and as to what line of social conversions we should chalk out along which the circle of female emancipation can be gradually completed. No one would be

fanatical enough to advocate its abolition at one stroke in any case not prepared for it by education and by gradual relaxation of the bonds of centuries. But it is open to every one to earnestly and strenuously work and add his own quota towards the attainment of the ultimate goal, so that each to-morrow may find us farther from to-day. It is open to him, for instance, first to do away with all restrictions against the free social intercourse between the ladies of different centres. It is open to him to raise the age at which his girls are placed in the zenana. It is above all open to him to introduce in his own home the great solvent of all these customs, female education, whether by governesses, by zenana schools, or certainly by himself. What is necessary is that he should be imbued with that spirit of respect towards all as God's creatures, which shall never make him say to any one, thus far and no farther shall you go in the path of progress and development of education and self-government, that shall make him incessantly work for that goal in which there are equal opportunities to all for showing best the light that is in each and in which there are no distinctions save those based on intrinsic nobility of aim and strenuous efficiency in its realisation.

The Ladies' Section of the Bombay Industrial Exhibition.



GR^{EAT} credit is due to the citizens of Bombay for the remarkably successful Industrial Exhibition that they have organized in connection with the Congress. The most interesting part of the Exhibition was the Ladies' Section planned and carried out entirely by

Indian ladies—Hindu, Muhammadan and Parsi. Her Excellency Lady Lamington opened this section and in doing so said:—"I wish to give the ladies the highest credit for what they have done; and I know what that work is and I wish to give them my personal thanks." The following address read by Miss Seernihai, one of the Honorary Secretaries, gives a clear account of the work done by the Ladies' Section:—

TO YOUR EXCELLENCIES LORD AND LADY LAMINGTON.—We, the members of the Ladies' Committee, the Women's Section of the Congress's Industrial and Agricultural Exhibition, feel honoured by your kind visit to our pavilion, and we reckon it as an

additional instance of the hearty co-operation shown far and wide from all parts of India. In several of its principal towns, Indian ladies had formed themselves into committees and in some places a few kindly inclined English ladies had joined these Indian ladies and sent us beautiful collections for our competition and Loan Divisions.

We avail ourselves of this opportunity to thank one and all for their kind and sympathetic co-operation. Considering the very brief period of a month and a half in which we had to organise and work up this section, we admit that the work is not complete as it would have been had we had a longer period for working.

Our motive, however, has been to initiate a small beginning for showing the variety of arts and trades for females which exist in various parts of India and to revive old industries and develop new ones for the women of India. We express our cordial thanks to the Hon. Mr. Vithaldas for the graceful compliment he has paid to our Ladies' Committee.

We must also make special mention of their Highnesses the Dowager and the present Maharani of Mysore and her Highness the Maharani of Baroda for consenting to be the Patronesses of this section. We must not omit to mention also the Dewan Sahib Hanumanth Row of Madras, who has worked with marked zeal to advance our cause. It gives us pleasure to announce that some fifty Industrial Institutions at Home have also sent work done by them, and the Mulagamunder Convent in Travancore has sent under the charge of one of their sisters, some six lacemakers actually to be working at our pavilion, showing the process of their industry. It would be ungrateful of us if we did not especially refer to one of our Secretaries, Miss N. H. Patuck, on whom fell the heaviest work as the contribution receiving Secretary. Had it not been for her indefatigable energy, we would not have been able to make even this somewhat incomplete display we are making to-day. We must also give our hearty thanks to Mrs. D. J. Tata, to whose zealous work we owe the entire beautifying of our pavilion. We also thankfully acknowledge the responsible duties of Honorary Treasurer, Lady Jehangir has been performing. In conclusion we once again repeat our thanks to your Excellency and Lady Lamington for having so gracefully opened our pavilion and to both your Excellencies for the honour of this visit. As time did not permit our completing the arrangements in this pavilion, we hope your Excellencies will grant as the additional honour of paying us another visit at your Excellencies' convenience.

What is being done for and by Indian Ladies.

So much of this issue of our journal is taken up with what Indian ladies have been doing in connection with important public movements, that it is superfluous to write anything more under this head. A new era of activity has dawned for Indian ladies, and the unique gatherings held in Bombay will no doubt prove a

great stimulus to the progress of India's daughters. It is impossible to witness spectacle like those witnessed in Bombay, without being affected by them and without being convinced that even into the zenana the light of culture and progress has penetrated."

—Says the *Muslim Herald*:—"The phenomenal success of Miss Gulbai M. Doctor in the recent Medical Examinations of the local (Bombay) University is an honour to Indian womanhood. She has won the Queen-Empress Silver Medal the Scholarship of the Medical Women for India Fund of 1883, the Lady Reay Gold Medal the Bai Hirabai P. H. Cama Gold Medal and the Lord Sandhurst Gold Medal. We tender our heartiest congratulations to the talented daughter and her much respected father Manekshaw W. Doctor, who is at present the Secretary to the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. When will the day come when our Mussalman daughters and sisters will be found walking in the wake of this distinguished Parsee young lady?"

—Mrs. Annie Besant, who has returned from England and assumed charge of the Editorship of the *Central Hindu College Magazine*, writes in the current issue:—"We may hope soon to see in vigorous activity the movement for girls' education, so long and carefully planned. The building of the Central Hindu Girls' School at Benares is approaching completion, and I am not without hope that the date of its opening may be fixed by the next month. A Girls' School has been opened at Delhi, and we hope shortly to publish the details. The Lahore School is doing well and has a daily attendance of between 60 and 70 girls."

—We are glad to note the activity of the Cuddalore Branch of the National Indian Association. We believe it was Mrs. Benson, when she was there, who started the Association some years ago and ever since it has been conducted steadily with great success. The Home educational classes are being well attended and are receiving the support of educated Indians. We should like to see branches of the Association in all important centres in India. Now that Government had pledged itself to aid liberally zenana education, there should be no difficulty in maintaining Home educational classes for Indian ladies.

—We have before us the report of the Maharashtra Female Education Society for 1903-04, from which we gather the following facts: The headquarters of the Society is at Poona and it has a membership of 80. The Council of the Society maintains one High School for girls, a Female Training College together with a Practising and Primary School. The total number of

peoples under instruction in these institutions is 295, of whom 156 are Brahmins, 95 other Hindus, 22 Jews, 1 Parsi, 2 Muhammadans, and 19 Native Christians. As many as 33 widows are under instruction. During the year under Report (1) Two girls were sent up for the Government High School Scholarship Examination and one of them secured a scholarship. (2) One pupil who went up for the London Trinity College Junior Examination in Music, passed the Examination, and gained honors in theory, and (3) Four pupils were sent up for the Matriculation Examination and they all passed, one of them securing the Bai Byramji Manekji prize in Science, and the Chatfield memorial prize.

The above is indeed a very great record of which any institution may be proud. Much credit is due to Miss Sorabjee, the indefatigable Lady Superintendent for the success of this institution.

—Among the recipients of Birthday honours we are glad to find the name of Dr. Miss Kugler of Ongole, whose noble work in connection with the hospital for women formed the subject of an illustrated article in our columns. Among the many forms of philanthropic work undertaken by missionary ladies, the medical work is one of the most important, and we are glad to find that Government is shewing its appreciation of this work on behalf of the women of India, though the workers themselves are actuated by motives other than those of reward.

A new field for female workers.—There is a general complaint among the advocates of female education in this country that they have not succeeded in opening before our educated ladies sufficient avenues of utilising their services in a way befitting their attainments. There is truth in it, but it must not be thought that this is due to any want of suitable work in this country. It is owing to our lack of interest in the matter that our educated ladies are keeping themselves aloof from public good work. If we try to make them interested in various philanthropic works we have no doubt that substantial work may be done by them. Some months ago Mrs. Ranade was gazetted as a non-official visitor to the Yerrowda jail. We learn from the *Indian Social Reformer* of Bombay that she has not taken it as a mere compliment. On the occasion of her first visit, the lady visitor and the female inmates naturally felt embarrassed by the novelty of the situation. At the second visit, a few kindly enquiries about the children and home of the prisoners touched a chord of sympathy. The third time she went, Mrs. Ranade recited some hymns and religious poems in Marathi which were much appreciated by the unfortunates. Mrs. Ranade has now come to feel that she cannot now do without these

ministrations, and the inmates of the prison seem to be equally anxious for her visits. What Mrs. Ranade can do by being appointed by the Government, other ladies can certainly do on private initiative. Authorities of the Jail Department, we are sure, will not make any hesitation in granting them admittance for such noble work.

Editorial Notes.

This is the subject of a most interesting article by a Muhamedan gentleman in the leading Moslem journal

in India, the *Observer* of Lahore. He belongs to the new school which is gaining day by day in influence and

in numbers, which advocates a thorough liberal education for women. The writer's contention is that our women should receive, like men, an education both in the vernacular and in English. English education in particular he considers to be of very great value. Its advantages are:—

1. It will be useful in facilitating intercourse between English women and Indian women, and a greater advance will be achieved in respect of Anglo-Oriental sympathy.
2. It will open to our females a much wider, better, and healthier literature.
3. It will emancipate them from seclusion.
4. It will bring about a great social reform and do away with all the social evils.
5. It will serve the demands of time.
6. It will enable them to profit by the great boon conferred upon them by that noblest lady, Marchioness of Dufferin, in establishing a fund for them and giving them medical help.
7. It will enable them to know something about the prevention of diseases—a knowledge which is availed of by their sisters of the West.

The high liberal education which men have received has created a platform to meet on for Englishmen and Indians. Why should not English and Indian ladies meet on the same lines? But it is impossible until they have one

common language. It is easier for an Indian lady to learn English than for an English lady to learn a Vernacular.

It is with the deepest regret that we have to announce the death of Mr. C. Raja Raja Varma, the well-known artist, brother of Ravi Varma. To us his death is a great loss as he took a personal interest in this journal and did all in his power to advance its cause, not only by contributing to its columns, but by sending copies of pictures painted by him and his brother for publication in the journal. Both the brothers were in Mysore doing some paintings for the Maharaja, when Raja Raja Varma took ill. He was brought to Madras for medical treatment, but after a short time he succumbed to his illness. Raja Raja Varma was a great artist in himself, though his modesty and his admiration for his brother were so much that he always kept himself in the background. The bond of love between the two brothers, who were always together and worked together, was remarkable. Our readers will remember some of the contributions of Mr. Raja Raja Varma to our columns. He was a great art enthusiast and he looked forward to the time when the masses will be able to appreciate Indian art. His death at an early age is a loss to the country and we take this opportunity of offering our sincerest condolences to Mr. Ravi Varma.

If proof were needed of the new era of progress and activity that is dawning in India so far as her daughters are concerned, it will be seen in the part which Indian ladies are beginning to take in public movements of all kinds. This month's issue of our journal is taken up almost entirely with a record of what Indian ladies of all classes and communities have been doing in Bombay in connection with the Industrial Exhibition and the National Social Conference. The Ladies' Section of the Industrial exhibition, planned and carried out entirely by Indian ladies, was a most brilliant success. It clearly shews how much could be

achieved by Indian women by their sinking all differences of caste and religion and working together for a common good cause. It is true the conditions in the city of Bombay for such co-operation are very favourable. No city in India can boast of so large a number of enlightened Indian ladies as Bombay, and the presence of the enlightened Parsee community has tended much to push on the cause of female education. But what has been achieved by the ladies in Bombay can be achieved by ladies in other cities. All the signs of activity we notice everywhere at present clearly indicate that there are great possibilities before India's daughters. Hitherto they had depended upon the goodwill, and favour of men for their advancement, but now that they have been awakened, they are likely to put forth efforts of their own, which it would not be possible for men to resist. The interesting Ladies' Gathering in connection with the Social Conference was also a unique event and the speeches made by the ladies show that they are not going to leave the cause of India's daughters entirely in the hands of men. May God guide the new activities of the women of India in the right direction so that the country as a whole may be blessed!

Mrs. Booker T. Washington, in her address at the recent meeting of the National Congregational Council in Des Moines, gave some interesting statistics, showing the relative studiousness of the boys and girls of her race. She said: "There are a hundred public high schools for colored young people. The census shows the enrolment of 2,659 girls as against 2,974 boys in elementary grades, and in secondary grades 3,933 girls, 1,664 boys. In the secondary and higher schools of the race there were 13,306 young women and 9,587 boys in the elementary grades; 7,383 young women and 6,164 men in the secondary grades; 740 women and 2,339 men in the collegiate course. In secondary and higher schools there were 17,186 colored students receiving industrial training, of whom 11,012, were women. Many of our young women have worked their way through the schools, working during the summer in the cotton fields with their parents, doing laundry work with their mothers, sewing for the neighborhood, doing domestic work for others, or teaching the ordinary country schools."



News and Notes.

"Home is where mother is. Father builds the house, but mother makes the home. The house is made with hands, but the home grows out of the mother's heart. The difference between one home and another is mainly a difference between mothers. The home is the Holy of Holies with the veil rent asunder; a mother's heart is the ark of the covenant and her face the Shekinah. If this vision of the beauty of God leads us not to worship, then we would not adore in Heaven."

Seventeen years ago Helen Keller was only "a little mass of possibilities;" now, at twenty-four, she is perhaps the most widely known and loved of American girls. Miss Lottie Sullivan, the Colorado deaf, dumb, and blind girl, who is often spoken of as a second Helen Keller, sat in the audience and enjoyed the address, every word of it being communicated to her by hand-pressure. Schools and colleges also observed "Helen Keller Day" with appropriate exercises, seeking to draw inspiration from a notable and admirable young life, which, despite its misfortunes, is brimful of happiness.

Mrs. Catherine Breshkovskaya, a Russian lady who is now on a visit to America, has a remarkable history and a still more remarkable character. Of noble birth, she early devoted herself to the effort to improve the condition of the peasantry. She was exiled to Siberia, and spent twenty-five years in the mines and penal colonies. George Kennan met her there. In his book, "Siberia and the Exile System," he wrote of her: "Almost the last words she said to me were: 'Mr. Kennan, we may die in exile, our children may die in exile, and our children's children

may die in exile, but something will come of it at last.' . . . My standards of courage, of fortitude, and of heroic self-sacrifice have been raised for all time, and raised by the hand of a woman." When her long term of banishment expired, she at once began again to work for the establishment of free institutions in Russia.

In a remarkable speech on Social Reform by Mr. C. Sankara Nair, C.I.E., there occurs the following remarks on the status of women:—

"We are against that system which always regards woman as dependent on a male and never fit for independence on account of her character—a system which has the high authority of Manu and others and is in full force and effect. To this dependent position is the Purdah system enforced by male jealousy due. Her *goshu* life interferes with her free development and therefore ought to be condemned. She is now treated as the property of her husband. We cannot accept that teaching which practically enjoins a man however old to marry soon after the death of his wife and enforces widowhood on a woman however young she may be after her husband's death. She now allows herself to be coerced into a life which may be repugnant to her. Because knowledge, at least sacred knowledge, as in the case of lower castes is denied to her, she must be educated and an English education which will give her freedom of thought and action is indispensable so that she may emancipate herself from a law of which *Suttee* is the logical outcome. *Suttee* no doubt has been happily swept away, and we are proud that our first great Indian Social Reformer's efforts contributed not a little to its abolition. *Suttee* was the survival of that barbaric custom which forced a man's followers, women and horses to follow him in death. Enforced widowhood is only

SUTTEE IN ANOTHER FORM.

Its existence is due to the same influences that enforced *Suttee*. It is death in life. As to the necessity of female education the question has happily passed beyond the stage of controversy. It is too late in the day to discuss it. There may be some who would still oppose it. But we need not waste time on them. The future of the race depends upon the mother and the wife and the education which they receive must fit them to be counsellors of their husbands, and their sons must enable them to realise the errors of the past which has brought our India now low and they must be able to take their proper place in moulding the future of our country. In that future, if it is to be a glorious future, she will realise that caste as such, placing barriers between men and man must not exist. That however high her own caste she must treat a woman of the lowest depressed class as her sister as in fact she would treat one of her own caste or subcaste, that her own status will not be one of abject subordination but of equality with man where she may occupy any position for which she may fit herself. Her education must be in accordance with our modern needs. Otherwise she will only be a drag to our progress. In fact there can be no progress without the co-operation of women. Progress is impossible and education to be imparted to her must be such as to enable her to co-operate with us in our efforts. Political enfranchisement is impossible without female education.

Nowhere is the cause of woman's education more

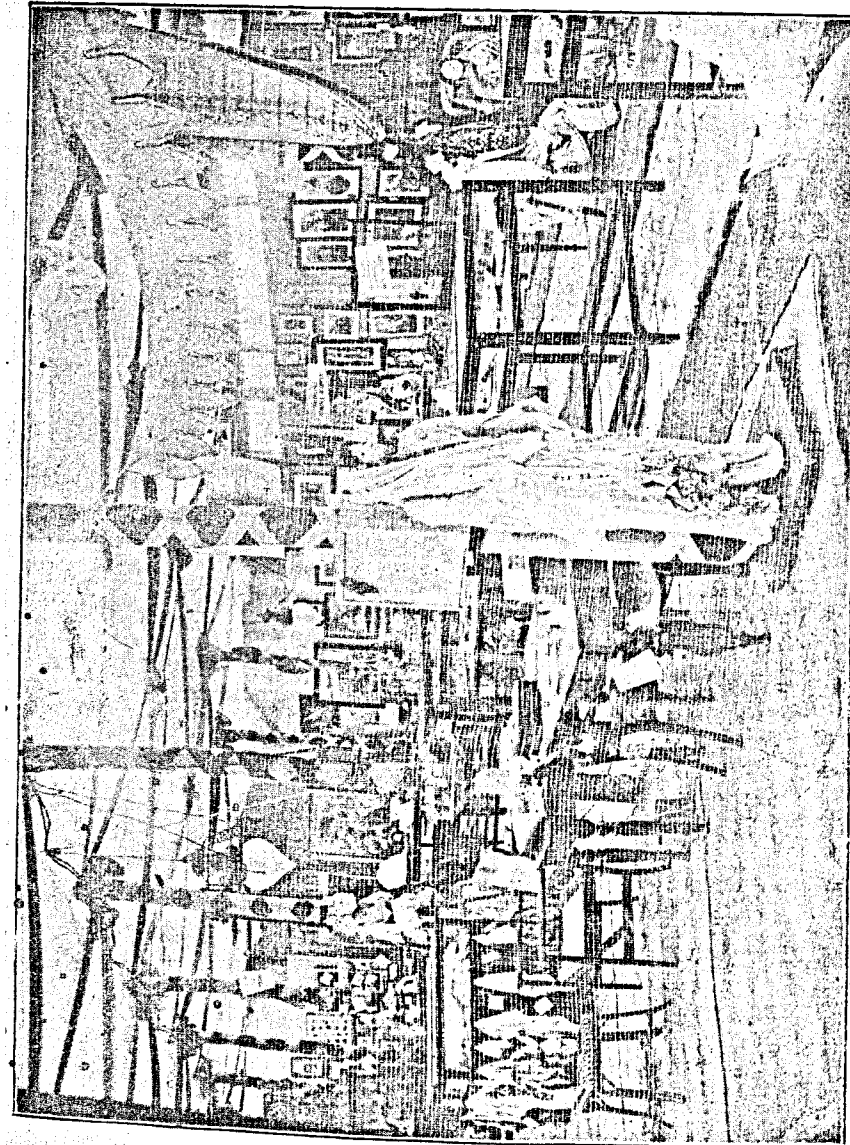
important than in Turkey. It has been said that if Turkey is to take her place among the nations, her women must be raised. The men are grasping education eagerly, but so long as their wives and mothers remain illiterate, the country will be held down. Among all the Western schools in Turkey, the American schools do the most thorough work for the Eastern woman. Kindergartens, primary schools and high schools in Bulgaria and Turkey offer a much-needed training to these girls. Beyond these high

schools, there is but one institution which can give the Oriental girl a college course, or prepare her to study in a European university—the American College for girls in Constantinople. This college draws its students from the Greek and Bulgarian gymnasia for girls, from French and English preparatory schools from homes where a governess has taught a little language work, and from the American schools in the mission stations of the interior of Turkey and Bulgaria.

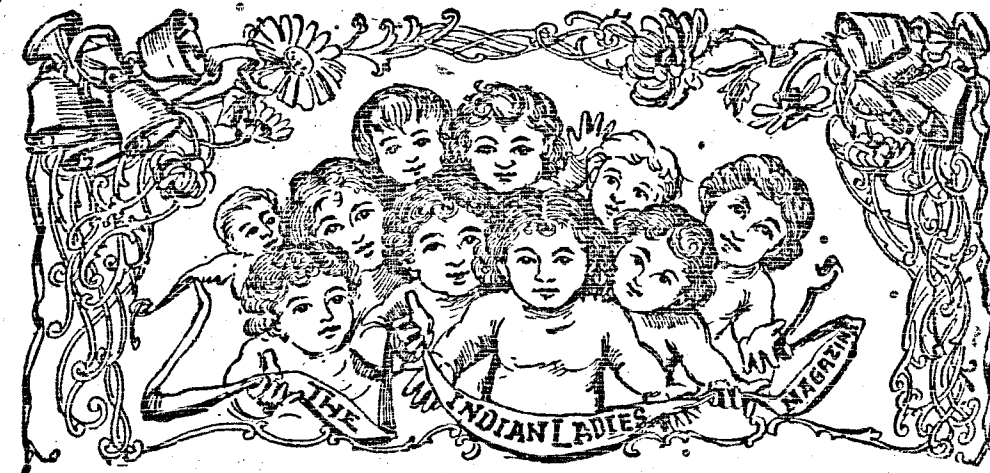
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LADIES' SECTION OF THE BOMBAY EXHIBITION.
(Fide Article by "Shahinda.")



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

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No. 8.

WOMAN—A POEM.

What highest prize hath woman won,
In science or in art?
What mightiest work, by woman done,
Boasts city, field or mart?
"She hath no Raphael!" Painting saith,
"No Newton!" Learning cries;
"Show us her Steam-ship! her *Macbeth*!
Her thought-won victories."

Wait, boastful Man! Though worthy are
Thy deeds when thou art true
Things worthier still, and holier far,
Our sister yet will do;
For this the worth of woman shows,
On every peopled shore,
That still as man in wisdom grows
He honours her the more.

Oh, not for wealth, or fame, or power,
Hath man's meek angel striven,
But silent as the growing flower,
To make of earth a heaven!
And in her garden of the sun
Heaven's brightest rose shall bloom;
For woman's best is unbegun!
Her advent yet to come!

Earth-rise from the Moon.

A FANCY.

By Miss M. C. Sidgwick.



HERE was I?
I gazed
around me in
surprise. What strange
country had I dropped
into? Arid, bare, and
desolate, it
stretched on
every side.
Mountain
crag and
peak shot
above me
into space,
the summit
clear and

distinct as though only a few feet away. It was a world of white glittering rock, and deep black shadow silent, inert, motionless.

I raised my eyes. Wonder of wonders! A cool black sky hung above me, in which a round scintillating sun poured forth such volumes of heat and light, that I turned hastily to seek the shadow of a rock. The rock against which I leaned burned like red hot coal. It cast a deep black shadow which contrasted vividly with the brilliant sunlit surface. The whole landscape was a study in black and white. Black sky, white rock, black shadow. In the regions unshadowed by the mountains, lay tracts (I could almost say floors, so smooth did they appear) of dazzling whiteness, the surface broken here and there by huge black cracks and fissures that roused my curiosity. I rose and approached one of these. My limbs felt light as air. It was less troublesome to jump and run than to keep still, and it was with difficulty that I restrained myself from leaping up those craggy peaks, which I knew I could mount as easily as goat or chamois. A jump over a high house would have been nothing to me. A few steps brought me to the edge of the nearest fissure though it looked a long way off, and I appeared to pass many objects on my way thither. As I neared it, I saw that it was very wide—three quarters of a mile at least and that as the sun was behind me, the opposite edge was in brilliant light, the shadow not beginning till several yards below the top. I dropped over the ground and peered over the edge. The sight riveted my attention. It was so weird; like and yet unlike what I expected to see. The crater seemed bottomless: the rocky sides appearing to descend perpendicularly

for miles. The intense blackness of shadow of the cliff over which I leaned was however faintly illumined by the brilliant sunlit rock from the opposite side, and by its light I could see every stone and undulation for an extraordinary distance. Indeed distance hardly seemed to impede the power of sight in this strange country, for the outlines and angles of objects appeared just as clear and sharp at 50 yards as at one yard's distance, the only limit apparently being the contraction of space.

O! the insupportable heat! Furtively I raised my eyes again, and saw that the sun had shifted his position, and that the black shadows were now lengthening rapidly. I saw too that the sky was full of stars. Blue, green, red and yellow they hung like jewelled lamps; deeper and still deeper into space as far as the eye could reach; there was no end to them. I shouted and the sound terrified me; it was so loud and penetrating. The mountains took it up and tossed it to each other; echo answered echo, in circles of eddying sound, in which the first note seemed to be taken up and hurled backwards and forwards like a living thing till gradually the whole subsided, and the last note grumbled itself to death in a distant mountain cleft.

A great change had taken place in the landscape. The brilliant sun was disappearing over the edge of the horizon and a vast black shadow, icy and impenetrable in its density, swept towards me. I stood on a narrow rim of brilliant burning rock; soon that would be gone, and I should be enveloped in shadow. It had come. Intense cold and a darkness that could be felt. The stars still glittered, but their many coloured points of light were powerless to break the gloom. They were like bits of coloured glass and had no power to light or warm the land.

A terrible despair seized me. I sat, crouched together gazing blankly into the icy blackness, while a silence as of death reigned all around. I had no count of time. It might have been days or months that passed before I was roused from the dull stupor into which I had fallen. It seemed that the impenetrable blackness was not so dense, and looking up, I saw that among the dull glittering stars, a slim crescent of intensely vivid light had appeared. It seemed that the crescent was encircling a large black body revealed only by the narrow thread of light, which grew larger every moment, till there hove into sight a splendid globe of clear white light suffusing the landscape with warmth and brilliance.

Once more the mountain peaks stood out in bold relief against the black sky. Once more the cracks and fissures yawned in the white uneven ground. And all shone pale and subdued in the clear ghostly light.

I gazed at the wondrous object before me. Softly glowing it hung in the black space. The outline was faintly blurred; dark spots and markings were visible on its surface.

"It is the Earth" I cried, "my own beloved home, and Y—the dream of my life has been attained. I have seen Earth-rise from the Moon!"

Warren Hastings's own Account of His Impeachment.



Impeachment.

IN the December number of Harper's monthly magazine is published for the first time an interesting letter addressed by Warren Hastings to Thompson who had been his Secretary in India, containing an account of the famous Pro-Consuls'

Impeachment. In the eighteenth century it was customary both in England and in France to reward with impeachment and disgrace administrators, who had laid the foundations of Empire in India, and devoted the best years of their life to the service of the State. But now Empire builders are treated differently. It is rather late in the day now either to applaud or condemn the impeachment of Warren Hastings. It is, however, generally recognised that Burke was by no means actuated by altruistic motives in bringing about the Impeachment, and that Hastings was the unfortunate victim of political animosity and personal spite. The most enduring monument of Hastings's work is our Indian Empire; whereas if Burke is remembered at all it is as a doctrinaire politician and as the virulent persecutor of Hastings. Prof. H. H. Wilson in his edition of Mill's History of British India states that Burke hated Hastings so much that when he heard that Mrs. Hastings had lost a large fortune by the failure of a Dutch Bank he rejoiced greatly.

The letter above referred to is dated 17th July 1888, and is written from Beaumont Lodge. As the editor, Mr. S. Arthur Strong, says, in the letter "we have the celebrated performances of Burke and Sheridan judged at the time by Hastings himself."

Hastings seems to have had some sort of prescience that his impeachment would be the theme of controversy, for all time, for he says, "And though the most complete acquittal should close ye present Trial my Reputation will still be blasted by Writers, yet unborn, and will con-

tinue to be so as long as the events which are connected with it are deemed to deserve their place in the history of this country."

He very naturally complains of the inordinate delay in the course of the trial, especially as on one occasion the court was adjourned to enable some of the Lords and the Managers of the Impeachment to be present. Hastings also states that much of the time was consumed in lengthy speeches and hints that "it is not the interest of the Managers to let the trial come to an end, nor perhaps does the ministry wish it." He calculates that with the present rate of progress, the whole trial would be likely to last for 19 years;—any how it lasted for seven long years.

What he says of Sheridan's speeches applies equally to the dazzling declamations of Burke—"People admire this as a perfect model of eloquence. Many think it turgid nonsense, and much of it, if fairly reduced to writing certainly is so. If my judgment of it may be trusted, it consisted of impudent assertions of facts which were not in proof; dull, dry and fallacious applications of the evidence which he magnified and suppressed, as either served his purpose; of some wit but much more buffoonery; of gross Invective, and foul Language throughout; many flights of fine Imagination; much Bombast, and even unintelligible Declamation; and Patches of highly wrought Oratory evidently got by heart, and of perfect Composition, had it borne any just Relation to the Subject."

Warren Hastings is also surprised (accustomed as he was to the grave debates in the Calcutta Council Chamber), at the incongruous combination of fury and pleasantry, in the speeches of the Managers.

In common with other notable persons he considered that the fundamental principles of the English law and constitution had been violated in prosecuting him. He says:—"The law of England presumes every man, however arraigned, to be innocent, until he is proved to be guilty, and places under the protection of its Courts even the most atrocious Criminals that are brought before them. Yet the Court before which I have stood has permitted such foul invectives, as would be worse than death to many minds, to be uttered in its presence unreprieved against me, even before a single witness was called, or the charge opened to show what I had done to deserve it."

He is afraid that his successors in India may meet with his fate on their return to England, and advises them to plead guilty rather than undergo the torture of a long prosecution.

Warren Hastings's fortitude throughout his trial was most wonderful. "I have sustained," says he, "the trial, as I hope I possess that

within me which would support me with equal fortitude under any bodily torture, if the Managers should require, and the Lords permit it . . . I told you, Thompson, before my trial commenced that my accusers should not triumph over me. They have yet no cause, nor shall they."

In the midst of all his troubles, his heart is in India and he is following all the events there keenly. "I hope," says he, "you continue in peace. Happily for you the French with a despised monarch, a feeble administration, and intestine troubles, are unable to take any active measures immediately, either to embarrass our affairs or retrieve their own . . . Will your Governor have the virtue to despise the narrow policy of this country, and act from his own judgment of what will be necessary to its interests in India. I hope he will. If he does not, woe to him, and to you all!"

Every one must be grateful to Mr. S. Arthur Strong, for unearthing and publishing this interesting document.

B. R.

Some Anecdotes.

THREE STUDENTS AND A MONARCH.

[By Mrs. C. BESLEY.]

THE German Students are proverbial for their "*bonhomie*" and their love of a joke. They are also noted for their love of the "*Kneipe*" (tavern) and their wonderful capabilities of consuming beer whilst they are there.

One Sunday afternoon three of them, after having spent some time in a neighbouring "*Kneipe*," were walking through some woods near Pilnitz, in a very oval frame of mind. Presently they saw an elderly gentleman of no slight dimensions coming towards them. He was dressed in a suit of green cloth, which Germans invariably wear when they are shooting, but he carried no gun.

Now there is a saying in Germany that he who shoots on Sunday is no true sportsman. The students watched the elderly gentleman, as he walked along leisurely looking straight before him as if wrapt in thought, and apparently not aware of their existence. Feeling in a talkative mood the students accosted him:

"Good morning," cried one of them doffing his cap and making a very deep cavalier bow, "and may I ask if you are another of the many Sunday sportsmen one meets in these parts? For you wear a sportsman's coat and carry no gun; can it be that in the vast experience that you have had time to accumulate, oh wise man, that you find you can hit your game as well with, as without a gun?" The old gentleman laughed good humouredly.

"You do not seem to have forgotten how to laugh yet, old man, in fact, it strikes me that you have kept your youth in spite of your years!" exclaimed the second student patting him on the shoulder.

"Votes I," said the third slipping his arm through the old gentleman's, "that so so together we go, for we all feel young and merry."

"Now tell me old friend," resumed the first speaker, "how did you raise this corporation," nudging him with his elbow, "you seem to take life easy, old man?"

And so they went on making great sport of the elderly gentleman, who however did not seem to mind at all, in fact he joined in the joke with all his heart. Presently after some more banter, the first student was seized with a desire to be hospitable:

"Look here," he cried, "we have been raging you like anything, and you have been a 'brick' not to mind; when we come to the village we will stand you a drink, each of us and some rare good trout that they have there."

"No, no," returned the old gentleman, "you must do me the honour of being my guests," and so it was agreed that they should accept his hospitality.

They walked on for some way until at last they came to the village. The landlord of the modest little inn came out to meet them.

"Ha, Ha," laughed the students, "you did not know we were such swells, why half the village is turning out to meet us."

But to their surprise neither the landlord nor the villagers took any notice of them but fixing their eyes on their companion, they stood aside and bowed low. Then an officer in full uniform approached the little group, and saluting he said, "All is in readiness, Sire, the landlord is overjoyed at your Majesty honouring his small inn." The King of Saxony, for it was indeed he, turned to his A. D. C. "These two gentlemen will dine with me," he said, but the two gentlemen were not visible to the naked eye. As soon as it dawned on them who their companion was, visions of being had up for *Lese Majeste* filled their minds and in horror they had turned off into a side path. But the King sent

his A. D. C. after them, with a pressing invitation that they should join him at dinner, as previously arranged.

KING EDWARD VII. AND THE BUS DRIVER.

One day after the Derby Races, the King (then Prince of Wales) was seized with the idea that he wished to return for part of the way on the top of a Bus, which he did. Taking a seat beside the driver he began to discuss the Derby with him.

"Oim roight glad is Royal' oughness won that there Derby" said the driver "edo deserve it, so 'e do."

"Well," answered the Prince, "I really can't see what you want to make such a fuss about the Prince of Wales, for he has not done anything especial for the country, has he now?"

"Wort are ye havoring about any way," responded the indignant driver. "Why, wort do you want 'im to do? Teddie, 'eis all right you trust 'im. Oi shouldn't wonder but what you are one of them bloomin' Anarchists or Socialists, and Oi never 'as no truck with them, nor Oi do."

After this the Bus driver so very markedly cold shouldered the Prince, that it proved too much for his sense of humour and he hastily descended the stairs of the unprincely conveyance.

CECIL RHODES AND THE TOMMIES.

During the siege of Kimberley a young gunner, who with a detachment of men was stationed at an isolated post, was dining with Cecil Rhodes, and happened to remark in the course of conversation that his men were suffering from various skin diseases, from want of sufficient vegetable food.

"Poor chaps," remarked Cecil Rhodes, "I will see what I can do for them."

Anything in the shape of vegetables was at that time at an enormous premium, but by paying at the rate of £100 per month Mr. Rhodes was able to hire the produce of a small vegetable garden, which he sent daily to the Tommies in question, to help to mitigate a little the many sufferings of that terrible siege.

On another occasion he showed himself Tommy's friend.

Three Tommies from the same detachment just mentioned, were walking home one night after having dined, in spite of the siege, well but alas! not too wisely. With disheveled hair and mud-stained uniforms, they sauntered down the road singing at the top of their lusty lungs.

Poor Tommies! their evenings for leisure and amusement were few and far between, and this one had evidently proved too much for them.

A carriage passed and some one bent out of the window, and then the carriage stopped, and a voice called out offering them a lift, which the Tommies were only too glad to accept. They were driven to within a few yards of their destination. On alighting one of the men sufficiently recovered himself to thank his host for the lift and wanted to know "if he might be so bold as to ask" to whom he was indebted.

Great was his consternation when he heard it was to none other than Cecil Rhodes.

RELIEVING MAFeking.

As the relieving column marched into the siege-stricken town of Mafeking, to be received by those soul-stirring cheers, which some great crisis of life and death alone can call forth, there was among the Privates a young fellow who seemed but to hear all this like one in a dream. Physical exhaustion and the privations, together with the mental strain, of the last few days had been too much for him. Now that the great moment had come in which the gallant rescuers had achieved their object, now that privations would be over for the present, the moment they had so anxiously awaited for so long—just at this moment the young fellow who had so bravely held out during the last fearful weeks, felt overpowered and wearily sank at the road side in a fainting condition. His companions all fired with the glory of success did not notice his absence and the young soldier was left lying by the road-side, too utterly weary and exhausted to move.

Presently a group of men came up to him, and one of them stooping over him spoke to him, and having roused him from the state of semi-coma into which he had fallen, gave him a drink from a flask he carried with him. The young fellow gazed up into the face of his benefactor and recognizing him to be an officer from his uniform, he at once pulled himself together and saluted. The officers gave him a friendly smile and passed on. Then the young private noticed that he was followed by several other officers in uniform. One of them turned back and asked the young fellow how he felt.

"Much better, thank you, sir, in fact I feel quite fit," was the reply, "could you tell me, Sir, who was the officer who spoke to me and gave me that refreshing drink?"

"Why that was Baden Powell."

So the defender of Mafeking in the midst of all this rush and excitement had found time to do what no one else had done. To help a weary footsore private lying by the way-side.

Idylls of Ancient Ind—Sakuntala.*



A REVIEW.

THE works of Kalidasa, the poet of peerless intellect, "the chosen favourite of the Divine Saraswati," are a veritable mine of literary wealth in which thoughts, the most sublime, and diction, the most charming, lie imbedded side by side to delight and enlighten the privileged few who are able to dive into them sufficiently deep. It is chiefly in his descriptions of natural objects and sceneries and the tender sentiments of the human heart that his admirable poetic powers are seen at their best. Like Wordsworth he looked upon Nature with the eye of a lover, and the knowledge of the physical laws under a living Nature is superior to that of any other Hindu poet. *Sakuntala* contains passages which display a knowledge of natural history highly creditable to the acuteness of the Hindu intellect. That this play is one of great poetic merit is a matter on which the severest critics of all nations are agreed. As for the praise which it has secured to the author in European countries we need only observe that it has been translated into more than one language on the continent, and that critics and scholars like Augustus William Von Schlegel, Alexander Von Humboldt and Goethe have assigned to this play a lofty place in the poetic literature of all nations. It would not be out of place to quote Goethe's high encomium which is as follows:—

Wouldst thou the life's young blossoms and the
fruits of its decline,
And all by which the soul is pleased, enraptured,
feasted, fed,
Wouldst thou the earth and heaven itself in one
sweet name combine,
I name thee, O, Sakuntala! and all at once is said.

To interpret the thoughts of a master mind in a language different from his own cannot be an easy task. The translator finds himself quite at sea in giving the original quite a foreign garb. The dress does not suit the subject in some places and looks awkward at others. Mr. Vasudeva Row, the Translator of *Idylls of Ancient Ind—Sakuntala* in English verse, therefore, must necessarily have had a formidable task before him. To clothe in English dress Kalidasa's famous work, one must needs be a man of culture. His command over both English and Sanskrit should be great. The task he has

* *Idylls of Ancient India—Sakuntala* by R. Vasudeva Row.

to pass through is certainly crucial. On a careful perusal of the book before us, we must say that Mr. Vasudeva Row has been fairly successful. In some places he has shown high art and been fully equal to his task. The book is not unworthy of the author, and is a fair attempt at presenting to the English-reading public an idea of Kalidasa's *Sakuntala*.

In the female characters of the ancient Indian Literature we find unity, perfect simplicity, and harmony under the various circumstances and conditions in which they are placed. Sita is the embodiment of patience and chastity throughout: Damayanti of conjugal love and passionate affection: Savitri of faithful and obedient devotion: and Sakuntala is one of the noblest types of female characters that Kalidasa's plays present. In her character there is no jarring or disturbing element. We may say that she has all the elements of womanhood—grace, elegance, beauty and sweetness of temper—which call forth our love and admiration. She is lovely as a child of nature, and all her radiant grace and beauty, her irresistible attractiveness, appeal to admirers of the heroines of ancient Ind.

Sakuntala, the daughter of the sage Visvamitra and the celestial nymph Meenaka, is tenderly protected by the mercy of birds (Sakuntas) and then taken care of by Kanva, the hermit, on her desertion by her parents. She grows up in the hermitage of her adoptive father, amidst the fawns and lotuses, and develops like a "woodland creeper" into a picture of health and beauty. King Dushyanta one evening, in passing by the hermitage as he is hunting a deer, catches a glimpse of Sakuntala, 'the maiden of the woods' and 'the darling of the gods,' as she is engaged in watering the trees in the penance-grove.

O with what joy he saw
Beauty all spotless, Beauty whose loveliness
Never painter fixed in hues nor sculptor wrought
In chiseled marble or a bronze; all grace
Stored up: the charm of wanton curls, sweet eyes,
That like twin violets of the valley smiled,
And parted lips that mocked the rose in bloom.

Sakuntala appears to be stately, clad like a woodland nymph,

And lovely as the summer moon, her face
Was mild with the native hue of innocence.
The splendour of her eyes flashed suddenly
On him; he felt the light into his being
The glory of her form kindled expression,
And, in broken accents tho', he burst in joy
"O dear perfection, art thou flesh and blood,
Or art thou but a mocking fantasy,
A charm, a vision or a noonday dream."

When King Dushyanta and Sakuntala meet for the first time they fall hopelessly in love with each other; but there is no love, unless it were a rule of nature, which requires the hero and the

heroine of an Indian play to be equally impressed. Struck with Miranda's beauty, Ferdinand considers her a goddess and asks her if 'she were made or no' and Shakespeare has shown the depth of love and not its tumult. In this respect Dushyanta's praise falls short of the praise which Ferdinand gives to Miranda's charms. Dushyanta, charmed with Sakuntala's beauty, is sure that she is made, and only questions the how of it in the following:

How creeper-like
This slender-waisted maiden; her lips that
shame
The crimson of fresh tendrils, and her arms
Soft as twin branches, and all her perfect form
Fair with the bloom of youth. Beauty
In all things fair, most alike and true.

Sakuntala to her handmaids, as she appears to us now, is a woman bordering on womanhood. Her heart is already under the influence of love, though that feeling has not yet assumed a clear and distinct form. She is guileless. Her capacity for love is unbounded.

A longing felt her soul
To know him and to make him her life-long
friend.
As the sun in spring time from the virgin earth
Wakens at prime new buds, so the sight of the
king
In her maiden heart wakened sweet thoughts of
love.
She knew not it was love, yet in her heart
Strange friendship lingered, which the mind
revealed
By a new light that upon her ample face
Came, and the mind knew it not.

The beauty of Sakuntala is well described and the following selection deserves to be singled out for praise, for the beauty of sentiment and language.

The rude apparel yet
Sets off her loveliness, like the thick fold,
That on the bud divides itself at prime,
Doth half conceal and half reveal to view
The bloom within; how graceful and divine;
As the lotus lovely in a moss-grown pond,
Or the moon fair in her spotty majesty,
This maiden looks; her vests of woven bark
But add to perfection a lovelier hue.
Yea, native beauty hath her sweet charms,
That far outshine the dull and pale-rayed gloss
Of foreign ornament.

Dushyanta grows envious of a bee that hovers about Sakuntala's face and calls it happier than himself, just in the same way as Imogen informed by Pisanio that Posthumus kissed her handkerchief, is made to exclaim.

"Ah! senseless linen happier therein than I!"

Dushyanta thinks:—

Ah happy bee, a blessed lot is thine.
O that I were thou, then I may claim

Her glances as she coyly throws them round,
And whisper tender tales of love to her,
And whispering, drink the honey of her lips
E'en as she blushes, as she blushes now.

The king manages to meet Sakuntala and have a sort of conversation with her, the chief part in which, however, is taken by the less modest and more outspoken companions. The marriage rites of the Ghandarva system takes place between Sakuntala and Dushyanta and the royal lover gives a ring to her in recognition of the marriage.

Dushyanta returns to his capital and Sakuntala is ever thinking of him and is always absent-minded. The wild thoughts of her lord course through her bewildered brain. Her light tasks fall heavy on her shoulders. Her amusements become things of the past. She neglects her pets. The rare flowers delight her no more. Even the moonlight is a torture to her. While she is thus lost in reverie, Durvasa who is represented as flying into greatest rage at trifles comes to the hermitage and hearing no response to his calls, curses:—

Oh haughty mien,
O thou, that lightly thinkest thus of me,
A cloud shall darken all his memory
On whom thy idle thoughts thou pourest now;
To him thy name and all shall strangers be
And in his mind all thought of thee shall die.

The maids who meet the sage on his return from the hermitage hear his curse and beg of him to pardon her. The sage now knows the situation of Sakuntala and his sorry heart melts and he says:

Go; some love-token by him given
Be shown to him, he will know her.

Sakuntala knows not the occurrence. She expects to be soon a mother and the state of things can no longer be concealed from her foster-father. He learns the curse of the sage and making preparations to send her to her husband, with a father's care advises thus:—

Revere
Thy elders; follow thy lord as shadow doth
The substance, ever patient and at his will;
And filled with the honey of human tenderness,
Bear with all; nor let high power and wealth
Inflame thy heart with pride and lust; e'er love
Thy lord and to thyself be true; in him
Thy joy and peace, in him thy weal and stay;
In adversity's bitter hour not yield
To preying grief a victim, nor exult
When fortune smiles. So mayest thou live beloved
Of gods and men; so in the world's memory
Thy name may endure and in days to be
May all men say 'she was pure, a blameless life
She lived, noble was she and true to all,
Sakuntala, the flower of womanhood.'

When the departure of Sakuntala, escorted by a few disciples of the sage and an old matron, the

venerable Gautami, is nigh he says: 'This day must Sakuntala depart, that is resolved; yet my soul is smitten by anguish. My speech is interrupted by a torrent of tears, which my reason suppresses and turns into words; my very sight is dimmed. Strange that the affection of a forer, retired from the haunts of men, should be so excessive. Oh! with what pangs must they who are fathers of families, be afflicted on the departure of a daughter.'

Sakuntala and her party enter the court and present themselves to king Dushyanta who receives them with all the respect due to guests of such sanctity, but he absolutely refuses to recognize Sakuntala as his wife even when requested to do so by the Brahmins who accompany her. The curse of the sage Durvasa has already been at work, but unknown to her, and so the shock that she receives is sudden and unexpected. No language can convince Dushyanta and Sakuntala with deep sorrow murmurs,

O mother earth, O dear mother earth!
Can'st thou not in thy deep wide bosom find
One spot, where all my weary soul may weep
The burden of its sorrow; one lone spot
One kind lone spot, where my heart vexed with
the pang,

The little pang of disapproved love,
May bury all its worldly wrongs; one spot,
One dark spot, far from life's great weariness,
Where I may rest and all my sufferings end?

Ere her voice fades upon her dry lips, Menaka, a nymph of the heavens, appears like a streak of lightning and carries her away to the hermitage of Marichi, the foster-uncle of Sakuntala who receives her as if she were his own daughter and makes her comfortable in every way. There in that hermitage on the heights of the Himalayas, Sakuntala gives birth to Bharata after whom the world is called Bharata-Varsha.

A fisherman is dragged along by policemen for having in his possession the missing ring whereon is inscribed the initials of the king. The man's story is that he found it inside a fish. The fellow is dragged before the king who sets him at liberty. Getting the ring, the king's sorrow knows no bounds. His memory about Sakuntala is revived. "The killing passion of remorse blasts the flower of his noble life." He spends day and night in thinking over Sakuntala's rejection. In the midst of his sufferings, Dushyanta hears that his friend Madhavya has been attacked by demons. He rises equal to the occasion, casts aside his sorrow and tries to rescue his friend. Matali, the charioteer of Indra, comes and gives him a message from Indra. On his return from the fight he sees a boy tormenting lion-whelps and yearns after him. The party then goes to the hermitage of Marichi,

who clears the fault of the king's rejection and attributes it to Durvasa's curse. The king embraces the boy with parental affection and the sage Marichi turns to Sakuntala and says: 'Thou art appraised, my daughter, of the whole truth, and must no longer resent the behaviour of thy lord. He rejected thee when his memory was impaired by the force of a charm; and when the gloom was dispelled, his conjugal affection revived, as a mirror, whose surface has been sullied, reflects no image; but exhibits perfect resemblances, when its polish has been restored.' Dushyanta advancing to Sakuntala in tears says:

O lost on earth and found in heaven, forgive
The utter wrong, the sternness, and the lie,
And all the ignoble guilt; in evil hour
These dull eyes never saw nor knew my heart,
The blameless and my e'er beloved queen.

All her previous misery is forgotten and she realises that sweet is pleasure after pain. Sakuntala returns in triumph to Hastinapura bearing with her Bharata, with her lord Dushyanta. Thus ends the play happily, as all Indian plays do, and the "last words that ring in our ears are the words of peace."

Advancement of the Women of India.



IT is a matter of deep thankfulness to God that in many quarters in India to-day people have awakened to the importance of bettering the present condition of the women of India and that increased attention is given to various questions affecting the regeneration of Indian women. The number of men and women who uphold

the cause of women is increasing and there are many earnest movements afoot which aim at their advancement. The shackles of ignorance and superstition in which our women have been fettered for hundreds of years past and which have to a considerable extent dwarfed their moral and intellectual growth, have been snapped, and they are now given every opportunity to enjoy the fruits of western culture and civilization. More women are taking to higher education every year, despite the attempts made by certain selfish persons, to check its spread. That higher education has unsexed women, that a smattering of knowledge just enough to enable a woman to keep

the household accounts is sufficient for a woman, and such other fanciful and time-worn notions are gradually losing ground. All impartial and thoughtful observers will now unhesitatingly testify to the fact that higher education has strengthened and elevated the character of women, has given them broader views of life, has made them ornaments in society and has in every way benefited them without destroying a particle of the charm of gentle womanliness. These wholesome changes that we now notice in India should not in any way make us slacken our efforts in the direction of improving the condition of our women. We shall still find that these changed notions and feelings among the higher and middle classes have to filter down to the masses, and so we have every reason for doubling our efforts to bring about this result. All those who have really at heart the advancement of Indian women, will do well to bear in mind, and ponder over, the weighty words of Mrs. Benson (the wife of the Hon'ble Mr. Justice Benson, of the Madras High Court)—that noble-minded lady who has thrown her heart and soul into all movements calculated to uplift our women from the low state they are now in. Mark her words: "If India is to have no future, then by all means leave the women ignorant; but if you look to a bright future, then for every day you postpone the education of your women, you postpone in equal measure and exact proportion that bright future; for 'a nation rises no higher than its mothers.'"

The formation of ladies' associations—a significant sign of the times—in various parts of India has been of material assistance in quickening the progress among Indian women. How pleasant it is to read about the doings of these associations. Women of all nationalities—English women, Indian Christians, Parsis, Hindus and Muhammadans—meet together and pleasantly spend their time in various ways that promote social intercourse and materially add to their intellectual, moral and physical well-being. These periodical meetings have created in many women a desire to widen their knowledge and many ignorant of English have been induced to study English. The benefits these associations confer on our womenfolk are being appreciated by many, and associations are multiplying. The success of these is in a great measure due to the active sympathy and support which several Anglo-Indian ladies have extended to them. The untiring and whole-hearted devotion shown by some of these ladies in the interests of our women has made their names household words. Several well-known names will occur to the minds of the readers of this article. Such being the case, it is

lamentable to note that some Indians, without showing their gratitude to these noble daughters of England, are prone to join hands with persons like Mrs. Steel, who try to belittle the part played by Anglo-Indian ladies.

One of the chief causes that impede progress among Indian women is the half-heartedness and extreme sensitiveness to adverse criticism shown by some workers. Many young persons enter into some work with an enthusiasm that commands admiration; but as they meet with rebuffs in their methods of work, they keep back. Such enthusiasm, with only a few initial outbursts of energy, is to be condemned. Hostile criticism and even scorn in any good cause for which we are fighting must spur us on to greater energy and enthusiasm. What if we have not many to support our cause? How can we expect to merit the approval of those whose traditional methods we want to break? In this connection, let the following well-known lines of Lowell resound in our ears:

'They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.'

All earnest workers for any noble cause must patiently brook criticism. In the case of the higher education of women, the revered name of Professor Sidgwick must inspire us to great actions. It was only incessant and tireless energy in the face of opposition that crowned the efforts of Professor Sidgwick. Such sovereign achievements let us all unitedly try to accomplish here in India. I am cheerfully optimistic about the future of our women. 'Advance Women of India'—should be our watchword for ever, and if, in keeping with this spirit, we work in real earnest, our efforts will be fruitful of immense success.

T. K. RAMONNI.

Our Wives.

[By A. K. SARKAR.]



MAN'S conjugal union has been remarked by many as the most important epoch of his life. In the accomplishment of such a union, every care and discernment conducive to the achievement of its divine purpose, every precaution ensuring its lifelong happiness, every bond that will tighten the tie of matrimony should be faithfully attended to. Any society which

slights this law of matrimony is only committing itself to a suicidal policy and paving the path for its downward march. Indeed in every society the woman has played a very important part: be it in the bringing up of strong healthy and good children or in the affectionate performance of her duties to her husband. And in fact a noble and vigorous womanhood is the vital point of a nation's growth and development.

Has the Hindu society observed this vital law? No! and we all know what a severe penalty it has paid for its negligence. Nor are our wives what they ought to be. The Hindu society ordains that a girl of ten years shall refrain from attending any school and shall henceforth become a woman of the world. The world is an utter darkness to her as she herself is a world of utter darkness. It is education that gives us strength and guidance in our various projects and pursuits in this world. The deplorable want of any education has deprived our wives of a sense of self-dependence, self-dignity and in many cases self-control. It has made them complete strangers to all æsthetic pleasures and artistic tastes. They are totally ignorant of the most elementary laws of sanitation, our houses have no true cleanliness and tidiness, and that is why once an Anglo-Indian civilian declared that he could not visit the house of a Hindu without some scruples of conscience. The keeping up of a house in proper order has been considered the main qualification of our wives, and even here they are not equipped with the necessary knowledge and experience. In many cases they know little of keeping any accounts and the husband has himself to get all things necessary for domestic consumption and even to keep a book of household expenditure. Except a little cooking and some rough sewing, they are practically on a par with our servant-girls, minus the latter's practical knowledge and experience of the outside world. We ask our friends seriously whether our wives are in any way better than our servants except that they deck themselves with massive ornaments in their bored ears and noses—a matter of costly expenditure indeed in this poverty-stricken land. Our English educated Indians are truly in a very awkward condition with their romantic and chivalrous ideas of matrimony. When married they find little of their much desired sunshine of conjugal bliss. Marriage to them becomes almost a chaotic gloom. Their wives can give them not a particle of literary pleasure or amusement nor are they able to enjoy any of their much-dreamt of married blessings.

There is little in our marriages to bind up the magic tie of matrimony, little to contribute to be any happiness. A couple are joined only to be sundered forthwith, really though not apparently. They find themselves with diametrically opposite

ideas, tastes and feelings. They find that they have not been united for their "mutual society, help and comfort both in prosperity and adversity." Thenceforth the husband flies to the hands of some new maiden where he finds the same lot. May not this be the main cause of the existing polygamy in India?

A true reciprocated love is the essential tie of marriage. In cases of servile obedience we rarely meet with unmixed happiness. It is the lover that seeks for the love and obedience of his wife. It is the tyrant that forces a servile obedience from his wife. A servile obedience breaks, but a reciprocated love only tightens, the bond of marriage. Woman is indeed made for the help of man, so is man for woman. *Ardham Bharya* declared the maidenly Shakuntala to her unfaithful lover. We have set at naught all these ideals out of a selfish mastery over the weak vessel and have given her a very low place in our society.

Further we have blighted human passion. Have we recognised the immutable law that men go together by choice, by an imperceptible and almost magnetic attachment rising from social contact. This is what rules and binds a society. We take months, nay years in the choice of our friends. What time and what acquaintance should then be necessary in the choice of our life-long friends who are to be for ever one with us! To-day a wife is chosen and eternally bound to our necks by people quite unconcerned in the union. Have they consulted the interests of the parties concerned? And in many cases what we take to our wives is money without the woman rather than the woman without money. These ill assorted marriages are the every day blight of our society. We can speak from some personal experience. In some families, where the husbands are educated men, and Bachelors of Arts and so forth, not a day passes without some bitter wrangling between the couple. Wherein then lies the germ of this most unpleasant part of our social life? The idea of the lifelong friendship of a couple has not very prominently entered the Hindu mind. Whatever may be our ideals they have not surely descended down into practice. We have been regarding women as mere objects of enjoyment and servile drudges just to help us a little in our base selfish life, in utter disregard of the divine purpose they are intended for. It is a matter of pity that the Immortal Kalidasa himself holds the same opinion in regard to women, when he says that Rama was certainly right in having banished Sita, in defence of his honour, for she was, as for the matter of that every woman is, but a mere object of sensual enjoyment.

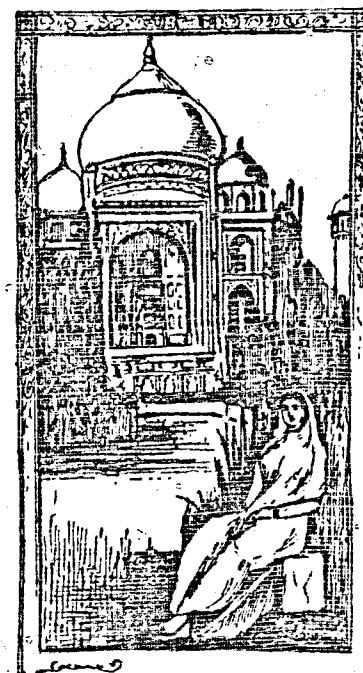
Surely the introduction of western education and civilization has decidedly changed our no-

tions of women and marriage, and it is this that is mainly responsible for the new Indian womanhood that is being developed. Miserable indeed has been the state of the Indian womanhood that is slowly passing away—literary blanks, intellectual eiphers, moral weaklings and fountain-heads of superstition. Completely sequestered from the outside world and their fellow brethren, from Nature and her benign influence, they have been wastefully rotting in the dark corners of their kitchen rooms. They have lost all impulse to aid the outside humanity and exert little influence, socially and politically. Indeed such a deplorable state of more than half the nation does not bespeak its healthy life. It shows that the society has been rotten to the core. Our Congress people have been moving heaven and earth for the national union and political elevation of the country. We are nowise disposed to jeer and flout at their well meant efforts. But in our humble opinion they have not laid the axe at the root of their national evils. They have not had an eye to the corner stone of a nation's stability, growth and development. The healthy life of a nation is the healthy life of its members in their physical, moral and intellectual spheres. See now what funny creatures our wives produce—physical deteriorations, intellectual dwarfs and moral failures. How impossible is it that such a nation of dwarfs can thrive and prosper in these days of universal competition and rivalry, where 'the survival of the fittest' is the pervading law. Well might Englishmen laugh at the unsuccessful efforts of the Congress people when once they have neglected the laws underlying a society and its healthy growth. "Look at Japan," "Look at Japan" has become a most enthusiastic watchword, most frequently and passionately uttered by our leaders and followers, in and out of season and is supposed almost to have a magical effect on the hearers, but whether our leaders and followers are prepared to adopt the internal condition of Japanese Society, their social freedom and religious toleration, whether they have one-tenth of the patriotic self-sacrifice of the Japanese is altogether a doubtful question. Here lies a grand problem, far more weighty and important than the many-headed resolutions at Congress platforms and quite worthy of being immediately solved by the patriotic leaders of our National Congress. Let them emancipate the Indian women from their deplorable state of ignorance and develop a noble sturdy and ideal womanhood and then they will solve almost every other question.



The Ladies' Section of the Bombay Exhibition.

[BY SHAHINDA.]



WE are able in this issue to publish photos of the Ladies' Section of the Bombay exhibition, of which we gave a general account in the last issue. The unique success that has attended this exhibition will remain at all times as a proof of the powers of organisation and co-operation which

Indian ladies are capable of. Never before in the history of India in Transition has such an event taken place, and we trust that this event is only an earnest of what Indian ladies are going to accomplish in the 20th Century. We have much pleasure in giving an account of the exhibition "by Shahinda," our Moslem Lady correspondent, who herself together with other members of her noble family has done much for the exhibition. "Shahinda" who was herself one of the Honorary Secretaries of the Exhibition writes:—

"Dispersed throughout the Oval grounds the various exhibition buildings had a pleasing aspect.

Small rooms and balconies were set out in different pavilions to exemplify the adaptability of the various styles of Indian arts to household furnishing and architectural decoration.

The Ladies' Section pavilion was tastefully draped in dark green and pale Salmon and numerous exhibits placed carefully in glass

cases. Our Section was a great success owing to the undying energy of the secretaries and managing Committee, who had the heavy task of collecting and arranging the exhibits. The heaviest responsibility and work perhaps fell on the Misses Patuck who are to be congratulated on their untiring abilities.

The pavilion from one end to the other was crammed with thousands of examples of women's handicrafts dexterously arranged to show to the best advantage both Indian and European art. In many instances there was a mixture of both in fair taste, but at other times cruder combinations could not be imagined!

The competition in fine arts was very poor. A fine arts class can never be successful in India, as perspective, shadow and atmosphere have never been mastered by the Indian artists. Hence the introduction of fine arts is demoralizing.

Amongst a certain class of people, in crêchet knitting and crewel work, there is evidence of Indian skill improved (?) upon by European influence. Whether the result is considered satisfactory or not must depend on individual taste.

In my opinion many were hideous in their harsh glare of colouring and rough work, displayed before the public gaze, so painful to the eye. It is a pity to waste so much time and pains to execute such things. India is rich enough in its own arts and industries. There are skilled workmen everywhere with definite traditions and real capabilities, but they are kept in obscurity and lose what chances they have through an ignorance of that glory of civilization—self-advertisement.

One of the pretty industries for women is the making of pillow lace in coloured silks or cotton, gold and silver thread and spangles, to suit and blend harmoniously with the dress of the land.

A school dame from the Maharaja of Travancore's State convent brought down half a dozen girls whose beautiful work attracted much attention. They were a smart set and under their nimble fingers the lace seemed to grow and was most fascinating to watch. A lady of education and sweet gentle disposition, the Sister, took a pride in her work and in the artistic productions

of her pupils. As a collection, her laces were unique and she was justly awarded a gold medal.

The present fashion ignores the art of tapestry, though it is easy enough to do, the under stitches have only to be crossed in the same colour. I saw some extremely fine borders made by Parsee ladies some years ago. The great beauty lay in the melting of colours into one another. So very fine were the stitches that foliage and birds were grouped into a pleasing picture. The whole tone of the work was soft.

The art of embroidery boasts a right royal antiquity. A potent charm, an artistic satisfaction, a worthy exercise of industry, a solace for lonely and leisure hours, its manipulation has afforded always.

The work done in Miss Patuck's girls' school of Industry, Girgaum, Bombay has reached a high degree of excellence. There was no crudity to dim the beauty of the lovely examples displayed in the exhibition. Their key-note was simplicity, not gained at the cost of effect, but as the result of deliberate arrangement and peculiar fitness of various silks and gold and silver thread. They were awarded a prize.

Amongst the very lovely variety of work, skilful and delicate, Miss Avakai Ghadiali's was most noticeable. A piece of handsome Venetian point lace in white silk, 8 inches broad, and relieved with gold thread, had an elaborate conventional floral design of the finest texture. It was a gem amongst laces. Her work is proof of a noteworthy feeling for elegance and certain distinction and highest expression of mind and hand artistically trained. She won many prizes. Her embroideries were like painted bits, so extraordinarily well finished were they.

A church embroidery of bewildering beauty was sent by the sisters in Goa. Worked on sateen with well blended shades in crewel it could not fail to attract those who were privileged to see such splendid work.

The numerous exhibits by Mrs. Kapadia showed the refining and elevating inspiration of the artist.

Her works were marvels of ingenuity and ornamented with open-work patterns, richly adorned with tracteries of exquisite delicacy,

The tomb was hidden in the shadow of the trees. The camphire bushes and the wild terebinths bent their branches above it, and, star-like in the gloom, white cyclamens blossomed at the entrance of the cave.

Close to the sepulchre, in a spot where the hillside was bared to the sun, a woman knelt alone, her face hidden in her hands, her veil, half detached, revealing a gleam of gold in her disordered hair. At some little distance from her, other women stood in the attitude of prayer, with fingers interlaced and faces upturned to the sky. With them was a young Galilean, a tall, frail youth with pale hair and dreamy eyes. We had seen him many times, in the city and on the hills—and at the foot of the Cross with Mary, mother of Jesus—and in our hearts we called him John—he whom the Master loved.

They stood there—the mother, the friends, the disciple. . . They wept, they prayed, and all the world seemed hushed.

The sun rose higher in the heavens. A sudden tremor, like a breath from the Unseen, passed through the garden on the hillside, bending almost to the ground the branches of the olive trees and the wild terebinths, and bringing close together, as for the whispering of joyful tidings, the white flower-faces that guarded the tomb.

There came a light beneath the trees.

The woman, who knelt all alone bowed her head to the ground in an extremity of anguish, and her long hair trailed over the dew-moistened grass and mingled with the fresh-opened blossoms. John, the beloved disciple, seeing her thus, left the women who were praying, and came towards her with swift steps. . . He came. . . He stood so close to her that his hands might have touched her, when suddenly he stood still. . . He gazed—not at the bowed figure by his side, but far ahead, in the gloom beneath the camphire bushes.

A light shone in the gloom. . . It deepened with every second that passed, as deepens the radiance of the stars when the veil of night has fallen.

And the light took a shape—and it was as the shape of a man—or a god.

The bowed figure of the woman who had sensed felt the presence and the light even, as with closed eyes, we feel the touch of the sun on our faces. . . She lifted her head. . . We felt the sudden thrill of her ecstasy. . . She rose, she ran, she fell at His feet, weeping for joy.

"Master!" John stood still and rigid, his head thrown back, his hands outstretched, like a man in a trance.

And the light—the Presence—came towards him. If a man, why the glory, as of spiritual

essences? If a God, why the marks of nails on His hands and feet?

"Master!"

The cry of Mary broke the spell at last. Like a bell calling to worship, like a clarion-call to victory, it must have sounded in the sabbath stillness of the hills, proclaiming to the holy city and to the hills beyond—and to all the Earth and all the ages to come—that death is but a name, and Man is immortal, even as God.

John heard it and fell, sobbing, at His Master's feet; the holy women heard it and their sorrow was changed to joy; Mary, mother of Jesus, heard it, and, kneeling before her Son, she worshipped the God in the Man.

"The Lord is arisen!"

The news spread like fire, leapt like flames, from the hill to the city. "We have seen the Lord: The Lord is risen!" The disciples who mourned in Jerusalem heard it, and came to the garden on the hill, and they half-doubted and half-believed, and were joyful and sad in turn, for although the light still shone as a celestial afterglow in the faces of those who had seen the Master, the Presence had vanished:—"But Him they saw not." And the cool peace under the wild terebinths was undisturbed by footfalls of Angel or Man.

To many "the women's words seemed as idle tales," for as yet the words of promise had not been spoken on the mountain in Galilee—the words which transformed the timid disciples into fearless apostles, clad with holiness as with a garment, and girt with faith as with a sword:—"Behold, I am with you always—even unto the end of the world!"

XIII.

The days—I might almost say the months—which followed that glad Easter Morn, stand in my memory as a dream-like succession of slow days and nights.

We all know that peculiar state of existence which is not sleep and yet is not waking, when the mind, like the body, lies passive, inert, but dreamily conscious all the while, as if the soul were shrouded in a semi-transparent veil. This state became mine when, the high flame of excitement having burnt itself out, the inevitable reaction set in, and all the hardships and privations, all the doubt and anxiety of the past months made their influence felt at last with sudden fierceness.

A slow, steady, fever crept into my very marrow, making me weak as a child, weak in body and mind, indifferent to everything and but dimly conscious of my own personality. Strange, distorted fancies flitted through my brain. I

was in the past, I was in the present. I was on Earth; in Palestine, sitting on the shadowy terraces of a temple of dreams, I was on Kallistos, in the beautiful valley, and in the forest of flowers I gathered impalpable blossoms, striving vainly to weave them into garlands to deck Estrella's brow. It was not delirium, for I was conscious of the phantasies and could even smile at them when my eyes were opened, but as soon as my lids closed I stepped once more into the land of waking dreams.

One idea, one feeling alone stood steadfast in the chaos of my thoughts—an immense, and unutterable longing to be on Earth again, to be on Earth again, to be my old self once more, just once, and not a wanderer in other worlds, not a pilgrim in bygone ages—only myself, plain Clive Delafield who hoped to make his way in the kingdom of Letters with the sweetest of women, by his side.

Little by little, the visions that haunted me became less shadowy, but also more oppressive. I felt stifled in the shelter of the forest, as if a thousand invisible creatures were sharing its bowers with me, pressing against me with heavy impalpable forms. The arched alleys became a prison wall; the vast plain outside a desert teeming with unknown, unseen horrors.

For many days no food passed my lips, but whenever thirst roused me from my torpor, I found Roy bending over me with a flower-cup filled with cool water.

A time of utter oblivion followed these days, and when I awoke once more to semi-consciousness, it was to hear Roy say, as he bent close over me: "Take courage, Clive, dear boy: You will soon be on Earth again, in the old home, with Estrella and the little mother!"

The words were like a sudden call to life. I rose from my bed of leaves, clear-headed, though still giddy and faint.

"Roy," I gasped, "Roy, what do you mean? Are we going back to Earth? When? How?"

I was prepared for any glad and wondrous tidings, and, had Roy told me that the *Estrella* stood outside the forest arches, ready to leap to Earth in one thousandth part of the time it had taken to come to Kallistos, I would have believed him, and rejoiced.

But Roy was silent, and seemed even to hesitate about an answer. I repeated my question.

"Are we going home, Roy? Are we going back to Earth—soon?"

There was another moment's silence, and then, with eyes averted, Roy replied in a constrained voice:

"You will return, Clive, yes—and soon, I hope!"

I felt the blood rush to my face. I was still

every weak, and for a moment I felt as if my heart had stopped beating.

"Roy?" I said—and could say no more.

He took my hands in his.

"You are ill, Clive—no, you are better now, you are almost well—but you have been ill, and in your delirium you have called on Estrella a hundred times! Night and day you have babbled of Earth—England and home! You must return, Clive! It cut me to the heart to hear you, I who have taken you from everything, everyone you love—"

"No, no," I interrupted hastily, "you know it is not so, Roy!"

"But it is, Clive! I have not dragged you away by force, but—you know what I mean—it was a sacrifice always, but you made it for my sake and Estrella's."

There were many things I could have said, and yet I was silent. Roy continued with a half smile.

"I have been a shameless old egotist, and it is time I did penance for my sins. My penance will be to send you back to Earth!"

"Roy! How can you talk so wildly? I shall never return to Earth without you! Oh, but you cannot mean it, Roy! You cannot mean to remain here for ever—for ever, Roy!"

Roy attempted to laugh, but there was no smile in his eyes as he looked fully at me, still holding my hands in his.

"I never said that I would stay here always," he said in a low voice, "but, if you think for one moment, Clive, you must see that our return to Earth—together—is an impossibility."

"Why impossible?" I asked, and my voice shook with fear of his reply.

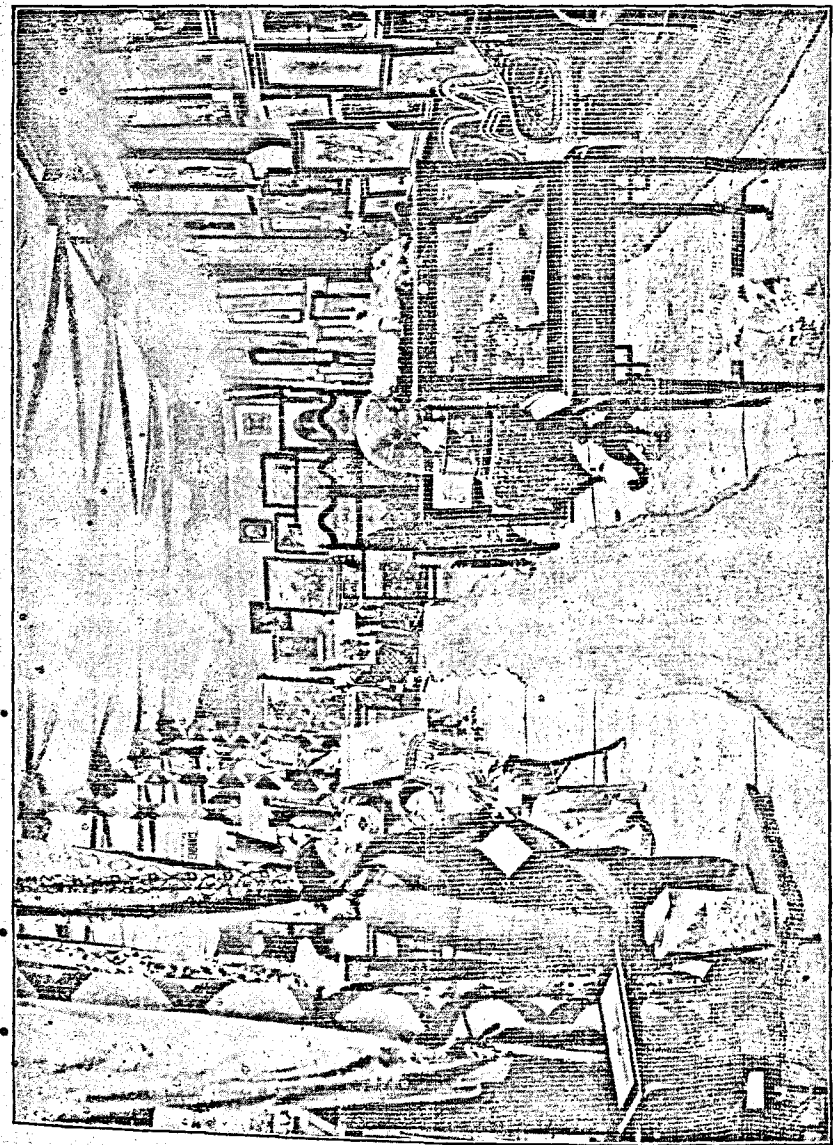
"Who will start the machine?"

In the long silence which followed this ominous question, I could hear the far-off rush of the river as it swept past in its hurried way to the unknown sea. I heard close by, the motion of transparent wings as some insect tribe flitted by under the golden arcades of the forest. I tried to speak, but my lips refused to utter a word, even as my brain seemed incapable of shaping a rational thought.

Roy saw my mental confusion.

"We will talk it all over some other time, when you are rested," he said gently, as he placed under my head a fresh pillow of fragrant leaves. "Sleep now, if you can and dream of Earth," he added with a sigh and a smile, as he slowly moved away.

Five months later we stood once more in the beautiful valley where we had landed after our journey across space, and our eyes were gladdened by the familiar outlines of the *Estrella*, standing untouched, unharmed, by the side of the mountain stream.



LADIES' SECTION OF THE BOMBAY EXHIBITION.

(Vide Article by "Shahinda.")

ing Sanskrit libraries at her own inconvenience. Sometimes she had to hire books from distant places, bearing the postage, railway and other conveyance charges. Once she undertook a long and expensive journey to Benares hoping to get all the information she wanted in that city of Sanskrit learning, but owing to some domestic mishap she could not stay there long. Thus she laboured hard to make her book as perfect and reliable as possible and consequently the completion of the volume was delayed.

Mrs. Atchamamba was writing a book on knitting and a book on crochet. The former is almost complete and it is hoped will be published soon.

Mrs. Atchamamba was known as a linguist. Besides Telugu she had made a special study of the Sanskrit, Hindi and Marathi languages and knew Bengali and Guzra-thi as well. It was her rule to purchase every book written by a woman in any of the languages she could read and of such books she had a great collection. This collection she used to show to every visitor with a remark that it was the creation of her own sex.

So much for the intellectual side of Mrs. B. Atchamamba. There are other aspects of her life which are perhaps more interesting and ennobling than the one described.

Mrs. Atchamamba was known as a very benevolent woman. Kindness for the poor was the predominant sentiment to be traced in her life throughout. There are many anecdotes of her benevolence and philanthropy of which we give a few below.

When Mrs. Atchamamba had a son (who subsequently died), instead of spending hundreds of rupees in grand showy celebrations, she utilised all that amount in opening a poor house for some days. It was a great boon to the poor particularly at that period, as a great famine was begin-

ning and the Government famine camps were yet to be opened.

During the famine of 1899, a boy, two months old, was found in a famine camp abandoned by his parents. He looked so ugly that no one would like even to touch him. He was thus in imminent danger of losing life for want of proper nourishment. Mrs. Atchamamba came to know of this and with an angelic heart went to the camp and took him to her house. By her motherly care the ugly lad is now transformed into a beautiful boy.

A Hindustani Brahmin boy of ten years, with his old mother and sister, was begging from door to door for his livelihood. Seeing that the boy was very intelligent, Mrs. Atchamamba took him under her protection and gave him education. She secured a suitable match for his sister, and got her married at her own expense. She gave a cow to the mother of the boy and asked her to open a dairy for her livelihood instead of begging. Thus by the benevolence of this lady a family of beggars was changed into useful citizens.

Bilaspur was infected with plague and Mrs. Atchamamba was living in a camp outside the town. There a poor woman gave birth to a child and could

not get any midwife to assist her. Forthwith went Mrs. Atchamamba to the hut of that poor woman, forgetting entirely that she was an officer's wife and that it was a breach of etiquette (?) there for an officer's wife to quit her tent and to mix with the poor, and acted as her midwife and gave her all the assistance she could give. After finishing the whole business she dressed the child with woollen clothes knitted by herself, and finally kissing the baby most affectionately she returned to her own tent.

Mrs. Atchamamba was known as a specialist in Telugu and Marathi cookery. Needle-work was a great source of recreation to her. Her



MRS. ATCHAMAMBA.

contributions to magazines on both these arts speak for themselves.

Not much is known of Mrs. Achamamba's life. From what has been published in papers it seems that she was born at Nandigama in the Kistna District in or about 1874. She was the daughter of Komararaju Venkatapayya, the late Dewan of Munagala (Kistna) and the only sister of Mr. V. Lakshmana Rao, M.A., the present Dewan of Munagala. She was married in 1884 to Mr. B. Madho Rao, a sub-Divisional Officer (P.W.D.) in the Central Provinces. After her marriage she was living in the Central Provinces and occasionally visited the Telugu country. Mrs. Achamamba never attended any school, and all her education, culture and high ideals were the result of her own exertions.

N. S.

Around a Distant Star.

BOOK II.—CHILDREN OF SPACE.

By JEAN DELAIRE,

Author of "Alsatian Tales," "A Dream of Fame," etc.

CHAPTER V.

[SUMMARY OF BOOK I. AND CHAPS. I—IV OF BOOK II.—
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 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 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. He had also succeeded in inventing a telescope of incomparable magnitude which revealed wonderful aspects of the planetary world. It had not at first been arranged that Olive should go with Roy; but, owing to an unexpected occurrence, this result was eventually arrived at, and it was settled that Olive and Roy should go together on their wonderful journey. And in a final conversation, the supreme object of the wonderful journey is revealed—to go to a planet, the light rays from which would take nineteen hundred years to reach the Earth; so that if one went to this particular planet one would see the Earth, as it was nineteen hundred years ago—that is, in the time of Christ. Roy wishes to assure perfect faith in Christ by the accomplished fact of a certain sight of Him, as He actually appeared in the world. And at last, they start in their air-boat, which they name *The Estrella*, and are launched into the night and silence of infinite space. After a journey of many months they reach their destination, a planet, wonderful like a Fairy land lit by the light of a White Sun. They come across some strange creatures—half human, half ape-like, who flee in terror at the sight of the adventurers. One of the creatures is wounded and is taken to the *Estrella* to be nursed; and, taught by him, the explorers find some natural vegetable food on the planet. Olive narrowly escapes a terrible danger.]



ALL day Roy busied himself with his machines, unpacking, piece by piece, the great telescope, the continuous-current dynamo, and all the various instruments necessary to a study of the Heavens. I helped him in his work as far as my inexperience would allow me, and felt almost as impatient as he did for the coming of the night, when, if the sky were cloudless, we would see our native planet as clearly as once, on Earth, we had seen Kallistos shining like some colossal moon in the deserts of space.

There seemed little fear of our hopes being thwarted by the inopportune appearance of clouds, for although they were not unknown to Kallistos,—since its meteorological conditions were almost identical with those prevailing on Earth,—yet so radiantly transparent had been the atmosphere since our landing on the planet that rain and mist seemed only to exist as a remote possibility; nor were we deceived in our hopeful forecast. The white sun set in glory behind the distant hills, the tender moon, Queen of the Heavens, sailed in a crystal-clear sky, white and clear, the stars shone in their myriads.

"Symbols divine,
Manifestations of that beauteous life
Diffused unseen throughout eternal space."

It was a perfect night—a night for words of love or deeds of wonder. Alas!

The telescope, with the dynamo attached to it, stood in readiness on a strip of level land, at some distance from the *Estrella*, and Roy was about to establish the current when he noticed that one of the glass insulators of the electric machine was missing. I volunteered to go back to the *Estrella* to find it.

Though the distance to the air boat was insignificant I was some time on my errand; I happened to search the wrong case for the insulator, and only after I had turned out the contents of one box of instruments did I find what I was seeking in another. When, ten or twelve minutes later I returned to our open-air observatory, I saw with surprise that the dynamo was already in motion, and that Roy stood at the telescope in an attitude of extreme attention.

"Ah, Roy," I exclaimed laughingly from a distance, "this is hardly fair, you know! While I am toiling over there to find this famous insulator, you steal a march on me? Do let me have a look, Roy, at the Earth,—only just a glance, or I shall die!"

Roy did not answer me. I came nearer. I waited for a moment, consumed with impatience, then spoke again:—"Well, can you see it, Roy—the Earth, I mean? Can you see it?"

Once more I repeated my question. Still Roy did not answer, and seemingly did not hear me. I glanced at him with a sudden premonition of evil.

"Roy," I said quietly, and touched his arm.

May God in His mercy spare me another sight of so much misery written in a human face!

The eyes Roy turned towards me were those of a hunted creature; the features were aged beyond recognition; the lips bloodless and trembling with unspoken words. Half maddened myself with fear, I caught him in my arms as if he had been a little child.

"Roy, what is it? For God's sake, Roy, answer me! What has happened?"

With difficulty his lips shaped the words.
"It is finished. It is over. It is—all over—it is—"

The last words were lost in an indistinguishable murmur.

"Roy, for pity's sake," I pleaded once more, "answer me! What has happened?"

He had freed himself from my arms, and now stared at me fixedly, as if pondering over my question.

"What has happened?" he repeated slowly. "Oh, nothing—only—the Earth is not visible—cannot be visible. . . . And all my work is in vain."

Without, as yet, fully realising all that these words implied, I felt that the irreparable had come. Instinctively I strove to minimise the terror that hung over us by shaping it into words.

"But Roy," I hazarded, speaking as calmly as I could, "do you mean to say that the Earth is not visible—never will be visible—But how can this be? Surely, Roy, there must be a mistake—somewhere—I cannot understand—"

For the first time in his life, perhaps, Roy's self-control suddenly gave way. A nerve seemed to have snapped in his brain: he bounded towards me and with wild eyes peered close into my face.

"You do not understand? You do not understand?" he gasped in a voice that was so low as to be almost indistinct, yet had all the violence of a shriek. "God! It is easy to understand! We are in the Northern instead of the Southern latitude, and the Earth is no more visible from here than the Southern cross is visible from England!"

I drew back a step, reeling under the blow. For some moments I felt stunned, utterly unable to think, conscious only of Roy's quick steps about me as he walked to and fro with the wild motion of caged animals.

Slowly the full meaning of his words entered into my brain. We were, in the Northern, instead of the Southern, hemisphere. The Earth, with all our solar system, must ever remain invisible to us, and Roy's dream—that wondrous dream woven out of stars—the dream of the resurrection of the past, must be given up. So intimately had I become acquainted with Roy's every thought that I felt the despair of his defeat almost as he felt it himself, for I knew that in spite of the unbelievable wonders he had achieved, in spite of the conquest of Time and Space, if we could not, from our landing-stage in Infinity, witness Earth's greatest tragedy, our journey yet spelt defeat—irreparable—absolute. To have conquered space with a miracle of human ingenuity and patience, to have annihilated distance by the harnessing of the most stupendous force known to Nature, to have bridged over the abyssal depths of creation and successfully landed on a planet situated at the very confines of the Universe—all this was as nothing to Roy: it was but a step towards a goal—and that goal had finally eluded us.

I stared at Roy helplessly, all my being rising in revolt against the inevitable.

"Roy," I stammered at last, "are you quite certain—Is there no way—can nothing be done—?"

He stopped abruptly in his fevered pacing.

"Yes—one thing—and I shall do it: go to the Southern hemisphere."

The hope raised by his words flickered out as a spark when I remembered the size of *Kallistos* and the impossibility to cover great distances in an unknown, uninhabited world. It was as if, on Earth, a man had decided to walk round the world—a world in its first period of existence, with no mechanical means of locomotion, no vessels to traverse the seas, no beasts of burden to cross the vast stretches of the deserts.

And then—but the mere idea was madness! I knew that unless Roy's arithmetic were entirely at fault, we had landed only just in time to witness the last day's of Christ's ministry on Earth. How then could we cover in a sufficiently short time the enormous distance—the wildernesses of land and sea—that separated us from the Southern hemisphere?

I looked at Roy in silence, not daring to utter my thoughts aloud. If there were even one moment's respite in that dream, it would be cruel to awaken him. His head sunk in his hands, his whole attitude one of utter abandonment, he leant forward on the now useless dynamo—immovable, rigid, as if the two were one—silent machine and defeated toiler.

And the night was soft and balmy, and the flowery spaces filled with song, as if no human tragedy had suddenly thrust itself in this garden of Eden!

I took Roy's hand in mine, and the spell of silence was broken. As a wail his voice rose in the song-laden night:

"Fool!" he cried hoarsely, "fool that I have been! Fool! Fool!"

Even then, in the complete bewilderment of my thoughts, it struck me that almost any other man, lured on, as Roy had been, to the uppermost Heaven only to be dashed down at the gateway of his Dream, would have railed at the gods, at destiny, at the blind, dumb relentless Power that grips the souls of men like toys in its hands and crushes them in mirthless jest. But Roy accused himself only, and no word of revolt passed his lips. And then, like a cool hand laid on a fevered brow, there came to me the thought that he was greater thus, in the hour of his defeat, than many a world-beloved hero in the first flush of victory.

His head still resting on his hands, as if the burden of thought were too heavy for his strength, he spoke at last connectedly, and in somewhat calmer tones:—

"Of course you know—every school-boy knows—that the orbit of a planet is never a perfect circle, but always a more or less elongated ellipse. At times a planet is nearer, at times it is farther from its central sun, and the nearer it is to the sun, the more rapid becomes this movement of translation. Blind fool that I was! I determined—as I thought with utmost care—this movement of translation, so as to find the exact position which the planet would assume in nineteen hundred years, yet I entirely overlooked the all-important fact of the variability of that movement! When I determined the planet's velocity, it was—I remember it now!—at its aphelion, consequently in its period of least velocity. Starting from this variable velocity as if it had been an immutable one. I solved all my problems on this wrong basis, and it is a wonder, yes, a wonder and a miracle, that my folly, my madness!, did not lead us—God knows where—to some other planet, or sun, or far away system of space! I showed you, when on Earth, the exact spot where I intended to land. It did seem, on first stepping on this soil, as if the valley wore an unfamiliar look, totally different from the hills and plains I had so often studied with my telescope... Yet even this did not open my eyes!... Fool! Fool!"

I understood. As usual, one little mistake, one moment's forgetfulness, had set at naught man's labours—his ingenuity, his science, his genius. We were snared, caged, bound hand and foot, made helpless as little children in the grasp of Destiny. We who had crossed abysses of space such as no human mind could conceive, were foiled at last by a few strips of land,—impassable barrier between ourselves and victory.

The sight of our air boat maddened me—the thought that it contained a latent velocity which could carry us in less than one second to any part of the planet, and that this tremendous force must remain dormant, useless, whilst we crawled like animals on the face of the earth.

Ah, how I tried, with my untrained, unscientific mind, to find some way of applying this force to our purpose—striving madly to succeed where Roy had failed!

The swiftest means of locomotion ever discovered by man were at our service, giving us command over infinite space, allowing us to fly with more than lightning speed from planet to planet, from star to star; yet a few thousand miles from us stood our goal, and we were powerless to attain it.

True, Roy had declared his intention of walking to the Southern hemisphere, but was he quite sane when he spoke these words?

"Roy," I asked hesitatingly, after some moments' oppressive silence, "you don't really mean, do you, to walk the distance—?"

"To the Southern hemisphere? There is nothing else to do. But, Clive, you must let me go alone: You are not very strong, and the hardships on the way will be great. If all goes well with me, I shall return in about six months' time. If not—"

"I don't understand you, Roy!" I exclaimed hastily. "Of course I shall follow you wherever you go! It is not a question of strength. It would require far more strength—of mind and body—to remain here alone, than to go with you to the end of the world. But I fail to see the possibility of this journey, or even, laying that aside, since nothing appears impossible to you, I do not see its *raison d'être*. Long before we left Earth, I understood that not a day, not an hour was to be lost if you wished to see—what we have come to see... Yet you say it must take you many months—I should have said years—to pass from one latitude to another."

"No," interrupted Roy, "I believe the journey, could be accomplished in a little over two months."

"Walking the distance?" I asked incredulously.

"Part of the way only, else of course it would be impossible. You remember the map of *Kallistos* I showed you once, in my study at home?"

"Yes, I remember it. I wondered at the time that you should have taken so much trouble in noting the smallest details."

"And do you remember," Roy continued thoughtfully, "your first impression of it—that it looked somewhat like the maps of Mars in my *Astronomy of the Planets*?"

"Because of the many canals, or what looked like canals? Yes."

"Then you know that one of the chief features in this planet's geography is its great number of rivers, wide and deep, flowing in an almost straight line from North to South. Unless I am greatly mistaken, we are very near one of these rivers, a river that in all probability has its source in this farthest range of mountains. Now I believe that without exception every river of this planet possesses a current of exceeding swiftness, and the river I am thinking of is almost a rapid throughout its course—unless something has happened in the last nineteen hundred years to alter its tide... So the simplest—indeed the only thing to do is to construct a raft and trust ourselves to Providence—and the river."

"It seems easy," I remarked after some moment's reflection, "but then everything seems easy when you suggest it!... And you say this river would take us the greater part of the way?"

"Yes, by far the greater part—and you must remember that we need not go to the Antipodes

to see our solar system: at the twenty-fifth degree of latitude, our Earth should become visible—unless I am wrong once more, in my calculations... I must see to-morrow. At present my mind is a blank."

"And you think it will not take us more than ten weeks to accomplish the journey?"

"About that—perhaps less."

"So I was mistaken after all?" I queried eagerly. "Two or three months will make no difference to you? Yet I thought..."

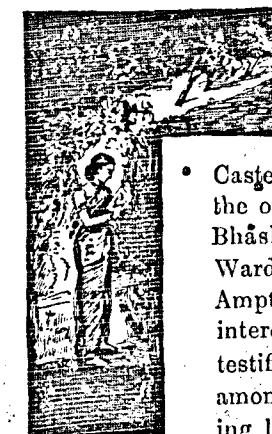
The sight of Roy's haggard face, the visible efforts he made to speak calmly, even hopefully, should have checked the foolish question.

"No difference?" he repeated slowly. "Have I not told you—but you know it! You know every moment is precious! Unless every Scriptural authority is at fault, it is this very month that the drama of Calvary will be enacted on Earth. Don't you understand it?" he continued in more and more excited tones, and the inward fever lit a strange fire in his eyes—"Don't you see? It is but the faintest hope—one chance against a thousand! But even if it were less—Oh, if there were no hope at all, still I would go! If this fails, perhaps there is another star—somewhere—but no—there is none—and human life is too short! Oh, I have tried to scale the Heavens and—"

He threw up his arms in a sudden gesture of appeal, and fell face downwards on the ground.

The Victoria Caste and Gosha Hospital.

LADY BHASHYAM IYENGAR DELIVERY WARD, OPENED BY H. E. LADY AMPTHILL.



THERE was a large gathering of ladies present on the evening of the 28th ultimo, at the Victoria

Caste and Gosha Hospital, on the opening ceremony of Lady Bhashyam Iyengar Delivery Ward by Her Excellency Lady Ampthill. It was indeed a very interesting function as was testified to by the presence, amongst others, of the following ladies:—Lady Thompson,

Mrs. Benson, Mrs. Twigg, Mrs. Firth, Lady Mary

Lygon, Lady Bhashyam Iyengar, Lady Ramesawmy Mudaliar, Mrs. Brander, Mrs. Rangappa, Mrs. Rangaramanuja Chariar, Mrs. V. C. Desikachary, Mrs. V. C. Seshachary, Mrs. C. R. Thiruvengkatachary, Mrs. Narayanasawmy Chetty, Mrs. V. Desikachary, Mrs. Gopalsawmy Iyengar, and Mrs. N. Subramanyam.

Her Excellency Lady Ampthill on arrival was received by Lady Bhashyam Iyengar and Mrs. King, who was in charge of the Gosha Hospital, and conducted to the shamiana, where a special seat had been arranged for Her Excellency. A group photo was then taken with Her Excellency in the centre by Messrs. R. Venkiah Brothers.

ADDRESS READ BY A BRAHMIN LADY.

Mrs. C. R. Thiruvengkatachary, (the daughter of Lady Bhashyam Iyengar) on behalf of Lady Bhashyam Iyengar, in requesting Her Excellency to open the ward, said:—

YOUR EXCELLENCY,—I have ventured to request you to graciously undertake to open this Delivery Ward, an addition which has now been made to this Hospital. This Caste and Gosha Hospital bears the universally respected name of the late Queen-Empress Victoria the Good whom we all valued as a rare gem and revered and loved as our sovereign protector and well-wisher. This in itself ought to be enough to endear this institution to all of us. To our sex every child-birth is really a second-birth and among the Caste and Gosha Hindu and Mahomedan ladies there is a certain amount of caste and national prejudice which makes them averse to seeking medical help of male doctors on occasions of child-birth. European ladies like Your Excellency, who have such large hearts and generous sympathy for the women of this country, and who respect the caste feelings of their Eastern sisters, have been exerting to make the benign British Government feel the necessity of providing such Gosha hospitals. Besides this the Countess of Dufferin, during her husband's Viceroyalty, started a generous Fund for helping the women of this country. Need I say that for all time to come Indians will ever cherish with feelings of gratitude the establishment of such institutions and bless the large-hearted European ladies like Your Excellency. Again we all know that ever since Your Excellency came to Madras nearly four years ago you have

always evinced a warm interest in the welfare of this hospital. My earnest wish is that this little building built at my cost would be but the beginning of large additions, on the same lines, to this useful and much-needed Institution. We feel immensely thankful to Your Excellency for your graciously having honoured us with your presence this evening and at my request consented to open this Ward in spite of your numerous engagements. Let me in conclusion request Your Excellency to kindly accept this gold key as a small memento of this auspicious occasion and declare this Ward open for the purpose for which it was built.

HER EXCELLENCY'S SPEECH.

Her Excellency Lady Ampthill in declaring the Ward open said:—

LADIES,—Before declaring this Ward open, I am sure that you would wish me to thank Lady Bhashyam Iyengar on behalf of the committee of the Countess of Dufferin's Fund, and also on behalf of the Governors of this Hospital for her generosity in so kindly giving the hospital this much-needed building. It may interest you all to know that in the course of last year over 500 little babies were born in this hospital and accommodation for this was, as you know, very insufficient. I feel sure that many generations of her country-women will be grateful to Lady Bhashyam Iyengar for her kindness in coming forward and giving the Victoria Hospital and Caste and Gosha women, the new lying-in ward which it needed so much. I think a good number of you, ladies, are visiting the Hospital for the first time and I hope you will presently go round and see the whole building. Since the Hospital was opened in the year 1886, 505 women have been in-patients in this hospital and the number of out-patients during these years has reached the total of 163,227, the number in this last year having been 18,139. The increasing attendance and popularity of this Hospital not only in Madras but in the Mofussil too—as we have patients from many distant districts—is a most satisfactory testimony to the skill and kindness of our lady doctor and I should like to thank Mrs. Winckler-King to-day for all the good work she has done to the Hospital and for the Caste and Gosha

women of Madras. And now, ladies, I declare the Lady Bhashyam Iyengar Ward open with the hope and prayer that it may be of lasting benefit to the women of Southern India."

Her Excellency then opened the Ward, after which she was taken round the different Wards of the Hospital by Mrs. King. Her Excellency had a brief conversation with the ladies then present and before leaving the premises was garlanded. It was 5-45 when Her Excellency Lady Ampthill and other guests left the premises.

The Investiture Ceremony.

AWARD OF KAISER-I-HIND MEDALS TO MRS. R. S. BENSON AND DR. MISS KUGLER.



THE Investiture of the Hon'ble Sir James Thomson, K.C.S.I., with the Star and Insignia of his Order—the Star of India—which took place at the Banqueting Hall, Madras, on February 9th, was a most brilliant ceremony, all the officials of the City being present with a large number of Military officers and ladies. The ceremony was announced to take place at 9-30, but long before that hour the body of the Hall was filled with spectators, while on the dais many members of the two Indian Orders had assembled. The scene was one that is not likely to be forgotten by those who were privileged to witness it. At the back of the dais was a Guard of Honour of the 1st Leicestershire Regiment, with the King's Colour, their scarlet tunics giving additional colour to a brilliant spectacle. In the centre of the dais was the seat of Lord Ampthill covered with light blue velvet on which was embroidered the Star of the Order. The seats of His Excellency's pages and staff were arranged on either side, and in front was a raised platform on the right and left of which were seats for members of the Indian Orders, and the table on which the Insignia was to rest. In the body of

the Hall the many official and military uniforms and the dresses of the ladies all contributed to the splendour of the scene, the handsome Hall itself forming a fit setting to the brilliant picture.

The first part of the ceremony was taken up with the Investiture of the Star of India.

Immediately after the conclusion of the Investiture of the Star of India, His Excellency the Governor unrobed and returned to the Banqueting Hall, to present Badges of the Most Excellent Order of the Indian Empire to Mr. Chettiar Sankaran Nayar Avergal, Mr. Edward Snedden, Mr. Stevenson and Sri Gaurachandra Gajapati Narayana Deva Garu, Rajah of Paralakimedi, and Kaiser-i-Hind Medals for public

services in India, of the Second Class, to Mrs. Ralph Sillery Benson, Mr. Richard Parsons, of the Public Works Secretariat, Madras, and Miss Anna Sarah Kugler, M.D., of the American Evangelical Lutheran Mission, Guntur District.

His Excellency entered the Banqueting Hall preceded by his Staff dressed in ordinary political uniform, the Guard of Honour presenting arms and the Band playing the National Anthem.

Among the recipients of the Kaiser-i-Hind Medals were Mrs. R. S. Benson and Dr. Miss Kugler both well-known to readers of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*. His Excellency in his speech alluded in fitting terms to the noble work of these two ladies. This is what Lord Ampthill said:—

"Honorary distinctions are of course primarily intended to be the reward for official services; but they are also bestowed on those who in private life are conspicuous for a sense of public duty. Such a man is the Rajah of Paralakimedi, who, by his excellence as a landlord, his enterprising management of his Estate and his public-spirited munificence, has shown that he fully realises the duties and responsibilities which devolved on our landed aristocracy. I trust that the career which he has begun so well will be long continued, and that the C. I. E. will in his case be the first step to other and higher distinctions.

I believe that Mrs. Benson is almost pained at receiving public recognition of the many good deeds which she has performed from the kindness of her heart, the intensity of her love for her fellow-creatures, and her high sense of duty.

But as she has done much to promote two matters which the Government have at heart, namely, female education and good feeling between Europeans and Indians, it was impossible not to offer her the distinction which is accorded to such services as hers.

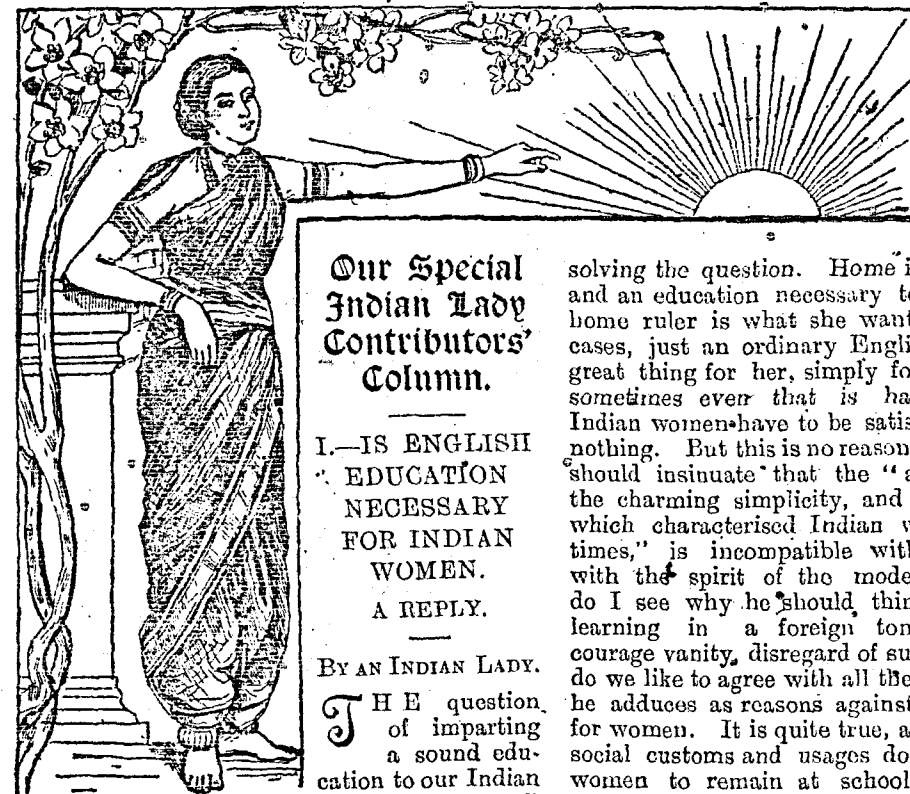
Miss Kugler belongs to that devoted band of American Missionaries to whom Southern India owes far more than is generally recognised, and of whom nobody can say that their labours are not absolutely disinterested. Miss Kugler was the first lady to practice medicine in the Madras Presidency. Single-handed, and in the face of opposition, she collected a lakh of rupees to build a Women and Children's Hospital at Guntur where over 7,000 patients are now annually treated and relieved, and where her philanthropic labours are highly appreciated."

Female Education in Mysore.

(By A HINDU.)

FRIENDS of Indian progress will be happy to learn of the encouraging advancement that the education of Indian women is steadily making in the Mysore State. In the early eighties, Rai Bahadur A. Narasimma Iyengar began the movement and had the sympathy and support of Messrs. Rangacharlu and Porter, names that are cherished with gratitude in the whole of Southern India to-day. His Highness the late Maharajah early in his reign identified himself with the movement and since then it has had the unstinted support of the Mysore Royal Family. Her Highness the Maharani, C.I., has all along lent the great influence of her august name, and it was during Her Highness' regime as Regent, that it received a signal impetus. Their son, H. H. the present Maharajah, has been excellently maintaining the traditions of his household in doing everything necessary for the up-keep of the institutions. The result of the labour of a generation has been indeed very creditable not only for Mysore but for the whole of Southern India. The Director of Public Instruction, Madras, in his Report for 1903-04, refers to the Brahmin ladies as having passed the B. A., and one Brahmin lady the F. A. in the whole Presidency. These candidates belong to the Mysore Maharani's College. In the

results of the Matriculation just published, two Eurasian girls have passed from the Mysore College. In the recent Mysore Lower Secondary Examination 50 girls have passed—a very encouraging result—and a Brahmin girl worthily heads the list defeating all her male competitors. Out of the 50, 8 are Mahomedan girls, 10 Christian girls and the remaining are Hindus. Of these, 10 are Brahmin widows, which must be gratifying to all interested in the amelioration of the hard lot of Brahmin widows. Another new feature is that from mofussil stations, girl pupils who have passed the Lower Secondary are coming to Mysore to join the College. We can hardly exaggerate the importance of this step. In a country where parents are not anxious to send their daughters to school for a few hours, that girls should be sent from one station to another for the sake of education, marks a stage of progress of which we may well take note. Eight of such pupils have joined the College this year. The question of constructing residential quarters for girl pupils from outside stations under the superintendence of the Lady Superintendent is under contemplation. We trust it will secure the consideration it deserves. There have been instances of candidates coming from distant parts such as Poona, and therefore no one can doubt the necessity of the measure. Some of the past pupils of the College are holding responsible positions as teachers. One of them, an F.A., is at the head of a Girls' School at Bangalore, another a Matriculate at Chickballapur, and a third trained in the vernaculars at Tumkur, a fourth is in charge of the Poona Widows' Home. Of course the College has cost a good deal of money. But without such initial expenditure no progress can be made in such useful directions and the slow uplifting of a whole race by breaking the ancient adamant wall of prejudice and accustoming the members of orthodox and conservative communities to modern ways of school education is too important to be thwarted by considerations of expenditure. Every country has had to make great sacrifices for the enlightenment and improvement of the people. India cannot expect to rise unless her daughters are educated and no price can be regarded as too much in the initial stages of the movement. Only care should be taken that money is wisely and properly spent, and of this there has never been wanting the most efficient safeguards as far as the Mysore institutions are concerned.—*The Hindu*.



Our Special Indian Lady Contributors' Column.

I.—IS ENGLISH EDUCATION NECESSARY FOR INDIAN WOMEN.

A REPLY.

BY AN INDIAN LADY.

THE question of imparting a sound education to our Indian women is at all times an important question, and needs to be constantly and carefully discussed; and, however often we may repeat the arguments for and against it, I do not think the time or the energy wasted which is devoted to such a purpose. Mr. S. Sreenivasa Moorthy, in the *Educational Review*, in an article under the above title, professes to discuss the point in its various aspects, but scarcely takes in all the sides of the question. He evidently agrees with Mrs. Besant, who says that the proper sphere of work for the woman is the home and that therefore the education which she requires is one which will fit her properly to be a wife and mother. But the way to do this, he says, is not by holding up the ancient Hindu heroines, as ideals to be unflinchingly followed in every respect; but by making the women adjust themselves, partly at least, to the new environment, to the spirit of the modern age. On the other hand, he would warn us against proceeding too much in this direction, especially in the matter of imparting an English education. "Just so much of English education as should enable them to talk and write in the most ordinary fashion would be quite ample for all the social amenities of life," is his opinion. And there is no doubt that Mr. Sreenivasa Moorthy has succeeded in partly

solving the question. Home is woman's sphere, and an education necessary to make her a good home ruler is what she wants. And, in many cases, just an ordinary English education is a great thing for her, simply for the reason that sometimes even that is hardly given. Our Indian women have to be satisfied with little or nothing. But this is no reason why Mr. Moorthy should insinuate that the "absolute devotion, the charming simplicity, and the artless grace which characterised Indian women in ancient times," is incompatible with a readjustment with the spirit of the modern age. Neither do I see why he should think that a "little learning in a foreign tongue should encourage vanity, disregard of superiors, etc." Nor do we like to agree with all the arguments which he adduces as reasons against higher education for women. It is quite true, as he says, that the social customs and usages do not allow Indian women to remain at school or college long enough to qualify for degree examinations; and it is quite true also that our women cannot attend public lectures or mix freely with their male teachers. Neither is it necessary to impart higher education so that the women should be enabled to earn their living. But Mr. Moorthy seems to forget the fact that one of the chief reasons for giving higher education to women is that it makes them get into a wider field of literature. Some women, unless they have an incentive to do so, either do not care or find no time for wide reading. In such a case, higher education should be looked on only as a means, not as an end. And when we look at it in this way, we shall at once see that a woman need not devote all her time to study; nor need she endanger her health, by doing so. She can take three or four years for her degree, if she likes, and divide her time equally between her studies and her home duties. In such a situation, the comfort of gentlemen like Mr. Sreenivasa Moorthy, who naturally want their homes cheered and brightened, will not suffer. But Mr. Moorthy seems to think that all that woman is fitted for are the social amenities of life; that the chief things she must do is to make herself look pretty and prepare herself to be a matron. As we said before, a woman's chief duty is at home; but to say that she has no other duties is absurd. Even a

proper domestic education must be a wide one, which, if it is not so, is sure to make the home which it governs, suffer.

Then again, Mr. Moorthy argues that the objection that students in schools or colleges are growing up in irreverence, or drifting towards materialism, would be a greater one in the case of girls. But surely girls can be guarded against such a danger. The argument also that to offer handsome scholarships is to tempt girls to pursue higher education, seems to be a futile one. Unless a girl cares to qualify for a higher education, she will not do so, however much a scholarship may tempt her. It is like saying that, because there is a ditch in front of you, you must jump the ditch, instead of finding a safer path to gain the road in front of you. Then again, there is no doubt that a thorough grounding in Sanskrit would be a grand thing for our girls. But, does not the same objection, which is adduced against higher education, stand against Sanskrit education? If we are to judge education by a utilitarian standard, then we might say, that there is as little use resulting from a Sanskrit, as from a higher, education. In the one case, as in the other, it means, "running their education into one mould." An English education at least will fit an Indian woman for some of the "social amenities of life." But how can a Sanskrit education do so? The way out of the difficulty seems to be not to look upon female education from a purely utilitarian point of view. Let women be educated to induce them to love study and reading. Let them take a pleasure in it, so that all their qualities and abilities may be drawn out, to enable them to fructify in whatever direction possible, not simply to enable them to be the proper mistresses of a home. A well developed woman, developed in mind, as well as in body, is a grand sight. Who knows what work such a woman may be enabled to do!

II.—NEW YEAR THOUGHTS.

Birth and Death together blending,
Joy and Pain are always mixing
In this life.

Day by day this year is passing,
Soon will another year be coming,
Kneel and Pray.

In this old year many left us,
Thou in thy mercy still hast kept us,
Praise to Thee.

In the coming year, we pray Thee,
From every danger keep us free,
And near Thee.

In all our work, this new year, Lord,
Make us follow with one accord,
Thy Holy Word;

And with cheerful face and bright,
Only doing what is right,
In Thy sight.

Should sorrow cross our path this year,
Us in Thy mercy gently hear
When we pray,

Holy Spirit sanctify us,
With Thy Heavenly purpose fill us,
All life long;

That our earthly race being ended,
With bright crowns we may be adorned
In that Land

Where the saints and angels solely
Ever praise Thee "Holy, Holy
Lord Most High."

TALITHA CUMI PULLENAYEGUM.

III.—LADY AMPHILL'S HINDU GIRLS SCHOOL, MASULIPATAM.

MASULIPATAM, 23rd January.—A most interesting ceremony was witnessed on the 21st instant, the occasion being the opening of the Lady Amphyll's Hindu Girls' School by Mrs. Parsons. The entrance to the school was prettily decorated with flags and palm fronds, and a large *shamiana* was pitched beside the school building to accommodate the guests. Some time before the time fixed for the ceremony, the guests began to arrive and were received at the entrance by Mr. Vemuri Subba Rao, the Manager of the South Vallur Estate. By 5 p.m. the *elite* of Masulipatam society, both English and Indian, had arrived, and the tastefully decorated *shamiana* presented quite a gay scene, which was enhanced by the presence of the Rajah of South Vallur and his two children in their handsome old-fashioned jewels, with his imposing retinue of belted peons. Meanwhile, Hindu musicians made sweet music to employ the interval.

A little after 5 o'clock, Mrs. Parsons, accompanied by Mr. Parsons, our Collector, arrived and was received by the Rajah, who conducted them to the *shamiana*. Proceedings then began with a short address from Mr. K. Krishnamachari, the Headmaster of the Hindu High School, and also the Manager of the existing Hindu Girls' School, which was now to be transferred to this building. He gave a short account of the foundation of the school on a purely secular basis, its progress during the last few years, and spoke of the warm support and sympathy shown by the public of Masulipatam.

He then went on to say how the thought occurred to him of commemorating the visit of Her Excellency Lady Amphyll to Masulipatam in this special way, because Her Excellency exhibited such a warm interest in the cause of the womanhood of India. A suggestion to this effect was made by him to Mr. Vemuri Subba Rao who, in turn, laid the proposal before the Rajah of the South Vallur Estate. The Rajah promptly took it up and generously carried it out with this splendid result; and now the school would stand, not only as a lasting monument of his generosity, but would prove of immense benefit to the public at large. Mr. Krishnamachari, on behalf of the public of Masulipatam, offered his heartiest thanks to the Rajah, and prophesied a happy future for the Lady Amphyll's Hindu Girls' School.

Mr. V. Subba Rao then invited Mrs. Parsons to formally open the building. Before the actual ceremony, Mr. Parsons read a telegraphic message received from Lady Amphyll. Her Excellency greatly appreciated this act of generosity and thanked the Rajah for having given her name to the school. Her Excellency was sorry she could not be present at the ceremony, and asked Mrs. Parsons to open the school on her behalf. Her Excellency has promised to send a photo of herself for the school. This gracious message was received with hearty applause. Mrs. Parsons, followed by some of the guests, then advanced to the door of the school building, and, unlocking the door, declared the school opened. A little gold padlock, with which the door was fastened, was offered to Mrs. Parsons as a memento of this auspicious occasion. It bore the following inscription:—"The Lady Amphyll's Hindu Girls' School, Masulipatam, opened by Mrs. Parsons, 21st January, 1905."

The school is a neat, compact little building. There is a long hall in the centre, with wings on either side. At present there are no partitions between the hall and the wings, but temporary partitions will be put up according to the arrangement of the classes. At one end of the hall there was hung a photo of the Rajah of South Vallur. Ample provision has been made for a plentiful supply of light and air at all times by means of a number of venetian windows. The building cost about Rs. 6,397.

After looking over the school, Mrs. Parsons and the other guests returned to the *shamiana*, when a few songs were sung by the girls. Mr. and Mrs. Parsons were garlanded by the Rajah, and flowers and *pan supari* were distributed among the guests. The usual votes of thanks were proposed and seconded. The school children were given a treat in the hall of the new building, and after watching them for a few minutes

Mr. and Mrs. Parsons left and the interesting function terminated.

We hope the Lady Amphyll Hindu Girls' School has a great future before it. The Manager has kindly consented to let the Masulipatam Hindu Ladies' Association have its fortnightly meetings there; and we most sincerely hope that the public will continue to take a warm interest in the school, and thus advance the cause of Indian womanhood.

Editorial Notes.

There was a time when it was considered that the pursuit of literature would "sex" a woman; and hence, until the last thirty years or so, only a few exceptional women were occupied to any serious extent in literary work.

Women's work in Literature.

Among pioneers were Fanny Burney, Jane Austen, Mrs. Mitford, Mrs. Somerville, Charlotte Brontë and Mrs. Browning. Harriet Martineau was the first of her sex to enter upon the routine every-day work of literature. The branch of literature in which women have been most successful is fiction. Though there are fiction writers and fiction writers, the high position which novelists like George Eliot, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, and John Oliver Hobbes have attained shews that women are peculiarly fit to write fiction. Fiction writing is supposed to be very paying. George Eliot received £8,000 for *Middlemarch* but Mrs. Humphrey Ward is said to have received £18,000 for *David Grieve*. Miss Annie S. Swan recently owed to an income of about £1,000 a year and Miss Charlotte M. Yonge made a handsome fortune by her novels. Journalism is also becoming a favourite literary pursuit for women and their contributions to the daily and weekly papers have increased enormously during the last few years. Among women journalists the lady who represents the *Daily News* in Paris is probably unique. As a rule women keep to their special department, chronicling the doings of Society, and taking charge of the light topics generally. A large number of journals have come into existence, conducted for women by women.

It is with feelings of pride and pleasure that we announce the success of **The First Nair Lady F.A.** Srimati T. B. Kalyani Amma, Editress of *The Sārada*, in the recent F. A. Examination of the Madras University. Of her and her school-career, we had given a short account in our issue of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* for December last. She being the first lady-matriculate, she has earned the distinction also of being the first lady F. A. from among the Nairs. The news of Kalyani Amma's success, as we learn from some of our 'Madras Dailies' and Travancore Contemporaries, has been received with enthusiasm by the Travancoreans, more especially by the Nairs, on whom her success reflects much credit. "Travancore must be proud of Kalyani Amma's success"—this was what H. H. Kerala Varma Valya Koil Tampuran is reported to have said on receiving this glad news. We are at one with him in this, and we are all the more glad, since of the four or five girls that went up for the F. A. Examination she alone came out successful, thereby entitling herself to a special congratulation. She has, moreover, gained just now distinction in another direction, that of passing the Cambridge Examination in Music. No Nair lady has, we think, earned it ere this. Kalyani Amma is, at present, on the teaching staff of the College for girls, Trivandram, and is also reading privately for the B.A. Degree Examination. Her College, having no B.A. class in it, affords her little facility to prosecute her studies there; and the social customs of the country do not allow her attending the local college for boys. We are sorry to remark, in this connection, that the encouragement, which she and the other women of her qualification receive from the Travancore Government, is far from satisfactory; and unless sufficient encouragement is given to the educated girls, no country can aspire to a high position either in the matter of female education, or of civilization. While we wish Kalyani Amma a long career of usefulness to her country, we hope to welcome her very soon, as the first Nair Lady-Graduate in our midst. Kalyani Amma has finished translating into Malayalam, Mrs. Brander's "Talks on Health"; and is now compiling, in Malayalam, "Lives of Good and Great Women" which will be serially published in the journal, *Sārada*. The publication of the "Malayalam Talks on Health" is delayed owing to the delay in getting the permission of "The Christian Literature Society," which hold the rights of the original.

What is being done for and by Indian Ladies.

We are glad to announce the success of yet another Indian Christian lady in the B. A. degree examination of the Madras University. Miss Cornelius, the successful candidate, is the daughter of Mr. S. D. Cornelius, Accountant, P. W. Department. She passed her First-in-Arts examination from the Doveton College, where she won the Carstairs' Medal and continued her studies for the B. A. in the Presidency College, with Latin as her optional subject. She is the fifth Indian Christian lady, who is a graduate of the Madras University. In this connection we are glad to note that several Indian Christian girls have passed their First-in-Arts examination. Out of six sent up from the Sarah Tucker College, all have been successful. It is hoped that some of them will continue their studies for the B. A.

—At the annual meeting of the Madras Branch of the Countess of Dufferin's Fund held at Madras this month with H. E. Lady Amthill, the President, in the Chair, Major Molesworth read an interesting report, which contained both satisfactory and unsatisfactory features. The fund now has 30 female students studying in the Madras Medical College, 11 in the College classes and the others in the Apothecary Department. Of the total number, 12 are Dufferin scholars, 8 hold other Scholarships and 10 are private scholars. The Dufferin Scholarship holders have to serve the Fund for a definite period after passing out. Most of the pupils are Europeans or Eurasians. The Fund also has four midwifery pupils in training. Last year, owing to the want of funds, it was only possible to award three medical scholarships, one of these being held, it is gratifying to note, by a Malabar young lady, V. V. Janaki Ammal. It is indeed a great pity that funds are not forthcoming from the public to such an extent as to admit of the good work being better furthered. It is distressing to be told that the Indian community betrays the most mournful indifference towards the Fund and that contributions were received last year from only two Indian subscribers. The work which the Fund is doing is entirely on behalf of our own womankind, and it is we, not outsiders, who should find the wherewithal to keep the movement going at a high level of efficiency and usefulness. The Victoria Caste and Gosha Hospital is looked after by the Fund and it is something to read that this institution is doing very good work and that there is a steady increase in the number of patients. The Hospital now has a fairly substantial endowment for its maintenance, and what appears to be most wanted is public support to

enable the Fund to cope with the demands of the mofussil. Last year, we are told, it was found necessary to close some of the institutions owing to lack of money. District Boards, Municipalities and even wealthy private individuals in all parts of the Presidency ought certainly to rally to the support of the Fund.

—*Ladies' Gathering at Secunderabad.*—A gathering composed exclusively of Hindu ladies, numbering about sixty, with a few Parsi and European ladies being present, was held in the People's Hall, on Thursday evening, the 9th instant, with Mrs. Winters of the Wesleyan Mission, in the chair. The object of holding the gathering was to distribute prizes to such children of the Girls' Patasala as were unable to be present and receive their prizes at the anniversary of the school, which was held on the 26th ultimo and at which Mrs. Casson Walker presided. The principal items on the programme were the opening song, distribution of prizes, and action song and *kolatum* by the girls, all of which very much appreciated by the ladies. Miss Maggs who spoke in Telugu on behalf of Mrs. Winters said that at the request of Mrs. Govindayya, the Head Mistress of the girls' school, she was addressing the ladies present as to how much pleased she was to see them all assembled and take part in their girls' education. When the girls went through the songs successfully and received their prizes in the presence of their mothers and sisters, they would feel very much delighted and encouraged. She had the management in her hands of a school consisting of about 85 girls, some of whose parents were away in Districts, entrusting the girls to her care and training; the girls looked to her for help whenever they were sick, hungry, or in need of something. A mother with half a dozen children would be vexed with them for their worry from morning till night, but she did not feel so much troubled though she had 85 children to look after: this, in spite of her delicate position of not being able to punish the girls, for she could not do so as their mothers would might think it strange, but it was due to her trying to bring up the girls in all good ways. She related the story of a queen, of ancient days, who in a gathering of ladies inquired of them as to the best wealth God had bestowed on them. Some ladies pointed out their gold ornaments, others showed their diamond set jewels, and some others exhibited both these—when they asked the queen in return what her best jewel was she beckoned to her maids, had her two babies fetched, and replied that they were the best jewels God had bestowed on her. When they were well brought up and educated, as they would be, they would shine much better than all her brilliant diamonds. Similarly, each mother, if she took pains to educate her children and train them properly,

would be having her best jewel in her children. Continuing, she said "In this country there were no girls' schools 50 years ago, and female education was not attempted. Now things have changed. In your own midst there are many girls' schools and most of the families do willingly send their girls for education and training. When the daughters returned home with prizes and were able to read and take an intelligent interest in their home management, how much pleased would the parents be?" She concluded by expressing a hope that the ladies present would always take an active part in the education of their own girls as also of other girls and thus aid the institutions which promoted this object. Mrs. Winters thanked the ladies for their kindness in attending the gathering and trusted that such gatherings would be held every now and then. Mrs. Govindayya gave a short account of the girls' Patasala and said that the girls were taught reading and writing in four different languages, also sewing and music, for all of which efficient teachers were employed. She was sure all the teachers would take a kindly interest in their children and therefore she appealed to them to encourage the school by sending their children. At the conclusion, the National Anthem was sung in Urdu, all the ladies standing up. The gathering dispersed after the distribution of attar and flowers, and after the usual cheers to Mrs. Winters and other ladies. The success of the gathering is due to the able management of Mrs. Govindayya and of Mr. V. D. Chitambaram Moodaliar, the Honorary Secretary of the Patasala, who have to be congratulated on their good efforts in bringing about the gathering, the first of its kind held among the Hindu community of the station.

—Pandita Rangabai has succeeded in securing a tract of land measuring about 84 acres in Doddballapur on the Hindipur line about 30 miles from Bangalore. The land contains a large number of mango-bearing trees, wells, houses and the use of a tank. The Widows' Home which is now in Bangalore will shortly be removed there, and part of the Home at Bangalore will be maintained as a feeder to the future Home.

—A Normal School for women will be opened at Lahore on the 4th January under the control of the Education Department. The object is to prepare women to work as teachers in girls' schools. It is expected that the wives and female relatives of male teachers, as well as widows of some education, will in many cases offer themselves for training. Stipends, not exceeding Rs. 8 per mensem, will be awarded to selected students, and boarding accommodation, if required, will be provided free to secure the attendance of any suitable student from outstations and an allowance for a guardian or a female relative to accompany her will be given.



News and Notes.

Countess Helen von Schweinitz has taken her diploma from Berlin University as a dentist. She is the first German woman of title to do so; though many men of title have become physicians.

Lady Curzon will, it is understood, come to Calcutta for a week or ten days, after her arrival in Bombay on the 4th March. Her Excellency may then possibly proceed direct to Simla or to some station up-country.

Miss Dorothea Hughes has written what is considered a remarkably successful biography of her father, the late famous preacher Hugh Price Hughes. Mr. W.P. Bartley, the great jam-manufacturer of Great Britain, has presented every Primitive Methodist with a copy.

The first Brahmin widow marriage at Masulipatam was celebrated in the Vallur Raja's bungalow on the 13th inst. with signal success. The bridegroom, Chodavaram Jagannatha Row, is a student of the B.A. class, Noble College, and the bride Sreemati Adi Lakshmanamma, a relation of the bridegroom, is a virgin widow. About 2,000 people, including many leading gentlemen and some respectable ladies, attended the ceremony. Several wedding presents were made, the largest coming from Mr. Bentala Venkatasubba Row and the Zemindar of Munigala. A large and imposing procession passed through the main streets with crowds of spectators, who at some places showered flowers on the bridal pair.

A marriage of great social importance in the Saraswathi community took place at Mangalore recently in

the presence of a large number of ladies and gentlemen of the Saraswathi community. Mr. N. Subba Rao, First Grade Pleader and son of the late Dewan Bahadur N. Siva Rao, was joined in holy wedlock with Srimati Lalita Bai, a student in the F.A. class, aged about 17 years. The bride belongs to the reform party in the Saraswathi community, and is the daughter of Mr. K. Ranga Rao, a Second Grade Pleader and a member of the local Brahmo Samaj. The marriage is an epoch-making event in this community, since it is the first of its kind in breaking the orthodox custom of early marriage. It has created much stir and both the parties are to be congratulated on their moral courage and strength of mind in the practical step taken, in overcoming all opposition.

Queen Amelie of Portugal has recently been taking an active part in the manoeuvres of the army corps during its annual training near the Spanish frontier. The queen is a splendid horsewoman, and loves to ride at the head of the most exciting movements. The other day a party of horse were ordered to cross a deep stream over a narrow wooden bridge, which was found to be too rotten and which broke down. Then the Queen, without hesitation, set the example to the troops, plunging her horse into the stream, and leading the way across with the water reaching to the saddle.

No one in Japan is doing so much for the advancement and betterment of her country women as the Empress. Well-educated, thoroughly abreast of modern ideas, tactful, devoted to the women of her land and, in fact, to all her subjects, she has raised women from the unimportant place they have always held to a position of dignity and value. The Japanese nation is as lovingly devoted to her as to the Emperor himself.

The marriage of Miss Sarala Devi Ghosal, B.A., with Dr. Paira Mall of the Punjab, which comes off this month, is calculated to promote the international cause of India in various ways. Miss Ghosal is decidedly one of the representative persons of Bengal. She is the Editor of the oldest Bengali magazine and her family occupies a forefront place amongst the Bengalis in culture and enlightenment. She has besides a striking personality which we are sure to miss in many a sphere of public life, though she will be usefully engaged in drawing closer the ties between Bengal and the Punjab. Dr. Paira Mall, Chief Medical adviser of the Kapurthala State, is a well-known man in the Punjab. He was with the Japanese troops at Liya-oyang and attended the wounded Russians in Matsuyama Hospital. The Japanese Government had made an exception in his favour by admitting him into the Japanese War Camp as a Military Attaché—a favour refused to hundreds of foreigners some of whom had come from Europe and America. The readers of the Bengalee will recognise Dr. Mall as our quondam war correspondent.—*Bengalee*.

Mrs. Fanny Bullock Workman has lately given a number of lectures in French before the Société de Géographie and at the Sorbonne University in Paris, on her last Himalaya climbing and exploration. Banquets were given to Dr. and Mrs. Workman by the Société de Géographie and the Paris Asiatic Society. At the request of the President of the Paris Geographical Society, Minister Delcasse has conferred on Mrs. Workman the title of Officer of Public Instruction, with the violet rosette and gold palms, the highest decoration of the Public Instruction.

Mrs. Ranade's Address.

[BY A PARSİ LADY.]

(From the Indian Social Reformer.)



THE homely and sensible address, delivered by Mrs. Ranade last month to the Women's Gathering of the Social Conference, could not have failed of its effect on the ladies assembled there; and her touching reference to her late husband must have moved her hearers deeply. In spite of her modest disclaimer, Mrs. Ranade seems to be inspired with much of her husband's enthusiasm for the cause of progress, and her example is an object-lesson in the conduct of life for her less energetic sisters. The many practical hints given them in the ad-

dress ought to bear good fruit, if properly acted upon. Mrs. Ranade showed how much women can do in the way of school and hospital inspection, teaching orphans, and finding work for widows, and cited the noble example of the Sisters of Mercy, who left father and mother and home, and renounced all joys, to minister to the suffering of their fellow-creatures. If even a few of the ladies who came to hear Mrs. Ranade, undertake to carry out her suggestions, and plan out, each for herself, the task best suited to her own tastes and opportunities, there will be much good work done, and their example will fire many more to do the like. In addition to the work suggested by Mrs. Ranade, there are other ways in which women could make themselves useful, and render their own lives more full and happy. It is a good thing to teach the orphan and help the widow, but one need not stop at that. The life of the orphan and the widow ought to be made as bright and joyous as possible, and that can be done in many simple ways. For instance, the love of Nature and the love of the Beautiful could be created in them with a corresponding increase of happiness, and that at little or no cost. All Nature is full of beauty, but we have not the eyes to see it, and we thus miss a source of the purest joy and inspiration. The blooming rose, the gold and fire of the sunset, the beautiful light of the dawn, even the rippling waves in the blue sea, and the like of these which send a thrill of delight through the

She has also received a diploma from the French government in recognition of her Himalayan work and her addresses before the learned societies of France. She has received the grand medal of the French Alpine Club, never before given to a woman. Mrs. Workman is invited to speak before the Geographical Societies of Lille, Rouen, Vienna, Rome, Edinburgh, St. Petersburg, and many other European cities.

The Princess Chertkoff Zadi, the Sultan's niece, who escaped last May from the Stamboul harem, has told the London Daily News how she got away. She escaped in the clothes of a sewing woman, who had procured a passport for her. She went straight to a French steamer about to start for Marseilles, told the captain all and begged his protection. He assured her that he would care for her, and though she had a terrible fright at Smyrna for fear the Turkish police should search the vessel, she got safely away, and married Prince Quresail in London in July. Her first act on reaching safety was to put on European dress. Like other accomplished Turkish ladies, she speaks French fluently, and while in the harem wholly unfitted herself for its restraints by reading foreign books, European literature, and the acquaintance of free women, were subversive of Turkish ideas. She was at last accounts about to visit America, particularly the city of St. Louis. What a joy the great fair must be to a sprightly young woman who had never been outside a harem until last May!

Among women workers Miss Ellice Hopkins who died in August last will always hold a very high place. The daughter of an eminent Cambridge professor and his constant companion, she inherited much of his talent and literary gifts; but though she produced two volumes of poems, and several other works, she devoted herself chiefly to social and philanthropic work. She had great powers of speaking, and at Cambridge gathered round her by degrees 700 working men, whom she was accustomed to address first in their cottages, then in a school-room, and when their numbers increased, in the workmen's hall at Barnwell. Elihu Burritt, speaking of one of her addresses at this period, says: "In diction and argument it was powerful, but in fervour and pathos it was indescribable." After her father's death she resided with her widowed mother in Brighton, and it was there that she began her lifelong labours in connection with rescue and preventive work, the latter of which she considered the most important, for, as she said: "It is better to put a wire-fence at the top of a precipice than an ambulance at the bottom." She worked with Mrs. Vicars at Brighton, and helped Miss Robinson in the foundation of the Soldiers' Home at Portsmouth. Always frail and delicate, her health broke down completely in March last, and the end came on Sunday, August 21. She was buried on the following Wednesday in her mother's grave.



moved. What a gap there is here to fill up! Our women ought to go out for long walks with the young ones, and get them interested in all that they see and hear. The love of flowers, the love of birds and animals, that is so lovely, ought to be inculcated in them. If the ladies feel too shy to go alone, they ought to form parties, and go out in large numbers, which would only enhance the enjoyment and merriment of it all. Our country lacks nowhere in natural beauties, but like the household brook they are passed by unheeded.

If painting and music and sculpture were largely taught in our schools, and one of these at least made compulsory for every child, how soon would a generation grow up that was steeped in the sense of colour, loveliness, and harmony. How pretty and dainty too could the little ones make their homes, with pictures and other little knick-knacks made by their own hands. What a high ideal Emerson had of the household, can be seen from the following: "Let us bear witness, then, that a house should bear witness in all its economy that *human culture* is the end to which it is built and garnished: It stands there under the Sun and Moon to ends analogous and not less noble than theirs. It is not for festivity, it is not for sleep: but the pine and the oak shall

gladly descend from the mountains to uphold the roof of men as faithful and necessary as themselves, to be the shelter always open to good and true persons." We too could have such households, could have museums and picture galleries as every petty town has in Europe if we only learnt how to go about it in the right way. If the thousands that are spent in feeding idlers and vagrants were given for the cultivation of the fine arts, how nobly would the money be spent. Even here, women can do much. They can use soft persuasion with the men and get contributions where the most eloquent male pleaders had no chance. Sufficient money could be collected like this from time to time and utilized in the promotion of culture.

The field for all such work is immense in this country where there is so much ignorance, so much poverty and so many evil customs that seem as if expressly designed to increase the sum-total of the people's misery. The task too seems peculiarly fitted for Indian women, and especially for Hindus, who are so accustomed to a life of self-sacrifice and devotion. When the women of India rouse themselves to a sense of their responsibilities, and band together to work as one in the cause of her advancement, then indeed is her salvation assured.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

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THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

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No. 9.

THE WAY OF JOY.

"Am I wrong to be always so happy? This world
is full of grief;
Yet there is laughter of sunshine, to see the crisp
green in the leaf.
Daylight is ringing with song-birds, and brook-
lets are crooning by night,
And why should I make a shadow where God
makes all so bright?"

WALTER SMITH.

"Take joy home,
And make a place in thy great heart for her,
And give her time to grow, and cherish her!
It is a comely fashion to be glad—
Joy is the grace we say to God."

J. INGELOW.

"Who is the angel that cometh?
Joy?
Look at his glittering 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.
Blessed is he that cometh
In the name of the Lord."

A. PROCTER.

A Peep into Spain.



[By MRS. R. S. BENSON.]

VISIT to the Alhambra of Granada seems an impossibility for most people, and it hardly enters into their day-dreams, and yet, for those who voyage between India and England few expeditions are easier and less costly.

Leaving the homeward-bound steamer at Gibraltar (which itself repays a week's sojourn), the Bay of Algiceras is crossed in twenty minutes in a little ferry steamer, which lands the traveller at the railway station on the Spanish shore. A twelve hours journey in the train brings him to the beautiful town of Granada. The leisurely progress of the train through novel and beautiful scenery is very restful and enjoyable after the glare and noise of a large and crowded mail steamer. Gibraltar stands out "grand and gray" across the Bay, rising abruptly 1,400 feet above the flat green meadows of Spain. These meadows in May are brilliant with wild flowers, simply sheets of white, yellow, and mauve flowers, bending in the breeze, and making a brilliant foreground to the magnificent promontory of Gibraltar.

A little inland the ground becomes very undulating and wooded, the cork trees growing, not in plantations, but scattered singly and in groups, so that the whole country looks park-like, with beautiful glades and vistas, showing through the branches and trunks of the spreading trees. These are not tall and slender like the cork trees in India, but thick trunked and branching. The trunks are barked in much the same way as the trunks of the chinchona trees in India, and one of the novel sights from the windows of the train is to see the vans of the goods trains piled up to an immense height with bales, in net bags, of pieces of cork bark. As the train runs on, there is a constant variety of scenes, the rich cork woods giving place to grassy downs, not unlike those near Brighton, or Otford, and then later on to stony

hills, very like the hills of Connemara in Ireland. The resemblance to Ireland is further enhanced by the appearance of the peasants' riding pillion (*i.e.*, two on one animal sitting one behind the other) on their mules, only in Ireland they would be on horses or donkeys, the women wearing quite the same costume as the Irish *i.e.*, a short dark skirt, with a little three cornered shawl pinned over their shoulders, and a handkerchief tied round their heads.

There were fields of red poppies, and clusters of wild white day roses in the hedges, and olive trees and vineyards, and almond trees.

The town of Granada is built on the rich plain of the river Darra, but the fortress and palace of the Alhambra is upon a steep hill, built on a spur of the Sierra Nevada mountains, which rise behind in snow covered peeps, an ever lovely background, against the blue sky, to the beautiful fortress crowned promontory.

It is rather a long drive from the station to the hotels on the ridge, and the road is so steep, once the flat town is left, that four horses are harnessed to all the carriages for the ascent, or more often two horses and two mules, the bells on their necks sounding cheerily as they toil up the height. The houses are built very irregularly up these steep roads, and give the streets a most picturesque look. The houses in Granada are all white, two storied buildings built round an inner courtyard. The effect gives the town a very white look, and as there are no balconies and very few trees the place would be ugly as a whole, but for its irregularity. It is very different with the ridge or promontory on which the fortress and the palace of the Alhambra in the fortress is built. When the Duke of Wellington occupied the place during the Peninsula War he planted a grove of elms, and these are now mighty trees, tall and leafy, and under their shade the tinkling rivulets from the snows of the mountains rill all day with a purling sound most cooling to the senses and musical to the ear. There are stone benches at intervals under the trees up the ascent, the ground beneath is covered with creeping ivy and dainty wild flowers, while overhead the nightingales sing to perfection, their beautiful throbbing shakes and trills toning with the green shade and sparkling coolness of

the air. If the town of Granada is white, the Alhambra itself is rich in colouring, creamy and pink in tone, while the towers on the opposite side of the ravine are called the Vermilion Towers, from their ruddy hue. On entering the Alhambra one no longer feels as if India were left behind, for here is once again the lovely tracery, colouring and delicate marble pillars and arches with which one is familiar in Agra and Delhi. There the materials used are white and coloured marbles, and precious agates, but in Spain the tracery is all stucco work exquisitely illuminated with rich colouring. The white marble here does not retain its whiteness as in India, but becomes creamy, and darkened with age. "The Courts of the Palace" are laid out with flower beds and fountains. Washington Irving writes:—"When one looks upon the fairy tracery of the clusters of columns, and the apparently fragile fretwork of the walls, it is difficult to believe that so much has survived the wear and tear of centuries, the shocks of earthquakes, and the violence of war." One courtyard has a large fish pool in the centre surrounded by a myrtle hedge. The famous Court of Lions is a beautiful courtyard paved with white marble, and surrounded by arches and clusters of delicate white marble pillars; in the centre stands an enormous stone basin-fountain, supported on the backs of 12 Lions. Everywhere there are towers, balconies, recesses and gardens with thickets of roses, and myrtles of citrons and oranges. The hall of the ambassadors leading from the Court of Lions has a carved cedern roof, and the recesses round the Court of Lions have roofs of pendant tracery like stalactites. Down winding stairs, the cool halls and grottoes of the baths are rich with colouring, softened by a subdued light from the outer glare and heat.

This beautiful dream of a palace was built in A.D. 1250 by a Saracen of Spain called Mahomed Abu Alhamar. Washington Irving tells us that "the Saracens of Spain were greatly advanced in civilization, every principal city was a seat of learning and the arts, so that it was easy to command the most enlightened instruction for youths of rank and fortune. Abu Mahomed became the head of the moslems in Spain, when Spain was broken into

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factions. His reign was such as to render him a blessing to his subjects. He organized a vigilant police, erected hospitals for the sick and aged and visited them frequently. He founded schools and colleges which he visited in the same manner. He introduced abundant streams of water into the city, erecting baths and fountains and constructing aqueducts and canals to irrigate the country. He gave premiums and privileges to the best artisans. He fostered the growth and fabrication of silk until the looms of Granada surpassed even those of Syria. He superintended the building of the Alhambra in person, mingling frequently among the artists and workmen, and directing their labour. Though magnificent in his works he was simple in his person and moderate in his enjoyments. His wives were daughters of the principal nobles, and were treated by him as friends and rational companions. What is more, he managed to make them live as friends with one another. He passed much of his time in the gardens of the Alhambra which he had stored with the rarest plants and most beautiful flowers. Here he delighted himself in reading histories, or in causing them to be read and related to him. When he died his body was embalmed, enclosed in a silver coffin, and buried in the Alhambra in a sepulchre of precious marble."

In addition to the beautiful palace in the fortress of the Alhambra there are lovely towers on the outer walls, exquisitely decorated inside, whence from the battlemented roofs, extensive views are to be had of the country and mountains around. The summer palace of the *Generatife* with its cypress avenues, terraced gardens, galleries and arcades, its fountains and murmuring rivulets stands on higher ground, and must have been a delightful outlet from the more confined precincts of the fortress. It is now a paradise of flowers, sunset roses creeping up in bewildering profusion and masses of blooms to the very tops of the cypress trees, other flowers growing in as abundant luxuriance.

The Alhambra is a happy hunting ground for artists. easels stand at every available corner, and artists fill the large and comfortable hotels on the ridge. Shops for photographs, pictures, and curios abound, and very tempting is the display of old cabinets, chests, tables and chairs.

brass lamps and trays, fans, and Spanish lace. The little Spanish children sing, and dance with much grace and agility in the squares; girls are to be seen sitting outside their houses busily making lace, and singing at their work, while in the evening Spanish ladies wearing black lace mantillas over their heads drive about the town in carriages with spirited well-fed horses. One of the prettiest sights about Granada is the well-laden mule, with trappings of blue and red embroidered bands and blinkers, carrying piles of green clover for fodder, the flowers of the clover looking as bright and large as red roses. A very prettily shaped jar is used for watering the roads, and the same shaped jar is used for drinking water from.

When Granada was in the hands of the French, the Alhambra was garrisoned by their troops. The French had the roofs repaired, the saloons and galleries protected from the weather, the gardens cultivated, and the water-courses restored. The work of restoration and preservation is still being carried on.

The visitors seemed to be chiefly American, Italian and English, with a sprinkling of French and German.

A further expedition to Seville, Cordova, and Cadiz could easily be managed, if a fortnight, instead of a week, were allowed before rejoining the steamer at Gibraltar. The marvellous mosque at Cordova (now a Cathedral), the third in order of sanctity in the world, equal to the mosque at Jerusalem, and second only to that at Mecca: "Fair Seville" with its famous gigantic pale pink tower the *Giralda*, all delicately carved and beautifully worked in Moorish patterns; the Cathedral so enormous, that St. George's Cathedral, Madras, or the Calcutta Cathedral, would fit comfortably into one of the side aisles, and the Connemara Library could be dropped into the centre aisle, without being noticed, it would scarcely reach the capitals of the pillars, and would fill so small a space as to deprive the Cathedral of none of its vast emptiness—its magnificent organ, and unrivalled collection of Murillo's pictures—these sights would surely repay one for curtailing the home holiday by one short fortnight, and furnish memory pictures for the future during many a hot lonely day of up-country life in India.

"I gazed and gazed but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought,
For oft when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude."

The Annual General Meeting of the Hindu Ladies' Social Club, Bombay.

AN INSTRUCTIVE ADDRESS FROM THE CHAIR.



THE eleventh Annual General Meeting of the Hindu Ladies' Social Club was held in the spacious hall of Mr. Harischandra Panilurang Pitale, J. P., at Cawasjee Patel Tank Road, on Monday the 16th January 1905 at 5 p.m., when Lady Jehangir presided.

There was a large gathering of ladies, Europeans, Mahomedans, Hindus and Parsees, among whom were the following:—

Lady Jehangir, Cawasjee Jehangir, Mrs. Meherbai Dorabjee Tata, Mrs. Budruddin Tyabjee, Miss Serene M. Cursetjee, Mrs. Naun Narayan Kothare, Miss (Dr.) Navabai M. Mehta, Miss Surabai Mangaldas, Mrs. Champubai R. Kothare, Mrs. Shamvas Vitthal, Mrs. J. M. Dalal, Mrs. H. D. Bastawalla, Miss Dinshaw Eduljee Watcha, Miss Dinbai Cawasji Rana, Mrs. J. D. Cama, Mrs. Lalubhai, Miss Padamjee, Mrs. Coleman, Mrs. Lilawatibai Mangaldas, Mrs. Milard, Mrs. Din, Mrs. Pundole, Mrs. G. R. Parekh, Mrs. Vithaldass Damodardass Thackersey, Mrs. J. D. Pawwalla, Mrs. Ardeshir Unwalla, Mrs. J. M. Payne, Miss Abbott, Mrs. Hussain, Mrs. Lookmani, Mrs. M. B. Tyabjee, Mrs. Ali N. Tyabjee, Mrs. Jehangir, Mrs. Rustomjee, Miss Dinbai N. Patuck, Miss S. Mehta, Mrs. Fattehalli, Mrs. A. Tyabjee, Miss Mojoodin, Dr. Benson, Mrs. Massin, Miss Simulshaha, Mrs. Cursetjee Manekjee, H. H. Agakhan, and others.

A SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT FOR REPORTERS.

At all the gatherings held till now of the Club, there had been no arrangement for the reporters of the press, but we are glad to state that this year, through the exertions of Miss Serene M.

Cursetjee, a special arrangement was made for the reporters in a room adjoining the hall.

At the commencement, Miss Sumati R. Kothare played on the harmonium, when she sang a welcome song. Mrs. Kothare then proposed and Mrs. Chandawarkar seconded that Lady Jehangir should occupy the chair. When she had done so, Lady Jehangir asked Mrs. Bablibai Pitale, the Secretary of the Club, to read the report of the last year's working of the Club.

THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE HINDU LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.

The members of the Executive Committee of the Hindu Ladies' Social Club have the pleasure to lay before its member its eleventh Annual Report from 1st January to 31st December 1904.

Because of the clinging to Bombay of the interminable plague, its evil effect has been similar to that of the last eight years of plague compelling the closing of the Club from 14th February to 10th June; yet the work done during the rest of the eight months may, in no way, be deemed dissatisfactory for, during the year, in all 48 meetings had taken place and the average attendance at them was of 30 to 40 members. The usual readings of standard works, essays and discussions on them were energetically continued.

The varying of the reading from Marathi to Guzerathi too, once in every four weeks, has been steadily continued and it has increased the interest of the Guzerathi members in the Club.

A number of books from the Maharani Chimanabai Library had been availed of by some members. The presentation of profitable books from members and their friends to this library will be acceptable and useful.

The visiting of the schools of the Students' Literary and Scientific Society by the members of the Executive Committee had also been zealously done.

A class for fancy work was opened and an accomplished Parsee lady was engaged as its teacher. A few young members took instruction at it. Each paid a fee of a rupee a month. The progress of these students was very satisfactory.

A number of articles of plain and fancy work from our Club was sent to the Poona Needlework Exhibition of the National Indian Association and it gratifies us to announce that Mrs. Dajee Abajee Khare won a prize for a piece of work in Kashida stitches.

Some of our members are exhibiting a few specimens of their needlework at the Women's Section of the Indian National Congress Industrial and Agricultural Exhibition in our city.

It has been resolved that from the funds of the Club, materials be supplied with which members should sew articles of apparel and other fancy articles to be sold after finishing the business of the Club, and accordingly, a sale took place last year realising a net sum of Rs. 51-13-6. In addition to this it was resolved that a collection box be placed at the Club for members to drop in any sum they like. This collection will be added to the total obtained by the sale work, and the whole is to accumulate till a tolerably fair amount has been obtained, when it will be decided in what way of charity it should be disposed of.

As mentioned in our last Report, of the sum of Rs. 4,000 collected by the Hindu Ladies' Social Club for Women of India, Rs. 1,000 was sent to the Alexandra Native Girls' Institution on the condition that the capital was to remain intact and from the interest thereof a prize was annually to be given in the name of Mr. Mahadev Govind Ranade. Accordingly, a prize in the name of Mr. Mahadev Govind Ranade was awarded to Hirabai Hormusjee Kanga for securing the highest number of marks at the Matriculation Examination of the year 1903.

Another sum of Rs. 1,500 was given by the schools of the Students' Literary and Scientific Society on condition that the capital is to remain intact and from the interest thereof a scholarship of Rs. 3 per month named "the Mahadev Govind Ranade Scholarship" be awarded to the girl who passed first in the English School and also to give the Mahadev Govind Ranade Prizes to the girls who showed the highest proficiency in the Jagannath Shankerset School and likewise in the Bhawoo Daji Girls' School. Accordingly in the

ANGLO-VERNAICULAR GIRLS' SCHOOL.

Putlabai Narayan Pradhan obtained the Scholarship of Rs. 3 per month. In the

DR. BHAW DAJI GIRLS' SCHOOL.

Bablibai Wamanrao Pitale obtained a prize of the value of Rs. 7, and in the

JAGANNATH SHANKERSET GIRLS' SCHOOL.

Bablibai Wamanrao Kothare obtained a prize of the value of Rs. 7.

A sum of Rs. 500 was given to the Pandharpur Orphanage on condition that the capital is to remain intact and the interest be annually disbursed in some profitable manner for the benefit of the founding home. The sum of Rs. 500 was given to the Hindu Widows' Home, Hingan Budruk, Poona, to build a room therein, bearing the name of the late Justice Mahadev Govind Ranade.

Those members, who had obtained the First Aid Certificate of the St. John Ambulance Association had joined the Home Nursing Class under the same lecturer Dr. Navazbai M. Mehta, and again Dr. Sir Bhalechandra kindly took the examination, passing the following:—

1. Mrs. Manakbai Laljee.
2. " Manibai Chanildas.
3. " Kashibai Kothare.
4. " Sushibai Jayakar.
5. Miss Manakbai Kothare.
6. " Kamlabai Brahmandkar.

We tender our hearty thanks both to Dr. Navazbai M. Mehta for the instruction she ably gave as well as to Dr. Sir Bhalechandra for the trouble he took in examining the students and obtaining their certificates from the Bombay Centre of the St. John's Ambulance Association.

The Committee record with regret the deaths during the year of two of their members.

The number of members last year was 160; 2 died, 1 resigned and 2 were elected. Total at the end of the year was thus 159.

It is difficult suitably to express our thanks to Bai Bablibai Harischandra Pitale for permitting the use of her spacious, beautiful and comfortable hall for another year, thus affording in all an unbroken accommodation of eleven years for the Club.

We also warmly thank her for continuing zealously to perform her arduous duties of the Honorary Secretary for eight years and Mrs. Javerbai Luxmidas for performing the responsible duties of the Honorary Treasurer from the beginning of this Club.

HON. SECRETARY,
Hindu Ladies' Social Club.

Mrs. Umabai Khare then proposed and Mrs. Villaidass Damodardass seconded that the report read should be adopted and the proposition was passed unanimously.

At the suggestion of Mrs. Radhabai Ranade and Mrs. Tarabai Vanawe a vote of thanks to the retiring Executive Committee was passed.

Mrs. Kothare then, on behalf of the Club, thanked (Miss) Dr. Navazbai M. Mehta when she said:—

"Sisters, we all of us know that in the occupation which Miss Mehta is following, people find very little time to spare, yet Miss Mehta has made it convenient not only to attend, but to give instructions in Home-nursing, to the members of this Club, for which the Club is very thankful to her. She by her happy disposition and kind behaviour has attracted much the attention of the members. The Club wishes to present her a locket for her services, which I hope she will not refuse."

Lady Jehangir presented Miss Mehta then with the locket bought specially for the purpose, and Miss Mehta made an interesting speech in reply.

Lady Jehangir afterwards read her presidential address, the substance of which is the following:—

"To-day, on an occasion like this, when we hold meetings in times when female education is advancing, an European Lady in the chair would have been a suitable choice, and notwithstanding that you have given me that honor, for which I must thank the Club. I am asked to-day to say something on female education in India, a subject which must not only please myself but please all of us gathered here. From the Report it is clear that the Club had to close its sittings for at least four months during the year and yet the Club has made much progress and that too a satisfactory one. You have opened this Club not for amusement but to increase your knowledge and to assist your sisters, which work you have accomplished and done during the last ten years. Who will not say that the Club deserves appreciation from us all, as it gives encouragement to educate the daughters of its members and to instruct our poor sisters in midwifery and home-nursing. There is no need to tell you separately the extreme necessity of encouraging female education. Females, if rightly educated, will help without doubt our dear country and the public at large. If mothers are educated there is a natural encouragement to their daughters to become themselves educated. We must not forget the exertions taken by the late Honorable Mr. Justice Mahadev Govind Ranade in encouraging female education and in establishing this very Club. To become a true friend and a true adviser, female education is essentially necessary. If we cultivate this true education we shall be able not only to do well many important things, but we shall be able also to assist the males in political matters. It is an undoubted fact that higher education brings forth extraordinary results; but we must mind that we do not thereby forget our husbands and children and disregard our other home affairs. For, both of these are essential and like ornaments to us. A well-educated lady, who is very careful of her home affairs, is honored everywhere and even more than a lady, beautiful but uneducated.

You should not from this gather that I am against the practice of riding bicycles, against going for a walk, and against taking daily physical exercise, but I am of opinion that we should make the best use of the education we get in doing our duty, a fit and a right one, and thereby set an example to our sisters and children. Parsee ladies at present imitate

in all respects European ladies, but too much imitation is what I do not like."

Mrs. Nann N. Kothare then gave the substance in Marathi and Miss Serene M. Cursetjee thanked Lady Jehangir for presiding. Mrs. Nann N. Kothare also thanked Lady Jehangir. She said:—

"I am really glad to see you all here gathered but am sorry to state that the ex-president of this Club and our revered sister Mrs. Ramabai Ranade, who was to come here to-day, leaving aside her own grief to remind us of our duties, is unable to come to this meeting on account of some unavoidable circumstances, but in her letter she has stated that although she has not attended the meeting, yet her spirit is with us here."

"I have also to tell you to-day of a lady who is worthy of respect, a lady who has exerted herself for the last 6 years for the development of female education and the development of the country of which she is very proud; I mean Miss Serene M. Cursetjee, who is far advanced in education and who deserves appreciation from the Club. Leaving aside all differences, she assists us in many ways. Hence I, on behalf of this Club, thank Miss Serene M. Cursetjee and again thank Lady Jehangir for her able address and the good advice she gave us to-night and again thank the other Lady guests, who graced the occasion by their kind presence."

Mrs. Kothare then garlanded the chairwoman and *attar* and *kunku* were distributed among the other ladies assembled, and after Miss Sumati R. Kothare had played on the harmonium and sung the farewell song composed specially for the occasion the meeting was dissolved.

The Hindu System of Music.



VERY remarkable little book on Hindu Music by Mrs. Anne C. Wilson (A. C. Macleod) has just been published by G. L. Singh and Sons, Lahore, India, which we have great pleasure in bringing to the notice

of our readers. There is a great deal of mis-

conception about the nature and importance of Hindu Music among Europeans. It is something which is relegated by the ignorant to the category of the "barbaric," but this lady who has taken pains to study it carefully has a different estimate of it altogether. In order to induce our readers to get the book for themselves, we are reprinting very largely from the beautiful preface which she has contributed to her work. As a piece of literature itself, it is worthy of the highest praise. The poetical instincts of the writer are brought out in every line of the preface:—

"During many years spent in India, our winters have been chiefly passed in camp, wandering from one part of the district to another, or latterly from place to place in the bigger world of the Province. It has always been an ambition and pleasure to us, as to other Indian officials and their families, to try, as far as possible, to bridge the gulf which must ever separate the Eastern and Western races, and which exists, as a matter of fact, between each Indian household and its neighbour.

This is by no means easy; first of all because it must be granted that human nature, although it shares some elemental instincts with every living thing, is not the same the whole world over. If we are to know our Indian neighbour as he is, we can make no deductions from our own sensations as to what his may be. We have to learn not so much to put ourselves in his place, as to try to understand him in his own.

The attempt is almost hopeless when dealing with a people whose traditions, customs, mental bias, and inherent attitude towards life are so different from our own. Our efforts, moreover, are not simplified through the unguarded self-revelation of those with whom we come in contact. With franker manners superficially, our fellow subjects are in the last resort more reticent than we are. In no country more than in India can it with greater truth be said, that each man lives and dies alone, hardly trusting to the members of his own household the secret purport of his heart.

The inner life of the people of India is for us eternally enveloped in mystery. We see only the surface of their life and from that alone can attempt to draw our inferences. Like children searching for something hidden in their game, who look for it, and hope that some indication in the outward aspects of things may lead them to the object of their search, so we pursue our quest, and watch the panorama of Eastern daily life, trusting that we may catch some hint of the elusive mystery underlying it, the secret essence of its motive power, which for ever escapes our grasp.

A paternal Government knows little of the home life of its children. Our system of administration, by a political necessity, leaves the private idiosyncrasies of the people of India untouched. As long as prince or pauper observes certain laws he is allowed to pursue his own existence in his own time-worn way, while we remain outside of it and in another world.

meet, it is true, under varied circumstances; but has any European ever seen the other side of the shield, any more than an inhabitant of the earth has ever viewed the other side of the moon? The civilian spends part, perhaps, of every day in the fields, where the peasants watch the earth beneath and sky above them, where they sow and reap and wrest their utmost from nature as they have done from immemorial ages. At other times, in his capacity as judge, he is in courts of justice, to which they bring their histories of loves, hatreds, hereditary feuds, and crimes. Sometimes he has lengthy interviews with those who wish to have a grievance remedied, a burden removed, or an honour bestowed. When evening comes he may wander through the bazaar and view the history of the Hindu pantheon painted in crude colours round a shop, or find a stray specimen of indigenous literature, which gives the history of a Mohammedan or Sikh saint and throws some light on their religious aspirations. He may see all the necessities of their daily life in process of production, and study their household goods, pictures, jewels, toys, displayed upon the stalls which hold the odds and ends of their aesthetics. He may see every splash of vivid paint which is daubed upon the palette to make portrait of their life. But does he know the living sitters any better at the end of his long day than he did at the beginning?

Speaking for ourselves we cannot boast of success. On lands where golden fields of wheat spoke of the prosperity of the owners, we have been the guests of Mohammedan and Hindu gentlemen, whose wives I have visited, holding their babies in my arms and playing with their girls and boys. In lonely tracts of country we have visited the tents and caves of jungle tribes, talked to the famine-stricken, strayed through leper villages, interviewed cattle-trackers, lizard-hunters, fortune-tellers by the score. By our camp fire at night we have had strange visitors, poets who recited their own fervent jingles, philosophers who expounded the tenets of their sects, performing troupes of actors, jugglers, story-tellers, and astrologers. Who has ever known the romance of life in camp without having some experiences such as these, and with the same result?

At the end of many years, we have known we could repeat all that we had seen and heard, as

glibly as we might repeat the words and grammar of a language, of which we had still failed to grasp the inherent and essential meaning.

From all of these experiences music was for a long time excluded. Once or twice, when a band of native musicians came, sat in a row on the ground with their drums, violins, or pipes, and essayed a performance, the experiment proved unfortunate, and seemed to me synonymous with panglemonium. The discordant yells of men, whose appearance suggested the extremities of toothache on their part, tended to induce insanity on mine.

Several years passed without anything occurring to dislodge my prejudices or alter my opinion, until one evening I heard a man playing in a field beside our tent. He was playing a violin with a drummer beating an accompaniment, and as I listened I thought I had never heard anything more beautiful. It reminded me of the music one hears in the Highlands of Scotland, which are like stories told with only the hills to hear them until they become a song; or of the melodies I had heard gipsies sing in Spain; or the wild airs Hungarians improvise. But this was sadder even than these, fuller of a monotonous despair, as if it carried in it the burden of the world's woe, and was the voice of the old and endless 'still sad music of humanity.'

We sent someone to find out who the player was, and learned he was a man whose days were chiefly spent sitting by the grave of a renowned Mohammedan saint, whose shrine was visited by crowds, to whom this man was accustomed to perform.

He came and played to us, and as I sat listening to him under a clump of trees, with dark fields of wheat before me, and beyond a stretch of barren, arid plain, which met at last the starlit sky, it seemed to me that I had at last discovered the hidden secret I had sought for years, and that this was the unconscious expression of the heart of the people.

The mysteries of man's nature, perhaps in the last resort incommunicable, sometimes unknown to himself, only recognised in a dumb way by others. But if they have a language, it is surely in music, the most immaterial of all arts. As I listened, I seemed for the first time to know something of the inner world about me. I heard in the music the history of vague longings after the unseen and the eternal, the dull resignation to unalterable fate. Then there came strains of vigorous cheerfulness and rustic humour, alternating with hysterical emotion, feverish passion, undisciplined excitement, hatred and despair, and then again, monotony and endearing hopelessness. To me it seemed that evening as if the dumb had found a voice, and deaf ears had gained the power of hearing.

Gulab Mahomed remained with us a week, and during the ensuing years he had many successors as visitors to our camp. Musicians were our neighbours wherever we went, as every village in the Punjab contains some of the Mirasi caste to which these men belong. For, as we now learnt, the people of India are essentially a musical race. As amongst the Highlanders of Scotland and the peasantry of Russia, every important event in their life has its appropriate song. To such an extent is music an accompaniment of existence in India, that every hour of the day and season of the year has its own melody. Mirasis wander about the Punjab like the bards and minstrels of the middle ages. They are amongst the retinues of the great, and are employed by them to celebrate the births and marriages of their children, or to sing the praises of their ancestors or themselves. The Mirasi wives avail some idle hours with lengthy ballads, relating perhaps the loves of Hir and Ranjha, Soni and Maival, or it may be with the battle songs of kings, beginning with those of Alexander, by sea or land. He sings hymns in honour of some well-known saint, he composes a lament on his patron's enemy or eulogises his defeat. It is he who sings his patron's dirge.

In Indian villages Mirasis are equally prominent. If they do not wield the power of the pen, they possess the poet's capacity to bless or curse, and patronage and flattery are pretty equally divided between audience and performer, while the artist sells his talents at excellent profit. At marriages, fairs, and religious festivals they are in great request: in everyday life they figure largely in the foreground. Mirasi women are called in upon various occasions, as, for instance, to invoke the aid of the goddess Sitla if a child is sick, to sing a friend away when she leaves the village, or to welcome her with a song on her return. The farmer listens to the enumeration of his cattle's attributes, or to a skit upon some local celebrity. If there is nothing new to hear, it is always possible to fall back on abiding songs of love-lorn women and deserted wives, some of the saddest of all being those describing the sorrows of girls when they marry, leave their early homes and bid their parents farewell.

Of course music in India, as in all countries, is distinctly unequal in quality. Rags, as they are called, while limited by certain laws and regulations, are improvised at the sweet will of the singer. Consequently they may frequently prove to be 'excessively uninspired.' On these occasions, however, recalling the words of the French poem,

Il faut que nous nous disions Adieu,
Parce que nous ne Marchons pas sur le même chemin,
it is always possible to end the concert.

At other times, and they are not amongst the least enjoyable, it may happen that, owing to the alien time of the music, the great length of the phrases, and the multiplication of quarter and half tones, one finds it quite impossible to follow or grasp the composition as a whole or attempt to reproduce it. But this does not mitigate one's appreciation of its weird character and beauty, just as it would not detract from our delight in some undreamt-of atmospheric effect, if we knew that it could never be transferred by us to canvas.

On the whole it is more enjoyable to hear the song played than sung. The women modulate their voices as a rule, but the Mirasi man has powerful lungs, and it is the tradition of the uneducated to exercise them in singing with inconsiderate unrestraint.

A characteristic peculiarity of the phrasing which must never be forgotten, and which also adds to one's difficulty in following it, is that each note is merged in the next. If there is a wide interval between one note and its successor, grace notes lead from the first to the second and unite them. The passage generally ends with a long vibrating note which the people themselves colloquially describe as 'machhi mar katan'—vibrating like a bird above the water before it pounces on its prey—which introduces an element of uncertainty into one's sense of time.

I mention these facts as a prelude to saying that no one who is attracted by Indian music—and this I believe an ever-increasing number of our fellow countrymen to be—need hope to disentangle its mysteries at once. During seven winters spent in camp, I learnt but a very little, and that at long intervals and from various and unexpected sources. At one time a Brahmin pandit was my teacher, at another a discharged policeman who had reverted to his old profession as a wandering musician. A third preceptor was a rather incoherent priest. He explained to us quite frankly that he was the victim of drugs, and his nerves and powers of endurance were so quickly worn out under cross-examination, that we soon heard him audibly beg a bystander for the love of heaven to get his horse saddled quickly to take him out of this.

The greater proportion of people, who sing and play according to the traditions of their system, cannot explain its principles, and have not the mental tenacity of purpose required for its elucidation. It is only recently, and within the comparatively short period of four months, that I have been able to get at the root of its difficulties and master its construction, under the guidance and tuition of Pandit Vishnu Digambar, Principal of the Lahore School of Music. It was only after his illuminating instruction, and with

the essential accessory of a piano, that I have described the few examples of rags, as I have appended to the account of Indian music which follows this

My introduction. Others may begin where I end, they may add flesh and blood to the skeleton I present; my certainty is that I find in the attempt its own reward.

By the day's hard work, with few distractions to lead them to forget it, they have only to summon another Gulab Mohamed to be a David to their Saul, to transport them to another world, to reconcile them to the world around them. For there, behind the disappointments which confront us on its surface, they will know its soul, they will understand its sorrows, they will pity its irreconcilable and conflicting temperament, they will wait in patience for its deliverance.

This then is what I claim for Indian music, that more than anything else in India it is a revelation of the people from whom it springs. 'True folk music,' as Sir Hubert Parry writes, 'is an outcome of the whole man, as is the case with all that is really valuable in art. The features, which give it its chief artistic and historical importance, apart from its general delightfulness, are those in which the emotional and intellectual basis of art is illustrated by the qualities of the tunes which correspond with the known character of the nations and people who invent them. Highly sensitive races express themselves with high degrees of emotional force and variety of form; placid races show perfect content in simple design with little meaning, faces of moderate intelligence, who have considerable skill in manipulation and love of effect, introduce much ornamentation; serious and strong races, and those with much reserve of disposition, produce very simple and dignified tunes; and so on in various degrees.'

The very fact of musical utterance implies a genuine expansion of the nature of the human daughters were born to him at Hartshead but they both died in childhood. From Harts-

being, and in varying degree a trustworthy revelation of the particular likings and tastes and sensibilities of the being or groups of beings that give vent to it.

Charlotte Bronte.

AMONG the women writers of the Nineteenth Century, there are few who occupy a more prominent place than Charlotte Bronte, the author of "Jane Eyre." She was the daughter of the Rev. Patrick Bronte, a native of Down, in Ireland. After taking his degree at Cambridge he obtained a curacy in Essex, whence he removed to Hartshead, in Yorkshire. He married Miss Maria Bromwell, a lady of considerable gifts. Two



head he proceeded to Thornton, where he secured a small living and here Charlotte, the subject of this brief memoir, her brother Patrick and her sisters Emily and Anne were born. The mother was of a delicate constitution and Charlotte and others inherited her constitutional weakness, but from the father they derived their mental power and singular force of character. From her childhood Charlotte was endowed with exceptional powers of mind. The children lived a life of strange and even gloomy seclusion. They had no companions and none of those sweet domesticities that happily round off the angularities of childhood fell to their lot. They read newspapers and books and studied Nature.

Charlotte went to school at the age of 15. Her teacher was Miss W. who took a keen interest in the mental growth of her pupil. Under her charge she remained for a year and then returned to the monotony of Haworth parsonage. Her course of life she thus describes: In the morning, from nine till half-past twelve, she taught her sisters and practised drawing. A long walk occupied the time until dinner. Between dinner and tea the needle was industriously plied; after tea she either wrote, read, drew, or did a little fancy work. The usual social dissipation was unknown. Charlotte Bronte's mind was led thus to feed upon itself and indulge in its own creations. She led a dual existence at Haworth—on the one hand, the narrow practical life of the household, where no lesson was imperfectly learnt, no duty neglected, no labour refused—and, on the other hand, the wide, full life of imagination and fancy, into which strangers could not intrude, lived in the seclusion of her own chamber, while the house was asleep, and out on the wild moors at the back of their home, where she could meditate upon

"All Nature's million mysteries,
The fearful and the fair,"

and where in the bleakest weather imagination could

"Warm with ten thousand rays
Of suns that know no winter days."

Charlotte Bronte was very small in figure, though not dwarfed, and though the features were plain and irregular the eyes were full of expression. "I never saw the like," says Mrs. Gaskell, "in any other human creature." Like Sir Walter Scott, Charlotte Bronte at school was a great raconteur. She would invent for the amusement of her fellow-pupils long and stirring stories, some of which would frighten them out of their wits while others would move them to tears and even sobs. Her favourite poets were Milton, Shakespeare, Thomson, Goldsmith, Pope, Scott, Byron, Campbell, Wordsworth and Sou-

they. Scott was her favourite novelist; though later on she admired Thackeray. Charlotte was of a deeply religious nature, yet she may take the conversations in "Jane Eyre" as approximately true, she had that evidence of thought on religious matters which marked all the Brontes.

It was in the August of 1847, long after Charlotte Bronte had reached womanhood that "Jane Eyre" was published. At first it met with a season of adverse criticism, but it was not long before it was recognized as a masterpiece. Says a critic:—"There was a freshness, a power, an originality about it, which commended it to the most cultured taste, while the ordinary reader was fascinated by the novel nature of the plot and the deep interest of the scenes and situations. The scenery was strikingly new. The heroine was an entirely original conception. . . . It was noted too that the new author had the command of a style of singular terseness, variety and eloquence; and that the incidental descriptions of nature were as brilliant as they were true in colouring."

The chief characteristic of Charlotte Bronte's work is reality. The aim which she set before herself and rarely failed to attain was the presentation of life as it is. The incidents of her novels, she told Mrs. Gaskell, were at the time of their inception more present to her mind than her actual life, and not even the criticism of her beloved sisters could induce her to alter her work, so possessed was she with the feeling that she had described reality. Her strong grasp in reality led to the creation of some of the most vivid and living characters to be found outside Shakespeare, while the very scantiness of the material provided for the exercise of her masterly analytical powers led her, especially when her subject was "a lover feminine," to penetrate farther almost than any other novelist into the secret places of the heart and the deep things of life.

The Empress of Russia is said to have no thoughts for anything beyond her nursery, now that she has a son. All her interest, says "Vanity Fair," centres round the cradle of the Czarewitch Alexis, and his sisters feel very much aggrieved that they no longer hold the first place in their mother's affections. Fortunately her Majesty, who for several years had suffered from fits of depression, has quite recovered her former cheerfulness. She may be said to be almost the only cheerful person at the Russian Court.

R. Crockett, Stanley Weyman, Guy Boothbey and Anthony interest- ing and amusing. The subjects cover a wide range of subjects, a few that occurred to me were more delightful books from. The writing of novels at the day is prolific, and most of them are written in such a clever vigorous style, that not only the thought but the language also fascinates. One is apt to get the fever of novel reading in one's veins. But I do not think Indian girls, with their multifarious home duties will have much time to indulge it. Even if they do have time, they must learn to control themselves.

This passion for romance shows how much we need real elevation and pure poetry; "that which shall show us, in morning and night, in stars and mountains, and in all the plight and circumstances of men, the analogons of our own thoughts, and a like impression made by a just book and the face of Nature."

S. K.

II. "CLEVER" GIRLS.

WHERE are few things more damaging to a girl's social popularity in these days, says the *Ladies' Field*, than the reputation of being clever. "The average man flies from a clever girl as from the plague," a sentiment which is popularly believed in even in the twentieth century, and which is corroborated by the fact that the number of unmarried "higher educated" is growing! "No 'higher educated girl' for me," thank you; I once heard a man say, "give me the sweet homely maiden," meaning that "cleverness" or "higher education" in a girl subtracts from her sweetness. Some years ago perhaps it was partially true. When Girton and Newnham first came into existence, the woman undergraduate was very unpopular. It was partly her fault; she dressed herself dowdily, she carried herself badly, she relinquished all that was graceful and pretty. In her the "sweet

homely maiden" disappeared. The 'clever' girl appeared. This reminds me of a striking caricature I saw in a magazine some time ago. It was headed the "New Woman." Two women had met in the street. One was a handsome matron, dressed most becomingly and with the sweetest little bonnet on her head. She looked the image of all that was womanly and beautiful. Opposite to her stood the 'New Woman' dressed in a skirt reaching just a little below the knee, an ill-fitting Norfolk jacket, with a gun on her shoulder, a hand in her pocket, and a golf cap stuck jauntily on her ill-dressed hair. In one word it was the "New Woman." This was only a caricature, but it showed up the tendency of the age. Now we see that this tendency is passing away, the modern girl is beginning to show that she can combine both "cleverness" and "womanliness," only I think, it requires more than the "average man" to see it!

The question of higher education for women is very earnestly being discussed in India. Many people, I think, start with the notion that education consists in passing examinations and taking degrees. These are only the results, while education is the name given to the process by which a man's faculties are harmoniously developed to their highest extent. Education ought to make him a better man. It influences character. It trains the will. It gives one a broader outlook on life. We can not only adapt ourselves to change of circumstances, but our receptive faculties are so highly developed that we are able to take and use "the gifts of the future." Education makes us better women and helps us to take our natural position in the world, in the inner circle as queens of our hearths and homes and in the outer circle it teaches us to make sorrow less and pain more endurable. Through education we aim at making ourselves better companions for our husbands, better mothers for our children and better citizens, but the "average" man says no, give them a food grain here and a food grain there, enough for the social amenities of life. More will spoil the "absolute devotion, the charming simplicity and the artless grace which characterised Indian women in ancient times. We look backward and we see the golden past. We look forward, and what with the cry for

education and reform, we see only the "clever" girl.

I think, popularly spoken, the 'clever' girl stands for the well-educated girl. Let us consider what kind of education is the best one for the Indian girl. The tendency of the present age is for English education. The men are imbibing English thoughts and views and are adopting English ideas. They read the English poets and the English novels and are imbued with the English sentiments of love and life. This is an age of transition. We hardly know where we are at present; perhaps, a few generations later we shall create a standard for ourselves, so as to preserve and foster our individuality. I think, at present, the women should be given an English education, of course, on no account neglecting their own vernaculars. We have become stereotyped. We have remained stagnant. We want an influx of new thought, a stream of new ideas. The men are taking up this new stream of thought eagerly, but the women are still lagging behind. The outsider may say we are imitating the English, and that we are losing our individuality. But the scales will soon re-adjust themselves, and as I have said before, we shall soon set up our own ideals.

But there are many who don't advocate an English education for Indian girls—only "just so much of English education as should enable them to talk and write in the most ordinary fashion would be quite ample for all the social amenities of life." Of what good is such a kind of education? Would you call it education at all? You are reading a foreign language just for the sake of conversing. You have not imbibed the thought or ideas of the people who speak the foreign language, but have just learnt how to converse for the sake of convenience. For the matter of that you might as well speak in your own language.

If an English education would spoil Indian women, give them a thorough education in their own language. The result is, she is well-versed in the literature of her own language, in the religion of her forefathers, and she has set before her the ideals of ancient India. But in the twentieth century do her ideals tally with your own? Hers are what they were 2,000 years ago. Yours

have undergone a change, you new ideas, you are suppose with the age. If you to your level give her say "just so much and cate for one thing for her a wholly different thing is absurd. You gulf betwixt you, and yet you lay the custom and tradition. True, the early system is a bar in the education of women. But now, so many women's High Schools and Colleges are being opened; there are governesses to be had; so, a liberal-minded Hindu can give the woman of his household a good education. A few days ago while reading a novel, I came across this passage. It is part of a letter written by a girl to her fiancée! "You dear old boy, I mean to get my First Class too. The way has been shown by other women. I will be a First Class in Honours, if only to stand on the same intellectual level as my husband. He shall not be able to talk about things of which I understand nothing. What you read, I will read; I will be your companion and your equal; I will take my place beside you, not behind you." I think this ought to be the aim of every Indian woman specially so because all Hindu caste women are wives. At present what are the joys of a Hindu home? Is the wife the companion of her husband? No. She just ministers to his creature comforts. Is there order, neatness and beauty in the home arrangements? Hardly any. Does she take proper precautions about the bringing up of children? We ask these questions for ourselves and we get 'No' for an answer. For instance, take the case of an "England returned" Hindu who goes back to his family. What does he find? Chaos. After the beauty and comforts of an English home, his home appears bare, cold and cheerless. The furniture is ill kept. The dust lies inches thick. There are no beautiful things around us. No tasteful arrangement, order or neatness; people live anyhow. The women, owing to the early marriage system and the want of exercise, are very delicate, the children are not properly cared for. A thousand little domestic arrangements are neglected. The women take very little interest beyond their own homes. Why shouldn't our interests be widened? We should

our share of the burden in a day. Then we shall have business and strengthen our individuality. I hope for well-educated women in India. But, however, we must educate ourselves, and we may take part in the affairs of the world. We must not lose our womanliness. It is our prerogative. Our right by which we are "queens of the earth," and whatever we do to better ourselves should only increase our sweetness and womanliness."

S. R.

III.—"OUR WIVES": A REPLY.

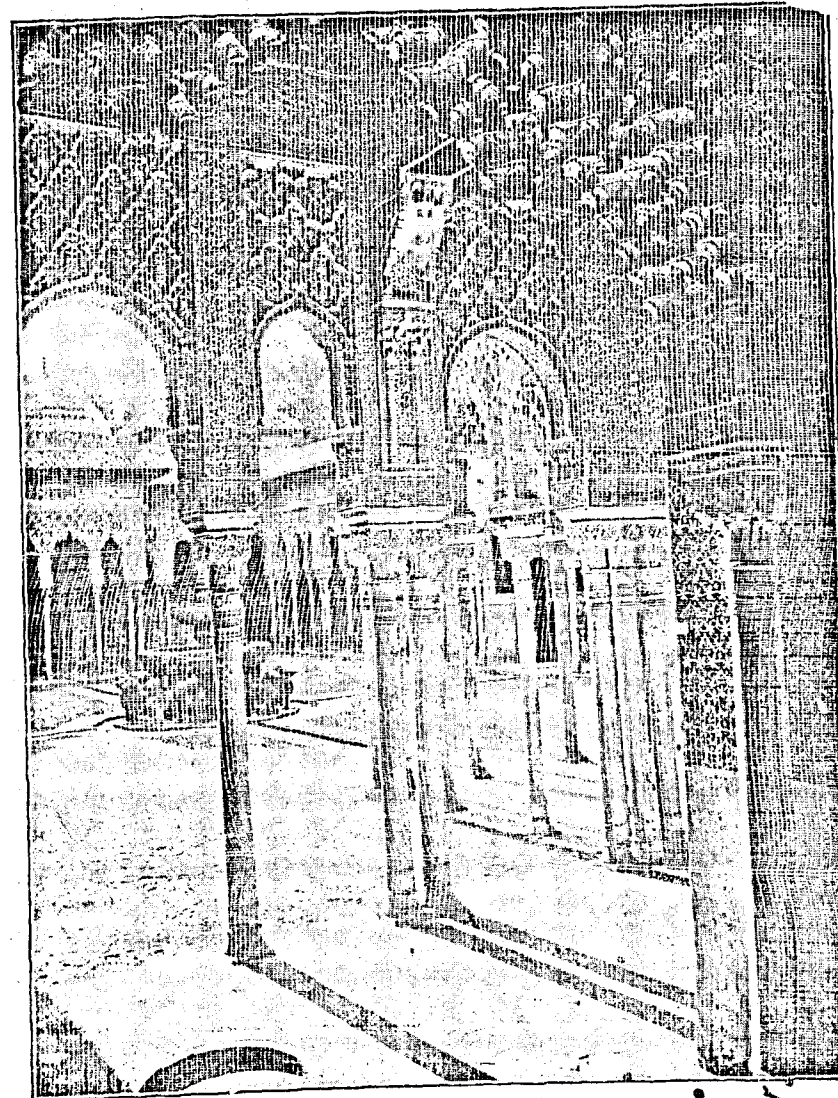
It was with great interest that I read Mr. K. Sabha's article on "Our Wives." It shows that he keenly feels the position of the Indian women. It is only when men begin to feel that they act, and my sincere desire is to see more men like Mr. K. Sabha, who, I hope, will not only speak, but also act.

Mr. Sabha's opinion is perfectly candid. He has set forth at great length the position of the Indian wife in the home-circle. She is a creature that ministers only to the men's creature comforts. She is not a friend, companion or helpmate. I think Mr. Sabha speaks only from his point of view. He has not taken the woman's point of view into consideration at all. Would she not mend matters, if she can? Does she not feel her position keenly, that she is not keeping step with her husband? Accordingly to her ideal, her husband is all in all to her. She is ready to be his slave, if need be, so absolute is the devotion. From her childhood she is in your hands, easily moulded, and sensitive to the least kindness. Being so, why don't you mould her life to suit your own? You mix in the world, yet you keep this life apart from her, you never tell her of your affairs, or seek to interest her in your vocations. When a student you have your studies, your games, your friends, your various societies and so on. Why don't you try to interest her in these? She is eager to take a keen interest in everything.

Educate her yourself. Perhaps the men will say it is too much trouble. But if she is going to be your companion for life, it is worth some trouble to make her a fit helpmate. I think the men should take a keener interest in the education of their wives. Outsiders can do little unless there is encouragement from within, and a man must help his wife to fight the prejudices of his relations and friends. I don't think the Indian girl is behindhand in intelligence. She will bear comparison with a girl from any race. But at present it is uncultivated intelligence. If carefully cultivated and fostered, marriage will not be "a chaotic gloom," nor will the "much dreamt-of marriage blessings" be only an illusion!

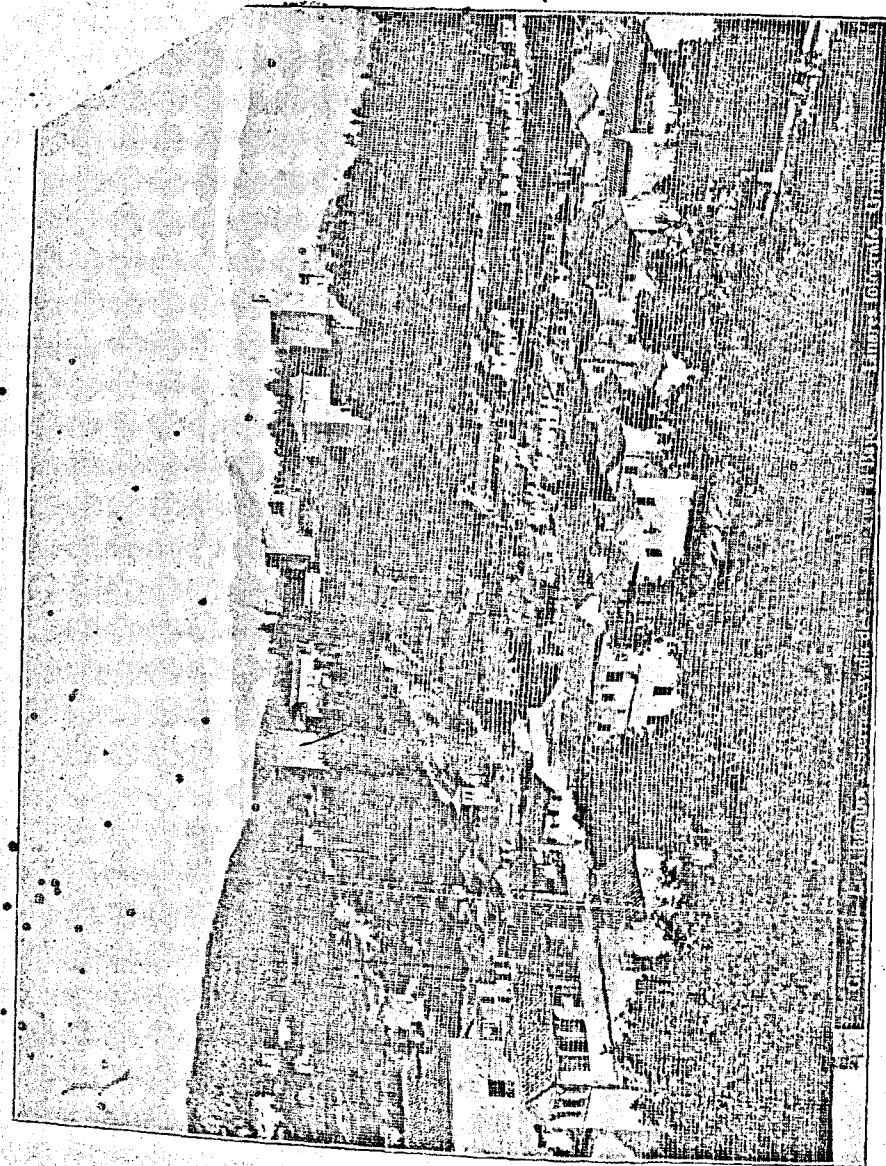
AN INDIAN GIRL.

Grant Medical College at Bombay is the largest medical college in India. It has about 600 students, of whom 60 are women. Dr. Senn (Jour. A. M. A.) says: "With the exception of two or three white women, the women students are Hindus, Parsees and Eurasians. The female medical students have won for themselves here, as elsewhere, an enviable reputation as enthusiastic, hard workers, who, when the time for graduation comes, are never found at the undesirable end of the class. Their subsequent professional career, however, is often a very checkered one. Some receive hospital positions with small salaries, 100 to 200 rupees a month (\$32 to \$64); others enter private practice, but seldom meet with great success; some marry, and not a small percentage sooner or later abandon their profession and turn their attention to some other vocation."



The Palace of Alhambra.

See Article by Mrs. R. S. Benson, page 262.



Granada in Spain with the Sierra Nevada.

Note Article by Mrs. R. S. Benson, page 262.

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Around a Distant Star.

BOOK II.—CHILDREN OF SPACE.

BY JEAN DELAIRE,

Author of "Alsation Tales," "A Dream of Fame," etc.

CHAPTER VI. & VII.

[SUMMARY OF BOOK I. AND CHAPS. I—V OF BOOK 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, 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. 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 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. He had also succeeded in inventing a telescope of incomparable magnitude which revealed wonderful aspects of the planetary world. It had not at first been arranged that Clive should go with Roy; but, owing to an unexpected occurrence, this result was eventually arrived at, and it was settled that Clive and Roy should go together on their wonderful journey. And in a final conversation, the supreme object of the wonderful journey is revealed—to go to a planet, the light rays from which would take nineteen hundred years to reach the Earth; so that if one went to this particular planet one would see the Earth as it was nineteen hundred years ago—that is, in the time of Christ. Roy wishes to assure perfect faith in Christ by the accomplished fact of a certain sight of Him, as He actually appeared in the world. And at last, they start in their air-boat, which they name The Estrella, and are launched into the night and silence of infinite space. After a journey of many months they reach their destination, a planet, wonderful like a Fairy land lit by the light of a White Sun. They come

across some strange creatures—who flee in terror at the sight of the creatures is wounded and is be nursed; and, taught by natural vegetable food escapes a terrible danger them to realize their dream the time of Christ. But then find that they are in the Northern planet, from which they can see nothing of the Roy determines to travel to the Southern latitude

ROY was seriously ill and you by a miracle recovered. He lived, but hope was dead within him. Yet he continued the struggle with all the heroic folly of some legendary knight who, losing blood by a hundred wounds, still fights on stubbornly to victory through death.

His first question on regaining consciousness was: "Are you ready, Clive? It is time. We must start!" So like were these words to the raving of his delirium that all my fears returned, and for some moments I watched his face in anxious suspense; but a minute or too later he added in a quiet voice: "I feel as if I had been ill—ill for a long time. How long, Clive?"

"Only one night," I answered briefly. He drew a deep breath. "Ah, one night lost! . . . Clive, we must start immediately."

So convinced was I that all attempts at dissuasion would be worse than useless, that in spite of all the difficulties in the way my only answer was a silent assent.

As I left my friend's bedside, my glance fell on our little companion who, almost forgotten and quite neglected during the past twelve hours, had curled himself to sleep close to Roy, and was just then opening his eyes at the sound of our voices.

"What shall we do with him?" I asked. Roy's strained look softened as he glanced at the white silky-coated creature that nestled so confidingly by his side.

"He will have to make his choice between new friends and old," was Roy's reply as he gently stroked the animal's head. "He must now be sufficiently recovered to walk without help, and so we shall leave him free either to follow us or go back to his companions."

As he spoke Roy rose unsteadily and crossed the narrow space that served us as a bedroom.

"Can we start at once, Clive?" I saw his haste would not admit of a moment's delay.

"I am ready. What shall we take with us?"

few tools to construct the
road up the mountain, and
to tie the logs together. "... A
must have, and a rug,
Nothing else."
telescope, your

in absolute silence, a look
in his eyes; then he slowly pass-
ed across his forehead.

I turned away, not trusting myself to meet his glance just then. Meanwhile my brain was busy with a hundred schemes, all impracticable.

"Roy," I said at last, "I don't think anything can be done except to build a rough cart—merely a few logs on four massive wheels—and so convey the machines as far as the river. Of course we shall have to draw the cart ourselves. It will be hard work, very hard, but not impossible. And if it must be done—"

"Yes, it must be done," said Roy. "Shall we begin now, Olive?"

Seeing his white face and shaking limbs, and knowing better than he did through what crisis he had just passed, I implored him to rest a little longer and let me go alone to the forest; but his only answer was "Let me be, Olive, if you love me. It is better to work than to think."

That same evening we visited together, once more but as spoilers this time, in the magnificent forest of flowers. With hardly a thought of regret for the beauties we devastated, we ruthlessly set our axes into the jewelled stems, hacked and sawed and bored the wood that shone like gold in the sun, tore the fanciful garlands thrown from tree to tree, weaving them into stout cords to bind the logs together. Ere the first moon had risen our work was almost done.

When completed, our cart bore a curious resemblance to some festal chariot of the Merovingian kings, as it stood before us in all its barbaric magnificence, heavy in form, and brilliant as with the glitter of gold and precious stones. Yet in spite of all its massiveness, I could not help a fear that it might give way on the road, like an overtaxed beast of burden, under the twofold weight of the telescope and the dynamo. Yet, happily, the telescope was not a large one, and both the dynamo and the electric accumulator were machines of an especially light build; then, also, I hoped that the peculiar buoyancy of the planet's atmosphere would greatly help to lighten a burden which, on earth, would have been well-nigh intolerable.

At noon on the following day we were ready to start. The *Esmeralda*, alas, we were obliged to leave behind us, à la garde de Dieu.

When everything stood in readiness for our departure we allowed ourselves a few moments rest from our labours to gain strength for the labours to come. I stretched myself full length on the ground outside the *Estrella*, but Roy was too deep in thought to indulge even in an attitude of repose.

"You see, Clive," he said when he perceived that in spite of my closed eyes I was fully awake, "you understand that this is a forlorn hope? This is why I wished to go alone. Until now I knew where I was going: I saw the goal, clearly, even though it stood at the confines of the universe. Now, I have lost hope. I am going out in the dark...and you are coming with me, Clive!"

I steadied my voice and answered in a light tone :—

"You know I would follow you everywhere, Roy, in darkness or in light! Be of good cheer! Perhaps all is not lost!"

After a long silence he said as if only just answering my words: "No, perhaps not—perhaps there is a hope—only—I no longer feel it—see it... But I am not myself just now, Clive! You must have hope, and will, and wisdom for us both!"

After a time he drew a note-book from his breast-pocket and rapidly turned its leaves.

"You never studied the quite modern science of exegesis, did you, Clive?"

"Never."

“It is wonderfully interesting! Not at all the dry and dismal study one would imagine. The works of Sabatier, for instance, you never heard of him?, one of the cleverest independent thinkers that France possesses, and that is saying a great deal, for France is far ahead of us intellectually...You must read his study of Jesus of Nazareth, if ever we return to Earth! But I was saying——”

He turned another two or three pages.

"Ah, here it is! Sabatier also accepts that date, 781 of the Roman year, as the most probable date of the death of our Lord, 747 being generally accepted as the date of his birth. Everything points to it. Sacred and profane history, Jewish as well as Christian tradition. By the way, is it not curious that the astronomer Kepler should have discovered—or at least imagine he had discovered—the star which heralded the birth of the child? According to ancient rabbinical traditions, the destinies of Israel were inseparably connected with some heavenly sign—and this sign the conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn in the constellation of Pisces. Knowing this, Kepler set to work and found that this conjunction of planets happened in this same year 747 of Rome!"

"Really?" I exclaimed, "Why, this is very wonderful, Roy!"

"It is wonderful. For both the first and the third Gospels, each one embodying, as modern criticism has proved, two ancient and absolutely separate traditions, agree in placing the birth of Christ in the last years of Herod's reign, and even Talmudical documents agree on this point with the Gospels. Indeed, this date of the birth of our Lord—747—confronts us at every turn, whether in Jewish or Roman or Christian history, thus making the year 781 of the Roman calendar the almost certain date of His martyrdom and death.

"It is this date I have accepted. It is on this date I have built all my work. Unless, somewhere, a mistake has been made, we are too late. The Spring of the year 781 of Rome is at this moment beginning on Earth—the Earth of past ages, as we see it from this planet. By the time we reach the Southern hemisphere, the supreme tragedy of the world will have been enacted on the hill of Calvary. Christ will be crucified, and laid in the tomb wherein no man had yet been laid; and on Easter morn He will arise and bid men rejoice because death is slain, and eternal life made manifest... We might have seen this Clive! We might—"

He locked his hands in an agony of silent despair.

The stillness of the morning was unbroken save by the silvery voice of the brook that made its way, singing, to some unknown sea. Robert came and laid his hand upon my shoulder.

"Whether there is hope or not, God alone knows. But we must work, Clive, to the last . . . Are you ready?"

I silently assented, and the next hour saw
well on our way to the yet undiscovered South
but terrible journey

Shall I describe our short but terrible journey the great river, when we toiled, day and night under a burden never meant for human shoulders to bear the incredible hardships endured the last days when, become beasts of burden very truth, we dragged an almost intolerable weight up the steep slopes of those mountains that stood like so many impregnable fortresses between ourselves and our goal? Shall I describe our long but comparatively easy journey down the water when, the river found at last after many a fruitless search, and its navigable part discovered, we hastily constructed a raft and trusted ourselves to the swift current that was to bear us to the Land of Promise? Shall I describe the marvellous scenes we passed on the way when, too tired even to wonder at their wonderful beauty, we traversed gorges of ruby-coloured semi-transparent rocks, through which the sun shone as through a veil of glory-valleys where fairy-trees dropped living golden apples over the spinning

Earth—golden meadows,
shaped creatures disported
light and slept in wondrous
was high in the heaven
shape, and sound w
life and the inanim
sparkling stream
thing was wonder and miracle to us
of Earth! And yet we passed, some
beeding, often indifferent, through scene
fect beauty and scenes of intehse hor
the mountains, ere the river was discover
traversed grim, barren valleys of eternal silence,
where rocks, huge as Pyrennean peak and dark
as night, towered to the skics, giant sentinels of
solitude; and though our feet dropped blood at
every step, we passed on, and spared not a word
in murmur or in wonderment.

Later on, when the river bore us past enchanted forests—

"From stately nave to nave, from vault to vault,
Through bowers of fragrant and dewbreathed
light..."

not a sound of admiration passed our lips as we glided past marvels which no pen can describe. On, on we went, through flower-strewn vales and deserted plains—silent, stern pilgrims who had wandered so far from earth that light itself must take centuries to cross the chasm that separated us from our native planet—yet even there—even then—slowly journeying towards the Cross.

VII

I have not described our journey from the Northern to the Southern hemisphere—in indeed volumes might be filled with the mere classification of all the strange forms of animal and plant life we daily discovered,* neither will I relate the various small adventures which befell us ere we arrived at the twenty-fifth degree of latitude, or dwell on the incidents that marked our landing, one dark, tempestuous night, on the western bank of the great river,

Within three months from the date of our starting, we found ourselves stranded on an immense plain, I had almost said a desert of burning, blood-red sand whose vast monotonousness was but partly relieved by curious mounds, mounds on a giant's scale, scattered here and there and crowned with a pale golden, fantastically shaped vegetation. Above us bent the dazzling white sky like a semi-sphere of crystal, beyond us stretched the desert—the unknown. No sign of life, save where an oasis flung its note of vivid yellow in the red immensity—no snow

* I hope soon to publish Roy's voluminous notes on the climatology, physical geography, and most interesting all, the fauna and flora of Kallistos.

ing in the dim distance, no
the hills through banks of
le winged choristers to
ong, only the river
forms of animate
of the light, and
e serene calm.

quite loneliness I remem-
of valley, deserted almost as
ed, and silently wondered how
manage to exist for any length of
what I mentally called the Sahara of
stos.

Roy was indifferent to everything, save the
care of his machines. Cast adrift on a rock in
mid-ocean, he would still have adjusted his
telescope and scanned the heavens, then content-
edly laid down to starve, his work accomplished.
Since the shock that had almost unhinged his
mind, the practical cares of the expedition had
devolved entirely upon me, but in the present
emergency I needed neither prudence nor re-
solution to decide upon our course of action,
since the choice was merely between the desert
and the oasis.

The night of our landing had been a wild one,
and for the first time since our arrival on Kallisto
we had known darkness, darkness as dense
as a moonless midnight on Earth: the white, the
golden and the azure moons were alike eclipsed
by heavy clouds that chased one another across
the sky with the frantic haste of witches when
the Brocken is below.

Our landing was perilous in the extreme, and
once it was safely accomplished, we could do
nothing but wait in darkness for the dawn; but
with the coming of the sun the storm subsided
and the white orb rose in a pure white sky.

The nearest oasis was only a distance of about
a mile, but it took us over an hour to reach it,
walking as we did with utmost difficulty in the
coarse dry sand, and blinded by its crimson glare.

We had seen so many amazing sights since we
had left our native Earth—our eyes had rested
on so many wonderful shapes of animal and
plant life—that we felt almost beyond the possi-
bility of surprise: the unreal had become the
real, and wonders were our daily bread. Yet
when on reaching the oasis we beheld the extra-
ordinary plant-shapes that composed its forest.
Beautiful and—to our earthly eyes—fantastic
as were the flower-trees of the Northern hemi-
sphere, they had not prepared us for the wonder-
ful vegetation of the oasis. Here, as in the
valley wherein we had landed—as everywhere
on Kallisto the foliage was yellow, rising from
the deep, warm gold of the tree stems to the
delicate citron tints of the young shoots. But

the shape of the trees was different from any-
thing we had yet seen on the planet. Imagine a
forest of gigantic mushrooms—their stems a pil-
lar of gold, broad at the base, slender at the top
—their cones a closely woven texture of pale
primrose leaves so joined and shaped as to form
a perfectly smooth surface that resembled the
gilt roof of a cupola shining in the sun; beneath
this, hanging in thick, odorous clusters, a
wealth of large velvety blossoms varying in tint
from the darkest purple to the palest violet and
rose colours.

Our world has long since learnt the lesson
that life, whether animal or plant life, ever
seeks to adapt itself to its environment. In its
every stem and branch, in every detail of its
structure, the flora of Kallisto proclaimed the
universality of this law. In the temperate zone
we had seen the flower-world rise in gladness to
meet the sun, and blossoms fluttering like
gorgeous flags on the topmost branches of trees.
Here, at the confines of the tropical regions,
Nature had been more prudent. She had pro-
tected her seedlings from the scorching noon
rays by roofs of massive foliage, and bidden her
flowers blossom downwards in the shade,
hanging from the leafy domes like grapes from a
golden trellis. The device was successful. So
serried were the ranks of trees, so closely inter-
woven their leaves, that not one ray of sunshine
fell athwart the forest to disturb its soft, cool
twilight.

With a sigh of pleasure we breathed the warm
moist air that seemed almost cold after the
breath of the desert, for although the sun was
but newly risen, already the heat was intense
over the plains, and the blood-red sand throbbed
as with latent fire.

The dainty moss with the dew-like blooms
which carpeted the woods and valleys of the
Northern hemisphere, was nowhere visible in the
oasis, but a bright yellow creeping plant covered
the soil with its starry blossoms, white-petalled
and crimson-hearted.

We both felt like Vandals at the first steps we
took over this beautiful flower world, crushing
underfoot the delicate, fragrant petals; then, as
we walked further and further into the woods
and the blossoming continued, flower pressed
against flower in an exuberance of life, we seem-
ed to be two conquerors of old, passing knee-deep
in lilies and roses on the triumphal road.

Even in the heart of the forest the silence was
unbroken by song of bird, flutter of wing, or light
passing step of some frightened creature of the
woods. But we knew that day, not night, was
the time of repose on the planet, and so waited
for the rising of the first moon to know what
living things of earth or air were to be our com-
panions in the oasis.

For the oasis—the little forest on a hillock,
desert-girt was to be our home for months, per-
haps for ever, if the *Estrella*..... But in that fear
lurked madness, so instead of uttering my
thoughts aloud I merely commented on our good
luck in having landed so near to this little nest
of coolness, twilight and fragrance amid the sun-
scorched plains.

"Yes," said Roy, "this will be our home. We
can live here and work there."

His glance indicated the way we had come to
the oasis.

"You mean?"

"That a telescope would be useless beneath
this roof of foliage!"

"True. I had not thought of it. Then it were
wiser if we went no further, but stayed close to
the edge of the wood. We could build a hut
there with the fragments of our raft—if a hut be
necessary in this tropical climate! But, Roy,
we must find water somewhere, or else how shall
we live?"

"The river?" suggested Roy.

"But the distance to the river is a good mile's
walk, through hot, shifting sand... If it must be,
well, it must, but it will greatly complicate our
daily life. The smallest rivulet—moisture of any
sort—would be a blessing."

"There must be moisture where there are
plants."

"Yes, but it looks as if these trees, like the
palms of our deserts, had,—to quote the Arabs,—
their feet in ice, their heads in fire. Their roots
probably extend many feet underground, and no
moisture reaches the surface. If we could find
some fruit."

But of fruit, as we understand the word on
Earth, there seemed none in the oasis, and not
the faintest ripple of a stream broke the intense
stillness of the woods. Happily our rations were
not at an end; we had eaten so little during our
journey in space, that several large boxes of
biscuits and compressed food were still untouched
when we landed; we had taken them with us
on our raft, and so would be able to live on their
contents for another few weeks if we practised
the strictest economy. During our migration
from North to South we had subsisted mostly on
a diet of biscuits varied by fruit, for the precious
'finger-plant' grew on either side of the river for
many a mile of our southward course. When
we seemed likely to be deprived of this delicacy,
I attempted to dry the plant in the sun and so
make use of it when the fresh fruit should fail us;
to my pleasant surprise, my efforts met with
complete success, and almost to the day of our
landing we were able to vary our more than frugal
meals with the delicate, piquant flavour of the
sun-baked fruit.

Once or twice, in spite of
brought down a bird, one
like creatures, purely wt
on Kallistos, and ha
for its silky gove
feathers—and dre
I tried several s

edible, even in the widest acceptance
it might have been our cooking that wa
but we found the flesh of all these
almost leather-like in texture and possessi
over a pungent flavour that would have
even the tenderest meat unpleasant to the taste.

Had our little companion of the valley been
with us, he would probably have been our guide
in this as in many other matters; but we had
left him far behind on the way, and more than
once had we regretted him.

He had at first trudged manfully by our side,
glancing uneasily from time to time at our gilded
chariot with its burden of unknown and fearsome
objects; but at the end of the second day of
march he seemed so tired that the next morning
Roy lifted him on to the cart, and sat him
down between the telescope and the dynamo.
Alas, these machines were evidently fraught with
terrific meaning for the little creature, for he
immediately jumped down with every sign of
fear and loathing, and it was some time before
he made up his mind to accompany us any
further. At the close of the third day he sat on
a bank by the way, and looked alternately at
Roy and at the track we had come by. There
was a strange wistfulness in his dark eyes, as if
he were mentally debating the question: "Which
shall it be—advance or retreat? Follow these
men who have saved my life, even if I die of
fatigue on the road—or say farewell to them
for ever and return to my tribe?"

On the fourth day he followed us for some
little time, but soon rested himself on the way-
side in an attitude pitifully like that of a tired
child.

"Come," said Roy gently, as he attempted
to lift him up, "you must return to your com-
panions! The steep of the mountain are too
rough for your feet: you must go back to the
soft grass and the flowers of the valley."

The creature looked at him attentively, as he
always did whenever Roy spoke to him, and as
Roy's fingers were pointing in the direction of
the valley, he seemed to understand. He moved
his head vigorously once or twice. "Yes, I will
go," was expressed almost as plainly as if by
spoken words; and with many a backward
glance our little friend slowly retraced his steps.

We missed him greatly during the following
days, and during the long, monotonous weeks
on the river. We missed him now, when we

in an unknown region
In the tangled forest
our guide, a guide
where our reason-
intuition we so
saw one among
the living

delicious finger-
we would have found hidden
or below earth, a berry or
which would have been to us as
in the wilderness. Without him, the
of our daily bread—that eternal problem
of the human race—was destined to remain
unsolved during the many days we spent in the
cave.

We suffered hunger, we suffered thirst. Thirst
parched our mouths and cracked our lips when
we were too weary to wander across the throb-
bing plains in quest of water. Hunger gnawed
at our vitals even while we gazed at the stars.
For this is the sting of Man on Earth—the mark
of his serfdom and bondage—that although the
music of the spheres may be chaffing in his
head, and the scroll of the starry heavens be
unfolding before his eyes, yet hunger will not
delay because of the hour of ecstasy, and Man
must eat of the fruits of the Earth and drink of
its waters, ere the glory of the Vision has faded
from his brow.

Long before the golden and the azure moons
had risen, almost simultaneously, above the
purple plains, Roy was at his post on the edge
of the cave, with the dynamo, and accumulator,
in perfect working order, fixed as firmly as was
possible in the loose sand, and the telescope
pointing to that region of infinite space where
our solar system revolved invisibly.

Invisible! So far had we wandered from
Earth that our sun was not even as one little
star among a multitude of stars, but was abso-
lutely, eternally invisible to the unaided human
eye. I caught my breath as I watched Roy
adjust the lenses. Only thus, at times, did I
suddenly realise the awful distances we had
traversed, the ever dark, ever silent chasm that
yawned between myself and all that I held
dear.

We had not seemed so far from Earth in the
Northern hemisphere, for the *Estrella* was there,
and I well remembered how, on returning from
our first expedition to the forest of flowers, its
more outline in the distance had seemed freighted
with happy promises, and called a welcome as
we came. And now everything depended on
the next moment. If the Earth were visible, as
Roy believed, and we had not, after all—arrived
too late—if that one chance in a thousand
had come to pass, then all was well: the perils,

the privations, the loneliness, the travail of body
and soul would be forgotten. If not—I knew
what it meant, though I tried to kill the thought:
it would spell madness for Roy, and for myself—
madness also, perhaps! Alone, alone in an
unknown world!

My dread grew with every second that passed,
until I feared to look at Roy: I felt, rather than
saw, that he was white and rigid, but calm in
every movement.

Slowly the wonderful radiance of the two
coloured moons filled the sky where lately
the sun had reigned in silvery splendour. The
night had come, the night that was more glori-
ous than day.... The last preparations were
completed.... God! the length of every
second!

With steady hand Roy pressed the knob
which connected the dynamo with the teles-
cope.... Another second.... Another eter-
nity.... And then those words spoken low in
the great silence of the plains: "The Earth."

The Maharaja of Nabha has all along been a friend
of social reform. He has always had the cause of
widow-marriage at heart, and his great desire at
present seems to be to have the question of the law-
fulness or otherwise of widow-marriage settled once
for all. The opinions of the elite of some of the
Punjab cities on the subject are being obtained
by some of the intelligent State employees, and, so
far as our information is to be trusted, the opinions
yet obtained are extremely favourable. We are
confident that the fullest measure of success will
crown the efforts of the Maharaja. The Shastras not
only permit but enjoin the remarriage of virgin-
widows, and the lofty morality which could alone
make the enforcement of the *Nyagak* law practicable
and justifiable being conspicuous by its absence in the
present day, the remarriage of widows other than
virgins might also be recognized and advocated in the
interests of Indian Society.

Our Princes can vastly help the cause of social
reform, as that of educational and other reforms, if
they could only be persuaded to make an effort.
Here in the Punjab we only know of the late Maha-
raja Randhir Singh of Jammu who took an initiative
in the direction of social reform. In the precious
volume which he has bequeathed to posterity as a
heritage, the question of the re-admission of repen-
tant converts into Hindu Society has been settled
once for all. Some of the most learned and influential
Pandits of Benares declare therein, on the authority
of the Shastras, that the re-admission of such
converts into Hindu Society is perfectly lawful.
We wish we had more princes of the type of the
late Maharaja of Kashmir in our midst.—*The Arya*
Messenger.

"FOR HER BIR"

I would sing of the dawn of the womanhood's morn
Of the maiden I hold in high honor;
I would weave into song all the fancies that throng
In my mind, as it gazes upon her.

Thro' the narrow, straight path of a virtuous youth
I watch her go gracefully gliding;
All holy her mien; in her eyes is the sheen
Of a piety, true and abiding!

Her orbs fill with light, or they darken like night,
As gladness or pain touch her spirit;
And the great or the low, if but stricken with woe,
Her tend'rest compassion inherit!

Thro' the peril-strewn maze of the world and its ways,
She passes—no fear assaileth,
Her spirit is strong and the theme of her song,
Is "the help of the Lord never faileth."

In the welkin aloft, see the fleecy clouds soft
Divide overhead as they pass her,
And the sky-spaces shine with a brightness divine
From the faces of angels that watch her.

Her speech is in tune with the musical rune
Of the breezes that spring from the ocean,
And my own is too frail to tell half the tale
Of her purity, truth and devotion.

From the wreck of the past where my spirit lay cast
Enslaved in a cavern of evil,
She led me away to the light of God's day
And ransomed my soul from the devil.

She is Queen of her kind, in heart and in mind,
This radiant and peerless maiden;
And her life is a psalm breathing solace and balm,
O'er souls with despondency laden.

Earth is richly repaid for the life of this maid,
This maiden I hold in high honor;
May her future be fair, with no trace of a care,
And Heaven smile always upon her!

ROLLO.

Flowers in English

LADY.

ant in a garden grew
 Quag winds fed it with silver dew,
 And its fan-like leaves to the light
 closed them beneath the kisses of
 night.

And the spring arose in the garden fair,
 Like the spirit of love felt everywhere;
 And each flower and herb in earth's dark
 breast

Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.
 "The snowdrop and then the violet,
 Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
 And their breath was mixed with fresh
 odour, sent
 From the turf, like the voice and the instru-
 ment.

"The pied wind flowers and the tulip tall,
 And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
 Whogaze on their eyes in the stream's recess
 Till they die of their own dear loveliness;

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
 Whom youth makes so fair and passion so
 pale,
 That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
 Through their pavilions of tender green.

And the hyacinth purple, and white, and
 blue,
 Which flung from its bells a sweet peal
 anew

Of music so delicate, soft and intense,
 It was felt like an odour within the sense.
 And the rose like a nymph to the bath
 address,

Which unveiled the depth of her growing
 breast,
 Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
 The soul of her beauty and love lay bare.

And the wand-like lily which lifted up,
 As a Maenad, its moonlight coloured up
 Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
 Gazed through clear dew in the tender sky.

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet
 tuberosc,
 The sweetest flower for scent that blows;
 And all rare blossoms from every clime
 Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

Flowrets which drooping as day drooped too
 Fell into pavilions, white, purple and blue,
 To roof the glowworm from the evening
 dew.

"The sensitive plant was the earliest
 Up-gathered into the bosom of rest;
 A sweet child weary of its delight,
 The feeblest and yet the favourite,
 Cradled within the embrace of night."

2. F. Hemans.

"Bring flowers, young flowers to the festal
 board,

To wreath the cup ere the wine is pour'd,
 Bring flowers! they are springing in wood
 and vale,

Their breath floats out in the southern gale,
 And the touch of the sun-beam hath waked
 the rose,
 To deck the hall, where the bright wine
 flows.

"Bring flowers to strew in the conqueror's
 path—

He hath shaken thrones with his stormy
 wrath!

He comes with the spoils of nations back;
 The vines he crush'd in the chariot's track;
 The turf looks red where he won the day;
 Bring flowers, to die in the conqueror's way.

Bring flowers to the captive's lonely cell,
 They have tales of the joyous woods to tell,
 Of the free blue streams, and the glowing sky,
 And the bright world shut from his languid eye;
 They will bear him a thought of the sunny
 hours,

And a dream of his youth—bring him flowers,
 wild flowers.

Bring flowers, fresh flowers for the bride to
 wear!

They were born to blush in her shining hair;
 She is leaving the home of her childish mirth;
 She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth;
 Her place is now by another's side—
 Bring flowers, for the locks of the fair young
 bride.

Bring flowers, pale flowers, over the bier to
 shed,

A crown for the brow of the early dead;
 For this, though its leaves hath the white rose
 burst;

For this, in the woods was the violet nurst,
 Though they smile in vain for what once was
 ours,

They are love's last gift—bring ye flowers,
 pale flowers.

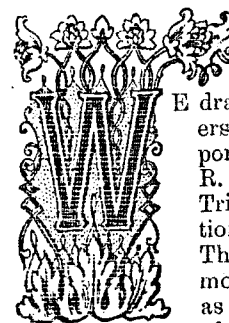
Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in
 prayer;

They are Nature's offering, the place is there;
 They speak of hope to the fainting heart;

With a voice of promise they come and part.
 They sleep in dust through the wintry hours;

They break forth in glory; bring flowers,
 bring flowers.

The National Home-Reading Union.



draw the attention of our read-
 ers to the accompanying im-
 portant circular issued by Prof.
 R. S. Lepper, M.A., LL.B., of
 Trivandrum, relating to the Na-
 tional Home-Reading Union.
 There is a great scope for this
 most useful institution in India,
 as there is a large number
 of readers who take a delight
 in English literature. We should like to see
 many joining the Union.

Having for many years felt that there is con-
 siderable scope in India for the work of a so-
 ciety that advises and directs the home-reading
 of individuals and of reading clubs, I recently
 took the opportunity of a short residence in
 Cambridge to talk over the matter with Dr.
 Alexander Hill, Master of Downing College, the
 Chairman of the Executive Committee of the
 National Home-Reading Union. As a result it
 was settled that I should try to extend the
 Union's work to India, where, especially among
 graduates and under-graduates of our Universi-
 ties, there must be many who would be glad of
 systematic advice and direction in the work of
 self-culture, and of opportunities of coming to-
 gether in reading clubs to exchange ideas on
 books.

I propose therefore to give a short account of
 the aims and methods of the Union, and of the
 terms upon which members can join, based on
 particulars supplied by the Union authorities.
 For the benefit of those who may not have
 heard of the National Home-Reading Union be-
 fore, I shall try to be explicit even at the risk of
 being tedious.

The Union, which has been at work for
 fourteen years, has several thousands of mem-
 bers. Its President is H. R. H. the Princess
 Louise, Duchess of Argyll; the Chairman of its
 Council is the Bishop of Hereford (Dr. Percival),
 formerly Headmaster of Rugby and of Clifton;
 its office is at Surrey House, Victoria Embank-
 ment, London, W. C., and its General Secretary
 is Miss M. C. Mondy, to whom all communica-
 tions should be addressed and all subscriptions
 paid.

Aims of the National Home-Reading Union.—
 To guide readers of all ages in the choice of
 books. To unite them as members in a great
 Reading Guild. To group them, where possible,
 in circles for mutual help and interest.

What does it offer?—In
 fee of membership, the N.

1. A list of books
 worthy, educational
 Romance, Travel,
 cient and Modern
 Literature.
 or interesting reading may be

2. A Magazine (issued monthly from
 to June), containing introductions to the
 notes on the reading, answers to questio-
 information of general interest.

3. Companionship in systematic reading by
 membership in a Circle, as well as the personal
 help and stimulus of the Circle Leader.

In Europe the Union has even gone so far as
 to organise Field Lectures and Excursions in
 the Summer to illustrate the reading of the year,
 but this could scarcely be done just yet in India.

At the end of each Reading Season (October
 to June), Certificates are awarded to those mem-
 bers who have read not fewer than six books.
 Special Certificates are awarded to those who
 complete the 'Four Years' Course (October 1905
 to June 1909).

Sections and Fees.—The Union is divided into
 three main sections, according to the class of
 books read, and each section has its own rate
 of subscription, and its own book-list and maga-
 zine. Candidates choose which section they in-
 tend to join, but can have the book-lists of the
 other sections by paying for them, and members
 can be transferred from one section to another
 at a slight extra charge.

Honorary Members, who pay a higher sub-
 scription, have the privilege of membership of
 all three sections.

The three main sections and their annual
 membership fees are as follows:—

(a) *Young People's Section.* Fees:—Members
 of Circles, 1s. Individual Members, 1s. 6d.

(b) *General Course.* Fees:—Members of
 Circles, 1s. 6d. Individual Members, 2s.

(c) *Special Course.* Fees:—Members of
 Circles, 3s. Individual Members, 3s. 6d.

Courses of Reading.—To give an idea of the
 choice of subjects provided in the different sec-
 tions a few examples from the programmes of
 recent years will suffice. Each section, it will
 be seen, provides an extensive choice of subjects
 of different grades of difficulty. This is of
 special use in the *Young People's Section* where
 the readers necessarily vary considerably in age
 and intellectual development.

For example, the courses in the different sec-
 tions for the year 1900-01 were as follows:—

Young People's Section.—I. History and Bio-
 graphy; II. Literature (Shakespeare, Poetry

III. Travel; IV. Ro-
V. Nature Study; VI.
and Home-reading.

I. Social Science;
and the Revival
Study: Geology;
of Learning

graph.
VIII. On Text
achers and others.

Course Section.—I. English History,
II. Modern English Literature; III.
Medieval and Early Renaissance Literature;
VI. India; VII. French History, 1275—1789;
VIII. German Lyrical Poetry; IX. Educa-
tion; X. Astronomy.

The courses of reading naturally vary each
year, but the scope of each section is sufficiently
indicated from one example.

The Book-Lists.—The lists of books are issued
on the 1st October every year. They are very
carefully compiled by admitted experts in each
subject, and distinguish between those books that
are absolutely necessary, and those that may be
considered as supplementary, or found useful for
reference. In some cases, books are issued in
specially cheap editions for the use of members
of the N. H.-R. U., copies being obtained from
the General Secretary only. For the *Special
Course Section* the lists of three courses only are
supplied, in other sections the lists of all the
courses in the section.

The Magazines.—Each section has its monthly
magazine of notes and papers dealing with the
courses of reading in the particular section to
which the magazine refers. Every month an
article appears on each course of reading in the
section, and these articles are written by acknow-
ledged authorities on the subject. For example,
the January number of 1903, which I have be-
fore me, contains the following articles:—

I. *The History of England's Naval Power*,
by C. J. B. Gaskoin, M.A., Jesus College, Cam-
bridge; II. *Celtic Literature and Folklore of the
British Isles*, by G. L. Dickinson, M.A., Fellow
of King's College, Cambridge; III. *Dante*, by
P. H. Wicksteed, M.A.; IV. *The History of
Medieval and Renaissance Italy (particularly
Florence)*, by E. L. S. Horsburgh, B.A., Uni-
versity of Oxford Extension Lecturer; V. *Emerson's
Works, Life and Times*, by A. E. Dolbear;
VI. *English History*, by J. H. Rose, M.A.;
VII. *English Literature*, by F. S. Boas, M.A.,
Balliol College, Oxford; VIII. *Shakespeare*, by
C. H. Herford, M.A., Litt. D., Professor of
English Language and Literature, Owen's
College, Manchester; IX. *Browning*, by E. D. A.
Morehead, M.A., Assistant Master at Winchester

College; X. *Ancient Greece*, by R. R. Con-
way, M.A.; XI. *North and Central Africa*,
by H. J. Boyd Carpenter, M.A.; XII. *Ruskin
as Art Teacher*, by Mary H. Witt; XIII. *Egypt-
ian Archaeology*, by F. Llewellyn Griffith, M.A.,
XIV. *Education*, by H. T. Mark, B.A. B. Sc.,
Owen's College, Manchester; XV. *German
Lyrical Poetry*, by Earnest Weekley, M.A., Pro-
fessor of French in University College, Not-
tingham.

Surely a liberal bill of fare from which to
choose.

Reading Circles.—A Reading Circle consists
of a group of not fewer than five Members meet-
ing under the guidance of a Leader for discus-
sion and explanation of the books selected. It
may consist of a few friends, fond of reading,
meeting at each other's homes; members of
clubs, literary societies, colleges, schools, Govern-
ment offices, grouped together and meeting
periodically; teachers and scholars, etc.

The books should be read at home; the Circle
is for conversation and discussion.

How to conduct a Circle.—Choose a Secretary,
or Leader, who sends names of Members and
Subscriptions to the Central Office, London.
When the book has been decided upon, each
member obtains for himself a copy, and reads it
at home.

Affiliation of Societies.—Societies of not fewer
than forty members may be enrolled at a yearly
fee of 6d. a Member. Such societies will be
supplied with one complete Book-List and one
copy of each of the monthly Magazines in re-
turn for every £1 received, and will have the
privilege of purchasing additional copies at
special rates. These rates are:

Special Courses, 2d. a number or 1s. 6d. a
volume, instead of 6d. and 4s. 6d., the ordinary
price for extra copies.

General Course, 1d. a number or 9d. a volume,
instead of 4d. and 3s. Young People's Course,
1d. a number or 6d. a volume, instead of 2d.
and 1s. 6d.

The N. H.-R. U. and Libraries.—Libraries
might assist the work of the N. H.-R. U. in the
following way: The Librarian might be enrolled
as an Honorary Member at the cost of 10s. 6d.
a year, for which he would be entitled to receive
complete book-lists and magazines of all three
sections, and permitted to hand them on to
others. The lists and magazines might be ex-
hibited in the Library, and the Librarian might
assist in organising reading circles, leaving the
clerical work to be done by the members of
these circles themselves. If possible, a room
might be set aside for the use of the circles dur-
ing certain hours of the week. The Library
should of course stock the books recommended

and might collect together books of reference
bearing on the courses.

The N. H.-R. U. and Colleges.—Similarly,
colleges might help by enrolling the Principal or
of one of the Professors, and helping to organise
reading circles among present and past students.
Many of the graduates of our Universities must
be anxious to continue their reading after leaving
college, but find a difficulty in getting guidance
and companionship. To such the N. H.-R. U.
would seem to offer the necessary stimulus to
self-culture. If in every collegiate town in India
some suitable persons would come forward and
organise reading circles, and their members in
turn organise circles in the larger villages, a great
step would be taken on the road of co-operation
for the very practical end of self-improvement.
All who have the interest of this country at heart
must see the advantage of such a system of
organised and directed reading, and the excellent
educational effect it is likely to have on people
eager for self-culture.

Expense.—As the N. H.-R. U. is in its essence
a co-operative and philanthropic association, and
does not work for a profit, but aims at providing
good reading for people of small means, it offers
its services at the lowest rate consistent with
efficiency. And for the same reason it takes
care to select books of moderate price for its
courses of reading. In this it has been greatly
helped by the many excellent cheap editions of
standard works, and by the enterprise of leading
publishers, who have brought out cheap editions
of more expensive books for the safe use of
members of the N. H.-R. U. No one can there-
fore reasonably complain on the score of expense,
when for a sum varying from 12 As. to Rs. 2
As. 10, he can get expert advice and direction on
his course of reading for a year, and an opportu-
nity of continuing his education methodically,
wisely and cheaply.

How to help the Union.—The readers of this
can best help the Union by joining it themselves,
and getting their friends to join it, either singly
or in circles. The more they get to join, the
stronger will be the Union and the greater its
power for good. Will they do so? It is the
cheapest possible form of philanthropy and one
of the soundest, for it helps men to help them-
selves, and to do so pleasantly, wisely, and
economically. Honorary Members are specially
welcome, as it is only through their higher fees
that the Union derives enough money to cover
its working expenses.

How to join the Union.—Candidates for mem-
bership may have the lists of any section from
the General Secretary on payment of the follow-
ing fees, which may, if desired, be deducted
from the membership fees later on:—Young

People's Section List, 6d.
9d. Special Courses Li
for all subjects, 5s.

All that is neces-
to send name and/
section chosen, t
Monday). N. H.
L. London, W. C. Mem-
at any time of the year, but the course
ing begin in October. Those who wish
the *Special Courses Section* should first
details from the Secretary as to the course
scribed, and then choose which three they wish
to adopt, as only three book-lists are sent for
the fee.

The following is the usual form of application
for membership:—

- I. Name (stated whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss).
- II. Address in full.
- III. The Section you wish to join. (Members
of the Special Courses Section should state the
three subjects for which they wish the book-lists.)
- IV. (For new members only). By whom or
in what way were you introduced to the N. H.
R. U.?
- V. How many years have you been connected
with the N. H.-R. U.?
- VI. Amount enclosed.
- VII. Date of posting.

Should new members or Circle Leaders find
it convenient to send me a postcard on their
joining the N. H.-R. U., I should be very glad
to have that means of testing the progress of the
Union in India, but it is quite at their option.
As my time is very limited I regret I cannot
undertake to answer correspondence, or to start
Circles, except in my immediate neighbourhood,
but I should be glad to hear from those who
can do so.

R. S. LEPPER,
Professor of History and Economics,
H. H. THE MAHARAJA'S COLLEGE,
TRIVANDRUM, TRAVANCORE.



College.

Y.

School, ... held on February the 18th. The spacious College hall, decorated with flags, plants and flowers, looked its best, and long before the appointed hour, was crowded with an expectant audience. His honour Sir James Digges La Touche, K.C.S.I., Lieutenant-Governor of the United Provinces, and Lady La Touche, accompanied by Captain Strachy, A.-D.-C., and a party from Government House, arrived punctually, and were conducted to their seats by Miss F. L. Nichols, Principal, and Bishop Warne. Among those present we noticed Mr. Orange, Director-General of Education in India, and Mr. Dela Fosse, Director of Public Instruction, United Provinces. The programme opened with the Anthem, "Angel Voices over Singing," which was well-rendered by the young ladies. This was followed by an invocation by Bishop Warne. Miss Ada Brown's essay, "Cordelia," was a very able exposition, and was sympathetically delivered. The programme included two recitations; one in French, Alfred De Musset's "Jeanne D'Arc," by Miss Constance Hannah, the other in Persian, "The Praise of God," by Miss Mercy Ahmed Shah, both of which were highly creditable. The feature of the afternoon was decidedly the debate on "The Impeachment of Warren Hastings," which was opened by Miss Alice West with a brief speech in favour of the great Governor-General. Miss Florence O'Donel rebutted the first speaker's statements and claimed that Burke's impeachment was justified by the circumstances. This produced a spirited reply from Miss West, the discussion closing with a final speech by Miss O'Donel. Both ladies advanced their arguments with much skill, and it is difficult to know which carried most conviction. "Marche Hongroise," by Miss Lucy Bolton and Miss Rose Lemaitre (piano), and Miss Olive Dass (harmonium), was much appreciated. The essay, "Starland," by Miss Gladys Leo, illustrated by a chart, was novel and instructive; and the audience testified their approval of the report and the address by the President, the choir gave two part songs, and the company adjourned to the College grounds where the ceremony of tree-planting was performed. This was a very interesting scene. The elder students adjured their

juniors to uphold the dignity of the Collegiate, the same time transferring to them the lanterns they carried. After an appropriate reply, the former planted a palm, a song bringing the proceedings to a close. A large and interested group watched the ceremony.

THE PRINCIPAL'S REPORT.

The following are extracts from the report of Miss F. L. Nichols, Principal:—

The two marked features of the past year have been the increase in the number of College students, and the development of the Normal School.

For several years the average attendance in the College has been 16, but this year college opened with 23, and the average attendance has been 22. The increase in enrolment has been largely in the B. A. Classes; six students will take the B. A. Examination this year, and there are four students in the third year class.

The results of last year's examinations were very good. The one student appearing for the B. A. Examination passed second in the first division. She received the offer of a scholarship, which she was not able to accept; she is now teaching in the Girls' High School in Calcutta. Four students were sent up for the F. A. examination; all passed, one winning a scholarship. For the Entrance Examination, six appeared; all passed, and one was first on the University list. The girls who gained scholarships in the F. A. and Entrance Examination have been given double scholarships.

About a year ago the curriculum of the Normal School was sanctioned by the Educational Department. There are now eleven students and three will take the Junior Examination in April. Special training is given in kindergarten methods in connection with the Normal work, and the demand for teachers and the applications from students show that this department is meeting a real need.

As largely as possible responsibility is given to the students, and the discipline of the College is in their hands. The Young Women's Christian Association is managed by them. An effort is being made to raise money for an Association, and Rs. 64 has been collected by the members as a nucleus of the Room Fund. Through the Young Women's Christian Association the students engage in a little missionary work. Meetings are held with the wives and children of the servants, and a Bible Reader is supported by the College. The daily Bible classes, and the weekly prayer meetings help to make prominent what we consider the most important work of the College—the forming of Christian character.

The excellent health of the students is in no small measure due to the systematic physical exercises.

We desire to give to the students the best training in all lines, and we try to teach that all that is received should be held as a trust for those who have not had as many advantages. The College motto is,—"We Receive to Give."

THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR'S SPEECH.

His Honour Sir James Digges LaTouche, said:—

BISHOP WARNE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. It is very pleasing to see so large a gathering of ladies and gentlemen, for it shows how much interest in the higher education. I think, first of all, we are fully justified in congratulating Miss Nichols and the staff on the most satisfactory results shown in the report which we have heard read. I should specially like to convey our congratulations to the young lady who took second place in the first division in last B. A. Examination. (Applause.) We are told that six young ladies are going up in the coming year, and though it is physically impossible for them all to occupy as high a place as their predecessor, yet I trust that they will succeed in obtaining a very high place.

One branch of the institution commends itself specially to many of us who are interested in education, and that is the Normal School. It is generally recognised that the first requisite in a Normal School is to have good teachers, and to have that it is necessary that there should be a certain amount of technical training, just as much as is required in almost every other profession. It is pleasing, therefore, to know that there is a good demand for teachers and that this honourable and remunerative employment is open to so many of the students who have passed through this school.

Before I sit down I must render my thanks to the young ladies who have gone through their exercises and held their debates, and have allowed us to see something of the ordinary working of their school life. (Loud applause.)

Bishop Warne returned thanks to Sir James Touche.

Edit

In the last issue of our Magazine we gave an account of the opening of the Lady Bashyam Iyengar Delivered in connection with Our Frontispiece.

Madras. In this issue we have much pleasure in presenting our readers with a portrait group taken on the occasion of the ceremony by the well-known Madras photographers—Messrs. Venkiah Brothers. In the centre of the group are Lady Amphyll and Lady Bashyam Iyengar. The photo is unique as representing the spirit of the times which helps to bring the East and the West together in regard to movements for the amelioration of the condition of India's daughters. A gathering such as this represented in our Frontispiece is itself a witness to the changes gradually coming over Hindu society and the influence of the West on the East.

Special efforts are being put forward in the Madras Presidency to advance Female Education. It was in this Province that steps were taken to organize a special inspecting agency and among those who had charge of the inspecting work Mrs. Brander occupies a most conspicuous place. She has just retired from the service but it is no exaggeration to say that a great deal of the progress of female education outside the Mission sphere is due to her exertions chiefly. In Miss Carr who succeeded her, we have another great worker. Her scheme of scholarships for widows has been eminently successful and is likely to prove of great help to the cause of female education. Of late the female inspecting agency has been strengthened and the progress both extensive and intensive noticeable during 1903-04 is due chiefly to this cause.

There were on the 31st March last 1,091 institutions for girls attended by 139,139 pupils, the increase being 35 in the case of the former and 5,951 in that of the latter, over the figures of the previous year. Besides girls attending purely girls' schools, there were 77,002 girls in boys' schools. Though these figures are encouraging as far as they go still the fact that there are only 4.8 per cent. of female scholars to female population of school-going age, whereas the male scholars to male population of school-going age

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Notes.

maniah, who has just
ed a refuge for old
to the event.

Eleanora
tragedienne, has entu
oted to farming and horticulture. Sig-
ise is only seventeen. To her mother's
she has shown no desire for the stage; in-
dislikes the theatre, and she has never even
se mother act. In appearance, however, the
two are remarkably alike.

—Miss Annie Mansfield Sullivan, Helen Keller's
faithful and devoted teacher, is to be married to John
Albert Macy, an instructor at Harvard, one of the
editors of the *Youth's Companion*, and author of the
introduction to Helen Keller's "Story of My Life." Miss
Sullivan was born in Springfield, Mass., of humble
parents. It was thought that the child was blind,
and she was admitted to the Perkins Institute for the
Blind. An operation saved her from total loss of
sight, although she cannot even now see clearly. In
1887 she graduated from the Perkins Institute and
was sent to Alabama to teach Helen Keller. Since
then they have been inseparable. It is said that
Miss Sullivan refused to engage herself to Mr. Macy
without Helen's consent; but that consent was cordi-
ally given. Helen will act as bridesmaid, and will live
with the couple after they are married. She is said
to be almost as happy over the matter as the bride
and groom.

—Lady Curzon's reception on her arrival must have
been very gratifying to her and to the Viceroy. Mrs.
Ranade sent the resolution passed at the Ladies'
Gathering last December to her Excellency, congratu-

lating her on her recovery and welcoming her back to
India. It is pleasing to have such interludes in the
midst of the dust and din of public controversy.

—A very influentially signed appeal has been ad-
dressed to the local education authorities of England
and Wales, urging the importance of the formation of
moral character as the chief end of education.

Among the signatories are the two Archbishops, a
number of Bishops and leading Nonconformists,
"General" Booth, Lord Rosebery, Lord Kelvin, and
other Peers, Lady Henry Somerset, Mrs. H. P.
Hughes, and other ladies. Appended to the letter,
are the following "practical suggestions which have
been found useful":—

(1) The reading books should be of a kind which
hold up high ideals of conduct; they should contain
stories of heroism, self-denial, and integrity, and thus
give the teacher the opportunity of teaching the value
of character.

(2) Songs which stir the noblest emotions should
be encouraged; songs tend to form the character of
the young.

(3) Pictures which illustrate heroic deeds might be
placed on the walls.

(4) Scholars should have their attention drawn to
the laws of health and Christian conduct, from which
the evils of intemperance and gambling and other
vices which degrade national character could be
pointed out.

(5) Teachers could, by superintending games in the
playground, promote manliness of character, self-
control and fair play.

(6) The formation of an old scholar's association
cultivates loyalty to the school and a wholesome
esprit de corps.

It is to be hoped that a committee may be formed
to co-operate with the local authorities in furthering
the objects of this appeal.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Acknowledgments for February, 1905.

	RS. A.		RS. A.
1. Rev. Ahmad Shah, Hamerpore, N.-W. P.	4 0	16. Mrs. Murgatroid, Ireland	4 8
2. Mrs. Ali Akbar, Belgaum	4 0	17. K. C. Manavedan Raja, Chittoor	8 0
3. Miss L. B. Athim, Ferozpur, Punjab	4 0	18. The Principal, Lawrence Asylum Female	
4. Miss A. Arnold, Coimbatore	4 0	Branch, Ootacamund	4 0
5. Mrs. K. Bose, Ahmedabad, Bombay Presi-		19. Mrs. Vidya Ramabhai, Ahmedabad	4 0
dency		20. B. Surya Rao, Esq., Vizagapatam	4 0
6. The Right Reverend The Lord Bishop of	4 0	21. Mrs. Swiney, England	6 0
Madras		22. S. Solomon, Esq., Madras	4 0
7. H. J. Bhalha, Esq., Bangalore	8 0	23. The Superintendent, Presidency Training	
8. D. P. Basi Reddi, Esq., Anantapur	4 0	School for Mistresses, Madras	4 0
9. Miss De	4 0	24. K. B. Thoper, Esq., Lahore	4 0
10. J. H. Dickson, Esq., Kankasanturai,	4 0	25. K. Veeraraghavan, Esq., Erode	4 0
Ceylon		26. Mrs. Vasudeva Rajah of Kollengode,	
11. Miss P. Deb, Bhavnagar (Kachhwar)	4 0	Madras	8 0
12. Mrs. Emmanuel, Ratnagiri	4 0	27. R. Vyasa Rao, Esq., Mangalore	5 0
13. E. J. Grainger, Esq., Dharwar	4 0	28. H. H. Kerala Varma Prince, Kaimanur	4 0
14. M. Haribhakar, Esq., Trichinopoly	4 0	29. Rev. E. M. Wheeler, M.A., Calcutta	8 0
15. The Head Mistress, Training School for		30. Mrs. A. A. Williams, Palamcottah	10 0
Mistresses, Coimbatore	4 0	31. Mrs. M. Xavier, Rangoon	8 0

is still left to be done in the education of girls.

slowly advancing Christians. There are maintained by city of Madras,

age of opportunities afforded by for University degrees. The

er of women who have passed the examination up to the present is 86, of six are Brahmans, 63 Europeans and 17 native Christians. Up till now 5 Indian Christian women have taken the B. A. degree and two the M. A. degree. Two Brahmin ladies have qualified partly for the B. A.

The number of secondary schools for girls was 25 with a strength of 3,040. It is chiefly Indian Christians and Europeans that usually proceed beyond the primary stage. Public primary schools for girls rose in number as well as in strength from 769 and 39,883 to 811 and 41,653 respectively. The majority of the upper primary schools under private agencies were under Mission management. A large number of scholarships are awarded by Government to encourage the education of girls. On the results of the Lower Secondary and Primary examinations 21 and 36 scholarships were awarded, the majority of the recipients being Native Christians. Seventy-two special scholarships were granted during the year to Muhammadan and caste Hindu girls, &c., on the results of the Primary examination. Out of the 63 scholarships open to Hindu and Muhammadan widows, 49 were awarded, all to Hindus.

What is being done for and by Indian Ladies.

Writes the Boston Woman's Journal:—Mrs. Karmarkar, described as "the gifted wife of the Rev. S. V. Karmarkar," presided at an enthusiastic public meeting held in Bombay to welcome India's new Christian Endeavour secretary, Rev. Herbert Halliwell. A woman, presiding over a public meeting must have been a novel sight in India. One of the indirect good results of the Christian Endeavour Society's work is the educational effect inevitably produced by the fact that, throughout this world-wide organization, women have equal rights.

The Zepana Department of One Rupee Fund of the Aligarh College has collected the sum of Rs. 941 during the last 8 months. Miss Nasrullah, Hyderabad, a lady of Hyderabad

(Deccan) who is the Secretary of this Fund is rather disappointed with the amount of success. She is still undaunted and is vigorously pushing the collection. We value these efforts more than the amount actually realized. Every letter and appeals which Miss Hydrabad ladies are doing a considerable amount of good and are bringing to the minds of the fair sex all that is being done to improve the condition of Musalman and the share that they can take in the mission of education and civilization.

The Achamamba Memorial Scholarship.—To commemorate the services to the cause of female education of the late lamented Telugu authoress, Mrs. B. Achamamba, the Zemindar of Munagala has offered two scholarships of Rs. 144-0-0 each per year, to be continued for three years and if necessary for four years. Any Hindu woman who knows Telugu well, who has passed the Lower Secondary examination in English and who wants to study for the Matriculation course in any recognised school or college will be eligible for these scholarships. After passing their matriculation examination these scholarship holders will have to serve, at least for three years, as paid teachers in the girls' school opened by Rao Bahadur K. Veerasalingam Pantulu Garu at Rajamundry. Applications may be sent to the following address:—A. Kaleswara Rao, B.A., 14, Kachaleswara Agraharam, Madras.

—Mr. Ramanbhai Mahipatram, Secretary, Ahmedabad Widow Marriage Association, writes:—A widow marriage was celebrated at Ahmedabad on the 1st February under the auspices of the Widow Marriage Association. The parties belong to the Audich Sahasra Brahmin caste. The bride Bai Parvati, daughter of Pandya Umashankar Vakhatram, is aged 20. She had become a widow at the age of 12. She is a resident of Lanva, Taluka Vadali, district Kadi, in the Baroda territory. The bridegroom, Rowal Mugatram Harjiwan, is aged 23. He is a resident of Chhamisa in the same Taluka.

The Palghat Ladies' Association.—A correspondent of the *Hindu* writes:—I have already written to you about the splendid work done by the local Ladies' Association started by Mrs. Glyn Barlow. The Association celebrated its first anniversary at 'Deva Villas,' the residence of Rajah Vasudeva Rajah of Kollengode, last evening. Mrs. Vasudeva Rajah gave a most enjoyable and delightful 'At Home' to her friends in the station. The approaches and surroundings of 'Deva Villas' were handsomely decorated for the occasion and for some days past great preparations were made by the Rajah and his wife

assisted by the Honorary Secretary of the Association. Quite a large gathering of ladies—there were in all 75 present including Europeans, Eurasians, Indians Christians, Brahmmins and other caste Hindu ladies. The numerous guests were received by the Rajah's wife assisted by her sister and were taken upstairs which together with the balcony looked lovely with the splendid decorations and Chinese lanterns hanging in large numbers. The following among others were present:—Mrs. Dupen, Mrs. Barlow, Mrs. Edgington, Mrs. Hiller, Miss Walton, Mrs. Anantha Patter, Mrs. Ramaswami Aiyar, Mrs. and Miss A. Sundara Aiyar, Mrs. V. V. Paramaswara Aiyer, Mrs. and Miss Raghunathayya, Mrs. and Miss Kamath, Mrs. and Miss Lazarus, Mrs. Eapen, Mrs. P. P. Raman Menon, Mrs. C. Raman Menon, Mrs. R. Sekhara Menon, Mrs. Krishnan, Mrs. Achyuthan, Mrs. and Misses Clarkson, Mrs. Ratnavelu Naicker, Miss Stevenage, Miss Montclair, Miss Brett, Mrs. and Miss Burgess.

After the guests had taken their seats in the hall, Mrs. Glyn Barlow, the Honorary Secretary, presented the following annual report:—The Association was instituted in February, 1904, with a view to promoting social intercourse between the European and Indian ladies of Palghat and for the mutual improvement of their minds. A good deal of work has been done during the first year of the Association's existence. The first meeting was held at the Victoria College on the 9th of February, 1904. Seventeen ladies were present. Mrs. Lazarus gave an interesting lecture on the structure of the human frame, illustrating her remarks with a porcelain figure. The second meeting was held in April, again at the Victoria College. A lecture was read by Mrs. Barlow on the training of children, and was followed by a magic lantern exhibition. The attendance was discouraging, only nine ladies being present. Inquiries showed that many ladies were disinclined to attend meetings held in so public a building as the Victoria College and it was accordingly resolved to hold future meetings in private houses. The third meeting was held in August at Mrs. Barlow's residence and the wisdom of the change was seen in the fact that as many as twenty-eight ladies assembled. Mrs. Barlow who had lately returned from a trip to the Far East, gave a chat about the women of China and Japan illustrating her remarks with an exhibition of Chinese and Japanese curios. Refreshments were served at the close of the meeting. The fourth meeting was held in September at Mrs. Dupen's, and the attendance increased to thirty-five. A lecture was read by Mrs. Dupen, on the advantages of fresh air, and was followed by a magic lantern exhibition. The fifth meeting was held in Novem-

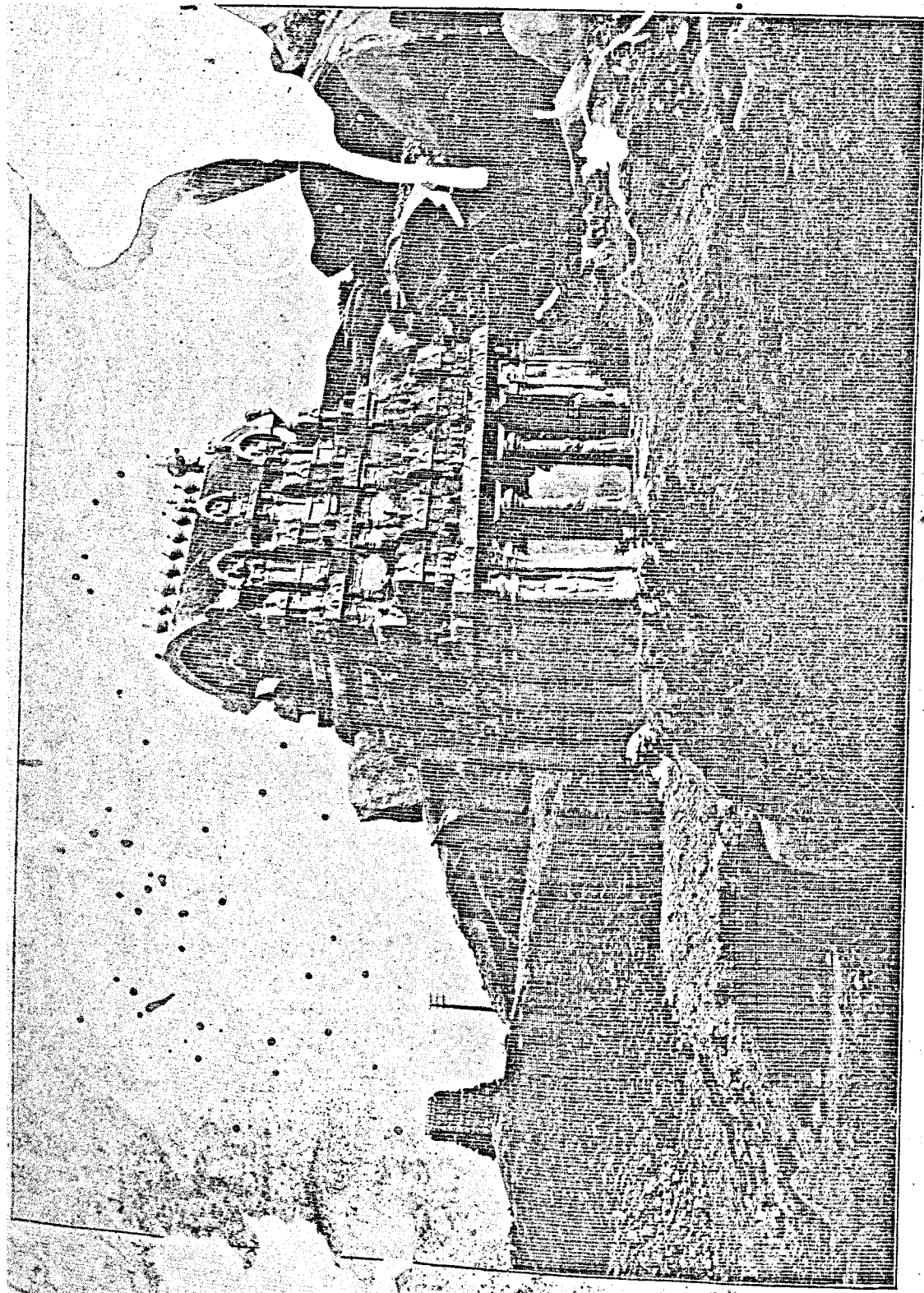
ber, at Mrs. P. Raman Menon's. She rose to as many as 100 and delivered an address on education, which was followed by musical entertainment by European and Indian ladies.

1904, at Mrs. Edgington's. A party of fifty-five. An account of a lecture on the illustrated by magic lantern, slides, by Mrs. Brander, was read, and after a short refreshments, a display of fireworks brought the proceedings to a close.

Mrs. C. Raman Menon, one of the Committee members, read the Malayalam report. This over, the assembly came downstairs and a group photo was taken by Mr. Burke, of Messrs. Wiele and Klein, photographers, who was specially got down from Madras. The gathering again adjourned upstairs when Mrs. Vasudeva Rajah delivered an interesting and instructive address on 'Secta.' The lecture was listened to with rapt attention, and the delivery was very well applauded. The next item in the programme, a gramophonic entertainment was gone through consisting of records of English and Indian tunes which were much appreciated. After the playing of ping pong, an adjournment was made into the open air to partake of sumptuous refreshments served according to caste scruples.

A clever Indian circus troupe was specially got down by the Rajah and the ladies witnessed some very clever conjuring tricks and difficult acrobatic feats. A grand display of fireworks closed a delightful and successful 'At Home.'

—We are glad to learn from the Hindu of Madras that Mrs. Kashibai Devadar of Poona Widows' Home has been able to collect subscriptions to the extent of Rs. 25,000 in her recent tour in Southern India. She has now returned to Poona, and she intends making a further tour in Southern India for the same missionary purpose. We hope that this talented lady will visit this part of the country during her next visit, where, we are sure, she will have an enthusiastic welcome.



MAVELLIPORE OR THE SEVEN PAGODAS.^a

(^a *vide* page 318.)



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I. IV.

APRIL, 1905.

No. 10.

DEEDS NOT WORDS.

"Dreams of baseless good
Oft come and go, in crowds or solitude,
And leave no trace."

SHELLEY.

Only add
"Deeds, to thy knowledge answerable; add faith,
Add virtue, patience, temperance;—add love:
.....Then wilt thou not be loath
To leave this paradise, but shalt possess
A paradise within thee, happier far!"

MILTON.

Thou that art born into this favoured age,
So fertile in all enterprise of thought,
Bound in fresh mental conflicts to engage
The liberties for which your fathers fought—
Be not thy spirit contemplative fraught,
Misery and mourning! Thou must act and move,
Must teach thy children more than thou wast taught,
Brighter intelligence, disseminate love,
And, through the world around, make way to worlds above."

HOUGHTON.

The Garden and the Butterfly.

"If you must lead in this secluded spot!" said the Butterfly to the Wall-Flower about a beautiful garden—one sunny morning. "'Tis a fine place to see something of the gay life as I do."

"I am a little Daisy, looking up with her bright eyes at the sunshine refresh and enliven us and the power to hurt the flowers of this sheltered garden."

"We are only a little flower, so little pleasures content you" replied the Wall-Flower, "but do you not find it irksome," said she to the Wall-Flower, "not to have freedom to climb alone?" "By no means," answered the Wall-Flower.

"Once indeed I fretted against these supports, but time has taught me that they were placed here to strengthen me and, I knew that without them I could not have thriven so well."

"That may suit a prosy, matter-of-fact temperament," retorted the Butterfly. "You at least must have more romance in your disposition," she continued, "alighting delicately on a lovely standard Rose. Just now I happened to fly past a group of your companions in a large open space of ground; crowds of people had assembled to admire their beauty, which could never have been seen to the same advantage in this out-of-the-way garden."

Now the Rose had listened well pleased to the Butterfly's implied compliment to her charms and she began to grow discontented with her quiet surroundings. "It is not surprising," she murmured, "that the staid old Wall-Flower and that insignificant young Daisy are satisfied with their lot. They are quite unsuited by nature for brilliant scenes. But why was beauty bestowed on me to be seen and admired only by the few in this humdrum way." What then was the delight of the Rose when the Gardener came by, and stopping to look around on the flowers exclaimed. "That standard Rose is a beauty. She would win a prize at the Flower Show to-day." So saying he carried her away.

"Good-bye flowers. Good-bye! I have got my wish at last," cried the Rose joyously. "You will repent it," said the Wall-Flower sternly. Truly it was a day of proud triumph for the Rose. Many another fair Rose was there but she was declared the fairest of them all. Towards evening, the sky, which had been cloudless all day, grew overcast, the wind began to rise and the heavy drops to fall. Amid general expressions of regret at the sudden gloomy change in the weather, the bright gathering dispersed rapidly. No one took any more thought of the poor Rose left to face the pitiless storm that night.

Before morning the clouds broke a little and the welcome sun beams flew down with words of pity and comfort to the bruised and drooping flower. With renewed hope the Rose heard the gardener's step approaching.

"How miserable the Roses look this morning," said the gardener sadly, "and they were so blooming before that unlucky storm. Well, well. I must see what care will do for my Prize Standard. May be if I carry her back to her old spot in the garden the poor thing will revive."

"Ah! how thankful was the weary Rose to be in her peaceful Home once more, with the familiar faces of the other garden-flowers around her."

Again the Butterfly flew past. "Dear me! Rose! Is that you?" cried she. "Really I scarcely recognized you. You are so changed and faded."

"Alas!" sighed the Rose, "why did I ever give heed to your flattering words! See to what my foolish vanity has brought me! all my grace and freshness gone for ever." "Nay, not so," broke in the Daisy with her cheery voice, "the storm has indeed crushed you, but only for a while. Lift up your head and let the gentle breeze dry your tears and the glorious sunshine gladden your heart, and soon in the healthful life of this quiet garden you shall sweetly bloom again."

WILLOW WAND.

Japanese Women.

[BY AN INDIAN LADY.]



OW, that Japan occupies such a prominent place in our thought, we find everything about her extremely interesting. Recently I came across a well-written article about Japanese women, and I thought perhaps a few things about them would prove of interest to our readers.

Modern Japan has very quickly asserted herself, but still the traces of old Japan seem to linger among her women. The Japanese woman has always been considered charming; her graceful dress, pretty manners, sweet voice and gentle demeanour seem to enhance her charm. Miss Bacon, an authority on 'Japanese girls and women,' makes this strange remark, that foreigners long resident in Japan find their standard gradually change, and "see to their own surprise that their countrywomen look ungainly, fierce, aggressive and awkward among the small, mild, shrinking and graceful Japanese ladies."

Most of us are familiar with the physical characteristics of the race—the yellowish skin, straight black hair, broadish prominent cheek bones and more or less obliquely set eyes. The women are supposed to be on the whole better looking than the men. They are very small, but their dainty ways and old-fashioned courtesy seems just to suit them. The Japanese lady's dress is very picturesque. The beautiful *kimono* with its loose hanging sleeves, the large sash (*obi*) which is tied in a big butterfly bow is the usual dress for the high-class Japanese woman. The peasant women in many districts wear trousers and rain-coats like their husbands. The Japanese lady is very particular about the dressing of her hair. Lavish care is bestowed on it. Their combs and hair-pins of tortoise shell, coral and other costly materials often represent many months of their husbands' salaries. But these can be handed down from generation to generation as fashion does not change much. The children are gorgeously attired; gradually towards old age there is a gradual decline in the brilliancy of dress; the style gets simpler and more severe. A writer about Japan says: "How charming it is to see a bevy of them thus dressed,—dressed, mind you, not merely having clothes on,—such a symphony of greys and browns and other delicate hues of silk and brocade, the faultless costume being matched by the coy and at the same time perfectly natural and simple manners and musical voices of the

wearers." These dainty creatures so well with their surroundings of the picture is perfect. On to give a catalogue of charm here is in classes, the kind! the delicate art a every-day life.

No monotony of the cities, anthem gardens above all the scenery,—those giant cedars that moss-grown shrines, those volcanic ineffably graceful logarithmic curve, these torrents to be crossed warily on stepping stones or on 'hanging bridges' stretched like a spider's thread and trembling at every step, and the breezy uplands carpeted with wild flowers and re-echoing with the carolling of nightingales and larks, and the summer hills around which the vapours twirl in grey semi-diaphanous garlands, and the valleys of mingled scarlet maple and deepest green, whose pinnacled rock walls zig-zag the sky with their sharply serrated line." From this we can conjure up a charming picture of Japan and almost see the inhabitants strolling about in their picturesque garb.

Japanese women, says a writer, are most womanly—kind, gentle, faithful and pretty. But they are treated by the men in much the same way as ourselves. True, there is no purdah system, no veiling of the face, but they are treated more or less like babies all their lives, neither trusted with independence nor "commanding the romantic homage, which was woman's dower in medieval Europe." A woman's lot is summed up in what are termed "the three obediences"—"obedience, while yet unmarried to a father; obedience when married to a husband and that husband's parents; obedience when widowed to a son." At this rate, the greatest lady in the land might be a veritable drudge to her husband, "to fetch and carry for him, to bow down humbly in the hall when my lord sallies forth on his walks abroad, to wait upon him at meals, to be divorced almost at his good pleasure." The women don't mix in "society" in the English sense of the word. From these we see that the Japanese women are very much on a level with the Hindu caste women.

The Japanese woman is always in a state of dependence; "seeing that it is a girl's destiny, on reaching womanhood to go to a new home and live in submission to her father-in-law and mother-in-law, it is even more incumbent upon her than it is on a boy, to receive with all reverence her parent's instructions." Here are a few maxims taken from the translation of a treatise by the celebrated moralist Kaibara:—"More precious in a woman is a virtuous heart

The vicious woman's
lives wildly around
others, her words
ar The only
gentle obedience,

ord, she must

and be circumspect and sparing
words; never even for a passing
should she slander others or be guilty of
untruthfulness."

Then the moralist continues in the same strain,
how she must order her household, respect her
relations, cure herself of all her faults, and lean
entirely on her husband or her guardian.

Such restrictions are not so rigid among the
lower classes, but among the middle and higher
classes of society. But with the twentieth
century, I believe the "new woman" has begun
to assert herself even in Japan: "she may be
seen riding the 'bike,' and more usefully
employed in some of the printing offices and
telephone exchanges."

Yet however rapid the progress of modern
Japan, all the old ideas cannot be shattered at
once, and hence the emancipation of women in
Japan is not complete yet, nor will it for some-
time to come.

Before closing I should like to say a word,
about women's education and marriage customs.

The education of women was neglected former-
ly, now it is officially provided for by the Higher
Normal School for girls, by thirty High Schools,
the Peeresses' Schools, &c., not to mention the
girls' school founded by missionaries. Of the
many private institutions the Industrial School
for girls is the largest. The very latest is a
University for women established in Tokyo in
1901, with 109 students and over 400 in the
preparatory department. So in this as in all else
Japan is advancing with leaps and bounds. The
Japanese girls are very neat and clean, and
they are supposed to have very good taste. If
you wish to see the perfect arrangement of
flowers, go to Japan, it is said. I believe the
arranging of flowers in a single vase takes
over more than two hours sometimes, harmony
and effect being so carefully studied. With
all her restrictions and her supervision, the
foreigner admires the Japanese woman very
much. The Japanese marriage is arranged on
much the same lines as the Hindu marriage, but
there is no system of early marriages. The
parents arrange the marriage, but custom rules
that a middleman should be entrusted with the
affairs. He sees that the two most concerned

should meet at some party, picnic or temple,
and if the "mutual seeing" is agreeable to both
the marriage is carried through. I here give an
extract of the bride leaving the father's house,
and it struck me as most peculiar: "A lucky
day is then chosen for the wedding. When it
comes, the bride, dressed all in white, the colour
of mourning—to signify that she dies to her own
family, and that she will never leave her hus-
band's house but as a corpse—is borne away at
nightfall to her new home escorted by the middle-
man and his wife. The parental house is swept
out on her departure and in former days a bonfire
was lighted at the gate—ceremonies indicative
of the purification necessary after the removal of
a dead body." What an auspicious beginning
of a new life!

On the subject of the outlook for the Japanese
women the following contributions from an
American lady worker in Japan will interest our
readers:—

"There is nothing fixed in Japan except
change." Despite the fact that the Japanese
woman has for centuries been condemned to a
position of great inferiority, the change in her
position is surely coming. She is showing her
ability to work out her own salvation. The
twentieth century school girl in Japan is a most
amazing creature to her grand parents, and in
nine cases out of ten to her parents as well.
Critics express doubts as to whether the arduous,
cramping education the Japanese girl is getting
now is likely to be a good thing later on. But
if one could compare for himself the home of a
wide-awake, educated girl of the present with one
of thirty years ago, his doubts would be dispelled.
The two seem to belong to different worlds.

The education of girls is officially provided for
by High Schools, the Peeresses' School, the
Higher Normal school, and there are besides
numerous mission and other private schools of
high grade.

Up to the present a serious drawback has
been the lack of sympathy in the home for the
school girl and the inability of the mother to help
and direct the study hour. But all this is chang-
ing, and the young mothers are coming to take
an intelligent interest in their children's studies.

The educated Japanese man knows full well
the difference between an educated and an un-
educated wife. To an intelligent student the
growing influence of woman in Japan is apparent.
A few highly educated Christian women like the
former wife of the present Minister of War, the
Marchioness Oyama, Admiral Uriu's wife, and
scores of others in high position, have so in-
fluenced the public actions of their husbands
that the world sees that the nation is committed
to the Western type of civilization.

The work of College women in Japan to-day
is a foretaste of the good time coming. These
women are shining examples of the good that
comes to the girls through strict application
during school days and resultant mental
discipline.

To be sure, all Japanese women are, and will
be, for years to come under "the three obedi-
ences": obedience while unmarried to a father;
obedience when married to a husband and to
that husband's parents; obedience when widow-
ed to the eldest son. But one hears less and
less of the celebrated treatise, "The Greater
Learning for Women" (*Anna Daigaku*), which
was taught so faithfully to the daughters of fifty
years ago. Ask any young woman, however, to
give you "the seven reasons for divorce"
mentioned in this treatise, and she will be likely
to name them at once: (1) disobedience to her
father-in-law or mother-in-law, (2) barrenness,
(3) lewdness, (4) jealousy, (5) leprosy, (6) talking
overmuch, (7) stealing. Is it at all strange that
one marriage out of every three ends in a divorce
in Japan? Christianity is already doing much
for the home life in Japan, and divorce among
Christians is rare.

Woman's future as judged by the present will
not be an easy one, but much depends upon her
tact and "stout-heartedness." Already Japanese
women are becoming active workers in churches
and hospitals, and the professions are not
entirely neglected. The number of women
doctors, "hello girls," teachers, etc., is steadily
increasing. Woman's executive faculties also
are developing as occasion demands. The large
public meetings for women are now presided
over by women themselves with proficiency and
tact. A few years ago the persuasive eloquence
of these gifted women was unknown.

Japanese women may sometime enter politics.
At the present time, however, it is hard to find
many women who can tell you the names even
of the political parties. And as for knowing
anything about her legal standing or the law she
is not posted.

It is to be sincerely hoped that the Japanese
women of the twentieth century may be made
happier by the doing away of concubinage, and
the revision of the marriage customs. What
Stuart Mill calls her "emancipation" from these
things will prove a blessing not only to herself
but to the whole nation.

The work of temperance is bound to make
great strides during the coming years, for the
W. C. T. U. work is already making a deep
impression on the country.

The Confucian idea of filial piety must be
modified to suit the ideals of new Japan. The
brothels are filled with girls who loath the life

of shame they are leading
girls would never think
of their father or of
order to help the

The heroine in-
a girl who is le-

of filial piety. Sir-
was mistaken when he wrote "the
women have the nature rather of birds
flies than of ordinary human beings."

All praise to the brave, earnest, int- at
women of new Japan who are doing so much
for the future of their countrymen!

Around a Distant Star.

BOOK II.—CHILDREN OF SPACE.

By JEAN DELAIRE,

Author of "Alsatian Tales," "A Dream of
Fame," etc.

CHAPTERS VIII. & IX.

[SUMMARY OF BOOK I. AND CHAPS. I—VII OF BOOK II.—
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. 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. 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-boss, which was to be
launched into space by a dynamo with a velocity, which
could be graduated from one million to over three million

he hoped to go, not to the Universe. He had also of incomparable magnitudes of the planetary system that Clive should expect occurrence, as settled

is revealed—to go would take nineteen hundred years; so that if one went to this particular old see the Earth as it was nineteen hundred—that is, in the time of Christ. Roy wishes to perfect faith in Christ by the accomplished fact of a certain sight of Him, as He actually appeared in the world. And at last, they start in their air-boat, which they name The Estrella, and are launched into the night and silence of infinite space. After a journey of many months they reach their destination, a planet, wonderful like a Fairy land lit by the light of a White Sun. They come across some strange creatures—half human, half ape-like, who flee in terror at the sight of the adventurers. One of the creatures is wounded and is taken to the Estrella to be nursed; and, taught by him, the explorers find some natural vegetable food on the planet. Clive narrowly escapes a terrible danger. Then arrives the great time for them to realize their dream—to view the Earth as it was in the time of Christ. But they are terribly disappointed, for they find that they are in the Northern latitude of the new planet, from which they can see nothing of the Earth. But Roy determines to travel to the Southern latitude. After his serious illness Roy starts with his companion again. They reach their destination after a long and tedious journey. They fix the telescope and the dynamo and at last their efforts are rewarded. They see the Earth!



HE Earth! Most welcome words that tongue of man could speak! The Earth where we were born, where our loved ones lived, and at this very moment perhaps gazed at the stars, wreathing a prayer around our names! The Earth! In the sudden joy of these two words I forgot all else, save that a breath from the far-away world had crossed the infinite spaces and stood in our midst, making us glad. I forgot that the real object of our journey was as yet unachieved, the goal as distant seemingly as unattainable as ever. But Roy remembered, and his joy was brief.

The Earth! I trembled like a leaf in the wind as I took my place at the telescope.

I may have already mentioned that Roy's instrument was so constructed that with the aid of a powerful reflector two observers of the heavens could use it simultaneously. It had also a clever arrangement of blue lenses, so disposed as to form a kind of camera obscura, which allowed a study of the sky in the most brilliant light as well as during the hours of darkness. This was a necessary precaution on a planet

where night, as we know it on earth, did not exist, and midnight was often as resplendent as noonday. But it was more than this—it was an indispensable condition of Roy's success, since, had an observation of the sky been possible in darkness, only, it might have happened, by some fatal mischance or miscalculation, that night on Kallistos, in the Southern hemisphere, coincided with night-time on Earth, over the Mediterranean shores, thus making even one glimpse of the Holy Land an utter impossibility.

The Earth! How can I describe my sensations when, across the immeasurable abysses of space I beheld the little bluish-green planet half hidden in the radiance of the sun?

"And is this the Earth?" I murmured as in a dream.

Without answering me, Roy turned the electric current to a greater intensity, and immediately the planet leapt forth, apparently nearer to us by some millions of miles—an enormous globe filling the entire field of vision, no longer half submerged in a flood of sunrays, but itself a glowing sphere, brilliant with a soft light of subdued green and blue. The sun was on the right side of the Earth and a little below it, the Earth having but lately passed out of the Spring equinox—or, to define our relative positions more clearly, if we imagine a triangle in space with the Polar Star at its apex, the Earth and Kallistos would have formed the two angles of its base.

The North Pole, lately emerged from its long night, was resplendent in snowy whiteness, and not a cloud above dimmed the brilliance of its icebergs and snow plains. The Western hemisphere was turned towards us, and the immense sombre green surface of the Pacific Ocean was only broken, near the Polar circle, by the jagged outlines of North America and Eastern Siberia.

We passed the night at the telescope, watching the movement of the Earth, and the light creeping, almost imperceptibly, towards the Asiatic continent, rising over Japan, sending its first glittering shafts over the sacred mountain of Fuji, then little by little enveloping the vast stretches of land until the greater part of Asia, from Nova Zembla to Borneo, was bathed in the splendour of day.

Roy released another spring, and the earth-globe vanished, leaving in its place a vast stretch of land, seemingly but half a mile distant: the sun was rising over the palaces and rose gardens of Persia, lighting with sudden flame the shores of the Caspian Sea, flaring over the deserts of Arabia, then casting its first golden rays over the mountains of Jerusalem.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem! The welcome cry of the old crusaders re-echoed in the plains of Kallistos. Jerusalem, the most beloved of all the cities

of Earth, Land of Promise to the old and to the modern world, Holy City alike of Christian and of Jew! The first arrows of the rising sun touched with roseate fire the white palaces on Mount Zion, set a crown of glory on the Tower of David, fell in a shower of radiance over the vast ascending magnificence of the Temple on Mount Moriah, flashed along the royal colonnade of Herod the Great to the Castle of Antonia, descended over the white-roofed houses of the City of David, quickened to new life the slumbering pool of Bethesda, illumined hill and valley, city and garden, awaking the king in his palace and the leper in his tomb.

And the light spread, the illumination continued, all Palestine basked in the morning sun, Judea, Samaria, Galilee, the beautiful valley of Hebron, the desert of Bersabee where fled Hagar with the infant Ishmael, the plain of Saron, garden of Palestine, Jericho and its royal palms, Bethlehem Ephrata, nestled among the hills, green Thabor, the mount of Coming Light, and Carmel, crimsoned with laurel blooms and lilies, the red lilies of Palestine that are clothed more royally than Solomon, Nazareth climbing the mountain side and, like a cup set in the hills, the lake of Genesareth girted with all its little towns, and watched over eternally by the Mount of Beatitudes, the Holy Land lay at our feet, bathed in the dewy brightness of an early spring day.

And once more Roy increased the electric current, so that in its turn Palestine vanished and Jerusalem only was visible, so close that it seemed we must hear the murmur of its awakening life, breathe the fragrance of its myrtle-grown hills, so close that it seemed as if, on some hill that was not Zion, nor Moriah, nor Olivet, we stood at rising sun and gazed into the valley.

Life stirred on housetops and in the streets. Already the gates of the city were opened and people passed in and out with the hurry belonging to the early hours in the East. In the courts and terraces on Mount Zion, in the house of Caiaphas and the palace of Herod slaves were seen darting hither and thither, as busy as bees on a summer morning; on Mount Moriah priests and people thronged the cloisters of the temple; at the castle of Antonia a troop of men in the garb of Roman soldiers emerged from the Old Tower gate, their helmets and breast-plates a glittering target for sun-rays. But it was on the market place that the activity was at its height. There the Syrian dancers from the king's palace elbowed the soldiers at the gate, and sailors from the Red Sea jostled the high-turbaned Rabbis or the solemn Pharisees, Arabian or Tyrian merchants, sellers of musk, frankincense and all the rare spices of the East, pressed close to Hebrew

pedlars bent double under ed carpets, trays of jewels that fluttered like banners.

I had seen bazaars in Tunis, and in Spitzbergen, that had elapsed haggardly in the unchangeable East, once more itself unchangeable, and nothing but diversity of costumes betrayed the centuries that had passed. Against a background unbroken by the haze that lingers so lovingly over a Northern landscape, was the same violent contrast of colours I had so often noticed in my *Wanderjahr* on the Mediterranean, the same crude yellow, blue and green, the same vivid crimson and flaming scarlet which, through some unknown magic of the sun or sky, yet formed an harmonious ensemble, the same scenes of barbaric magnificence and pitiful poverty, and the same picturesqueness in this poverty; the half-naked, sunburnt, sunny-eyed children playing in a patch of sunlight or pelting one another with fruit, the passing litter of some great lord or lady robed in cloth of gold, the same immovable women, veiled and silent, sitting patiently beside their baskets of dates or figs, or their jars of 'honey-of-wine' from En-Gedi—all, all was there, save the noise, the sound of men's shrill voices crying their wares, the plaintive bleating of sheep and goats, the trampling of hoofs, the clink of money on the counters, the hundred and one cries of a multitude of men and beasts. Here all was hushed: the very children played in silence in the sunshine. This it was that gave a strange, an almost uncanny shadowiness to the scene: we looked down on a city throbbing with life, and the silence of the desert was around us.

I turned my eyes away from the crowded city at our feet and looked at Roy, opening my lips to ask a question, when I saw his right hand suddenly tighten over the instrument.

"Clive," he said without turning round,—and I knew his voice was calm only through the excess of his emotion—"Clive, did you see Mount Olivet?"

I returned to the telescope.

"Yes. It is that further hill, is it not, dark with olive trees and myrtles and,—Ah, what are those white spots, like tents, dotted all over the mount?"

Still very quietly Roy answered: "They are tents—the tents of the pilgrims of the Passover."

"The Passover! O Roy, are we in time, then, after all? In time? And are these the Easter-days of Christ?"

Roy lifted his large eyes to mine and I read hope in their depths.

not. We must wait. If we shall know soon, we shall see the entry into the city, the crucifixion, and death of the Son of Man. He passed by us, and a fever-haze blurred all around us. Jerusalem rising to a new life in the burning glare of mid-day, and again at Jerusalem awaking when the sunset hours lengthened the shadows of the hills and evening breezes wafted over the city the fragrance of oleanders and citron trees, and the white hyacinths of the valley. We saw priests and doctors of the law, Pharisees and Sadducees, walking gravely in the streets or standing in groups on the terraces or in the courts of the Temple; we saw the labourer go forth into his vineyard and the merchant returning to his home, and at sunset we watched the white roofs of the city people themselves with a multitude of men, women and children, Jew and Gentile, princes of Israel and Roman patricians, Greek dancing girls and Hebrew maidens, each one awaiting the coolness of night and its peace.

But the Man of Nazareth we saw not, and the Earth slowly went one further step in her eternal course, hiding the Holy Land from our view in the darkness beyond the sun. And not a sign was given us whereby we might know if mankind's supreme tragedy had yet been enacted in its midst, if the tree of the Cross had been raised aloft on Calvary, or if Jerusalem, Jerusalem that killed the prophets and stoned them that were sent unto her, had not yet given over to torture and slow death. He who came to say that God is Love.

IX.

With the falling of night over the Holy Land, Roy's little flame of hope died out. Conscious at last of an immense lassitude, he flung himself down on the hot sand and for hours lay quite still, with eyes closed and lips moving as with the murmur of dreams. But I knew him to be awake and despairing. I was myself weary unto death, but sleep was impossible: I sat down by the side of Roy and listened to the first sounds of returning day, the invisible winged choir that psalmodied its matins beneath the forest arches.

And as I sat there a strange peace came over me, the peace of the dawn, or of night, the peace that comes with the moon and the rustle of foliage and all those visions best seen in darkest hours. I was on Earth once more, and Estrella's

hand clasped mine. It was night, night as we know it on our sombre planet, a night illumined by a solitary moon poised high above our heads. We stood together in a garden of the East, a garden wherein crimson lilies and white cyclamen blossomed against the dark background of myrtles and olive trees.... We were alone, yet not alone, for a presence stood with us in the garden, as of a man, white-robed and dimly seen in the darkening path.... And we knew that from this presence came peace, a peace more intense than the stillness of night, more gentle than the whispering of forests at dawn, holier than mother's love and sweeter than lisping of babes. I closed my eyes in a delicious dream, and when I opened them once more, lo! The presence was still by my side, not visibly as in the Eastern garden beneath the olive trees, but felt, felt as we feel the sunshine on our faces, or the kisses of the Beloved..... My weariness was past, and a sense of coming wonders made me glad.

I burned with impatience for the coming of night. Shortly after our sunset, Dawn would break on Earth over the Mediterranean shores, and for nearly twelve hours* the Holy Land would lie at our feet, spreading out its hills and its valleys, its rivers, lakes, cities, and gardens to the magic illumination of Eastern sunshine. Once more we would see the sun rising over Zion, once more we would scan the streets of the holy city, Jerusalem, and all the little white towns by the lakeside—Magdala, Gennesareth, Bethsaida,—for one glimpse of the prophet of Galilee as 'he passed, doing good,' on the road that led to Calvary.

Never had the day seemed so long, never had our sun-star burnt so implacably white in a cloudless heaven. I aroused Roy from the semitorpor into which he had fallen, and together we crept under the shelter of the trees.

Yet in spite of the intense heat and the blinding glare of the plain, blood-red beneath a white-hot sky, many a time during the day did I venture out of the forest and, adjusting the telescope (I now understood its mechanism, marvellous in its perfect simplicity) I gazed at the sight so familiar yet so unfamiliar to human eyes—the Earth of the past—the Earth of nineteen hundred years ago.

I saw the busy life of East and West centering on the Mediterranean shores—Athens the Beautiful with her sublime Parthenon, and that greater glory, the Academy where Plato taught the soul's immortality, Alexandria, the teacher of nations, keeping watch over the sea, Antioch, the city of

* The day on Earth, as seen from Kallistos, was a little less than twelve hours in length, owing to atmospheric refraction, which blurred the outlines at sunrise and sunset and thus made observation extremely difficult.

palaces and marble colonnades, Palmyra the Proud enthroned in the desert like a solitary queen, Tyre the Magnificent girted with temples as with a citadel.... I saw the first touch of the dawn awaken the Grecian isles, Delos the Fair, still asleep under her glittering veil of dew, Salamine the Immortal Samos, consecrated to the Mother of all the gods, Cythera, the garden of Venus, Patmos, as yet unsanctified by the footsteps of John, the loving disciple and seer of wondrous visions.... I saw the sun-bathed deserts of Arabia, lately traversed by the wise men of the East who had come to worship the new-born Child. Caravans of pilgrims, or merchants of ivory and gold and rare Indian spices now crossed it in long tortuous lines; and as I looked I seemed almost to feel the great heat-throbs of the burning plains, almost to hear the tinkling of camel bells in the great silence of the desert.... I saw the wonderful old Roman world spreading from the city of seven hills on the Tiber to the extremities of the world: Imperial Rome guarded, like Jerusalem, by Nature's lofty fortresses, the eternal hills: double-crested Capitoline with the great temple of Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva, Mount Palatine crowned with the marble palaces of the patricians, the Alban mounts, the Sabine hills, the towering Apennines.... I saw, between the Palatine and the Capitol, the famous *Forum Romanum*, centre of the ancient world, with the Senate house, the shrine of Vesta, the temple of Castor and Pollux; farther away, the open space of the Circus Maximus, and by the banks of the Tiber the plain of Mars, where at this very moment—it being the seventh hour of the day in Rome—the young nobles were engaged in various sports, some leaping or wrestling, others throwing the *discus* or the ball.... I saw the bay of Neapolis, radiantly beautiful then as now as it nestled between the double azure of sea and sky. To the south-west lay Micenum with a host of Roman galleys within its port, some going out, some coming in with sails spread to the breeze like the great wings of sea birds; while, trustfully resting at the foot of Vesuvius, Herculaneum and Pompeii smiled in the sunshine, awaiting their fate.

With eager eyes I searched the Northern hemisphere for a glimpse of the sea-guarded isles that were one day to be called Britain, and to help rule the world. But although later on I saw its white cliffs and forest-covered plains, and the wild, free people that lived and fought in that far away past, yet on that day all the British isles and the North-west part of Gaul were under a mass of trailing clouds which, lit from above by the sun, looked like a vast continent of moving snow.

I saw the sun rise and set over the Atlantic Ocean, the abyss of water which as yet no sail

had crossed. I saw light and dark, the wonderful civilisation of the semi-savages inhabiting once more the Pacific depths towards the west, appeared in the light of the empire, my Arabia, and, then—Palestine.

Immediately I directed the electric light that the holy city sprang into view, it seemed, but six hundred feet. As the sun-ray flashed on the Tower of David I instantly turned towards Roy, who had joined me on the edge of the oasis and was sitting on a fallen tree with his face hidden in his hands. So weary did he look, so utterly spent, that I did not call him, but turned once more to the telescope.

The sun had risen over Jerusalem. On Mount Olivet the pilgrims' tents still dotted with white spots the dark green slopes of the mountain, and in the calm morning air the smoke of their fires rose in thin, transparent columns, like incense in the Temple not made with hands.

From Mount Olivet my glance wandered back to Mount Moriah and the temple of whose royal magnificence not a stone would soon be left unturned to tell of the glory that was past. In spirit I roamed within its hallowed precincts, entered the gates of cedarwood and gold, passed under the porch of Solomon, ascending from terrace to terrace, from court to court, from the court of the Gentiles to that of the Israelites, from the court of the women to that of the priests, until I stood within the Holy of Holies where no man might enter save the high-priest alone, and wherein Jehovah dwelt, solitary.

And as I looked thus, dreaming, my eyes were drawn to a group of rabbis standing together, apparently in deep converse, on the steps that led to the court of the priests. Once more I augmented the electric current so that the temple seemed only a hundred feet distant, and with eager glance I searched the group of holy men. They wore the garments of the pharisaical sect, with deeply fringed robes and flowing mantles, and the broad phylacteries attached to the forehead and left arm. Somewhat apart from them, on the last step of all, stood a white-clad solitary figure—a man slender, and tall, with dark flowing hair and eyes uplifted to the blue overhead. A tremor ran through me, followed by an undefinable sense of peace and serenity, a joy too great for words.

Without moving I called out: "Roy!"

There must have been an appeal in my voice, for immediately he rose and came to my side. He looked—one moment—two—three.... How he was! Then suddenly, with a great cry of gladness, he knelt in worship and in prayer.

the bride when the
ad no hesitation and
knew Him to be the
had come from the
crossing the

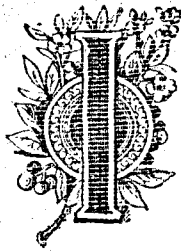
been alone, Roy and I, and my
highly wrought mood been present,
red whence we derived our assurance,
and have been powerless to answer
him. This figure that stood on the steps of the
temple, white against the white background of
its terraces, was of a man—solitary, silent. Yet
the sweet, ineffable dignity of his bearing pro-
claimed his kingship more triumphantly than a
whole legion of angels and seraphim, and the
look in his eyes as they rested over the farthest
hills, revealed the seer and saint more clearly
than any golden nimbus woven of sun-rays and
fire.

We knew Him for the Son of the Father, the
Elder Brother of Man, the Healer of the People,
the Teacher of divine wisdom, the beloved Master
of all, who sin and repent and seek forgiveness in
tears. We saw Him the Man most beloved of all
the sons of men, the prophet of Galilee for whose
sake men and women and little children had
gladly died in that wonderful past now born
anew before our eyes, the Man in whose name
wars had been waged and empires overthrown,
the Man in whose name also every deed of per-
fect charity had been accomplished in the last
two thousand years. We saw Him, we saw Him
not in a dream, with the eyes of love, not in a
vision with the eyes of faith, but living and
breathing before us; we saw Him as we saw the
flowers at our feet, the trees above our heads.
Time and Space were annihilated, and for one
unforgettable moment, across the centuries that
separated us across the myriads of miles that
divided us, we stood face to face with Him,
gazing deep into His eyes.

"The great and tender eyes, sad with our
sinning."

Jane Evans, a colored woman aged 73, has
just graduated from the Hillhouse evening
school, New Haven, Conn., winning the prize
award among 250 pupils. She is an ex-slave,
and for years her great desire has been to be able
to read, for her own improvement. Apparently
she was a hard-working woman, and had to wait
for the enforced leisure of old age. It is a fine
instance of will-power and perseverance.

Victoria Women's Memorial Hospital, Bellary.



It is but meet that mention
should be made in the columns
of this magazine of the good
work that is being silently and
unostentatiously done by some
of the English ladies in the
station.

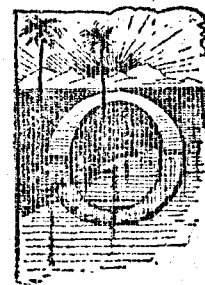
The Victoria Women's Memo-
rial Hospital is an institution
that owes its origin and existence to the efforts
of the English ladies. Early in the year 1901,
after the demise of Her Most Gracious Majesty
Queen Victoria, there was evinced all over the
Empire a desire to perpetuate the name and
memory of the good queen in some suitable
manner. Considering the interest which Her
late Majesty took in the welfare of the women
of India, H. E. Lady Amphill suggested, that
the women of this Presidency should raise a
sum of money for a memorial to Queen Victoria
and that this memorial should take the form of
an additional number of beds in the Victoria
Caste and Gosha Hospital, Madras. In accord-
ance with Lady Amphill's desire Mrs. Carr, wife
of the then Collector of Bellary, started in April
1901 a subscription list amongst the Women of
the Bellary District. By the end of July 1901
it was found that the collections in the Bellary
District were highly satisfactory. After sending
Rs. 6,000 to the central hospital at Madras the
balance was retained for local charitable pur-
poses. On the 10th July, 1902, a public meeting
of all persons interested in the matter was held
under the presidency of Mrs. Carr and it was
decided to construct a hospital exclusively for
women. On the 31st July, 1902 the foundation
stone of this building was laid by Mrs. Carr, on
the eve of her departure from this district.
Several charitable gentlemen of the town made
substantial contributions towards the cost of
the building. When the building was construct-
ing additional funds were needed. Her High-
ness the Maha Rani, the late regent of Mysore
and the late lamented second Princess of that
premier state gave substantial help. In August
1903 the building was formally opened by H. E.
Lady Amphill, during her visit to Bellary.
Owing to want of outhouses and quarters for
the lady-doctor, work could not be started
at once. These were completed and the hospital
was opened for in and out patients in August
1904; and it has had an average daily attend-
ance of 100 patients. The lady-doctor for the
hospital is Mrs. Carmady. The hospital which
is maintained by the Municipality is under the

general supervision of an influential Committee
of ladies and gentlemen. To meet the cost of
certain additional buildings to the hospital such
as operation and dispensing rooms and out-
houses and servant quarters, a fête was held in
November last by the European ladies in the
station. The fête was a great success and a net
profit of over Rs. 1,600 was realised. In the
course of the year these additions will be com-
pleted. Great credit is due to Mrs. Cowie, the
President, Mrs. Forbes and Miss Haskard for
their zeal and unremitting interest in the welfare
of the hospital. I cannot conclude this sketch
without mentioning the patent circumstance
that there is not one Hindu or Mussalman lady
on the committee. The omission is due to the
well-known fact that there is not a single lady of
these communities who can speak English and
take part in its deliberations.

A Member of the Committee.

The National Indian Association. (Madras Branch).

I.—A DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.



Thursday the 16th inst.
through the kindness of
Mrs. Subrahmanyam, the
distribution of prizes to the
"Home Education" pupils
of the National Indian
Association was held in
her house in the Luz, to
which many English and Indian ladies were
invited. The programme commenced with a
Tamil song by Lakshmiammal and was followed
by a short recitation with great clearness by
Gundammal, who also played on the violin, and
sang a duet with Sundrammal, who had pre-
viously delighted the audience with a dainty
violin solo.

THE REPORT.

Mrs. Gordon then read the Report from which
we take the following extracts:—

The Home Education classes completed the
23rd year of their existence in 1904 and are in a
progressive condition. The staff consists of the
Superintendent, Mrs. Gordon, and four Assist-
ants, against three in 1903. Each member of
the staff is of the Upper Secondary grade and is

trained. All have worked hard
during the year. Mrs. Gordon
examines the pupils regularly
the admission of pupils, and
The members of the staff at-
tend to the time-tables, the
Secretary for the work.
advise for their work.
for the classes is a collection of
illustrated papers, for illustrating
simple but good and, if possible,
patterns of art needle work and
drawing copies. The members of the Associa-
tion would render valuable assistance, if they
would be so good as to send such things
to the Honorary Lady Secretary. The latter
has visited many of the pupils in their homes
and has examined almost all of them there
during the year. A good many of the pupils
have returned these visits. It is very satisfac-
tory that the standard of the classes has risen to
Form III, so that they now contain a complete
set of Lower Secondary Forms. The Director
notes with pleasure the testimony borne by the
Inspectress to the progress that the classes
made during the year, and hopes that this pro-
gress will be sustained. The members of the
Association showed their usual generosity in
subscribing for prizes, and many valuable and
handsome ones were won by the pupils, who
had worked hard for them and valued them
highly.

MRS. BENSON'S SPEECH.

The prizes which were very handsome were
distributed by Mrs. Benson, who addressed the
ladies as follows:—

The Report of the "Home Education"
classes is this year quite the best and most
encouraging we have ever had, and must be a
matter of pride and gratification to Mrs.
Gordon who has for so many years worked very
zealously for the welfare and advancement of
the pupils. We congratulate her and her four
assistants on the good work done. They will, I
know, recognise that great impetus was given to
the "Home Education" classes by Mrs.
Brander, when she became the Honorary
Secretary of the National Indian Association.
Her long experience and the trust and confi-
dence she has won among all classes with whom
she has worked, have enabled her to rouse a
certain number of native gentlemen to a sense
of the responsibility they owe to their girls,
and so the number of pupils has risen from
30 to 51. As the President said at the Annual
Meeting—"If this proportionate rate of pro-
gress could be maintained, according to a little
calculation he had made, they would, at the end
of six years, have over 1,000 pupils in the

as if this year was to be an Indian ladies' as regards advancement. The education and there for years past in and classes and homes over it has not yet taken root and has not as it were for lectured. Those

ne Reports on

INDIAN LADIES' CONFERENCE

ay last December, must have been struck with the excellent organisation shown, with the speeches delivered and with the numbers of able educated Indian women gathered together. We read that the Framji Cowasji Hall was literally packed, and many who came late had to stand. The galleries too were full. No male was allowed entrance. The meeting was solely managed by ladies. Could the proceedings have been carried on in the Empire language, English, and you know English better, the speeches would undoubtedly have had a more far reaching influence, for few of us here know Marathi, Urdu, and Gujarathi, and I do not know if they have yet been translated into Tamil, Telugu, Canarese, and Malayalam. One great reason why we want you all to learn English quickly and well is that you may not only have intercourse with English ladies, but with your own country women all over India. Do not think that English ladies do not learn Tamil and Telugu because they are lazy, and will not take the trouble. That it is not a British characteristic. It is because there are too many languages in India, and we move about from place to place all our lives till just before the end of our husbands' service, and in order to speak to all the Indian ladies we should like to converse with, we should, in this Presidency, have to learn at least five languages.

The only way out of the difficulty is for Indian ladies to learn English, the Empire language. It will enable you to be more on a mental equality with your husbands, and so enhance the happiness of your married life. It will enable you to teach your sons English at home as tiny little fellows, and that will give them a great advantage when they first go to school and will help them to get on much more quickly. It will provide you with excellent books to amuse and instruct you and to help you to bring up your children with healthy bodies and minds. This is a very difficult duty—the right way to bring up children—which requires much study and thought, specially the bringing up of boys. If they are indulged, and spoiled in infancy and childhood they are given a very bad start, and will suffer many troubles at School and College before their faults are

corrected; and bad faults fostered in early life, are they ever entirely overcome? There are not such good books on those subjects in any of the Vernaculars as in English. You will also be able to read of what the best women are doing all over the world to help their own people and cities. Many of you here do nothing outside your own houses. Now Mrs. Ranade, wife of a former High Court Judge in Bombay, and President of the Women's Conference, tells you how educated women of means and leisure should work for the benefit of their less fortunate sisters, and reminds you of the way in which distinguished ladies set to work in former times. She gave the example of the great-grand-mother of the Chief of Ichalkaranji. She was known as a *Sadhvi* (a pious and religious lady). The first duty she performed in the morning was to go to the holy watering place known as Punch Gangaji. On her way there she called at the huts of the poor, and inquired after their wants. She would not even hesitate to render personal service to sick persons of whatever low class they might be. She would then go round temples and *dharamshalas*, and would only break her fast after making proper arrangements for feeding the poor and distressed travellers. At noon she would read religious books. . . . But an example like this was not to be found only in high life. There were numerous examples to be found in the middle. Mrs. Ranade went on to suggest that Indian ladies now should visit local hospitals once or twice a month, four experienced grown-up ladies together, and enquire after the comforts of the women and children there; that they should undertake to visit girls' schools, and see for themselves that the children were well behaved and taught good manners. She opened a wide field for beneficent occupation when she alluded to the care of orphans, and destitute women. All this she advised as following in the steps of former pious and religious Hindu women. It is sad and strange to note how completely this sort of benevolence has vanished from the lives of Hindu women to-day; but with education it may be restored to you again, and your own country and your own people will benefit by your works.

As it is, your lives are very much spent in your own homes, and, compared with us, you very seldom go out to see even the sights of your own city. It is, therefore, all the more necessary that you should be well educated, in order to make the very most of yourselves and the very best of your homes—to make each home a "Home, Sweet Home." India is the land of beautiful things, beautiful buildings, beautiful carvings, beautiful carpets, beautiful embroideries, beautiful hand woven cotton and silk cloths. Do you adorn your houses and

persons with these beautiful things? I have seen most expensive and valuable jewelry, and beautiful silk cloths, but not many beautiful embroideries, carvings, or carpets in your houses. You might do so much to encourage and help the arts and crafts, the weavers, embroiderers, and carpet makers of India if you would beautify your homes with their works. It will open your eyes to the wonders of Indian Art if you will subscribe to a magazine called the *Journal of Indian Art* which costs only Rs. 7-8 a year, and was started some years ago by Lord Ripon's Government on purpose to help and foster the love of Indian art. You can get it through Messrs. Combridge and Co., of Madras. With such a guide in the house your taste in needlework and embroidery will improve, and instead of working parrots and tigers and wool mats in Berlin wool, you will be longing to embroider designs like the beautiful flower tapestries on the marbles in the Taj, and to rival the beautiful colourings of Cashmere and Benares curios and purdahs with the bright silks and cottons of your own country.

THE LOVE OF NATURE.

I believe most of you take in Mrs. Saththianadhan's excellent *Indian Ladies' Magazine*. Do you remember in it the Parsi lady's remarks on Mrs. Ranade's address? She writes—"It is good to help the widow and teach the orphan, but there are also other ways in which women could make themselves useful and render their own lives more full and happy. The love of Nature, and the love of the beautiful could be created in them with a corresponding increase of happiness, and that at little or no cost. All nature is full of beauty, but we have not the eyes to see it, and we thus miss a source of the purest joy and inspiration. The blowing rose, the gold and fire of the sunset, the rippling waves on the shore, these and the like of these which send a thrill of delight through the frame, leave the uneducated sense cold and unmoved. If painting and music were largely taught in our schools how soon would a generation grow up steeped in the sense of colour, loveliness and harmony and how beautiful your homes would soon become?" I am glad to learn from Mrs. Brander that brush work with colour is to be taught in your classes; this will soon attract your observation to flowers, and leaves, and shadows and lights. Writing of the results of the teaching of brush-work on the pupils of an Elementary School in London, the Head-master said:—"One of the most important effects of the system is that it opens the eyes of the pupils to the world of colour in which they live. It is with the greatest pleasure that I find a group of students in the playground admiring the glories of a sunset, or watching the alterna-

tions of light and shade on the buildings. It has cultivated observation, desire to reproduce what they see, note books in which they sketch anything which they can make designs." I hope many of you about flower painting, such as a prize (Flower painting a series of 4s. 5d. each) and you will have the greatest delight in trying to paint the flowers and leaves that grow in your garden. I have a saying that "workless life is a worthless life" and, without changing your sphere, there is a very great deal more of interest and enjoyment, as well as work that you can put into your lives if you will only realise the opportunities around you, and live your life so as to make the most of your time and talents. You may think it is possible for an English lady to know what Indian ladies can do, or be, and for that reason I have not given you my words or advice, but have quoted entirely from the speech and writings of two Indian ladies—words addressed by Indian ladies to Indian ladies. We, English ladies, I am sure, sympathise greatly with these words, and wish you every success in your studies, and in all the efforts which, we hope, you will continue to make to carry them into effect.

Miss Carr then proposed a vote of thanks to Mrs. Benson, and the programme ended with a piano solo by Mrs. Subrahmanyam's niece and the National Anthem. Afterwards the guests partook of refreshments in the beautiful grounds of the "Hermitage," which formed a perfect setting for the bright costumes of the Indian ladies.

Lady Henry Somerset, in a recent article on the simple life, says: "It would be interesting to analyze how much real happiness comes to the man who has made or inherited a large fortune, and feels it necessary to live in what is called 'adequate style.' He builds himself a palace, engages a troop of servants, begins to collect pictures, furniture and objects of art, and he little knows that he is heaping upon himself a world of trouble. A man with a moderate income, who has no requirements beyond those which he can well supply, who lives in a house where his things give him no anxiety, but in refined, tasteful and simple surroundings, who can afford to see his own friends because he cares for them, and not a host of people who have to be asked because it is the right thing that they should be seen at his house, is the really happy man."

National Indian Association.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE
BRANCH OF THE BOMBAY
ASSOCIATION

THE annual general meeting of the Ladies' Branch of the National Indian Association took place at Government House on 23rd March. Owing to H. E. Lady Lamington's indisposition Lady Jenkins was in the chair. There were also present the following members of the Executive Committee:—

Lady Jehanghir, Lady Petit, Mrs. Budroodin Tyapji, Mrs. Childe, Mrs. Rustomji Behramji Jijibhoy, Mrs. Aston, Mrs. C. A. Abdoolatif, Mrs. Collic and Mrs. Slalen. Honorary Secretaries: Miss Manockji Cursetji and Mrs. Stanley Reed. Work Guild Secretary: Mrs. Weldon. Members: Miss Zain Abeedcenshah, Miss Abbott, Mrs. Anderson, Miss Benson, M.D.; Cifsedhai S. Batliwalla, Mrs. Sorabji Bastawalla, Madam De Bure, Mrs. J. D. Cama, Mrs. Deane, Miss F. R. Desai, Mrs. Du Boulay, Mrs. Geary, Miss Green, Miss Jamsetji Jijibhoy, Miss Jerbai J. C. Jijibhoy, Miss Khursedhai, J. C. Jijibhoy, Miss J. Cowasji Jehanghir, Miss Jan Mahomed Ismail, Mrs (Dri) Karmakar, Miss Bhicaji Khan, Miss Millard, Mrs. Munchersha S. Mehta, Dinshah Begum Nawab Mirza, Miss M. P. Mody, Mrs. Aga Munchoorsha, Mrs. Anabhoj Nusservanji, Mrs. Nicombe, Mrs. N. M. Patel, Mrs. Bomanji D. Petit, Mrs. Rustomji S. Pauwalla, Mrs. Kavasha S. Pauwalla, Miss Framji D. Petit, Mrs. Dhunji-bai B. Petit, Miss Bomanji D. Petit, Mrs. P. N. Petit, Mrs. Payne, Mrs. P. G. Pasta, Miss Jalbbhai A. Sutt, Mrs. Ameerudin Tyabji, Mrs. D. J. Tata, Miss E. D. Talati, Miss D. E. Wacha, Mrs. Cursetji J. A. Wadia, Miss Jamsetji A. Wadia, and Mrs. J. P. Watson. Visitors: Mrs. H. J. Bhābha, Mrs. Lambourne, Miss Farook-shah and Miss Zain U. Abidishah.

Miss Manockji Cursetji read the report of the Executive Committee for the year ended 31st December, 1904, in the course of which it was stated:—

Five Committee Meetings were held during the year. Lady Jenkins kindly lent the use of her bungalow for one, Mrs. Aston for two, Mrs. Sassoon for one, and Mrs. Budroodin Tyabji for one. The sum of Rs. 500 for the fund of the Adams Wylie Hospital, which was sanctioned at the annual general meeting last year was for-

warded to and gratefully accepted by Mrs. Adams Wylie. Our Queen-Empress Victoria Scholarship Fund of Rs. 20 per month had been divided between Nurse-pupil Rutnabai Satpadea and Kassibai Randalker, of the Cama Hospital, but after an eight months' course the latter ceased to take tuition. The former, we are glad to announce, completed her course of eighteen months last August, and is now a nurse on the staff of the Cama Hospital. A Bene-Israel Nurse-pupil, named Sophie Judah, was strongly recommended by Sister Eleanor Mary, as very deserving of help. Her training fees of Rs. 20 a month are, therefore, since February of the current year, being paid for by our Association at the Sir Jamsetjee Jijibhoy Hospital. On behalf of the Association in last March a letter of condolence on the death of her husband was sent to Lady Scott. It was she who first advised the formation of this branch. Although it is many years since she left Bombay, she has never ceased to take a deep interest in the people of this country.

Owing to the absence of several members, no Executive Committee Meeting took place in July; therefore through a circular to the members, the resignation of Miss Hunt, M.A., custodian of our little library, tendered because of her departure for England, was accepted, and a vote of thanks was forwarded to her. Sanctioned by our President, Lady Lamington, Miss Green, Lady Superintendent of the Alexandra Institution was requested to become a member of the Association and to be custodian of the library. This she has kindly consented to do. Mrs. Batty, Miss Wilson and Mr. Velinker, as Joint Honorary Secretaries, applied on behalf of a Committee consisting of Professor Covernton, Mr. J. Macdonald and others, for a contribution to help the hard-worked and ill paid female teachers of Municipal schools, the majority of whom were declared to receive no more than Rs. 10 a month. So, with a view to fulfil the two main objects of our Association, viz., the promotion of education and benevolence, we sent the asked-for contribution of Rs. 100 (one hundred). Mr. Velinker, Honorary Secretary of the Teachers' Association, wrote to us in August that a number of lady teachers could not afford to join their Association and that formerly our Association, to help such teachers, gave Rs. 100 a year; but were we now to give an annual grant of Rs. 25 a year, they would allow us the right to nominate ten lady teachers to be enrolled as members of the teachers' Association free of charge, and further, they would submit to us a list of those teachers who will be glad to have the benefit of our privilege. We agreed to this, and sent the sum of Rs. 25 as desired. Our Honorary Treasurer, the honourable Mr. D. R. Chichghur, wrote that

he would be pleased if a wedding gift could be given to his clerk, Mr. Wagle, who kept the accounts of our Association. We accordingly sent Rs. 30 for the gift. Dr. N. S. Choksy, the physician in charge of the Arthur Road Hospital, kindly wrote offering to present 100 copies of his pamphlet: "Some Common-sense Views of Plague" to some of our members elected by him. This kindness we availed ourselves of with thanks.

Mrs. Dyson being compelled to leave Bombay, sent in her resignation, which was accepted with much regret, for she had been a zealous and sympathetic co-Secretary. A vote of thanks was passed to her. Mrs. Stanley Reed kindly agreed to fill the vacancy. Miss Meakin, having been transferred to Calcutta, resigned her office of Lecture Secretary. A vote of thanks was accorded to her. Mrs. Jehanghir B. Petit kindly consented to fill this vacancy. Mrs. Sassoon, being compelled to prolong her stay in England, Mrs. Aston has been requested to be the acting Vice-President and has gladly agreed so to act. Mrs. B. N. Bhajeker, Secretary of the National Social and Presidency Reform Association, desired our Association to help the formation of a ladies' national gathering, organizing such philanthropic institutions as Hygiene Societies, temperance associations, visiting the poor, ministering to the wants of the sick and lepers, supervising arrangements of hospitals and railway stations, advancement of female education, in fact doing all such works of benevolence as European and American highly educated ladies are performing after centuries of culture. We replied that not for fifty years more female education in India will be advanced enough to attain the high intellectual and exalted spiritual culture needed for such patriotic works, and to remove that great obstacle of caste and creed, to create thereby such a national conference as was desired; therefore our Association did not deem the time yet come to organize any such scheme. Miss Edge (now Mrs. Anderson) asked our Association to promote the object: "The Daughters and Children of the Empire," but we considered this order too elaborate, and consequently beyond the scope of our Association.

There were four parties given during the year, where all our members were invited—First on 11th January, 1904, by Dr. (Miss) Meakin, as President of the Registered Medical Women's Association, to meet Mrs. Peechey Phipson, M. D. It was an evening party, and took place in the compound of the Cama Hospital. It ended with an interesting address by Mrs. Peechey Phipson. One of the features of this party was that it was not confined to ladies only, but there were gentlemen guests as well. The ladies, however, had a separate room assigned to

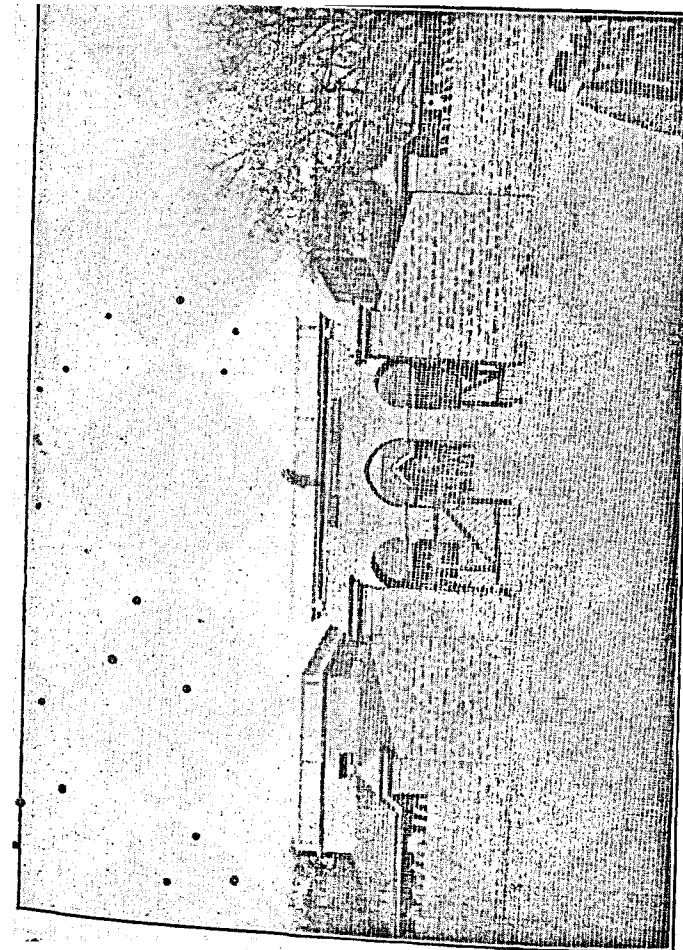
them from where they enjoyed the music of the band, and heard Mrs. Phipson's address. The second and third parties were given by H. E. Lady Lamington on 28th January and 24th February. The entertainments consisted of the Governor's Land, also of music and singing in the drawing room. The fourth party, of 11th March, was given by Mrs. Budroodin Tyabji to meet Lady Lamington and in honour of the birth of her Excellency's birth Mrs. Macmillan sang many stirring Scotch songs; there was also a string band, and badminton and lawn tennis promoted much sociability among the Indian and English guests. Messrs. Macmillan and Co. are to be thanked for contributing during this year also, seven books for our library at the Alexandra Institution. Contributions of books for it from members and friends will be much appreciated, because many teachers take advantage of the books. We are grateful to the directors of the Alexandra Institution for continuing to let our library be located at that Institution.

The following are the Scholarship winners for the year:—The Scholarships of Rs. 5 each per mensem—Bazeji Behramji Balliwalla, and Dhunbai Maneckji Karagat, both of the Alexandra Institution. Two Scholarships each of Rs. 3 per mensem—Goolbai Dadabhai Choksy and Tamina Shapoorji Tadiwalla, both of the Merwanji Sett's Girls' School. Our scholarship of Rs. 10, for female candidates of Bombay in the junior Secondary Teachers' Examination, has not been awarded, because no female candidate of Bombay passed the examination. We avail ourselves of this opportunity to thank Mr. R. D. Prior, M. A., for making as usual all the arrangements relative to these scholarships through the Government Educational Department.

At the end of the last year there were 148 members. During the current year 35 were elected, 18 resigned and 2 died. Total existing is 8 life members and annual members 105, in all 173. We record with much regret the death of Mrs. Mulji Barbhaya who, in the beginning of this Branch, 14 years ago was for more than 2 years one of the co-Secretaries, and ever since had been a zealous member of our Executive Committee. A letter of condolence has been sent to her husband for this sad event, and he has acknowledged the same with thanks. It gratifies us to announce that our account shows a balance in our favour of Rs. 2,883-6-7.

Mr. Stanley Reed read the following Report on the lectures for 1904:—

The first lecture took place on 25th January at Lady Jenkins' Goolshan, Peddar Road. The lecturer was Mrs. Meakin, M. D., first physician of the Cama and the Ables Hospital. She discoursed on "The Human Skeleton," and



VICTORIA WOMEN'S MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, BELLARY.
(File page 302.)

indifferent health which, we are sorry, is compelling her to go home at last. Our sorrow, however, is mitigated by the knowledge that she will be away from us only for a short time. Unhappily she has not been able to preside at this meeting to-day, yet on behalf of myself and all the members of this Association we will ask Lady Jenkins to convey to her Excellency our cordial best wishes for a safe and a pleasant voyage, a health restoring sojourn at home and with a speedy return amidst us to resume her private and public duties with renewed zeal and vigour. We will not bid her good-bye but only an "au revoir."

The meeting closed with a vote of thanks to Lady Jenkins for presiding.—*The Times of India.*

State Scholarships for Widows in Mysore.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE GOVERNMENT OF HIS HIGHNESS THE MAHARAJA OF MYSORE.

Read.—Letter No. 7115-423, dated the 9th February 1905, from the Inspector-General of Education in Mysore, submitting the information called for, in para 3 of Government Order, No. 6041-31 Ed. 36-03, dated the 17th January 1905, and requesting that the monthly grant of Rs. 100 from the State Fund already recommended to the Devaraj Bahadur Charity Education Fund, for awarding scholarships to widows may be sanctioned.

ORDER THEREON.

No. Fl. 6919-21—Edu. 232-04, dated Bangalore, 11th April 1905.

In Government Order No. 6041-31 Ed. 36-03, dated the 27th January 1905, the full income from the Devaraj Bahadur Charity Fund, viz., Rs. 2,500 per annum was ordered to be utilized for granting scholarships for the education of widows. But the Honorary Secretary of the Fund, Rai Bahadur Mr. A. Narasimmiengar represents that this amount is not sufficient to meet all the applications from the widows studying in the various schools of the State, and requests that a grant of Rs. 100 per mensem may be sanctioned from the State funds to supplement the income from the Devaraj Bahadur Charity Fund, and the Inspector-General of Education supports the request.

2. The Government of His Highness the Maharaja of Mysore consider that the time has arrived for definitely establishing a certain number of State scholarships exclusively for the education of widows under the direct control of

the Education Department, instead of making any grant to a quasi-private fund like the D. B. C. Fund. They are accordingly pleased to sanction the following scale of scholarships with effect from the 1st July 1905:

Class.	No. of Scholarships.	Rate of Scholarships.	Total cost involved.
I Standard	6	Rs. 3 each	Rs. 18
II do	6	4 "	24
III do	6	5 "	30
IV do	6	6 "	36
V do	6	7 "	42
Total	30	...	150 per mensem

In the case of widows learning English or Sanskrit, besides the Vernacular, the value of the above scholarships will be raised by a rupee each.

Besides the above scholarships, 12 guardian allowances of Rs. 4 each per mensem will be given, when necessary, in the case of the widows studying in standards III, IV, or V. This will amount to Rs. 48 per mensem.

3. The maximum additional cost thus required, viz., Rs. 228 per mensem or Rs. 2,736 per annum will be included in the Education State Fund Budget for 1905-06.

4. The following rules shall be observed in regard to the grant of the above scholarships:—

(1) These scholarships will be in addition to those at present awarded from the Devaraj Bahadur Charity Fund and will be available to the widow pupils to whom the Trustees of that Fund cannot grant any help on account of the limit of the income of the Fund.

(2) They will be granted to widows studying in the various schools of the State other than the Maharani's College at Mysore in which liberal scholarships are already being granted.

(3) The Managing Committees of the schools concerned will deal with the scholarships under the orders of the State Education Department.

(4) Scholarships not utilised in any one class may be utilised in any other class, provided that no scholarship is drawn in any class at a rate higher than that prescribed for that class.

(5) The list of the scholars will be revised at the commencement of every academical year by the Inspector-General of Education to whom also applications for scholarships should be sent.

5. The Inspector-General of Education is requested to insert a separate para in the annual report on Public Instruction in Mysore, showing the number of the widows actually benefited by the scheme and the amount spent each year.

(Sd.) B. K. VENKATACHARIENGAR,
Secretary.

illustrated her subject by diagrams, and a model of the human skeleton. The audience consisted of 64 members and 38 visitors, who were previous to the lecture, at the express desire of Lady Lamington, introduced to her Excellency. After the lecture her Excellency said she was very much pleased to have had an opportunity of hearing this instructive and interesting lecture, and at the same time of meeting so many members of the N. I. Association and their friends. The usual hospitality of refreshments followed the lecture.

The second lecture was given on 11th March at Mrs. Narotunddas Morarji's Shanti Bhavan. The Hon. Mr. Justice Chandavarkar was the lecturer. He chose for his subject "Ideals of Womanhood" as represented by our poets, and discussed the subject with so many apt similes and instructive quotations as to make it a literary treat. There were present 31 members and 26 visitors. After the lecture refreshments were served in the garden.

The third lecture was given on the 7th April, 1901, at Mrs. Rustom P. Tallyarkhan's bungalow. The lecturer was the Rev. R. S. Ledgard (junior). He discoursed on "The Solar System" in a very eloquent style, and made the subject more interesting by illustrating it with a theatre of perforated screens representing the various important bodies of the Solar system which had kindly been lent by Miss Aston. There were present 28 members and 12 visitors. The gathering closed with the serving of refreshments.

The fourth lecture took place on 21st July, at Mrs. Goverdhandas Goculdas Tejpal Hall. The lecturer was Captain R. Hutchinson, I. M. S. His subject was "Vegetarianism," and the masterly manner he handled the lecture resulted in much pleasure and interest, while the discussion which followed gave greater pleasure. There were 22 members and 15 visitors, who were all hospitably entertained.

The fifth and last lecture of the year took place on the 24th November at Mrs. Noormahomed Jirazzhoy Pabaney House. The lecturer was Dr. E. H. Hume. He chose for his theme "Certain American Ideals," which were so eloquently extolled by him with many humorous similes that the lecture left an exalting impression on his audience, which consisted of 33 members and 16 visitors, amongst whom the hospitality kindly dispensed promoted the usual sociability.

The account and report were unanimously adopted. The following resolutions were carried:

Proposed by Mrs. Rustomji Byramji Jijibhoy and seconded by Mrs. Childe: That a hearty vote

of thanks be tendered to Khan Bahadur D. R. Chichgar for his services as Honorary Treasurer, to Mr. Arthur Leslie for auditing the accounts of the Association, and to Mr. Barracough for auditing the accounts of the Work Guild; a vote of thanks being also accorded to the Executive Committee.

Proposed by Mrs. Aston, seconded by Mrs. Abdullatiff: That from our surplus of Rs. 2,383 a sum of Rs. 200 be given to Miss Ellenbaishah, the expense of whose medical education is to some extent being defrayed by the Lady Dufferin Fund and the Mission Fund. Mrs. Jackson, of the C. M. S. Girls' School, Girgaum, assures the Association that the Rs. 200, if given, will be a truly benevolent act, as it will enable Miss Ellenbaishah to purchase the costly books prescribed for the course of study she wishes to undertake.

The next resolution was proposed by Lady Jenkins who said: Ladies,—It now becomes my duty to propose the next resolution: a vote of thanks to her Excellency Lady Lamington, our President, for allowing this meeting to be held here to-day, at what must be great inconvenience to her and also for the hospitality she has extended to the members of the society. I think an interchange of hospitality, a most valuable factor in working out the objects of this Society, but I also feel that European members who would be anxious to entertain the members of the Society labour under the disadvantage that they probably do not possess the same facilities as the Indian ladies, and certainly have not the intimate knowledge of what custom requires to feel sure that they have secured conformity with it. I except of course the entertainments at Government House where matters are so carefully and skilfully arranged, that the susceptibilities of none can be touched, and it is the care that secures this end that makes our gratitude to Lady Lamington so much the greater. I now propose a hearty vote of thanks to her Excellency.

Lady Jehanghir, in seconding, said:—It is almost superfluous for me to second Lady Jenkins' proposition, since every face here already expresses a hearty seconding of the same. Her Excellency has by her innate power of sympathy proved herself an excellent President. She has well grasped the main object of this Association by doing her best to bring the rulers and the ruled together in a closer contact without a patronising spirit, making no difference of caste or creed. Her Excellency has so endeared herself not only in connection with this Association but has likewise spared no trouble to evince a like sympathy in all benevolent and educational institutions, admirably keeping all her appointments at them even when her dear children were seriously ill, and at times regardless of her

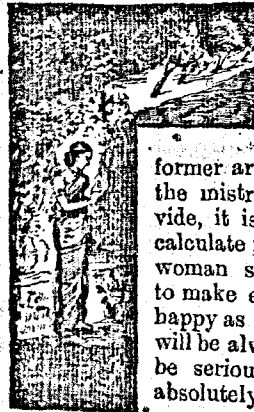


SAVITRI PLEADING FOR SATYVAN'S LIFE

(Vide page 3.6.)

(One of Mr. Ravi Varma's Pictures)

Mountain Echoes.



WE all know that life is made up chiefly of little pleasures and little pains. How many of the former are within the power of the mistress of a house to provide, it is almost impossible to calculate; but let any clever woman simply take it to heart to make everybody about her as happy as she can, and the result will be always wonderful. Never be serious in life unless it is absolutely necessary.

Courtesy is the passport to success. We double the power of our life when we add to its gifts unfailing courtesy. The fact that another man has a larger income than we have does not in the smallest degree affect the amount of ours. That he lives in luxury does not detract one iota from our comforts and pleasures. We may fancy that he must be happier on account of it, but we have no means of knowing that this is so. He may have cares and distractions which we could not endure, causes of grief of which we know absolutely nothing and for which not ten times his wealth would compensate us. We look at him and we feel poor; but perchance he also is looking at a still richer man, and feels as poor and discontented as we do. In any case nothing is altered by this unhealthy comparison, nor can it bring us aught but feelings of discontent, bitterness, envy and a thousand other causes of old age and wrinkles.

The best part of one's life is the performance of his daily duties. All higher motives, ideas, conceptions, sentiments in a man are of no account if they do not come forward to strengthen him for the better discharge of the duties which devolve upon him in the ordinary affairs of life.

'I'll pay you for that.'

A hen trod on a duck's foot. She did not mean to do it, and it did not hurt her much. But the duck said: 'I'll pay you for that.'

So the duck flew at the hen, but as she did so her wing struck an old goose who had the misfortune to stand close by. 'I'll pay you for that,' cried the goose and she flew at the duck.

but as she did so her foot tore the fur of a cat who was just then in the yard.

'I'll pay you for that,' said the cat and she started for the goose; but as she did so her claw caught in the fur of a dog.

'I'll pay you for that,' said he and jumped at the cat; but as he did so his leg struck an old cow who stood by the gate.

'I'll pay you for that,' cried she and ran at the dog, but as she did so her horns grazed the skin of a horse standing by a tree.

'I'll pay you for that,' cried he and rushed at the cow.

Good heavens! What a noise and tumult there was! The horse flew at the cow, the cow at the dog, the dog at the cat, the cat at the goose, the goose at the duck and the duck at the hen—all because the hen accidentally stepped on Miss Duck's toes!

"Hi, Hi! what's all this" cried the superior creature man who had the care of them. "I cannot tolerate all this. You may stay here," said he to the hen. But he drove the duck to the pond, the goose to the field, the cat to the barn, the dog to the house, the cow to her yard, and the horse to his stall.

And so all their good times were over because Miss Duck would not overlook a little hurt which was not intended. Fair reader, please draw your own moral!

Wit and Humour.

Dr. Hodge, of Princeton Theological Seminary, once asked a student for a definition of Eternity. The student after some hesitation, replied that he used to know the definition but had forgotten it. "Oh, my, my, my," exclaimed the Doctor bringing his hand down forcibly upon the table. "What a calamity! The only man in the world who ever knew what eternity is has forgotten."

A chemist was making up a series of powders for a sick child, one ingredient being Laudanum. He was accordingly using the utmost care in weighing this drug. This the child's mother observed and waxed indignant thereat. Said she "You needn't be so stingy. You might give a liberal measure to a poor mother's child."

Some time after the new Doctor in a Lunatic Asylum had entered upon his duties one of the inmates came up to him and said: "I like you better than the other one." "Why" said the gratified Doctor. "Because you are more like us" answered the lunatic.

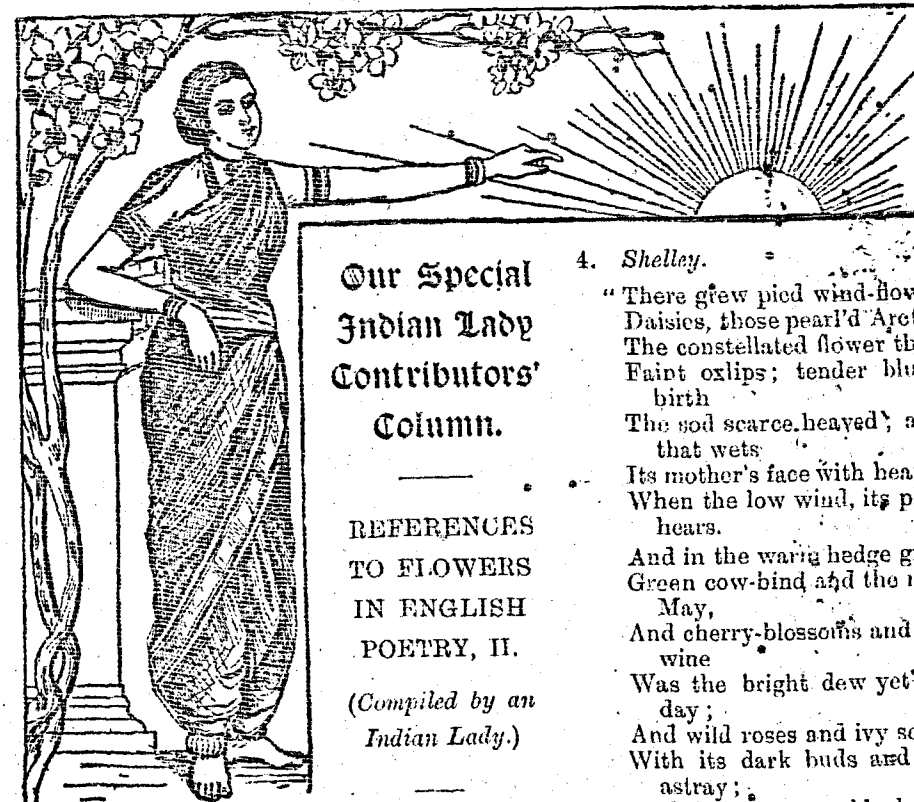
An Irish Minister, pleading earnestly with his parishioners for the construction of a cemetery for their parish, asked them to consider the "deplorable condition of ten thousand Irishmen living without Christian burial."

"And for what else was Julius Caesar noted?" asked the teacher. "His great strength, Sir"

said the student "because he threw a bridge across the Rhyno."

Little Rama—"I wish I hadn't quarrelled with my cousin this morning." Mother—"You see how wrong it was, don't you, dear." Rama—"Yes I didn't know till noon that he was going to give a party."

J. A. A.



Our Special Indian Lady Contributors' Column.

REFERENCES TO FLOWERS IN ENGLISH POETRY, II.

(Compiled by an Indian Lady.)

4. Shelley.

"There grew pied wind-flowers and violets,
Daisies, those pearl'd Arcturi of the earth,
The constellated flower that never sets;
Faint oxlips; tender blue-bells, at whose birth
The sod scarce heaved; and that fall flower
that wets
Its mother's face with heaven-collected tears,
When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it
hears.
And in the waving hedge grew lush eglantine,
Green cow-bind and the moonlight colour'd
May,
And cherry-blossoms and white cups, whose
wine
Was the bright dew yet drained not by the
day;
And wild roses and ivy serpentine
With its dark buds and leaves, wandering
astray;
And flowers azure, black and streak'd with
gold,
Fairer than any waken'd eyes behold.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge,
There grew broad flag flowers, purple prank'd
with white,
And starry river-buds among the sedge,
And floating water-lilies broad and bright,
Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge
With moonlight beams of their own watery
light;
And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep green
As soothed the dazzled eye with sober
shades.

Afterthought that of these visionary flowers
made a mosaic bound in such a way

Herrick.

3. Blossoms.

"Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here awhile
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night?
It was pity nature brought forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

That the same hues, which in their natural
bowers
Were mingled or opposed, the like array
Kept these imprison'd children of the hours
Within my hand,—and then, elate and gay,
I hasten'd to the spot whence I had come
That I might here present it—O! to
whom?"

5. "Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken,
Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when Thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on."

6. *Ruskin.*

"The path of a good woman is indeed
strewn with flowers; but they rise behind her
steps, not before them." "Her feet have touched
the meadows and left the daisies rosy."

You have heard it said that flowers only
flourish rightly in the garden of some one
who loves them. And do you not think it a
greater thing, that all this, you can do, for fairer
flowers than these—flowers that could bless you
for having blessed them, and will love you for
having loved them; flowers that have thoughts
like yours, and lives like yours. Far among the
moorlands and the rocks—far in the darkness of
the terrible streets,—these feeble florets are lying,
with all their fresh leaves torn and their stems
broken—will you never go down to them, nor
set them in order in their little fragrant beds
nor fence them, in their trembling, from the
fierce wind? Shall no dawn rise to breathe upon
these living banks of wood violet and woodbine
and rose? Will you not go down among those
sweet living things, whose purity, washed from
the dust, is opening, bud by bud, into the flower
of promise,—and still they turn to you and for
you, "The larkspur listens—I hear, I hear!
and the lily whispers—I wait."

RUSKIN.

7. *Shelley.*

"This song shall be thy rose; its petals pale
Are dead indeed, my adored nightingale!
But soft and fragrant is the faded blossom
And it has no thorn left to wound thy
bosom."

8. "The light clear element

Is heavy with scent of lemon flowers,
Which floats like mist laden with unseen
showers
And falls upon the eyelids like faint sleep;
And from the moss violets and jonquils
peep,
And dart their arrowy odour through the
brain
Till you might faint with the delicious pain."

9. "A violet-shrouded grave of woe."

Burns.

10. *The Rosie.*

"The primrose I will fin', the prattin' o' the
year,
And I will fin' the pink, the emblem o' my
dear,
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms
without a peer;—
I'll fin' the budding rose, when Phœbus
peeps in view,
For 'tis like a baumy kiss o' her sweet
bonnie mon;
The hyacinths for constancy, wi' its un-
changing blue;
The lily it is pure and the lily it is fair,
The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air;
The hawthorn I will fin', wi' its looks of
silver grey,
Where, like an aged man, it stands at break
o' day;
The woodbine I will fin' when the evening
star is near,
And the diamond drops o' dew shall be her
een sae clear;
The violets for modesty, which weel she
fa's to wear,—
And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May."

11. *Shakespeare.*

"Give me those flowers there,—reverend Sirs
For you there's rosemary and rue; these
keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long:
Grace and remembrance be to you both.
Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoran;
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping: these are
flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are
given
To men of middle age."

"O Proserpina,

For the flowers now, that frighted, thou
let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and
take
The winds of march with beauty; violets,
dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength; bold oxlips,
and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one."

12. *Jamas Thomson.*

Spring flowers.

"Among these blushing borders, bright with
dew,
And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,
Fair-handed spring unbosoms every grace;
Throws out the snow-drop and the crocus
first;
The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
And polyanthus of unnumbered dyes;
The yellow wall-flower stained with iron-
brown,
And lavish stock that scents the garden
round;
From the soft-wing of vernal breezes shed
Anemones, auriculas, enriched
With shining meal o'er all their velvet
leaves;
And full ranunculus of glowing red.
Then comes the tulip race, where Beauty
plays
Her idle freaks; from family diffused
To family, as flies the father-dust,
The varied colours run; and, while they
break
On the charmed eye, th' exulting florist
marks
With secret pride the wonders of his hand.
No gradual bloom is wanting; from the bird,
First-born of spring, to summer's musky
tribes;
Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,
Low bent and blushing inward; nor jonquils
Of potent fragrance, nor narcissus fair,
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still;
Nor broad carnations, nor gay-spotted pinks;
Nor, showered from every bush, the damask
rose.
Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,
With lines on lines expression cannot paint.
The breath of Nature, and her endless
bloom."

13. *Lord Lytton.*

The blind flower-girl's song.

"Buy my flowers—oh buy—I pray!
The blind girl comes from afar:
If the earth be as fair as I hear them say,
These flowers her children are!
Do they her beauty keep?
They are fresh from her lap, I know;
For I caught them fast asleep
In her arms an hour ago,
With the air which is her breath—
Her soft and delicate breath—
Over them murmuring low!
On their lips her sweet kiss lingers yet,
And their cheeks with her tender tears
are wet."

For she weeps, that gentle mother weeps,
(As morn and night her watch she keeps,
With a yearning heart and a passionate
care)

To see the young things grow so fair;
She weeps—for love she weeps—
And the dewdrops are the tears she weeps,
From the well of a mother's love!
Hark! how the sweet things sigh—
For they have a voice like ours,
The breath of the blind girl closes
The leaves of the saddening roses—
In your eyes we behold the day—
Oh buy—oh, buy the flowers."

14. *William Drummond.*

The fading flower.

"Look how the flower, which lingeringly doth
fade,
The morning's darling late, the summer's
queen,
Spoiled of that juice, which kept it fresh and
green,
As high as it did raise, bows low the head:
Right so the pleasures of my life being dead,
With swifter speed declines than erst it
spread,
And (blasted) scarce now shows what it
hath been."

15. *Wordsworth.*

Flowers.

"Ere yet our course was graced with social
trees
It lacked not old remians of hawthorn
bowers
There bloomed the strawberry of the wilder-
ness;
The trembling eye-bright showed her sap-
phire blue,
The thyme her purple; like the blush of
even;
And if the breath of some to no caress
Invited, forth they peeped so fair a view,
All kinds alike seemed favourites of heaven."

16. *Landor.*

Sweet scents

Are the swift vehicles of still sweeter
thoughts;
And nurse and pillow the dry memory,
That would let drop without them her best
stores.
They bring me tales of youth and tones of
love!
And 'tis and ever was, my wish and way,
To let all flowers live freely, and all die
Whenever their genius bids their souls
depart,
Among their kindred in their native place."

I never pluck the rose, the violet's head
Hath spoken with my breath upon its bank,
And not reproached me; the ever-sacredness
Of the pure life hath between my hands
Felt safe, unsoiled, nor lost one grain of
gold."

II.—CAMBRIDGE.—RANDOM NOTES.

[BY AN INDIAN LADY STUDENT.]

WE were on our way to Cambridge. Cambridge whose name is a magic word to students in all parts of the globe. We passed through a very flat and uninteresting bit of country. The green fields with their wealth of wild flowers, the little white daisy, the sweet-scented cowslip, the gay marigold and the delicate butter-cup, even the velvety meadows became monotonous.

My first impressions of Cambridge were rather disappointing. I thought perhaps this old University town with its wealth of historic associations would present a more striking appearance. But, after London, the town looked quite insignificant—narrow crooked streets, with narrow pavements, mysterious little side passages with no carriage road, the quaint houses, some old and antique, yet here and there tumbled down into this debris lay some of the most beautiful academical buildings of the world. The Cam meandered along in and out of the town and sooner or later in your walks, you always came to a bridge, justifying the name as it were the bridge over the Cam.

A few days' stay and the charm of the city took hold of me. It no more appeared as had been tritely said by a visitor, "As if it had been dancing to Amphion's music, and he had left off in the middle of a very complicated figure." After a visit to some of the Colleges, and when you see the grey old buildings to which the ivy clings lovingly in festoons and arches, the fine spacious courts with velvety grass plots usually with a beautiful fountain in the centre, the dim cloisters encircling the courts, grey with age and yet resounding to a thousand cheery echoes of present day life, the lovely grounds of the College, where the Cam winds in and out between verdant banks and weeping willows, the stately trees which line the walks, the College chapels with "the dim religious light" filtering in through the beautiful stained glass windows, when you see all this and more, you seem to understand the charm Cambridge exercises on its visitor. The more

one lives in it the more one loves this dear old University town, this "mother city of sacred and secular knowledge."

A service at King's College Chapel is a golden memory. The high-backed stalls in the choir, the rows and rows of candles which give a dim-mysterious light, the "high" embowered roof, the pealing organ as it rises and falls in unison with the sweet-voiced choir, the smooth voice of the minister as he intones the service, the men in their white surplices, the visitors in the stalls, above all the air of solemnity and grandeur which pervades the chapel, all these

"Dissolve me into ecstasies
And bring all heaven before my eyes."

The music at King's College Chapel is said to be the most beautiful Church music in the world. It is not only on account of its sweetness, but there is such an air of stillness and peace in the music, such an undertone of sacred devotion, of gentleness, that it made us feel as if we were in heavenly places listening to the golden robed angel choir.

The "backs of the Colleges," another name for the fine College grounds, are one of the sights of Cambridge. Behind some of the Colleges there are long stretches of velvety green meadows, gemmed with daisies and butter cups in summer, while the walks are bordered with the brilliant geraniums, the tulips, the gentle pansies, the daffodils and so on. Here and there are clumps of horse chestnuts, which are lovely when in full bloom, long avenues of stately elms, the silver and copper beeches shimmering in the summer sunlight, while a hush or two of lilac in perfect bloom completes a most beautiful picture. Between the grounds flows the winding Cam, the overhanging willows and the quaint artistic bridges that span the tiny river add to the picturesqueness. After College Chapels and morning services are over on Sundays the people stream out into these beautiful grounds for a quiet stroll.

The townspeople say Cambridge without her undergraduate population is no Cambridge at all, as in the vacations. The Cambridge undergraduate is no hard-worked, care-worn looking individual. It is not "all work and no play." He leads a gay, joyous, irresponsible sort of life, enjoying the pleasure of the moment; taking a keen interest in sports, in amusements and in the society. In the mornings you see numbers of these undergraduates hurrying to lectures with cap and gown slung on anyhow; the cap and gown sometimes in a most dilapidated state. In the afternoons you see them in their ordinary dress walking in twos and threes or more, keeping

steady pace, going for long walks or rushing off to their various games. After dark they must wear their caps and gowns again. I believe their rooms are the most delightful little dens, imaginable. The reading man usually puts in about eight hours' study a day. It is popularly said that the one who goes in most for sports and games turns out the best scholar. The undergraduates, I believe, are very keen in forming societies, literary, reading and so on. Judging from appearances, the time spent at the University seems for them to be one of the most enjoyable and "free from care" in life.

I was fortunate enough to witness "A Greek play" given by the undergraduates. I believe it comes once in three years; it is given for five or six nights and a number of visitors come down for the purpose. It is entirely managed and acted by the undergraduates. It was "The Birds" from Aristophanes; the play was most amusing and the scenery quite picturesque. The actors were all dressed up as birds, and the "get up" was splendid. The music was quaintly pretty—tones in the minor chord seemed to predominate, and spoken Greek sounded very musical and sonorous.

I believe a few months after "Girton College day" a clever second year student wrote a play "the Rees," a clever parody of the birds! It was got up splendidly and acted well. The upshot of it was that the lady students left Cambridge because no degrees were conferred on them, and that the undergraduates and others in authority went and brought them back after promising them to give them degrees.

I must not forget to mention "May week"—one of the events of Cambridge life. The chief feature is the boat race between the various College boats. To be "head of the river" is a distinction much coveted and hard fought for. Ditton's corner—a place two or three miles distant from the town—is where you see the races from. About a few yards near the banks of the river, every inch of place is covered with every kind of craft, the pleasure boats with its gay parties, the little dangerous looking canoes and Bob Roys, the unwieldy house-boat crowded with passengers, the noisy little steam launches, puffing and panting, and so on. On the banks, the scene is just as animated. Cabs, hansoms, drags, buses, private carriages bring crowds of sight-seers. Then the Eights, thin long boat manned by eight stalwart men, pass up the river. Ha! the signal has gone—three shots, and the wildest excitement prevails. Here they come on at a rapid rate and with them a whole crowd of men on foot running along with their College boats. Rattles, cheers, wild shouts of en-

couragement, shouts of "Trinity," "Trinity," "Lady Margaret," "Queens" rend the air as the boats pass up in their order. The men bend to the oars as one man, the Cox encouraging and shouting directions. Ha! at last—we see a bump—the boat behind has touched the stern of the one before it, and the Cox's hand goes up; wild cheering. At the next race, the bumped falls a place behind. The whole scene is very picturesque and animated. The pretty dresses of the ladies, the gay blazers of the rowing men add an artistic effect. The victors wear wreaths of wild flowers in their hats, taking us back to the old Greek sports and laurel wreaths.

In summer, an afternoon on the river is a most enjoyable way of spending one's time. We row up towards Grantchester, the river runs through beautiful green meadows. Fine chestnuts overhang the banks. Under one of these beautiful trees, we moor our craft, settle ourselves comfortably in the boat, and a nice book or a day-dream beguiles the hour. As the sun filters through the leaves, with the blue sky above, the noise of birds in the air, and the stillness and peace of the country round about, we feel we are with nature in her most gracious mood.

The autumn tints in Cambridge are perfect. The Virginian creeper thickly envelopes some parts of the Colleges and during autumn it takes the most beautiful tints—a rich red, a golden brown and a pale yellow—colours which seem to irradiate the old walls. Queen's College was a perfect picture the autumn that I was there.

The flower market on Saturdays is worth mentioning. Stalls on stalls of beautiful flowers in their own seasons are arranged artistically. Lady students, undergraduates, all flock to them and buy flowers for their rooms, which last for the whole week nearly. When the delicate narcissus and the sweet lily of the valley are in bloom, as you pass by the flower side of the market, the scent is so sweet till you might almost faint with the delicious pain.

A day in the University Library and the Trinity Library. I was taken round by one who understood and appreciated the treasures of thought, and the valuable old manuscripts, books, books everywhere, old and new, manuscripts of the famous authors, some valuable edition of the New Testament in Greek. In the Trinity Library we came to the statue of Byron—that wonderful specimen of art, which in its exquisite beauty seems to cast a magic spell around the heart.

I cannot omit the Fitz William Museum, a grand building which reminds one of the buildings at ancient Athens. It contains some fine pieces of sculpture and a valuable collection of paintings. A very fine Rembrandt meets the eye as you enter in, and there is a complete collection of Turner's drawings. Cambridge is rich in picture shops and second-handbook stalls. Reprints of the famous pictures, such as Watts' Hope, Love and Life, Love and Death; Burne Jones' beautiful works, Rossetti's, and the works of other well-known English artists and old masters are come across unexpectedly at street corners, along by ways and side passages. It is a treat to stand and feast one's eyes on these fine pictures.

As we wander through Cambridge either in the Colleges or the streets what a host of associations rise. There is Milton's walk near Christ's College. You almost imagine the delicate youthful figure of the grand old poet—he who was called the Lady of Christ's. Go into the Courts of Trinity. You seem to see the ghosts of Tennyson and Hallam and their devout friendship, their wonderful devotion to each other; the tender sadness of the In Memoriam seems to ring in our ears as we pass "the rooms in which he dwelt." This is the charm of Cambridge, the depth of old associations invest it with a halo; the charm of other years lingers lovingly on the old town.

The charms of College life, of College friendships and College days have been dwelt upon by nearly every poet, who had been in Oxford or Cambridge. Wordsworth's descriptions of his early undergraduate days is beautiful. Tennyson has made it immemorial in his song to Hallam. Here are a few lines about the years spent at Cambridge:—

"How dear their distant memory! when the dew
Of youth was on us, and the unclouded blue
Above us and Hope waved her wings o'er all.
The ancient elms, green court, and tinkling call
Of chapel bell; gowns flitting o'er the view
To hall or lecture; even the dingy hue
Of College front. How fondly we recall
Our strolls in gardens or by winding river!
The famous men we heard, the books we read,
The dreams we dreamt, will make us one for ever;
Nor time, nor place, nor circumstances can render
Our hearts indifferent to those years long fled,
With their rich store of recollections tender."

It is Love and Hope and Fidelity of youth that
Have lent such a charm to the old College Asso-
ciations.

Some day perhaps I may tell you about my
own College life—alas! it was for one short year.
Meantime au revoir, patient reader.

III.—THE STORY OF SAVITRI.

[By PADMINI.]

THE story of Savitri is one of the many heroic and mythic legends of which the great epic of the Mahabharata forms, as it were, a national encyclopædia. Indian poetry, first stimulated by the grand and soul-inspiring scenery of the Himalayas, and nurtured in a climate which fed and inflamed the imaginative powers, developed itself with true Eastern luxuriance of fancy and exuberance of imagery. The Mahabharata is by far the longest epic poem that the world has ever produced. The chief design is to describe the great contests between the descendants of King Bharata. But the great epic is not so much a poem with a single object as a vast treasury of Hindu mythology, legendary history, ethics and philosophy. The principal story does not occupy more than a fifth of the whole; the rest consists of a mass of legends introduced in different parts of the book, and forming some of the most interesting portions of the story, as they throw so much valuable light on the early history of India, religious, social and political,—a subject still veiled in much obscurity, in spite of the researches of many learned Professors. The story of Savitri is one of the legends repeated to console and amuse the Pandu Princes in their time of exile; and it may be cited for its true poetic feelings and pathos,—qualities in which it is scarcely excelled by any other mythical story. It tells of "the wonderful triumph of exalted chastity;" and the beautiful character of Savitri, who is a type of the Pativrata or "devoted wife," wins our affection and engages our interest far more than that of any of the heroines of the classic legends of Greece and Rome. Nothing can be more beautiful and touching than the pictures of domestic and social happiness in the Ramayana and the Mahabharata; and in the story of Savitri itself we have many a pleasing touch of loving home life and undying affection.

The story of Savitri is a favourite one among Indians, and has found many expositors. But by far the most pathetic and touching of the accounts given of it is the beautiful poem entitled "Savitri," by Toru Dutt in her "Ancient Ballads and Legends of Hindustan." A critic, writing of her, says, concerning the ballads, "no modern Oriental has given us so strange an insight into the conscience of the Asiatic, as is presented in these stories. They breathe a Vedic solemnity and simplicity of temper, and the poetess seems in these verses to be chanting to herself those songs of her mother's race to which she always turned with tears of pleasure."

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The story of Savitri runs as follows:—In the palmiest days of the Hindu Empire, there reigned in the country a very wise and pious and benevolent King, named Aswapati. He was honoured and beloved by his subjects, but there was one thing that marred his happiness; and that was that he had no children to continue his posterity. After waiting for many years, he undertook at last to perform a grand religious ceremony, with the object of obtaining a son and heir, and daily he made thousands of offerings to please the goddess, Savitri, from whom the boon was expected. At the end of several sorrowful years, the goddess at last appeared to the King, and promised him, in the place of sons, to grant him a daughter, who should in every way be worthy of such a pious father. In due time a daughter was born to the King, and was called Savitri, after the goddess who had granted the boon. She was of matchless beauty and day by day grew fairer in body and mind. This is how Toru Dutt describes her:—

"What was her own peculiar charm?
The soft black eyes, the raven hair,
The curving neck, the rounded arm,
All these are common everywhere.
The charm was this—upon her face,
Child-like and innocent and fair,
No man with thought impure or base
Could ever look; the glory there,
The sweet simplicity and grace
Abashed the boldest; but the good
God's purity there loved to trace
Mirrored in dawning womanhood."

When Savitri was old enough, Aswapati became very anxious to marry her to one who would be worthy of such an honour. Then Savitri sought and obtained permission from him to secure for herself a suitable match. Here it is that we see the freedom that was then given to girls and the perfect trust reposed in them, that they would be able to see for themselves how their own happiness could be secured. Savitri is even represented as travelling far and wide through many a strange country, till at last, having fulfilled her object, she returned home. The husband she chose was Satyvan, the son of an old hermit, who had himself once been a King. Satyvan was in every way worthy of Savitri; but there was one terrible drawback to their marriage; and that was that there was a curse on him, which fated him to live only one year more. Savitri was warned of this by the sage, Narada, but despite the appalling horror and loneliness of a premature widowhood, to which she must be condemned if she married Satyvan, she remained constant to her plighted faith. This was her reply:—

"Whether his years be few or many be he gifted

with all grace or graceless, him my heart hath chosen,
and it chooseth not again."

They were therefore married with all splendour and pomp, and the bride strove in vain to forget the ominous prophecy. But still the life they led in the lonely, but quiet home of Satyvan's father's hermitage was a very happy one and it is well described by Toru Dutt:—

"Savitri liked her new home much;
Her conduct as a wife was such
As to illumine all the place;
Strong in all manual work, and strong
To comfort, cherish, help and pray,
The hours passed peacefully along,
And rippling bright day followed day."

But as the last day of the year approached, Savitri's anxiety became irrepressible. She exhausted herself in prayers and penances, yet dared not reveal the truth to her husband. At last, the dreaded day arrived, and Satyvan, as if drawn by inexorable fate to the fulfilment of the terrible curse that was on him, set out to cut wood in the forest. His wife asked leave to accompany him, and walked behind her husband, smiling, but with a heavy heart. He soon made the wood resound with his hatchet, when suddenly a thrill of agony shot through his temples and feeling himself falling, he called to his wife to support him.

"Her voice was clear
And calm was her reply.
As if her heart had banished fear,
'Lean, love, thy head upon my breast,
And as she helped him, added—'there,
So shalt thou better breathe and rest.'"

But all her loving care was in vain. Satyvan soon became insensible; and it was evident that the curse was nearing its fulfilment.

"All in an instant, she beheld an awful shape
Standing before her, dressed in blood-red garments
with a glittering crown
Upon his head; his form, though glowing like the
sun, was yet obscure,
And eyes he had like flame."

She started up and asked him who he was. The figure replied that he was Yama, King of the Dead, and that he had come to take away her husband's life. Then he took and bound the helpless Satyvan's spirit, and proceeded with it to the South, which was his quarter. The faithful wife followed him closely. Yama bade her go and prepare her husband's funeral rites, but she persisted in following, till Yama, pleased with her devotion, promised to grant her any boon she wished for, except the life of her husband. She asked that her husband's father, who was blind, might recover his sight. Yama consented to this and again bade her return home. But

still she followed. Two other boons were granted in the same way, but still Savitri would not turn back. At last, overcome by her constancy, Yama granted her a boon without exception; and at once the delighted Savitri asked for the life of her husband:—

"Thou knowest, Lord,
The inmost hearts and thoughts of all
There is no need to utter word;
Upon thy mercy sole I call,
Let my Satyvan live again."

The boon was granted and the brave Savitri then returned home, with her husband alive again, to begin anew the old happy life,—with the joy in it a thousand-fold intensified:—

"As for Savitri, to this day,
Her name is named when couples wed,
And to the bride, the parents say
Be thou like her in heart and head."

This is the story of Savitri given very briefly here. It is told by Toru Dutt, and her poem is worthy of being read again and again, both for its own sake, and also because it treats in most appropriate language of one of the most beautiful legends of our native land and our brave old ancestors. As for Savitri, so affectionate, so gentle, so true, her character is one which every woman may well attempt to possess and be all the better for it. Her constancy, undaunted by the evils of poverty, or the terrors of premature widowhood, her loyal devotion to her husband, her contentment in a lonely life, her unflinching adherence to the sense of duty, her perseverance in what she thought right, her brave unselfishness even in the midst of sorrow, her gentleness, her truth, her self-denial, her courage and her purity,—these are all qualities which one cannot speak of, but can only contemplate with awe and reverence, and strive to attain, in some measure at least, even a part of them.

—A widow marriage in the Brahmin caste was celebrated at the Widow Remarriage Hall, Girgaum, about a fortnight ago. The bridegroom aged 30 is the Sub-editor of the Gujarati paper of Baroda, Sayajiraj, the bride Manibai is a child-widow who was first married at the age of 10 and became a widow at the age of 12. This is the first remarriage in the Audich Tolakia Brahmin caste.—*Social Reformer of March 9.*

The Seven Pagodas or Mahavellipore.



THE Seven Pagodas or Mahavellipore stand between Sadras and Ceylon, between the East Coast Canal and the sea, a few miles to the south of Madras. The place formed in the sixth century of our era, the capital of a powerful class of chieftains known as the Pallava class. It contains the remains of buildings of extraordinary grandeur, which have

acquired almost a world wide celebrity. In our frontispiece is given a specimen of the unique architecture that is to be met with in this place. These remains, owing to their accessibility to Madras, have attracted the attention of almost every traveller who has visited the country. They remain scattered at various points along about two miles of sand between the East Coast Canal and the shore. The oldest undoubtedly are the five Rathas or monolithic temples, situated close together near the sea. The following is a description of the Rathas as given by Mr. Fergusson, the greatest authority on Indian Architecture:

"The oldest and most interesting group of monuments are the so-called five raths, or monolithic temples standing on the sea-shore. One of these, that with the apsidal termination, stands a little detached from the rest. The other four stand in a line north and south, and look as if they had been carved out of a single stone or rock, which originally, if that were so, must have been between 35 feet and 40 feet high at its southern end, sinking to half that height at its northern extremity, and its width diminishing in a like proportion.

"The first on the north is a mere Pansala, or cell, 11 feet square externally, and 16 feet high.

It is the only one too that seems finished or nearly so, but it has no throne or image internally, from which we might guess its destination.

"The next is a small copy of the last to the southward, and measures 11 feet by 16 feet in plan, and 20 feet in height. The third is very remarkable: it is an oblong building with a curvilinear-shaped roof with a straight ridge. Its dimensions are 42 feet long, 25 feet wide, and 25 feet high. Externally it seems to have been completely carved, but internally only partially excavated, the works being apparently stopped by an accident. It is cracked completely through, so that day-light can be seen through it, and several masses of the rock have fallen to the ground—this has been ascribed to an earthquake and other causes. My impression is, the explanation is not far to seek, but arose from unskillfulness on the part of workmen employed in a first attempt. Having completed the exterior, they set to work to excavate the interior, so as to make it resemble a structural building of the same class, leaving only such pillars and supports as were sufficient to support a wooden roof of the ordinary construction. In this instance it was a mass of solid granite which, had the excavation been completed, would certainly have crushed the lower story to powder. As it was, the builders seem to have taken the hint of the crack, and stopped the further progress of the works.

"The last, however, is the most interesting of the series. Its dimensions are 27 feet by 25 feet in plan, 34 feet in height. Its upper part is entirely finished with its sculptures, the lower merely blocked out. It may be that, frightened by the crack in the last-named rath, or from some other cause, they desisted, and it still remains in an unfinished state.

"The materials for fixing the age of this rath are, first, the paleographical form of the characters used in the numerous inscriptions with which it is covered. Comparing these with Prinsep's alphabets, allowing for difference of locality, they seem certainly to be anterior to the seventh century. The language, too, is Sanskrit, while all the Chola inscriptions of the tenth and subsequent centuries are in Tamil, and in very much more modern characters. Another proof of antiquity is the character of the sculpture. We have on this rath most of the Hindu Pantheon, such as Brahma and Vishnu; Siva too appears in most of his characters, but all in forms more subdued than is to be found elsewhere. The one extravagance is that the gods have generally four arms—never more—to distinguish them from mortals; but none of these combinations or extravagances we find in the caves here, or at Ellore or Elephanta. It is the

soberest and most reasonable version of the Hindu Pantheon yet discovered, and consequently one of the most interesting, as well, probably, as the earliest.

"None of the inscriptions on the raths have dates, but from the mention of the Pallavas in connexion with this place, I see no reason for doubting the inference drawn by Sir Walter Elliot from their inscriptions—that the excavations could not well have been made later than the sixth century. Add to all this, that these raths are certainly very like Buddhist buildings, as we learn to know them from the early caves, and it seems hardly to admit of doubt that we have here petrifications of the last forms of Buddhist architecture, and the first forms of that of the Dravidian.

"The want of interiors in these raths makes it sometimes difficult to make this as clear as it might be. We cannot, for instance, tell whether the apsidal rath was meant to reproduce a Chaitya hall, or a Vihara. From its being in several stories I would infer the latter; but the whole is so conventionalised by transplantation to the south, and by the different uses to which they are applied for the purposes of a different religion, that we must not stretch analogies too far.

"There is one other rath, at some distance from the others, called Arjuna's rath, which, strange to say, is finished, or nearly so, and gives a fair idea of the form, these oblong temples took before we have any structural buildings of the class. The temple, though entering in the side was never intended to be pierced through, but always to contain a cell. The large oblong rath, on the contrary, was intended to be open all around, and whether, consequently, we should consider it as a choultry or a Gopura is not quite clear. One thing, at all events, seems certain—and it is what interests us most here—that the square raths are copies of Buddhist Viharas, and are the originals from which all the Vimanas in Southern India were copied, and continued to be copied nearly unchanged to a very late period. * * * * On the other hand, the oblong raths were halls or porticos with the Buddhists, and became the Gopuras or gateways which are frequently—indeed generally—more important parts of Dravidian temples than the Vimanas themselves. They too, like the Vimanas, retain their original features very little changed to the present day.

"The other antiquities at Mahavellipore, though very interesting in themselves, are not nearly so important as the raths just described. The caves are generally small, and fail architecturally, from the feebleness and tenuity of their supports. The southern cave-diggers had evidently not been grounded in the art like their

northern compeers, by the Buddhists. The long experience of the latter in the art taught them that, ponderous masses were not only necessary to support their roofs, but for architectural effect; and neither they, nor the Hindus who succeeded them in the north, ever hesitated to use pillars of two or three diameters in height, or to crowd them together to any required extent. In the south, on the contrary, the cave-diggers tried to copy literally the structural pillars used to support wooden roofs. Hence, I believe, the accident to the long-rath, and hence certainly the poor and modern look of all the southern caves, which has hitherto proved such a stumbling-block to all who have tried to guess their age. Their sculpture is better, and some of their best designs rank with those of Ellore and Elephanta, with which they were, in all probability, contemporary. Now, however, that we know that the sculptures in Cave No. 3 at Badami were executed in the sixth century (A.D. 579), we are enabled to approximate the date of those in the Mahavallipore caves with very tolerable certainty. The Badami sculptures are so similar in style with the best examples there, that they cannot be far distant in date, and if placed in the following century it will not, probably, be far from the truth."

The sculptures are of rare interest. One of the best and by far the most important is the pastoral group in the Krishna mantapam. It represents Indra, the god of the sky, supporting the clouds with his left-hand, to protect the cattle of Bala from the fury of the Maruts, or tempest demons. Near him the cattle are being tended and milked. To the right a young bull is seen with head slightly turned and fore foot extended, as if suddenly startled. This is one of the most spirited and life-like pieces of sculpture to be seen anywhere.

Editorial Notes.

The Madras Presidency will soon be losing another great worker in the cause of Female Education, who has done much to advance the condition of girls' schools in this Province. We allude to the approaching retirement of Miss E. Carr, the Senior Inspectress of Girls' Schools. Miss Carr first came out as Superintendent of the Presidency Training School for Mistresses and was

afterwards made Inspectress of Girls' Schools. Her connection with this Presidency extends to over 22 years. An able and enthusiastic worker, she has been able to do much to extend female education and improve the quality of instruction in girls' schools. Her name will chiefly be associated with the scheme for Widow's Scholarships which has already begun to bear fruit. The scheme needs extension and expansion and we have no doubt that it will receive every encouragement at the hands of Government. We beg to offer our sincere congratulations to Miss Carr on the splendid work she has done during her service in India and trust that the cause of Indian female education will receive from her the same sympathetic and enthusiastic support even after her retirement, that she was able to give during her period of active service in India.

The Purdah question is engaging the serious attention of the Muhammadan community in India. Considering that the strict

Purdah is gradually becoming obsolete with Hindus, it is no wonder that the Muhammadans have also begun to consider the *rationality* of the practice. Hitherto the chief reason assigned for the practice has been the religious sanction supposed to be given to it in the Koran. But competent authorities now think that the Koran does not sanction the practice in the form in which it is now being practised.

The January number of the *Review of Religions*, Qadian, contains an article on the Purdah System. It examines critically all the injunctions of the Koran, the Hadis and the commentators on the subject of the Purdah with a view to find the exact limits of the true Islamic purdah. Here is the conclusion to which the writer comes after his study:—

"We are now in a position to say what the true Islamic purdah is. The seclusion of women means that they should not unnecessarily mix with strangers, and that they should not go out of their homes for the mere purpose of showing their attractions, and that with the exception of their faces and hands they should cover their whole body including their garments and ornaments and their hair, with a large outer garment, which is worn in the form of a mantle in Eastern countries, but which in a society living under different conditions may take a different form, an overcoat of simple cloth in the case of European women, for instance, which combined with a suitable head dress would effect the same purpose. The purdah does not forbid women to go out for the transaction of their affairs or to make progress in

learning and knowledge or to perform their domestic duties or any other duty which it may be necessary for them to perform. It does not disable them to acquire wealth and property or any rights or obligations with respect to it which men can acquire. In short, without interfering with the liberty which it is necessary for women to enjoy, it points out a way for the mitigation of many evils.

"We know that our investigation with regard to the purdah cannot satisfy either of the contending parties, but it would certainly help those who want to know the truth. We have considered both sides of the question and we find that the Holy Quran does not support the overstrict purdah prevailing in the higher grades of Muhammadan society in India, nor can the state of society in general bear such a purdah. A man under easy circumstances may not think it necessary to allow his wife to go out of her house, if he does not care for her health, but the majority of people do not belong to this class. More than three-fourths of the population have to live on their own hard toil and require the assistance of their wives in the performance of many duties. For this vast majority it would be impossible to observe the strict rules which do not allow a woman to go out from her house, or to cover her face and hands if at all allowed. If such rules were generally enforced, they would reduce to poverty the vast majority of people. And as for the women whose resources do not necessitate any work, domestic or of any other nature, it appears to be necessary that they should now and then have a walk and breathe the fresh and healthy air of fields and gardens, which would be impossible if they are wrapped up in garments. In order that they may be able to breathe fresh air, it would be necessary to allow them to walk with faces uncovered. As Islam does not promulgate its laws for the chosen few, for those only who enjoy wealth and rank, it is necessary that any institution laid down by it should not be above the power of the vast majority. It is a religion which keeps in view the interests of the poor alike with those of the rich."

Such a pronouncement on the subject of Purdah from a journal whose object is to uphold the authority of the Koran is very significant. We have no doubt that the promulgation of this view will open the eyes of our Muhammadan brethren to the necessity for modifying the practice.

One of the greatest workers in the cause of Temperance and that of women in general was The Late Miss Frances E. Willard. Her influence both in America and Europe was exten-

sive. She was both a dreamer and a doer, both an idealist and a realist. The following verses addressed to her memory taken from the *Woman's Journal* (Boston) are truly descriptive of her truth:

"Behold, a dreamer cometh?" Yes, a Seer!—
One who in vision rapt foresaw this wide,
God-smitten earth, borne on resistless tide
Of spirit forces to the golden year;
A world transfigured to a luminous sphere,
By sun-bright deeds and natures glorified;
A home-like world, so fair it may abide
His coming—the heart-searcher's—without fear.
A dreamer? Yes; but ah! a doer too,—
Jeanne D'Arc of later time and fairer fame;
In moral realms she conquered; to the Blue
Her soul unfettered rose, mid loud acclaim:
"To lead a mighty host to see and do."
Sang angel choirs, "behold, this dreamer came!"

Our readers will be interested to learn that a statue in her honour has just been completed to be put up at Washington. The following is an account of the statue:

The statue of Frances E. Willard to be placed in the Statuary Hall in the National Capitol has received the last touches from Miss Mears, the sculptor, and was in place in a niche close by the figure of Washington, before February 17. On that day, the anniversary of Miss Willard's death, her statue, the gift of Illinois to the nation, was formally accepted by Congress. Senators Cullom and Hopkins of Illinois, Beveridge of Indiana, Dolliver of Iowa, and Representatives Foss and Boutele of Illinois, and Littlefield of Maine delivered the addresses. To-day the school children of Washington will be given a chance to visit Statuary Hall. Each child will place a flower at the base of the statue, and receive from Miss Gordon a medal commemorating the event, and bearing a miniature reproduction of the statue. On the evening of February 17, the W. C. T. U. held a national commemorative meeting in Washington.

The statue represents Miss Willard standing, her right arm extended, the hand resting upon a reading desk; the left arm is at her side, with a few pages of manuscript in the hand. She is about to address an audience; and the familiar pose of the head, the strong, spiritual face, are lifelike. Augustus Saint Gardens, the former instructor of Miss Mears, speaks of it as "showing, in a way that it seems to me only a woman could do, the union of strength with feminine gentleness—a quality most tender and elusive, but which she has certainly infused in her work." The pedestal is of Vermont marble, and bears the following inscription:—

Ah! It is women who have given the costliest hostage to fortune. Out into the battle of life they have sent their best beloved, with fearful

odds against them. Oh, by the dangers they have dared, by the hours of patient watching over beds where helpless children lay, by the incense of ten thousand prayers wafted from their gentle lips to heaven, I charge you give them power to protect along life's treacherous highway those whom they have so loved!—*Frances E. Willard.*

What is being done for and by Indian Ladies.

On the 9th March the annual distribution of prizes to the pupils of the Bethune College took place. The Hon'ble Sir Arundel Arundel presided and Lady Maclean gave away the prizes. The report recorded a small but appreciable increase in the number of students during the year. It is satisfactory to note that the increase is almost entirely among the Hindu girls. With a view to meet the growing needs of the institution the Committee have asked the Government to enlarge the College buildings. The prize day of the Bethune College serves as a reminder to our educated countrymen of the need of educating their girls. Sir Arundel Arundel, in the course of his brief address, after congratulating the Lady Principal on the excellent report presented said that, one of the greatest benefits that an institution like this could confer was its reforming influence on society. There were many great problems to be solved in India, one of which was infant and child marriage. The great thing that was wanted now was that educated men should throw themselves heartily into the movement for female education.

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal opened recently the new building of the Brahma Girls' School and the Mary Carpenter Hall. The Brahma Girls' School is an institution of far reaching importance. The Government have from the very beginning rightly extended to it their cordial patronage. Successive Lieutenant-Governors manifested keen interest in its welfare. And now with the very kind aid of the Trustees of Mary Carpenter Fund the institution is going to have a local habitation worthy of its position.

The Annual Report of the Poona Widow's Home is a record of success. Prof. Karve has enlarged his original plans on account of the large support he has been receiving from every side. Says the *Indian Social Reformer*—

"We are not surprised at the success of the institution. It is but the fruit, long deferred, of the absolute self-abnegation of its noble-hearted

founder. He has been content to remain a poor man himself in order that his work may thrive. He has never grumbled when things looked gloomy, and when indifference and apathy were on every side. He has always been the same humble, devoted, simple man of work, going his own way whether people supported him or not. Such devotion as his seldom goes unrewarded. We congratulate Prof. Karve and his co-worker on a highly successful year, and wish the Home very many similar years in the future."

In the report of the Poona Widow's Home I found the following interesting items of news:—

There is one more point of great importance to be reported here. It is the following letter to the Secretary:—

"I desire that my estate should go after me to the Home. I have already deposited with you Rs. 1,000, the interest Rs. 35 on which I desire should be paid to me as long as I live and should be absorbed in the current funds of the Home after I die. But the amount itself should be kept intact and credited to the Permanent Funds. If unfortunately the institution dies in my lifetime, the amount should revert to me. Kindly let me know if your Association would accept my proposal.

(Signed) ANANDIBAI MARATHE.

A resolution accepting the offer of Mrs. Marathe on the conditions laid down in her letter has been passed by the Managing Committee of the Association.

Mrs. Marathe is now staying at the Ashrama at her own cost. She has many relatives who would gladly welcome her into their midst. But she prefers a kind of ultra-mundane life—a life devoted to her spiritual well-being—and desires to learn something and be useful to society if possible. The moral courage and noble resolution displayed by Mrs. Marathe is certainly laudable and may well be imitated by many a widow still this side of forty, who has no ties to bind her to her home. There are several such in our society—widows with means enough to live upon, who would not like to live with some of their relations in a sort of dependence and meek subordination, in as much as that leaves no free scope nor does it ensure a sense of security. In some cases, they are obliged to slave at a stranger's house though paying their own way. In these circumstances, it is no wonder if she should like to live independently of everybody. A life such as this, without any to care for or to look up to or at times to guide and control, is fraught with risk and danger and often ends in evil and disaster. Rather than leading a weary, aimless, useless life, such widows would do well to divert their mind by taking up some noble cause. For that will accomplish two ends with

one stroke. It will in the first place make life interesting to them and in the next, put a new spirit in them for active work, so that they might unconsciously do great good to society. Mrs. Marathe is a noble example that might be fruitfully followed by her sisters similarly circumstanced.

A prize of Rs. 100 has been offered by Babu Jagannath of Calcutta for the best essay on "Ways and Means for popularizing widow-marriage in the higher Hindu castes of India." The money has been entrusted to the Bombay Presidency Social Reform Association for disposal. A sub-committee appointed for laying down the conditions has agreed to the following:—1. The essay should deal with the Shastric, economical, moral, social and physical and other aspects of the question. 2. The competition for this essay is open to any Hindu in any part of India. 3. The essay should be in English, but if in any vernacular, an English translation must be supplied by the competitor. 4. The essay must be sent to B. N. Bhajekar, Secretary of the Presidency Social Reform Association, Girgaum, Bombay, before the 1st of October 1905. 5. The said prize will not be awarded, if the sub-committee appointed for examining the essays be not satisfied with any. 6. The Presidency S. R. Association shall have full power to publish or translate into any language, any essay that is approved of by the said sub-committee. 7. Each competitor must legibly write his full name and address below the essay.

—We are very pleased to see our Parsi contemporaries making prominent mention of the work being done for the community by the Convalescent Home at Bandora for women and children of the poor middle class. The home owes its origin to Mrs. Shirinbai Mancherji Cama, a widow lady who seems to have devoted herself entirely to it. It is a pleasure to see how successfully Mrs. Cama has been doing her work with the aid of Dr. R. R. Dadina who is never too busy for such work of charity in spite of his numerous official and other engagements. Mrs. Cama has other friends also to co-operate with her; and to each of these, ladies and gentlemen, the community owes a debt which cannot be better repaid than by liberal contributions which Parsis know how to make. The first report of the institution not only justifies its existence, but also establishes its claim to permanence.

—With a view to encourage female education, at Dhanipur, a school known as "the Girls Aided School," has lately been organised by the Municipal authorities. It is doing a great deal of good, the number of girls has increased gradually and the total strength is 61. It is in the house of a Brahman lady who is herself the teacher and gets Rs. 7 as pay per mensem and Re. 1 as house

rent. B. Balmukund, Deputy Collector of Bijpur District, thus writes concerning the school:

"Visited the Girls' School of Dhanipur to-day, in the Company of Tahsildar, the Municipal Secretary; 61 girls entered on the roll, and 40 present at 8 A.M. This school was established only three months ago and it is highly satisfactory to find the great improvement made by the little girls in this short time. Their reading is correct and pronunciation very good. The Inspector of Schools and the Collector of the District have both lately visited the school.

The female teacher belongs to a high caste Brahman who commands respect from all the classes of this town and tuition is imparted inside her house in a strictly Purdah System. This is the kind of Girls' School appreciated by the people, especially by the high caste aristocracy.

The Manager should get the house thoroughly washed and get the dilapidated wall in the front of the school *Dalan* towards the west thoroughly repaired, lipped over, or whitewashed. This would not cost more than Rs. 5 which the Municipality can easily provide. An assistant female teacher will be required as the number of girls is daily increasing. Great credit is due to the Manager and Secretary, Municipal Board.

The school hours should be from 7-30 to 10 A.M. or from 2 to 5 P.M. This will allow the girls to remain at their houses for a sufficient time, at home to look after their domestic business also, to assist their mothers in the daily work at noon."

The Inspector of School writes in his inspection to the school:—"I visited the Municipal Aided School for girls at Dhanipur to-day and found 46 girls present. The mistress who is the wife of the Boys' Aided School Master receives Rs. 7 as aid and Re. 1 as house rent.

But the room in which the instruction is given, is not suitable for the purposes of a school. All the girls are in Sec. A., the school having been aided since August last, most of the girls can read words and sentences and know their alphabets. But their writing is inferior. They should write a large hand. Their numeration and notation and multiplication tables also require more attention. The Manager should introduce sewing and needle-work in the school. Seeing that the number of girls under instruction has exceeded forty I should ask the Manager to have an assistant mistress after the annual examination when Sec. B. would have to be formed."

News and Notes.

Miss Susan B. Anthony has presented the Congressional Library at Washington, with, hundreds of letters from many noted men and women of the last half century.

—Queen Wilhelmina of Holland is making money by selling milk and butter. As a child Wilhelmina kept chickens. She fed them, had pet names for most of them, and incidentally made pocket-money out of them.

—One of the pioneer women physicians of the West, Dr. Odella Blinn of Chicago, has lately died there at the age of 60. She was prominent in the medical circles of the city for 30 years, and active in many good works.

—An English lady writes as follows about Mrs. Ranade's address at the Ladies' Gathering: "I was very much struck by Mrs. Ranade's speech. It was so simple and truly womanly." Further on she says, "I should have loved to have heard her speech. A few words from such a woman would influence Indian women more than anything that Englishwomen could say."

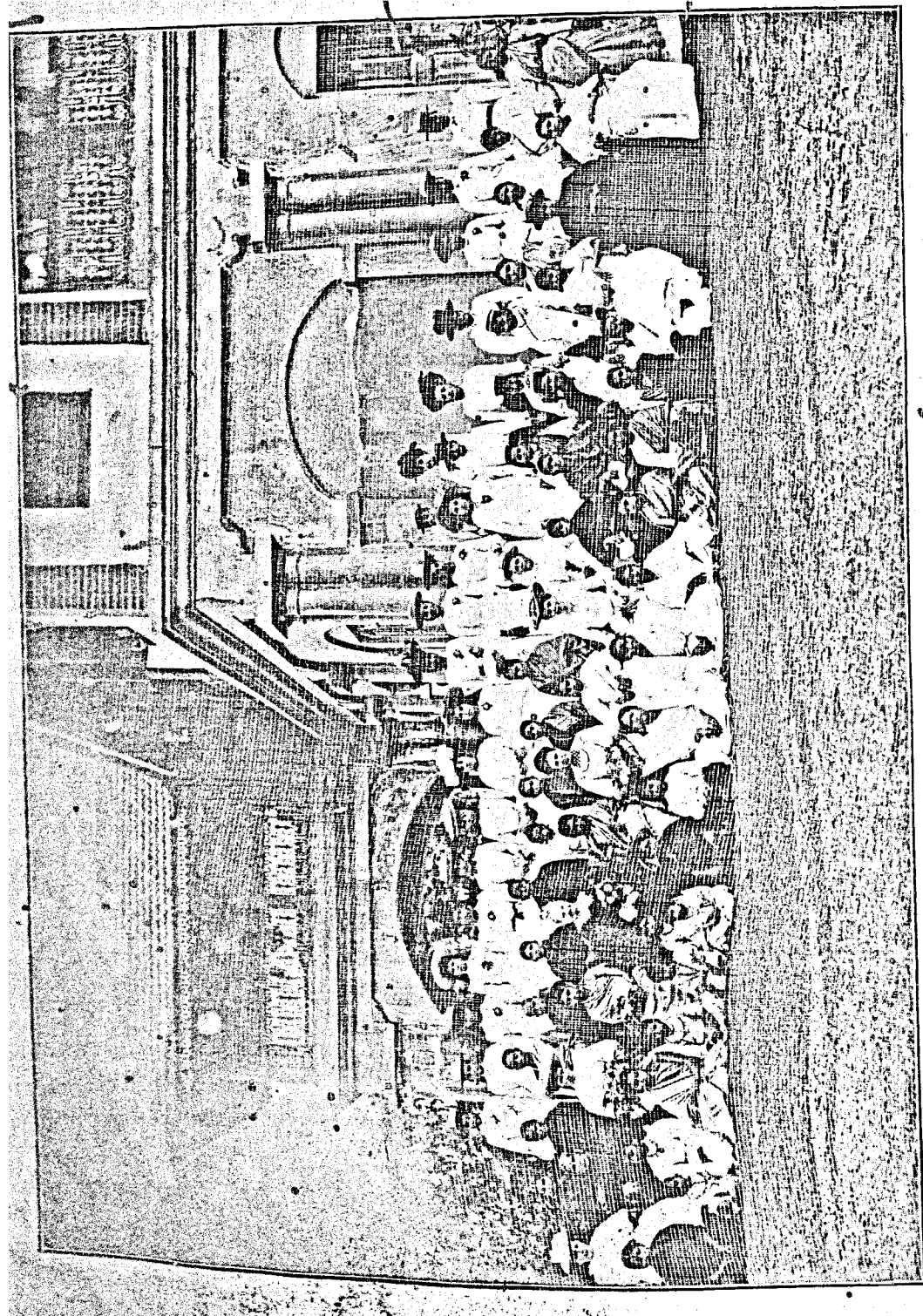
—Mrs. Frank T. Howard of New Orleans has just presented the city with a \$20,000 kindergarten. It is attached to one of the great schoolhouses given to

the city by her husband, and will be called the Elizabeth F. Howard Annex. The larger school was full, and was constantly turning away applicants, especially the smaller children. So Mrs. Howard has provided for the little ones. The Annex is a beautiful building of pressed brick and terra cotta connected with the main school by a covered glass arcade. It is two stories high, and is furnished with every modern convenience and appliance for heating, ventilation, sanitation, etc. It has four immense rooms, one of which is the Kindergarten Hall. At the dedication ceremonies last week, Mr. Howard read a letter from his wife, in which she said: "I only wish that I was able to give enough schools to my native city in order that all of its children might be given a primary education. Our entire State needs primary schools more than any other one thing." Mr. Howard said that although New Orleans had more charitable institutions than any other city of its size, Louisiana was the most illiterate State in the Union. He added: "Many of us are heavily taxed to take care of people who have never been taught to take care of themselves. If some of the money donated to charities was invested in kindergartens, primary and manual training schools, the reward would be tenfold." Complimentary addresses were made by the mayor, the president of the board of education, and the other prominent citizens, and Mrs. Howard was presented with a handsome silver loving-cup.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Acknowledgments for March, 1905.

	RS.	A.		RS.	A.
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CHEERFULNESS.



OUR lives are songs,
God writes the words;
We set them to music at
leisure,
And the song is sad,
Or the song is glad,
As we choose to fashion the measure.
We must write the songs—
Whatever the words,
Whatever the rhyme or meter,
And if it is sad,
We must make it glad,
If sweet, we must make it sweeter.



An Old Book Reconsidered.

ENIGMAS OF LIFE.*

By Miss M. C. SIDGWICK.



THE book is remarkable for the breadth and profundity of its ideas, and that in an age when scientific truth was far less advanced than it is at present. It consists of seven essays, all treating of and attempting to solve problems that have always perplexed and fascinated the thoughtful mind.

The first essay, "Realistic Ideals," takes an optimistic view of life. In it Greg states that man may safely hope to abolish the three great evils of Vice, Poverty, and Disease. The former, he says, is an outcome of the two latter. Were Health and Plenty insured, Virtue would of necessity follow. He points out that there are three obstacles to the realization of Health and Plenty. These are (1) the perpetual struggle for existence, which must always take place while life multiplies at an increasing ratio. (2) The multiplication of the race from its least eligible specimens, or the "non-survival of the fittest." This is the result of civilization. (3) The increasing prevalence of Democratic views and institutions. He goes on to show how these three obstacles can be overcome by the mind of man, and health and plenty insured. In the essay entitled "Malthus Notwithstanding" Greg attacks and rejects Malthus's theory, that in a certain number of years, the world cannot possibly sustain its population. Greg shows that Malthus has overlooked some physiological laws for checking fecundity. One of these, "The Tendency of Cerebral Development to Check Fecundity," Greg makes the basis of much of his argument against Malthus's theory. He quotes Herbert Spencer in support of his own views. The latter says:

"The excess of fertility has rendered the process of civilization inevitable: and the process of civilization must inevitably diminish fertility, and at last destroy its excess."

But though Greg begins this essay so cheerfully, he continues in a minor key. The law of Natural Selection, which plays so beneficent a part in the animal world, is retarded in the realm of Man by two great factors of civilization: namely, the respect for life, and the respect for property. The very law quoted above is in danger of suspension through the same agents. The result is that the tendency of our race is to be continued, not by the controlled cultivated members, but by the ignorant, vicious and diseased. This Greg admits is a terrible outlook, and one for which he offers no remedy beyond patience and watchfulness.

In the essay on *The Direction and Limits of Human Development*, Greg begins by telling us that man is triple—Body, Mind, and Soul make up his being. No one of these can, in this world, be developed to excess, without injury to the others; also the cultivation of one part exclusively retards the growth of the other two. He quotes examples to illustrate his meaning. "The athlete and prizefighter are deficient in intellect and morals. The philanthropist is not remarkable for his intellect, and the man to whom intellect is everything soars above the pleasures and trammels of earthly love, and physical development." He goes on to point out that, in a future life, unlimited development may be possible, and that the checking of it here is another argument in favour of a future existence. He concludes by showing that our aim here should be to develop all three harmoniously, as best, if not for the individual, most certainly for the race.

In "De Profundis" Greg asks the question fraught with such mysterious import—whether a soul is called into being by the mere act of birth for this life and for eternal life hereafter? After sounding the question on all sides, he comes to the conclusion that the soul at birth is a germ, capable of development either for good or ill. Immense responsibility is thus thrown upon the parents, for on environment and training depends the main result. Environment plays a far more important part in forming character than does Heredity. This is a view that has quite lately been accepted in scientific

circles, and is another proof of how far Greg was in advance of his time.

In "The Significance of Life" Greg points out the importance of Happiness, and his belief that mankind is intended to be happy. Nevertheless it is a sad little essay, and concludes with the eternal and unanswerable question as to why Sin and Suffering are allowed, and what is to become of those to whom, through their own faults, or those of others, happiness, both in this world and the next, seems for ever denied.

The book concludes with an essay entitled "Elsewhere," which consists of the author's ideas on heaven and hell. As these must be for ever problematical we shall not enlarge upon them here.

Enough has been said, however, to show that the book is one, full of suggestive thought, both as to the future and the past. Taken as a whole it is optimistic in its views. It is a book that will never die, and which every one, to whom the problems of our age are questions of interest, should have the chance of reading.

Around a Distant Star.

BOOK II.—CHILDREN OF SPACE.

By JEAN DELAIRE,

Author of "Alsation Tales," "A Dream of Fame," etc.

CHAPTERS X. & XI.

[SUMMARY OF BOOK I. AND CHAPS. I.—IX. OF BOOK 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, 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. 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 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. He had also succeeded in inventing a telescope of incomparable magnitude which revealed wonderful aspects of the planetary world. It had not at first been arranged that Clive should go with Roy; but, owing to an unexpected occurrence, this result was eventually arrived at, and it was settled that Clive and Roy should go together on their wonderful journey. And in a final conversation, the supreme object of the wonderful journey is revealed—to go to a planet, the light rays from which would take nineteen hundred years to reach the Earth; so that if one went to this particular planet one would see the Earth as it was nineteen hundred years ago—that is, in the time of Christ. Roy wishes to assure perfect faith in Christ by the accomplished fact of a certain sight of Him, as He actually appeared in the world. And at last, they start in their air-boat, which they name The Estrella, and are launched into the night and silence of infinite space. After a journey of many months they reach their destination, a planet, wonderful like a Fairy land lit by the light of a White Sun. They come across some strange creatures—half human, half ape-like, who flee in terror at the sight of the adventurers. One of the creatures is wounded and is taken to the Estrella to be nursed; and, taught by him, the explorers find some natural vegetable food on the planet. Clive narrowly escapes a terrible danger. Then arrives the great time for them to realize their dream—to view the Earth as it was in the time of Christ. But they are terribly disappointed, for they find that they are in the Northern latitude of the new planet, from which they can see nothing of the Earth. But Roy determines to travel to the Southern latitude. After a serious illness he starts with his companion. They reach their destination after a long and tedious journey. They fix the telescope and the dynamo and at last their efforts are rewarded. They see the Earth. And, at last, after a tremor of uncertainty whether or not they are in time for the great tragedy, they see Christ.]



DAY passed—a night—another day, and yet another—and we saw not again the Nazarene; but our time of doubt and despair was over, and we waited patiently, as disciples do when the coming of the Master is assured.

In vain we searched the streets of the city and the gardens outside the city, and all the little towns

of Judea where the Master was wont to dwell. Perhaps while our gaze was fixed on Jerusalem, He whom we sought was resting in Bethany, in the house of Martha and Mary; or while we scanned the white roads that led to Samaria and Galilee, He was sitting in the shadow of the temple, giving to His disciples the promise of His Kingdom.

We waited—but the time of waiting did not seem long.

For myself, I was mostly happy in Roy's happiness, in seeing the glad light that had returned to his eyes, the confident smile that played once more on his lips, almost as in the old days when, boys together, we walked home under the stars and dreamed the dream that had come true. His very youth seemed given back to him, in spite of grey hair and stooping shoulders; his step was light again and brisk, as in the days of boyhood, and the old enthusiasm—that wonderful mixture of boyish fire and apostolic fervour—burnt in him with a pure, calm flame, as a lamp before an altar.

On the fifth night we were as usual at our post by the telescope. The white and the golden moons had but lately risen in our sky; the azure moon was in its first quarter, but the white orb poised overhead threw a sheen as of crystallised snow over the crimson plains, transforming into so many silver domes the golden-roofed forests of the oasis.

On Earth the sun was newly risen above the mountains of Jerusalem. It was a perfect spring day in Palestine: flowers blossomed in every meadow—royal-robed lilies and white cyclamens, star-shaped narcissi and tulips in flaming crimson and gold. In every field the cactus hedges gleamed with dew, olive trees and sycamores and the royal oak of the valley spread out their new leaves to the sun, and the myrtle groves near the city were robed in white as for a coming bridal.

Not a cloud sailed in the transparent sky, and high above the highest hills of Jerusalem blue doves circled slowly over the old Tower of Antonia. It was the spring time of which Solomon sang:—

Lo, the winter is past,

The rain is over and gone,

The flowers appear on the earth,

The time of singing is come,

And the voice of the dove is heard in the land!

There was a great movement in the city—not the daily going in and coming out, not the usual activity of soldier and merchant, priest and peasant—but a steady flow of people through the Golden Gate to the road that led to Bethany. There were men and women and children. There were priests of the Temple in flowing

robes and gorgeous mantles walking almost side by side with African traders and Syrian slaves, whilst a prince of Jerusalem in glittering raiment rode behind a group of shepherds from Galilee. Many there were who bore olive branches and branches of palms—but these were the shepherds and the slaves—and little children who ran by their mother's side held armfuls of laurel blooms and lilies. And those who bore the branches and the flowers seemed to be going forth to some great holiday, so eager were their steps, so joyful their demeanour; but the priests and elders of the synagogue walked slowly, almost reluctantly on the way, conversing gravely among themselves. In short, the people seemed going to a high festival, and its leaders to a debate.

At last, as we searched eagerly the length of the white road, we saw, coming in the distance, surrounded by a little group of disciples, the Master.

Clad in a simple white tunic, with a white mantle covering his head and falling down to his sandalled feet, he advanced slowly in the sunshine.

When the crowd saw him in the distance, the foremost ran out to meet him, waving their branches aloft; and the flowers fell from the children's hands, strewing the road with petals, and the women detached their veils and made of them a pathway for the coming of the king.

"Hosanna, Son of David! Hosanna!"

Did not the cry of the multitude rise towards us from the past, through all the spaces of creation? Did we not hear the shouts of the men, the songs of the women, the piping voices of children?

"Hosanna, Son of David! Hosanna! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!"

Ah, the day was a glad one! It was the day of sunshine before the coming of the storm.

It was a day of miracles also. By the roadside sat a man, bare-headed, unkempt, in rags. As the multitude passed he rose and staggered forward with trembling hands outstretched, and we saw he was blind.

Words long since learnt and long forgotten suddenly came back to me in all their epic simplicity:—

A blind man sat by the wayside begging:

And hearing the multitude pass by, he asked what it meant.

And they told him that Jesus, of Nazareth passeth by.

And he cried, saying, Jesus son of David, have mercy on me!

And they which went before rebuked him, that he should hold his peace: but he cried so

much the more, Son of David, have mercy on me!

And Jesus stood, and commanded him to be brought unto him: and when he was come near, he asked him,

Saying, What wilt thou that I shall do unto thee? And he said, Lord, that I may receive my sight.

And Jesus said unto him, Receive thy sight: thy faith hath saved thee.

And immediately he received his sight, and followed him, glorifying God: and all the people, when they saw it, gave praise unto God.

Was this the blind beggar spoken of by the evangelists as the son of Timæus—he to whom the Master gave back his sight at the gates of Jericho? Was it another, unmentioned in the book of Christ's miracles?

We seemed to feel the hush that came over the multitude when the old man staggered forward and with the sightless eyes peered into the Master's face. We seemed to hear the shrill cry of mingled hope and misery: "Son of David have mercy on me!"

With a gesture, in itself a benediction, the Nazarene passed his hands over the man's eyes and we knew the words of power and pardon were spoken, though we heard them not, those words which the waiting Earth shall not hear again: "Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace!"

Under the divine touch a tremor shook the old man's frame and lo! as the Master's hands were removed from his eyes, he saw: We were witnesses of the miracle. Gazing upwards, the man's eyes seemed to meet our own, as from the face of the prophet of Galilee his enraptured glance rose to the limitless blue overhead. We saw the heavenly light reflected in his eyes; we saw the quivering lips parted in a smile as a little child's; we saw the transformation and transfiguration of the man.

"And immediately he received his sight, and followed him, glorifying God."

Walking at first with uncertain steps, as those do who have long dwelt in darkness, the man mingled with the crowd, and walking in the steps of his Saviour, was soon lost to view in the multitude that followed the Nazarene.

When the Master laid his hands on the eyes of the blind man, and the blind man "received his sight," a wave of mad joy surged over the crowd—women fell at his feet and kissed the hem of his robe, others brought their children to him to be blessed, and he lifted them in his arms and kissed them tenderly, as a mother might do.

But there were others among the multitude who kept aloof—priests and doctors of the law—those who came out to meet the Master without any offering of olive branches, and whose pious hands held no flowers to strew before his feet.

Priests and doctors of the Temple! Guardians of the old and written Law which ever opposes the unwritten and new-revealed law of liberty and love! Priests of the jealous God, man made at man's image, who for so many ages has stood in the place of the father whose love is deeper than the seas!

As we watched them whispering together, apart now from the crowd, separated in fact as in spirit, the shadow of Calvary seemed to fall athwart the brightness of the day, veiling in impalpable gloom the flower-strewn road that led to Jerusalem through the Golden Gate. With a tightening of the heart we realized that amid the love and the loyalty of the people lurked hatred, treachery, and the spirit of the accursed priest who gave Judas thirty pieces of silver for the betrayal of the Son of Man.

XI.

After the entry into Jerusalem we saw the Master many times. We saw him on the steps and in the courts of the temple, giving to his disciples the last message of peace and goodwill, revealing to all who came to him the mystery of the kingdom which no human eyes have seen or shall see—the invisible kingdom whose Lord is the Father in Heaven—whose throne is in the heart of Man.

We saw him in the narrow streets of the city's poorest quarters, visiting the dens of misery and vice, his gracious presence

"Bringing sunshine to sad places

Where the sunlight could not fall."

We saw him at evening time on Mount Olivet, about to enter on the long vigils of the night when, beneath the stars that gleam purely white in the Eastern sky, he stood alone with the Father.

We watched him in city and gardens, on the hills and in the valley, solitary or amid his disciples; and whenever he saw the halt, the maimed, the blind assemble in pitiful groups, then we knew we should find him in their midst and when the living dead, the lepers, came forth from their tombs on the hill of Evil Council and gathered in hideous crowds outside the city gates, we knew Jesus of Nazareth was about to pass on the way.

On the sixth night after the Master's entry into Jerusalem, a fragrant, star-filled night on Kallistos, on the Holy Land the dawn of another perfect spring day—we were as usual at our post by the telescope, and as usual we were searching

with eager glance the streets and byways of Jerusalem.

Once again we watched that magnificent spectacle: sunrise over the holy city. Once again we saw the coldly white palaces on Mount Zion glow with tender light at the first touch of the sun; once again we saw the blue doves circle above the tower of David, that rose so grim and dark over the city, even in the glad light of morning. And in the Prætorium,—

There our glance was arrested, and we forgot the hills in their fresh spring garb, and the blossoming trees that quivered with joy at the coming of day, for a party of soldiers were entering the outer court of the Roman palace, and in their midst, tightly bound, bruised and almost broken, walked the Nazarene.

We had known this hour must come. We had talked about it, dreamt about it since the day of the Master's entry into Jerusalem, awaiting it, yet dreading it with an unnameable dread. And now it had come, and it found us unprepared.

Trembling and numbed with fear, we gazed at the beginning of the world's greatest tragedy. Nay, but the beginning was not there: It had been in the night—our day, while we rested, unconscious, beneath the shelter of the forest—that on earth the drama had begun. On Mount Olivet the Master had retired to pray, praying the supreme prayer of agonised humanity: Father, not my will, but Thine be done! On Mount Olivet the betrayer had come, leading the soldiers of the priests, who with clubs and swords had taken the Prince of Peace. And now, at sunrise, after a night spent in prison, gaunt, weary, with the livid marks of the scourge seaming his flesh, the prisoner of Caiaphas was led to Pilate—to the Roman trial after the trial of the Jews.

And the day was a day of sunshine and April gladness! And in the streets the people came and went, and in the houses the mothers rocked their babies on their breasts, and in the field the lilies bloomed—all the land thrived with life and youth, while Christ took his first steps on the road to Golgotha!

In the inner court of the Prætorium were Pilate the Roman, and Caiaphas the Jew, and before these twain the soldiers brought the Nazarene.

Pilate, governor of Judea, sat on his high chair of state, as became one who had power of life and death. Caiaphas stood by his side, and other men, doctors of the temple or priests of the Central Synagogue, were there with him—dressed in their sacerdotal robes to urge the

The Nazarene stood alone.

We knew the words that were spoken—the angry clamour of the priests; "This man hath proclaimed himself the Messiah! He would destroy the temple! He is worthy of death!" And the subtle accusation of the implacable Caiaphas; "He hath stirred the people to rebellion against Caesar!" And later on, when pity touched the Roman's heart, the veiled menace: "If thou let this man go, thou art not Caesar's friend!"

We saw them standing face to face—Pilate and Jesus—Pilate representing the authority and prestige of Rome with its centuries of conquest and splendour, its world-wide sovereignty—and Jesus the Galilean, the peasant, friend of the friendless and sinners, whose doctrine was to live and give life, when the vast body of Rome was but a name to be remembered, a glory that once had been.

"What is truth?" the Roman had asked when, later on, the Master spoke of the One who had sent him into the world to bear witness to the truth. "What is truth?" And stayed not for an answer.

From Pilate to Herod, from Herod's palace—from the flagellation and the mockery of the soldiers, the robe of state and the crown of thorns—back again to Pilate. The day was now far advanced. The sun beat fiercely on the prisoner's bare head, on the blood that trickled slowly from his brow, on the open wounds that dyed his white tunic with crimson stains.

I could bear the sight no longer: I had a last vision of a group of women standing outside the Prætorium as the bleeding figure of the Nazarene was led out between two soldiers. As through a haze I saw a woman's white face uplifted in agony, a woman's hands outstretched in prayer towards the Master and the Son. . . . Then a sudden faintness overcame me and I covered my face and sobbed.

Night came, and we knew no more. Night fell over the holy land, and on Kallistos the sun rose in his splendour, flooding with white light the purple plains. Slowly we dragged ourselves away from the telescope; already the heat of the desert was parching our mouths with thirst, and we sought refuge under the high-roofed trees of the oasis, where star-shaped flowers bloomed in the twilight coolness.

But the darkness that had fallen over the Earth remained with us. We lived in the past—the ever-present past made visible before our eyes; we were not on Kallistos, in the oasis of the great desert, but within the gates of Jerusalem, in the shadow of the Cross.

We almost dreaded the coming of night, yet each hour of the day seemed an eternity, and when at last our star-sun set in a cloudless sky, on Earth the sun rose over the day of Crucifixion.

As the first glow from the East touched the mountains of Jerusalem, a party of Roman soldiers passed out of the Judicial gate with the Nazarene in their midst. A crowd ran ahead, another crowd followed. The narrow street of Damascus was thronged with an eager multitude, all hastening forward to the hill of Calvary.

As I looked at the surging crowd, I felt a curious sense of familiarity with the scene before me—the herd of gaily-garbed men and women jostling each other, pressing and pushing forward in wild haste—little children held high above their mothers' shoulders—dignified Pharisees crushed against courtesans and slaves, yet heeding it not in the universal madness, the delirious going forth of men and women possessed of one idea alone. . . . Ah, I remembered! With a sudden sense of unutterable shame I remembered the crowd of another day—just such a crowd of brightly dressed men and women, just such an eager mob, men pushing women in the fight to see, women lifting their little children in their arms. . . . Just such a crowd had I seen, with olive branches and the branches of palms, going forth to meet the man who was hailed: *Hosanna, Son of David! Hosanna! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!*

And now, once more before our eyes, priests of the Temple and robbers of the highway, doctors of the law and mountaineers of Galilee, money-lenders of Jerusalem and fishermen of the lakes, mothers in Israel and women who sold their womanhood—wealth and poverty, holiness and sin inextricably mixed in one seething animal mass, went out gaily to see this man, this son of David, die on the cross between two thieves.

For the second time in one week there was a holiday in Israel.

My eyes fell on the Master, staggering beneath the burden of the cross. The crown of thorns—the crown of the kingdom of sorrow—still rested over his brow, and his long hair was moistened and entangled with blood. His tunic clung to the wounds on his shoulders, his feet were bare, leaving red patches on the stony path.

As he staggered thus onward—upward—every faltering step seemed to be his last, so cruelly broken was the body that had spent its strength in loving service unto all.

And not one, no, not one in the crowd, not one in all this multitude he had loved unto death, took pity, came forward to staunch his blood, to bathe his wounds, to do unto him, the supremely merciful one, one little act of mercy!

Yet, later on, where the road to Calvary became narrow and steep, there stood one indeed, one, who, in spite of priests and soldiers, approached the Nazarene and with a kerchief wiped his bleeding face. . . . And that one was a woman.

The crowd that bore in its centre the holy victim flooded the hill of Calvary, wave upon wave. The moment, of all the moments on Earth the most poignant, had arrived: He who had clad the naked was stripped of his clothes and stood naked before the crowd. The hands that had given sight to the blind, healing to the sick, strength to the maimed, the hands, that had caressed the little children in Galilee and been lifted in benediction over all who sinned and sorrowed, were taken in the soldiers' rough grasp and nailed to the wood of the cross.

Was not the silence of the plains in the far-away world where we dwelt, suddenly peopled with all the sounds of Earth? Did we not hear it—dull-rhythmical—the sound of the hammer on the nails?

Did we not hear the low murmur of the expectant multitude, as hundreds upon hundreds of faces turned as by one accord towards the figure lifted on the cross? Did we not hear the insults and the mockery, the jeers of the priests, the ribaldry of the soldiers—and the wail of women, voices uplifted in agony? And above all, above the tumult of the human storm, did we not hear the last prayer of the dying Nazarene: Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!

"And it was about the sixth hour, and there was a darkness over all the land until the ninth hour."

From the East came the clouds in long trails of fleecy whiteness, and over the holy land they cast a snowy veil that hid from all the spaces of creation—from all the watchful eyes of men or angels—the last agonies on the cross.

Towards the sunset hour the veil of clouds was rent, even as the veil of the temple torn in twain at the death of the Master, and with eyes dimmed with tears we watched the descent from the cross,—the reverent hands of the disciples that bore their Master's lifeless body from the tree of torture to the cool peace of the tomb.

"Then took they the body of Jesus and wound it in linen clothes with the spices, as the manner of the Jews is to bury. Now in the place where he was crucified there was a garden; and in the garden a new sepulchre, wherein was never man yet laid." There laid they Jesus.

It was the end. After the joy of the first Christmas night and the singing of the angels, after the worship of the Magi and the gifts of gold and rare spices of the East to the King new-born in a manger—after the glad days in Galilee when miracles blossomed like lilies be-

Postman in India.

The Postmaster is mostly a stranger and turns a deaf ear to their requests and needs, and the postman is therefore entreated for small favours such as "to post a letter at once so as to go by to-day's mail," after the time for the last clearance is over and he is ready to oblige. If any stranger arrives in the village he must report himself to the postman to instruct him as to how the letters received to his address are to be delivered. The postman knows every detail in regard to each household in the village and is the fittest man to be consulted by strangers as to the status and position of any one of whom they are anxious to know. He also posts himself with all particulars about the strangers, their wealth and connection and the business that had brought them thither. If a letter smeared with saffron (indicative of auspicious occurrences) is received to the address of any villager, the postman in delivering it is the first to congratulate the addressee on the auspicious event. If a letter announcing a death is received, the postman is also the first person to condole with the recipient on the unhappy occurrence. All persons who have married in the village or have any sort of connection with the villagers are down in his books and are known to him and every one in the village studiously cultivates his friendship and earns his good will. For there are many ways in which he is helpful and obliging. If in the course of a marriage, a letter conveying the news of the death of a relative of a party to the marriage is received he carefully keeps it by to be delivered after the marriage is over or the marriage will have to be stopped in the middle or even before it actually begins, entailing waste of money and trouble. If a notice of a suit is sent to any villager the latter is duly apprised of it in secret, and the letter is returned endorsed "addressee not found." If any villager is engaged in carrying on clandestine or questionable correspondence, the postman knows it all but for a trifling present keeps silence where a disclosure will bring down ruin and misery on the culprits. If a husband and wife quarrel the postman is there to reconcile the pair. If a creditor is unnecessarily hard towards his debtor the postman interferes on behalf of the latter and often arbitrates to his advantage. Such and sundry are his services to the villagers. He of course looks forward to the Pongal and Deepavali for his usual tip from the villagers. His

pay may be small, but his annual income is a good round sum which he carefully lays by. His small pay is more than enough for his sustenance, as it is generally supplemented by presents in kind almost every day and by money presents of 1 to 8 annas every time a money order is issued. If fresh vegetables are brought from the garden, the family priest, the village schoolmaster and the postman have always their share. Even if the first two are not remembered the last is never forgotten. If there is a feast in any house the postman has his share of the cakes and other preparations. If there is a marriage he has often a suit of clothes in all well-to-do households. On all auspicious occasions, whether there is a general invitation to the whole villagers or not the postman must be invited and has his coconut and fruits and *pan suppi*. If he wants to educate his son, he can admit him into the village school as a free scholar. If he has to marry his daughter, the money presents of the villagers more than cover his expenses. If he wants to build a house, the merchants grant him the necessary building materials either as a present or for small value, so that in a few days and for a comparatively small sum of money he finds himself comfortably housed. Such is the kind gratitude of the villagers for his being helpful and obliging to them. But he is not without his occasional worries and troubles. A new postmaster arrives. He puts on airs of being a strict man. He watches the postman whispering through the window to the public outside. The postman receives a letter through the window after the time for the last clearance is over and stamps and consigns it to the proper pigeon hole; again he recommends to the money order clerk to receive from one outside a money order though it is past time. The new postmaster sees all these for a day or two, and as they are repeated almost every day he comes down upon the postman for being a little too indulgent to the public. The postman explains that the persons whom he patronised are influential villagers and that it is desirable that the postmaster should be conciliatory and obliging towards them. Small kindnesses after all, he says, which will be amply rewarded at the Deepavali. If the postmaster is a man of the world and has an eye to his own interests, he follows the advice of the postman and ingratiates himself into the favour of the public, and sure enough his good offices meet with sufficient recompense at the Deepavali; but if he happens to have a high sense of duty, which unfortunately is rare he will take the postman to task for his too obliging nature. It is a matter for regret that even those few who try to enforce a high ideal of duty are compelled by circumstances to conform to the ordinary

standard of rectitude prevalent in the village. Often it happens that the Postmaster himself is not immaculate and takes advantage of his position and gets work done for him by others and this affords an opportunity for the postman to have his revenge. The Postmaster has 4 or 5 runners under him carrying the mail bags and one or two volunteers learning work in the office. His pay is not much. He has to live in or near the Post Office. Probably there is no water in the wells in his house and the bazaars and schools are far away. He cannot keep a servant of his own and finds no scruple in utilising the services of the runners and volunteers. One of them goes regularly to the bazaar and buys him the daily requirements. Two others draw water by turns while a fourth accompanies his children to school. Thus aided the postmaster on the whole passes an agreeable time. He therefore attends to his work with eagerness and care keeping a sharp eye on the doings of the postman. The latter is now all obedience outwardly, while he is only waiting for an opportunity for revenge and slowly works for it. He tells the runners that they are not paid to do private services to the postmaster and if the Inspector of Post Offices should detect them while so engaged they will be liable to be dismissed summarily. If they would not hear him he was bound to speak the truth if the Superintendent should inquire of him regarding their conduct when he next goes there for inspection. Slowly they show less and less eagerness in attending to the private work of the postmaster. They now and then excuse themselves on some pretext or other and ultimately fall off. They go to office just at the time their duty calls them and slip away as soon as it is over. The postmaster is all wrath and threatens the runners with dismissals. They retort that it is none of their duty to attend to his household work and one or two of them, of course at the instigation of the postman, complain to the Superintendent of Post Offices against the postmaster. The postmaster feels himself powerless and to add to his difficulties the Superintendent calls on him for an explanation of the allegations in the mazabár against him submitted by the villagers. They complain that the postmaster does not attend office regularly or in time and that he demands a small tax every time they have to transact any business in the Post office. They narrate the innumerable other inconveniences they are put to by the postmaster's conduct and pray for his transfer. The postmaster is now at his wits end. He was very attentive in his work and never gave any cause for complaint. If he is shrewd and worldly wise he compromises with the postman and adjusts his conscience to the level of the latter. All his

(Continued on p. 335.)

THE QUEEN'S RIVAL.

Queen Gulnaar sat on her ivory bed,
 Around her countless treasures were spread;
 Her chamber walls were richly inlaid
 With agate, porphyry, onyx and jade;
 The tissues that veiled her delicate breast
 Glowed with the hues of a lapwing's crest;
 But still she gazed in her mirror and sighed
 "O King, my heart is unsatisfied."
 King Feroz bent from his ebony seat:
 "Is thy least desire unfulfilled, O Sweet?"
 "Let thy mouth speak and my life be spent
 To clear the sky of thy discontent."
 "I tire of my beauty, I tire of this
 Empty splendour and shadowless bliss;
 With none to envy and none gainsay,
 No savour or salt hath my dream or day"—
 Queen Gulnaar sighed like a murmuring rose—
 "Give me a rival, O King Feroz."
 King Feroz spoke to his chief Vazier:
 "Lo, ere to-morrow's dawn be here,
 "Send forth my messengers over the sea,
 To seek seven exquisite brides for me,
 Radiant of feature and noble of mien,
 Seven handmaids meet for the Persian Queen."
 Seven new moon tides at the Vesper call
 King Feroz led to Queen Gulnaar's hall.
 A young Queen eyed like the morning star:
 "I bring thee a rival, O Queen Gulnaar."
 But still she gazed in her mirror and sighed
 "O King, my heart is unsatisfied."
 Seven Queens shone round her ivory bed,
 Like seven soft gems on a silken thread,
 Like seven fair lamps in a royal tower,
 Like seven bright petals of Beauty's flower.
 But still she sighed like a murmuring rose
 "Where is my rival, O King Feroz?"
 When spring winds wakened the mountain floods,
 And kindled the flame of the tulip buds,
 When bees grew loud and the days grew long
 And the peach groves thrilled to the bulbul's song,
 Queen Gulnaar sat on her ivory bed,
 Finding with jewels her beautiful head;
 And still she gazed in her mirror and sighed
 "O King, my heart is unsatisfied."
 Queen Gulnaar's daughter, two spring times old,
 In blue robes bordered with tassels of gold,
 Ran to her knee like a wildwood fay,
 And plucked from her hand the mirror away.
 Blithely she set on her own light curls
 Her mother's fillet, with fringes of pearls;
 Blithely she turned with a child's caprice,
 And pressed on the mirror a swift, glad kiss.
 Queen Gulnaar laughed like a tremulous rose—
 "Here is my rival, O King Feroz!"

Sarojini Naidu.

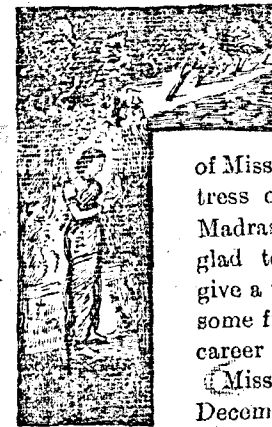
troubles at once vanish as the morning mist. The villagers on enquiry deny that the signatures in the petition are theirs and a report to this effect is all that is needed. Once more the postmaster enjoys his life without further trouble and nay, postman willing, even hopes for a slight favour at the hands of the villagers when the next Deepavali comes round.

The postman wields such power in the villages that when he retires after a service of from 40 to 45 years, he has his pension and thanks to the generosity of his villagers, he has also a decent competence to place him above want, and with these he passes the rest of his life in peace and plenty esteemed and respected by the villagers and ends his earthly career

"Wept, honoured and sung."

T. V. NANJUNDA IYAR, B.A.

Miss Carr, the Senior Inspectress of Girls' Schools in the Madras Presidency.



IN the last issue of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*, we referred to the approaching retirement

of Miss Carr, the Senior Inspectress of Girls' Schools in the Madras Presidency. We are glad to be able in this issue to give a portrait of this lady and some further particulars of her career as an Educational officer.

Miss Carr came to India in December 1882 to take up the post of Superintendent of the Presidency Training School for Mistresses. In this capacity she did a great deal to improve the efficiency of this institution and place it on a sound basis. Even in her capacity of Superintendent she had opportunities of acquainting herself with the work of an Inspectress, for she acted for three months in 1883 and again in 1886 as Inspectress of Girls' Schools in the place of Mrs. Brander who went on leave. While inspecting the native schools in Madras and in the Chingleput, North and South Arcot and Coimbatore Districts, she became keenly alive to the necessity on the part of English educational officers to acquire

a knowledge of the vernacular languages, and came to realise the great need of qualified women teachers, especially Hindus, for the native girls' schools.

Miss Carr devoted every spare minute to the study of Tamil and passed the Compulsory Examination in May 1884 and the High Proficiency Examination in July 1885, earning the reward of Rs. 1,000. Later in 1891, she passed the Compulsory Examination in Telugu. If there is anything which has contributed to Miss Carr's success as an Educationist and Inspectress, it is her intimate knowledge of the leading vernaculars of the Province, which has enabled her to come into close touch with the people among whom she has worked for over 20 years. She has been an enthusiastic advocate of the education of Hindu girls throughout her career and has used her influential position to the best advantage possible in promoting this cause. In order to induce Hindu girls, especially widows, to come forward for education and training, she recommended and obtained sanction for small guardian allowances in addition to scholarships, to enable elderly female relatives to accompany them. Twenty-two widows became qualified as teachers during the six years in which Miss Carr was Superintendent of the Presidency Training School and most of them are still working as teachers, several of them having since improved their educational qualifications by private study. Later, all scholarships were made conditional on passing a public examination and the widow-movement was checked in consequence.

In December 1888 the whole Presidency was divided into four circles as far as girls' schools were concerned, the Central and Northern Circles being under Mrs. Brander's supervision and Miss Carr becoming Inspectress of the Southern and Western Circles. This arrangement continued until February 1902 and during the interval the two Inspectresses travelled every year some thousands of miles through the length and breadth of their respective Circles. The journeys were made by train where possible, but many long journeys had to be undertaken in boats or common country carts. During the year 1896-1897 Miss Carr acted for Mrs. Brander and had therefore an opportunity of visiting all the districts in the Northern and Central Circles. In the

first three or four years of the above arrangement the number of girls' schools increased very rapidly, but from about 1892 funds decreased and the plans of the Inspectresses for improvement were much hampered in consequence. Still in the 10 years succeeding 1892, statistics show that the number of girls in secondary schools increased from 3,000 to 4,400 and in primary schools from 48,700 to 121,100.

After the Educational Conference at Simla at the end of 1901, Miss Carr was told by the Director of Public Instruction that, as a result of the Conference, there would be more funds at his disposal for girls' education, and was asked to formulate proposals for improvement. With the object of inducing Hindu girls to stay longer at schools, her first proposal was that all inspecting officers connected with girls' schools should be women, and in order to attract suitable qualified women into the field of work, she suggested that the lowest pay should begin on Rs. 125 per mensem. This proposal was approved and sanctioned and now, in addition to the three Inspectresses, there are three assistant and six sub-assistant Inspectresses, all of whom are qualified teachers of experience, four of whom hold the B.A. degree, while one of the latter holds the L.T. degree.

In order to put aided schools in a position to employ teachers of higher qualifications, many increases of salary and fixed grants and applications for furniture grants were recommended and sanctioned.

Miss Carr next turned her attention to Government Girls' Schools, which, owing to want of funds, had the worst accommodation, furniture and apparatus and the poorest teachers of any schools in the Presidency. Owing to the low salaries of Rs. 7, 6 and 5 and even 4 a month paid to the teachers, it was impossible to induce Hindu girls to come forward for education and training, and a scheme for improving the position of the teachers was submitted. The general principle of the scheme was that the lowest pay of a qualified woman teacher should be Rs. 10 per mensem and that the pay of more highly qualified teachers should be graduated accordingly. Government, while accepting the general principle, sanctioned the scheme with a number of modifications that limit its operation considerably. Still the position of the teachers

is undoubtedly somewhat improved. Proposals for the improvement of the accommodation, furniture and apparatus have also been submitted and a certain amount has been sanctioned for the purpose in each of the last three years.

Miss Carr, remembering the success of the widows in the Presidency Training School when she was Superintendent, also submitted a scholarship scheme for the education of Hindu and Muhammadan widows, with a view to their subsequent training as teachers. This was at once sanctioned, and one Hindu widow has in two years become fully qualified and is at work in a Hindu Girls' School. She is the first fruit of the scheme. On March 31st there were 18 Hindu and Muhammadan widow scholarship holders reading in various schools in the Central Circle in classes ranging from the IVth to Form VI. Of the 18, one was in the Upper Secondary, 14 were in the Lower Secondary and 3 were in the primary stages of instruction. Six were Brahmans, 14 were non-Brahman caste Hindus and one was a Muhammadan.

Such is a brief unvarnished account of some of the practical steps taken by Miss Carr to improve the condition of the education of women in this Province. Succeeding as she did, a great worker in the field of female education, namely, Mrs. Brander, she found to a certain extent the ground prepared but there can be no doubt that Miss Carr too has left the mark of her individuality on the Province so far as the history of female education is concerned. She has made herself acquainted intimately with the condition and needs of the people and her sympathy with them has been manifest in many ways. It is not merely the mere opening of new schools, and the increase in the number of pupils undergoing instruction that testify to her excellent work, it is also the decided improvement in the quality of instruction, the happier homes that educated wives have created everywhere that mark the success of her noble work. We once more offer our sincere congratulations to her on what she has been able to accomplish in this Province in the cause of the uplifting of India's daughters, and we wish her many years of usefulness in her home-land where we have no doubt she will utilize every opportunity afforded her to advocate the cause of the education of India's daughters.



Our Special Indian Lady Contributors' Column.

THE MISSION OF HINDU WIDOWS.

WHILE looking through the *Madras Review* I found a very interesting article on "The Mission of Hindu Widows" by Mr. M. Gopaliengar. It is interesting to note

that the advancement of widows is taking such a strong hold on the minds of the educated Hindus.

Mr. Gopaliengar's question is "How are we to improve the status of women?" On them depends the progress of the country. They "form the characteristic of the moral make-up which distinguishes one nation from another." Yet we cannot decide what status the women will take. They must be educated first and then they can decide for themselves what status they would occupy "What, however, we should now feel thankful for," says he, "is that, in matters of domestic and social reforms, where we men are hopelessly split up, there should prevail a consensus of thought and opinion, which recognises the value of utilizing for the ultimate decision the strength and influence of the very women on whose behalf we are fighting."

The great drawback to the progress of education and culture among the women is the early marriage system; and their consequent withdrawal from school when they are just beginning to learn. Private and public enterprise has done something to mitigate this evil, but they cannot be solely depended upon. A remedy for this is to have qualified women to manage the schools.

But there arrives a two-fold difficulty, we must get a "sufficiently large number of high caste Hindu women, preferably Brahmans, who are willing to undergo a complete course of training; secondly, of inducing women, when so trained, to accept service as school-mistresses." It is too much to expect the girl-wife already overburdened with the cares of a household to fulfil the above duties. Hence, we must fall back upon other material ready to hand, viz., the poor ill-used widow. He goes on to say that "under the existing conditions, all the excellent qualities and the best attributes of women are practically suppressed in the widows, and in the vast majority of cases they are also forced to exchange places with the beasts of burden. Apart from humanitarian considerations which ought not to weigh the less with us than with any other nation, this treatment of the widows is on the face of it unnatural, and calls for a change which will harmonise better with our national disposition." Therefore let us train the widows and find a mission for them.

Mr. Gopaliengar next criticises the various schemes that have been brought forward for the education of widows. In 1861, Mr. Sasipada Banurji opened a small school in his house at Barhanagar, near Calcutta, for the benefit of grown-up widows and other ladies. This first effort had to overcome a great deal of prejudice, but it was not without its good results. Pandita Rama Bai followed him up in Poona, and with the help of some American friends, started the now famous "Sarada Sadan."

"She had several advantages which Mr. Banurji did not possess: First, she had no purdah system in Bombay such as he was subjected to in Bengal. Secondly, she was not hampered by the positive disqualification of his sex for employing personal persuasion where necessary, for enlisting the sympathy and support of the mistress of the home. Thirdly, she had by her side as a guarantee for good faith, men like Mr. Ranade, Mr. Gokhale and Dr. Bhandarkar who had lent the 'Home' the prestige and popularity their names signified. Lastly, she had the assurance of outside financial support to an extent which Mr. Banurji could never have hoped for under the most favourable circumstances. All these helped to give a splendid start to her 'Home' which,

so early as 1859, was looked upon as the pride of the Western Presidency and the envy of the rest of the country. But the positive defect inherent in the scheme as being a part of the Christian propagandism greatly detracted from its merit as a national educational movement; and to this defect is to be traced the recoil in public opinion which, on the not unreasonable suspicion that the religious scruples of the Brahmin wards were not respected, had ceased to look upon the institution as a help to the community. Nevertheless, it is due to Pandita Rama Bai to acknowledge that her splendid example gave fresh stimulus to workers all over India.

If we turn to Mysore we see the results of the interest which His Highness the late Maharajah took in the question of the education of widows in 1888. Here is an extract from Sir K. Seshadri Iyer's speech delivered on the occasion of the distribution of prizes to the students of the Maharani's Caste Girls' School when His Highness had taken the chair:

"His Highness understands that the Managers expect to be able shortly to place the higher classes entirely under the management of lady teachers, upon the model of those halls of learning of ancient India, where pious women dedicated their lives to the noble work of imparting instruction to the younger members of their sex. When this great change is accomplished, the parents would naturally desire to keep their girls at school as long as they can afford to do. This change would place female education on the firmest possible basis: it would make the most effectual concession possible to the not unreasonable popular prejudice on the subject: it would be the means of training large numbers for the profession of lady teachers for all parts of the country: it would offer an asylum as well as a field of philanthropic work to those Hindu women, who, from choice or misfortune, are destined for a single life, and who, deprived of the opportunity for the exercise of their affections within the small circle of a family, would find congenial employment in educating the younger of their sex."

In Mysore small beginnings were made first in families. Encouragement was given, and one or two widows in the family were educated. Gradually private schools such as "Sadhu Sadan" and "Savitri Sadan" were formed. They were successful and it was found necessary to make better arrangements. The two private schools were abolished and the work continued in the Maharani's School, where three special classes were formed to educate the elderly widows up to the Lower Secondary standard. Scholarships were also given. The next step was to make special provision for widows. It was

first tried in Mysore and then gradually extended to Bangalore, Tumkur and Chickballipur, and now adopted all through the Province, under the kind patronage of the present Maharajah. Here is a letter to witness the popularity of the scheme:—

"A Brahmin widow from Talaya near Holalkere in Chittaldroog District applied for a scholarship stating that her deceased husband was a Munshi in the Christian College, Madras, where he died leaving her, his widow, and their boy of six years of age, altogether helpless. She had to return to her poor parents in Talaya. She had, however, read Kanarese under her husband, and ventured to seek a widow scholarship to enable her to read systematically in a girls' school and pass the necessary examinations in order to qualify herself for the post of a school-mistress, the attainment of which, she wrote in her application, would enable her to educate and bring up her son. In this attempt, she said, she was following the example of the Head-mistresses of Tumkur and Chittaldroog, both of whom were Brahmin widows. Her younger sister happening at this time to lose her husband by plague, the sisters (and they are accompanied by their aged orthodox father) have come to Tumkur and joined the Empress Girls' School and are supported by this fund."

The results in Mysore after 15 years are thus summed up by Mr. Gopalingar:—

"Under the scheme, Mysore has, in the course of fifteen years, brought under the influence of education about one hundred and twenty widows, has influenced public opinion in at least twice as many orthodox families which are immediately connected with the widows, has familiarised them with the trend of modern thought and has educated public opinion not only to a recognition of the value of female education in the social economy, but to the urgency of modifying social rules so as to admit the innovation of widows undertaking the duties of professional school-mistresses. The practical results, so far as are as satisfactory to the public as they are creditable to every one who has contributed to the success of the scheme. A number of elderly orthodox widows of character and respectability have succeeded in passing the Lower and Upper Secondary Examinations and the Teachers' Test, and have accepted posts in the different public schools of the province as head and assistant mistresses. Of late, wherever possible, the widow pupils are also encouraged to study English with a view to bring them up eventually to the University Examinations; and I feel assured that, in the fulness of time, Mysore would be able to point to a number of widows who, having graduated from the Maharani's Girls' College, would be able to dedicate their lives to active work."

One defect in the Mysore scheme according to Mr. Gopalingar is that Government has failed to recognise the influence of the personal element. It ought to if it wishes to maintain the progress.

Another commendable scheme is that devised and worked by Professor Karve at Hingne, Budruk near Poona. It was given shape in 1896 when the Hindu Widows' Home Association was organised. The Home which was started in January, 1899 is maintained from the funds of the Association: its members are the patrons and sympathisers contributing to the fund, of whom 12 have elected themselves into a Committee of Management. The Home is based on the model of Pandita Rama Bai's "Sarada Sadan," but scrupulous regard is paid to the feelings and prejudices of the people. The ideal aimed at may be gathered from the following:

"1. The Home does not rigorously adhere to the course of study and methods of instruction as laid down by the Educational Department. It has to meet the requirements of every individual case on its own merits. The principle therefore of instruction followed here is the principle of individual attention.

2. Instruction in practical household work has been specially provided for, and the various items of work at the Home are, to a certain extent, distributed among the inmates, so that every one of them has, in her turn, to bear her share under the supervision of a matron specially engaged for the purpose.

3. As an attempt at moral education, selections from the works of the saintly poets of Maharashtra are read in the original and explained every evening before the girls retire to bed. Before commencing the day's work, about 15 minutes are spent in reading aloud certain texts from the "Bhagavadgita" on which is based a short sermon.

4. The Ashrama also intends to provide for instruction in midwifery and nursing, supplemented by practical training in a small hospital that may with benefit be attached to the Ashrama.

5. The method followed here is a sort of compromise between the old orthodox practice and the new one in vogue in the various institutions. The aim constantly kept in view is to simplify the course and accomplish everything with less trouble and lighter tax on the energies of the learner than in Boys' Schools.

6. Another and far higher object the Ashrama would ever endeavour to achieve, is to bring up, from amongst its members, a band of what may be styled the Hindu Sisters of Charity, i.e., a band of ladies who would devote themselves to the work of the Association and seek to widen the scope of usefulness of the Association's

labours in the cause of the helpless Hindu widow.

The Home has had wonderful results so far. Within 2 years 15 widows have been trained so as to support themselves in an independent position. What is better still is that the management of the Home has begun to pass into the hands of the trained members of the "Home" whose enthusiasm and earnestness are equal to or greater than the founders of the Home.

But "at the risk of being thought hyper-critical, I venture to point out one serious defect which is common to both the Barhanagar and Hingne schemes. They withdraw the widows from their houses. This entails a two-fold loss; first, there is the loss of the influence of these widows not only in their own homes, but in the society of which they are members: and secondly, the loss of the widows' sense of self-respect and self-reliance which their residence under the roof of a charity-house signifies. I am not ignoring a possible defence which this scheme suggests. But it sounds almost Platonic to argue that women, whether widows or not, are better brought up as members of a public family, in an artificial atmosphere, devoid of the natural home influence. It would be most unfortunate if, with all the labour and expense implied in the working of the scheme, the status of the trained widows in society could not, in reality, be much higher than that of one who has rebelled against the disciplinary rules of society. This, in my opinion, could to some extent be remedied, first, by sending the widows to live with their parents and guardians twice a year during the vacation; and secondly, by making their training in the 'Home' conditional on their promise of repaying a portion of the money expended on them, or of rendering the 'Home' gratuitous service for a certain number of years."

There are two more schemes, that of the Government of Bengal and that of Madras. Mr. Sasipada Banurji had to close his schools through want of support. The Government of Bengal tried to continue the work by training the lady-teachers at the Bethune College and the Brahma High School by opening special classes. But this is a general scheme which will benefit the community at large and not the widows in particular.

"But the Madras scheme is in one respect an improvement on this. It does not go to the length of opening special classes in connection with any school; but it expressly provides for the education of Hindu and Mahomedan widows, and offers special inducements for the guardians of such widows to educate their wards. Although neither of the two Government schemes has been long in operation to help us to judge their respective merits, yet the Madras scheme, which is definite in its aim and liberal in its character, is visibly more popular than the other. Ulti-

nate success in either case depends more on the genuineness of the innermost feelings of the worker immediately responsible for the scheme than on the actual desire of the Government to be helpful to the community; and all efforts, divested of the halo of sympathy and emotion in matters which concern Hindu women are doomed to failure. The highest merit, however, of the two last named schemes consists in the fact that they are entirely free from the taint of charity-feed which has unconsciously led the people of this country to self-abasement and has proved totally destructive of all the finest and most precious natural gifts."

Such are some of the efforts which are being made to improve the condition of the widows. However various their methods, yet we see that they all have one common aim "not merely to help widows to become more useful members of society, but to humanise the treatment of women in general and of widows in particular."

The rest of the article is a strong appeal to his countrymen, on behalf of the widows of India and we cannot but echo his earnest wish that the widows should occupy a proper position in society:—

"Almost the first attempt, therefore, that we should take in this direction is to sign a charter for the widows who are precluded from remarrying, to elevate them to the position of preceptors and to impress them with the importance of their mission. If we believe that the future of the country lies largely in the hands of our women, we should, by the sincerity of our aim and action, inspire the widows who are their preceptors with zeal for this honourable career. To widows who renounce the pleasures and pains of the wedded life, what greater consolation can there be than the consciousness of having helped their ignorant sisters to take their rightful place in society and be of service to men in their arduous task of reconstructing it on lines suited to the time we live in? Of the average school-master who seldom comes to prominence, be his work ever so laudable, M. Guizot wrote: 'It is his glory not to aspire to aught beyond his obscure and laborious condition, to exhaust himself in sacrifices scarcely noticed by those whom they benefit, to toil, in short, for man, and to expect his recompense only from God.' And how much more should the public esteem women when they elect to remain in perpetual widowhood, withstand the temptations of a life of worldliness and devote themselves entirely to a work which is destined to redound to the glory of the country!"

II.—A SOCIAL GATHERING OF INDIAN LADIES AT VIZAGAPATAM.



THE second gathering of Indian ladies planned by Mrs. Shreenivasa, B.A., L.T., and Mrs. D. Lazarus at "Sunny-side," Waltair,

on the 24th April was just as successful as the first one. Nearly twenty five ladies were present on the occasion with their daughters. As the gathering

took place at an early hour the ladies had a nice time of it on the open area of ground in front of the house, which had been screened from public gaze. Here they engaged in outdoor games till it became dark, when they withdrew to the drawing room, where an intellectual treat was in store for them. With the aid of a telescope they were shown the heights of Kailasa and some other distant objects; then came the microscope with its revelation of the thousand wonders of nature: the internal economy of a dog-flea, and some other insects was seen with advantage. Some, especially the younger ones, amused themselves by viewing the life-like pictures of some of the interesting places in the world through a storeoscope. Others again were poring over photographs of interesting scenes. A galvanic battery was then brought out, and one and all vied with one another to take hold of one of the pole ends of the battery or each other's hands to have the pleasure of experiencing an electric shock. Perhaps they could not understand how a little box with its mysterious contents could make their arms pain and quiver. I may mention here that it was a dry battery and therefore they did not hear the rumbling of the wheels of the old-fashioned battery. Their vivacity and eagerness to learn something new could not but remind me of the lines of Tennyson:—

"We will clear away the parasitic forms,
That seem to keep her up, but drag her down;
Will leave her space to burgeon out of all
Within her; let her make herself her own



MISS CARR,

Senior Inspectress of Girls' Schools, Central Circle, Madras.

(Vide page 335.)

To give or keep, to live and learn and be
All that not harms distinctive womanhood."

But only "distinctive womanhood," for the poet's idea is that woman is but the complement of man, not his equal. This is the real principle of nature, any attempt to thwart it will meet with failure. But why need women "remain orb'd in their isolation?" That women are capable of every improvement which will better their judgment and understanding is beyond all doubt. Only they must lay a basis of knowledge and wisdom in order that they may be better able to serve their Maker and help their neighbours. Applying Tennyson's words in a larger sense we may say

"Then comes the statelier Eden back to men,
Then reign the world's bridals chaste and calm,
Then springs the crowning race of human kind;
May these things be."

After this followed music and singing; one or two of the Indian sisters entertained the audience with songs in the vernacular, which were highly appreciated by all present. I am sure the ladies went home quite delighted that they had spent a pleasant time. Some expressed a desire that this should be repeated at least once a month; they also promised to persuade others to be present at the next gathering. I believe arrangements are being made to have a lecture on the next occasion on some popular subject to be delivered by a learned Brahman lady, the Editor of a Telugu journal. I wish all success to these gatherings, which will have the effect of bringing together my Indian sisters for social purposes; every praise is due to the organisers of these gatherings for their interest in Indian ladies who do not possess the same advantages as those who have received an English education and who have the opportunity of moving in English circles. The Indian ladies of this out-of-the-way place look forward to such gatherings with an eagerness which may be better imagined than described.

EDELWEISS.



III.—THE NEW GIRLS' SCHOOL AT BANDARA.

I AM sure the readers of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* would like to know something about the new Girls' School, Bandara. On Wednesday, the 5th of April, being the Hindu New Year's day, which is called "Warsha Pratipada," the school had its annual distribution of prizes.

Although the place is not very large and roomy as Colleges are, still it was prettily decorated with palms, plantain leaves, flowers and plants and was looking simply lovely; and the fountain which was playing in front made the whole place look charming.

This lovely fountain which is always seen playing was made by the friends and admirers of Rai Bahadur Chunder Kumar Chatterji, and was named after his deceased wife, Kusumkamani. The programme opened with a song in Marathi, it was sung well by the children, then the report was read by the Secretary, Mr. G. B. Gokhale. After the report the children sang and prizes were distributed by Mr. Danks, the Deputy Commissioner.

Then the audience were garlanded, utter and pan were served around, and after singing the national anthem the assembly dispersed.

Herewith I give you a few extracts from the Secretary's report:

"It has this time unfortunately fallen to the lot of the Committee to record with a very deep sense of regret, the untimely and sudden deaths of Rai Bahadur Chunde Kumar Chatterji and Mr. Govind Rao Pandhripande. The former gentleman was the President of the Managing Committee and one of the most liberal patrons of the school, the latter was one of the original organizers of the school and a devout worker on the Committee. Their deaths have deprived the Committee of its best friends and advisers. Its prosperity and good name was mainly due to the tact, energy, and self-sacrificing spirit of Mr. Chatterji."

The young pupils of this school, nay, the student community in general, in the Central Provinces and elsewhere will ever gratefully remember Mr. Chatterji's name with admiration and respect on account of the numerous endowments made by him to further the cause of education."

"The Library attached to the school and bearing the name of Mr. A. B. Napier, who was the originator of the idea of having a Library attached to the school, and who supplied the nucleus has gained a great popularity among the pupils of the school and such native ladies as

are able to make use of it." Attached to the Library is the Ladies' Association called the Maitrini Warg the members of which meet in the school every Saturday afternoon for the purpose of reading the books in the Library and learning from one another sewing and knitting."

SARAH E. SAFFOR ALI.

IV.—REFERENCES TO FLOWERS IN ENGLISH POETRY.

(Compiled by an Indian Lady.)

1. The rose.

"Like a rose embowered,
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives,
Makes faint with too much sweet these
Heavy-winged thieves."

SHELLEY.

"'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
To give sigh for sigh."

THOMAS MOORE.

"Fair is the rose, yet fades with heat or cold;
Sweet are the violets, yet soon grow old;
The lily's white, yet in one day 'tis done;
So short-lived beauty a vain gloss doth
borrow;
Breathing delight to-day, but none
to-morrow."

ANONYMOUS.

"Child of the summer, charming rose!
No longer in confinement lie,
Arise to light, thy form disclose,
Rival the spangles of the sky!
The rains are gone, the storms are o'er,
Winter retires to make thee way;
Come thou, thou sweetly blushing rose,
Come, lovely stranger, come away!
The sun is drest in beaming smiles
To give thy beauties to the day;
Young zephyrs wait with gentlest gales,
To fan thy bosom as they play!"

ANONYMOUS.

2. The lily.

"Beautiful lily, dwelling by still rivers,
Or solitary mere,

Or where the sluggish meadow brook
delivers
Its water to the weir!

Born to the purple, born to joy and pleas-
ance,

Thou dost not toil nor spin;
But makest glad and radiant with thy
presence

The meadow and the lin.

Thou art the Iris, fair among the fairest,
Who, armed with golden rod
And winged with the celestial azure, bearest
The message of some God.

Thou art the Muse, who far from crowded
cities,

Hauntest the sylvan streams,
Playing on pipes of reed the artless ditties
That come to us as dreams.

O flower-de-luce, bloom on and let the river
Linger to kiss thy feet!

O flower of song, bloom on, and make for
ever

The world more fair and sweet,"

LONGFELLOW.

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they
grow;
They toil not, neither do they spin;
And yet I say unto you that even Solomon in
all his glory was not arrayed like one of
these."

The Bible.

The Hulse lily.

"Like clustered stars—like angel hands
In dazzling beauty bright,
They in the sacred land of lands
Reflect the noonday light.
Large—with those petals, as in love,
Springing within to meet above,—
Each flower appears to sight
A gorgeous canopy of state
Which art may never imitate.

Beneath such rich embowered fall
The fairy king might sit,
While round him throng his courtiers all,
And swinging lamps are lit,
And moonlight glances on the rills,
And bathes the summits of the hills,
And o'er the landscape flit,
The shadows of the swaying boughs—
Fantastic fancy this elbows."

DUTT.

"We are lilies fair
The flower of virgin light;
Nature held us forth, and said,
'Lo! my thoughts of white!'
Ever since then, angels
Hold us in their hands;

You may see them where they take
In pictures their sweet stands.
Like the garden's angels
Also do we seem,
And not the less for being crowned
With a golden dream.
Could you see around us
The enamoured air
You would see it pale with bliss
To hold a thing so fair.

LEIGH HUNT.

3. The Violet.

On a faded violet.

"The odour from the flower is gone,
The colour from the flower is flown
Which glowed of thee, and only thee!
A shrivelled, lifeless, vacant form,
It lies on my abandoned breast,
And mocks the heart which yet is warm
With cold and silent rest.
I weep—my tears revive it not!
I sigh—it breathes no more on me;
Its mute and uncomplaining lot
Is such as mine should be."

SHELLEY.

"The forward violet thus did I chide:—
'Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy
sweet that smells,
If not from my love's breath? The purple
pride,
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion
dwells,
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly
dyed;
The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair;
And roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee."

SHAKESPEARE.

4. The Daisy.

"In youth from rock to rock I went,
From hill to hill in discontent
Of pleasure high and turbulent,
Most pleased when most uneasy;
But now my own delights I make,—
My thirst at every rill can slake,
And Nature's love of thee partake,
Her much loved daisy!

"A nun demure of lowly port;
Or sprightly maiden of Love's court,
In thy simplicity the sport
Of all temptations;
A queen in crown of rubies drest;
A starveling in a scanty vest;
Are all, as seems to suit thee best,
Thy appellations.

"A little cyclops, with one eye
Staring to threaten and defy,
That thought comes next—and instantly
The freak is over,
The shape will vanish—and behold
A silver shield with boss of gold,
That spreads itself, some faery bold
In fight to cover!

I see thee glittering from afar—
And then thou art a pretty star;
Not quite so fair as many are
In heaven above thee!
Yet like a star, with glittering crest,
Self-poised in air thou seemst to rest;—
May peace come never to his nest
Who shall reprove thee!

Bright flower, for by that name at last,
When all my reveries are past,
I call thee, and to that cleave fast,
Sweet silent creature!
That breath'st with me in sun and air,
Do thou, as thou art wont, repair
My heart with gladness, and a share
Of thy meek nature."

WORDSWORTH.

"There is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.
This small flower, to nature dear,
While moons and stars their courses run
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

This bold flow'ret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps down the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round
It shares the sweet carnation's bed,
And blooms in the consecrated ground
In honour of the dead.

'Tis Flora's page. In every place,
In every season, fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms everywhere.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The rose has had a summer rain,—
The Daisy never dries."

T. MONTGOMERY.

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Couldst thou blow the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce reared above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snowy bosom sunward spread,
Thou liftest thy unassuming head
In humble guise."

BURNS.

5. *The Primrose.*

"Mild offspring of a dark and sullen sire,
Whose modest form, so delicately fair,
Was nursed in whiffling storms
And cradled in the winds,—

In this low vale, the primrose of the year,
Serene thou openest to the nipping gale,
Unnoticed and alone,
Thy tender elegance.
So virtue blooms, brought forth amid the
storms

Of evil adversity; in some lone walk
Of life she rears her head,
Obscured and unobserved.
While every bleaching breeze that on her blows
Chastens her spotless purity of breast,
And hardens her to bear,
Serene, the ills of life."

H. K. WHITE.

"A taut of evening primroses,
O'er which the mind may hover till it doses;
O'er which it well might take a pleasant
sleep,
But that 'tis ever startled by the leap
Of buds into ripe flowers."

J. KEATS.

The Snowdrop.

"Dove flower, hemmed in with snows, and
white as they.
But hardier far, once more I see thee bend
Thy forehead, as if fearful to offend,
Like an unbidden guest. Though day by
day—

Storms, sallying from the mountain-tops,
waylay
The rising sun, and in the plains descend;
Yet art thou welcome, welcome as a friend
Whose zeal outruns his promise!
Nor will I then thy modest grace forget,
Chaste snow-drop, venturous haribinger of
spring,
And pensive monitor of fleeting years."

WORDSWORTH.

Daffodils.

"Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon:
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attained his noon.
Stay, stay, until the hasting day
Has run,
And, having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along."

WORDSWORTH

We have short time to stay as you,
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay
As you, or anything.
We die, as your hours do, and dry
Away
Like to the summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew
Ne'er to be found again."

R. HERRICK.

8. *The Celandine.*

"There is a Flower, the lesser Celandine,
That shrinks like many more from cold
and rain,
And the first moment that the sun may
shine,
Bright as the sun himself 'tis out again!
When hail stones have been falling,
Swarm on swarm, or blasts the green field
and trees distrest;
Oft have I seen it muffled up from harm
In close self-shelter, like a thing at rest.
But lately, one rough day, this Flower I past,
And recognised it, though in altered form,
Now standing forth an offering to the blast,
And buffeted at will by rain and storm
I stopped and said, with inly-muttered voice,
It doth not love the shower, nor seek the cold;
'This neither is its courage nor its choice,
But 'tis necessity, in being old.
'The sunshine may not cheer it, nor the dew;
It cannot help itself in its decay;
Stiff in its members, withered, changed of hue'
And, in my spleen, I smiled that it was
gray."

WORDSWORTH.

"There's a flower that shall be mine,
'Tis the little celandine
Modest, yet withal an elf,
Bold, and lavish of thyself;
Since we needs must first have met
I have seen thee, high and low;
Ere a leaf is on a bush,
In the time before the thrush
Has a thought about her nest,
Thou wilt come with half a call,
Spreading out thy glossy breast
Like a careless prodigal;
Telling tales about the sun,
When we've little warmth or none,
Kindly, unassuming spirit!
Careless of thy neighbourhood,
Thou dost show thy pleasant face
On the moor, and in the wood,
In the lane;—there's not a place,
Howsoever mean it be,
But 'tis good enough for thee."

9. *The Narcissus.*

"What first inspired a bard of old to sing
Narcissus pining o'er the untainted spring?
In some delicious ramble he had found
A little space, with boughs all woven round;
And in the midst of all, a clearer pool
Than e'er reflected in its pleasant cool
The blue sky, here and there serenely
peeping

Through tendril wreaths fantastically creep-
ing
And on the bank a lovely flower he spied,
A meek and forlorn flower with nought of
pride,
Drooping its beauty o'er the watery clear-
ness.

To woo its own sad image into nearness,
Deaf to light zephyrs it would not move;
But still would seem to droop, to pine, to
love.

So while the Poet stood in this sweet spot,
Some fainter gleamings o'er his fancy shot;
Nor was it long ere he had told the tale
Of young Narcissus, and sad Echo's bale.

J. KEATS.

10. *Poppies.*

"We are slumberous Poppies
Lords of Lethe downs;
Some asleep and some awake;
Sleeping in our crowns.
What perchance our dreams may know
Let our serious beauty show
Central depth of purple,
Leaves more bright than rose;
Who shall tell what brightest thought
Out of darkness grows?
Who, through what funereal pain
Souls to love and peace attain?
Visions aye are on us,
Unto eyes of power;
Pluto's always setting sun
And Proserpine's bower,
There, like bees, the pale souls come
For our drink with drowsy horn.
Taste, ye mortals also,
Milky-hearted we;
Taste, but with a rev'rent care,—
Active, patient be.
Too much gladness brings to gloom
Those who on the gods presume."

L. HUNT.

11. *The Briar.*

"My briar that smelledst sweet
When gentle spring's first heat
Ran through thy quiet veins;
Thou that couldst injure none,
But wouldst be left alone,
Alone thou leavest me, and nought of thine
remains.

Hard usage both must bear;
Few hands your youth will rear,
Few bosoms cherish you;
Your tender prime must bleed
Ere you are sweet; but freed
From life, you then are prized;
thus prized
are poets too!"

W. S. LANDOR.

12. *The rosemary.*

"Sweet-scented flower! who art wont to bloom
On January's front severe,
And o'er the wintry desert drear
To waft thy waste perfume!
Come thou shalt form my nosegay now,
And I will bind thee round my brow;
And as I weave the mournful wreath,
I'll weave a melancholy song,
And sweet the strain shall be, and long
The melody of death.
My grave shall be in yon lone spot,
Where, as I lie, by all forgot,
A dying fragrance thou wilt o'er my ashes
spread."

H. K. WHITE.

Varkalai—A place of Pilgrimage
in Travancore.

BELIEF in the moksha
giving virtues of pilgrimages
and in the sin-washing qua-
lities of sacred waters is one
of the inherited notions of
all Hindus. In consequence
of this widely prevalent be-
lief, from the snowy heights
of the Himalayas to the
sunny vales of the Indian

Land's End, on both the coasts of Coromandel
and Malabar and in the interior of continental
India, hundreds of places are held sacred by the
Hindu pilgrims of all denominations. Amongst
the sacred places on the West Coast, Varkalai is
of supreme importance. It is a pretty little
country town in the taluq of Chirayankil in
Travancore. It is situated on a hill nearly
twenty-four miles to the north of Trivandram, the
capital of His Highness, and within five miles'
distance from Anjengo, the birth-place of the
famous historian Orme. Of late it has been
attracting a good deal of attention; and our
interest in it is of varied character. It has an
antique shrine of great celebrity and sanctity.
It is full of geological and archæological interest.

As a beautiful green summer retreat from the midst of a dusty city it has become the favourite resort of the native as well as the European gentlemen resident in Travancore. But what is more than all this is its varied and picturesque scenery—the result of the whimsical formation of the landscape. It has water tunnels—two very considerable engineering works—constructed during the regime of Rajah Sir T. Madhava Rao, as the Dewan of the 'Model State'.

Hearing much of the charms of Vurkalai and of its salubrious climate and having a week to dispose of, a party of us resolved to take a trip to it. We took boat at about 9 P.M. and moved off from the dock quite in the dark. The sacrifice of a night's sleep in that wretched ill-smelling piece of hollow wood was only relieved by the charm of our surroundings all along the banks of the canal, the boat-songs of the rowers and the splash of the oars in the backwater glimmering in the stars and the moonbeams. Early next morning we found ourselves nearing the tunnel. As our frail boat glided over the surface of the shallow canal, the scenery around us grew more striking: the steep sides of the cliffs running precipitately down from a height of several hundred feet, the slopes overgrown with prickly hedges, the variety and richness of colour on the banks, the mysterious silence broken only by the waves of the neighbouring sea and the long narrow tunnel into which our canoe was just entering threw a solemnity over us that can never be forgotten. The tunnels, opened for traffic in 1877, are 1,500 feet and 2,500 feet each and connect the backwater of Idava with that of Anjengo, thus throwing open an uninterrupted course of water communication from Trivandram to Quilon, Aleppy and Cochin.

The name of the town Vurkalai does not occur in any literary or political annals of Travancore if we except the Sanskrit work, *Vurkala Mahatmya* which deals with local tradition, rules of faith and *Shakti* or devotion. History makes mention that in 933 M. E. H. H. the Marthanda Varma built two Brahmin streets to the east and south of the temple and presented some Vedic Brahmins with four and twenty homesteads in them. Vurkalai also enjoys the reputation of having given birth to Soobaiyan Dabba, one of the early Dewans of Travancore. It traces its origin to the distant ages of antiquity about which mythology sheds but a few of her uncertain rays. Local tradition is full of mysteries about Janardana Swami, the presiding deity and about the lovely springs found there so profusely. The very name, Vurkalai has a story to tell, fanciful though it might be. Once in the dim ages of the hoary past, when Narada, the Indian Hermes, was requested by his sons to name them a spot wherein they could meditate

undisturbed, he said in reply:—"My dear boys I have found out a place for you at the foot of huge peepul tree unhaunted by mortal men. His sons could not distinguish the particular tree from the forest of trees about it; he, therefore, threw his *Vulkala* (the bark of a tree) round his waist as a Sanyasin) and bade them sit and pray at the foot of the tree where it fell. They sat under its shade and meditated. The spot became sacred; people frequented it, and as time went on, a small village grew around it. The village increased in its dimensions and came to be known as Vurkalai. Even to this day, an old peepul tree with far-spreading branches, inhabited by screeching bats and festooned with ferns and giant creepers which stands in front of the temple at Vurkalai is pointed out by the pilgrims as having lent its shade to the sons of the holy Narada. It has stood the blasts of centuries and spreads a sombre shade, through which the sunlight never penetrates, but which, after the heat and glare of the rugged and hilly ground through which you have passed, is delightfully refreshing.

The temple of Janardana Swami faces eastward and stands on the northern side of a hill 300 feet above the sea level, and in it there are several stone inscriptions that are of special interest to the archaeologist. The sanctuary is circular in form and is roofed with copper plates ornamented with a dome of pure gold at the top. Several steps are built down into the tank from the northern wall of the temple compound. This *Chakrathirta* swarms with a species of fish that is treated with some reverence. His Highness Government has wisely forbidden fishing there. Large concourse of pilgrims from Haridwar, Benares, Gaya, Kumbakonam and Cape Comorin and other places visit the shrine during the new-moon days of Thulam, Kumbham and Kartikam. The course of worship that the pilgrims go through there is as follows: Early on the new-moon days they bathe in the *Chakrathirta* tank and sprinkle some drops of the *Padathirta* water on their head and worship the Deity. Thence they proceed to the beach and perform the *Shradha* or *Tarpana* as directed by the priest.

Again a legend about the local Deity. Janardana Swami is said to have been once playing in the guise of a boy in the sea adjoining the village. Mistaking the boy for a good fish, a fisherman spread out his net; the boy fell in the net; forthwith changed his form and size and became an image of a full-grown man in granite. The fisherman felt something very heavy and naturally taking it for some treasure pulled the net with all his might and main. And alas! a piece of granite for his troubles! Highly incensed, he broke off one of the arms of the man-shaped rock. But to his wonder and regret,

he saw red blood spurting from the broken arm. He dressed the wound and rolled the image down the sea. Subsequently the image was taken out from the sea by a Pandya King who went on a voyage and caused it to be planted in the place where the present shrine is situated. The substratum of historic truth that might underlie this legend has yet to be traced out.

To a lover of nature and her wonders Vurkalai holds out unusual allurements. To one who delights in the sights and sounds of an Indian landscape, a more lovely place is hardly possible. The thousands of birds that were seen on every side were a continual delight to me. Every tree and bush was covered with the nests of multitudes of birds of brilliant and gorgeous plumage, all of which appeared quite domesticated and feared no man.

There are hills and valleys, ascents and declivities. Now you ascend, the next moment you descend; when you begin the ascent, the climb is hard and you go up panting. As you approach the summit, it is like a staircase, both steep and narrow; but the magnificent view from the top compensates for the toil up. But the descent is even more trying than the ascent.

And now turn to the sea-shore and lo! what a fund of delight awaits you there. The shore itself is a paradise of beauty to the nature-lover. The descent from the rugged ground to the beach is steep; few people venture to look down the cliff without growing dizzy and one false step would hurl you down crushing into the foaming sea and into eternal rest; for not a bush is there to stop your passage to the bottomless abyss. During the monsoons several landships take place along the coast. Standing on the surf-beaten shore, and looking up from the foot of the cliff, high peaks tower above you. A solitary goat or calf is nibbling the short grass on the precipice and is in imminent danger of dropping down the shore; but no, it does not put a wrong step.

Ah, how you revel in the entrancement of the surroundings! The delicious gentle breeze is most refreshing; the broad, outspreading ocean sparkles and glitters in the bright sunlight; its rolling, dancing waves, crested by the breeze with snow-white foam, majestically curl over and break on the golden strand with ever varying cadence. The sea throws on the shore specimens of shells and other varied treasures of the deep. These are not the only things that take your gaze. Several small fountains bubble out of the cliff in remote corners. An inland rippling stream, flowing joyfully along, sometimes hastening a little, and sometimes loitering smoothly, empties itself into the sea. The dizzy precipices, the high cliff with its numerous blocks strewn pell-mell, glistening with moisture from the trickling water, and

its varying degrees of elevation—those and many more splendid spectacles form a combination of most sublime and enchanting scenery, to describe which even the most adventurous pen must feel diffident.

The shadows of night draw near. The peaceful evening hour has come. The breeze begins to chill your very bones. The sky grows redder and redder towards sunset. The sun gradually sinks below the horizon darting his red rays in all directions. The nets have been thrown into the sea over-night. The small red crabs are enjoying the twilight and the cool of the evening, sitting by the gates of their strongholds. At the sound of foot-falls, they scuttle into their holes. But, look, the pale grey light has disappeared and night comes on triumphant. It gets dark and darker. In quiet succession the stars peep forth from their bed of dark blue velvet and twinkle merrily overhead. The young moon gains in splendour. And now, who will not exclaim with the poet,

"Where are there fairer scenes than these?"
A perfect summer night, a chosen spot in the beach, and a splendid sight of the sea to watch, a pleasanter entertainment can hardly be imagined.

Vurkalai has become the resort, not only of pilgrims and saints but also of sightseers and students. If to the man of religion it is worth pilgrimaging, it is equally so to the geologist bent on his researches; if it is an asylum to the recluse, it is a museum to the pleasure-seeker, a sanitarium to the health-recruiter, and a tropical garden to the botanist.

T. RAMALINGAM PILLAI.

The Royal Visit to India and Indian Ladies.

BOMBAY LADIES' PREPARATION.



MEETING of influential Indian ladies of Bombay was held, on April 18th, at the Mazagon Castle, to adopt measures to give a suitable welcome to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales on her arrival in Bombay. The meeting was largely attended, and among those present were: Lady Jamsetji Jejeebhoy, Lady Jehangir Cowajis Jehangir, Lady Dinshaw M. Petit, Lady Harkisondas Nurrotumdas, Mrs. Badrudin Tyebji, Dilshad Begum Nawab Mirza, Mrs. N.

G. Chandavarkar, Mrs. and Miss R. B. Jijibhoy, Miss Maneckji Cursetji, Miss J. C. Jamsetji Jijibhoy, Mrs. R. J. Tata, Mrs. N. N. Kothare, Mrs. Nikante, Mrs. Cursetji N. Wadia, Mrs. D. B. Petit, Mrs. and Miss Aga Zain Abedinsha, Miss Aga Muchulsha, Mrs. Ahmadi, Mrs. Faiz Tyebji, Mrs. Karmarkar, Mrs. H. M. Chichgar, Mrs. Abdul Latif, Mrs. Amirudi Tyebji, Mrs. H. A. Wadia, and many others.

On the motion of Mrs. Badrudin Tyebji seconded by Mrs. Chandavarkar, Lady Jamsetji Jeejeebhoy was voted to the chair.

It was announced that letters expressing sympathy with the object of the meeting had been received from Lady Aga Ali Shah, Her Highness the Begum of Janjira, Lady Bhalchandra Krishna, Mrs. Aga Muchul Shah, and others. Mrs. Muchul Shah in her letter stated that as the coming Royal visit would be the first occasion on which the Western Capital would have the honour of receiving a Princess of Wales on the Indian shore, the Indian ladies in Bombay ought to do their very best in extending a most hearty welcome to her Royal Highness. Mrs. Muchul Shah added that if a ladies' movement had not been started the Purdah ladies of Bombay would not have had an opportunity of showing their loyalty and attachment to the British Crown on the occasion of the most welcome visit of their future Queen.

Lady Jamsetji, in addressing the meeting, said—Ladies,—As you are aware the object with which we have met here to-day is in connection with the approaching visit to this city of H. R. H. the Princess of Wales in company with her Royal Consort. Members of the Royal Family of England and particularly such amongst them as are destined in the future to occupy the Throne cannot visit distant parts of this great Empire oftener than perhaps once in a life time. It is not more than thirty years since our present Emperor, then Prince of Wales, visited Bombay during his tour through India. His Majesty was not accompanied by his consort, and the Women of India on that occasion were denied the gratification of welcoming amongst them the then Princess of Wales, who as a wife, a mother, and at the present Empress has owned for herself the lasting esteem and respect of all classes and communities. When about four years ago the present Prince and Princess of Wales started on a tour visiting British Dominions beyond the seas we were in hopes they then felt on nearing that circumstances would not permit the Royal couple to include India in a position to congratulate ourselves that H. R. H. the Princess of Wales will before long be amongst us in company with her Royal husband

and the first Indian soil she will touch on landing will be that of our beautiful city of Bombay, of which we are all so proud. On so auspicious an event as the coming amongst us of our future Queen, we, the Indian women of Bombay, would be only doing our duty as loyal British subjects to avail ourselves of the opportunity to offer a suitable welcome on our behalf to Her Royal Highness. As the loyal daughters of India it ought to be our duty, as well as our privilege, to tender to H. R. H. the Princess of Wales, when in Bombay, a welcome such as would do credit to us and befit her high position. It now only remains for me to thank you, ladies, for the honour you have done me in electing me to preside over your deliberations to-day, and also for the trouble you have taken to be present here this afternoon in response to the invitations of my friends and myself. (Applause.)

Lady Dinshaw M. Petit moved the first resolution that arrangements should be made to give a hearty welcome on behalf of the ladies of Bombay to H. R. H. the Princess of Wales on her arrival in this city next November. Lady Petit said that the ladies of Bombay had reason to feel gratified at the fact that it would be their privilege to accord welcome to H. R. H. the Princess of Wales—their future Queen-Empress—on her landing for the first time on the Indian soil. This was the first occasion that a Royal Princess, who would be their Queen—and she hoped that would be at a distant date—would visit India, and it was their duty to give a welcome which would always be remembered by her. (Applause.)

Lady Jehangir Cowasji Jehangir, in seconding the resolution, said as this would be the first time that a Princess of Wales would visit India, the Indian ladies should embrace the opportunity of showing their devotion and loyalty to the Throne in the most fitting manner possible. (Applause.)

Mrs. Badrudin Tyebji, in supporting the resolution, said their connection with the Royal Family of England since the assumption of the Crown of India by the Sovereigns of England was now reaching the third generation. The death of their late much beloved and universally revered Queen was still fresh in their minds. They would, she was sure, never forget her wide sympathies with all her subjects, among whom she never fails to give her Indian subjects a prominent part. It was during her life time, that their present Sovereign, even before he became the Emperor of India, paid a visit to our shore and became acquainted with this far-off portion of his mother's, and now his own Empire. The beautiful equestrian statue which adorned one of their most important thoroughfares was not the least of the results of that visit. Now they were preparing to welcome amongst them the third in

the generation, the young Prince, who would one day be their Sovereign, though they wished that that day would be delayed by many long years, during which their present King-Emperor would continue to rule over them and add fresh reasons for being known by the honoured title of Edward, the Peace-Maker. Now, she had only to add that they should take some measures to heartily welcome her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales. They undertook a task not very long ago in connection with the Industrial and Agricultural Exhibition, and even their inveterate rivals of the other sex were constrained to praise the work and results shown by some of them who undertook the arrangement of the Ladies' Section. Was it not necessary for them so to bestir themselves that on this occasion also they might surpass the other half of mankind as much as they did on the last occasion? (Applause.)

Mrs. Nanu N. Kothare said there was no country in the world where there were so many castes and creeds as in India, and consequently there existed a variety of opinions. There was, however, a unanimity on one point, and that was in the matter of their loyalty to their rulers. The justice of their constitution and laws had won the loyalty of the people, and their ever ready sympathy its grateful regard; and it would be a mistake she thought, if the Indian ladies were to miss the opportunity of paying their respects to H. R. H. the Princess of Wales. (Applause.)

Miss Aga Muchul Shah, Lady Hurkisonadas, and Miss Zain Abedin Shah also addressed the meeting.

Miss Shirin Maneckji Cursetji said that though this movement had been started exclusively on behalf of native ladies, it did not necessarily follow that they would be precluded from joining any movement which their European sisters in Bombay might set on foot.

The resolution was carried.

APPOINTMENT OF COMMITTEES.

Mrs. Rustomji Byramji Jeejeebhoy proposed the appointment of a general committee of about 175 ladies to carry out the object of the meeting. The names mentioned included among others of Lady Aga Ali Shah, Lady Jamsetji Jeejeebhoy, Lady Dinshaw M. Petit, Mrs. Badrudin Tyebji, Mrs. N. G. Chandavarkar, Lady Jehangir Cowasji Jehangir, Mrs. Lukmani, Mrs. N. N. Kothare, Mrs. D. J. Tata, Mrs. S. G. Ranade, Miss Maneckji Cursetji, Lady Bhalchandra Krishna, Lady Pherozeshah Mehta, Lady Aga Sultan Mahomed Shah, Lady Hurkisonadas Nur-tumandas, Dowager Lady Jamsetji, Bai Saheb Pirozebai Jamsetji Jeejeebhoy, Mrs. Framji D.

Petit, Lady Bhowmuggree, Mrs. Bomanji, D. Petit, and H. H. the Begum of Janjira.

Mrs. N. N. Kothare seconded the proposition, which was agreed to.

Mrs. Abdul Latif next proposed an executive committee composed as follows:—President: Lady Jamsetji Jeejeebhoy; Vice-Presidents: Lady Aga Ali Shah, Lady Hurkisonadas and Mrs. Badrudin Tyebji; Secretaries and Treasurers: Lady Jehangir and Miss Shirin Maneckji Cursetji; and members: Mrs. Lukmani, Dilshad Begum Nawab Mirza, Mrs. M. A. Hyderi, Begum Mumtaz Jan Nasrullakhan, Mrs. Aga Muchul Shah, Lady Bhalchandra, Mrs. Tribhovandas Varjivandas, Mrs. N. N. Kothare, Mrs. Vithaldas D. Thackersey, Mrs. Tejpal, Mrs. Chandavarkar, Mrs. Rustomji Byramji Jeejeebhoy, Mrs. J. D. Framji, Lady Mehta, Lady Bhowmuggree, and Mrs. R. D. Tata.

Mrs. Amiruddin Tyebji seconded the proposition, and it was carried.

On the motion of Dilshad Begum Nawab Mirza, seconded by Mrs. Chandavarkar, a vote of thanks was accorded to Lady Jamsetji for presiding on the occasion, and the proceedings terminated.—The Times of India.

Miss Cornelia Sorabji's Portraits of Indian Women.

[BY AN INDIAN LADY.]



IN the March number of the *Nineteenth Century* there is an article by Miss Cornelia Sorabji entitled "Portraits of Some Indian Women." Thirty years ago, she says, we could have divided the Indian women into two distinct groups, wives and widows, but now "one enumerates individuals rather than types—although, in a way, these are themselves, alas! crystallising into types and into types, rough-hewn, transitional." This is of course to be expected. We are in an age of transition and experiments for the advancement of women, as it is called, and being tried in various ways and the results are various. But, there is still a future for Indian women. These present-day types will not last for ever as the Indian girl has not yet realised herself. A pretty picture of the Indian wife has been sketched for us by Miss Sorabji.

"Take first, then, the Indian wife. Was there ever the world over a like conception of the married state? Chief priestess of her husband, whom to serve is her religion and her delight.

One with him in the economy of the household, certainly; but moving in a plane far below him for all other purposes—religious, mental, social; gentle and adoring, but incapable of participation in the larger interests of his life, incapable of participation even in his games.

'We are richer,' 'we are poorer'—that the bounds of a joint intelligence. To please his mother, whose chief handmaiden she is in things domestic, and to bring him a son—these her two ambitions; but the latter chiefly, for to the mother of a son will a husband forgive even wrangles in the house-place.

O the worshippings of gods, the consultations of oracles, the stealthy working of charms to this end! And if the gods prove gracious, proud indeed is the little lady—a creature of good omen, a being to be welcomed at feasts, to be invoked by the childless. No longer is she a failure; even widowhood would leave her with the chastened halo of that son who is worthy to offer sacrifices.....

Look at her, then, our little Hindu type of wifehood—gentle, submissive, a perfect house-mistress, moving softly about the women's domain, 'the inside.' Up with the dawn, she bathes and worships; worships her own special godling and tends her sacred plant, then draws from some ancestral well the water for the household needs, scorning no domestic duty. A picture good to see is she on these occasions—her pretty red draperies girt out of harm's way while she heaves aloft the shortening rope with subtle grace. Mark the poise of head, the turn of slender wrist, as the first shafts of daylight strike brilliance from mystic amulet or jewelled armlet. Further domesticities occupy the day, with perchance a little gossip in the house-place ere the evening meal brings fresh need for a skilful house-mother. She waits upon her husband while he feeds; silent in his presence with downcast eyes, to look him in the face were bold indeed. Perhaps he talks to her of village or family interests; she would not think it strange did he not.

The boy? Ah! yes; he is a tie. Encouraged by her husband, she will quote his sayings or boast his feats and feignings. But there is no evening home life as in the land across the seas. After feeding the man seeks his men companions, with their talk or their gambling. No, watch the little lady clean her pots and her self to bed—content.

The "little lady's" simple surroundings, her pretty draperies, her gentle manner and deportment are all that are charming and beautiful. We ought to wish no more for her. The foreigner says "let her be; don't spoil her charm and simplicity." But the "little lady" herself feels discontented—whispers from the outside world

have reached her even in her seclusion. The "impetus of the age towards individualism" disturbs her serenity, although she cannot quite make out what it means. Even in her home circumstances have changed. The husband seems on a different plane... His interests are different from hers. The children's education is a disturbing element. The case being such, the young wife is striving to adjust herself to the altered circumstances. Look at the younger generation of wives. They are striving to educate themselves, to realise their individuality and are eager to take an intelligent interest in the affairs of the world.

"A community of interests, companionship," says Miss Sorabji "these never enter into the general calculation." If we turn back to the Vedic times we see that the wife was at one with her husband in everything. "She was indispensable for the performance of his sacrifices, for explains the Satapadha, the wife is one-half of his own self (V. 2, 1, 10)." She was able to read and write, to compose songs and hymns like Visvavra (Rig V. 28), Apala (Rig VIII. 80) and others; She was skilful with her needle (Rig II. 32, 4); she was taught to sing and play on the *Vina*, so that she could sing to her husband after marriage (Rig. IX. 325). Besides this "Society did not require woman to confine herself in her home but allowed her to follow her husband in his adventures, emulating the example of Mugdani, who once joined her husband in the pursuit of robbers." (Rig X. 102, 2). Here we have the picture of a happy home life, and if there is none now, it is due to the fact that the men have gone ahead and left the women behind. They have imbibed western thought and Western ideals, whereas the woman has her old ideals and hence the want of community of interests.

Such is the wife, what of the widow?

"For the most part she lives the life of a willing drudge in the house of her mother-in-law. For it is so alone, now," as one explained to me, "that we can win merit for our lords."

I have never forgotten the agony of this little lady, sent home to her own mother to live in luxury, robbed of her chance of service.

It is not, I think, untrue to say that the orthodox Hindu widow suffers her lot with the fierce enjoyment of martyrdom and a very fanaticism of selflessness. But nothing can minimise the evils of that lot. After all, a widow is a thing of ill omen, to be cursed even by those who love her. That she accepts the fact makes it no less of a hardship. For some sin committed in a previous birth the gods have deprived her of a husband. What is left to her now but to work out his 'salvation,' by her prayers and penances to win him a better life-place in

his next genesis? So, even the 'cursings' of her are in their way a satisfaction. They are helping her to pay her debt to Fate.

For the mother-in-law, what also is left but the obligation to curse exaction of that debt? But for the luckless one her son might still be in the lane of the living.

Now, how shall I make it clear that there is no determined animosity in this attitude? The person cursing is as much an instrument of Fate as the person cursed."

The fact that the misfortune is due to fate does not lessen the hardship and severity of the poor widow's life. I am glad to say the widows' question is being largely discussed and many champions are coming forward. In the years to come the ill-used luckless Hindu widow will, I am sure, be a thing of the past, and instead will be the philanthropic workers and helpers of humanity.

Miss Sorabji has sketched other types of women for us; "studies in sad monotone" as she calls them—the wives of the "England-returned." What is the "England-returned" like? "He comes back, wearing a bright pink shirt, an English top hat, and patent leather shoes. He drives a dog-cart, and divides his time between his office and his club; he dines at English houses—new fears here for breach of caste rules." Alas, for the type! Evidently, in this, if not in anything else. The individual has crystallised into the above type! The wife of such an individual is described by Miss Sorabji thus: "Try to picture this lady. She can speak her own vernacular, perhaps read it; but Western influences have passed her by. Greatly skilled is she in things domestic. She has watched her husband with awe through the throes of his local university, and then he sails away out of her ken to that unknown land beyond the 'black waters' of separation. Dimly through the years does she hear of him, and great fears are at her heart as she thinks of the women he must meet in that land of 'the unveiled'; but these are fears which she may tell to none. What pre-emption can she have in his affections? But she worships, nevertheless. To buy him blessings is still left to her, and Indian wifehood was ever a school for altruism; but in a family group you will grant the inharmoniousness of the anachronistic."

Then there is the portrait of the wife whom the "England-returned" has tried to educate.

"Let it be ceded here, however, that there is another sketch possible of that 'English-returned' one. Some diversity of interests cannot be avoided; but I have known a few little wives whose Anglicised husbands did their best to educate them, led them painfully through the

new ideas, brought them somewhat into the 'reformed' life.

To myself the attempt has often seemed pathetic, trying 'to walk with one foot,' to 'clap with one hand'; but our little lady is painted this time in a glad luminosity of gratitude that, having seen the world, he should still deign to care.

Must she be pictured the truly 'reformed'? Sad am I to have to do it; but here she is, to be found chiefly in North-eastern India. She is doubtless a graduate, or close upon it. She wears garments robbed of their original grace and meaning, Anglicised to admit a strange new headress—a kind of hideous velveteen toque, with a long quasi-widow's veil, in cheap white net, depending therefrom. She will be shod in white satin dancing-shoes and cotton stockings at six of the morning. In the duties of the household she has never been trained, and her time she divides between the worst type of cheap yellow-back literature and a wrangle for bargains in Western manufactures at cheap 'Europe' shops.

I have seen her, by twenties, issuing from the summer sales laden with fans and ribbons and gloves (God save the mark!), the colours she has put together in her garments making great scars across one's vision. For, denationalise the Indian woman and you leave her without that instinct for beauty, for colour, which rejoices one's soul in the poorest Eastern wayfarer.

On the same sad pattern are the furnishings of her home. I have sighed for the clean chalked floors and bare intermural spaces of the old order, when ushered into a room heavy with solid articles of English furniture collected haphazard—dressing-tables and wardrobes hobnobbing with oddments for a drawing-room—all decorated with abominations in crochets or 'Berlin' wool-work.

Her children will appear in tight garments of plush or velveteen, supposed to be truly English, be-capped in tam-o'-shanter or fisher's cap, looking like quaint little marionettes in this awful travesty of clothing. Oh for the simple amulet and the knot of hair, or that single little nightshirt, showing the firm bare legs and shapely feet!

Turn this picture to the wall, I pray you, till the time of transition be overpast."

This according to Miss Sorabji is the unsuccessful Anglicised Indian lady and it is indeed a type which I am sure all deplore. But this comes from too abject an imitation of English manners and civilization. Why should we imitate them at all? There are many of those who have been to England who are ashamed of their Indian customs and manners and way of living. It is a

great pity. Some have a great contempt for their own vernaculars. The tendency now is in most cases to have one's homes as like English homes as possible, to adopt the English customs and way of living. Many an "England-returned" Indian lady's home is modelled in this fashion. It is true she keeps her "pretty national dress," but with what modifications—she wears the latest fashion in blouses, she adopts the latest mode in hair-dressing, and she wears the merest apology for a Sari. Her children are dressed English à la mode. They have English names; and they are brought up in the English style. Thus, there are some who are striving to become as English as possible. This is denationalising themselves, and of course such types do not help the progress of the nation at all. Yet, such people sigh for the old customs, in others and for the pristine simplicity of Vedic times!

Miss Sorabji depicts what she calls a "successfully Anglicised Indian"—a product of Brahmoism:—

"Perhaps she passed through the stage transitional herself once; at any rate, she has arrived safely, keeping her pretty national dress, keeping also her vernacular. A great part of her day must be remade, for the ceremonies of orthodox Hinduism which she has discarded; yet something solid she has in its stead, since no influences will ever make a Hindu woman irreligious—thank God.

She will talk to you of the struggles of the great Indian reformers, of Ram Mohun Roy, of Chaitanya. She will separate for you, with true discrimination, the symbol from the spirit in ancient Hindu philosophy. I have even found her reading Jowett's Plato, Emerson, Browning. My husband recommended these, she explained. Him she companions as sufficiently as does my woman of the West her husband; walks with him, drives with him, and is not watched with hungry, jealous eyes, as are the newly emancipated women of other Indian communities, whom some of us have seen abroad for the first time in mixed assemblages of men and women.

Perhaps she is not as good a head domestic as her great-grand-mother; but service is merchantable, and, at any rate, she takes an intelligent interest in the education of her children."

But it is inexplicable to me, why we should strive to become anglicised at all. It is true we have adopted some of the Western ideals, yet we are not justified in losing sight of our own, and trying to follow the former abjectly. Then again, how can one draw the line between "successfully" Anglicised and "unsuccessfully Anglicised"? It will all depend upon one's own standpoint of view. I think this tendency to anglicise is a great pity. It makes us foreigners to

ourselves and to our country. We can no more help our nation or our sisters if we make ourselves alien to them.

The problem is a difficult one. The women themselves will have to solve it, but before they do, they must "realise themselves" and establish their individuality. They must create their own ideals. It depends on themselves to choose the best of everything and if their training and education has not been all that is good, we get types such as have been described above. The Indian woman should do all she can to foster her individuality and her training and education should be such as would increase her self-respect, her sense of womanliness and responsibility, for as the poet says

Self-knowledge, self-reverence, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.

H. R. K.

Editorial Notes.

Our frontispiece this time contains a photograph of the anniversary gathering of the Ladies' Association at Palghat of which a full account appeared in the February number of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*. From time to time we have been reading the work of several Ladies' Associations that have been started in various parts of India and there are reasons to think that in the future these Associations will play a very important part in advancing the cause of India's women. In cities like Bombay where the number of educated and enlightened Indian ladies is large, they are able to carry on these Associations successfully, without any help from others but in smaller cities the co-operation of English Ladies is a necessity. The success of the Palghat Ladies' Association is due to the earnest efforts of Mrs. Glyn Barlow just as the success of the Calicut Association is due to Mrs. Macrae. One main object of these Associations should be the bringing together of European and Indian ladies for mutual social intercourse and we hope that in every important city in India such organisations will come into existence. They will not only help in promoting the cause of the education and enlightenment of India's daughters they will also have a political value in bringing about a closer relationship between

Europeans and Indians. Our columns will always be open for recording the work of such Associations throughout India.

The curtailment of marriage expenses among Hindus is a very important subject, and we are glad to find that it is attracting the notice of social reformers.

It has, I believe, been often brought up at the Indian Social Conference, but with no practical result. Yet, something has been gained, I am sure, by discussing the subject from various standpoints.

The *Indian Mirror* writing about this subject observes:—

"It were to be wished that in order that the protest (at the Bengal Conference) might have received practical effect, those present had been asked to pledge themselves to have no part or lot in marriage in which exorbitant dowries are asked for and given. So far it has been all talk, talk, talk. It is time that all this interminable talk was followed by something like deeds... Of talk we have had enough and to spare. Let us now act and put our foot down on the evil with a right good will. Then only can the situation be saved, and the course of the vessel of Hindu Society be turned from the rapids to which it is fast drifting down."

If pledges were taken and kept it would prove of some use, but, as a critic says, we cannot get interested persons to take the pledge. Hence this remedy will not prove very effective.

The *Indian Nation* has another remedy to suggest. It says:—

"We are afraid nothing in the way of reform will be done till Government comes to the rescue. Let it be known that Government will not appoint, honour, or any way recognise or encourage them who give or take exorbitant dowries or young men who allow dowries to be taken in their marriage..... It is possible for Government to exercise some control over these classes of persons (Deputy Magistrates, Munsiffs, Rai Bahadurs, &c.) This degraded, demoralised people is apparently unable to help itself."

But this remedy is not of much use. This is a social evil and it is seldom that Government interferes in social matters. Besides there are many influential members of society who seek no honour from Government, and hence this reform will not affect them at all. *New India* goes to the root of the matter and explains the cause of this social evil:—

"The problem of marriage expenses like all questions of expense, is a purely economic question. It is determined solely by the law of supply and demand. That greater is the demand and lesser the supply, the higher is the price, is one of the elementary laws of economics and this law explains the whole situation. According to the Hindu custom, and it has probably a religious sanction,—a girl must be married before a certain age, but there is no such

restriction with regard to the age of a boy. At present, Hindu girls are generally married between 12 and 14 years. Let us therefore take 14 as the maximum marriageable age limit of a girl. But there is no such limit in the case of a boy. He may marry at any age, or remain a bachelor all his life. The consequence of this has been that every year there is a certain number of girls who attain their maximum age limit and must therefore be married at any cost, with a corresponding number of boys ready for marriage. For these girls, there arises a pressing demand for husbands, but as boys are exempted from the age-limit, the supply of boys is inadequately small. So the available husbands in the market are bought by the highest bidders with exorbitant prices."

This is partly the cause, though we think tradition has something to do with it as well. Even a poor man has always the idea of giving some dowry to the bride; but as *New India* says, the price is going up enormously. It seems such a pity that marriages are arranged in this way. Marriage the most sacred of human relations—to be treated as a mercenary matter, as a case of buying and selling, is very degrading.

Following the suggestion of the *New India* as to the cause of this evil, two remedies have been suggested, first, do away with the age limit of girls; or secondly, impose a similar age limit on the boys. The second is practically impossible. So there remains the first. If this can be done, and some think society is moving towards it, then the foremost of our social evils will be done away with. There will be no early marriages hereafter. Girls can be educated and will take their proper position in society. Marriage need not be a case of buying and selling to the highest bidder. Many of the social evils will disappear.

Social reformers are busy discussing these and other important subjects. Let us wish them every success and hope that they will soon be able to show some practical results.

What is being done for and by Indian Ladies.

At the annual meeting of the Zepania Bible and Medical Mission held in London last month it was stated that the mission is at work at 40 centres in India; the number of workers is 432, comprising 155 missionaries and assistants and 183 Indian Christians.

—The Report of the National Association for supplying Female Medical Aid to the Women of India for 1904 covers more than 225 pages of closely printed matter and is replete with information relating to the medical relief afforded to women in Zenana hospitals and dispensaries throughout the country. The personnel employed

consisted of 41 lady doctors qualified for registration in the United Kingdom, 52 assistant surgeons trained in India, 242 hospital assistants, in addition to a large number of midwives practising in various districts. The total number of female students on the roll of the Grant Medical College alone was 40, all of whom have matriculated. Eight candidates passed the first examination in medicine, Miss N. Joshi winning the Satyawati Lalibhai Samaldas scholarship, and Miss L. L. Meneses, the Sir D. M. Petit Medical scholarship. Eight candidates passed the second examination in medicine, Miss P. T. Babadurji carrying off the Sir James Ferguson scholarship, the Bai Avabai B. Patell prize and the Henry Fawcett prize. Seven passed the L. M. & S. degree, Miss G. M. Doctor winning the Lord Sandhurst, Lady Beay and Bai Hira Bai P. H. Cama gold medals, the Queen-Empress silver medal, and the scholarship from the Medical Women of India Fund. Nine students hold scholarships from the Countess of Dufferin's Fund. The returns show that 1,851,000 women received relief in the various Zenana hospitals and dispensaries concerned, in addition to the patients treated by midwives. In the Bombay Presidency the number of patients treated in the hospitals maintained altogether by the Dufferin Fund at Hyderabad and Shikarpur was 44,992; in the hospitals aided by the Dufferin Fund, at Ahmedabad, Panch Mahals, Karachi and Satara, 23,527; and in other hospitals, situated at Nasik, Bombay, Surat, Belgaum, Bijapur and Sholapur 37,827. The investment of the Bombay Branch of the Fund remains at Rs. 2,45,000. The main item of expenditure was Rs. 7,342 paid to the Cama Hospital.

—Mr. Ramanbhai Mahipatram Nilkant writes to the *Indian Social Reformer*:—"A Widow Remarriage was celebrated at Ahmedabad on the 3rd instapt under the auspices of the Widow Remarriage Association. The bride Bai Uji daughter of Harjiwan Gokal is aged 23 and is a resident of Vankar in Kathiawar. The bridegroom Mohan Dharshi is aged 30 and is a resident of Sayla in Kathiawar. Both parties are Visa Shramali Sonis by caste."

—The Indian Social Reform Association, Madras, is showing signs of revival. The scheme of a monthly gathering of Hindu and other ladies, which was introduced some time ago, and which was discontinued, has been revived. A correspondent sends us the following translation of a short paper read by one of the ladies on the 30th April at the gathering at Dr. C. B. Rama Rau's residence:—"My dear sisters,—The difference between the meetings we used to have some years back and the meetings we are now having should be clear to you. We had then at every meeting a lecture which was either read or deli-

vered to us. But now we merely come together. It is desirable that we begin to do as we were doing formerly.

When men meet together they speak about a number of subjects. These meetings we are having are the best opportunities when we may gain valuable information from one another and, if possible, educate one another. Allowing sufficient time for our duties at home to our husbands, children, other relations and our friends, we generally have so little time left us as leisure; and this time should be spent in the most useful manner. You surely know already what that way is, for, if you were ignorant of it, you would not have taken the trouble to attend these meetings, so kindly and at considerable self-sacrifice arranged for us by our honorary secretaries. Considering the great trouble taken on our behalf by so many gentlemen, it seems to me that the very small number of ladies that assemble here once in a month is a very poor return.

Of course, we are not able to arrange our own meetings. We have not the amount of education and knowledge of things to enable us to do all that. We should endeavour to meet in large numbers. Excepting one day in the month—our meeting day—we can, during the remaining 30 days or 29 days, arrange to speak to our friends about our meetings whenever we happen to meet them. We ought to do and help as much as we can to make these meetings as largely attended and profitable as possible.

• SIKH LADIES AND THE KANGRA RELIEF WORKS. —The position of women in Sikh society and religion is a subject deserving our attention. No systematic study of the Sikh scriptures and history has been accomplished bearing on the point. Information available is meagre, but, whatever is known gives us an illustrative sketch of their position. In Sikh scriptures women are not regarded as Sudras. They are entitled to salvation as much as men. They are not prohibited from joining in the religious ceremonies of the Sikh faith. On the contrary, they are respected and welcomed to take part in them and they are encouraged to perform all rites and rituals solely by themselves. Compositions of Miran Bai—a female saint of India—have found a place in the Sikh Book by the side of the hymns of the Gurus. The Sikh Gurus thus raised the position of the women as also they uplifted the status of the discarded lower class people. The Sikhs now revere and sing these hymns of the female saint just as they do the teaching of their Gurus. Guru Nanak says, "Why should you speak ill of them (women) that give birth to emperors," and in various other hymns full respect has been paid to the fair sex.

The sublime teachings of the Gurus fully influenced society. Sikh ladies nursed the

wounded of the Khalsa (Dals) armies. They cooked, and supplied food to the Sikh warriors. In short they always shared in the good and ill of their Khalsa brethren.

After the demise of the tenth Guru came a change over our community. The Khalsa body was split up into various parties. Internecine wars took place and a complete wreck was brought about. Sikhism declined in its hold over its followers. Dogra influence and religion ruled supreme. With this transition the Sikh society suffered heavily. We read in the closing pages of the Khalsa history the story of the wives of Maharaja Ranjit Singh burning themselves with their husband. So did the wives of other petty Sardars. Now this was all against the spirit of the Sikh teachings. It was a sort of complete deterioration of social life of the Sikhs in the Punjab. But—happily—with the advent of the British came the tidings of the abolition of the two hideous and shocking systems. The introduction of the law has rendered unmeasurable good to the Punjab women in general, and the Sikh ladies in particular.

For fifty years no attention was paid to the redress of the debasement. During this decade the Sikhs have come to realize their degeneracy. Measures of reform are being taken in certain quarters. Lives of Sikh ladies, as, B. Sundri, B. Sil Kaur, B. Satwanti, B. Sabib Kaur and others, have recently been written and published. With their study the tide of reformation has set in. Sikh ladies have risen to the occasion for the help of their suffering in the Kangra valley. B. Mahindar Kaur and B. Tej Kaur are working with the deputation of the chief Khalsa Diwan. They attend the lady sufferers and every possible succour is supplied. Respectable Sikh ladies of Amritsar are going from lane to lane collecting funds for the distressed people. A deputation of them has gone to Lahore on the 1st instant to collect more funds. We wish the sympathizing spirits an unprecedented success. Reports of their work are coming in, but a detailed account will be given in our columns later on.—The *Khalsa Advocate*.

—Mrs. Shevanti Bai Nikambai gave a ladies' party recently in Bombay. Among others there were present: Mrs. Chandavarkur, Mrs. Khare, Mrs. Nadkarni, Mrs. Sirur, Mrs. Ladd, Mrs. B. Nadkarni, Mrs. Vithal, Mrs. Athwankar, Mrs. Mulgaokar, Mrs. P. Telang, Mrs. Waslekar, Mrs. Madhavadas, Mrs. Modak, Mrs. Ranade, and Mrs. Nasur and Miss Madgaikar. After a pleasant time of social intercourse interspersed with singing and Gramophone entertainment, the party adjourned to a separate building when light Hindu refreshments were served by Brahmins. It was a very interesting and enjoyable gathering.



News and Notes.

• The Cross of the Legion of Honour has been conferred by the French Minister for Foreign Affairs upon Madame Adeline Patti.

—The only female Justice of the Peace in the United States and probably in the world is Mrs. Agnes Garrett of Wyoming.

—The first Japanese newspaper was published in 1868, only forty-two years ago. To-day Japan has 1,500 daily newspapers and periodicals.

—Probably the most extraordinary journal in the world is published weekly in Athens. It is written entirely in verse, even the advertisements.

—An estimate amounting to Rs. 18,500 has been sanctioned by the Madras Government for the construction of a Government Girls' School at Dindigul, Madura District.

—Miss Hughes, Asst. Secretary to the Royal Asiatic Society, has been appointed Secretary in succession to Professor Rhys-Idavids, who is appointed Professor of Comparative Religion in the University of Manchester.

—Miss Frances Wolseley, the daughter of Lord Wolseley, is one of the keenest of lady gardeners and thoroughly understands the scientific side of the subject. She has founded a school for gardening at Glynde and personally superintends the teaching.

—Miss Jane Nathan, who is the first South African-born girl licensed to practice as a dental surgeon, has returned from her successful studies in Europe to begin her profession at Hanover, Cape Colony. She

is also believed to be the first South African girl to take any medical degree.

—The Roumanian Minister of Education has recently issued a circular to the Directors of all private schools for girls, ordering them to forbid the use of corsets by their pupils. For some time past corsets have been tabooed, on health grounds, in the public girls' schools of Roumania.

—Still another lady minister, Miss Thomas, daughter of the Rev. J. D. Thomas, Congregational Minister of Bolton, has accepted a call to the assistant ministry of the Congregational Church at Leek. Miss Thomas, besides being responsible for certain special organizations in the Sunday School, will preach every Sunday evening.

—Germany is the country that shows the greatest number of women in the Post and Telegraph service—242,000; she is run very close by the United States of America with their 239,000 female Post Office assistants, whilst Great Britain takes third place, employing 184,000 women under the Postmaster General.

—Mrs. Anna F. Parry of Malden, Mass., has composed a new tune for the national anthem, "America," which is receiving much favorable comment in musical circles and in the public schools, where Mrs. Parry is especially anxious to have it supplant the old English tune of "God Save the King." The *Journal of Education* has printed the music and commented favorably upon it, and several publishers of school song-books have made offers for the right to use it.

—Sir Frederick Treves, in his book 'The Other Side of the Lantern' recently published, gives an interesting description of the different cities through which he passed. He considers *Udaipur* to be the most beautiful place in India. Sir Frederick says: "it is the capital city of the Native State of *Mewar*, and its name can be spelt in English in seventy-two different

ways. The compliment thus paid to the elasticity of the English tongue would be of more practical value if seventy-two adjectives would exhaust the charms of this romantic town."

—In a recent number of 'Good Words,' Mary Farrar contributed two stanzas called forth by the fall of Port Arthur. The following is the first stanza:—

England salutes thee, Fortress of the East!
Thy long-drawn night of tragedy is o'er,
And thou hast paid war's ruthless Minotaur
Thy dreadful toll of heroes for his Fenst.
Honour to those who, dauntless, undismayed,
Fore fierce-eyed Victory from thy embrace;
And to the vanquished—honour not disgrace—
Who stainless in defeat their flag displayed!

—Princess Louise Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein is a member of the Royal Family fortunate enough to have a profession—or rather art—at her finger-ends in case of need. She is an expert worker in enamel and her home in Queensberry Place is filled with remarkably beautiful specimens of her craft, while many of her relatives and friends own bits of jewellery frames, or boxes wrought by her. The finest piece of enamelling she ever completed was a memorial cross for the grave of her brother Prince Christian Victor, which was taken out to South Africa by Princess Christian Victor on her visit last autumn.

—It is a happy thought of Lady Curzon's, to present Calcutta with a fountain in token of her gratitude to the people of India for the sympathy evinced by them in her recent illness. Has any poet ever suggested a more appropriate symbol of gratitude than a fountain? Is there any sight more grateful than that of water welling up from the bosom of Mother Earth, of drops of the sparkling liquid dancing in the tropical sun, or of the gentle stream which the thirsty cool receives in the cup of his hands and drains with a simple gratitude which cannot be expressed by three cheers and a resolution?

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Acknowledgments for April, 1905.

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UNITY.

Why expect
Wisdom with love in all? Each has his gift—
Our souls are organ-pipes of diverse stop
And various pitch; each with its proper notes
Thrilling beneath the self-same breath of God.
Though poor alone, yet, joined, they're harmony.
Besides, these higher spirits must not bend
To common methods; in their inner world
They move by broader laws, at whose expression
We must adore, not cavil.

KINGSLEY.

Men's Road
Is one, men's times of travel many;—Thwart
No enterprising soul's precocious start
Before the general march! If, slow or fast,
All straggle up to the same point at last,—
Why grudge your having gained, a month ago,
The brakes at balm-shed, asphodels in blow,
While they were land-locked?

BROWNING.

Damayanti.



DAMAYANTI is one of the most lovable characters in Hindu fiction. To almost every Hindu child her story is familiar, and to many a Hindu maiden is she a fond ideal. In adversity as in prosperity she remained the same—a gentle, loving woman, yet withal of dignified mien, a right royal, true and tender princess, a queen in every sense of the word.

We see her first in the morning of youth, crowned with youth's halo of rainbow radiance. Her happy ringing laughter wakes up the slumbering echoes of her father's halls. We see her sporting with her maidens, among the beautiful pleasure gardens of the palace, where spring seems to reign undisturbed throughout the year, where the gentle zephyrs are wafted across the crystal rivulets flowing in soft, rippling measure, loaded with the sweet fragrance of the opening blossoms, where nature's warblers, after revelling on the luscious fruit pour forth their rapturous melody and the spotted deer roam fearlessly at will in perfect security. Childhood had passed into womanhood in these romantic regions. To her the gods have been specially kind—loving hands have protected her from misfortune's rude touch; the glaring discords of life have been subtly softened; the jarring notes made into a song of celestial harmony. So far her life has been a delightful day-dream, and her dreams a caress.

The story pulsates to the throbb of the highly romantic oriental imagination. A mysterious messenger in the shape of a royal swan whispers a sweet secret in Damayanti's ear, and forthwith the damsel loses all her brightness, her high spirits. Her amusements are a thing of the past. Her pets are neglected; she becomes pensive, sad, absent minded. In the frontispiece is a picture of her in this state, looking expectantly far away into the landscape, while her handmaiden stands wondrously by, seeking her confidence. In a moment of great despondency the secret is out. The swan had whispered to her of Nala, king of Nishidha, and of his love for her. Her imagination fills the rest, and hence this state of helpless despondency. Her father is made aware of his child's state. He holds a *Swayamvara*, to which all the kings and princes of the various kingdoms are invited and among them, of course, the king of Nishidha. The city of Vidharbha is transformed into a golden city paved with emerald as it were. A series of festivities are in progress;

and Damayanti, queen of women, as she is, is granted her heart's secret desire. She enters the hall where the princes sit in silent expectation. Timidly she glances around; she recognises Nala, and shyly advancing, she throws the flower-garland round his neck. The gods rejoice, the heavens rain flowers, the mortals are happy.

Damayanti and Nala are supremely happy. This tempts the envious gods, and they prepare a series of misfortunes for the unsuspecting couple. The goddess Kali takes possession of Nala and induces him to gamble. The spirit of the gambler has hold of him. He gambles away his treasures, his revenues, his retinue and his kingdom. He is homeless, friendless,—even food and raiment is unprocurable. In these straits his noble wife stands by him. She has no reproaches or taunts for him, but endeavours to soothe and cheer him. This is more than he can bear. Her mute misery and yet her courage astonish and overwhelm him. Kali again possesses him. In the night, he flies; the delicate Damayanti is left slumbering in the forest, unprotected and alone. Nala cannot bear to leave her altogether. He hides in a neighbouring thicket and watches. His motive was that, if he left her, she would return to her parents and thus need not suffer hardship with him. But his mind is tortured with doubts. How will she bear it?—

“But oft the heart would make complaint,
How fares sweet Damayanti now?
Still sleeps she? Or from slumber roused
In fearful prayer addresses God?
Or seeing none, the truth discerns,
And mingling care with angry thought,
Doth weeping, her sad fate lament?
Or sorrow drowned, this life depart?”

We shall draw a veil over the grief and misery of Damayanti. After many perilous adventures she succeeds in getting to a city, where she serves *incognito* as the handmaid of the king's daughter, and eventually she discovers that the queen is her aunt. She is taken to her father's house and there learns that Nala is alive and well, and is a servitor under a neighbouring king. A second *Swayamvara* is held, only this king being invited. This second *Swayamvara* seems to indicate that the remarriage of widows was prevalent at the time. For here we have Damayanti, believed by almost all to be a bereaved widow (though a few knew the secret), and preparations were being made for a second marriage. Nala comes in the king's train, is recognised and reinstated in his old position—the gods have been propitiated and have smiled again—and Nala and Damayanti live happily ever after.

Damayanti's character has been wonderfully drawn. Her passionate attachment to her husband has withstood all trials and misfortunes. Her magnanimous disposition, her truth and

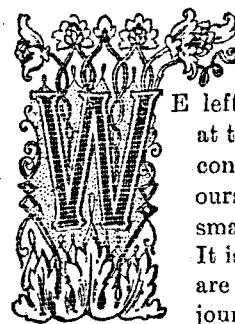
constancy are prettily delineated. All those who come in contact with her, young or old, rich or poor, lord or menial, proclaim her a good and true woman. The preservation of her modesty, delicacy and tenderness under her disguise as a menial adds an additional charm. Her serene dignity, the gracious and grand presence of a princess bred and born never deserts her. Bedraggled and unkempt as she is, when she is wandering alone in the forest, the ascetics and the catavaseri, whom she falls in with, take her for a goddess, and dare not address her until she herself addresses them.

She is good, she is true and she is all that is beautiful, but what makes her lovable and attractive is her sorrows and her grief. They endear her to us, and make us feel that she is one of ourselves. Shadows had passed over her life and left her brightness undimmed. Even to the present day, her story is related sadly and tenderly, and the dear little Hindu maidens, as they hear of Damayanti's trials and her tears, and her *Happiness*, hear the tender whispers of the night sighing all about them, and lose themselves in sweet impossible dreams.

HANNAH KRISHNAMMA.

Holiday Scenes and Places.

SCOTCH LOCHS AND CREEKS.



[By Miss M. C. SIDGWICK.]

WE left London at 8-30 p.m., and at the end of seventeen hours' continuous travelling we find ourselves on the platform of a small Scotch roadside station. It is the middle of the day, we are hungry and tired, but our journey is by no means over. A drive of forty-eight miles right across Scotland lies before us. The air is crisp and keen and full of the pungent odours of heath and pine. Our destination is a sea-loch on the north-west coast and many miles of unpopulated country lie before us.

What constitutes the peculiar charm of Scotland for the English traveller? Is not his own country beautiful and varied enough to content him? The climate of Scotland is damp and cold. The natives are retiring and undemonstrative, not

obliging and friendly nor anxious to smooth the path of the traveller, and very unlike in that respect the cheerful, hospitable Irish and pleasant spoken Welsh. Nevertheless numbers of people flock every summer to Scotland. The invigorating freshness of the air, the sublime grandeur and awful loneliness of the Northern Moorlands and Fells, the wonderful vivid colouring of sea and hill and sky, unlike anything we have in England, make it a favourite holiday resort, surpassing in the minds of many even the delights of Switzerland.

Perhaps another attraction lies in that very stolidity and “dourness” of the Scotch native. In the Northern regions of the country, where the villages are scattered and thinly populated, there is but little class distinction. Every man is as good as his neighbour. A broad spirit of independence runs through them all, and there is no deference from the poor man to the rich. The English traveller, stopping at a wayside hamlet to enquire where he can get his bicycle mended, will probably be told that “Sandy could mend it, oh! yes he knows all the workings of such a machine, if any man does, but he is in bed just now: however if the gentleman will leave it, Sandy will attend to it in a week or so” or that “Mickie is the only other man in these parts who can look over a machine, but he is away at his mother's funeral and will not be back for a day or two!” There is no subservience, no flattery about the Scotchman, but his blunt directness and calm self-assurance are rather refreshing, after the cringing servility so often to be met with when travelling.

Both golf and fishing are to be had in perfection in Scotland, on the sea coast and in the numerous lochs and streams. It is my purpose to describe in this paper, a sea-loch and a golfing place; and first we will take the sea-loch, which as I said at the beginning of this article is forty-eight miles from a railway station. The road is a good one, for it is a coaching road and the only one. It cuts straight through the bare undulating country of grass and heather and low scrubby bushes; gradually it changes its character and becomes less bleak, groves of pine and fir clothe the hill sides and presently the road emerges

on to the shores of a wide gleaming lake. After skirting this for eight or ten miles, it makes a sharp turn and winds steeply down to the straggling village of Loch Inver. A few whitewashed houses constitute the village and are scattered along the shore of the beautiful sea-loch, which floods gently into the wide bay; a shelving sandy beach clothed with fir trees runs down to meet the green lapping water and in the heart of the bay stands the turreted hotel, once a shooting box of a Scotch Duke. Inside, the hotel is like a comfortable country house. It can only accommodate about thirty visitors, so prices are high, but it is so comfortable that in the summer it is always full: the carved and galleried hall, lofty dining-room and drawing room, whose large windows command lovely views of the loch and surrounding hills, its square, old fashioned, walled garden, full of sweet smelling flowers and herbs, and the exquisite surroundings make it a very favourite resort. Excellent salmon and trout fishing is to be had in the surrounding streams and numerous small lakes, and most of the visitors come for that purpose. The Scotch peasants known as "gillies," act as guides to the visitors, showing them the best spots in which to fish, managing their boats and advising them as to flies and fishing tackle. Each visitor has his own special gillie for the time he is there. True to their peculiar Scotch characteristics, these men only unfold if they like their employer, and will then reveal many a humorous trait or curious bent of mind; if not, they preserve a taciturn silence. They show respect and no fear, and consider themselves quite the equal of the English gentleman. Outside the hotel there is a broad, stone terrace, on which the visitors stroll and lounge on fine evenings, enjoying the delicious sea breezes and watching the sun sink slowly behind the distant hills. A calm peacefulness pervades the scene and the surrounding hills are bathed in the clear opalescent twilight of the far north. One huge, blue, sugar-loaf shaped hill stands up above its fellows, this is Solfen and the why and wherefore of its solitary height and peculiar shape is a puzzle to geologists. The silence is broken only by the hoarse cries of the white sea gulls swooping down upon the surface of the loch and the

voices of the visitors recounting their fishing experiences, making plans for the morrow and expatiating on the beauties of the scene.

About seventy miles from Loch Inver on the north-east coast is the picturesque town of Dornoch, the capital of Sutherlandshire. It has lately sprung into notoriety through its golf links which bring crowds of visitors every summer. Although in the eyes of the inhabitants Dornoch is a large and important place, to the outsider, it is little more than a village. In the middle of the town is an open space, on one side of which stands the "cathedral" and opposite to which is the old castle and the townhall and a moderately sized hotel near by. A few streets of whitewashed houses fading away into lonely roads and isolated cottages completes the whole. Last year a large hotel was built close to the Golf Links and facing the sea and this has brought a great number of new people. The few small houses that are sometimes to be let are snapped up by the ardent golfers, months in advance. The contrast between Dornoch in the summer and the same place in the winter is enormous. In the summer the place is gay with life: golfers, sketchers, bathers, bicyclists are seen everywhere. The five or six shops, at which you can buy anything and everything, drive a brisk trade and the whole place wears a flourishing air. Motor cars are met with on the long white roads, that penetrate the country in every direction and picnic parties and pedestrians are often met with. In the winter a silence reigns as of the tomb. One hotel is entirely closed, in the other, only the bar is open. No one lives in the place, except the villagers, the minister, the doctor and an artist who spends half the winter there for the sake of the uninterrupted time he can give to his work. The wind blows keenly down the long, bare silent roads; the wide rolling golf links are deserted save for a solitary man practising round the holes in the quickly fading light of the short winter afternoon. The shore is deserted except for a few hoarsely screeching gulls. The sinking sun glints redly through the leafless trees. A crisp stillness hovers in the air. All is silent lonely and deserted.

Besides the attractions that it offers in the way of games and amusements, Dornoch is a lovely

place in itself. The air is splendidly invigorating and not too cold, as it is tempered by the gulf stream. The surrounding country is very beautiful. Wide, sparsely populated stretches of moorland and heath, on which are patches of cultivated land, alternate with charming shady groves of fir and pine trees. The colouring at Dornoch is peculiarly vivid and strong and the sky always seems much nearer to you than it does at other places. It is an ever-changing panorama of light and shade;—masses of cloud of every hue from deepest purple to palest silver gray, constantly forming and reforming upon a background of clear blue, pale primrose or pearly opalescent sky.

Around a Distant Star.

BOOK II.—CHILDREN OF SPACE.

BY JEAN DELAÏRE,

Author of "Alsation Tales," "A Dream of Fame," etc.

CHAPTERS XII. & XIII.

[SUMMARY OF BOOK I. AND CHAPS. I—XI. OF BOOK II.—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 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 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. He had also succeeded in inventing a telescope of incomparable magnitude which revealed wonderful aspects of the planetary world. It had not at first been arranged that Olive should go with Roy; but, owing to an unexpected occurrence, this result was eventually arrived at, and it was settled that Olive and Roy should go together on their wonderful journey. And in a final conversation, the supreme object of the wonderful journey is revealed—to go to a planet, the light rays from which would take nineteen hundred years to reach the Earth; so that if one went to this particular planet one would see the Earth as it was nineteen hundred years ago—that is, in the time of Christ. Roy wishes to assure perfect faith in Christ by the accomplished fact of a certain sight of Him, as He actually appeared in the world. And at last, they start in their air-boat, which they name The Estrella, and are launched into the night and silence of infinite space. After a journey of many months they reach their destination, a planet, wonderful like a Fairy land lit by the light of a White Star. They come across some strange creatures—half human, half ape-like, who flee in terror at the sight of the adventurers. One of the creatures is wounded and is taken to the Estrella to be nursed; and, taught by him, the explorers find some natural vegetable food on the planet. Olive narrowly escapes a terrible danger. Then arrives the great time for them to realize their dream—to view the Earth as it was in the time of Christ. But they are terribly disappointed, for they find that they are in the Northern latitude of the new planet, from which they can see nothing of the Earth. But Roy determines to travel to the Southern latitude. After a serious illness he starts with his companion. They reach their destination after a long and tedious journey. They fix the telescope and the dynamo and at last their efforts are rewarded. They see the Earth. And, at last, after a tremor of uncertainty whether or not they are in time for the great tragedy, they see Christ. They see His crucifixion and burial.

XII.



The next day was a Sabbath. "When the Sabbath was past, Mary Magdalene and Mary, mother of James, and Salome, had bought sweet spices, that they might come and anoint Him."

"And very early in the morning, the first day of the week they came unto the sepulchre, at the rising of the sun."

"The morning brightened over Moab's peaks,
Touched the great Temple's dome with crimson fires,
Lit Ophel and Moriah rosy-red,
Made Olivet all gold, and, on the pools
In Hinnon laid a sudden lance of flame.
And, from the thorn-trees brake the waking-songs
Of little birds, and every palm-tree's top
Was full of doves that cooed, as knowing not,
How love was dead, and life's dear glory gone,
And world's hope lay there in the Tomb with Him..."

The tomb was hidden in the shadow of the trees. The camphire bushes and the wild terebinths bent their branches above it, and, star-like in the gloom, white cyclamens blossomed at the entrance of the cave.

Close to the sepulchre, in a spot where the hillside was bared to the sun, a woman knelt alone, her face hidden in her hands, her veil, half detached, revealing a gleam of gold in her disordered hair. At some little distance from her, other women stood in the attitude of prayer, with fingers interlaced and faces upturned to the sky. With them was a young Galilean, a tall, frail youth with pale hair and dreamy eyes. We had seen him many times, in the city and on the hills—and at the foot of the Cross with Mary, mother of Jesus—and in our hearts we called him John—he whom the Master loved.

They stood there—the mother, the friends, the disciple. . . They wept, they prayed, and all the world seemed hushed.

The sun rose higher in the heavens. A sudden tremor, like a breath from the Unseen, passed through the garden on the hillside, bending almost to the ground the branches of the olive-trees and the wild terebinths, and bringing close together, as for the whispering of joyful tidings, the white flower-faces that guarded the tomb.

There came a light beneath the trees.

The woman, who knelt all alone bowed her head to the ground in an extremity of anguish, and her long hair trailed over the dew-moistened grass and mingled with the fresh-opened blossoms. John, the beloved disciple, seeing her thus, left the women who were praying, and came towards her with swift steps. . . He came. . . He stood so close to her that his hands might have touched her, when suddenly he stood still. . . He gazed not at the bowed figure by his side, but far ahead, in the gloom beneath the camphire bushes.

A light shone in the gloom. . . It deepened with every second that passed, as deepens the radiance of the stars when the veil of night has fallen.

And the light took a shape—and it was as the shape of a man or a god.

The bowed figure of the woman who had turned felt the presence and the light even, as with closed eyes, we feel the touch of the sun on our faces. . . She lifted her head. . . We felt the sudden thrill of her ecstasy. . . She rose, she ran, she fell at His feet, weeping for joy.

"Master!"

John stood still and rigid, his head thrown back, his hands outstretched, like a man in a trance.

And the Light—the Presence—came towards him. If a man, why the glory, as of spiritual

essences? If a God, why the marks of nails on His hands and feet?

"Master!"

The cry of Mary broke the spell at last. Like a bell calling to worship, like a clarion-call to victory, it must have sounded in the sabbath stillness of the hills, proclaiming to the holy city and to the hills beyond—and to all the Earth and all the ages to come—that death is but a name, and Man is immortal, even as God.

John heard it and fell, sobbing, at His Master's feet; the holy women heard it and their sorrow was changed to joy; Mary, mother of Jesus, heard it, and, kneeling before her Son, she worshipped the God in the Man.

"The Lord is arisen!"

The news spread like fire, leapt like flames, from the hill to the city. "We have seen the Lord: The Lord is risen!" The disciples who mourned in Jerusalem heard it, and came to the garden on the hill, and they half-doubted and half-believed, and were joyful and sad in turn, for although the light still shone as a celestial afterglow in the faces of those who had seen the Master, the Presence had vanished:—"But Him they saw not." And the cool peace under the wild terebinths was undisturbed by footfalls of Angel or Man.

To many "the women's words seemed as idle tales," for as yet the words of promise had not been spoken on the mountain in Galilee—the words which transformed the timid disciples into fearless apostles, clad with holiness as with a garment, and girt with faith as with a sword:—"Behold, I am with you always—even unto the end of the world!"

XIII.

The days—I might almost say the months—which followed that glad Easter Morn, stand in my memory as a dream-like succession of slow days and nights.

We all know that peculiar state of existence which is not sleep and yet is not waking, when the mind, like the body, lies passive, inert, but dreamily conscious all the while, as if the soul were shrouded in a semi-transparent veil. This state became mine when, the high flame of excitement having burnt itself out, the inevitable reaction set in, and all the hardships and privations, all the doubt and anxiety of the past months made their influence felt at last with sudden fierceness.

A slow, steady, fever crept into my very marrow, making me weak as a child, weak in body and mind, indifferent to everything and but dimly conscious of my own personality. Strange, distorted fancies flitted through my brain. I

was in the past, I was in the present. I was on Earth; in Palestine, sitting on the shadowy terraces of a temple of dreams. I was on Kallistos, in the beautiful valley, and in the forest of flowers I gathered impalpable blossoms, striving vainly to weave them into garlands to deck Estrella's brow. It was not delirium, for I was conscious of the phantasies and could even smile at them when my eyes were opened, but as soon as my lids closed I stepped once more into the land of waking dreams.

One idea, one feeling alone stood steadfast in the chaos of my thoughts—an immense; and unutterable longing to be on Earth again, to be on Earth again, to be my old self once more, just once, and not a wanderer in other worlds, not a pilgrim in bygone ages—only myself, plain Clive Delafield who hoped to make his way in the kingdom of Letters with the sweetest of women, by his side.

Little by little, the visions that haunted me became less shadowy, but also more oppressive. I felt stifled in the shelter of the forest, as if a thousand invisible creatures were sharing its bowers with me, pressing against me with heavy impalpable forms. The arched alleys became a prison wall; the vast plain outside a desert teeming with unknown, unseen horrors.

For many days no food passed my lips, but whenever thirst roused me from my torpor, I found Roy bending over me with a flower-cup filled with cool water.

A time of utter oblivion followed these days, and when I awoke once more to semi-consciousness, it was to hear Roy say, as he bent close over me: "Take courage, Clive, dear boy: You will soon be on Earth again, in the old home, with Estrella and the little mother!"

The words were like a sudden call to life. I rose from my bed of leaves, clear-headed, though still giddy and faint.

"Roy," I gasped, "Roy, what do you mean? Are we going back to Earth? When? How?"

I was prepared for any glad and wondrous tidings, and, had Roy told me that the *Estrella* stood outside the forest arches, ready to leap to Earth in one thousandth part of the time it had taken to come to Kallistos, I would have believed him, and rejoiced.

But Roy was silent, and seemed even to hesitate about an answer. I repeated my question.

"Are we going home, Roy? Are we going back to Earth—soon?"

There was another moment's silence, and then, with eyes averted, Roy replied in a constrained voice:

"You will return, Clive, yes—and soon, I hope!"

I felt the blood rush to my face. I was still

very weak, and for a moment I felt as if my heart had stopped beating.

"Roy?" I said—and could say no more.

He took my hands in his.

"You are ill, Clive—no, you are better now, you are almost well—but you have been ill, and in your delirium you have called on Estrella a hundred times! Night and day you have babbled of Earth—England and home! You must return, Clive! It cut me to the heart to hear you, I who have taken you from everything, everyone you love—"

"No, no," I interrupted hastily, "you know it is not so, Roy!"

"But it is, Clive! I have not dragged you away by force, but—you know what I mean—it was a sacrifice always, but you made it for my sake and Estrella's."

There were many things I could have said, and yet I was silent. Roy continued with a half smile.

"I have been a shameless old egotist, and it is time I did penance for my sins. My penance will be to send you back to Earth!"

"Roy! How can you talk so wildly? I shall never return to Earth without you! Oh, but you cannot mean it, Roy! You cannot mean to remain here for ever—for ever, Roy!"

Roy attempted to laugh, but there was no smile in his eyes as he looked fully at me, still holding my hands in his.

"I never said that I would stay here always," he said in a low voice, "but, if you think for one moment, Clive, you must see that our return to Earth—together—is an impossibility."

"Why impossible?" I asked, and my voice shook with fear of his reply.

"Who will start the machine?"

In the long silence which followed this ominous question, I could hear the far-off rush of the river as it swept past in its hurried way to the unknown sea. I heard close by, the motion of transparent wings as some insect tribe flitted by under the golden arcades of the forest. I tried to speak, but my lips refused to utter a word, even as my brain seemed incapable of shaping a rational thought.

Roy saw my mental confusion.

"We will talk it all over some other time, when you are rested," he said gently, as he placed under my head a fresh pillow of fragrant leaves. "Sleep now, if you can and dream of Earth," he added with a sigh and a smile, as he slowly moved away.

Five months later we stood once more in the beautiful valley where we had landed after our journey across space, and our eyes were gladdened by the familiar outlines of the *Estrella*, standing untouched, unharmed, by the side of the mountain stream.

The sight of it was like a breath of home to world-weary wanderers—and wanderers we were, in very truth, and weary, beyond the power of words to tell.

If our expedition from the North to the South of the planet had been a perilous enterprise, our return journey from South to North was even more dangerous and difficult of accomplishment. There was no swift-flowing river to carry us to our journey's end—and we were compelled to toil, by night, in the sand of the desert, from oasis to oasis—then, the hills, the mountains—the slow climbing, a little every day, of peak after peak—the weariness, the fever, the thirst that nothing could quench, the awful fear of falling by the wayside at last, exhausted, half dead—shall I ever forget it?

When I think—now—of what we accomplished then—of the hundreds of miles we traversed on foot in an unknown world, through desert spaces and mountain passes, with insufficient food and clothing almost in rags, it seems to me that our journey from the Northern to the Southern hemisphere of Kallistos was almost as wonderful an achievement as our pilgrimage across space.

On Earth the task would have been an impossible one, for even if we had not perished by the way, worn-out and famished, we would have fallen an easy prey to some wild beasts from the desert or the jungle.

But on Kallistos, not only was the air of so fine a quality that one seemed to gain strength by the mere act of breathing, but everything intimated the fact which Roy afterwards promulgated as a law, namely, that, while on Earth animals prey on animals all the world over, on Kallistos the animal preyed on the plant, the plant in its turn preyed on the animal (for little by little we made the curious discovery that all plants were carnivorous) but no animal ever preyed on another animal, or a plant on another plant. Each kingdom, animal and vegetal, was at peace with itself—which, as Roy remarked, was a distinct advance on the conditions prevailing on Earth.

Thus we passed, unharmed, through animal tribes of every shape and stature, some closely resembling the creatures of Earth, others fantastic monsters such as no eyes of man have ever seen, others again, almost human in form and demeanour and presenting an almost faithful copy of the monkey-men we had first seen, in the forest of flowers.

It was a curious and by no means unwelcome coincidence, that the first representative of the animal world we beheld on our arrival in the valley should have been our little friend of long ago, he whom Roy had christened *Lalou* and hailed as the forerunner of man on Kallistos.

There he sat, pensively reclining against the aluminium walls of the *Estrella*, seemingly sad, yet not so sad that he could not, from time to time, enjoy a bite off his favourite finger-plants, growing in riotous profusion all around him. For some time we watched him in silence, interested and amused, then Roy gave a call; "*Lalou!*"

The little creature lifted his head, gazed on us for some moments in incredulous, delighted wonder, then with a shrill cry he rose and ran towards us, his body quivering with eagerness, his dark eyes burning with joy.

I felt curiously moved. Where we had thought ourselves strangers in a strange land, we found a friend; where we thought ourselves alone we received a welcome more eloquent than spoken words. After an absence of nearly ten months, he not only remembered us, but remembered to love us, and, more touching still, remembered why he loved us. With rapid pantomime he touched his knee where the wound had been, laughed into Roy's face as a child might have done, that is pleased with itself and all the world, then straightway danced around us, clapping his hands and shouting with all the delightful abandon of a savage in high glee.

It was wonderful to watch him—more wonderful still when some minutes later he pointed to the *Estrella* and then upwards to the sky, either to intimate as he had done once before, that we had dropped from the clouds in our strange machine, or may be to ask whether we intended to leave the planet by the same celestial route. As Roy remarked when we followed our little friend inside the *Estrella*, he only lacked speech to be a man and even this was not totally lacking, since he already translated some of his thoughts and feelings into articulate sound.

Ah, the delight of finding, after our long absence, the home nest, undisturbed and peaceful! The joy of re-discovering every cherished possession, of rummaging among the well-worn books, of fingering with anxious care every part of the dynamo and machines that were to send me back to Earth! I confess that in spite of weakness and ill-health, I felt almost as elated as our little companion *Lalou*, and was not far from expressing my joy in an unconventional and boisterous manner.

Lalou had apparently decided in his own little mind that he would not be parted from us a second time, and for fear that we might escape unperceived, seemed determined not to leave us out of sight. Throughout that day he followed us as persistently as our own shadows, and when at nightfall he suddenly disappeared, it was only—somewhat to our dismay—to return bringing with him quite a small tribe of his

fellow-creatures. We were about to protest vigorously against this intrusion when we saw there was no need, as yet, to assume a defensive attitude; the little tribe advanced to within a few feet of our air boat, and then, as if, at a given signal, halted abruptly. *Lalou* alone came forward and with solemn mien ascended the rope-ladder which, since our return, was once more suspended from the open doors of the *Estrella*. Evidently he alone considered himself privileged to enter our presence, and his companions, like well-drilled soldiers, remained behind at a respectful distance.

And so we spent the first night of our return in the valley, peacefully sleeping in the azure radiance that welled from the moon, and protected by a silent guard of watchful, white-haired creatures, that were no longer animals, and were not yet men.

An Estimate of English Education in India.

[BY AN INDIAN EDUCATIONIST.]



IN no country has the love of learning had so early an origin or has exercised so lasting and powerful an influence as in India. Though national education, in the present acceptation of the term, was scarcely known in ancient India, still, as far as we know, at no period in the

history of the country has India been without some system of popular education. The antechambers of temples, the groves of sacred trees, and the cloisters of monasteries, all had their classes of students; and the interesting inscriptions on stone and metal, and the ancient palm-leaf records, which are to be met with everywhere in India, all clearly indicate that the people had not only the general knowledge of the art of writing but also practised it very commonly. Some striking features characterise Hindu education. In the first place, all public education in ancient India related to national religion or to legendary history and philosophy as connected with religion, and was managed by the Brahmins, the priestly caste. Just as Europe owes the preservation of her culture during the Middle Ages to the dominance of the priestly caste, so in India the study of letters—at whatever value it may be estimated—was rescued from annihilation and was conserved by the authority of the Brahmin caste. The mono-

poly of education by a single caste had its drawbacks. In the schools of higher learning the students were almost all Brahmins. Even in village schools the instruction was confined to certain privileged castes; the agricultural and inferior castes being left completely uninstructed.

The beautiful and varied literature of ancient India bears testimony, no doubt, to the influence of certain schools of learning, and to the inspiring genius of some of their teachers; but, when India came under Great Britain, education was in a state of decline, due to the anarchy and oppression which had stifled the peoples' energies for more than three centuries. The general characteristic of the instruction given in indigenous schools and colleges was impracticability. One of the earliest attempts to investigate the state of indigenous education in India was made by Sir Thomas Munro in 1822, in his capacity as the Governor of Madras. The following is the description of the nature of instruction imparted in the village schools:—

Every school boy can repeat *verbatim* a vast number of verses, of the meaning of which he knows no more than the parrot which has been taught to utter such words. Accordingly, from studies in which he has spent many a day of laborious but fruitless toil, the native scholar gains no improvement except the exercise of memory, and the power to read and write on the common business of life. He makes no additions to his stock of useful knowledge, and acquires no moral impressions. He has spent his youth in reading syllables, not words, and on entering into life he meets with hundreds and thousands of words, of the meaning of which he cannot form the most distant conjecture; and, as to the declension of a noun, or the conjugation of a verb, he knows no more than of the most abstruse problem in Euclid.

Of the instruction in so-called colleges, it is said:—

For twenty years the students commit to memory *mantra* after *mantra*, *sloka* after *sloka*, comment after comment, until they are able to superintend every ceremony of the Yajur or Black Veda.

Prior to the organisation of the Educational Department, which was the direct outcome of the Despatch of 1854, the efforts made by the British Government to improve education were spasmodic and wanting in thoroughness. It is true in the Charter of 1813 there was a provision to the effect "That a sum of not less than one lakh of rupees shall be set apart and applied to the founding and maintaining of colleges and schools, public lectures, and other institutions for the revival and improvement of literature, and encouragement of the learned natives of

India, and for the encouragement and promotion of a knowledge of the sciences among the inhabitants of the British territories in India." But no practical effect was given to this provision till the year 1823. And even then the "Committee of Public Instruction," that was organised to give effect to the above provision, was at a loss to know whether to provide higher instruction in the English language and European science by establishing English schools in the chief centres of population, or to encourage native literature and science by the establishment of schools for the study of Sanskrit and Arabic. Then began the great controversy between the "Anglicists" and the "Orientalists"—the former advocating European education through the medium of the English language, and the latter Oriental learning through the medium of Sanskrit and Arabic. It is remarkable how reluctant the British rulers were to bring forward any educational measures "at variance with the customs and prejudices of the people." In every effort they put forward they laid the greatest stress on securing the sympathy and co-operation of the people. The controversy between the "Anglicists" and "Orientalists" was finally set at rest by the resolution of Lord William Bentinck, of the 7th March 1835, which states "that the great object of the British Government ought to be the promotion of European literature and science among the natives of India, and that all the funds appropriated for the purpose of education would be best employed on English education alone." In arriving at this decision, Lord Bentinck was no doubt influenced by the famous Minute of Macaulay, but there were also not wanting indications that the natives themselves were beginning to favour English education. This was proved by the success of some of the higher institutions established by the missionaries, who were undoubtedly the pioneers of education in India. It must be remembered, however, that whilst the Government settled once for all that all higher education should be on Western lines, through the medium of the English language, the authorities concerned were fully aware of the impossibility of diffusing education among the masses through any other medium than that of the vernacular languages. There were a few over-enthusiasts of English education, who advocated what is known as the "filtering-down theory," whose policy was to push on the English studies, and thus create a highly-educated class, who would in their turn spread the desire of knowledge to the classes beneath them. But the British rulers had not much faith in this theory, and one of the conspicuous features of the educational despatches of the Court of Directors is the stress laid on a system of popular vernacular education for the masses.

The Despatch of 1851, which has been called the Magna Charta of national education in India, marked an era in the history of education of the country. The Despatch suggested, as the means for the improvement and wider extension of education, both European and vernacular—(1) the constitution of a separate department for the administration of education; (2) the constitution of Universities at the presidency towns; (3) the establishment of institutions for training teachers for all classes of schools; (4) the maintenance of the existing colleges and high schools, and the increase of their number when necessary; (5) the establishment of new middle schools; (6) increased attention to vernacular schools; and (7) the introduction of a system of Grants-in-Aid. A little more than forty years have elapsed since the famous Despatch of Lord Halifax took effect; but within that short space of time English education has been making very rapid strides indeed. At the commencement, the system of secular education had to suffer some rude shocks which, thanks to the firm hand of sympathetic statesmen, have proved innocuous. Prejudice on the part of some influential natives against everything Western for a long time evaded the efforts of Government to impart education. The inertia of ages refused for a time to be roused by the new healthy stimulus. The antagonism of many European gentlemen, who feared that State education would only tend to subvert the empire, seemed to receive for a time a signal illustration in the great Indian Mutiny. But the shocks went by, and the rulers, who saw that the ancient educational systems of the country were powerless to work a change in the Indian people towards a higher life, and towards material well-being, fought strenuously for the introduction of a system of education under which the "free thoughts and noble intents of the hearts" of the people of the West might be conveyed on scientific methods. It was in the midst of the tumult of the Indian Mutiny that the Universities of Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay were calmly founded. A network of schools has now been extended over the country, graduated from the indigenous village institutions up to the highest colleges, all under the guidance and supervision of experienced inspecting officers appointed by Government. Just a few figures will give an idea of the rapid progress in India of education on Western lines. When the educational system was first organised, there were only 51,000 schools and colleges, with about 939,000 pupils. In 1870-71, the number of schools rose to 85,000, and that of pupils to 1,700,000. In 1881-82, the number of institutions was 116,000, and the number of scholars 2,760,000. In 1893-94, the total number of institutions of all classes was 147,297, and that

of scholars 4,066,235. In 1857, there were hardly 10 Art Colleges in the whole of India, now there are over 150 colleges with nearly 20,000 students, the numerical increase of secondary schools being still more remarkable. The three Indian Universities, incorporated on the model of the London University, have also been doing useful work; and a fourth University has been founded at Lahore for the Punjab, for the purpose of encouraging oriental students, besides an additional University at Allahabad for the N.-W. Provinces. These Universities turn out, on an average, 2,500 graduates in arts and science every year; and over 5,000 qualify every year as doctors, lawyers, engineers, agriculturists, and teachers. The Hindus are generally said to be very conservative, but I think that at least in one respect they should be pronounced very go-a-head, and that is in the rapid progress they have made as regards English education. It is true some artificial stimulus was necessary at the commencement to make them take to English education, and even now, with many, English education is regarded more as a means to secure a Government appointment than as an end in itself; but then the thirst for knowledge has always been one of the chief characteristics of the Hindu. The restless activity of mind, the quick perception and indefatigable inquiry enter into the very idea of the Indian character. There are some critics who consider that higher education is being overdone in India, and that the Universities are turning out far too many graduates. There is not the slightest justification for this view. Notwithstanding the rapid progress that has been made, higher education, it must be remembered, has affected only a very small section of the population. The latest returns show that only 11 per cent. of all the scholars, or about 450,000 boys and girls, are learning English; and when it is remembered also that over the whole of India only 13 per cent. of the male inhabitants, and about 5 per cent. of the women over 15 years of age, could read and write, while only 4 per cent. of the boys and about 4 per cent. of the girls under 15 years of age, were returned as "learning," it will be seen how much is still left to be done in the matter of higher education, and still more in the matter of the education of the masses.

What are the intellectual results of higher education in India? There have been critics who have condemned in very strong terms the present system of education as sterile and barren of results. Sir Lepel Griffin regards the present system of higher education in India as "most jejune, lifeless, and inefficient." He says: "The profound and extensive learning of the man who takes first rank in the scientific and literary world of England is as far

as the star Sirius above the culture of the University student of India. His learning is superficial to an extraordinary degree, and although many naturally clever men have passed through the educational mill, I do not remember, in the last quarter of a century, a single original work written by a native of India on any subject of general, literary, political, or scientific interest, which could fairly take rank with productions of the second or even the third class in England. Potential depths of originality may be concealed in the Indian people, but so far they have had no external expression." Sir Lepel Griffin goes further, and attributes what he considers to be the barrenness of the Indian intellectual field to the effete-ness of the native intellect. The Indian, like the Greek intellect, has grown old and decayed, and hence there is no use in applying European manures to the Indian soil. I admit the comparative barrenness of the Indian intellectual field; but in judging of the effects of higher education we must take into consideration the conditions under which the Indians are being educated in English. There is no country in the world that presents so striking an anomaly as India does in respect to its intellectual development. Here we have the strangest of incongruities, namely, a vast population being compelled, as it were, to pursue higher studies by means of an entirely foreign language. Macaulay decided that the Indian people could not be educated by means of their mother-tongue, and the present system of education is the outcome of that decision. No one would deny that the English language stands pre-eminent among the languages of the West; but nevertheless it must be remembered that English is a foreign language and a most difficult foreign language. The best energies of an Indian youth are, I won't say wasted, but exhausted in acquiring the English language. At a time when an English lad of ten or twelve revels in reading volume after volume of English books, descriptive of nature and of human life, and stores his mind with correct information on every important subject, the Indian lad spends his whole energy in mastering the rudiments of the English language. I do not for a moment disparage the study of English. We have had our prejudices overthrown, our intellectual tastes purified; we have become inheritors of the intellectual achievements of all the Western nations; but at the same time it must be admitted that all this gain has not been without its corresponding loss: loss of energy, loss of creative power, loss of originality. Our acquisitive powers have been tasked to the utmost; no wonder our creative faculties have suffered in consequence. In accounting, therefore, for the comparative barrenness of the Indian intellectual field, we should not lose sight of the

barrier of language. When future generations of the Indian races become, through the influence of hereditary transmission, naturalised to the English language, better results may be expected. In the meantime, let us remember that the Indian intellect is undergoing a silent but a most marked transformation, and that it is all the result of Macaulay's Minute. Then again, the present system of education itself is not without its defects. It has been pointed out that the education given to an Indian youth is wanting in thoroughness and accuracy. As a consequence we have immaturity of thought, reckless generalisation, subjection of reasoning to imagination, and absence of original reflection. There is also a tendency to attach undue importance to examinations, which results in the cultivation of quick superficiality and power of cleverly skimming over a subject, and the diffusion of energies over many subjects that are likely to pay at examinations. It is encouraging, however, to find that our leading educationalists are alive to these defects, and are endeavouring to remedy them. Our social customs have had something to do with the deterioration of the Indian intellect. What could we expect from young men who, at a time when they should devote their whole attention to study and the cultivation of their mental powers, are burdened with a family, and are worried with the cares and troubles that are naturally the result of married life! Nothing tends to develop the intellect so much as cheerful surroundings and happy associations; and the home life of the Indian student is entirely destitute of those stimulating influences to which an English youth is subject. The poverty of the country is another circumstance that ought to be taken into consideration in accounting for the present intellectual condition of India. We have not a class of rich men who can devote their time solely to intellectual pursuits.

I have pointed out some of the causes that account for the comparative sterility of the Indian intellectual field. Notwithstanding all these difficulties in the way, we have reason to be proud of what has been achieved. Sir Lepel Griffin is entirely mistaken in saying that during the last quarter of a century not a single original work has been produced. I can name more than a dozen Indian authors whose works in English can fairly rank with some of the best productions of Englishmen. India has already produced men, and women, too, who have shown marked originality in poetry, fiction, philosophy, history; and the remarkable researches of Professor Bose, of Calcutta, in physical science, shows that the Hindu intellect is not simply speculative and assimilative but that it is inventive too. As statesmen, men like Sir Salar Jung,

Sir T. Madava Row, Rajahaiengar and others; as religious reformers, men like Ram Mohan Roy, Chunder Sen; and as social reformers, Pundita Ramabai, Vidya Sagar and others, have shown an intellectual energy, moral firmness and practical ingenuity that would have done credit to any nation in the world. We have simply to compare America with India, to arrive at a just appreciation of the intellectual state of the latter country. What immense advantages have the Americans over the Indians in the matter of education, and yet the original writers of America can be counted on one's fingers' ends. In India we have had only forty years of English education. I say the Indian intellectual field has not been exhausted. On the contrary, we are just accommodating ourselves to environment that has hitherto been so unfavourable to the development of creative power. Within a quarter of a century more we shall be quite at home in our surroundings. Our future is a glorious one. Let *nil desperandum* be our motto, and we shall yet show to the civilized world that we are not only apt and facile imitators, but that we have genius for original intellectual work, and that we can produce results that will even excel the past splendours of Hindu literature and art.

How has English education affected the loyalty of the people? This is an important subject to consider, for there are critics who are of the opinion that English education is turning out a class of men who are discontented, and hence disloyal. If loyalty consists in the due appreciation of the advantages of British rule, and in gratitude for the benefits which have been conferred upon the people of India, then the educated classes are distinctly loyal, for no portion of the population appreciates at their true value, as the educated Indians do, the advantages of an enlightened administration of justice, religious toleration, liberty of the Press, liberty of holding meetings and petitioning, and other such rights, they have acquired under British rule.

It is true that English education has stirred up in the natives aspirations for a larger share in the administration of the country. This is but natural, and Lord Ripon has well said, "We have been turning out, year by year, and month by month, from our universities and schools streams of men with the best education that the English Government could give them. We have been throwing open to them English ideas and English thoughts, and have awakened in their minds many an aspiration, and raised in their hearts legitimate ambition. Is it possible to turn round on these men and say to them, 'We will not give you any opening for these aspirations with which we have inspired you, we will not afford you any means for the

satisfaction of that ambition which we have created?" There doubtless will be found disloyal individuals among the educated classes, as there are among all classes subject to foreign rule. Nevertheless, a well-founded assertion may be entertained that those Indians who have learned to think through the medium of the English language, and are imbued with the literature and philosophy of England, will bear towards the English nation that heartfelt allegiance which men may feel without at all relinquishing their own nationality. Nothing wounds the natives more than imputation of disloyalty.

Western education is also yielding fruit in rectitude of conduct, zeal in performance of duty and in a higher standard of public morality. It is our colleges and universities that supply the Government with an efficient and trustworthy body of public servants. As lawyers, as doctors, as engineers, as teachers, we find everywhere a class of earnest, enthusiastic, hard-working men, such as would do credit to any nation. At the Bar especially—a profession peculiarly suited to the bent of the native mind—the educated Indian has distinguished himself specially. The Civil officers of Government everywhere acknowledge that in integrity, industry, patient perseverance and capacity for work the men trained in colleges excel those brought up in the tradition of the past. It has been said that the present generation of Indian students are wanting in reverence, and that in the matter of courtesy and good manners there has been a distinct deterioration. From my experience as a teacher for the past ten years, I am able to say that this cannot be brought forward as a general charge against Indian students. It is true, in many cases, in their eagerness to cast off the reproach of subservience some educated natives have mistaken rudeness of behaviour for dignified independence; but these are, as the Education Commission puts it, some of "the ugly faults and unpleasant symptoms that accompany a period of transition."

English education is bringing into existence an intelligent native public opinion. I admit that the public opinion is still not broad enough and sound enough to become a voice of power in the land. I also do not forget that such an opinion reflects only the sentiments and aspirations of what is known as the educated community, which is, indeed, a very small section of the total population of India. Sir Henry Maine has pointed out that it is impossible, on the most liberal calculation, to reckon the percentage of persons in India, who are sufficiently educated to take an interest or part in politics to the rest of the population at more than 1 in 10,000; and that if the test of a University degree be applied, the proportion would fall as low as 1 in 50,000.

On the one hand, he says, there are the educated classes which reflect the spirit of the present age, with its "abundant faith in theories and generalisations," with its somewhat contemptuous view of religious sanctions, except so far as they maintain some favourite institution, with its "pessimistic view of that which exists at the moment, and its optimistic view of that which may exist some day." On the other hand, there are the silent millions of India, who have no sympathy with the present, who are only "an energetic expression of the past," a chaos of survivals circumscribed as regards exterior by the British rule, but rendered more tenacious of life by an intense conviction of supernatural origin and divine ordination. Well, then, what common ground can there be between these two sections of the Indian population? This view of the situation in India demands our most thoughtful consideration. There is one evil which the educated Indians should guard against—that is, of forming a caste by themselves; and the denationalisation tendency that is manifesting itself among a certain section of the educated classes. I look upon with grave apprehension. Let us by all means absorb the good of Western civilisation; but why should we lose our individuality as a nation? When we remember that the mass of the Indian population is still sunk in ignorance and superstition, it is the imperative duty of those who belong to the privileged and enlightened community, to extend to the many the benefits of education so selfishly confined to the apathetic few. Educated Indians have not put forward any combined efforts, to promote primary education among the masses; and yet it is not so much the duty of the Government or of foreign philanthropic agencies, as it is that of the educated natives to see that primary education becomes a reality in the land; that it permeates the masses, and brings them within the pale of the higher influences to which at present only a few—an insignificant minority—are subject.

This leads me to refer to another point. I have already admitted that Western education has resulted in a higher standard of public morality; that it is yielding fruit in rectitude of conduct, zeal in performance of duty and in loyalty; but the new activity does not seem to have affected the inner life of educated Indians to any appreciable extent. There seems to be still a glaring incongruity between thoughts and deeds, between public profession and private practice. The men who are anxious to bring about a better state of things socially, and to carry out in practice, irrespective of consequences, what they highly applaud in theory, are still a handful. Here is frank confession made by a Hindu gentleman, one of the ablest products of modern India.

I am quoting from an address delivered before a meeting of the National Indian Association, Madras, by the late P. Ranganatha Mudaliar, Professor in the Presidency College. He is contrasting the life of an educated Hindu in his public and private capacity:—

The broad barrier that separates the public, the outer life of the educated Hindu—i.e., his life as an officer of state or a teacher or a lawyer, from his private or inner life, has often reminded me of the double life led by the somnambulist, with this essential difference in favour of the somnambulist that, whereas the somnambulist is unconscious during one of his two lives of what he does in the other, the educated Hindu carries with him from his place of business into his home and from his home to his place of business, a clear and painful consciousness of both his lives. This want of harmony in the conduct of the educated Hindu as a public man and as a private individual shows itself in a variety of ways. As a teacher he may expound excellent principles of morality and instil into the minds of his pupils liberal and just views of men and things; but see him in the midst of his domestic surroundings, and you catch him doing the very things he denounced elsewhere with such fervid zeal. As a Judge or a Vakil, he may be able to sift and weigh evidence, but when he is at home, he, like the other people, believes without evidence, and sometimes arrives at conclusions opposed to obvious facts. To speak in the first person, I may have no faith in Judicial Astrology; and yet whatever important work I do, I must do on an auspicious day determined for me by an astrological charlatan. I may feel sincerely that the way in which religious ceremonies are performed and mantras uttered by my family priest is a mockery of things solemn, a profanation of things sacred; and yet this solemn mockery, this sacred profanity must be endured, or I run the risk of being reviled as an apostate. I may feel that the best thing I can do for my stupid son is to keep him single, until such time as least as he is able to shift for himself and earn enough to maintain a wife and children with; but such is the tyranny of custom that he must be married as soon as he arrives at man's estate, even though I have to bear the burden of supporting, it may be to the last day of my life, my worthless son and his wife and all the creatures that they may bring into existence. But why multiply instances? That there is this glaring incongruity between thoughts and deeds, between public profession and private practices, is felt by none more keenly than by the educated Hindus themselves; and lest it should be thought that I feel a malicious pleasure in drawing up an indictment against others, I acknowledge with shame and compunction that I am myself as much at fault as those others. I pretend to no higher wisdom and no higher virtue than belong to the majority of my educated countrymen.

The fact is, we need a warmer, a more earnest racial sentiment in India—the substitution of a strong sense of national patriotism in place of the spirit of faction and petty minded exclusiveness; we need the spirit of sacrifice and active benevolence which form so conspicuous a feature of public life in England. Civilisation is something more than liberty, and the power of

bearing and using that liberty: it means growing power for manliness, unselfishness, sincerity; it means the willingness, the passion to ameliorate conditions, to raise the weak and low, and to make others share the benefits of culture and enlightenment that are confined to a few.

If I have touched upon some defects in Indian character which English education has not been able to remove, I do not wish to be understood as underestimating in any way the results of English education. I, for one, look upon English education in India as the great emancipator of the Indian races. The most telling memorial of British rule in India is the enlightenment that English education has brought to the Indians. We have been roused from our sleep of ages. An awakening change is felt throughout the country. The Indian intellect is marching forth in many directions, rejoicing in its new strength, and if we use our opportunities aright, if we are imbued with the spirit of true patriotism, if we see that others share some at least of the privileges which we enjoy, we shall yet become a noble nation, "a noble and puissant nation," to use the sublime language of Milton, "rousing herself like a strong man after sleep and shaking her invincible locks, or like the eagle renewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam, purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance."

Birth Customs and Observances of the Hindus.



HERE is no tribe or nation on the face of the Universe, but has customs and observances, distinctly its own, regarding the prominent epochs of life, namely, births, marriages, and deaths;—and not the least interesting and curious of them all are the birth customs which are found among the

Hindus of Southern India.

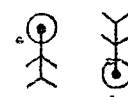
Among the Hindus the family ties are very strong. Even after a girl is married and has gone to reside at her new home, for all auspicious events and occasions the parents bring her back. Tradition and custom have moreover ordained that the grandchild should first view the light in the grand parents' home-nest; and so even the poorest of Hindu families would much rather indulge in expenditure disproportionate to their resources rather than go against this old world custom.

Superstition and old wives' tales are accountable for a great many of the prevailing customs. Before the expected event, an auspicious day is chosen in order to fetch from the bazaar a supply of the drugs and medicaments required; the luckiest room in the house, according to tradition, is chosen and set apart for the guest daughter. So that from the very beginning as it were the favour and protection of the gods is solicited. A sprig of Neem leaves is then put over the door of the room, as well as over the principal entrance into the house. This is regarded an efficient way of intimidating and driving off evil spirits. A bunch of these leaves affixed to the roof of a Hindu house invariably proclaims it as one where a confinement has recently taken place, or into which small-pox has found its way. These leaves being the favourite foliage of Mari Amman, the small-pox Goddess; (even as the Tulasi plant is of Vishnu, and the Bilva tree is of Siva), a house thus marked is believed to be under her special protection, and no evil dare cross the threshold where they are in evidence. They are also used in exorcising ghosts, which are supposed to have an aversion to them, and to shew a clean pair of heels on their exhibition at close quarters.

The time of the little one's arrival is most carefully noted. On the luck or ill-luck of the baby, much of the future prosperity of the family is supposed to depend. As soon as the child is born, its tongue is at once tipped with honey with a piece of gold for good luck. Also, all the young wives and mothers, staying in the neighbourhood, chiefly relatives, are invited to come and have a look at "the little bundle of humanity." It is considered to be highly unlucky to their own children, if they don't. The infant is then anointed all over with gingelly-oil and washed in warm water, given its own appropriate medicament and put to bed. The child is bathed on every odd day, namely, the 1st, 3rd, 5th, 7th, 9th and 11th days of its birth. The mother's purification ceremony called "Punniyavachanam" is performed on the 11th day.

There are a number of little queer customs performed after the child is born; the evil spirits of the air are supposed to be always on the lookout to harm the new arrival and various things are done to ward off these spirits. All the windows and doors of the room are closed, a smouldering fire is always kept burning, and a woman is ever on the watch for the first eleven days. Then, there are two queer customs, namely, the appointing of a companion to the invalid, and the worshipping of the "Jeevathi Devi" (literally the "Life-giving" goddess). A young woman from among the relations is chosen, and a granite grinding stone is handed to her to keep on her lap in place of a child. On every occasion (i.e.,

every morning) that the "Arathi" or saffron-water has to be waved in front of the invalid (as a precaution against the evil eye), the ceremony is first performed before the substitute and then repeated before the real patient. The origin and meaning of this piece of mummerly is lost in obscurity; but the writer believes it to be an attempt to "put the wool over the eyes" of evil spirits, believed to be ever on the watch to do harm. The substitution of a false patient, and a dummy child would circumvent and mystify these aerial creatures, and divert their pranks from the real patient. The quaint cult of the



"Jeevathi Devi" boasts a hoary antiquity, and is alluded to in the Mahabharata (see Sabha Parva, Chap. XVIII, Prata-pachandra Ray's edition; Calcutta). Two crude human caricatures, one standing upright and the other topsy-turvy are traced on the walls with the fingers dipped in cow-dung, and on either side of the entrance to the invalid's room. Saffron and red powder are applied to them, and incense and other offerings placed before them every evening, during the first ten days. In the Mahabharata, this spirit or goddess is designated "Jara," the same that vivified and brought into the world the great Jirasaandha, and the account she gives of herself is textually as follows:—

"I am the Rakshasi—(giantess) named Jara, and can assume any form I choose. I abide constantly in human habitations, and am known as "Graha Devi" (the house goddess). For this purpose was I created by Brahma, and placed in every household for its protection, and for the destruction of evil spirits. In those houses, where my likeness is reverently traced on the wall, namely, in the form for a young female with child, and worshipped with flowers and incense, there will be increase and prosperity; while woe betide the family where I am neglected, for decay and extinction shall overtake it." The forehead-mark of these figures is made with asafetida, a sign that the worship offered is to a spirit of the air.

Two days before the purification ceremony, a plate of betel leaves and nut, with sugar and a piece of coconut are sent by the new-made mother to all her friends and relatives. This is termed the betel of success or victory ("Gedda Villa" in Canarese). On the eleventh day, the "Punniyavachana," or purification ceremony, takes place. The new-born babe and its mother are allowed for the first time to emerge out of the semi-darkness of the sick room, and sprinkled over with water over which mantras have been said by the Purohita, or family priest; gifts are also made to Brahmins, of corn and money, according to the means of the family.

Following in its wake, on the twelfth day, the "Namakarnam" or the naming of the child is celebrated. No less than four names are bestowed on the children of the twice-born castes, namely, the "Māsa nāma," the "Nakshatra nāma," the "Gupta nāma," and the "Vyvahara nāma." Certain names of Vishnu are sacred to each of the twelve months of the year, and the one relating to the month of the child's birth forms its "month-name." Similarly, certain letters of the alphabet are appropriated to each of the twenty-seven asterisms of the moon, and the "Star-name" must, therefore, be one in which those letters are prominent, which appertain to the asterism of the child's birth. The "Gupta nāma," or cryptic name, is to be known only to the parents and near kindred, while the "Vyvahara nāma" or business name is the one by which the child is known to outsiders throughout life. This name is generally that of a deceased ancestor, chiefly a grandfather or grandmother, or it may be that of the principal local deity. The latter is a very common custom throughout the country. Parthasarathi, Candasaamy, Varadarajan, Ekambaram, Venkatesan, Srinivasan or Rangasami, or Supdasesan, will be found to be the patronymics of not a few of the male children born at Madras, Conjeevaram, Tirupati, Srirangam, or Madura respectively. Similarly a common female name would be that of the local goddess, namely, Rukmani in Madras, Kamakshi in Conjeevaram, Alamelumangai in Tirupati, or Meenakshi in Madura. The sixteenth day from birth is the appropriate day for naming children of the Kshatriya class, the twenty-first of the Vaisya class, and the thirty-first of the Sudra class.

On the evening of the same day is also celebrated the ceremony of putting the child in its cradle. In the third or fifth month, the ceremony of piercing the ears of the child for wearing ear-rings is celebrated, and in the former month, mother and child visit and worship at the temple of the principal village deity. This latter ceremony is called "Nishkramana" or going-out, and until this is done, both mother and child are kept close prisoners at home. When the "going-out" ceremony has been performed, the mother and child are ready to be transferred to the house of the child's father, where, subsequently, the wedding is duly celebrated.

Pen-pictures from Ruskin.

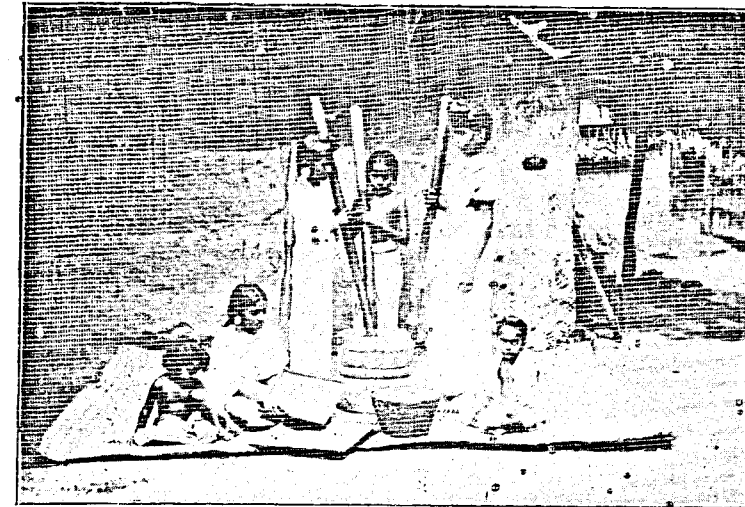
1. SUNSET.



I SPEAK especially of the moment before the sun sinks, when his light turns pure rose-colour, and when this light falls upon a zenith covered with countless cloud-forms of inconceivable delicacy, threads and flakes of vapour, which would in common daylight be pure snow-white, and which therefore give fair field to the tone of light. There is then no limit to the multitude, and no check to the intensity, of the hues assumed. The whole sky from the zenith to the horizon becomes one molten mantling sea of colour and fire; every black bar turns into massy gold, every ripple and wave into unsullied shadowless crimson, and purple, and scarlet; the intense hollow blue of the upper sky melting through it all, showing here deep, and pure, and lightless; there, modulated by the filmy, formless body of the transparent vapour, till it is lost imperceptibly in its crimson and gold.

2. FALLING WATERS.

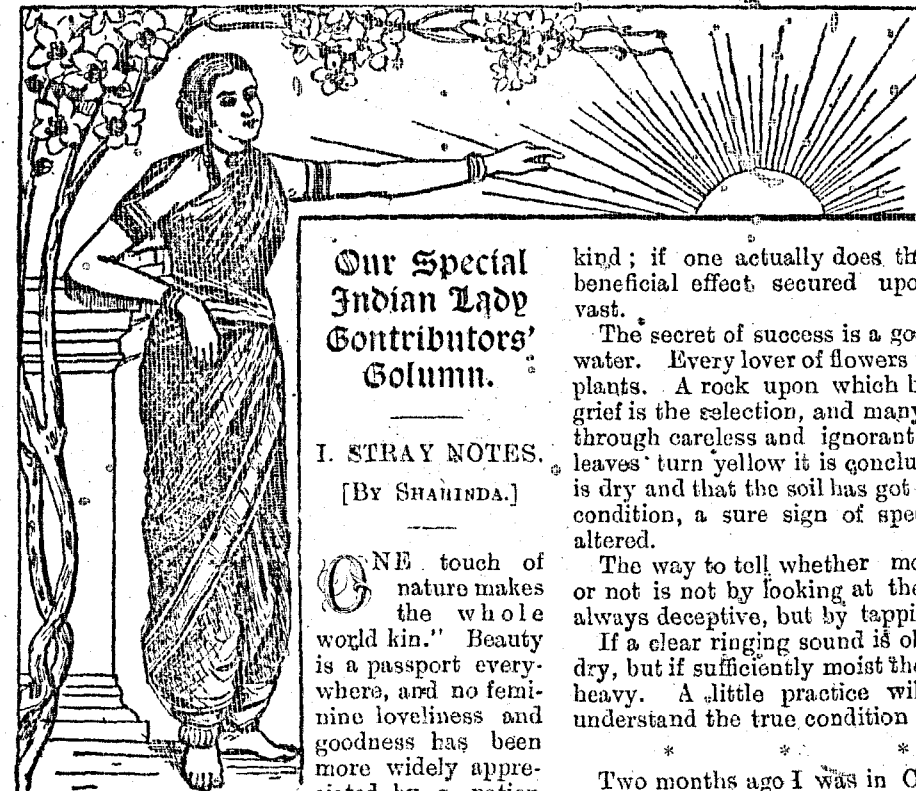
"Stand for half-an-hour beside the Fall of Schaffhausen, and watch how the vault of water first bends, unbroken, in pure polished velocity, over the arching rocks at the brow of the cataract, covering them with a dome of crystal twenty feet thick, so swift that its motion is unseen except when a foam globe from above darts over it like a falling star; and how the trees are lighted above it under all their leaves, at the instant that it breaks into foam; and how all the hollows of that foam burn with green fire like so much shattering chrysoprase; and how, ever and anon, startling you with its white flash, a jet of spray leaps hissing out of the fall, like a rocket, bursting in the wind, and driven away in dust, filling the air with light; and how, through the curdling wreaths of the restless crashing abyss below, the blue of the water, pale by the foam in its body, shows purer than the sky through the white rain-cloud; while the shuddering iris stoops in tremulous stillness over all, fading and flushing alternately through the choking spray and shattered sun-shine, hiding itself at last among the thick golden leaves, which toss in sympathy with the wild water."



WOMEN OF THE WEST COAST POUNDING RICE.



GRINDING CORN.
INDIAN SCENES (page 377).



Our Special Indian Lady Contributors' Column.

I. STRAY NOTES. [BY SHARINDA.]

ONE touch of nature makes the whole world kin." Beauty is a passport everywhere, and no feminine loveliness and goodness has been more widely appreciated by a nation

than that of Nur Jehan, "the Light of the World." We have learnt to look upon her as a veritable queen of beauty and excellence. She is not only admired, but universally beloved and never for a moment has lost an iota of her popularity, or failed to display that womanly sweetness and tact which is associated in our minds with her very name.

It is not surprising that possessed of all these charms she exercised a direct personal influence.

There are few gifts which are more useful to a woman than a light artistic touch, which she possessed in an admirable degree. Of inventive and productive mind, everything appertaining to luxury and dress she idealised. She was a skilful sportswoman and by no means neglected the accomplishments of a highly talented woman.

Her nature was of poetic beauty as fine as anything in our language—brilliant and suggestive, full of high daring thought and noble feeling.

She was a most devoted mother, quick and exquisitely neat in her manipulations, an ever ready counsellor to her august husband who sought her advice in affairs of state, of sound judgment, supreme intellect and great wisdom.

It is unfortunate so many people consider gardening an expensive hobby. It is nothing of the

kind; if one actually does the work, then the beneficial effect secured upon the health is vast.

The secret of success is a good soil and lavish water. Every lover of flowers wishes for healthy plants. A rock upon which beginners come to grief is the selection, and many plants are ruined through careless and ignorant watering. If the leaves turn yellow it is concluded that the plant is dry and that the soil has got into an unhealthy condition, a sure sign of speedy death, if not altered.

The way to tell whether moisture is required or not is not by looking at the surface which is always deceptive, but by tapping the pots.

If a clear ringing sound is obtained the soil is dry, but if sufficiently moist the sound is dull and heavy. A little practice will enable one to understand the true condition of the soil.

Two months ago I was in Calcutta and I had occasion to mix largely with the so-called Brahmo Society of Bengal. The higher education of girls among them has advanced by enormous strides and their mental capacity has proportionately increased. On the other hand, their practical, manual, and physical training have been diminished. Cooking, gardening, daily work, dress-making and millinery are almost unknown amongst the upper class except in rare occurrences.

In these days when so much stress is laid on artistic houses and comfort, a home cannot be perfect unless the lady has a taste for house-keeping and is deft with her fingers.

The principal and most laborious social duty of the fashionable woman is "calling" and "being called-on" in the European sense of the word.

There is no doubt that the London woman performs her obligations perfectly in this respect, but how many of the Indians know the art well?

It is a silken chain that they wear, yet it galls all the same and is a great waste of time.

From the English point of view women have got to make calls—and call they must—unless they are content to be forgotten and discarded.

The world forgets you directly you cease to impress your personality upon it. Once plunged

into the social tread mill, it becomes more and more a duty.

From the outer cold circle, individuals constantly press nearer into the inner circle of friends; it is pleasant sometimes; but very often a great nuisance.

The called-on are favoured with sheaves of paste board, sometimes with terrible results to the callers and more complications to the called-on—not to be subsequently unravelled by an army of etiquette books. A hypocritical mode altogether.

The idea in India is entirely different. When they call upon a person it is with the intention of meeting, and some graceful and pretty compliments are exchanged on either side as preliminaries, and if the called-on is not at home she makes apologies at the next meeting or expresses regret by writing.

"Leaving cards" is being introduced rapidly into fashionable sets of Indian ladies with poor results. For my own part there is nothing so distasteful as a bad imitation and parting with the good for the ugly.

II. A PURDAH PARTY, IN THE SHALIMAR GARDENS, LAHORE.

It seemed like an echo from the past as we strolled through the delightful old gardens to meet the elite of womanhood in Lahore, at the invitation of some half dozen Mohammedan ladies of that city.

We could almost fancy that we were in converse with the court ladies of Shah Jahan's time, to whom the gardens or "House of Joy" were a constant resort.

Very beautiful in appearance and gorgeously dressed were many of those we saw. There were majestic looking dowagers, dressed richly, but not so brilliantly as the younger ladies, as became their position... but the girls to me were the most winsome of damsels one could imagine, as they fitted about in groups, along the paved paths, their brilliant costumes being set off by the dark foliage around and their soft voices and happy laughter were carried far off by the evening breezes, and mingled with the rippling cascades. Amongst them, one could almost fancy Zebunnissa, the gifted daughter of the Emperor Aurangzeb, who often visited the gardens and lost herself in the delights of verse-making, inspired by the music of half a thousand fountains, rippling out their playful hearts to the sombre trees around. Here in the marble pavilion, where the guests were being met to-day, used Zebunnissa to sit surrounded by a host of lovely maidens, such as we saw around us.

The famous lines she is said to have composed, came to her as she sat on her golden chair in the marble pavilion, watching the water trickle down a marble slope against a marble screen opening on its way, and lost in the marble cistern below.

"O water-fall for whose sake art thou weeping?
In whose sorrowful recollection hast thou wrined thy brows?
What pain was it that impelled thee, like myself, the whole night
To strike thy head against stone and to shed tears."

The Shalimar gardens never pall on one, they are beautiful in every season, but a glorified dream when viewed by moonlight, or when illuminated by thousands of coloured lamps, showing up the great trees, the paved paths, the marble pavilions, the picturesque fountains in a shimmer of ever varying lights. By an effort we took our minds off the hazy past, and viewed our fellow-guests and hostesses; we found that many of those assembled were, in spite of their costumes which had not varied much by time, types of the "new woman", by which I mean they were enlightened in their ideas, well informed, pleased to meet their sisters of various nationalities and religions—and were all exerting themselves for the common purpose of making joy for others. And it could not fail to be a social success. There were English ladies, who helped to lay out the tables, and arrange the flowers, and to talk and play games and badminton with the younger ones—there were Hindu ladies who had their refreshments in a separate place, but who mingled freely with their Mohammedan hostesses, and there were Indian Christians who were cosmopolitan in their interests, coming as they do from all classes, making a community of their own, having a fellow-feeling with all in a very special way.

Of course purdah was strictly maintained and by the kindness of the Deputy Commissioner and Police officer, no men or even boys were allowed to enter the gardens that afternoon.

The hostesses were:—Mrs. Aminuddin, Mrs. Omar Bakhsh, Mrs. Allah Bakhsh, Mrs. Mohammad Shaji, Mrs. Khairuddin, Mrs. Mumtaz Ali, Mrs. Shah Din, Mrs. Niamat Ullah, and amongst the guests were Princess Bamba Duleep Singh, Lady Masson, Mrs. Aler, Anderson, Mrs. Hallifax, Mrs. Kensington, Mrs. Roshan Lal, the Editor of a well-known Hindu magazine, Mrs. Chatterji, wife of the Honourable Mr. Justice Chatterji, Miss Bose, Principal, Victoria School, several missionary ladies, etc. Lady Rivaz was only prevented by illness from being present.

The afternoon passed away only too quickly for those, who seldom have the opportunity of enjoying the "gardens of joy" by day-light, and never before on such a festive occasion, and it

left every one with a desire to repeat this, the first experiment of the Mohammedan ladies to bring together all interested in the Progress of India's women—by a friendly interchange of social duties.

K. M. B.

III. WOMAN'S BURDEN.

By Miss Zoe Bose.

MAKE up thy woman's burden,
Oh, child of earth's fleeting years;
Prepare for heaven's guerdon,
By thy share of its woes and tears.

Take up thy woman's burden,
For the morning stars have fled,
And life's uplifted curtain
Ushers the dawn-light red.

The day doth stretch before thee,
In its promise and its power,
And the voice of a life-long memory
Is heard in each passing hour.

Dost thou gaze with eager longing
At the pleasures in life's store?
And pass in their glad some thronging,
The plaint of hearts sick and sore?

There are hours of quiet suffering,
Oh woman, in thy lot;
The sweet and patient bearing
Of woes the world knows not.

The flame of self-renouncing
Must burn through heart and life,
The hopes of youth's fair morning
Must perish in the strife.

There are eyes of deepen'd anguish
Which ache with unshed tears,
There are hearts which faint and languish,
'Neath the weight of sorrow's years.

No smile but thine may brighten
Those weary tired eyes;
No hand but thine may lighten
The load which pressing lies.

Amongst the sick and sorrowing
With healing in thy hands
Thou must pass in patient following
To love's supreme demands.

When life's last hour is closing,
And the solemn stars of night
Shine on thy calm repose,
The meed of well-fought fight;

Will the chime of the good and faithful,
Ring out in that parting hour?
To make thy ending blissful,
And a Father's smile thy dower?

Then lift thy woman's burden
With a soul so pure and strong,
Its harmony may soften
The discords in life's song.

IV. IN THE GROVES OF TRAVANCORE.

By Miss SARASVATI.

TO the ordinary tourist who wishes to see Nature at her best, nothing can be of greater interest than the kingdom of Travancore, the garden of Asia. Travancore is no less famous for the beauty of its scenery than for its lovely women. Fired with a desire to see the far-famed groves, I started one evening and after a brisk walk arrived at the place. The first impression was something grand and wonderful. As far as the eye could reach there extended such a sea of verdure that I thought I was in some fairy-land where beauty reigned supreme. I sat down on the soft grass and for one happy hour forgot all my worldly cares. I was filled with awe at the sight of God's wonderful and numberless creations. I, a tiny being, a bit of mortal clay, what was I amid the teeming millions surrounding me? Tall, gigantic trees arched their boughs gracefully over my head. A cool breeze laden with spray whispered among the boughs and fanned me gently. The golden beams of the setting sun and the molten sky were mirrored in the depths of lovely tanks fragrant with lotuses. The stars were coming out one by one; like a lovely woman lifting up her veil, the Moon emerged from a cloud and flooded the world with a soft silvery light. Her cool beams kissed me and sent a thrill of joy through my frame. The delicious warbles of the nightingale came floating in the air in ripples and filled my breast with thoughts of love. From a neighbouring grove the Kokil poured forth a stream of liquid melody and reminded me of the voice of love. Hark! What may that distant murmur be? Is it of waters flowing beneath dense green foliage? Here, a clear crystal stream flows in silver tinkling melody. Its silvery cadence rivals Beauty's (a beautiful woman's) laughter. A thousand fountains played around me. The alternate falling and rising of water seemed to me the ebb and flow of the tide of human happiness. Flowers had a language of their own in which they seemed to converse. Creation, I felt, was the result of some holy plan of the Almighty. Nature is all harmony, but man is the only discordant element in Nature. Man in his arrogance rebels against his Maker's authority and falls struck down to earth by the Almighty hand. Lost in such reflections I scarcely knew that time was gliding fast away. Here, in these groves but a few minutes ago were the lover pining for his love, the poet drawing inspiration from Nature, the philosopher lost in silent meditation, and the nobleman from his mansion. Where are they now? Gone. The

grove still echoes with their laughter. I walked on holding silent converse with Nature. To me it possessed a deep significance as the visible manifestation of God.

Cordelia—A Study.



CORDELIA, though the heroine of the play appears only in a few scenes, and then only in the relation of a daughter, yet so strong is her individuality, that a few occasions suffice to reveal her character in all its greatness. And that greatness is felt rather than perceived.

There is little external development of intellect, less of passion and still less of imagination; but the whole character rests upon the two sublimest principles of human action, love of truth, and the sense of duty. These while standing alone appear cold and severe, but in Cordelia they are mingled with the dearest attributes of a feminine nature.

The first part of the play shows how she is loved, the second part how she can love.

The story opens with King Lear in his court who, weary of the life that involved so many cares, decided to divide his kingdom between his three daughters. He proceeded to make this division on the principle that the largest portion should be given to the one who loved most dearly.

Goneril and Regan vie with each other in making the most extravagant protestations of love, and receive their portions. Cordelia whose disposition is naturally intense "cannot heave her heart into her mouth"; and, when challenged by her father to her avowal of love, receives the challenge with a reserve verging on obstinacy. But this seemingly cold deliberate manner is in truth a deliberate purpose of love.

At another time she might joyfully have expressed her love, but now she revolts at the idea of a father being the dupe of his own treacherous daughters and scorns to compete with them in their falsehood. She confesses to her father that she has not the love that her sisters confess for him, but as much as duty requires of her. Enraged at this unexpected coldness where he had hoped to delight his heart with a love that he reserved as the last and best for he loved her best though he could not justify his preference—he pronounces her forfeit of any share in his kingdom.

We next see Cordelia among her suitors, the Duke of Burgundy and the King of France. Now that she is suddenly deprived of her fortune, the Duke of Burgundy, who perhaps hitherto has had the precedence, speaks first and shows by his speech that his love is not altogether free from considerations of gain. His willingness to take her as his bride is conditional on Lear's relenting of his decision. But Cordelia scorns such love.

This occasion only serves to deepen the love of the King of France, he recognizes that virtue is far more valuable than any earthly fortune and loves her for her own sake.

Cordelia's magnanimity shines out in her farewell to her sisters when about to leave for her new home in France. Though she is conscious of their deceit, which in contrast to her own true nature is all the more hateful, yet there is no indication of revenge in her speech, no desire to exhibit their true characters, but to do what she believes to be right and leave wrong to work out its own destruction. Nor does she blame her father. She understands that his rash decision is the result of a craving for affection, a disease of old age. To the last she is solicitous for his welfare and bids her sisters use him well.

We see nothing of Cordelia during the second and third acts. Towards the conclusion of the fourth act, when the sense of human misery and wretchedness becomes intolerable she appears again as a redeeming angel and relieves the sense of pain and horror by that of admiration and pleasure.

Kent brings to her the intelligence of her father's unkind treatment by his daughters. Her grief is intense, but she makes no demonstration of emotion, her feelings are too deep to be paraded for public view. She receives the news in silence and goes away "to deal with grief alone," where "patience and sorrow strive which should express her goodliest." With the consent of her husband, the King of France, she determines to take up arms, "not for ambition but for a dear father's right," and restore him to his kingdom. She sets out for Dover and on the way her men come upon Lear, who is distracted by extremity of suffering.

The subdued pathos and simplicity of her character in the meeting with her father are remarkable. In the intervals of his distraction Lear asks forgiveness of his wronged child, but Cordelia's best eloquence is silence, and in spite of the harshness with which he had cast her off, she hangs over him when he is sleeping and kisses him when she contemplates the wreck to which he has been brought. To think that her sisters should have shut him out on such a boisterous night, when, as she prettily expressed

Indian Scenes.



EVERY nation has different customs, as well as different habits and methods of carrying out work. For instance, in domestic employment, it is curious to note the difference between the methods of European and Indian work. An English kitchen is proverbially bright and clean. So would an Indian kitchen be, I think, if the Indians had such conveniences as are used in English kitchens—the stove, the chimney, and so on. But, as it is, even in spite of the smoke and the dirt raised by the crude ovens used in India, an Indian kitchen, where it is well managed, is seldom dirty. Of course if the work is left to the servants, it is dirty indeed. But even the servants in Hindu households are on the whole clean. At least the pots and pans and brass vessels are kept clean and well-polished, and the floors are swept out clean.

In the two pictures before us, we are shown two domestic employments very common in our Indian households—pounding rice and grinding rice or other grain. Rice is the staple article of diet in India, and the rice-grains have to be cleaned from the husk and broken a little before they can be cooked.

This is done in a rough, crudely hewn stone mortar. The pestles used are thick rods bound with iron or brass. They are very heavy and difficult to wield, but the Indian servants and the women of the poorer classes are accustomed to it from their childhood. Sometimes three or four women begin pounding at once; and then it is very pleasant to watch the machine-like regularity with which the pestles fall, to the tilt of a crude chant. Besides being used as cooked rice, rice is ground into powder and used in making cakes and what are called *Palaharams*—that is, sweet dishes. It is ground in crude hand-mills. The chaff is separated in matted trays. The little girls seem to enjoy such work in India; but, I suppose every girl-child loves to do miniature home-work. Only poor Indian children have no doll-houses and dolls to play with, like English children. They do real home-work instead, which is good as well as bad for them, according to the different views we take of child-life.

it, her enemies' dog though it bit her should have a place by her fireside.

By the help of the physicians, Lear's impaired mind is restored; and reinforced by Kent she proceeds in her course of vengeance against Goneril and Regan.

The two armies meet at Dover and in the skirmish that ensues, Cordelia and Lear are taken prisoners. But Cordelia by this reverse of fortune is not defeated in purpose; in her speech we have a calm fortitude and elevation of soul, arising from a consciousness of duty accomplished and lifting her above all considerations of self. She observes—

"We are not the first Who with best meaning have incurred the worst. For thee, oppressed King, am I cast down

Myself would else out-frown false fortune's frown."

As we do not estimate Cordelia's affection for her father by the coldness of her language, so we should not measure her indignation against her sisters by the mildness of her expression. There can be nothing so eloquently significant as the line she utters when she and her father are conveyed to prison. "Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?" The irony is intense, yet the expression dignified and only capable of a Cordelia's utterance.

But all these excellent qualities, sensibility, gentleness, magnanimity, fortitude, generous affection are qualities which characterise others of Shakespeare's heroines. Still Cordelia is, distinct from them all. It is a natural reserve that is peculiar to her, a tardiness of disposition "which often leaves the history unspoke which it intends to do," a veiled shyness thrown over all her emotions, her language and her manner.

Cordelia, as often happens in human nature, is defeated in her attempt to do right. By the wicked command of Edmund she is slain before the order could be repealed by the Duke of Albany. The scene ends with Lear's entrance and Cordelia dead in his arms. Compassion and awe so dominate our senses, that we can only be silent and wonder.

In the older romances, the story of King Lear is represented with a happy conclusion. Cordelia is victorious over her sisters. But this is not true to human nature; there is no law in life which necessitates the triumph of good over evil. It is more the other way. Though Shakespeare has represented Cordelia as slain in the attempt to do her duty, yet there is no one who would not rather be a Cordelia and be slain than a Goneril and Regan and triumph in evil.

ADA BROWNE.

The Provincial Social Conference held at Bellary

On the 19th of May, the Provincial Social Conference was held at Bellary with Mr. K. Narayana Rao, B.A., M.L., of Madras, in the chair. It is encouraging to feel that the men from the position of the educated Hindu community are taking such keen interest in social reform. Judging from the presence of Mr. Rao, it seems to us there is a promise of a bright future for the women of India.

Mr. Narayana Rao's speech is very interesting and touches the root of certain social evils. He points to the need of real social reform and earnestly appeals to his fellow-members to work for it as much as possible.

He begins his speech by saying that this Social Conference had met in the same week as the Indian Conference and the Agricultural Exhibition—that the former is just as important as the latter. "In our country," says he, "the tyranny of our social customs is more formidable than any political tyranny of which we may have to complain. As the late Rajah Sir T. Madhava Rao truly said, the larger one lives, the more one feels that there is no community on the face of the earth which suffers from more social evils and more from self-inflicted evils than the Hindu community. It is not then our solemn duty which we owe to humanity and ourselves that we should exert ourselves to uproot and remedy these self-inflicted, self-created and self-perpetuated evils."

He then points out the advantage of holding such conferences—they are useful in educating the public and in establishing a degree of union of thought and action. But the chief thing is to get the action. Yes, surely action is the watchword of all Social Conferences.

Mr. Narayana Rao proposes to discuss three questions—the position of women, caste and the widow—and three very important things.

He refrains from the programme of the Social Conference. I do not lay claim to any special knowledge or skill on this subject. I have been beaten threadbare so frequently that I am sure that nothing new can

be said now. However it can hardly be denied that one great evil which is a standing hindrance to reforms of every kind is the degraded and ignorant state of our women, and unless that is remedied the natural aptitude of the Nation will not receive an unchecked stimulus towards development in all directions. It is a universally recognised truth that the influence of women on the character and life of the Nation as well as of the individual is great. The less we elevate our womenkind the less we can hope to lift ourselves in the scale of Nations. "The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink together, dwarfed or God-like, bond or free." To look at the matter from only one aspect and take one instance among others as the direct result of the inferior position of our women, the Hindu house is not a real home; according to Lord Avebury in one of his recent writings, "The memories of childhood, the kindness of the parents, the bright hopes of youth, the sister's pride, the brother's sympathy and help, the mutual confidence, the common hopes, interest and sorrow—these create and sanctify the home. The home is sought as a refuge from the cares and anxieties of life, a haven of repose from the storms and tempests which we must expect to encounter in our voyage throughout the world." Can an educated Hindu of the present day say that he finds all this in his home in the company of his uneducated and unenlightened mother, wife and sisters? Mr. Narayana Rao strongly urges that, in the matter of the education of girls, we should take advantage of the schools which the Government and the missionaries have provided. He suggests that English should be the medium through which knowledge is to be imparted. In the case of the boys it is the case, why not for girls as well? Another important thing is that "the knowledge given in the English language should be sufficiently high to enable them to extend their knowledge by themselves." Besides this, "facilities should be afforded as in Mysore for imparting higher education to those who wish to continue their studies." He believes that, if the women are educated and are taught to view life from a broader standpoint of view, social evils such as the early marriage system, the cruel treatment of widows will rapidly disappear. The speaker then goes on to observe that the remarriage of widows is another debatable question. He quotes Justice Chandravarkar of Bombay, who says: "The development of Progressive Ideas can only be judged by the test of efforts made to alleviate the lot of the virgin widow amongst us. The evils of enforced widowhood show the high watermark of social cruelty and inhumanity," so, every one as far it lies in his or her power should strive to reform this evil, because it is not only pernicious in itself, but leads to many other social evils.

The next point dwelt upon is about Caste. Mr. Narayana Rao speaks of the disadvantages of the caste system—it is detrimental to progress, in its name many atrocities are committed, it is a disintegrating force. The doing away with of caste altogether is not possible at present, nor is it the ideal of the social reformer, but a "fusion of sub-castes might be brought about by intermarriage and interdining."

Next is the question of Foreign Travel. Mr. Narayana Rao thinks that in this matter Madras is very much behind-hand of the other Presidencies. The advantages of foreign travel are many; we have only to look at Japan, he says, to prove his statement, "the secret of their success of foreign travel and the readiness with which they imbibe foreign influences." It is true that the advantages are many, but we must be careful not to run to the other extreme and thus denationalise ourselves.

He closes his speech with an earnest appeal to his audience.

"Let me conclude and say that it is our solemn duty to work with all the earnestness and zeal we can command in the sacred cause of reform. Let us not cage for temporary checks or seeming reverses. I am not one of those who believe that the movement of Social Reform and progress has been going on inappropriately or on wrong lines or that it is unpopular. There is nothing in my view, which is denational, in the movement which has been set on foot to remedy evils, which are really crusts of later times, and which has been steered so ably and well for so many years by such pilots as Raja Ram Mohun Roy, Vidya Sagar, Ranade, Chandravarkar and Veeresalingam, worthy sons of a country which had a glorious past. That we have not been able to do much ought not to discourage us, as the great world force is moving everywhere and the cause of humanity which underlies our efforts must triumph in the end. Let us practice what is considered to be good."

"And because right is right, to follow right where wisdom is the scorn of consequence," and if indeed we have not achieved much remember that

"Then, my brother when the workers,
Ever reaping something new,
That which they have done but
Earnest of the things they should do."

At the Madras Provincial Conference held the next day, several noteworthy Resolutions were passed, chief among which were:—

"This Conference would earnestly invite all humane persons to do all they can to save widows from the customary disfigurement and to place no obstacles, passive or active, for 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."

"This Conference, while appreciating the efforts made by Government and Missionary Bodies in this country to spread education among Indian women, regrets that the Indian community has generally been apathetic in the matter and begs to urge upon all classes of the community the desirability of their taking early and practical steps in the matter."

This is very important. It is only when we help ourselves that we learn to realise ourselves, and thus foster individuality.

Resolutions were then passed about the abolition of early marriages and the curtailment of marriage expenses by the abolition of the dowry practice; much discussion followed the latter.

Such were some of the resolutions passed at the Conference, and we earnestly hope that they will soon be put into action, for in the words of H. H. the Maharajah Gaikwar of Baroda, "What we need is action, common sense, practical measures and not discussion whether this or that reform is justified by older traditions or the sacred writings of our ancestors."

The Value of Time.

[BY AN INDIAN LADY.]



ARLYLE thus describes Time:

"The great mystery of Time, the illimitable, silent, never-resting thing called Time, rolling, rushing on, swift, silent, like an all-embracing ocean-tide, on which we and all the

Universe swim like exhalations, like apparitions, which are, then are not: this is forever very literally a miracle; a thing to strike us dumb,—for we have no word to speak about it." Yes, indeed; Time is a mystery; a great immensity, before which the mind staggers, when we try to contemplate it. And yet, when compared to this Eternity of Time, what is the little time that is allotted to each one of us in our brief life? "What is man," says the Psalmist, "that Thou art mindful of him;" and Isaiah exclaims, "all flesh is grass, and all the godliness thereof is as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth. Surely the people is grass."

And yet, time is life. All the gifts that we have depend on time for their value. Friends,

books, or health, the interests of travel, or the joys of home,—all these would be nothing if we have not time for their enjoyment. And more than all these, life itself, with all its opportunities and privileges would be nothing, if we do not take care to live it well, if the little time that is given to us; for the use of time, either for good or for bad, depends on ourselves.

"The moments we forego
Eternity itself cannot retrieve."

But, though life is so short, in truth, each one of us can find time for what we choose to do. It is not, really, the time, but the will that is wanting; and it is the idle, who complain that they cannot find time to do that which they fancy they wish to do. "Idleness," says Jeremy Taylor, "is the greatest prodigality in the world, it throws away that which is invaluable in respect of its present use, and irreparable when it is past, to be recovered by no power of art or nature." The saying that "Satan finds mischief still for idle hands to do," is very common; and there is a Turkish proverb that the Devil tempts the idle man, but the idle man tempts the Devil. The mind of the idler indeed preys on itself. Left to itself, with no aim or occupation, it either works in the wrong direction, or in the end wears itself away without having accomplished anything. It is not work, but care that kills, and idleness itself is care. How often do we feel that it is more pleasant to work hard with all our energies centred in something, than to sit quiet, out of pure perversity of will and idleness, doing nothing, while all the time feeling that we are neglecting our duty. Time is often said to fly; but it is not so much the time that flies, as we that waste it. "There are some hours which are taken from us, some which are stolen from us, and some which slip from us." Hours have wings, fly up to the author of time, and carry news of our usage. All our prayers cannot treat one of them either to return or slacken his pace. The misspent of every minute are as a new record against us in Heaven." Time indeed is a sacred gift:

"Never comes the chance that passed:
That oft moment was its last.
Though thy life upon it be,
Though thy death beneath it hung,
If thy future all the way
Now in darkness goes astray,
When the instant born of fate
Passes through the golden gate,
When the hour, but not the man,
Comes and goes from Nature's plan,—
Nevermore its countenance
Beams upon thy slow advance."

But we are, none of us, able to grasp the importance of time; and it is perhaps owing to this, on our part, that God, in

His providence, almost always gives a second chance in life to his erring children. No single opportunity comes twice, but other opportunities come. If we had but one chance in life, we would fare badly with most of us. If the opportunity of doing good came to us only once and was then for ever withdrawn, few of us would make anything of our life. But, though the past is irrevocable, while there is even the smallest margin of life remaining, there is always another chance.

But let us not, depending on such chances grow careless and neglect the opportunities that come to our hands; for though we may have other chances, they are never so good as the first. In Jeremiah, we read of a potter, whose work was marred in his hands in some way. But, instead of throwing it away, he made it into another vessel, which was however not so beautiful as the one the potter first intended to make, but it was useful. So it is with our lives. Of course there is a difference between a lump of clay and a human life. The marring of the clay may be the potter's fault, or the result of an accident. But the marring of a human life can never be ascribed to God, the Divine Author of it. Human beings have wills, and God does not shape them as the potter moulds his yielding clay. The blots in this fair world of ours are all the sad work of human hands, never of God's hands.

God has a plan for every life, something which He means it to become, and that will be the very best thing possible for that life. Therefore we ought to lay ourselves in God's hands, open our hearts to His will, try to find out His purposes, and try in our poor way, to help in their fulfilment. But it very often happens that we fail to realise God's plan. But God does not cast off the life that has failed of its first and best possibilities. Even in the ruins of a soul, there are divine elements, and the smallest fragment of life He regards as sacred. But the second chance is never so good as the first. The bird with its wing broken never soars so high as it did before; and in the same manner, the young life which sin has broken, will never be quite so beautiful as it would have been, if it had been kept pure.

But there is no doubt that those who have been hurt in sin's battle, and have been lifted up again, can do a work, which they never could have done without the sad experience through which they have passed. A redeemed drunkard can never plead with such burning eloquence for temperance, if he had never himself known the terrible bitterness of the curse of strong drink. But still the other lesson remains. There are some things which we can never get over. The wounds may be healed, but the

scars remain. Lost innocence never can be restored.

Therefore it is but right on our part and our duty that we should seize every opportunity that offers itself to us as eagerly as a drowning man clutches at the least chance of escape. We should try never to lose our first chances; but if we do fail, as we often do, we should not spend a moment in regret; but we should turn instantly and with resistless will to the saving of what is left.

Physical Culture for Women.



PHYSICAL culture for women is one of the most important questions of the day. We see the English girl taking part in sports and pastimes, they bicycle, row, play tennis and hockey, and so on. But all these are foreign to the Indian girl. Her home-work is all the physical exercise she gets, and for the more advanced of the Hindu women, an occasional drive or a stroll by the beach is counted exercise enough. The healthy exercise and bright fun of English games is a closed page to the Hindu girls. Of course they have their own games, but none so full of boisterous mirth and good-will.

Apart from the exercise obtained from outdoor games, there is a system of physical culture recommended for women. The able exponent of the system, Mr. Eugen Sandow, the physically perfect man, is at present in town and is giving exhibitions of his wonderful almost superhuman strength. He is a splendid type of a strong man and a keen believer in his system of physical culture. His ambition is, I believe, to build up a system for the service of others, and to found several schools of training in different parts of the world, for men, women and children of both sexes. I think if it were realised what is the meaning of perfect health and a sound constitution, many would become Mr. Sandow's disciples; the keen eye and buoyant step of youth, the feeling of exhilaration, the high spirits—all these the result of perfect health—will be ours for many a day. But perfect health is not to be attained in a day or a week or a month: systematic regular exercise is the secret of success. It is all very well for a few days, but, after the first burst of enthusiasm is past, this every day exercise will become irksome; we shall have to bring our will to bear

upon it. In fact, according to Mr. Sandow, more physical exercise is of no use, unless the will is brought into play. Concentration of mind, the co-operation of the will are essential, so that it is not only a training for the physical organs, but is a training of character as well.

A few days ago the Lady's Pictorial referred to this question of physical culture. Does it not make the women coarse and unwomanly? No, a thousand times, no. A writer speaking about the beauty in man, says, "beauty in man implies perfect proportion in limbs, movements, lithe and agile, an ensemble suggestive of strength, energy and power." So, in the case of woman, such results would only enhance her beauty and grace, for, "grace is the quintessence of absolute harmony."

Women should be careful not to overdo it. Violent exercise and over-exertion above all should be guarded against. Even outdoor games should be played in moderation, or else it will be provocative more of harm than of good. Women have a great amount of nervous energy and, unless "their bodies and organs are gradually and systematically trained to bear exertion and fatigue, they are likely to attempt performances which are quite beyond their physical power. Let them take things in moderation. I would like women to understand that they can all be healthy; and with health comes beauty. But neither can be obtained by the aid of the dress-makers." So speaks Mr. Eugen Sandow about the physical culture of women.

Parvati's Triumph.

A STORY OF INDIAN LIFE.



CHAPTER I.

PARVATI," said her father to her, "you are too young yet to understand all that I wish to say to you. But I hope you will try to remember my advice in years to come. If I am alive, I shall not have you married till you are able and old enough to choose your own husband, and then you shall choose the man you love. But, if I die now, your mother will see you married at once. In that case, try to love your husband and try to win his love; and do not think of yourself, and allow him to think of you, as a mere chattel in the house. Be a thinking, living woman. I have tried to bring you up in what are called

reformed principles. Act up to them. Be true to yourself. Do not have the false shyness of our Indian women."

He must have had a premonition when he spoke to his daughter so, for that was the last confidential talk which Parvati had with him. Two days afterwards he was dead, struck by a sudden stroke of paralysis.

Parvati was but ten years old, but during that short span of her life, she had been the constant companion and 'little friend' of her father, a noble refined gentleman, trying to act up truly to the advanced ideas of social reform which he upheld. Parvati's father intended one thing; but the Fates (?) and all-powerful custom decreed otherwise. For, six months after her father's death, Parvati was married.

Five years afterwards, Parvati's husband was bidding a long farewell to his mother. There was great excitement in his home. He had just been appointed to a lucrative post, but in a far-away district, and the joy at his promotion was much tempered by the sorrow of parting. He was to take his young wife with him.

"Ramachendra," said the mother, with tears in her eyes; "you are going far away. I wish I could come with you. But I have your old father to look after here. My mind much mis-gives me at leaving you to your little chit of a wife. And this reminds me of one thing. Beware of giving in too much to your wife. She is a pretty creature and strong-minded and will twist you round her finger. But she has been brought up with wicked ideas. I have been putting her down. But you must be careful. Remember you are a man. Stick to your old-fashioned habits and customs."

"All right, mother," the young man answered submissively, "I will see to it."

Ramachendra was a fine youth, with a sterling good heart; but he was just a little weak-minded, apt to be led easily by stronger natures, very conservative, hating all new innovations because his mother hated them, and withal not very intelligent or very quick at grasping things.

In the far-away town to which the young couple went, they had no friends to receive them, except a young Brahman youth, the brother of a girl who had been great friends with Parvati. This young man, Gopal Rao by name, was a very good young man, and did his best to make Ramachendra and his wife comfortable in their new surroundings. He engaged a house for them in the orthodox Brahman quarter, employed an old woman as cook and general factotum, and met them at the station. Ramachendra was told Gopal Rao so, in a pleasant kind manner, but with just a touch of the superior to the

inferior in it. This was not to be wondered at—for, it must be confessed, that Ramachendra did think a little too highly of himself. Great was his surprise for this reason then, and also because her behaviour appeared so strange to him, to see Parvati calmly holding out her hand to Gopal Rao and speaking to him in pretty, if broken, English: "Thank you so much," she was saying, "it was kind, so kind of you. I know your sister well. She is my great friend."

"Come on, come on," said Ramachendra impatiently, cutting her short, and getting into the carriage first, leaving her to follow. But the tall, stately Brahmin girl, dressed in the orthodox manner in the orthodox Kornat sari, still hesitated.

"I hope you will come and see us soon," she said, and then got into the carriage.

Ramachendra was very angry. He remembered his mother's advice. He must stop this. "What did you mean by behaving like this, Parvati?" he fumed. "Why did you talk to him?"

"Should I not do so?", asked she surprisedly.

"There was nothing wrong."

"Nothing wrong? in a Brahmin woman talking to a strange man? you must stop it."

"Why?"

"What do you mean by arguing with me?"

"My father brought me up in these principles."

"Hang your father! you must obey me now."

"I shall obey you in what seems right to me," she answered gently. "Have I not a mind of my own to think? And may I tell you one thing, my lord? You have found fault with me. Shall I find fault with you? You should allow me, you know, to get into the carriage first."

Parvati was too young and too innocent to understand when to advance and when to retreat. Ramachendra was simply struck dumb with surprise. But she was so sweet, so gentle in spite of her impudence. He was summoning up a great burst of anger at her, when fortunately the carriage stopped at the house which had been taken for them.

Parvati had been welltrained in domestic matters; but she had hitherto been under the control of her mother-in-law. Hence she found it difficult to manage a house of her own. But she was intelligent and very anxious to please her husband. So, soon she had everything comfortable. But she introduced one or two innovations into the usual household regime.

For instance, after everything was running in good order, when Ramachendra came in to dinner one day, he found, instead of the one little stool hitherto placed for him, two placed side by side; and, instead of one leaf spread with rice curries, etc., there were two. He was surprised. He had not asked a friend to dine with him

But he sat down to one leaf. Then Parvati came in shyly.

"May I sit down with you, my lord?" she asked timidly, "I used to sit with my father." Ramachendra stared and without answering began to eat. Parvati still stood by him. Presently he raised his head, and said,

"Who is to serve me, then?"

"The servant-woman."

"Oh, well," he said grudgingly, "as everything is ready, you may sit down to-day. We shall see."

So Parvati began to eat with him; and the arrangement went off so well, and she entertained him so sweetly with her simple talk, that Ramachendra came to like the innovation. "Oh, well, what harm is there?" he said to himself, "so long as I am alone. When friends come, of course, she must not come."

Parvati had tried to make her husband's study-room comfortable. She had placed two easy chairs in it, a good writing table, and a good light. One evening, he came home as usual, had his coffee and palaharam, and going into his room, sat down in the easy-chair. It was getting dark. Presently his wife came in, and put a good light for him, by his side, just from where a good light would be thrown on his book. He was very well pleased. But—what was this? She drew the easy-chair near and sat down, and began to do some pretty bead-work which had been taught her. Ramachendra opened his lips to protest. But she looked so sweet and made the room so homely with her presence that he had perforce to be quiet and allow this innovation also go on.

But it was different when friends came. One day Gopal Rao dropped in during this pleasant evening hour. Ramachendra offered him a chair and expected Parvati to leave the room. But she did not. He was vexed. This was too much.

"Parvati," he said gently. "Won't you go in? I think the servant is calling you."

Parvati had quick intuitions. So she got up quickly and left the room.

A week afterwards, Ramachendra was detained late on business. When he came home, he found his study lamp lit and two persons in the room. They were talking. He stood a moment by the door.

"Yes," Parvati was saying, "my father brought me up in reformed habits and I am trying to introduce them here. My husband seems to like them. He—"

Ramachendra was very angry. He entered the room. Parvati remained sitting. "Get up, Parvati, and go inside," he said to her briefly.

That evening he spoke sternly to his wife. "What do you mean by sitting alone with a man and talking to him confidentially?" he asked.

"There was no harm. You were not at home. So I had to entertain him."

"Harm or no harm, I won't have it." "My father—"

"Be quiet, Parvati. You must obey me, do you hear?"

The next evening, though he was alone, Parvati did not come into the study, and the next and next. At first, Ramachendra was pleased, then he began to feel lonely. He missed Parvati. At last he asked her why she did not come into the study as usual in the evenings.

"Shall I come again?" asked she eagerly.

"I thought you did not want me."

"O yes, you can come," he answered grudgingly. "I see no harm."

So it went on. When Gopal Rao came, Parvati got up to go away. But Ramachendra asked her to remain. But one day, Gopal Rao brought with him a friend, a Hindu young man, to see Ramachendra. Parvati was in the room. She rose up shyly to go. But Ramachendra did not say anything. So, thinking he approved of her staying, she sat down again quietly in a corner of the room.

Some days afterwards, Ramachendra hired a carriage and took his wife out to see the town. It was rather late and dark by the time they went to the beach-promenade, which was the principal haunt of the public in the evenings. The young couple were very happy. They were beginning to love each other dearly and always longed for each other's companionship. They talked little now, but their thoughts seemed to be in perfect accord. A soft twilight was over the land. The hum of voices came fitfully to them, and, as they sat in the carriage, they could see the faint glimmer of the stars in the softly glistening sea-waves. But soon the charm was broken. Gopal Rao and his Hindu friend appeared at the carriage door. Ramachendra said he would get down and walk with them. As he turned to close the carriage door, he caught Parvati's gaze fixed wistfully on him.

"O well, you can come too, Parvati," he said, "it is dark now."

So they all walked together. After a while they somehow fell into pairs. The crowd was too great for them to go all in line. Ramachendra and the Hindu young man walked in front. The former grew more and more displeased as he heard his wife and Gopal Rao engaged in an animated conversation behind. And soon, making an excuse, he had got himself and his wife into the carriage and they were driven away. That night there was the usual scene between husband and wife. Parvati was getting very submissive now, for she loved her husband and hated to displease him. So she was quiet when he scolded her for her "frowardness." But her

conscience now smote her, for she remembered her father's words to be true to her principles. So she tried to argue with her husband. He grew more and more angry. And at last he burst out with a cruel statement—not true, but appearing as if he meant it in the heat of the moment: "I tell you I will have no more of it. I won't have a flirting wife. I shall send you home and marry another woman, if this goes on. You are making my life a misery."

After that, there was no more pleasant companionship between husband and wife.

At this time, Parvati's mother-in-law and father-in-law paid them a short visit. Of course Parvati was sat upon completely during those days, and was scarcely allowed to open her mouth. And soon Ramiachendra's mother had contrived to worm out of him all that had happened. Thereupon she proceeded to give him advice.

"Take care," she said, "I see you are beginning to give in to that ~~Shrewd~~ ^{Shrewd} serpent down. She will bring you to disgrace. Sooner than that, you had better send her away, and marry another woman. See, you have no child also. Tell her so."

CHAPTER II.

Gopal Rao was a very good young man who was used to the company of Indian Christian young ladies, having become the friend of an Indian Christian family. And he had a grown-up sister, married of course, who was a good adviser to him. Therefore he knew how to behave himself when Parvati honoured him with her company.

He really had a great respect for Parvati and was never so familiar or disrespectful to her. Great was his sorrow therefore one day to receive a letter from his sister, containing bad news about Parvati. "Take care, brother," she wrote. "I hear you are going too often to your friend's house. Ramachandra told his mother so, though he did not attach any bad meaning to your visits. He is a good man with a good heart. But not so his mother. Your Hindu friend, I hear, is causing a rumour to be spread that you are trying to make love to Parvati, who encourages you. And the old lady, who hates Parvati, will tell this to her son, in order to make him marry another wife. Be careful. I know you are a good man. Parvati is such an innocent creature."

That same evening, Gopal Rao determined to go early to warn Parvati. On the way he met his Hindu friend. "Where are you going?" asked the latter. "May I come with you?" "Oh well, I am just going."

"Oh well, I am just going to Ramachandra's house."

"But he will not be at home so soon."
"I just wish to speak a few words to his

wife." The other man grinned meaningly. "O, I see. Well, if you have no objection, I shall just wait outside, while you have your few words." But as luck would have it, as he was waiting outside, who should come in but Ramachendra, who naturally asked his friend what he was doing there. "O well, I am just waiting for Gopal Rao."

"Inside; he said he had something to say to your wife."

Ramachendra, with his features convulsed with rage, turned to walk in, when the other man touched him on the arm. "Don't go in like that," he said. "I dare say they mean no harm. But it is as well to warn you to be careful. There are rumours about them."

These words but inflamed Ramachendra's wrath. He went in, and unfortunately the words he caught between his wife and Gopal Rao were ambiguous. "Be careful. Your husband suspects something between us. I came to warn you." Naturally Ramachendra thought there was something between them. But he pretended not to hear and came in quietly. But, after Gopal Rao left, there was a terrible scene. "Go home to-morrow to your mother," he said, "I will not have anything more of you. I will marry another woman."

Parvati's heart burned with anger and sorrow. She did not know what to do. But suddenly a plan matured itself in her head. "Yes, I will do it," she said to herself. "I must do it. I must make him free to marry again. I love him, and he shall not be miserable through me." The next day, Ramachendra took a few days' leave and took his wife to her mother's home, where he left her without a single kind word, and returned to his work.

But, two days afterwards, Parvati slipped away in the dark evening and ran to the house of her friend, Gopal Rao's sister. "Keep me with you," she pleaded. "I cannot stay here any longer. You said, you have an English lady friend who keeps a training school. Tell her to teach me to work." And Parvati did go to the school, and was put in a training class. She made up her mind to try and earn her own living, with the belief, that her working as a school-teacher would give her husband an excuse for marrying again. You see she did not wish him to appear in the wrong at all. If he married again without a good excuse, the world would blame him; but, if she behaved badly, of course he would do right to discard her.

CHAPTER III.

But what about Ramachandra? At first he was thunderstruck, then he made efforts to get back Parvati; but failed, for Parvati thought that he was only wanting her out of a sense of duty;

தமிழ்நாடு ஆவணக்காப்பக நூலகம்,
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