

[illegible]

184256.

* * *

been well reported on by the Collector of Hyderabad and the Educational Inspector and Inspectress in Sind. We commend this deserving institution to the generosity of the public.

NAYAR LADIES TO THE FRONT.--A Nayar writes:--
The Elementary Choir Examination of the London
School of Music was held in the local Girls' Colleg
on Wednesday the 12th ultimo, under the super
intendency of Miss L. M. Yardley. 17 students (14
Christian and 3 Nayar ladies), appeared and all of
them came out successful. While congratulating all
of them on their success, I have to specially mention
the case of the Nayar ladies--J. Rugunini Amma of
Belavangady, M. Chellamma of Manakud and L.
Chellamma of Cantonment—who deserve special
encouragement at the hands of the Government by
way of scholarships. The fact, that English Music
has not yet become as popular as it ought to be among
the Nayar ladies of Travancore, is not adequate
proof of the times inasmuch as female education in
all its other branches has already taken a firm root
among them. It is, therefore, high time that some-
thing is done by the Government in the matter, and
I am sure Miss Watts, the Music Teacher, who
deserves great credit, will fall in with my views.--
H.S.

We heartily congratulate Babu Dabendra Chunder Ghose, Senior Government Pleader, Alipore, on the exemplary moral courage which he has shown in the matter of the re-marriage of his widowed daughter, who lost her first husband shortly after her marriage and when she was a mere girl. Our congratulations are no less due to the happy bridegroom, Dr. S. K. Bose, M. D., (Chicago) a rising Homeopathic Practitioner of this city, who comes of one of the most respectable Kayestha families of Calcutta. Among those who attended the wedding were Sir Chadra Mahab Ghose. The Hon'ble Justice Asutosh Mukerjee, Mr. T. Palit, Babu Asutosh Biswas and others. May the Almighty shower his choicest blessing upon the happy pair.—*The Free Press*.

Satisfactory progress was made by Vidyalyaya, Jullundar, during the year 1906. There were 106 school special feature of the training native music which is cultivation of an indigenous able. We would educational institution here is Shri

செப்பவிடுபவர் பெயர்
 செப்பவிடுவதற்காக எடுத்த
 கையொப்பம் நாள்
 12/8/96

we gather that an excellent work is being done by Miss Mary Bhore, the daughter of Rao Sahib Bhore, of Poona. A son of this retired Government official is, we believe, a member of the Indian Civil Service. Miss Bhore promises to make a great reputation in educational work among girls in her Presidency, as is evident from this appreciative account which appeared in one of the Bombay papers:—"Afterwards came some songs, recitations, musical drill by the girls, a march by the boys. The most valuable feature in the morning proceedings was the superlative excellence of the training of the girls. Miss Bhore, who was trained at Oxford, evidently had strong ideas of the value of polishing until you have everything perfect. Certainly she had polished her girls this morning, and they did her great credit. Especially good were Miss Bhandarkar, the daughter of the Chief Justice, who recited the Address of Welcome, and the daughter of the Assistant Khangi Karbhari, who delivered some lines from Tennyson's 'Gleanings of Europe'."

All who have read the graceful verse of Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, published a couple of years ago by Mr. Heinemann in a volume entitled, "The Golden Threshold," will be interested to learn that these Indian lyrics have been set to music by Mme. Liza Lehmann, the composer of a song-cycle drawn from Fitz-Gerald's version of Omar Khayyam. Mme. Lehmann's success in dealing with the Persian poet marked her out as the fit interpreter of the lyrics of the Indian poetess, and judging from criticisms of the recent concert in Queen's Hall, she seems to have caught the spirit of Mrs. Naidu's verse very felicitously. Mr. Arthur Symonds, who wrote an introduction to Mrs. Naidu's poems on their publication, and who is a subtle critic of music as well as of literature, writes in the *Saturday Review* of the "appropriateness, sincerity and charm" of Mme. Lehmann's settings of "The Golden Threshold."

Guruswami, who was for some time acting as the Government Girls' School, has Miss C. M. Lynch, Inspector of Schools, as Headmistress, Girls' School, the only lady that has come to the university. She belongs to the mother-in-law of the late Maharajah of Mysore.

are the
provincial
to 9th
age,

prevail. In the events, marriage is to at least to 18.

JOB-CASTES.

That this Conference urges that the existing restrictions regarding inter-dining and inter-marriage among the various sub-castes should be speedily removed as the progress of Hindu society is considerably hindered hereby.

FOREIGN TRAVEL.

That this Conference urges that no difficulties should be placed in the way of the re-admission into society of Hindus who visit foreign countries as over-sea to foreign lands have become absolutely necessary for national progress in almost every sphere.

ENFORCED WIDOWHOOD.

That this Conference again draws attention to the injustice and the practical evils of the custom of enforced widowhood and urges that it should be discontinued at least in the case of girl-widows.

ELEVATION OF LOW-CASTES.

That this Conference most earnestly calls upon all enlightened Hindus to accelerate in all possible ways the social amelioration of the depressed castes.

KANYASULKAM AND VARASULKAM.

That this Conference views with great disfavour the practices of "Kanyasulkam" and "Varasulkam" which degrade marriage to a mercenary transaction, and calls upon the Hindus to discourage them by all possible means.

DISFIGUREMENT OF GIRL-WIDOWS.

That this Conference strongly reprobates the cruel practice of disfigurement of Hindu widows even before they pass the stage of girlhood, and calls upon all caste and reform organisations as well as the religious heads of community, to arrange for the infliction of social penalties on those responsible for such practice.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE AND SOCIAL PURITY.

That this Conference insists, as a condition precedent of all progress, on the necessity of total abstinence of purity, individual and social.

News and Notes.

M. Bhicaji L. Palamkote who is a well-known artist, has been awarded a Gold Medal for Venetian lace in the last Indian Exhibition at Calcutta. Miss Palamkote, who is a Gold Medal award winner of the Maharani of Hatwa.

Among the recipients this year of the Kaiser-i-Hind Medal of the First Class are Her Excellency the Countess of Minto, and Mrs. A. B. Stappard of the Lady Minto Indian Nursing Association. The Kaiser-i-Hind of the Second Class has been conferred on Miss S. S. Hewbetz of the Zenana Medical Mission, Amritsar.

The freedom of the city of Dumferline, the birthplace of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the reputed multimillionaire was publicly presented by the Provost, in the Margaret Hall, to Mrs. Carnegie, this being the first instance of the honour being conferred on a lady, though the annals of the city go back to 800 years.

His Highness Sri Bhagavat Singh, Thakore Sahib of Gondal (who is now staying in London with his family) by taking his wife to England some years ago, established a precedent, for never before had the Rani of an Indian ruling chief ventured to overcome her caste prejudices and cross the "Kala pani."

"George Eliot" (Mary Anne Evans) died in 1880, and more than 26 years after her demise the first memorial of her in the district in which she was born in 1819 has just been completed. It takes the form of a granite pillar—with an inscription recording the date of her birth, death, etc., and the words, "Lest we forget,"—erected near her birth-place in Arbory Park by Mr. F. A. Nardigate.

Lord Ampthill presided at the Annual Meeting of the Colonial Nursing Association. Princess Henry of Battenberg was also present. Lord Ampthill said that while soldiers and sailors did great work for their country, it was not more heroic than the work of the nurses who went out to tend the sick where there was no medical attendant.

A committee of the Texas Legislature has investigated the condition of penitentiary convicts and made some painful discoveries regarding the women. They found about one hundred female convicts, mostly coloured women, who were worked upon and compelled to perform all manner of heavy labour, "out of all proportion to their health and strength." When not at work, the women are crowded into an ordinary board building that does not protect them from the cold in winter or the heat in summer, or furnish them with any comfort on Sundays or at other times when not at work. The committee has protested against this condition as a disgrace to the State.

Cornelia Fitzgerald, the beautiful and brilliant daughter of the late Bishop Fitzgerald, was a sweet singer, beloved by multitudes who had heard her. She died in her early youth, and is buried on the island of Penang. Penang in 1785 was given to the British sea captain as a marriage portion with Keddah's daughter. During 1898, she was touched at this romantic and picturesque spot which is in the very middle of the nations. No ship passes eastward or westward, without Fitzgerald memorial. St. Louis Christian

monument over Cornelia Fitzgerald's grave. This was a warm response. Contributions, not to exceed a dollar apiece from adults or ten cents apiece from children, will be collected by churches and Christian Endeavour societies and sent to W. B. Palmore, Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. William Starling Burgess, of Boston, regularly licensed Pilot. She went before the board of steamboat inspectors of the regular second class examination, met all the requirements and secured a certificate of navigation. Mrs. Burgess, with her husband, Designer Burgess, in using a small steamship, Miss Morgan of Philadelphia and Mrs. Henry Converse are two other women in the United States who have licenses.

That the Finns are far ahead of several larger nations is apparent in their social system, whose crowning point is the Universal Suffrage, with over a dozen lyceums and technical schools. To all of these women are admitted. The nation has always had a passionate love for the country and for freedom. The men have a reputation for honesty, uprightness and generosity; they are always respected and esteemed women, and their action in asking for woman suffrage is in keeping with their character. There is no doubt men and women will work together to their mutual benefit. *Springfield Republic.*

The woman suffrage experiment in Finland is unique and most remarkable. Finland might in some respects be likened to Scotland. It is a country larger than the British Isles, with a population of about millions of hardy, industrious and intelligent people. It has a good school system and to all its high schools and its University, women are admitted, so that there is no lack of education to fit the sex for suffrage and for the duties of office. If the experiment succeeds in Finland, it will be likely to give an impetus to the woman suffrage movement in the more advanced European States as well as America. "suffragettes" may even yet get the credit. — *Portland (Me.) Express.*

Mrs. Oscar Straus, wife of the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, is the only woman in the Cabinet circle. She is a man, with cordial enough to be a Jewish girl, both of them porcelain.

Hicksite Friends, and has given largely to Friends' school, and societies, her benefactions amounting to over a million dollars.

Mrs. L. A. Coonley Ward of Chicago has received from Henry S. Hubbell, the artist, a picture postal card showing one of the women cab-drivers of Paris, an ex-countess. Mr. Hubbell has written on the back: "The women cab-drivers are so successful that young men cab-drivers have taken to shaving, and wearing hats and coats like them, to attract customers. They add novelty to the Paris streets." Mrs. Ward, with her friends, Mrs. Wilmarth and Miss Kellogg, will sail on the steamer "Finland" for Antwerp, May 18. They expect to visit Norway, Sweden, Germany, France and other countries. It is especially appropriate that suffragists should take a steamer called the "Finland."

Mary Lake, matron of a children's home in Exmouth, England, was lately indicted for "wilfully neglecting and ill-treating ten children placed under her care," because she fed them on a vegetarian diet. It was shown that she gave them stewed prunes with sago, groats, honey and Quaker oats, and occasionally oranges, apples, bananas, figs, macaroni, cheese and tomatoes, with potatoes and milk puddings, but no meat or eggs. Mrs. Lake maintained that the diet was nourishing; a doctor approved, and a visit proved the house to be well kept, the children clean and happy. Still the unfortunate Mrs. Lake was hurried in court and might have fared ill, but for the kind offices of Lady Iddeleigh.

The Japanese Government, with a view to bring the nation on a level with other civilized countries, sent a large number of Japanese students to different centres of learning in Europe and America. The Chinese Government is fired with a similar ambition, but it has gone one better in this respect. The Chinese Imperial Commission has made a special study of institutions of advanced learning and by direction of the Commission, three Chinese women, who are from the noblest families at Wells College, Aurora, N. Y., are studying the English language. This is the first expedition by the high authorities, and others will

appearing to be in her seventies, made her appearance. She appeared to possess intelligence quite about the village woman, and in spite of her old age, could ride a pony. This old creature is in possession of a document which thousands of people all the world over would give fortunes to possess. It is a letter written in the hand of our late Queen. A quarter of a century ago, this old creature set out for England with the object of seeing the Queen. She begged her passage, got to England, and after a good many difficulties, without knowing a word of the English language, managed to have a petition written out for her in English. Armed with this, she one day laid herself before the Queen, as Her Majesty was about to drive out, and by signs expressed her desire to present the petition, which permission was graciously accorded. The Queen then wrote a few words on a note paper bearing the Royal watermark, to the effect that she had seen the Indian beggar, who was an interesting personage. Her Majesty then arranged for the woman's passage back to Karachi. On arriving in Sind the old woman made an exhibition of the document before the local authorities, who have given her land about 200 acres in area. This she has cultivated very diligently and sedulously, and is all she possesses. She commands respect in her own society, and her family is of quite large dimensions, and consists of children and grandchildren. She is small in stature and has rather nice, refined features. She appears to be quite conscious of her own superiority to her immediate surroundings, and in conversation never speaks in the feminine gender, but uses masculine inflections and the same terms as a well-established Zemindar would use. The document she carefully preserves in a small tin tube. It is an interesting narrative she has to tell.

When the steamer *Danfa*, of the China Mutual Navigation Company, arrived at San Francisco from Yokohama and the health officers proceeded to fumigate the vessel, the officials heard sneezing repeated many times apparently among the cargo. Investigation was made and six large packing-cases were discovered to contain each a Japanese girl. They were amply supplied with food and water for the voyage and beyond being a little cramped for room were fairly comfortable. The cases had been placed on the main deck where plenty of air was circulating.

Six thousand women from all classes competed for the title of the most beautiful woman in Chicago. Miss Carson, who was adjudged the winner, is a stenographer, earning some twelve dollars a week, and her photograph was submitted to the judges without her being aware of the fact. The competition arose not of dollars a side, one of these interested were no beautiful women west of Twenty-five thousand dollars were paid for photos of the "fairest of them" for the copyright of a book of the announcement. Artists were barred if they had been

allowed to compete Miss Carson would have carried off the prize.

Miss A. C. Maitland, Principal of Somerville College, Oxford, died recently at the age of fifty-seven. Her public work began again in connection with the Liverpool Domestic Science Training School, and she acted for fifteen years as Examiner for the National Union of Schools of Domestic Economy, publishing several works on this department of women's education. In 1889 Miss Maitland was appointed Principal of Somerville College, which has prospered under her management, the number of students having increased from thirty-five to eighty-three.

Miss Maude Elsie Wall has been selected by the Burmah Government for nomination for the new English scholarship of £200 a year, tenable for four years in Europe. This scholarship has been established by the Government of India to enable selected scholars of the domiciled European and Eurasian community to pursue their studies beyond the standard of high school education. Miss Wall was educated entirely in the Diocesan High School for Girls Rangoon, which she entered in the Kindergarten class about ten years ago. She left the school last December having passed the Final English School Examination Code, and having won a High School scholarship with which she goes on to the Government Normal Training School.

A Hindu girl, named Baghdadini Debi, aged about 15 years, wife of a Babu, named Suresh Chunder Chuckerbutty, of Bhawanipour, met with her death from suspected carbolic acid poisoning. The girl, who was married two years ago, wanted to visit her mother, who was residing at Chandernagore, and as she was not allowed to do so by her husband and his people, became very despondent. One Saturday night she was taken seriously ill, having, it is alleged, swallowed a phial containing carbolic acid which was kept in the house for treating a little lad who was suffering from an abscess. The girl died shortly after removal to the Sarabho Nath Pandit Hospital.

Mrs. Agnes L. Roesler is an official public instructor at the American Museum of Natural History in New York City. Multitudes come to the Museum who are ignorant, but want to learn. Mrs. Roesler takes them from case to case giving the history of the specimens. Groups of school children come to learn something of animal or insect life. Girls and boys who have read the Jungle Books come to see the white seal, mongoose, walrus and sea lion. The readers of Arctic adventures, the "Swiss Family Robinson," and the nature books of Charles Roberts and Ernest Thompson Seton, the birds and creatures they have read times a whole kindergarten flutters in, Roesler entertains them with true stories, gives talks on natural history to classes of fifteen-year-old girls. Private Women's Clubs and Young Women's associations come in groups. The

are mothers from the slums. It is not that they lack interest, but they do not understand easily.

At the age of 88, Miss Annie Miller, the nurse who served in the Crimean war, and nursed the Duke of Edinburgh after he had been shot by O'Farrell in Sydney has just died at Melbourne.

Miss Marianne Farningham is probably the oldest woman journalist in England. She was writing for several magazines in 1855. She joined the staff of the Christian World when it was started in 1857, wrote for the first number, and has written for practically every number since.

Madame Paderewski, wife of the famous pianist, is a great poultry fancier. She is president of the Poultry Club of Switzerland. On her big poultry farm at Morges by Lake Geneva, she keeps fourteen varieties of choice fowls. Paderewski himself is an enthusiastic poultry-fancier too.

Miss Clara Barton, the founder of the Red Cross in this country, expects to be at Terryville, Conn. on Memorial Day. With Judge Joseph Sheldon of New Haven, she will assist in the dedication of the Atwater memorial gun on the Green. Dorence Atwater rendered invaluable service during the Civil War by preserving the list of dead soldiers at Andersonville prison, and he assisted Miss Barton in her work of placing markers upon their graves.

Mrs. Huie Kin, the American wife of the Superintendent of the Presbyterian Chinese Mission at No. 29, West Ninth street, New York City, has been her husband's active associate in mission work among the Chinese of the city for the last eighteen years. She adds to the family income by renting rooms in her big house to various persons, including an American husband and wife, two or three young Chinamen and a Japanese, who are students at Columbia University. She assists regularly at the four or five services her husband holds on Sunday from forty to fifty guests to dinner. She is the leading spirit in a Woman's kept her one servant—a German—teen years. Last, but by no means the mother of nine children, manifold cares, she is still going strong. Huie brought on whom he and his One will get out of New York, the School's pupils those families of a follow hunt means to s

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Acknowledgments for July, 1907.

	RS.	A.		RS.	A.
1. H. H. The Begum of Bhopal, Bhopal	4.	0	19. The Rajah of Pittapuram	4.	0
2. Mrs. Cardew, Madras	4.	0	20. Mrs. K. Palnavalli Ammal, Palghat	4.	0
3. Miss Grant, Seoni	4.	0	21. Miss Paterson, Rajputana	4.	0
4. Lady Hanam Singh, Simla	4.	0	22. Mrs. S. Parangipaye, Poona	4.	0
5. Miss V. Hersey, Coonoor	4.	0	23. Miss E. Patton, Kolhapur	4.	0
6. Mohd. Jafar Khan, Punjab	4.	0	24. The Secy., Vellore Union Club, Vellore	4.	0
7. Miss Jacob, Calicut	4.	0	25. Mrs. L. Samaldas, Bhowmager	8.	0
8. Mrs. O. Krishnan, Calicut	4.	0	26. Lady Supdt. Govt. Girls' School, Bangalore	4.	0
9. B. Krishnaiyengar, Secunderabad	4.	0	27. Lady Supdt. Arya' Balica Patasala, Bangalore	4.	0
10. R. V. Lakshmai Ammal, Chitaldrug	4.	0	28. Sambamurti, Esq., Tanjore	4.	0
11. K. Lakshmaikutty Ammal, Ernakulam	4.	0	29. Secy. Vivekananda Literay Society, Salem	2.	0
12. Mrs. S. Mathias, Karkul	4.	0	30. Mrs. S. Seenivasa Iyengar, Madras	4.	0
13. A. Madhaviah, Esq., Palghat	4.	0	31. C. Seenivasa Rao Saheb, Madras	4.	0
14. Mrs. V. Raman Manon, Madras	4.	0	32. Mrs. Swinford England	4.	8
15. The Manager, Panchal Pandita, Jullunder	4.	0	33. Mrs. A. S. Tyabji, Baroda	4.	0
16. Mrs. McNeel, Seoni	4.	0	34. The Hony. Librarian Siddon's Union Club, Aligarh	4.	0
17. M. S. Natesa Iyer, Mayeveram	4.	0			
18. M. S. S. Naden, Esq., Rangoon	1.	0			

USEFUL BOOKS.

Learn Letter Writer (Seventh Edition).—Containing 685 letters. Useful to every man in every age for daily use. Re. 1, postage 1 anna.

The Study of English (Third Edition).—An exhaustive collection of PHRASES, IDIOMS, and their explanations and proper uses. Rs. 3, postage 3 annas.

and Difficulties (in reading, speaking and writing the English language). Re. 1.

onyms (Third Edition).—Explained and Illustrated. Aids to the right use. Re. 1, postage 1 anna.

ctors. Vols. I and II.—Helps to write idiomatic English, to improve, etc. Each Vol. Rs. 2, postage 1 anna 6 pies.

and Science.) Re. 1, postage 1 anna.

nas, postage

Re. 1.

etry. For Entrance and Preparation.

Road, Calcut



BHUTIA GIRL.
Dancing

A BHUTIA GIRL



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Vol. VII.

AUGUST, 1907.

No. 2.

BY THE SEA.

SONNET.

THERE comes to me a vision of the day
 When first I made acquaintance with the sea
 Rolling and rushing up the beach to me,
 Then tumbling back, a giant in his play;
 Lo! with arched neck again in foam
 Hoarse-voiced he leaps, recoils as at
 Leaving toyshells, his shining legs
 Spars pebbles, his of br
 Anon the m
 In-lumbli
 While sun
 With
 A wil"

the gates of mercy to the poor and outcast, and covers with his ample pity, like a flowing garment, all hitherto beyond the gates.

King Asoka takes up this burden and this labour of love to teach mankind the sweetness of heaven; anticipating by five centuries for the Eastern world the work of Constantine for Christian Europe.

Seeing these things from afar, Moslems, Parsis and Christians shall lift up their emblems by the pillars of his faith, the four corners of Ind.

VI.

Splendour of new-born arts outshone
The "nine gems" of Vikramaditya's court
From royal bird of Indraprastha's throne,
As Akbar wedded India. Jehangir,
The Conqueror-of-the-World, sorrowed and loved;
And Shah-Jehan, clasped "titan and fairy fingers"
In prayers of marble, lazul, agate, jade,
Whilst fear like a rat gnawed at the golden thread,
And caged he suffered of the curse of Lear.
Aurangzeb left *Takht-i-Taus* for soldier's tent,
And "launched his desperate bark upon the wave."
Bhonsla Sivaji waked the cry again,
And Peshwa, Gaekwar, Holkar, Scindhia, Sikh—
Prayed to the Virgin of the Bloody Sword!

There is no more charming legend in the world than that of Vikramaditya and his nine wise men, his *nau ratan*, of whom none shone brighter than Kalidas, the scintillant author of the beautiful drama of *Sakuntala*, the "Lost Ring."

The intense luxury of this period gave great impulse to decorative art. Akbar indeed "wedded India," choosing his ministers alike from Hindus and Muslims, and a bride for himself and his sons from every court in the land—except proud Oodeypur.

Jehangir (*Jehan*, the world; *gir*, conqueror) yearned all his youth for one denied to him: Shah Jehan, who raised his crown of human art over his lost Taj Mahal (his "Palace Crown"), was dethroned by his son, and old and broken like Shakespeare's King Lear, was actually kept in a cage that all who passed might mock at him. Aurangzeb lived full forty years on the teut field, and at the moment of death raised himself and uttered the heroic words, "I have launched my bark on the besom of the deep, come what may. Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!"

Then the glorious Sivaji—the flower of Maharatta chivalry—the martyred sons of Guru Govind—snatched in turn from Delhi's nerveless grasp the sceptre of Ind.

VII

But Mother! think not these thy greatest glories!
Think not thine own transcendent arts are dead.
Thine ears are stunned with shock of sword on sword,
Thine eyes are blinded with the flash of fight,
Thy body scarred and bleeding from these wars.
The seven petals of the lotus flower
Plunge in the sacred Ganges once again,
And let them taste thy Punjab water sweet.—
Thy jewels have but fallen on the strand
For thee to stoop and string with sacred thread.
Lift up the *purdah*! gaze from *pinjra* lattice
Upon the nations watching for thy face.
Va, the Great Destroyer, calls thee now
As Siva the Awakener! Sarasvati,
Lakshmi, call to thee—Thy sisters!

lies in her arts, her philosophy, her songs; history ever dwells too deeply on
peace may yet dawn
flower is ready
and a cycle of industry and commerce to

Drink,

Thy "*chand-tara*." From sandal-scented seas
Scindhia's great chain will ripple on thy neck—
As on the neck of Jhansi's warrior-queen.
The gates of Somnath open wide again,
And Durgavati, Chand Sultana come.
Pale Soma cups of gem-encrusted jade
Lift longing to thy lips. In far Kashmir
A golden *Sari* floats upon the breeze;—
The frost-flowers of Cuttack would crown thy head;—
Thy lost ring "*Sakantala*!" Slip on thine hand.

The Jaipur enamel, the pearl of the jeweller's art, may achieve once again its lost renown. The traditional muslin of Dacca—once the queen of raiments, now forsaken by her fickle votaries—so thin that when spread on wet grass it seemed like the dew from which it took its name—may yet mingle with the stars and moons of the *chand-tara*, the loveliest of brocades.

Scindhia's chain of pearls is the finest in the world. It adorned the neck of the great Maharani Jhansi on the field of battle.

Her very name arouses the echoes of her compeers, Durgavati, Chand Bibi, who form with her this trinity of India's noblest women.

IX.

Uplift! O Martyr Mother! for the sake of
Agra and Delhi! Odeypur and Jodhpur!
Bhopal! Baroda! Amritsar! Admir! Malwa!
Lahore! Mysore! Travancore! Ceylon! Karnata!
Vizianagram! Tanjore! Bhotan! and Nepaul!
Show them the ecstasy, splendour and sheen of thy garments!
Waft them the mystery, poetry and charm of thy beauty!
Their opening blossoms wait by for thy kiss
To give their honey to the bee that sucks.
They weave the *mohan-mala* to enchant thee—
String they the *devachchanda* to ensnare thee!
The *nakshatra-mala*, "chain-of-stars," to bind thee,
• And web the gold-woofed *kinkhob* to enfold thee.

Drunk without drinking (like a Rajput chieftain of old), the mind of the poet suddenly soars to transcendent heights. History is left behind. Filled with these bygone splendours, a frenzy of passion seizes the soul. The art-cities of India pass in procession with the quickness of a vision.

The ancient craftsmen of India, true poets in their nature, gave names to their jewels full of the most exquisite imagery and caprice. The strings of golden flowers (*mohan-mala*, garlands of enchantment); the *devachchanda* (necklace of a hundred rows of pearls, upon which the gods write the stanzas of their poems); the *nakshatra mala* (garland of constellations); and the *kinkhob* (royal cloth-of-gold).

X.

A great Nizam with *kutti* and *hidri* shields thee,
The *tri* and *nau-ratan* keep thee holy,
The King's *mulmul* spreads light to wrap thee fair,
A thousand sweet blows fall upon the night,
A thousand hammers sing thine arts of peace.
Rampur would clasp thy wrists, — Goleconda's womb
Yield all its treasures for thy starry crown
The brown hill-dwellers give their humble to
Awrought with an beast or Persian flower
Or set with of *sher* or *hathi*'s tusk,
Inlaid in te Benares beats
Her soul. nd Cutch be

India's modern arts stand in array
nine sacred gems; the regal muslins; the
wood set with ivory or the tiger's claw.

XI

Gather thy strength! Reel to the signal fires!
 Nor wave the torch and cry "Fall on and slay!"
 No! lift the torch that lights the world to peace!
 Nor fright thy brown bright workers from their looms.
 Nor let thy hammers fall on steel alone—
 Thy woven webs bind but the bleeding ones.
 Rise light!—rise splendour!—ancient glory rise!
 Sitā! thy radiant Rāma seeks thee still!
 Savitri's weary vigil finds its end.—
 The hands shall fall from Dhritā-rāsthā's eyes—
 He sees bright Krishna mount Arjuna's car—
 Udisthir stand with Bhīm-bricodara—
 The brothers from their forest exile come!—
 The sunrise wakes the golden lotus buds!
 Another dawning calls thee to thine own!

In an ecstatic outburst the heroes of the Mahābhārata are invoked—to restore the lost splendour of India, and rebuild the walls of Ujjain and Hastinapur.

The greatest prophecy of India has yet to be fulfilled: the tenth and last avatar of Krishna. He will come again—leaping down from the clouds on his white horse Kalki—and inaugurate a reign of peace and happiness and glory, that shall not pass away till Man is gathered into the bosom of his Maker.

Thus the poem ends. India herself is a poem.

The Day-dream by Tennyson.



THIS little poem is like the modest violet, which the passer by might unwittingly leave alone, but which when found charms all with its gentle fragrance. It is only "the reflex of a legend past, loosely settled into form," but it is full of a sweet simplicity and naivety which is very charming. It is after all red up by the sweet vision on her damask cheek, but it is related with a trail which makes pictures.

ted with the which this peeped

announces a curse on the innocent girl, that the child if pricked by a needle would immediately die. The thunderbolt has fallen and the rejoicing is at a standstill, but another good fairy, who purposely keeps herself to the last, expecting this, turns the curse of death into a sleep that will last for one hundred years. We hear very little of the little maid after this. We can understand the zealous care with which the parents and friends kept away from her everything in the form of a needle. But the bad fairy disguising herself as an old woman induces her to take a liking to fancy work and thus the curse is fulfilled. The little girl grown to womanhood suddenly and unconsciously falls asleep and all the household with her. It is here that Tennyson takes up the legend. In the first part he gives us a perfect picture of the sleeping palace. The little details help us to conjure up a vivid picture of the habitation of the sleeping princes. Nature outside is changing with the varying year, but within all is silence, and

"Here rests the sap within the leaf,
 Here the blood along the veins!"

on the outside world come like "sleep-enclosed world." He the "soft lustre" as it falls on ordered lawns, on the absolute of the atmosphere, and, if inhabitants, they are all fixed, positions when sleep fell on who is at his council of grave, led steward at his task,

from the banner on the tower to the fountain in the garden, from the peacock in his laurel-bower down to the great; all and everything are steeped in a trance-like sleep; and to guard this sleeping palace from the intruder and the prying outsider, a hedge has sprung up, a hedge of thorns, ivies, woodbine, mistletoes, grapes with bunches red as blood, "a hedge which has formed a thick wall of green, close-matted, bur and brake and briar".

The second part describes the sleeping princess, a beautiful maiden, with her braided jet black hair flowing on either side of her, a being whose constant beauty doth inform stillness with love and day with light; and thus she sleeps under the all-potent charm. She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells

"A perfect form in perfect rest."

Then comes the all-important moment; the fairy prince with joyful eyes "has come from other skies; a youth of joy and light and love; undaunted he breaks through the lowering hedge, though all around lie scattered the bones of those who tried to pierce this thorny wall of green; something urges him on and through the deserted hall and through the rooms of the charmed palace, where everything looks like a picture; "he trusts to light on something fair

"For all his life the charm did talk
 About his path and hover near
 With words of promise in his walk
 And whispered voices at his ear."

Closer and closer his heart guides him till he is within the presence of the sleeping maiden and then "his spirit flutters like a lark," and unconsciously almost, "he stoops—to kiss her—on his knee." And then, wonder of wonders, everything sprang into joyous life—

"A touch, a kiss, the charm was snapt,
 There rose a noise of striking clocks,
 And feet that ran and doors that clapt,
 And barking dogs, and crowing cocks;
 A fuller light illumined all,
 A breeze thro' all the garden swept,
 A sudden hubbub shook the hall,
 And sixty feet the fountain leapt."

and thus, nature, animate and inanimate, awoke into life and the tranced human beings took up the life they had left a hundred summers ago. The next few stanzas describe the rush and the frenzy of renewed life in lilting strains of rippling rhythm. But meanwhile what of the maiden.

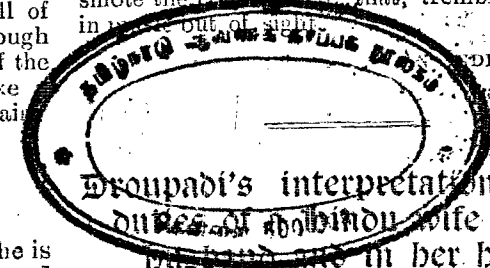
"And on her lover's arm she leant,
 And round her waist she felt it fold,
 And far across the hills they went
 In that new world which is the old:
 Across the hills, and far away
 Beyond their utmost purple rim,
 And deep into the dying day
 The happy princess followed him."

The old life was over, and leaning
 arm she passed into the new life

joy, into the pathway of rosy light with love as her guiding star and beacon. Loving and loved, trusting and triumphant, she went with him from her quiet life to see the wonders of the world, but the greatest wonder of life, Love, was hers in all its fulness and tenderness:

"And o'er the hills and far away
 Beyond their utmost purple ruin
 Beyond the night, across the day,
 Through all the world she followed him."

And thus we take leave of the happy princess. Is it only a day-dream, only a vision passing fair, to burst like an iridescent bubble in the garish light of day? To me, it seems like a sort of allegory. One does not realise oneself till love comes and illumines all. The heart, in its waiting period of the dawn of love, grows and gathers to itself its ideals of beauty, goodness and faith, which are fulfilled, perhaps, when love, the light-giver comes. "And love took up the harp of life and smote on all the chords with might, smote the chords of self, that, trembling, passed in and out of sight."



(TAKEN FROM THE MAHABHARATA).



HINDU woman is generally thought to be the most downtrodden of women. This is no doubt true; but few

influence she has, as a rule, over The only question is, whether it is good or bad. Indeed effect—not bad in directly to evil—but bad him in the old groove the direction of soc the Hindu husha

or lover's
 ve a

it said often that a woman who gives in to her husband is the woman who generally gets her own way in the end. Does not this mean that, in marriage, the most successful arrangement is an impartial give-and-take between husband and wife, a mutual consultation of each other's tastes! Far be it that it should mean that the man is foolish or innocent enough to be blinded by the apparent submission of his wife, which is no real submission at all!

"How, O Droupadi," asks a friend of hers, "can you rule the sons of Pandu, those heroes who are endowed with great strength and beauty and who are like the *Lokapala* (rulers of the world) themselves. O beautiful lady, how is it that they are so obedient to you and that they are never angry with you?"

"Hear now," says Droupadi, "of my conduct towards the high-souled Pandavas."

(Let every Hindu woman judge for herself how far her duty lies as Droupadi's duty lay. Let it be remembered also that the best expression of love is often service.)

The greatest factor of her duty, she says, is service, with a big S and devotion with a big D. "I am always engaged in serving my husbands, with devotion of heart and without any feeling of degradation at the service I perform."

"My opinion is that to depend on one's husband is the eternal virtue of women. The husband is the wife's god, he is her sole refuge. There is no other refuge for her. How then can a wife do what is disagreeable to her husband? Whatever my husband does not drink, whatever he does not eat, whatever my husband does not enjoy,—I always renounce. I always devotedly seek their welfare. I never either in sleeping or in eating or in adorning my person act against the wishes of my husbands. I am always guided by them."

"I never bathe or eat or sleep till he that is my husband has bathed, or eaten or slept."

"Whether returning from the field, the forest or town, or hastily rising up, I always salute him with water and a seat."

"Hearing the voice of your husband at the door, I rise from my seat and stay in readiness for him. As soon as you see him enter, I greet him by offering him a seat at my feet."

"I never bid a servant to do anything for myself. Let him do it all your heart." "My husband is never away from home, I give him every kind of service."

"Abandoning vanity and subduing desire and wrath, restraining jealousy, ever fearing to utter what is evil and false, or to look or to sit or walk with impropriety or to cast glances indicative of the feelings of the heart, I am never angry, I never speak harsh words, I never imitate women that are wicked. Avoiding idleness, I always do what is agreeable. I never laugh except at a jest. I always refrain from laughing loudly or indulging in high passion and from everything that may give offence. I have my heart firmly fixed in humility and on approved rules."

"Whatever your husband speaks before you, do not speak it out to everybody, though it does not deserve to be concealed. You should always keep yourself aloof from those that are hostile to your husband, or those who seek to do him injury and those that are deceitful."

"You should make friendship with only those ladies who are highly born, who are sinless and devoted to their husbands."

The next great characteristic of Droupadi's duty is being a good housewife and domestic manager.

First, she is respectful to her elders. "My husbands have become obedient to me for my diligence, i.e., my alacrity and for the humility with which I serve my gurus."

Then she treats her mother-in-law well. "I never speak ill of my mother-in-law. Every day I personally wait with food and drink and clothes upon the revered Kunthi. I never show any preference for myself over her in matters of food, and attire and ornaments."

Thirdly, she sees to the cleanliness of her house. Fourthly, she manages a large household with untiring vigilance and the most personal supervision.

"Eight thousand Brahmans were fed every day in the palace of Yuddhistira from plates of gold."

"Eight thousand *Snataka Brahmanas*, all leading domestic lives, were entertained by Yuddhistira; besides those, ten thousand *yotis* had their pure and well-cooked food carried to them in golden plates."

"The illustrious son of Kunti had one hundred thousand well-dressed maid-servants."

"It was I who regulated everything and found the rules to be observed in respect to them. It was I who had to listen to their complaints. I knew everything about the maid-servants of the palace and other servants, nay, of the cowherds and shepherds of the royal household. It was I alone who knew the real and heavy expenditure of the king. This was not because of an evil heart, I, sacrificing my ease, day and night."

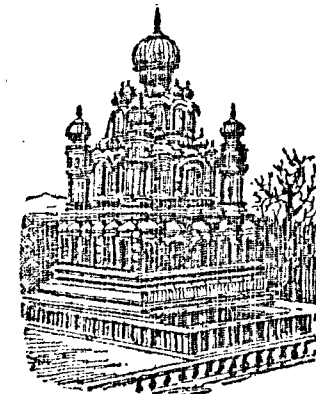
"Day and night bearing hunger and thirst, I used to wait upon the princes, so that my nights and days were equal to me."

"I used to rise up from my bed first and go to my bed last."

Verily, Droupadi must have been an inimitable housewife and wife. But one is inclined to ask, 'had she any time for herself.' Evidently she had, for it must be remembered that the famed ladies of the Ramayana and the Mahabharata were also the equals of their husbands in many respects, and their intelligent and trusted companions and advisors. Consequently, they could not have neglected their own education.

An Accomplished Indian Rani.

HER HIGHNESS NANDKUNVERBA, C. I.,
RANI SAHEB, GONDAL.



HER HIGHNESS NANDKUNVERBA, the accomplished spouse of H. H. the Thakore Saheb of Gondal, is the second daughter of His Highness Narandevji, the late Maharaja of Dharampur. The Chiefs of Dharampur claim descent from Ram, King of Ayodhya, and

belong to the Solar race of the Rajputs. Their patronymic is Seesodia, as, according to a legend, one of their ancestors, who, through deception, was made to take a morsel of forbidden flesh, had to expiate the enormity of the sin by swallowing a quantity of boiling lead (Seesa). The original abode of the Sun-born was Oude, but Lava, one of the two sons of Ram, conquered the Western provinces and founded the city of Lavapur, now called Lahore, on the bank of the river Ravi. His descendants migrated to Mewar, Gujerat and other parts of the country and founded independent dynasties there. In the twelfth century Ramshah, an enterprising Chief, laid the foundation of the Dharampur Raj, which he called Ramnagar after his own name. Among the Chiefs that followed, the most distinguished was Dharamdevji who established the City of Dharampur in A.C. 1766 and made it the Capital of his principality. He is the seventh ancestor of the subject of our sketch.

H. H. NANDKUNVERBA was from her infancy considered a very promising princess and her childhood was marked with thoughtfulness, intelligence and gentleness. She was fondly loved by every member of her family, whose affection she was never slow to reciprocate. At home her training was of an elementary character—not going beyond the three R's, but this went a great way in forming a solid ground-work of her future education. In 1882, at the age of fifteen, she was led to the hymeneal altar by H. H. BHAGVAT SINHJEE, Thakore Saheb of Gondal. The marriage was celebrated with due pomp and ceremony. The Chiefs of Gondal are Jadeja Rajputs, scions of the renowned Krishna, and belong to the Lunar race. It will appear from these pedigrees that the match was quite unexceptionable.

From the moment she entered her husband's house the chief care of RANI NANDKUNVERBA has been to please her lord and be agreeable to him in every way. She seems to have laid to heart the noble maxim of Seeta, Ram's devoted wife, who says,—

A woman's bliss is found, not in the smile;
Of father, mother, friend, nor in herself;
Her husband is her only portion here,
Her heaven hereafter.

Her example in this respect is worthy of imitation by every housewife. Her devotion to her husband is a by-word in Gondal. Though bred up in a thoroughly conservative atmosphere, she felt not the least difficulty in assimilating her ideas with those of the Thakore Saheb, who holds radical views in matters social. In India, women of the better classes are seldom seen abroad and the ladies of a Rajput family are, as a rule, strictly secluded. But this courageous lady, with a view to act in concert with the wishes and inclinations of her beloved lord, set aside time-honoured prejudices, discarded the *purdah* and moved about unrestrainedly in his company. Those, who are unacquainted with the manners and customs of the Rajput ladies, can hardly realize the courage and fortitude Her Highness has displayed in going against the current of popular opinion. In a country where a King's wife is sometimes described as one who never sees the sun, surely RANI NANDKUNVERBA deserves praise for defying the power of public criticisms and exposing herself to the calumny of her people in doing what she considers to be right and harmless. She is a woman of resolute determination, and when once she is convinced that the step she has taken is not wrong or improper she will stick to it in spite of malevolent detractors and adverse opinions. Seclusion of women was not practised in ancient India and even at the present day it finds favour with a few communi-

ties only. The custom has possibly come into vogue since the time of the Mahomedan invasions of the country and has been copied to some extent from the Mussalmans, of whose religious law it forms a part.

The moral courage the Rani has shown in social life is due chiefly to the education she received under her husband's roof. Her Highness is in the habit of spending her leisure hours in reading wholesome literature and has devoted much attention to the study of English. Her acquaintance with the current Vernacular literature is very creditable indeed. She is fond of the Purans which contain portions of historical and geographical knowledge of ancient India, and the reading of moral episodes from the great epics,—the Ramayan and the Mahabharat,—has done much to broaden her views and to infuse into her mind thoughts and ideas which have an ennobling influence on her character. She has been a great helpmeet to her husband whose heart she has won by her matchless virtues and loving tenderness. One will hardly find Her Highness unoccupied, and her influence on the Palace people is of the healthiest. Despite her exalted position she has not neglected to study the science of household management in which all her highest feelings are called into exercise.

In the beginning of 1890 this Rani Sahib became dangerously ill. Her life was despaired of at the time. Fortunately the illness took a favourable turn and she partially recovered to the joy of every one who knew her. Her Doctors strongly advised her to go on a long sea-voyage and reside for a time in England under the best medical treatment available there. This was a hard nut to crack, for she had never travelled beyond Kathiawar. She, however, plucked up courage and set sail with her husband on the 21st of March. She is the first of her class and rank to proceed to England and stay there for over two years. During the period, thanks to the skill of the Edinburgh Doctors, her health saw considerable improvement. H. H. the Thakore Sahib, in replying to a congratulatory address from his subjects, pronounced the Maharani's recovery to be "one of the greatest triumphs of British Medicine." When the object that brought her to England was fully accomplished, she had reason to congratulate herself on her enterprise in crossing the ocean, or the *Kala pani*, as it is called in India. Her joy was enhanced when just about the time, in 1892, Her Majesty the Queen was pleased to confer on her the membership of the Order of the Crown of India, an honour which was highly appreciated by her numerous friends and admirers. Her Highness had several opportunities of seeing Her Majesty from whom she always received much attention and kindness.

On her return journey she took occasion, in the company of her husband, to visit, besides the Continent of Europe, America, Japan, China, Australia, Ceylon, and was thus able to make a tour round the world. This is the first example of a Rajput Princess undertaking so daring an enterprise. She is a shrewd observer of men and manners that come in her way, and her notebook is always by her side. She has given to the world the impressions formed upon her mind by the grand tour in a volume entitled "Gowandah Parikrama." A hearty welcome awaited her in Gondal, when the people enthusiastically greeted their Highnesses, who are perhaps the most travelled couple in India.

Her Highness is a warm advocate of female education and takes a keen interest in the elevation of her sex. She now and then enlivens the Speech-days at the State Girls' Schools by her thoughtful and practical remarks. On one occasion, while addressing the pupils of the Gondal Girls' School, Her Highness expressed herself to the following effect:—

"Girls, this is the time for you to learn, you should make the best possible use of it. In ancient times many very learned ladies, such as MAITREYEE, GARGEE, LEELA, and others have flourished in our country. Keep their examples before your eyes. In the great philosophical controversy between MANDANMISHRA and SHANKARACHARIYA, LEELA, MANDANMISHRA'S wife,—was appointed umpire, with the consent of both the disputants. Her knowledge was so high that she was believed by the people to be an incarnation of SARASVATI or the goddess of learning. The erudition of MAITREYEE and GARGEE is well-known. Their words of wisdom are read with reverence by great pandits. Many other such instances can be cited from among our class. If their high standard of proficiency is difficult to reach, you should at least know as much of reading, writing, singing, keeping accounts, sewing, knitting, cooking and other domestic work, as is essential to your worldly requirements. Virtue and morality are equally essential—perhaps more so. For it is better to be moral and virtuous without learning, than to become learned and be addicted to questionable habits. Where learning and virtue are found together, it is as good as 'gold with fragrance.' Therefore, bear this in mind and zealously devote yourselves to study."

On another occasion she thus impresses her own idea of education upon her female hearers: "Education is a great ornament to our class. a more valuable and beautiful possession than jewels and rich clothing. Therefore, it is necessary that you should make good use of every opportunity you have before you for ying. This alone is the best way of be-

coming happy in life. Men and women may be variously mis-mated, some in age, some in disposition; but those who are mis-mated in education are the worst-mated of all, and are more unhappy than any of the others. Where the mother is educated, there the children are better trained."

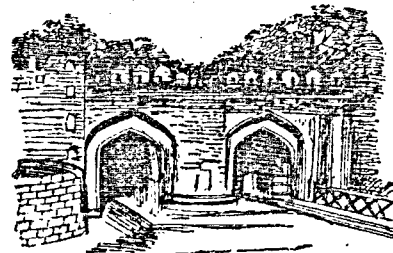
Education of women on western models is, however, a new experiment in India where the people are conservative to the core. Every innovation is looked upon by them with suspicion. It is therefore all the more difficult to popularize female education in Native States which are the strongholds of orthodoxy. These difficulties are well anticipated by her Highness in a neat speech recently delivered at the Female Training College at Rajkot. It will not be out of place to give an extract from it here.

"It is not easy to keep an institution like this in a flourishing condition, as the education of grown-up women is looked upon as an innovation in our country. I should not be surprised if the people of the old school went to look upon this new undertaking with any thing but satisfaction. It rests, however, with the present student to prove that education is an ornament, edifying and not debasing, and that age does not, at any rate, detract from its merits. Many of you, my young friends, are desirous of taking up work as teachers, and I wish you every success in your undertaking. But your self-imposed task is by no means an easy one. To learn and to teach are two different things. But then to teach is to learn in another form, and knowledge acquired is not perfected unless it is imparted to others. You must remember that the provinces of males and females are quite distinct, and consequently the ways of educating the two must necessarily differ. There may be some points in common. But the most important part of our education lies in creating good, obedient wives, devoted to their husbands in both prosperity and adversity. The good wives will prove good mothers and will be impressed with the duty of bringing up their children carefully. In cases of ordinary sickness mothers should know what simple remedies to use. Neatness also forms a part of female education. In this as well as in other civilized countries a clean and tidy house reflects no small credit on the house-wife. You should also be free from dependence on servants in household matters, whether they be cooking or mending clothes or fetching water, etc. All must admit that the introduction of water-pipes in cities like Rajkot is a great blessing; at the same time it is a matter for regret that the pleasant sight of healthy robust women returning from the rivers or wells with their water-pots is fast disappearing. Attention to household matters tends not

only to the saving of money but also gives excellent physical exercise to the women of this country. I do not advocate females neglecting the duties in their proper sphere, and, for want of such exercise, taking to manly sports, as is done in some of the countries of Europe. When you finish your course here, do not think you have learnt all you should. Your education here prepares you for the higher education in the great school of life. Let me advise you with all my heart to keep before your mental eye the lives of our virtuous and accomplished ladies of past and present times."

In 1895 she again accompanied her husband to England with a view to install the Heir-apparent at Eton. The Maharani was present at Moscow to witness the Coronation of the Czar and cheerfully took part in all the social functions with her husband. Her graceful figure did not fail to attract notice in London, at the time of the recent Diamond Jubilee. She is, in short, a model Rajput Princess, always ready to share her joys and sorrows with her beloved lord. She has a quick and clear understanding with strong natural sense. Though free from superstition, she is exceedingly pious. Her extensive travels in foreign countries have not in the least shaken her faith in Hinduism. She distributes a large sum annually among the poor, and assists the afflicted in all possible ways.

Swadeshism.



THE present situation of Indian affairs opens two theatres of interest, one political, the other industrial. Each derives a subordinate interest from the other. It is under the stress of political forces that the existing industrial activity came into existence. On the other hand, politics found in the wide field of industry one or two weapons of aggressive warfare. The accident of birth and growth placed the two movements in such close position that they acted and re-acted on each other in an infinite and complex number of ways. But the relations that bind politics to industry are neither absolute nor necessary. They are only accidental and secondary. In their aims and in their

methods they follow courses widely different. In fact, a steady attempt is made, with great success, to separate economic problems from the political, and supply the former with a basis of its own. At the very outset, it would be necessary to emphasise in the strongest terms possible, that *Swadeshism* has no political significance, and that those who adopt its cause are not bound to give credence to political doctrines of any peculiar and aggressive type. No movement has suffered more, and, in our opinion unjustly, than *Swadeshism* by its proximity to politics. The use of 'Boycott' as an engine of opposition in all contests with the reigning Government, has led the uncritical mind to associate *Swadeshism* with politics of an extreme character. Moreover, the genesis of the movement in an atmosphere surcharged with political unrest has acted as an obstacle to the real appreciation of its merits. *Swadeshism* has, for its object, the improvement of the commercial prosperity of India, by a revival of the dormant mercantile and industrial genius of the people, and by an able management of the labour and resources of the country. Those, who desire to form an impartial estimate of the movement, must force themselves from all political bias and prejudice, either for or against it.

The movement has also suffered from the representations of friends and foes alike. The one looking at it from inside, through the medium of patriotic emotion, has failed to grasp its limitations and defects. He knows its potentialities, and his sympathy for the movement makes him blind to its drawbacks, and, consequently, induces him to overestimate its possibilities. The other, looking from outside, through the glasses of prejudice, gets but a distorted vision of the whole. He sees the defects and ignores the power that resides within it, with the result that he pronounces, rather hastily, that the cause is doomed to failure.

Swadeshism urgently claims a fair and equitable hearing of its case. In this article we will attempt to give such an account of the movement that will escape the accusations of partiality on the one hand, and of prejudice, on the other. It would contribute to the clear statement of the problem if our remarks take the form of answers to the following questions: Is there any necessity for the existence of the movement? What does the movement aim at? How does it propose to achieve its end? Is it likely to succeed?

The poverty, or rather the recognition of the poverty of India, creates the problem which *Swadeshism* purposes to solve. There was a time when the educated classes of this country seriously entertained the belief that India is a rich country. The improvements in the ordinary conditions of life were taken as an index to the

increasing prosperity of the people. A candid study of the facts has already dispelled this fond delusion. The curtain that separated the toils and struggles of the masses from our view has been removed. A sadder spectacle has never been revealed to human vision. The majority of the working classes live on one meal a day, not a few could afford even this luxury. The huts in which they live are for the most part miserable and wretched. The poverty of India is now a well-established fact. Whatever might be the causes which have contributed to this state of things, whichever might be the party on whom the blame rests, the fact itself is undeniable. The people have realised it. The Government has acknowledged it.

What then are the causes of the poverty of India? The causes that have conspired to bring about this deplorable state of affairs are varied and various. The conservative tendencies of the people, coupled with social customs of a ruinous nature, have succeeded in making India poor. Expensive marriages have lodged many into debt, which is a certain road to poverty; love of ornaments, by diverting the funds available for commerce to purposes of personal adornment, has also been a contributory cause. Money turned to ornaments affords no scope for the increase of initial outlay. The want of enterprise is another cause. The vast preponderance of the agricultural population is another cause. In times of famine the whole country is practically thrown out of its profession. Industries and trade, which are necessary for the growth of commercial welfare, have been abandoned for agriculture.

Agriculture is subject to the vagaries of weather and the vicissitudes of famine. Mechanical trades, on the other hand, offer a continuous prospect of activity to the people. Being based on social need, they are as permanent as the society itself. A regular and unfailing source of income is thus replaced by a means of livelihood over which man has but very limited control. The death of indigenous industries may be cited as another cause. Many of the native industries had to succumb under the keen competition of the modern world. Other countries, what with their improved machinery, what with their superior talents, have easily outstripped India in the race after fortune, and finally ousted her from the field altogether.

The nature of our imports and exports may be said to have completed the ruins worked out by other causes. India exports raw material, and imports all the necessity of life. She exports cotton and imports cloth. The significance of this state of things is plain enough. Other countries are enriched at our cost. What we gain by exports is more than counterbalanced by what

we lose by our imports. The country is gradually emptied of its resources. Wealth steps out. Poverty steps in.

Handing over to social reformers the task of combating and finally conquering these evils, which, arising from an ill developed character, have operated fatally against co-operation for commercial purposes, *Swadeshism* undertakes to cure the evils which are responsible for the poverty of India by a twofold activity. The first of these is the re-trial of dying and dead industries which are indigenous. Even after foreign standards of life and taste have done their work, it is quite possible that the Indian heart would retain a lingering affection for articles which are characteristic of this country. The happy associations that hover around memories which cling around these articles, investing them with a halo of sanctity, will certainly safeguard their interest against the usurpation of foreign ware. The brass ware of India, the *sarees* of Benares, though they might sink to a secondary position, will never be banished from Indian homesteads. The demand for commodities distinctly Indian will never cease to exist. Thus the revival of indigenous trades will answer a real need. The starting of such industries will meet the needs which a progressive civilization has created. The advance of science, the intercourse with the other nations of the world, the opening the doors of the country to the foreigner, have operated upon our mode of life and have increased our needs. At present, most of our needs are met by foreign articles. By sending our youths to the industrial centres of the world, and by opening factories in India, *Swadeshism* hopes to stem the tide of incoming foreign articles. Our raw material would be properly utilized.

We have already said that one of the causes of the poverty of India is the preponderance of an agricultural population. During the unsettled times of Indian history, mechanical trades being subject to sudden reverses, many were tempted to desert their natural professions for the more stable one of agriculture. Two results followed. The ranks of tillers were greatly augmented by persons little qualified to fulfil duties which agriculture imposes on them. Useful industries were left to languish and die. The revival of industries which *Swadeshism* contemplates will lead many, whose practical ability has received a wrench by being forced to unnatural occupations, to professions for which natural capacity and hereditary genius fits them. *Swadeshism*, if successful, thus tends to equalise the distribution of labour between arts and agriculture, upon which the prosperity of a country so largely depends.

By starting such industries as will meet the

needs which a progressive civilization has created, this movement proposes to gain the end in view. The absence of commercial knowledge which can touch and transform the crude products of the country to articles of daily necessity, the inability to manipulate the internal resources of the country, is little short of calamity. We are completely banished even from our own markets, and trade has been removed from our hands. We have sulphur and wood, and in abundance, but we have no matches. Our own cotton is given to us in the shape of cloth. *Swadeshism* creates an Indian market which does not now exist.

Swadeshism, being entirely a practical question, we may not allow its theoretical pretensions to pass unchallenged. The whole interest centres around the methods. According as they are practicable or not, the movement will be pronounced a success or failure. The crucial test which settles the fate of the movement is "How does *Swadeshism* work when it descends from the heights of theoretical speculation to the plains of the practical world? We must confess that *Swadeshism* in its working, though it may be too early to pronounce a judgment, has betrayed difficulties, which unless promptly removed, might greatly obstruct its progress, stultify its efforts, and imperil its success.

Starting into life a few minor industries here and there, on a modest scale is all that *Swadeshism* has attempted till now. But this will hardly produce any perceptible alteration in the present economic situation, neither will it relieve the pressure of the poverty on the working classes. What is needful is that the re-generation which is confined to small industries must be undertaken on a large scale. This arises from the fact that the movement works through petty merchants, whereas the only persons capable of patronising the cause are the rich merchant princes of the land. It is their cooperation that the pioneers of the movement must seek, and it is their sympathy and support that they should enlist.

Secondly, the *Swadeshi* articles are far inferior to make and far dearer in value than the corresponding *videshi* ones. However much patriotic motives might induce the cultured classes to make the sacrifice demanded, it may confidently be asserted that the appeal will fall flat upon the masses. In spite of all our thunderings from the platforms, the poor will always buy the cheap article. To undertake to better the prospects of the poor by demanding of them a sacrifice which poverty renders impossible is as ridiculous as pointing out to a prisoner that liberty can easily be attained by walking through the stone walls of the prison. The success of the movement entirely depends upon the efficient quality

of the articles produced. Unless these goods compare favourably with foreign products at the same time, it would be an idle dream to hope that we will be able to command a sale in the markets.

To sum up, instead of spreading the available energy over a wide area all efforts must be made to converge and focus on a single point. In concentrating our efforts and in efficiency lies the possibility of our success. The most formidable difficulty in the way of Swadeshism remains yet to be mentioned. The Government has yet to come to our aid and protect home industry by imposing import duties. Whether the Government would lend its support in the interests of the movement or not remains to be seen. Meanwhile, those who have the welfare of the country at heart must see that they do not arm the suspicion of the powers-that-be against the movement, but seek as far as possible to obtain their co-operation.

It would be ungrateful to close this article without paying a tribute of admiration to the daughters of India for the silent sympathy and support they have given to this cause. It is the women of India, that even to this day, patronise the home industries to a great extent.

While their learned brethren have talked and talked about Swadeshism, they alone have expressed sympathy in action. What they have done for the movement pales into insignificance compared with what they can yet do for it.

The movement has its origin in patriotism. Its progress, too, depends upon it. The mothers of India, by infusing into the hearts of the future generation a healthy love of their country, may help forward this movement.

As for the future of Swadeshism; if the currents of thought that are moving the still waters of Indian life to its depths have anything of permanent value in them, if the manifestation of patriotism which we see around has its roots in anything deeper than an ephemeral and transient emotion, then surely, we will not be far in the wrong, if we promise for the movement, a future worthy of its ambition.

C. P.

MORAL MAXIM.

If your lips would keep from slips,

Five things observe with care :

To whom you speak, of whom you speak.

And how, and when, and where.

"Thoughts suggested by reading a few lines from 'In Memoriam.'"



DEATH is the greatest of mysteries and from man's point of view inexplicable. It is the necessary consequence of man's connection with the world, and as such in every one the question of the life after death, often rises in some shape or other. Different religions view this question in different lights. The Hindu seeks refuge in the doctrine of Karma, the Buddhist in that of Nirvana, the Christian in the resurrection after death, while the Atheist like the Epicurean

refuses to believe in any life after death; and, last of all, the Naturalist, Scientist and Philosopher find consolation in the thought that death is but an immutable law of nature and our feelings must give way to the grand workings of nature. The naturalist adduces the fact that nature preserves the type, while she is careless of the individual. Out of fifty seeds sown, only one bears, while the rest decay in course of time; so also in the case of man. But when we observe natural phenomena all around us, we find that nature is not even careful of the type, as Tennyson says,

"From scarred cliff and quarried stone
She cries, 'A thousand types are gone :
I care for nothing, all shall go.
Thou makest thine appeal to me
I bring to life, I bring to death ;
The spirit does but mean the breath,
I know no more'....."

so, from this point of view, man is the most despicable of world's creations. To think that man, the best of nature's works, with such splendour and noble purpose in him,

"Who loved, who suffered countless ill,
Who battled for the true, the Just",

should at last, in the end, be as if he had never been, except for a few fossil bones thrown among hills and dust, as traces of an extinct race, for the information of coming generations, makes us feel that after all man is "a dream, a discord."

When we ponder over this great mystery, we falter in our faith, and feeling the weight of care fall on us, we can only fall

"Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope into darkness, up to God."

we trust that somehow, in some mysterious way or other, good will come out of all this world's perplexities and mysteries, we trust,

"That nothing walks with aimless feet :
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void."

Perhaps, all this enclosure of mist round death is intended to introduce us to a deeper knowledge of God, and to enable us to be of larger service to man. It reminds us of the fires in the Pyrenees mountains, which burn up vineyards, and olive yards, and rend the rocks and disclose unsuspected veins of precious metal.

We know not anything. We are like

"An infant crying in the night
An infant crying for the light
And with no language but a cry."

We can only trust that good will fall,

"At last—far off—at last, to all,"

we trust there will be a life beyond the grave, as Longfellow says,

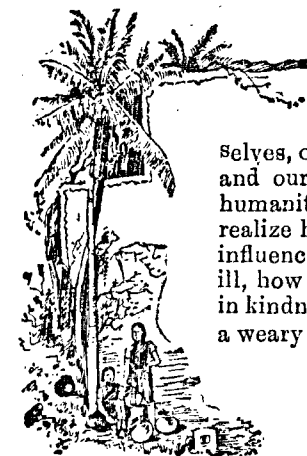
"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal."

As the meaning of this life is such a mystery to us, we can only

"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."

PAPPAMMAL MASILLAMANI.

"Influence is felt, not given."



DO we realize the truth of this? So many of us are wrapped up in our-

selves, our joys, our ambitions and our aims. Self blots out humanity. And yet if we can realize how unconsciously we influence others for good or for ill, how one little word spoken in kindness may lighten many a weary heart, and how a little smile would bring gladness to an oppressed mind, we would soon forget self. Sympathy is the root of this and to cultivate it, we must give of ourselves, not only of our time

and other external aid, but of our natures, of our thoughts and ideals. Soul must speak to soul and heart to heart. Influence is such. It is not a tangible thing, and yet every moment of our lives we are influencing some one. Does the teacher realize that the little eyes that watch her so demurely are taking stock of herself, her demeanour, her language and her thought, and some all unconsciously have chosen her for their ideal. Is it not a responsibility? To misguide one of these little ones would, indeed, be a crime. Is not the mother the ideal for her children? If she brings them up in love and tenderness, has nothing but sweet caresses and kind words, the infant grows up with sunshine in her heart, and her smile would be like sunshine in the home. The elder sister, is she not an example to her little brother and sisters? Does she realize this? Very often she is cross with them when they come and disturb her, when she is at work, and very often she sets them aside that she may not miss her lessons or her pleasures. And yet one soft word, a re-assuring smile, one little kind act or even the answering of a question, would send the little one away with smiles and dimples. Do not books influence us? We very often wish to be like the heroines of the books we read, and who knows, perhaps, we may be so, when an occasion arises for the showing of presence of mind or courage. Who knows but that that example may not have inspired us. The secret of it all is not to live for ourselves. We all of us possess some marked individuality of our own, and, we are all of us different in temperament, tastes and pursuits. And yet, we can influence each other, by kindness, sympathy and courtesy. So much can be done by us, women, in this. It is our special realm, because as the softer nature, we can give of ourselves in helping and in cheering on others. We can bring sunshine into our homes. We can improve the lives of those who are less fortunate than ourselves. What we want is "thoughtful love," which, through constant watching, will learn, "to meet the glad with joyful smiles and wipe the weeping eyes." We want a "heart that is at leisure from itself," because

"Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoever estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts,
To keep and cultivate."

Blessed indeed is the woman of whom it can be said:—

"She never found fault with you, never implied
Your wrong by her right; and yet men at her side
Grew nobler, girls purer.
None knelt at her feet, conferred lovers in thrall,—
They knelt more to God than they used—that was
all?"

But that 'all' comprises the whole sum of one's life. It is a great 'all,' and if we attain it, we are blessed indeed. The influence of such men and women is really felt and not given, for such influence is ours, if only "we walk with God."

EASY PAGES FOR OUR GIRLS.

I.—Persephone and Pluto.

A STORY FROM GREEK MYTHOLOGY.



Persephone was one of the fairest maidens the sun ever shone upon. Her eyes were blue like the summer seas, her hair was golden, her voice was sweet as a silver bell. Being the daughter of Demeter, the goddess of harvest, Persephone was entitled to a dwelling in Mount Olympus with her sister goddesses. But Persephone liked the sunshine and the flowers, and the green grassy spaces of earth far better, and elected to live there. Her anxious mother often spent happy days on earth with her; and hand-in-hand, the two goddesses would wander about the fields and meadows, and the goddess of harvest would smile on her daughter and the

corn would grow twice as rapidly as at any other time, and the farmers would thank the gods and congratulate themselves.

But this idyllic existence was destined to be broken. One morning, Persephone went into the fields to gather daffodils. The sea nymphs were with her and made wreaths of the beautiful flowers for their yellow hair. But Persephone wandered far away, till presently, she found a flower she had never seen before. It was a white narcissus, but instead of one or two flowers, a hundred starry blossoms were growing on one stalk. With her lovely face bent over the beautiful flowers, she was inhaling their delicious scent, when a terrible thing happened. The earth suddenly opened at her feet into a great black gulf, out of which came forth a chariot drawn by four black horses. From the chariot leaped the mighty figure of Aides, King of Shades, and he snatched her up in his arms and bore her away to the regions below the earth.

And so Persephone was lost to the world. Demeter came and searched for her, everywhere, but her fair and beloved daughter was nowhere to be found. Then, in despair, the sad mother disguised herself as an old wrinkled woman and went to Attika, in Greece, to conduct the search. She sat beside a well, and at sunset, young girls came with pails to draw water from the well. They were princesses, the daughters of Queen Metanira, and they had pity on the old woman and took her as a nurse for their baby brother.

The goddess Demeter, disguised as a mortal, made a wonderful nurse for the infant Prince, who thrived splendidly under her care. She rubbed his limbs with ambrosia, the food of the gods, by day, and at night she laid him on a blazing fire, the flames of which did him no harm, but only made him the stronger and rosier. She intended to make him as immortal as one of the gods themselves; but the Fates were against him. For, one day, the Queen-mother, who had long been suspicious of the old nurse, came secretly at night to see what she was doing and saw the child being laid in the flames. She screamed with terror, whereupon, the bent form of the nurse straightened itself into the fair, beauteous figure of the goddess.

"I am the goddess, Demeter," she said, "and I would have made your son immortal; but your curiosity has prevented it."

The queen begged her pardon; but Demeter would not listen and soon after left the palace.

That year the harvest was a poor one, for Demeter could not smile on it. Then she made a resolution. "There shall be no harvest, till Persephone is restored to me."

Then the gods assembled together, and begged the King of Shades to send back Persephone

who was now his wife, as fair as before, but not at all happy. Hermes was the messenger of the gods. He had silver rings on his feet and on his cap. He came like a flash of light into the land of Shades, and Persephone fell at her husband's feet, and begged him to send her back to her mother. The crafty Aides gave his permission, but also gave her a few pomegranate seeds to eat.

This was the poor girl's undoing, for any one who tasted food in that dark land was bound to stay there forever. But, without Persephone, the harvests were bound to suffer, and there would be famine. So the gods had a consultation together, and made the following arrangement—that Persephone should stay six months with her husband and six months with her mother. Thus, during the dark months of winter, there are no harvests, but when the spring sunshine smiles on the earth, Demeter is happy again, and beneath her smile, the summer grain brightens to a fruitful harvest.

II.—A Nine Days' English Queen.

Lady Jane Grey or rather Dudley, was the great grand child of Henry VII, through her grandmother Mary, Queen Dowager of France, the wife of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. Her father was Henry Grey who was created Duke of Suffolk in 1551. Jane married Guildford Dudley, fourth son of the Duke of Northumberland. She was an amiable, charming, and witty girl and every one who came in contact with her, had a liking for her. Fuller says of her that, "she had the innocency of childhood, the beauty of youth, the solidity of middle age, the gravity of old age, and all at eighteen, the birth of a princess, the learning of a clerk, the life of a saint, yet the death of a malefactor for her parent's offences."

On Edward's death in 1553, Lady Jane Grey was proclaimed Queen by the Duke of Northumberland. But the people would not endure such a base settlement. They rose in arms in favour of Mary. Northumberland marched from London to crush the rising. But the people of London, Protestants as they were, showed their illwill by a stubborn silence. Northumberland's own followers deserted him. And, when he found that all was lost, he himself threw his cap into the air and shouted for Mary. But this submission failed to avert his doom. He was found guilty of high treason and was brought to the block. The death of Northumberland drew with it the imprisonment in the Tower of the in-

nocent and helpless girl, Jane, whom he had made the tool of his ambition. Lord Guildford Dudley, and Lord Suffolk were also kept in the Tower pending their trial.

On Monday, the 10th July, 1553, Lady Jane had been brought from her residence to the Tower, where she was received as Queen. On the 19th July, when Mary had been proclaimed Queen she wished to leave the Tower, but found to her utter astonishment and despair, that she was a prisoner as well as a deposed Queen. Her husband, Lord Guildford Dudley, was placed in the Beauchamp Tower, and Lady Jane was kept in the Lieutenant's lodging, and afterwards in the Gaoler's house, which adjoins it.

Queen Mary was crowned on the 1st of October, and on the 12th of November, Lady Jane and her husband, with Archbishop Cranmer and others, were brought for trial before the Lord Mayor of London. The prisoners pleaded guilty, and Lady Jane was sentenced to "be burned alive on the Tower Hill or beheaded as the Queen pleases". Though there seems to have been some chance that the young couple might have escaped the extreme penalty of the law, Jane's father joined in Sir Thomas Wyatt's insurrection, and that sealed their doom. The ministers did not think it safe that their lives should be spared, even though the Queen wished to show some mercy. The executions were fixed for the 12th February, but in different places, since it was feared that the people may not like the sight of so young a pair meeting death together. On the morning of the 12th February, Lord Guildford Dudley went forth from the Tower to the scaffold on the Tower Hill. And before his execution, he requested the people many times to pray for him and held up his hands to God with tears.

Next was the turn of Lady Jane, who, as she was endued with singular gifts, both of learning and knowledge was as patient and mild as any lamb at her execution. Amid much adversity, she remained faithful to the truth all her life, and, finally, died, meekly confessing her trust in her Saviour. Lady Jane went forth to her execution with a serene spirit, and a little before her death, she uttered these words from the scaffold to the people, who were standing thereabout,—“Good people, I come hither to die and by law I am condemned to the same. I pray you, all good Christian people, to bear me witness that I die a true Christian woman, and that I look to be saved by none other means, but only by the mercy of God, in the merit of the blood of His Holy Son Jesus Christ;.....and now, good people, while I am alive, I pray you to assist me with your prayers.” The hangman

(See page 51.)

III WORK, SISTERS, WORK.

Work, sisters, work!
Go singing on your way!
Work is the solace of our life,
Work has the power to crush out strife,
Work, sisters, work!

Work, sisters, work!
And while ye work, oh pray!
Pray, for the mighty God above
Shall work through you; as God of love,
Work, sisters, work!

Rest, sisters, rest!
When age crops up to you,
Honour and love and joy and peace
Crowning your lives when work shall cease,
Rest, sisters, rest!

who was standing near her was very much moved by these pathetic words, and kneeling down before her, asked her forgiveness. She forgave him most willingly and requested him to despatch her quickly. At the last, she calmly laid her head upon the block, and said "Lord into Thy hands I commend my spirit." And so she ended, and was buried in the St. Peter's Chapel beside her husband, Lord Guildford Dudley.

A little before her death, her Gaoler, the Lieutenant of the Tower of London, asked her for a keepsake, and she gave him the book in which she had just written:—"Forasmuch as you have desired so simple a woman to write in so worthy a book, good master lieutenant, therefore, I shall, as a friend, desire you and as a Christian, require you, to call upon God to incline your heart to His laws, to quicken you in His ways and not to take the word of truth utterly out of your mouth. Live still to die, that by death you may purchase eternal life; and remember, now the end of Mathusael, who, we read in the Scripture was the longest liver that was of a man, died at the last: for as the preacher says that there is a time to be born and a time to die, and the day of death is better than the day of our birth."

It is pathetic to read in the same book, also in her own handwriting in Greek, Latin, and English the words:—"If my fault deserved punishment, my youth at least and my imprudence were worthy of excuse. God and posterity will show me favour."

Yours as the Lord knoweth as a friend,

JANE DUDLEY."

IV.—Broken Friendship.

Friendship is a good deal like porcelain. It is very durable and beautiful as long as it is whole; but break it, and all the cement in the world will never quite repair the damage.

You may stick the pieces together so that, at a distance, it looks nearly as well as ever; but it won't hold hot water. It is always ready to deceive you if you trust it; and it is, on the whole, a very worthless thing, fit only to be put empty on a shelf, and forgotten there.

The finer and the more delicate it is, the more utter the ruin. A mere acquaintanceship, which needs only a little good humour to keep it up, may be coarsely puttied like the old yellow basin in the store closet; but tenderness and trust, and sweet exchange of confidence, can no more be yours when angry words and thoughts have

broken them, than can those delicate porcelain tea-cups which were splintered to pieces be restored to their original excellence. The slightest crack will spoil the true ring, and you had better search for a new friend than try to mend the old one.

And all these has nothing to do with forgiveness. One may forgive and be forgiven, but the deed has been done and the word said: the flowers and the gilding are gone. The formal "making up" especially between two women is of no more avail than the wonderful cements that have made a cracked ugliness of the China vase that you expected to be your "joy for ever".

Handled delicately, washed to purity in the waters of truth, confided to no careless, unsympathizing hands, friendship may last two lives out; but it "does not pay" to try to mend it. Once broken it is spoiled for ever.

V.—Allegory—What it is.

By an Allegory we mean a story or narrative, in which there is an undercurrent of deeper meaning intermingled with all the facts related,—as Coleridge puts it, it is to talk of one thing and thereby convey another. It is closely allied to the Fable and the Parable, differing from them more in degree and form than in essence. The Fable deals with the material world, and is often humorous and satirical; the Allegory has to do with the spiritual world, and is always earnest and serious.

In the Parable the sign and the thing signified are shewn to us side by side, and kept quite distinct from each other, whilst in the Allegory they are blended together, and the qualities of the one are often attributed to the other. The Allegory contains its own meaning, which is unfolded as the story proceeds; the Parable requires to be interpreted, and compared with the thing it signifies.

They all appeal to the imagination, and have been at all times the delight of children.

Children live in a world of imagination; to the thoughtful child, life is full of mysteries; he, therefore, delights in tales of fairy land, in stories of the marvellous, in the Pilgrim's Progress, and all that brings him near to the unseen world, of which he is vaguely conscious.

Again, in the childhood of Nations, we see the love of Allegory; what was the mythology of early Greece is but one long continuous Allegory; Prometheus, Pandora, Hercules, are they not all stories with hidden meanings? As little children lisp, and tell of Heaven, so thoughts

beyond their thought to those high Bards were given." The legend of King Arthur, the German story of Faust, and all the old Teutonic legends, half Pagan, half Christian, they all belong to the childhood of nations, and are full of unconscious meaning.

The modern world has seen the creation of two great Allegories, the Fairy Queen and the Pilgrim's Progress. In comparing the two, we shall, I think, find an answer to the question, as to how far Allegory is a legitimate and effective mode of composition. Why is it that the Pilgrim's Progress has been read by thousands, and is even fresh in interest to each succeeding generation, and at each stage of life, whilst Spenser has been "much more talked of than read, and less talked of than he deserves"?—Is it not because he has not fulfilled all the conditions under which an Allegory may be interesting? He has brought all the powers of his fancy to bear upon his poem, he lives in his Fairy world, and would fain transport us thither too, but try as we will, it remains Fairy land to the end, remote and unearthly. He paints his characters with all the grace and beauty, the warmth and brightness of a Rubens or a Titian, we reverence the spotless purity of Una, we watch anxiously the combat of the Red Cross Knight with the Dragon, they are living beings before us, but they are Elfs, not men and women. Hence Spenser only delights those who can follow the Poet into his magic world, and be content to see with his eyes. But Bunyan comes straight home to our hearts, we feel at once we know the Slough of Despond, the Valley of Humiliation, the Straight Way, it is all familiar ground to us. He is so human; they are real people that he is describing to us, and he has felt all that he describes. Spenser, pure-minded and serene, looked on at his knight's conflict and pictured it to us like an outsider.

His meaning, too, is not always easy to see, he brings such a medley of strange figures into his poem, and it is troublesome to follow them all; the mind wearies of them, and loses the beauty of the poetry. This was not felt in his own day. Ariosto had taught people to like poetic Allegory and there was nothing incongruous to their eyes in its strange mingling of heathen mythology with mediæval romance. Men were just awaking from the long sleep of the Middle Ages, their imaginations were glowing with the new perceptions dawning upon them, and the varied fancy and mystic Puritanism of Spenser harmonised with the spirit of the age, and were the outcome of the Renaissance and the Reformation.

But now in this impatient, self-conscious nineteenth century, we have learned to think that Allegory and Poetry are not compatible.

Poetry should give delight first of all, and

it and follow it, the delight is lost, and poetry has not fulfilled its function.

To be effective and legitimate, an Allegory should be prose, its characters should possess a strong human interest, and its meaning should be so clear that it can go hand-in-hand with the story as it progresses. These conditions fulfilled, Allegory is to many minds a link with things unseen, explaining to grown-up children some of the mysteries of existence, and helping them to understand the Hereafter by the lessons of the Present.

VI.—Queen Alexandra at Home.

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES.

IN her Norfolk home, the Queen has been the constant friend of the sick and infirm; not merely paying the formal call of enquiry, but herself ministering to their needs—sitting at the bedside of a sick labourer until late in an evening, and returning again to bring him some tempting food from her own table; rubbing the hands of some old woman with rheumatism, and even washing the face of an old man who appeared at that particular time to have no one at hand to do it; while she rarely enters a sick room without shaking up the pillows, and trying to put them in a more comfortable position for the patient. "I never knew anyone who could arrange pillows like the Queen," said one who had had experience of her tender ministrations. She is most sympathetic to the infirmities of the aged, and will give personal assistance to anyone needing it.

For instance, one morning, when about the Sandringham lanes, the Queen saw an old woman, burdened with a loaf of bread under one arm and carrying a cabbage and a bundle of sticks in the other hand, trying to climb a stile. She hastened to her assistance, saying, "You cannot get over with all those things in your hands; let me hold some of them for you"; and taking the loaf and the cabbage, she held them until Biddy was safely on the other side of the stile.—Mrs. Tooley, in *"The Life of Queen Alexandra."*

THE QUEEN'S PETS.

The Queen is a great lover of animals, and a full list of her pets would be a long one. Among her particular favourites are the dogs.

Mrs. Tooley tells us that Her Majesty when at Sandringham makes a systematic tour of the kennels at least once a week. "She first goes into Mrs. Jackson's cottage to have a large

her round accompanied by Mr. Brundson, who has been for fifteen years the keeper of her pets, carrying bread, which has previously been cut up by Mrs. Jackson and arranged in dainty, but capacious, baskets. The Queen opens the door of each kennel herself, and its occupants come rushing out at the sound of her voice; indeed, the previous barking has shown that they know who is approaching even before she speaks." All know her voice and vie with each other to gain a caress. The curious thing is that while the dogs will not touch bread if given to them by the keepers, they will eat up every scrap thrown to them by their beloved mistress. A visitor who on one occasion accompanied the Queen to the kennels, remarked that his dogs would not touch bread. "Then they have not been properly brought up," replied Her Majesty.

The Queen has wonderful control over the dogs, and the most unmanageable of them will do her bidding at a word. When they die they are buried in a little graveyard set apart near the kennels, and a tombstone is erected to their memory. "I noticed the grave of 'Sam,' a brown poodle, for many years the companion of the Princess Victoria, who used to have the clippings of his coat spun into yarn for crocheting shawls. He died in 1900. There, too, was the grave of the Duke of Clarence's old favourite, 'Venus,' who had been taken to be the 'King's dog.' A special tombstone recording his connection with the dead Prince has been erected over his remains. Another stone was inscribed with the name of 'Beatie, for ten years the faithful companion of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales; died at Sandringham, January 13, 1893.'"

A GOOD KNITTER.

As the Queen, when Princess of Wales, was one afternoon sitting in the cottage of a humble country friend, she laughingly took up a stocking, and there and then knitted a heel to it, remarking, "I'm sure you can't do the heel as quickly as I can. Do you know, I rather pride myself on the way I can knit stockings? I have just made a pair for the Prince, and—!" Her Royal Highness was not allowed to finish her statement. The old woman, with staring eyes and almost frightened voice, exclaimed "Well, well! And so the Prince wears stockings, do'e? Ah, your Royal Highness! Only me and you, who makes these stockings, know the 'orrible' oles the men do make in the 'eels, to be sure!"

PERSONAL KINDNESS.

"The Queen's deeds of personal kindness," says Mrs. Tooley, "meet one in unexpected places. I called at a wayside cottage in remote Babingley, and found there a suffering woman with a bright cheerful nurse in attendance

'Yes ma'am,' said the woman, 'I have been unable to get about all winter, and as soon as the Queen heard I was too ill to attend to myself she sent a nurse to stay with me. She has been here for four months, and I have wanted for nothing, and Her Majesty has been several times to see me. At the kennels I found that the keeper had an only child, a sweet little girl, lying at the point of death. He showed me a telegram just received from the Queen, then at Windsor, saying how anxious she was to hear whether there was any hope of the child's recovery, and expressing her sympathy with the stricken parents. 'The Queen thought a lot of our little girl'—every one of the estate is of opinion that the Queen thinks 'a lot' of their children—he told me; 'and when she came to see the dogs she always came and sat down in my house to talk to my wife, and, if the child was not in, would ask for her.'"

Another page describes an incident at Marlborough House, which shows the Queen in a fresh aspect of her winning character. "Madame Jerichau Baumann, an artist, and the wife of a Danish sculptor, had known Queen Alexandra in her early years in Copenhagen, and she relates a conversation at Marlborough House, where she went to paint Prince Albert Victor, which illustrates the faithfulness to her old friends, which is one of the most beautiful traits in the Queen's character. 'Never shall I forget,' says Madame Jerichau, 'that day when the Princess showed me her new and splendid home at Marlborough House, and brought out the keepsakes of her old home, which she had brought with her. But fairest of all was the Princess herself, because she was so young and so 'lovely her looks, as the song says.' I said to her, 'This is all exceedingly beautiful, but the best thing for me is to see your Royal Highness amongst all this glory and splendour, quite untouched by it, and just the same as at Bernstorff.' Then she gave me her hand, and said with tears in her eyes, 'Dear Mrs. Jerichau, ought I not to feel very humble because of all the kindness which has been shown me in my new home?'"

Be strong to bear, O heart!

Nothing is vain:

Strive not, for life is care,

And God sends pain.

Heaven is above, and there

Rest will remain!

Adelaide Anne Procter.

Friendly Chats among Ourselves.

COURTESY.



COURTESY is true politeness. It arises from the good feeling we have for our fellow creatures, and a wish to make those around us happy. It is the external show of internal culture. It consists in discerning the tastes and

ideas of others and in forbearing to ridicule them, though they may not coincide with our own. The chief qualities that go to form courtesy are forbearance, prudence, sympathy, a good deal of love and much refinement. Some are naturally courteous, especially women, for they are full of tact and sympathy; others are too shy and too awkward to be polite, but the quality of courtesy can be cultivated like every other good habit. There is such a thing as conventional politeness, or "etiquette," as it is called, but this is absolutely of no use, and is not worthy to be cultivated, if there is no sympathy and no wish to make life pleasant for others. It is more than useless, for it is a sort of hypocrisy, that makes perfectly selfish people appear good. But this outside polish is easily seen to be as such. Nothing that is not genuinely good can appear so for a long time.

One may be perfectly unconventional, and yet thoroughly polite, if only there is an underlying wish to be agreeable to people and not to hurt their feelings in any way whatever. There is always something of benevolence and unselfishness in courtesy. It does not think of itself, does not worry about its own petty troubles; it is not absorbed in itself and so gives itself up to think of the happiness of others, and helps to promote it.

Among the nations, the French are considered the most polite and the English reserved and stiff. But surely politeness can go together with reserve. There is nothing in mere sprightliness and vivacity. We must have at heart a deep solicitude for others, which we can show in apparently small kind offices.

Though courtesy is beautiful and useful and worthy to be cultivated, we must not lose sight

of the more important subject—a good character. From that alone arises true courtesy. Emerson says that beautiful manners are better than either a beautiful form or face,—and a beautiful heart is better than a highly polished manner.

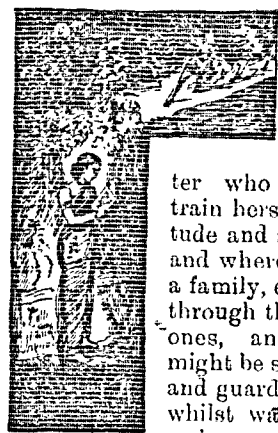
SOUNDARYA BAL.

Home Talks.

HOME-NURSING.

(Taken from the Girls' Own Paper).

V.—CHILDREN'S AILMENTS.



WITH the women of the household lies the responsibility of taking care of the children; therefore every woman, no matter who she may be, should train herself to act with promptitude and sense in an emergency, and where there are children in a family, emergencies often arise through the ailments of the little ones, and many valuable lives might be saved, did their mothers and guardians know what to do whilst waiting for the doctor to arrive.

Perhaps, the most terrifying of all infantile ailments is convulsions. These may be due to teething, improper feeding, constipation or worms. The symptoms are a twitching of the muscles and the clenching of the little hands, then a stiffening of the whole body. Dr. Macgregor Robertson says:—"Loosen all the child's clothing, dash cold water on the face and neck, by which time a hot bath should be in readiness. Test the water with the point of the elbow, for fear of scalding the delicate skin of the little one. Put the child into the bath and keep him in it for five minutes, then take him out and keep him rolled up in hot blankets until the doctor arrives." If the convulsions are caused by improper feeding, a dose of castor oil is often efficacious in removing the food that causes the irritation. Frequent convulsions, with no apparent reason, point to brain trouble, and the treatment for them must be that which is prescribed by the doctor. If mothers and others who have charge of infants would only remember at the first sign of convulsions to put the child into a warm bath, many little lives, especially in the country, where the distances are great, would be

saved. But so many women seem to be sadly afraid to do anything until the doctor comes, and often by that time, alas, it is too late.

Rickets: This disease is the product of deficient and bad food, that is, improper food, bad air and general insanitary living. A child that is nursed by the mother for a year or longer is liable to rickets, and it is also prevalent amongst hand-fed children, especially those in poor neighbourhoods. Minor symptoms of this disease are cutting the teeth very late, being backward in walking and talking. The major symptoms are that the child does not thrive, there is profuse perspiration of the head and neck and chest, the muscles are flabby, the wrists and ankles swell, and there is an intense irritation of the whole nervous system, besides which the child has apparently causeless fits of crying. The effects of rickets are seen in the many bandy-legged, knock-kneed, and pigeon-breasted children one so often meets. It also gives an increased tendency to catch infectious diseases, colds, bronchitis, diarrhoea and spinal curvature. The treatment for rickets consists in strict attention to clean and healthy surroundings, and to diet. Give the child plenty of fresh milk and fat, in winter give cod-liver oil, also let the little patient be out-of-doors whenever there is sunshine, as sunshine and fresh air are great healers and restorers. It may be said that in some parts of our large towns this treatment would be impossible, but if the mothers have the will to try to benefit their little ones, the way will be found.

Croup, which is inflammation of the larynx, is an ailment to which some children are subject. It is very terrifying to anyone who is inexperienced, as it generally comes on at night. The symptoms of an attack are usually those of a bad cold. The child will speak hoarsely, then there will be a dry frequent cough which soon turns to the croup cough, which is a long drawn out breath, with a catch or crow at the end. It is most distressing to hear, and the little patient as a rule is very feverish. Hot fomentations to the throat and chest will give a great relief, and the child should be kept in a warm, even temperature, the fire in his room being kept in day and night. A bronchitis kettle can also be used, as the steam from it so often makes it easier for the patient to breathe. A dose of ipecacuanha wine should be administered at once, to try to make the child sick. This valuable medicine should always be kept in a house where there are children. In the case of croup it is always safer to send for the doctor, but sometimes he is unable to come at once, and if the mother or nurse does not act promptly and with knowledge, the child may die before medical aid can reach him. A child subject to croup should al-

ways be clothed in flannel from knee to throat, and should not be allowed to go out in a keen east wind. Fortunately, after the age of seven, croup will disappear, but a child who has been subject to it will need very great care taken of him to bring him through his childhood.

Diarrhoea is sometimes caused by teething, but it is more often brought on by giving the child improper food. Damp and a sudden chill will also cause an attack. If caused by teething and it is only a slight attack, do not try to check it, as it will do good rather than harm, but should it become severe and prolonged, send for a doctor, do not try to treat the child yourself or a serious illness may ensue.

If caused by improper feeding, find out what has been given to the child, and change his diet. Sometimes for babies brought up by hand the cow's milk does not agree with them; try goat's milk, and if the attack continues, and the doctor makes no demur, give the child for one day arrow-root made with water, stopping the milk altogether. For children, not tiny babies, boil some rice in water, one ounce to a pint and a half of water, for one hour, then strain off the water, and give it to the little sufferer. This is much used in India for cases of diarrhoea both for young and old. Cinnamon boiled in milk is also a safe and a good remedy. If a child be subject to attacks of diarrhoea, add a tablespoonful of limewater to a teacupful of milk, and give it to him once a day.

Children suffer from constipation even more than they do from diarrhoea, and this, I must say, is often the fault of the mothers and nurses, who do not take the trouble to train the children in regular habits. Improper and over-feeding will cause constipation, and for this reason a child's diet should be most carefully attended to. "Prevention is better than cure," says the old proverb; therefore, begin with the child when he is a baby and teach him regular habits.

Give children plenty of fresh fruit in the mornings; for the wee ones, baked apples, raisins stoned put into a pie-dish, sprinkled with sugar and covered with water, then baked until quite soft, and bananas, are all safe and wholesome. Older children can have all sorts of vegetables and fruit, stewed prunes and figs in addition to what has been given above. Oatmeal porridge well cooked, and whole-meal bread in preference to white bread, can be recommended as preventives to constipation. For obstinate cases a dessertspoonful of olive oil taken night and morning will almost always bring relief. If none of these homely measures do any good, do not hesitate to send for the doctor.

Our Needlework Column.

THE STITCHES AND HOW TO WORK THEM.

Very little needs to be said upon this point, as the theory of this new method of drawn thread work is simple in the extreme, and consists of a suitable pattern being traced on to linen, and the design then outlined in button-hole stitch. It is not at all necessary to draw a hard and fast line with regard to the buttonholing, which may be slight or heavy according to the taste of the worker, and the size and style of pattern. The buttonhole stitches, however, must be set close together, and the purled edges as a general rule are those nearest to the cut threads.

After the buttonholing is completed, the threads are then cut and drawn to form either the pattern itself, or the background for the pattern. It is as well not to cut too many of the threads without pulling them, but to cut and draw as you go. A mistake soon happens, and when cutting the threads for say a square, always make sure that you cut the corresponding threads on the opposite side of the square, it is surprising how you may think you are right, and then find you are just a thread out. If, however, such an accident happens, it is quite easy to darn in another thread, of course, from the ravellings, and not from lace thread or cotton. The buttonholing running round the edge enables one to do this without the slightest fear of detection.

With just this amount of care the work is easy and simple in the extreme, and well repays any time spent upon it.

All the small squares, etc., described as suitable for bed-spreads or large pieces of work, can be worked in sections, and joined afterwards, with a linen lace such as torchon, or with strips of plain linen, or narrow bands of work in the same style. This enables ladies to carry out important pieces of work without the fatigue of holding the whole of a large and cumbersome article in their hands until finished.

Very charming effects may be produced by using coloured silk for the buttonholing and satin stitch, in place of the white flax threads, and if the washing silks (boiling dye) are selected, no fears need be entertained upon the question of wear.

FIGURE 1.

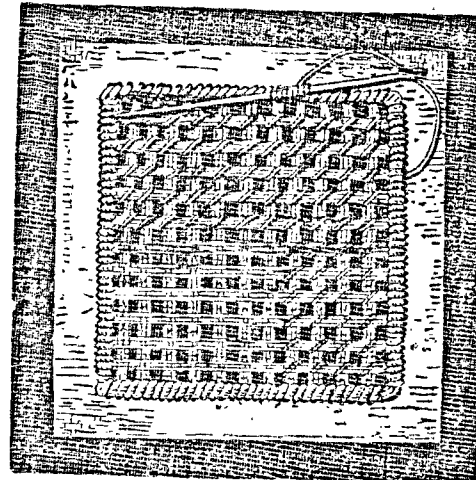


FIG. 1.—Shews small square of linen after being buttonholed round, with three threads cut and drawn, and three left. This is shown on the wrong side, and is much easier to cut and draw, and oversew than on the right side.

The sewing over is ordinary sewing over-stitch, one stitch into each hole, along one row and back the other, passing the needle and thread through the buttonhole stitches at the top of each row, and being careful that the over-sewing of each row all goes the same way. Care must of course be taken not to pull the stitches in the least bit tight, as when finished the work must be as flat as the original piece of linen.

FIGURE 2.

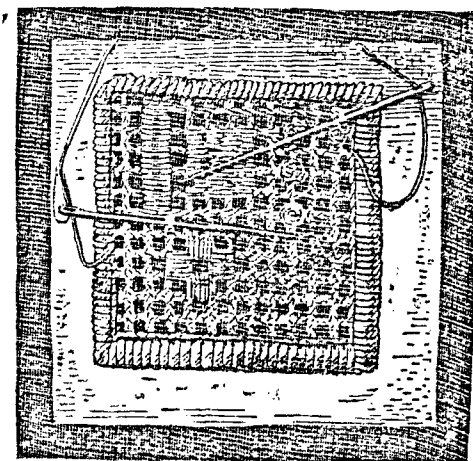


FIG. 2.—Method of working darning stitch, also the little wheels which occasionally occur. It is best to start with a tiny knot, which soon

gets hidden in the stitches, and finish off by passing the needle several times in and out of the darning at the back, being careful that it does not shew on the right side. Where practicable, however, do not cut off the thread, but carry it through the stitches behind, and up to the next hole to be darned.

This darning must be done on the right side of the work.

FIGURE 3.

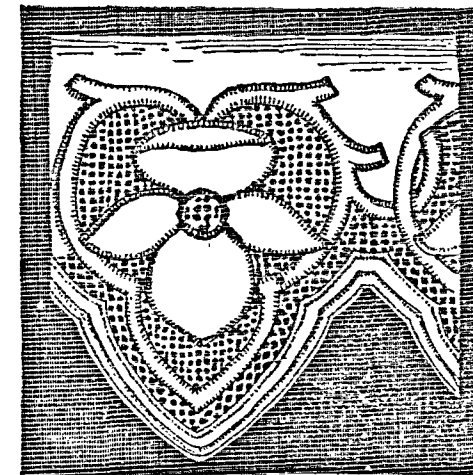


FIG. 3.—Border design 6 inches deep. In this design we shew what a very good effect may be obtained with a small amount of work. The outlining of pattern in buttonhole stitch, the edge padded and worked in thick buttonhole stitch. For the open filling, four threads cut and drawn and four left. Plainly oversewn as described at FIG. 1. Suitable for afternoon tea cloth or border for bed-spread, or looks well for edge for linen blinds.

Our Cookery Column.

ORANGE MARMALADE.



SLICE twelve Seville oranges very thin, first cutting them in quarters and picking out the pips. To each pound of sliced fruit add three-quarters of a pint of cold water. Let this stand twenty-four hours. Then boil it until the chips are quite tender. Allow this to stand until the next day.

Then weigh it, and to every pound of boiled fruit add one and a half pounds of lump sugar. Boil the whole until the syrup jellies and the chips are quite transparent. It takes about two hours. When cool pour into jars.

This is another recipe. Allow an equal weight of Seville oranges and sugar. To every pound of sugar allow half a pint of water. Boil the oranges until they are quite soft. Split open the oranges and scrape out the best part of the pulp with the juice, rejecting the white pith and pips. Cut the rind into chips. Make a syrup with the sugar and water; boil it until clear; remove the scum; then put in the chips, pulp and juice, and boil the marmalade from twenty minutes to half an hour, removing all the scum as it rises.

Seville oranges are at their best at the end of February and during March.

ORANGE PUDDING.

Peel and cut five sweet oranges into thin slices, taking out the seeds; pour over them a coffee-cupful of white sugar; let a pint of milk get boiling hot, by setting it in a pot of boiling water; add the yolks of three eggs well beaten, one tablespoonful of corn starch, made smooth with a little cold milk; stir all the time; as soon as thickened pour over the fruit. Beat the whites to a stiff froth, adding a tablespoonful of sugar, and spread over the top for frosting; set in the oven for a few minutes to harden. This pudding is best eaten cold.

ORANGE ICE.

The juice of six oranges and the grated peel of three, the juice of two lemons, one pint of sugar, one pint of water and freeze.

PRESERVED ORANGE PEEL.

Peel the oranges and cut the rinds into narrow shreds; boil till tender; change the water three times; squeeze the juice of the orange over the sugar; put pound to pound of sugar and peel; boil twenty minutes all together.

ORANGE JELLY.

Soak one packet of gelatine in one half-pint of cold water for one hour; add the juice of three lemons, two pounds of sugar, and one quart of boiling water. When all are dissolved, add one pint of orange-juice; strain carefully and set on ice until ready for use. Eight oranges usually make it.

ORANGE SALAD.

Peel five oranges, cut them carefully into pieces, and pour over them a hot syrup made of sugar and water. Put into a glass dish ready for the table.

ORANGE FRITTERS.

One teacupful of sweet milk, one tablespoonful of sweet light dough dissolved in milk, three eggs beaten separately, one teaspoonful of salt, one and a half teacupfuls of flour, one tablespoonful of sugar, the grated peel of a lemon, and some oranges peeled and cut into thick slices. Mix the ingredients together; take out a little, wrapping it round a slice of orange. Drop them into hot lard; put them out on a piece of paper and sprinkle with powdered sugar. Let them stand after making, and they will be lighter.

ORANGES PRESERVED WHOLE.

Ingredients.—Eight pounds of sugar-candy, one quart of water, and oranges.

Put the sugar and water on the fire in a saucepan and make a syrup of it. Put in the oranges whole and boil very slowly until only half the syrup is left. When quite cold put into jars, adding a wineglassful of rum to every pint of syrup made, should such be desired.

ORANGEADE.

Ingredients.—Peel of three, juice of fifteen oranges, three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar, two quarts of water.

Peel the three oranges thinly and boil the peel with the sugar in a pint of water. Press all the juice from the oranges through a fine hair sieve into a jug. Add the strained juice and the rest of the cold water; mix and stand it on ice for an hour. Serve it in decanters.

Varieties.

THROUGHOUT the pages of history we are struck with the fact that our remarkable men possessed mothers of uncommon talents for good or bad, and great energy of character; it would almost seem from this circumstance, that the impress of the mother is more frequently stamped on the boy, and that of the father upon the girl—we mean the mental, intellectual impress, in distinction from the physical ones. Mothers will do well to remember that their impress is often stamped upon their sons.



THE SUNSHINE OF PRAISE:—If you see anything that is worthy of praise, speak of it. Even if you cannot do a worthy deed yourself, commend one who does. Praise is a power for good; both God and man prize it. No prayer is complete without praise. The best worker for his fellows who fails to give praise fails of doing as well as he can. Mrs. Stowe states the truth effectively when she says: "Praise is sunshine; it warms, it inspires, it promotes growth; blame and rebuke are rain and hail; they beat down and bedraggle, even though they may at times be necessary." Do we do our part in giving praise?

THE LOVE OF WOMAN:—"Oh, the love of woman, the love of woman! How high will it not rise, and to what lowly depths will it not stoop! How many injuries will it not forgive! What obstacles will it not overcome, and what sacrifices will it not make, rather than give up the being upon which it has been once wholly and truthfully fixed! Perennial of life, which grows up under every climate, how small would the sum of man's happiness be without it! No coldness, no neglect, no harshness, no cruelty can extinguish it. Like the fabled lamp in the sepulchre, it sheds its pure light in the human heart, when everything around is there dead for ever!"

Between a man and his wife nothing ought to rule but love. Authority is for children and servants, yet not without sweetness.

A single bitter word may disquiet an entire family for a whole day. One surly glance casts a gloom over the household, while a smile of sunshine may light up the darkest and weariest hours. Like unexpected flowers which spring up along our foot-path, full of freshness, fragrance and beauty, so kind words, and gentle acts and sweet dispositions make glad the sacred spot called home. No matter how humble the abode, if it be sweetened with kindness and smiles, the heart will turn longingly towards it from all the tumult of the world; and home, if it be ever so homely, will be the dearest spot beneath the circuit of the sun.



Editorial Note.

Some years ago, a beautifully illustrated complimentary copy of this exquisite little poem was sent to me by the author; and, coming across it a few days ago, I was so struck by it that I make no apology for re-producing it in full for the benefit of my readers, who, I am sure will appreciate it to the fullest extent. The poem has the more interest because it was written by one who saw Indian life more intimately than most foreign travellers. This interest in India later developed into a strong and earnest love; and in Mr. Russell, this splendid country of ours has found an interpreter, who, being of the same artistic temperament, did full justice to its wonderful light and colour. He often spoke of the charm of the high-class Indian women, a few of whom he was permitted to see, sometimes in their homes, when he knew their brothers or husbands, sometimes at ceremonies where he was the only European guest; of their grace, modesty and womanliness, and also of the lovely effect of their dress when many are grouped together, the clinging sari, forming veil and garment, in every variety of colour and texture, but always the same in style; of the sanctity of their home life; their beautiful children; the real meaning of the laws of caste; their own interpretation of their religion and why the missionary makes no progress; the Indian student and his needs—the ever-changing pictures of the bazaars, the gorgeous royal pageantry, the culture and hospitality of the Indian princes.

Some years ago in London, Mr. Russell took part in an Indian play, the "Sakuntala of Kalidas," German savants have so much written of and Goethe immortalized in verse. In this he played the leading role at an entertainment of the London Indian Society, and it was this that first drew his attention to India. Later at an Indian fete given by Lord Brassey, in which the English royal family were interested, Mr. Russell read a poem, "The Arts of India," composed for that occasion, before Her Royal Highness the Princess Christian, who accepted an exquisitely illuminated copy, afterward reading it to Queen Victoria, and expressing her appreciation and personally thanking Mr. Russell.

The poem has a pretty dedication:

'Daughter of India's Empress Queen!
A lotus flower to thee I bring—
A seed from which the next may spring
A seven-starred blossom for thy breast—
A seven-ranged gem for England's shining "crest."

It has an introduction by Romesh Dutt, and notes and an explanation by A. Sarath Kumar Ghosh—which we also give after the poem.

What has been done for and by Indian Ladies.

We rejoice to notice that the revival of social reform work in Bengal within the last two years has not been in vain. One of the most notable triumphs of the widow-remarriage movement was secured last week at Bhowanipore in the marriage of the widowed daughter of Babu Debendra Chandra Ghose, Senior Government pleader of Alipore Court, and prominent member of the Bengal Social Reform Association. Throughout the history of widow-remarriage movement in Bengal, we hardly know of a more worthy and honourable marriage of a widow than the present one. Babu Debendra Chandra Ghose is a man of the highest social rank and culture, held in great regard by all classes of people for his character and abilities. The girl became a widow at the age of thirteen not only to the deepest regret of the family, but of a large circle of friends. For the past six or seven years a cloud of grief overshadowed this otherwise happy family. It is with very great satisfaction that we have heard of this marriage. The marriage of a Hindu widow is a veritable resurrection, a real awakening to a new life from death. The young lady is now about twenty years of age. The bridegroom is Dr. Subodh Kumar Bose, M. D., of the Chicago University, a rising Homeopathic practitioner in Calcutta. The marriage was celebrated according to orthodox Hindu rites. Among those present on the occasion were Sir Chandra Madhab Ghose, and Justice Ashutosh Mukerjee. We look upon this marriage as a landmark in the progress of the Social Reform Movement. A few such marriages and the problem of Hindu widows will be solved in Bengal.—*The Indian Messenger.*

The Aligarh Institute Gazette writes:—"Moslem women in Russia are contributing articles to newspapers belonging to their community, advocating equality of political privileges for men and women! They say that those Moslems, who have found seats in the Duma have trampled on the rights of women. Several petitions from Moslem ladies have been sent up to the Duma and an Association for establishing political equality between the two sexes has been inaugurated. This Association has petitioned for the fixing of a day on which Moslem ladies should be allowed to plead their cause, personally before the Duma. The petition has been granted." Yet there are Moslem men in India who do not want political privileges.

Mr. Ramanbhai Mahipatram Nilkanth, Secretary, Widow Marriage Association, writes: "A widow-remarriage was celebrated at Ahmedabad on the 11th instant under the auspices of the Widow Remarriage Association. Bai Chanchal, daughter of Mechand Hemchand, aged 25, who had become a widow two years ago, was re-married to Samal Chhagan, aged 30. The parties belong to the Dasa Shrimali Kan-sara caste and are inhabitants of Prantij, but reside at present at Kaira."

The *Indian Mirror* says:—It may be news to our readers that an accomplished Bengali lady has been admitted into the membership of the Royal Asiatic Society of London. The fortunate recipient of this honour is a daughter of Mr. K. G. Gupta and wife of Mr. A. Rajkumar Banerji, M. A., C. S., Dewan of Cochin. We understand that Mrs. Banerji is a highly talented lady, blessed with a decided taste for antiquarian lore. We have lady poets and novelists by the scores among us, but none so far with a bent for antiquarian study. Mrs. Banerji is said to be now engaged in the preparation of a history of the Jews in ancient India. Mrs. Banerji is, of course, a Brahmo lady.

The English ladies who are interested in the advancement of Female Education in India met on the 20th June in London at Lady Frederick Cavendish's house. Sir William Mackworth Young, Sir Charles Lyall, the Bishop of Madras, and many ladies and gentlemen were present. Mrs. Creighton took the chair. After discussion it was decided to form an Association, which should have, as its main object, the sympathetic study of the social conditions of Indian women and that a committee should be appointed (1) to serve as a bureau of information with regard to all work done by and for women in India, (2) to draw up courses of study and suggest books to those desirous of obtaining more information; and (3) to arrange lectures on matters connected with the aims of the Association.

It was also arranged to have two general meetings in each year for all the members, consisting of a lecture followed by discussion. In addition to this, it is hoped that other aids to study will be provided.

Her Highness the Begum of Bhopal has just made a grant of five thousand rupees to the Normal School for Women, Aligarh.

In response to the invitation of Mrs. K. Naraina Rau, a large number of Indian ladies assembled at Coleman's Gardens, Egmore, Madras on Saturday, to bid farewell to Mrs. Kamalakkar, L.M.S., on the eve of her departure to England. As the guests arrived they were introduced to Mrs. Kamalakkar, who had a kind word to say to every one. A gramophone played a number of Indian tunes and the musical programme was rendered more attractive by Telugu and Marathi songs sung by Mrs. Naraina Rau's daughters, who accompanied themselves on a harmonium. A few showers fell and hurried us into the spacious verandah where we partook of refreshments. The Indian ladies seemed to feel quite at home, for they chatted to one another and exchanged notes about the weather and

that favourite and never-tiring theme of all mothers—their offspring. Mrs. S. Rama Rao, daughter of the hostess, addressed a few words to Mrs. Kamalakkar and the other ladies present. She said:—"Mrs. Kamalakkar and ladies,—On behalf of my mother I wish to say a few words on this occasion. You all know the reason why we have met here to-day. Mrs. Kamalakkar, who has so far distinguished herself highly in her career, in India and taken the L. M. S. degree, is proceeding to England to-morrow to make a special study of the diseases of women and children. Need I say that this is a rare instance of an Indian lady, who, in spite of enormous difficulties, has attained this position and is still evincing a desire to study further to be ultimately a real benefit to her country-women in India. She affords us a brilliant example to copy in every respect. We all hope she will win fresh laurels there and come back to us, a year hence, hale and hearty and more distinguished than before. I should add that besides being generously helped by a prominent Zemindar from the Northern Circle, who has been taking a deep interest in Social Reform, she gets a scholarship of £100 from Edinburgh to enable her to prosecute her studies there. Happy news has reached us that she is also to be the recipient of a scholarship of £250 from the Government of India and the Local Government, to whom the thanks of the Indian community are due for this encouragement and special recognition. I thank you, Mrs. Kamalakkar, and all the others present here, for so kindly responding to our invitation."

Mrs. Kamalakkar replied in a few well-chosen words, thanking the hostess for her kindness and gracefully acknowledging the good wishes of all the ladies present. After wishing their hostess good night and Mrs. Kamalakkar "God-speed," the guests dispersed.

Among those present were Mrs. J. N. Atkinson, Mrs. Kunjuni Nair, Mrs. Sarma (the lady artist), Mrs. N. Pattabhiram, Mrs. Rau, Mrs. and the Misses Lazarus, Mrs. K. I. Angesh Rau, Mrs. Arunagiri Naidu, Mrs. J. Krishna Rau, Mrs. Hensman, Mrs. U. Rama Rau, Mrs. Maslamoney Pillay, Mrs. Piere, of Ceylon, Mr. Mahdeva Rau, Mrs. C. Krishnan, Mrs. P. Ramachandra Rau, Mrs. M. Venkatasawamy Naidu, Miss Sarawati, Mrs. H. Naraina Rau, and several others.—(From a Correspondent.)

The United Provinces' Government gives a grant of Rs. 15,000 for the building of a Muhammadan Girls' School at Aligarh, and makes a further grant of half the cost of maintenance of the school to a limit of Rs. 250 a month. A well-attended meeting of the Female Education Association at Mr. Archbold's house expressed a deep sense of obligation for the patronage of Government. Another resolution was passed thanking Her Highness the Begum of Bhopal for her grant of Rs. 5,000 for preparing special text-books for girls.

Reviewing the last annual Report on Public Instruction issued by the Punjab Government, the *Statesman* remarks: "But perhaps the most interesting statements in the Report are those referring to Female Education. From all quarters indications are visible that the prejudice against the teaching of girls is at

last breaking down in the Punjab. The effort to deal with the problem of how to systematize the teaching in Zenanas, and to substitute a proper curriculum under trained teachers for the desultory and spasmodic tuition imparted behind the purdah are beginning to bear fruit. Even more satisfactory is the fact that the efforts of the Government in this direction are seconded by local bodies, notably the Arya Samaj and the Deva Samaj, so that among the 116 new schools opened during the year 27 are self-supporting institutions, receiving no aid from the Government. It is admitted that the obstacles raised by the purdah system have not yet been removed, and that partly on this account and partly because Urdu is not the mother tongue of the pupils, the success among Mahomedans is markedly less than among Hindus. But even here encouraging signs are not wanting, such as the fact that a demand for Female Education is making itself felt in Delhi, a city which has hitherto been quite apathetic, and that the lead in the extension of girls' schools is taken by the Mahomedan district of Rawalpindi.

"A few days back" writes a contemporary "Pundita Jiwan Mukat, of Jammu, the well-known Sikh lady preacher, delivered an impressive lecture at Sialkot on the necessity of Female Education before a large audience of Indian ladies and gentlemen. A collection was made in aid of the very flourishing girls' school maintained by her at Jammu."

At Poona a Ladies' Club was started with Mrs. Muir Mackenzie as its President, Mrs. Doyson and Mrs. Ali Akbar as Joint Honorary Secretaries. The object of the Society is to create cordial relations between Europeans and Indians by bringing together the ladies of all nationalities into social intercourse in a place where they do not stand on formality and can know each other better. Europeans, Parsees and Mahomedan ladies have joined the Club with a few Hindu ladies. There are now 112 members. Lord Lamington formally opened the Club on the 8th instant. In the course of the Inaugural Address that he delivered, he pointed out the necessity of increasing the sympathy existing between the Indians and the Europeans, and observed that many circumstances had operated against the District officers coming into closer contact with Indians and entering into their feelings, but he maintained that District officers were just as much desirous to be on friendly terms with Indians as all other Government officials were. His Excellency impressed upon the non-official British classes the imperativeness of cementing the bonds of friendship between Europeans and Indians.

"We have great pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of a copy of a report of the Ladies' Conference, held under the presidency of the Maharani Sahiba of Partabgarh, on the 27th of March 1907, at Allahabad. It was decided to hold a meeting of the ladies along with the Provincial Conference and the place agreed upon was Mr. Moti Lal Nehru's house, Ananda Bhawan. Mrs. Nehru, accordingly, sent out a number of invitations and though a large number of letters of sympathy was received, ladies from outside could not see their way to be present at the Conference as

plague was then raging at Allahabad. However, some sixty ladies graced the meeting with their presence and after the Rani Sahiba of Partabgarh had been voted to the Chair, the day's business began. It was resolved (1) that greater attention be paid to female education than it had hitherto received and that schools be opened to impart education to girls; (2) that the Purdah system, which was inaugurated as a matter of necessity in the time of our Mahomedan rulers, be relaxed; (3) that the age of marriage both for boys and girls be raised to 20 and 15 years, respectively.

The Rani Sahiba in her presidential speech dwelt most appropriately upon the necessity of unity and patient labour in the matter of female education and in bringing home to her audience the supreme importance of acting in concert, drew upon the lower order of creation and dilated upon the patient and industrious habits of the bee and ant from which we might well take a lesson. She spoke rather strongly against the idle and quarrelsome habits of our womenfolk, and in advocating the cause of female education, she pulled down the inherent female prejudices of respectable families against it by the sheer weight of her position. Mrs. Nehru, herself a travelled lady who has uplifted the Purdah, most eloquently dwelt upon the evils of the iniquitous Purdah system. It is gratifying to note that she is no visionary nor a disciple of Amelia Jenks Bloomer. She handled the question with tact and ability. While admitting that the Purdah, which was called into existence with the advent of Mahomedan rule and which has got such a tight hold of our social system through the overpowering prejudices of our women and is a bar to social and intellectual progress, she was of the opinion that it should be slowly relaxed. Mrs. Lalli Prasad dwelt at length upon the rights of Hindu women of old and the exalted position which once they occupied. She laid her finger on the sore spot of our social system, viz., early marriage, the canker which is eating into the vitals of our society, which has contributed not a little to bring about our physical and intellectual degeneration. She very appropriately cited the instance of Japan and showed that Japanese ladies are not negligible factors in the progress and civilization of that country. The charge of neglect of Female Education has been laid at our door but in that matter we are all in the same boat—and are of opinion that a little self-help on the part of our ladies would facilitate matters. Miss Banerji spoke about the utility of Swadeshism in the industrial regeneration of our country. Miss Mohini Ghosh impressed upon her audience that in union lay strength and that it was their duty to properly educate themselves and to sacrifice their lives for the good of their country. She rightly remarked that national salvation could only be achieved when our women bore with us a proper share of their duties and responsibilities. Almost all the speeches were characterised by good sense, moderation and sound judgment. It gives us great satisfaction to note that the ladies have left politics severely alone. We hope the day would dawn when our women would gain admittance to such of the public and semi-public careers as are essentially suitable to their genius and character and to participation in those lines of industry which may be conducted through the co-operation of their special power and methods.

Some time ago, a Mahomedan Association was established with Mr. Mahomed Jaffer as the President. We are glad to learn that this Association will shortly establish another Girls' School. We wish the school every success.

It is gratifying to note that it is not Indian young men only who are going abroad for education in larger numbers, but the number of ladies also who venture to go to foreign countries for education is increasing markedly. One of the pioneers in this direction was the well-known poetess, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu. Last year two ladies from Bengal—Mrs. Sarala Mitra and Miss S. Das, the adopted daughter of Mr. Madhusudan Das, of Cuttack, and a Mahomedan lady from Bombay—went to England to be trained as teachers. We are glad to learn that Miss Sarojini Das, B.A., daughter of our friend, Mr. Sadayacharan Das, who since her graduation was working as a teacher in the Brahmo Girls' School, has just proceeded to England for completing her education. Sadayacharan Das has set an excellent example in determining to give his daughter the very highest possible education at a cost which for one in his position is by no means very easy, and it is still more brave of him to send his only child to a distant land for education.

Miss Victoria Mukerji has been awarded a gold medal for securing the highest marks in Original Composition in English at the B. A. Examination of the Calcutta University.

H. E. Lady Minto presided at a meeting of the Central Committee of Lady Minto's Nursing Association at Simla on Monday. The Association now has Rs. 3½ lakhs invested as an endowment fund. A grant of Rs. 70,000 from the funds realised by the Minto Fancy Pete was received and also a liberal donation of Rs. 10,000 from H. H. the Maharanee of Jaipur. Concessions to Nursing Sisters travelling on duty have been agreed to by all the Indian Railways and also by the Steamship Companies of Assam.

On Saturday last, another party for Hindu ladies was given by Mrs. Lazarus and Mrs. Sreenivasa, at their residence, at Waltair. The room was well filled with the Indian ladies who joined heartily in the games of "Hiss and Clap," "Musical Chairs" and "Post." There was music and singing at intervals. The interest of the evening, however, culminated in the reading of a lesson on Domestic Economy in Telugu by one of the ladies.—(From a Correspondent.)

Mrs. Dosibai Muncherji Kotval, of Secundrabad, has subscribed Rs. 7,000 to the Dr. Jamasji Jiwaji Dispensary of Surat.

News and Notes.

Lady Butler, wife of General Sir William Butler, has just been made the recipient of an unusual honour, the Lords Justices of Ireland, acting for the Lords Lieutenant, having appointed her one of the Governors of the National Gallery of Ireland for a term of five years. The appointment is a striking recognition both of Lady Butler's great talents as an artist and of her personal charm and distinction.

Mrs. Laverton, a lady who nearly lost her life the other day while rescuing a small child that had fallen into the river at Gurais in Kashmir, is now on the high road to recovery. She had received injuries from rocks which she had come into contact with, and it was feared at first that she would not recover. The river was in flood at the time. She is the wife of Captain Laverton, 3rd Hussars, stationed at Sialkot.

Miss Edith Durham, whose able books on the Balkans have attracted some notice, has received a gold medal from the Prince of Montenegro in token of her services towards that country. She has also been appointed to take charge of the Montenegro section of the Balkan Exhibition at Earl's Court.

The Gallinard Joubert Prize has been awarded by the Committee of the Association of Artists, Sculptors, &c. (Delorme Foundation) to a woman, Mlle. Marguerite Delorme. Mlle. Delorme has exhibited at the Salon of French artists.

The *Guardian* gives the following information concerning the memorial which is being raised to the late Miss Maitland, Principal of Somerville College: "It has been decided that an attempt should be made to collect a sum of £2,850 to pay off the remainder of the debt on the College Library and also to set free the Pfeiffer Trust money which was diverted from scholarships to the building fund. If this is done, the Library, the existence of which is so largely due to Miss Maitland's efforts, can be called by her name."

Madame Albani, the famous singer, is arousing the enthusiasm of the Australian public with a troupe of talented musicians, including Mr. Haydn Wood, violinist, Miss Myrtle Meggy, pianist, Miss Mildred Jones, contralto, and Mr. William Green, tenor. The troupe will pay India a visit in November.

The world-wide character of the Woman's Movement has just received a striking illustration from the country of Hypatia where an Egyptian girl student—a Moslem, be it remembered—has just taken her B. A. degree. She is the first Egyptian woman to gain the distinction, but she will probably not long be the only one, for already there are seven Government schools for girls, staffed by trained women teachers from the "Women's Normal School" at Boulak. The women of Egypt are thus beginning to regain the free and honoured position which they enjoyed more than two

thousand years before the time of Christ. Then woman was the mistress of the house; she inherited equally with her brothers, and had full control over her property. According to M. Parleret, she was "judicially the equal of man, having the same rights, and being treated in the same fashion." She could also bring actions, and even plead in the courts. She practised the art of medicine, and as priestess, had authority in the temples. To crown all, as queen she was often the highest in the land.—*The Christian Life* of 22nd June, 1907.

What progress the cause of the advancement of women has made can be imagined from the fact that even the Vatican has been compelled under pressure from British hierarchy to assent to the establishment of Roman Catholic Women's Colleges at Oxford and Cambridge. It is evident that everywhere the citadels of conservatism are giving way before the surging tide of liberal thought. May we not, then, hope that it will not be long when tradition and custom will no longer impede the course of women's progress in India.

The highest honors in the Law School of New York University have been won this year by a twenty-year-old girl, Miss Florence Edith Bruning. It was announced at the graduation exercises last week that she stood first in a class of more than a hundred students, of whom 93 were men. She was cheered when she received her diploma. The honour carries with it a prize of \$100. This is the second time in the history of the New York University Law School that a woman has won first honours. The previous winner was Miss Alice Dillingham of Eaglewood, N. J., in 1905.

Two young women and 84 men took their degrees as Bachelors of Law at the Boston University commencement last week. The young women were Miss Evelyn F. Murphy, of Roslindale, and Miss Lucy L. Sandberg, of Chelsea.

Miss Mary E. McDowell, who is at the head of the University of Chicago settlement work, delivered the commencement oration at the University of Colorado. Her subject was "The Social Obligation of the Student."

Mrs. J. R. Crawford of Ashtabula, Ohio, has been commissioned by the Government as assistant light-keeper. She has been helping her husband, the light-keeper, because no man could be found for the work. Mrs. Crawford is the second woman appointed to such a position on the Great Lakes.

Mrs. Jennie Steele Huegle, of Des Moines, who was elected school superintendent of Polk County last fall after a stubborn fight, has so far given eminent satisfaction by her administration. She is now arrang-

ing for a six weeks' summer school, which will cover the work required in the examination for a teacher's certificate.

Mrs. Lida Calvert Obenchain (Eliza Calvert Hall) whose story, "Sally Ann's Experience," says that she first became interested in woman suffrage through some copies of the *Woman's Journal* that fell in her way, many years ago. One of the services that the *Journal* has rendered to the cause during the past 38 years has been to convert a number of the persons who are to-day among the ablest workers for equal rights.

Mrs. Admiral Chadwick has gone to London to attend the eighth International Conference of the Red Cross Society. While there she will exhibit a device for carrying wounded soldiers in such a way as to afford as much comfort and ease as possible, and at the same time to check the flow of blood. The invention is highly approved by some of the foremost military authorities, and there is said to be a fair chance of its general adoption. With such a wife, it is no wonder that Admiral Chadwick has lately declared himself in favour of woman suffrage.

Mrs. Marshall Field has been appointed a member of the new consulting board of the Chicago Health Department. Much is expected of this board, which Dr. W. A. Evans, the Chicago Health Commissioner, has been trying for years to get established. The members are five male physicians and Mrs. Field. Dr. Evans is reported as saying: "In Mrs. Field, we shall have a speaker to present to the clubs the material gathered by the Health Department. We are going to look into the milk supply, consider the control and suppression of epidemics, quarantine regulations, the management of isolation hospitals, and the pure-food movement. We hope in a month or so to get around to the lodging-house problem, in the consideration of which we shall have the aid of another woman, Miss Jane Addams."

Miss Beulah Strong, the illustrator of "Aunt Jane of Kentucky," is of New Hampshire parentage, but was born in New Orleans. She received her art education at the Art Students' League of New York City, the Academic Julianne and the Academic Colarossi in Paris. She has exhibited pictures at the Boston Art Club, at the Academy of Design and Society of American Artists in New York City, and at the Paris Salon. The reviewers of "Aunt Jane" have given flattering notice of her illustrations, and the frontispiece, in particular, is pronounced a masterpiece. Walter Littlefield, in the *Chicago Record-Herald* says it shows "a splendid sense of visualization," and other readers say it is as perfect in its way as Albert Sterner's picture of Thomas Nelson Page's "Cousin Fanny." Only one familiar with Southern scenes and characters could have illustrated such a book as "Aunt Jane of Kentucky," and a twelve-years' residence in Kentucky and Tennessee gave Miss Strong a peculiar fitness for this work.

Mrs. John Watson, wife of the clergyman-novelist, who wrote under the name of Ian MacLaren, will edit the memoirs of her husband.

Miss Mary L. Dalton, librarian of the Missouri Historical Society, through research work, has become an authority on the history of her State and in genealogical matters.

Miss Eugenie Cormier, a graduate of the parochial school of Cambridge, Massachusetts, has been presented with a gold medal by the Council La Roque for the best work on the history of Canada in the French Language.

Miss Alice M. Longfellow, Mrs. Richard C. Dana and Mrs. J. C. Thorpe, of Cambridge, Mass., daughters of the poet Longfellow, have given Bowdoin College \$10,000 to endow a fellowship in literature in memory of their father.

Miss Jean Gordon attended the National Conference of Charities and Correction at Minneapolis, in the full dignity and responsibility of her position as Factory Inspector for the State of Louisiana.

Miss Eleanor McMain went as a delegate, appointed by the Mayor of New Orleans, and represented the Kingsley House settlement, of which she is the head. Miss Gordon and Miss McMain attended the meeting in Chicago of the National Playgrounds Association, visited Hull House, the Juvenile Court and Chicago Commons, and returned full of ideas and plans for the betterment of their own city and State.

Mrs. Franklin M. Couch has presented to the town of Dalton, Mass., a handsome drinking fountain for horses and dogs. At the unveiling of the fountain, one hundred and fifty children, already pledged to be kind to animals, conducted a pretty ceremony marching, singing songs and waving flags. Mrs. Huntington Smith, president of the Boston Animal Rescue League told of her work.

Miss Ina Coolbrith was one of the victims of the San Francisco disaster of last year. All her books and literary material, including the manuscript of a history of California, to the preparation of which she had devoted a large part of her time for the last ten years, was destroyed by fire. A new edition of her "Songs from the Golden Gate," which has been virtually out of print since the fire, is now being issued.

Mrs. Nannie G. Falconer, of Lexington, is superintendent of schools in Fayette county and is a leader in the management of public schools in Kentucky. She was recently elected president of the State Association of County School Superintendents, an organization which is working to secure legislation favourable to the public schools, to obtain better school buildings, and to establish a high school in every county.

Mrs. Richard S. Emrich, formerly Jeannette Wallace of Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, New York, is doing kindergarten training work at the Mardin Mission, Mardin, Turkey. Together with her husband she is

making a translation of the Motherplay into Arabic; also the songs and games. By degrees they are translating many stories. The natives who assist in the kindergarten in the morning have their training work in the afternoon. All the work has to be interpreted, for there are no textbooks in the language.

Mme. Lillian Nordica has completed plans for the establishing of an American Beyruth on the Hudson, near New York City. She has purchased a beautiful site of twenty acres, and it is promised that within two years the Lillian Nordica Festival House where Wagnerian operas are to be given, will be opened. She purposes also to found an American Institute of Music, where American young women and men will be furnished opportunities to acquire a musical education equal to the best that can be obtained abroad.

Selections.

AN APPEAL TO THE INDIAN MUSSALMANS.

(By Mrs. Ali Akbar, a well-known enlightened Lady of Bombay).

The Muhammedans have fairly and sufficiently advanced to receive the truth of the dictum "Survival of the fittest." It is now no longer necessary to bandy words, or to depend upon sentimental favours. The struggle in India is becoming keener and the fact that Hindus dominate by much larger numbers and are able to live in less expensive style makes it all the more necessary for the Muslim community to awake now without losing a moment any further. The leaders must preach, nay, each man and woman who understands ought to take up, the mission and teach and impress upon their communion brothers or sisters as the prime necessity of now once for all making a sudden rush and a great inroad into that sentimental barrier which has been keeping us away from receiving Western education, which now admittedly is a *sine qua non* for existence in India. Education then again is not only meant for the class who aspire only to clerkships, but must be an object of every man, woman or child, who wish to lift themselves up above the common level. Muhammedans can boast of warriors, professional geniuses, poets, scholars and literary men. What is now wanted is "walk with the time" and unless that is done our salvation becomes hopeless. We must ingrain ourselves into it and consider it indispensable and once we attain that goal, yours from Government and other channels are bound to flow in. It is, therefore, the sacred duty of every one concerned with the community to be taught and to teach this great truth that without it we must go to the wall, even with Government sympathy at our back.

When once this is realised it will not be difficult to see that if it is so essential to educate men, how much more necessary it is to educate our women. Sufficient attention does not seem to have been given to this

question, but to my mind it is of such vital importance that any further lethargy in that behalf must perforce corrode into the system of our community and continually keep us back in the walk of life. From the experience of Europe it had been too glaringly made apparent as to what influence a woman can wield in her household and particularly upon her children, and if the mother has not an elevated and educated idea and knowledge of things in general which can only be acquired through education, she cannot cope with the requirements of the times and her offspring cannot receive any inspiration from such a mother. An educated and well-read mother is bound to bring up her boy or girl with the love of every thing that is good and noble and this constant influence upon the mind of the child in the young days of youth would certainly give him character and enable him to cope with all the difficult problems he is called upon to face in his future career. It is said that educated mothers will even enable you to dispense with the services of preachers as they cannot exert the same influence which a mother behind the curtain can upon her offspring.

Under these circumstances, it is highly essential to encourage all associations which have for their object the education of women. Take for instance the school started by Mr. Abdullah at Aligarh. Every one, who has had any thing to do with it, knows what an upward struggle was made to keep this institution alive and what difficulties its founders had about it and thanks to such energetic men who have not allowed it to die an unnatural death. To these men the thanks of the community are due, for they have ventured to do what few would do and in spite of opposition and lack of funds they have managed to steer their boat so far. What Mussalman who has the interest of the community at heart would not feel grateful to them? May their efforts achieve more success in the cause of our community!

Presiding at the prize distribution of the Peary Charan Girls' School, Sir Gurudas Banerjee spoke earnestly in support of female education. He said: "It is the women of the land that make the generation that is to be. It is the mothers who educate boys as well as girls, and if they be illiterate, how can we expect the nation to rise." He pointed out to the high standard of learning prevalent among women in ancient India and in substantiation of his statement, besides referring to the well-known instances of Gargi and Maitreyi, mentioned a very interesting fact, which is not generally known. The learned speaker stated that the Mitakshara, one of the best and most elaborate legal works, which regulates the law of inheritance of a large section of our countrymen, was written by a Hindu lady. A recent number of the Bengali monthly magazine, *Bharati*, has an excellent article enumerating some of the women of ancient India who were famous for their learning, which we very much wish should be published in a pamphlet form and distributed broadcast. Beginning at the Vedic times, it names some of the women who were among the writers of the Vedic Mantras. The 23rd Shukta of the 5th Mandala of the Rig Veda was written by a woman whose name was Biswabara. Another woman contributor to the Rig Veda was Lopamudra, the wife of Agastya. The 19th Shukta was written by her. Similarly the 125th Shukta of the tenth Mandala of the Rig Veda was written by a woman,

Bak; she was the daughter of Ambhrina. Coming to the times of the Upanishads there are the glorious examples of Maitreyi and Gargi. There was another learned woman at this period, the daughter of a Manu, Debahuti. From her childhood upwards, her thirst for knowledge was so great that though the daughter of a king she chose a poor Rishi for her husband. Debahuti renounced the wealth and opulence of her father's palace to follow her husband in the forest and there in the solitary cottage spent her days imbibing all the learning of her husband. This Debahuti was the mother of Kapila, the founder of the Sankhya philosophy. Debahuti herself educated her son and moulded his thought, and much of the glory of the son is to be attributed to the mother. Buddhism as is well-known, gave a great impetus to female education in India, and many were the women who rose to eminence in culture and spirituality during the Buddhistic period. Among the Missionaries whom Buddhism sent abroad were many women, of whom the name of Sangarata, the daughter of the Emperor Asoka, is well-known. The name of another great woman emerges out of the darkness which shrouds Indian history at the epoch when Sankaracharya was formulating his philosophy. Sankaracharya had a great controversy with a famous contemporary theologian named Mandan Misra. It was stipulated between them that whoever would be defeated would accept the discipleship of the other; and for the Judge they elected Bharati the wife of Mandan Misra. At the close of the controversy Bharati declared in favour of Sankaracharya and Mandan Misra true to his word accepted the discipleship of Sankaracharya. The depth of the learning of the woman who was elected to preside over the controversy of Sankaracharya and Mandan Misra can easily be imagined. And the way in which Bharati adjudicated between the competitors, giving the verdict impartially, even when it went against her husband proves conclusively the greatness of the woman. Bharati followed her husband in the discipleship of Sankar and rendered valuable services to him in his great work. Then there is the more widely known name of Lilabati, the mathematician. Lilabati was the daughter of Bhaskaracharya, and became a widow at an early age, whereupon Bhaskaracharya determined to give her a liberal education; she is reported to have grown to be an extraordinary mathematician. Similarly there were Bhanumati, famous in the art of necromancy, and Khana in astronomy. It is said that Khana learnt astronomy from the non-Aryans; if it be so, she is all the more to be admired. Of course this list is not exhaustive; but as it recalls a glorious picture of a great past, and serves to prove beyond doubt that the present ignorance and illiteracy of Indian women is the disgraceful legacy of a later dark age. Those of our countrywomen of our own times, who have aspired to attain a high standard of culture and learning in spite of the derision and insinuations of the vulgar scribes and the opposition of the reactionaries, are introducing no innovation, but are only trying to revive the ancient traditions of India's womanhood. Those who object to higher education of women are ignorant of the history of ancient India.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Acknowledgments for July, 1907.

	RS. A.		RS. A.
1. Mrs. Kate Asbury, Bombay	... 4 0	20. S. Kuppuswamy Iyengar, Cuddapah	... 4 0
2. Miss A. A. Birge, America	... 4 8	21. A. Khader Kuttee Esq., Tellicherry	... 4 0
3. K. N. Bhide Esq., Parner	... 4 0	22. T. C. Kalyani Amma, Ernakulam	... 4 0
4. A. Bholanauth, Esq., Ahmedabad	... 4 0	23. Mrs. K. B. N. Motivala, Bombay	... 4 0
5. Rev. A. Brockbank, Bangalore	... 4 0	24. Mrs. Matthew, Travancore	... 4 0
6. Mrs. R. Bhandarker, Bombay	... 4 0	25. Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Bombay	... 4 0
7. D. Balaramaswamy Naidu, Esq., Chittoor	... 4 0	26. Mrs. C. Netto, Trevandrum	... 4 0
8. Mrs. Chamberlain, Cocnoor	... 4 0	27. P. Narayanamurti, Madras	... 4 0
9. Miss Crowell, Cawnpore	... 4 0	28. Mrs. P. Narayanaswamy Mudaliar,	
10. O. H. Candy, Esq., Amroli	... 4 0	Poona	... 4 0
11. Mrs. Dutt, Agra	... 4 0	29. Mrs. Obed Ullah, Esq., Aligarh	... 4 0
12. Editor "Punjabi Bhani, Ferozepur	... 4 0	30. V. R. Pandit, Esq., Nagpur	... 4 0
13. Lady G. N. Gajapathy Rao, Vizagapatam	4 0	31. M. O. Parthasarthy Iyengar, Raja-	
14. Miss Gell, Ootacamund	... 4 0	mundry	... 4 0
15. Miss Govindurajulu, Guntur	... 4 0	32. Mrs. B. Ramaswamaya, Tumkur	... 4 0
16. Mrs. Granaprakasam, Masulipatam	... 4 0	33. G. J. Solomon Nadar, Tanjore	... 4 0
17. Miss Hart, Vellore	... 4 0	34. C. A. Tunmayya Esq., Polibetta	... 4 0
18. Mrs. Horat, Mysore	... 4 0	35. Madame Jean Delaire, England	... 4 8
19. Mrs. G. Komaresan, Salem	... 4 0		

USEFUL BOOKS.

Modern Letter Writer (*Seventh Edition*).—Containing 635 letters. Useful to every man in every position of life for daily use. Re. 1, postage 1 anna.

Helps to the Study of English (*Third Edition*).—An exhaustive collection of PHRASES, IDIOMS, and PROVERBS, with their explanations and proper uses. Rs. 3, postage 3 annas.

Every-day Doubts and Difficulties (in reading, speaking and writing the English language). Re. 1, postage 1 anna.

A Hand-book of English Synonyms (*Third Edition*).—*Explained and Illustrated*. Aids to the right use of synonymous words in composition. Re. 1, postage 1 anna.

Select Speeches of the Great Orators. Vols. I and II.—Helps to write idiomatic English, to improve the oratorical and argumentative powers, etc. Each Vol. Rs. 2, postage 1 anna 6 pias.

Wonders of the World (in Nature, Art and Science.) Re. 1, postage 1 anna.

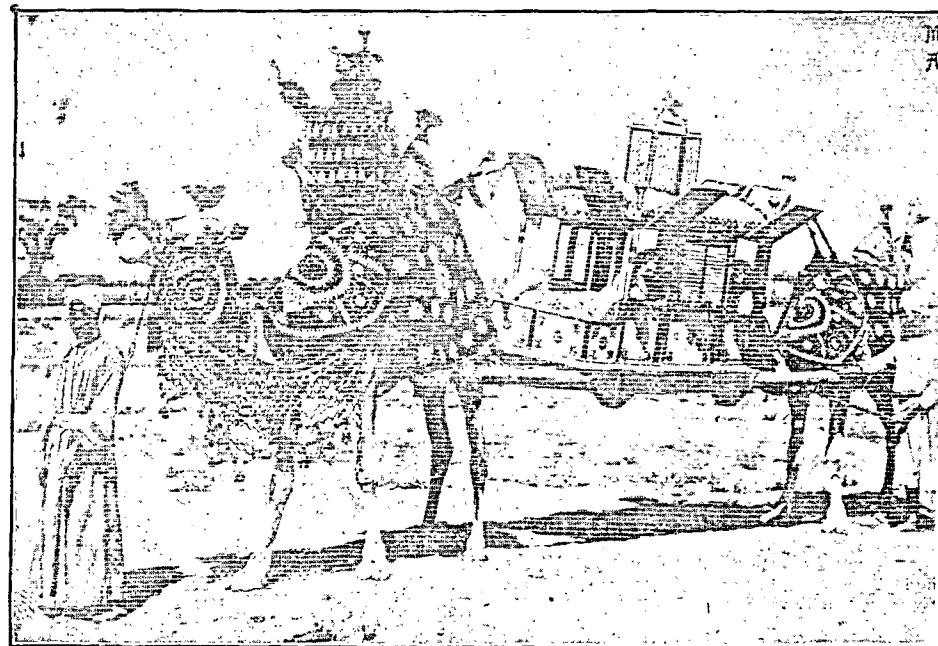
Beauties of Hinduism. With Notes. 8 annas, postage 1 anna.

Solutions of 642 typical EXAMPLES in Arithmetic, Algebra and Geometry. For Entrance and Preparatory Class Students. Re. 1, postage 1 anna.

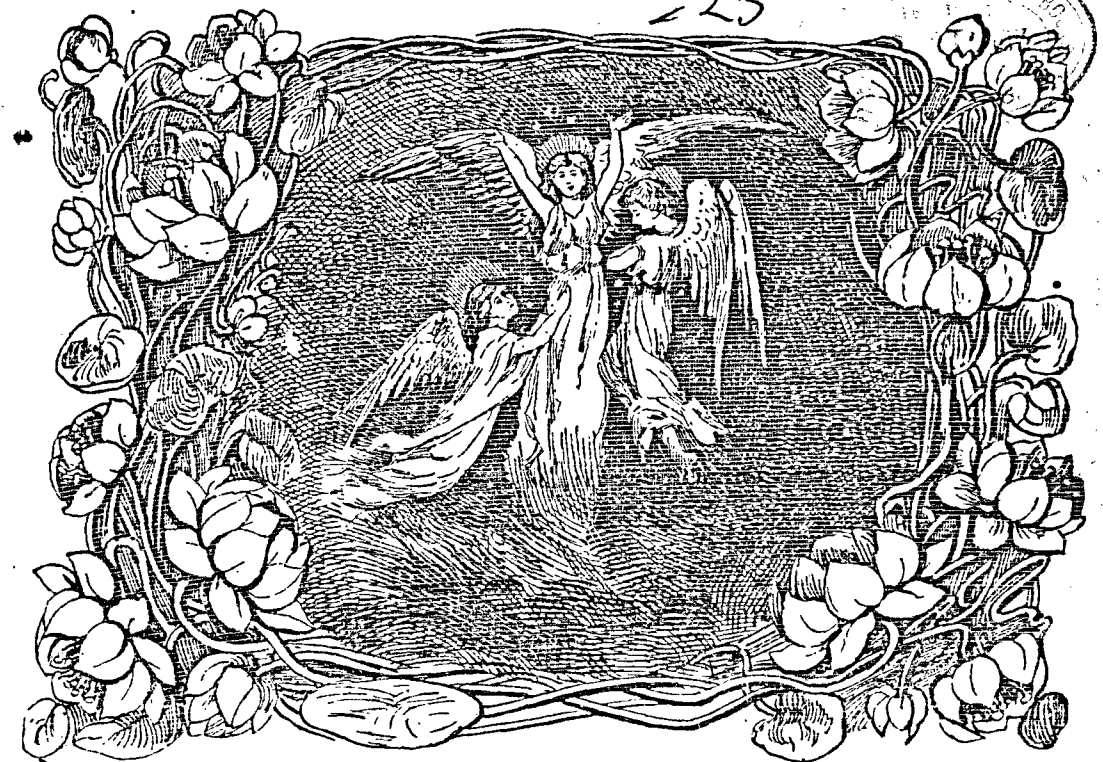
By V. P. P. 1 anna extra.

To be had of the Manager, "Indian Student" Office, 106, Upper Circular Road, Calcutta.

22-



AN ARAB MARRIAGE.



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Vol. VII.

SEPTEMBER, 1907.

No. 3.

DREAMLAND.

*When the sky is growing rosy, when the old sun slips away,
And the silent purple shadows come to drive away the day,
On that golden ray of sunlight, through the mists of falling night,
You and I will go together past the crimson glow of light.*

*To the dear old Dreamland City, tiny rosy cloudlets lead us,
The west wind and the nightingale with sweet songs gently speed us,
Through the Magic Gates we enter. Ah! you wonder what we find!
Listen, and you'll hear at twilight, in the song of the west wind.*

*Old sweet memories, half-forgotten, treasured castles in the air,
All our ideals, at last realised, meet us when we enter there.
And across the Unknown Distance all our dearest and our best
Greet us in that Dreamland City, fill our aching hearts with rest.*

*Then the Shadows gather round us, Dreamland slowly fades away,
In a hush of wondering silence brightly dawns another day.
Close the Magic Gates behind us. Faintly through the pane ajar
Dear home voices call us to them. Homewards guides the Morning Star.*

"The Light of the Harem."



FROM THOMAS MOORE'S
LALLA ROOKH.

AMONG the series of poems which make up the story of *Lalla Rookh*, there is a pretty little piece, called *The Light of the Harem*, the memory of which, long after it has been read, lingers sweetly and caressingly on the mind. It tells the story of a part of the life of Nur Mahal or Nur

Jehan, that charming and enchanting heroine of Indian-history; and it brings forward the character of the beautiful woman in a light, which is scarcely revealed to us by the cold annals of history. We admire Nur Jehan in History for her beauty, her wonderful personality, her intellectual ability; but in the glowing poem before us we love her for the beauty and single heartedness of her love, and the constancy of it. And the theme is all the more charming because it runs like a golden thread, unbroken and pure through a maze of pleasures and luxurious delights, the very description of which palls on the ear, even while delighting it.

The poet introduces us to the Valley of Cashmere in all the beauty of its Feast of Roses.

"Who has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere,
With its roses the largest that earth ever gave,
Its temples and grottos, and fountains as clear
As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their wave,
But never yet, by night or day,
In dew of spring or summer's ray,
Did the sweet Valley shine so gay,
As now it shines—all love and light,
Visions by day and feasts by night;
And what a wilderness of flowers,
It seemed as though from all the bowers
And fairest fields of all the year,
The mingled spoil was scattered here.
The lake too like a garden breathes,
With the rich buds that o'er it lie,—
As if a shower of fairy wreaths,
Had fallen upon it from the sky!"

Here seem to be gathered all the beauty, the joy, the happiness of the world:

"And then the sounds of joy,—the beat
Of labors and of dancing feet;—
The minaret crier's chant of glee
Sung from his lighted gallery,
And answered by a ziralet
From neighbouring harem, wild and sweet,—
The merry laughter, echoing
From gardens,
Or from these infant groups at play
Among the tents that line the way,
Flinging, unawed by slave or mother,
Handfuls of roses at each other."

All—all are happy in this beautiful valley, and happiest is the magnificent son of Akbar, Selim, with his beautiful lady, Nurmahal, the young *Light of the Harem*.

"He saw, in the wreaths she would playfully snatch
From the hedges, a glory his crown could not match,
And preferred in his heart the least ringlet that
curled,
Down her exquisite neck to the throne of the world."

Who has not heard of the beauty of Nurmahal? Mrs. Sarojini Naidu gives us a charming description of it in a translation from the Persian in Nurmahal's own words.

"When from my cheek I lift my veil,
The roses turn with envy pale,
And from their pierced hearts sick with pain
Send forth their fragrance like a wail.
And when perchance one perfumed tress
Be loosened to the wind's caress,
The honeyed hyacinths complain
And languish in a sweet distress.
And if I pause still groves among—
Such loveliness is mine—a throng
Of nightingales awake and strain
Their souls into a quavering song."

But the beauty of Nurmahal was not the ordinary beauty of beautiful women. Hers was the rarer splendour of endless variety and magic witchery:

"That loveliness, over in motion, which plays
Like the light upon autumn's soft shadowy days,
Now here and now there, giving warmth as it flies
From the lips to the cheek, from the cheek to the
eyes,
Now melting in mist and now breaking in gleams,
Like the glimpses a saint has of heaven in his
dreams.
When pensive, it seemed as if that very grace,
That charm of all others, was born with her face;
And when angry,
The short passing anger but seemed to awaken
New beauty, like flowers that are sweetest when
shaken,
If tenderness touched her, the dark of her eye
At once took a darker, a heavenlier dye,
From the depth of whose shadow, like holy revealings
From innermost shrines, came the light of her
feelings!
Then her mirth—oh! 'twas sportive as ever took wing
From the heart with a burst, like the wild-bird in
spring;
Illumed by a wit that would fascinate sages,
Yet playful as Peris just loosed from their cages:
While her laugh, full of life, without any control
But the sweet one of gracefulness, rung from her
soul.
And where it most sparkled no glance could discover
In lip, cheek, or eyes, for she brightened all over,—
Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,
When it breaks into dimples and laughs in the
sun."

But Nurmahal is very unhappy now, for there is dissension between her and her lord, and all her happiness seems quenched in grief. But, as she "sits in her own sequestered bower," Namouna, the lovely enchantress, comes in to her at midnight and says,

"'Tis the hour
That scatters spells on herb and flower,
And garlands might be gathered now,
That, winned around the sleeper's brow,
Would make him dream of such delights,
Such miracles and dazzling sights,
As geni of the Sun behold,
At evening, from their tents of gold,
Upon the horizon.
Now too a chaplet might be wreathed
Of buds over which the moon has breathed,
Which, worn by her, whose love has strayed,
Might bring some Peri from the skies,
Some sprite, whose very soul is made
Of floweret's breaths and lover's sighs."

Pleased with the idea, and impatient for the spell, Nurmahal rushes out into the garden and gathers many flowers, out of which Namouna weaves a magic chaplet, the while she sings her song:

"I know where the winged visions dwell
That around the night-bed play!
I know each herb and floweret's bell,
Where they hide their wings by day.
• Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
Tomorrow the dreams and flowers will fade."

Nurmahal falls asleep and

"Suddenly a tuneful brooze,
As full of small rich harmonies
As ever wind, that over the tents
Of Azab blow, was full of scents,
Steals on her ear and floats and swells;
And now a spirit formed, 'twould seem,
Of music and of light, so fair,
So brilliantly his features beam,
And such a sound is in the air
Of sweetness, when he waves his wings,
Hovers around her and thus sings:—
'Hither I come
From my fairy home,
And if there's a magic in music's strain,
I swear by the breath
Of that moon-light wreath,
Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again'."

So Nurmahal wakes up and finds indeed that a magic sweetness is breathed from her lute and a wonderful beauty is imparted to her voice:

"Never, till now, had it been given
To lips of any mortal woman
To utter notes so fresh from heaven;
Sweet as the breath of angel sighs,
When angel sighs are most divine."

Meanwhile, Selim, to drown his sorrow, is holding a magnificent feast; and into the tent now comes Nurmahal, disguised as an Arab maid, and mingling with the musicians, who are waiting to entertain their lord. And, presently, it is her turn to sing, and a wondrous song floats on the air from her lips, enchanting all with its divine melody and ravishing sweetness.

"'Twas not the air, 'twas not the words,
But that deep magic in the chords
And in the lips that gave such power
As music knew not till that hour."

The theme is the beauty and the single heartedness of love, which finds happiness even in deserts.

"Oh! the choice what heart can doubt
Of tents with love, or thrones without?"

She sings of the constancy of love:—

"But if for me thou dost forsake
Some other maid and rudely break
Her worshipped image from its base,
To give to me the ruined place:—
• Then, fare thee well—I'd rather make
My bower upon some icy lake
When thawing suns begin to shine,
Than trust to love so false as thine."

Charmed with the lay, Selim exclaims:

"O Nurmahal! O Nurmahal!
Hadst thou but sung this witching strain,
I could forget,—forgive thee all,
And never leave those eyes again."

And, lo and behold! the singer is Nurmahal herself!

PADMINI.

The Madras Educational Exhibition.



NEW way of giving life and stimulus to Elementary Schools and teachers was thought of and successfully realised in the Educational Exhibition held at Madras during the last week in August. It was opened at the Senate House by the Hon'ble Justice Sir Ralph Benson, the Vice Chancellor of the University.

After songs of welcome in Tamil, Telugu and English had been sung by children from different schools, the Hon'ble Mr. P. S. Sivaswami Aiyar delivered the inaugural address, in which he set forth clearly the aim of the Exhibition, which was that it was held with a view to help teachers and pupils to better methods of work, to develop the observational powers of the young, and to make learning not a matter of cram and book-work, but of practical interest and instruction. Many educational officers from different parts of the Presidency and from Mysore and Baroda and many elementary teachers were present at

the opening ceremony. When the doors were thrown open, the sight that met the view was very picturesque. The long and beautiful hall of the Senate House was divided up into stalls, each of which was given over to a special section of exhibits. At the entrance were the loan exhibits from the School of Arts, life-like models of lay figures, beautiful drawings of heads and of foliage, and of specimens of good drawing. Immediately following this stall was one in which was placed exhibits from the little State of Coorg, the special features of which were the specimens of a peculiar kind of basket work. Exhibits in drawing, kindergarten, needle work, apparatus and collections of objects were all arranged picturesquely, each in its special stall, and it was encouraging to note that all of them were from schools in the Madras Presidency, remote village schools vying equally with those in the best equipped schools in the Presidency Town. Another very attractive feature in this Exhibition was the display of the British exhibits, which were obtained on loan. One end of the hall was given up to them, and though to the spectator they were not very attractive to the eye, yet to one interested in education, they were very stimulative of new ideas. Each specimen in itself was a finished product, with no incongruities in colour or in quality and each showing a definite aim in the method of instruction. There were some specimens of nature study and elementary science lessons, which were very good. Each child seemed to have kept a little observation book for herself, in which she neatly entered her observations, illustrating the different periods of growth or development at which she had made her observations. In Indian schools we hardly teach our children to observe and to use their eyes intelligently. Object lessons and kindergarten work ought to do away with this evil, but they will do so only in the hands of capable teachers, of whom there are very few at present. On the whole, there was a certain artistic finish in all the British exhibits, which was wanting in many of the Indian exhibits. It is that completeness of detail, the blending of colours, and that thoroughness of finish in attending to every little detail, which is wanting in us Indians. India is a land full of incongruities, and they are carried into our lives as well, but if each man or woman would set to attend thoroughly to all the little details of the work in which he or she is engaged in, India would become a land of harmonious blending of picturesque beauty.

As a spectator, I cannot discuss the various exhibits technically, but to me they seemed good and educative in this respect, that when elementary teachers and pupils saw what other schools had done, it would stimulate them to

fresh efforts. Some specimens of needle-work and drawing were very good. Kindergarten, the work of children, was encouraging, in that it showed that the spirit of it was being taken up in Indian schools and was productive of the exercise of the observational powers of the young. Here and there were many incongruities. Such as blue camels and red elephants and red tigers with black spots! Such specimens are due to the want of artistic taste in the usual elementary school teacher. Parents and teachers should strive to develop the sense of the beautiful in the child, not only in external things, but in thought and in mind.

Every evening after the Exhibition was closed, lectures were given on various educational subjects such as drawing, needle work, writing, school museums, school hygiene, organization and apparatus. The lectures were very practical and helpful to teachers. All that could be done to make the exhibition a success educationally was done, and I am sure that many an Elementary teacher returned back to the weary round of duty with fresh hope, brighter ideas and more courage to tackle the problem of school education.

To the College Professor and to the cynical spectator, the exhibition may have seemed but a 'grand show,' the colour effects of which were pleasing and attractive. But to one who has studied the problem of Elementary education, and to one who has worked at it, it was helpful and encouraging. I am sure many Elementary school teachers have taken with them new ideas, not just to follow them mechanically, but to adapt them according to their special needs and circumstances.

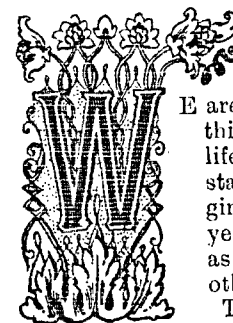
One of the special features of the Exhibition was that an arrangement was made for Hindu ladies and Ghosha ladies to visit it, and this was taken full advantage of by them. More than 3,000 Indian and Ghosha ladies were at the Exhibition, and it cannot but be hoped, that it has made an impression on many a Hindu and Mohammedan lady, stimulating them to encourage the education of their countrywomen, as much as is in their hands; and if they will only think about it, much does lie in their hands.

On the whole the Exhibition was a success educationally. Being the first of its kind it has proved a source of encouragement. Passing through the crowd of people who flocked to see it, one could hear disjointed sentences from school children and teachers, that at the next Exhibition they would send better exhibits. So it shows that we are also eagerly looking forward to another. The large and small medals, school prizes and certificates that were awarded will not only prove a source of encouragement, but will remain as prized souvenirs of the first

Madras Educational Exhibition. The Committee and its President, Mr. Arthur Mayhew, the acting Deputy Director of Public Instruction, are to be congratulated on the efficient way in which the Exhibition was organised from start to finish, and on all their untiring effort and energetic work, which made it a real success.

AN INDIAN LADY.

Development of the Art of Writing.



WE are so perfectly acquainted with this wonderful art in civilized life, that we can scarcely understand from what primitive beginnings it had its origin. And yet the art of writing developed as slowly and gradually as any other art.

The earliest attempts at writing were, of course, picture-writing.

The first process naturally was the making of pictures of the very objects meant to be talked of. For instance, in a specimen of picture-writing, as used by the hunting tribes of North America, an expedition across Lake Superior is recorded. The chief was shown on horseback, with his magical drumstick in his hand. Fifty-one men were shown in five canoes, behind the first of which was represented a kingfisher, shewing that they had been led by the King's ally, whose name was Kingfisher. The reaching of the other side was shown by the land-tortoise, the well-known emblem of land, while a picture of three suns under the sky shewed that the crossing took three days. Such devices in picture-writing shew mere imitation. But soon an advance was made. The pictures became *emblems* or *symbols* of the things meant to be talked of. Thus, even in the above specimen of picture-writing, the drawing of the tortoise to represent land is an emblem. And, in the same picture, we see the next step, viz., the making of a picture stand for the spoken word; as, for instance, in the above picture the drawing of the Kingfisher to represent, not a real kingfisher, but a man of that name. Again, another example can be taken from a child's book of puzzles, viz., the representation of the word "can-di-date," by the drawing of a water-can, a man being shot and a date fruit. Thus we see the pictures now no longer stand for their meaning, but their mere sound.

The next step can easily be understood. What were originally distinctly formed sketches of objects, now came to be dashed off in a few strokes of the pencil, till they passed into meaningless forms. This can be seen in the Japanese writing, which developed out of the Chinese. Selecting certain of the Chinese characters, the former cut them down into signs to express sounds, one to stand for *i*, one for *ro*, and so on. The Egyptians did the same. For instance they drew the outline of a mouth to represent a mouth. But the word for mouth being *Ro*, the picture, which soon became a mere character or letter, was used to spell the sound *Ro* or *R*. But, suppose one sound stood for several meanings, or the meaning of the spelt word has to be confirmed or explained. Then, what may be called determinatives can be added. For instance, the Chinese devised a clever plan of making compound characters, or "pictures and sounds," in which one part gives the sound, while the other gives the sense. A picture of a *box*, for example, stands for the sound *box*, which however has several meanings. To indicate which is meant, other pictures are added to the picture of the box; thus a key drawn beside the box shows it is a box to put things in; a leaf drawn beside it shows it is the plant called *box*, and so on. In the same way, the Egyptians added determinatives to confirm or explain the meaning of the spelt word.

The final next step seems to have been taken by the Phœnicians. The ancient Egyptian scribes had at first used carefully drawn hieroglyphics or sacred-sculpture pictures for the records of church and state. But, finding these too troublesome for business writing on papyrus, they brought them down to a few quick strokes, which were, what were called, "hieratic" characters. But they never freed themselves from the unnecessary multitude of phonetic signs and useless determinatives. This was done by the Phœnicians, who invented the earliest alphabet, which was a small number of signs to write the sounds of their words with.

This seems to have been done about the tenth century B. C. It goes without saying that many changes have since taken place in writing. Many alterations of letters were made for convenience and decoration. Besides these general changes of alphabet, many alterations have been made as to particular letters. Greek and Latin writers altered the Phœnician alphabet, which did not suit them, and was besides weak in vowels. English has an alphabet of twenty-six letters; but works them without regular system, so that the spelling and pronunciation disagree at every time. This is due partly to the attempt to keep up the English and French spellings side by side. Another cause has been

the attempt to keep up ancient sounds in writing although they have been dropped in speaking.

The great advance, which printing has made on writing can easily be understood. So also can the process of its development. The first step might have been made by an Egyptian who smeared some black on his signet-ring and took off a copy. But it appears to have been the Chinese who invented the plan of engraving a whole page of characters on a wood-block and printing off many copies. They may have begun as early as the sixth century. Then in the fourteenth century we have the European block-books printed from whole page wood-blocks after the Chinese manner. Since then much progress has been made in cheapening types, making paper by machinery, improving the presses, working them by steam-power, and so on.

AN INDIAN LADY.

The Holy Bath at Prayag.



HERE is perhaps little excuse for any one living at present in India to indulge in day-dreams when the whole Indian world is swayed with strange impulses of Boycot and Swadeshi and with the political cries of the Extremist and the Moderate. And yet no child of

Fancy can escape falling into such dreams, especially when left to

the enchanted hour. It was a festive morn and many thousands of persons of all ranks and conditions in life thronged to the bathing ghauts of Prayag—to bathe and wash their sins off at that reputed place, the Thiruvani—where the Jamna and the Ganges coalesce. Many souls coming from far and near drawn by one impulse, that of getting purified at this holy spot! Here they come to lay down their burdens and bend and bathe in the crystal wave and drink of its life-giving waters! What touching pathos do you not discern in the sentiment? Their simple trust, their abiding faith in the efficacy of the bath was so contagious and overpowering, that I too, without knowing why, went down the steps and plunged myself in the cooling water. After we finished the bath we got into

a small boat and were taken here and there over the stream. I wondered to see that the waters of those two rivers could be distinguished by their colour even after they met and flowed in one stream. It appeared to me as though they were bent on preserving their identity; yet flowing in amity.

Would it were always possible; I thought, for two streams of civilization coming from one source of primeval purity, to flow in amity, each preserving its identity, and yet each helping the other to have a larger flow and a longer life in their onward course to reach the eternal Verity!

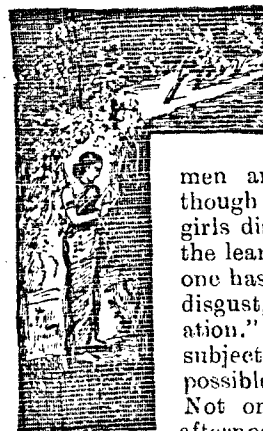
As we returned and walked by the side of the Fort, my thoughts flew back to the dim distant past. Perhaps the Sage-King first laid the foundation stone of this huge fort which is the custodian of some of his wise edicts even unto this day! Am I treading on the holy walks of the Pandus? Can I discern their foot-prints on the sands of Time? But these thoughts were arrested when by the side of these fortifications of wisdom I observed what seemed to me still stronger fortifications of blind faith and superstition. Gentle Reader, pardon me if you see the Pharisee in me in this arrogant thought. But I pitied the people standing on one foot for long hours, some resting on sharp nails, and others torturing their animated flesh in a hundred other ways.

As you walked into the streets here—ah! here what do you see? Life surging and swelling, interests clashing, people elbowing each other for wealth and place, what din and what bustle? Just as the men that went before them had done, and the men that will come after them will do, so are they doing. This conflict and this clash will perchance go on for ever! ... And yet some how, while we chafe and fret and hatch and strive to carry out our little purposes in our own blind ways and weave out our life-story, we are, may be all unknown to ourselves, but helping the completion of the divine fabric.

BAHUKA.

CONFESS YOUR IGNORANCE.—Do not be ashamed to confess your ignorance whenever you see a chance of acquiring knowledge.

Needlework.*



THE subject upon which I have been asked to read a paper is one which has a great fascination for most women and for many girls although for the most part young girls dislike the drudgery which the learning of it entails. Some one has called it "The Girls' disgust, the woman's consolation." It is also so vast a subject that, it is utterly impossible for me to do it justice. Not only one hour, of one

afternoon to deal with it in all its branches, but one afternoon to each branch would be insufficient if justice were to be done. Seeing that, that is impossible one must condense greatly and give only the most important points of what seem to be the most important branches of needlework.

Plain Needlework is so ancient that no one living is able to say when it began. The most ancient writers extant speak of it as an art in which men and women were proficient in their day and it is quite certain that the Egyptians were adepts in the art from the very earliest time.

It was probably the outcome of numerous attempts on the part of the ancients to fasten skins or other rude materials together in some permanent way and thereby to make of them garments which would be at once more comfortable to wear and more suitable to work in than loose strips of skin or cloth; and, it is also more than probable that sewing with a needle and thread originated in some of the colder countries, where it was found that a garment shaped to the lines of the body, close fitting and joined together by seams afforded warmth to the body. At first no doubt the work of joining the seams was accomplished by piercing holes in the edges of the material and lacing them together with a fine cord, and eventually loops were made on both edges and laced together with a coloured cord so as to form an ornamental open seam. An old writer describes a garment so made. He says "It was curiously stitched with open seams." With the advent of thinner materials, this method—suitable only to

heavy materials—must have given way to the close seam which is in vogue to this day, and from that time we must date the history of that particular kind of needlework known as "Plain sewing".

The apparatus required for needlework is very simple and within the reach of even the poorest. A needle, a pair of scissors and some thread are all that is needed to make a garment when once the cloth has been obtained.

The sewing needle is an instrument which has been in use from pre-historic times in all places where mankind used the skins of animals or woven fabrics for clothing. Originally it was made of fishbone, bone, wood or ivory, and its first form was probably a rude eyeless bodkin used to push the sinew or cord through holes which had been previously pierced in the material. Bone needles continue in use to this day among some uncivilized tribes. Since the discovery of bronze, metal needles have been used in civilized countries. Steel needles first came into use at the end of the 14th century and were first made at Nuremberg. Now the finest steel needles are made at Redditch in England. Once they were a coveted possession obtainable only by the rich, now they may be bought at the rate of 25 for 1½ annas and are in the hands of even little children.

Of all the members of the human body the hand is that which admits of the most cultivation because its education is twofold. It may be educated in knowing and it may be educated in doing. By practice in needlework, the hand may be trained to be steady, dexterous and powerful and gains the power of adapting itself to other kinds of work which demand these qualities. When the eye also is trained to observe correctly, to compare sizes and forms and to measure spaces so that the worker may fix evenly, sew regularly, cut out accurately and construct properly and tastefully, needlework may be made a means of developing some of the intellectual powers, for, in order to cut out and put a garment together properly, it is necessary to think, to plan, to contrive, and to be accurate.

As a branch of house-keeping, needlework cannot be too highly prized. It is essentially a domestic art and when wisely taught it develops the thrifty disposition, encourages habits of neatness, cleanliness, order, management and industry, and it should therefore be looked upon as a moral and a refining influence both in the home and in the school.

Needlework lessons can be so given as to train the powers of observation and develop a taste for the beautiful and girls ought to be trained to recognize that, that only which can bear the test of close inspection, outside and inside as

* A paper read by Miss Henderson at the Madras Educational Exhibition.

well, deserves commendation. By this means a Teacher can train girls in thoroughness which they will carry with them into everything they do in afterlife.

It is a matter for the greatest regret that in the majority of schools in and around Madras needlework is taught in so slipshod a manner as to be practically useless. The girls are not taught to cut by measurement and consequently when they leave school, they are not able to cut out a garment properly, much less put it together, and they are, as a rule, perfectly ignorant of the fact that there is a right way, and a wrong way, of placing a pattern upon material. Indeed it is no uncommon sight to see a trained teacher placing a sleeve pattern across the breadth of the material instead of down the length.

From the very first lesson the Teacher should strive to have children do each step of their sewing in the right way, and as it is utterly impossible for the Teacher of a large class to give a sufficient amount of individual instruction to each child without neglecting the class as a whole, she should strive to teach needlework in the same way as she teaches drawing or writing, viz., by giving simultaneous instruction by means of a blackboard and chalk or by demonstration charts which may be made of canvas on a rough frame. Needlework lessons should occupy not less than one hour, fifteen minutes of which may be reasonably occupied with giving out and collecting work and needle or thimble drill or joining threads, as the case may demand.

Great attention should be paid to the joinings and fastenings on and off and for this purpose threads of two distinct colours (say red and blue) should be used in giving first lessons in these points to lower classes.

In the lower classes where the folding of hems has to be taught, the calico should be coarse enough to permit of the children seeing the threads without straining their eyes.

They will then be able to follow a thread and learn what a straight line means, as compared with a crooked one and so, be trained in neatness from the very first, in order that there may be nothing to unlearn when they come to a higher class.

Seeing that it is not possible for me to go fully into the question of teaching plain sewing, I will just say now that all teaching should be thoroughly practical, and that, from the very first, children should be taught to make something which will be of some practical use either to themselves or to the school.

WOOL WORK AND SAMPLER WORK AND KNITTING.

Although practically one and the same thing, wool-work and sampler-work were formerly con-

sidered to be two distinct branches of needle-work, the former being worked upon double thread or coupled canvas with more or less thick Berlin wool and the latter upon single thread canvas of fine texture with a fine hard worsted thread or with silk thread.

The Sampler contained specimens of every variety of stitch possible in this particular kind of work or of those belonging to needle-lace, drawn work or other embroidery, and was often a most elaborate piece of work, every stitch in which had a purpose, and it was not infrequently framed and glazed and hung up in some prominent place.

When once a girl had completed a Sampler, she was capable of marking beautifully the household linen and the clothing of the family. In these days of innumerable cheap pattern books, the art has fallen into disuse and it is rare to find a girl or woman now who knows how to mark clothing. The Sampler of to-day is a mere collection of Berlin wool-work patterns, badly coloured, and worse worked,—alas, that it should be so.

The original use of Berlin wool work was to preserve pictures of places and things, which one did not wish to fade from the memory. Later on, it was made use of to produce handsome and durable coverings for furniture, and many a great lady took a pride in the fact that all the coverings for her furniture as well as curtains and other hangings, were the work of her own fair hands.

Knitting, though considered to be an old-fashioned art, is not so ancient as either needlework or lace-making. There is no certain allusion to it in history before the 15th century. In an Act of Parliament of Henry VII, 1488, knitted woollen caps are mentioned (these were first made in Scotland). In an Act of Edward VI, 1533, knitted hose, knitted gloves and knitted sleeves are enumerated; from then till now among good housewives of any country, knitting is reckoned an indispensable accomplishment. It is certainly a most useful art, especially in colder countries, for there is scarcely any article of clothing needed for the human body that cannot be made by knitting.

Crochet is akin to knitting, but it differs from knitting in the fact that the separate loops are thrown off and finished successively, whereas in knitting the whole series of loops which go to form one length or round are retained upon one or more needles, while a new series of loops are being formed from them by means of another needle.

The remarks, which apply to the teaching of Plain Sewing in classes, apply also to Knitting and Crochet, which should be first taught simultaneously.

EMBROIDERY.

Embroidery, which is the art of working with a needle, flowers, fruit, human and animal forms and other designs upon wool, silk, linen or other textile fabric, in some of its forms, is quite as ancient as plain needle-work, if not more so.

We have the witness of both Moses and Homer among ancient writers to the great antiquity of embroidery. It takes precedence of painting, as the earliest method of representing figures and ornaments was by needle-work traced upon canvas. From earliest times it served to decorate the sacerdotal garments and other objects used in temples and churches, and even Queens deemed it an honour to spend their leisure time in commemorating the deeds of their heroes, or in embroidering altar cloths and priestly raiment. It is quite clear that the Egyptians were adepts in the art from earliest ages; they decorated everything with embroidery. In the book of the Jewish prophet, Ezekiel, reference is made to embroidered sails from which it would seem that the sails of the galleys exported to Tyre were embroidered with designs.

The Book of Exodus describes how the curtains and hangings of the Jewish Tabernacle were embroidered by cunning (skilful) workmen and says that the garments of the priests also were of wrought needle-work, for the Jews, who are supposed to have learned the art in Egypt, were skilful embroiderers. In celebrating the triumphs of the great general, Sisera, his mother says that "he had a dress of divers colours of needle-work wrought on both sides"—(meaning that it was the same on both sides) a style of embroidery requiring great skill and patience and practised only by the nations of the East. Homer constantly refers to embroidery in his writings.

Babylon city was famous for embroideries made by its women; in later times many places and various peoples have been famed for the excellence of their work; for long ages the Kinkob and other embroideries of Northern and Southern India have been highly valued and have yet to be excelled.

In some places we find it being undertaken from religious motives, in others, from a mere love of the beautiful. In one place we hear of its being imposed as a task upon a company of women as a protection from that most dangerous of all evils—Idleness.

In the present day every country furnishes its works of the needle from the gorgeous productions in gold and silver of the East to the humble porcupine quill and mohair embroidery of the Canadian Indians.

Chinese and Japanese embroideries have never been excelled in beauty of design, assortment of colour and perfection of needle-work and much of it is alike on both sides.

From an Industrial point of view the art of embroidery may be divided into two classes. (1) The white embroidery upon washing materials, which is known in India as Chicon or Chican work and which holds the first place in France, Switzerland and Ireland and the second place in Scotland and Saxony; in India, it is usually done badly and upon worthless materials; lately an attempt has been made to improve the class of work and establish it as a paying industry in Madras city, but I am unable to say how far it is succeeding.

The object in teaching embroidery is to secure a strong, refining influence upon character, and to cultivate a taste for the beautiful. It is obvious that neither of these objects can be attained so long as teachers use ill-drawn patterns and permit pupils to work them in crude, harsh, glaring colours without the least reference to natural colouring and setting. Indian ladies and girls shew a great fondness for embroidery and it would be worth while to train teachers to guide them in their choice of subjects and in choosing materials to work them.

Indian History affords many beautiful subjects and so does nature around us.

LACE.

Lace is the name applied to an ornamental open work of threads of flax, cotton, silk, gold, silver, mohair or aloe fibre. These may be looped or plaited or twisted together in any one of three ways:—1st with a needle when the lace will be known as needle-point; 2nd with bobbins and pins on a pillow or cushion, when it is known as Pillow lace or Bobbin lace; 3rd with a machine, when it will be known as Imitation lace because imitations of both 1st and 2nd kinds will be produced.

The art is so beautiful that in past ages some were led to give it a heavenly origin. So, according to the tradition of that time, the first lace maker was instructed in the art by an angel, who, in answer to a fair maiden's tears and prayers for help brought her a cushion with all its accessories and patiently taught her to make lace, thus enabling her to

earn the dowry, for lack of which she had been unable to marry. When she grew rich and happy herself she taught the art to others and thus in time, in accordance with the command of the angel, the dainty handicraft so miraculously taught became a livelihood and a blessing to many poor girls.

The truth of the matter is that the real origin of lace-making is so enveloped in doubt that people have been driven to invent this fanciful origin for it. It is known that special patterns were being made and used in the art at the beginning of the 16th century and there is an old picture in a church in France, which is generally supposed to have been painted by an artist, who flourished about the year 1495 in which there is seen a girl working on a pillow the bobbing. Many think that this picture should be dated 30 years later and this would bring it to the early part of the 16th century; from that time its history and development are easily followed. It would appear from history that lace was first made and worn in Italy, but several have attributed the invention of bobbin-made lace to Barbara Uttmann, probably misled by the inscription on her tombstone, which says:—"Here lies Barbara Uttmann whose invention of lace in the year 1561 made her the benefactress of the Harty mountains."

The most that Barbara Uttmann did was to teach the wives and daughters of the men, who worked in her husband's mines to make a net ground with bobbins, which could be used to confine the men's long hair while they were at work; and later on she introduced teachers from Flanders and set up lace workrooms where she provided work for a large number of women and girls; the work spread until at the time of her death 30,000 were employed in lace-making.

It continues to this day to be made in those districts, but it never attained any fame and was always of the same coarse variety.

Time does not permit of our following up the history of lace-making beyond saying, that it was introduced into India when the Portuguese

were ruling the Malabar Coast and taught in and around Quilon, where it lingers to this day, a poor coarse variety being made. For a time it nearly died out, but between 60 and 65 years ago Mrs. Mault introduced it into Travancore, having herself learned the art in Malta. It spread to different parts of Southern India through Mrs. Mault's married daughters and to North India by the same means but it never flourished anywhere as it did in Travancore.

At the present time lace-making has made some progress owing to a desire to provide some industry for girls in several of the mission centres and there are altogether 10 schools recogniz-

ed and unrecognized where pillow lace-making is being taught besides several others where Limerick and Carrick-macross laces are taught.

In all times since it was invented lace has been used for many purposes. In days gone by over the whole of northern Europe it was extensively used to adorn the garments in which the dead were clothed. In Denmark especially the costliest laces were used for this purpose.

It decorates churches, it adorns the robes of Kings, Queens and Prelates, fans and parasols are made of it and every description of dress worn by ladies of the present day is trimmed with it. In the needle-work department, some good specimens of various kinds of lace are to be seen applied to various purposes, amongst other things an Indian lady's sari with a border of bobbin lace is shewn.

Lace may be classified into two great classes, bobbin lace and needle lace, and each of these again into two classes "Giupure" and "Point."

During the last century the meaning of the term Giupure has so changed that it is hardly possible to define it, but generally we may say it means, a lace, in which the flowers are joined by "Brides" (bars) or by large coarse stitches or a lace that has no "ground" at all. The modern Honiton and Maltese are "Giupure laces" and so is "Venetian point;" in the latter case the term "Point" is a misnomer and should not be used at all.

The term "Point" means simply a "Stitch" of any kind and is applied to laces, the "ground" of which is made of looped or twisted single stitches like net. The term belongs to both Bobbin and Needle laces alike, although it is commonly used to describe needle lace alone.

Time would fail me to give a list and description of the various laces, their histories and development fill many books. So I will just in closing give a few of the chief ones.

According to the decision of the Judges in the Great Exhibition 1851, Brussels lace stood first—Mechlin, second—Valenciennes third—and Hille lace fourth; Alencon lace, once the pride of France, stood fifth.

Torchon lace, the commonest and simplest of all laces and a variety of Maltese lace, made in thread instead of silk is what is chiefly made in India and Ceylon. The patterns are usually geometrical and require very little skill to make them. Bobbin Lace making is an art admirably suited to the needs of Indian women. The work is so light that even delicate women and girls can work at it—Women need not leave their homes in order to do the work, it may be done at ease in their own houses. Mas-

tery of the technical details is so easy that children of seven and eight years of age commence to learn the stitches.

Personal cleanliness is an absolute necessity for the lace worker and those who do such work gradually learn to be clean in themselves and their surroundings, if they were not so formerly.

Then there is plenty of scope for individual effort and distinction which helps to raise a worker in her own estimation and puts her above the level of an ordinary worker for daily wages.

Easy Pages for our Girls.

I.—"ISABEL."

A CHARACTER IN WORDSWORTH'S
"MICHAEL."



The poetry of Wordsworth describes Nature perfectly. Other poets have described Nature, but none have done it so well as Wordsworth. To him, nature was not dead matter. On the contrary he looked upon it as an intelligent and affectionate person. "He could brood on her character, her ways, her words, her life, as he did on those of his wife or sister," says Stopford Brooke. To him nature seemed to possess life from which moral and spiritual lessons could be learnt, Wordsworth considered all the objects of

nature as his true friends. They were in fact his "living beings." "Living quietly at Grasmere, he sought in the simple lives of the dalesmen round him for the foundations of a truer view of mankind than the theories of the Revolution afforded." His love for nature was the cause of his love for his fellow-beings. Wordsworth, in thinking and writing about the duties of humble men, found in men, "an object of delight, of pure imagination and of pure love." Wordsworth, besides being a poet of Nature and of man, was also a great teacher. He himself said that every poet ought to be a teacher. In the poems of Wordsworth there was something that won the respect and admiration of everyone. His aim was "to add sunshine to the daylight, by making the happy happier, and to teach the young and gracious of every age, to see, think and feel, and therefore to become more actively and sincerely virtuous." Wordsworth, by his poems has taught many an indifferent person that nature is an agent from which many lessons can be learnt.

Whilst writing about the female characters of Wordsworth, we cannot but consider Isabel a perfect type of woman. The first time we meet with Isabel is in a very beautiful home-like scene. She was the wife of Michael, a shepherd and farmer by profession, of very limited means. Isabel was about twenty years younger than her husband. She was a neat and tidy person.

"His helpmate was a comely matron, old:—
Though younger than himself full twenty years."

She was a good example of the Hindu Pativirata or "devoted wife." So long as her husband and her son were away from home, she would not allow herself to have a happy time. She was never found to be idle. Every minute was usefully spent. In fact the poet calls her a woman of "stirring life." Isabel was so constantly and keenly employed in her house duties that the poet says, "that if one of her spinning wheels had rest, it was because the other was at work." Her whole heart was devoted to her home duties. She was, unlike many women of the present day, not fond of gossiping.

"She was a woman of stirring life
Whose heart was in her house, two wheels she had,
Of antique form, this large for spinning wool;
That small for flax, and if one wheel had rest,
It was because the other was at work."

She went on working till late at night, and would make her house resound with the click of her wheels.

"The house wife plied her own peculiar work,
Making the cottage through the silent hours,
Murmur as with the sound of summer flies."

Even, after finishing all her home duties she was seldom found to sit and take rest. It seemed to have been a pleasure to her to always be doing something. In fact, she and her husband became known in the neighbourhood for their endless industry."

"That they were a proverb in the vale
For ceaseless industry."

She was good at sewing. When her son Luke was about to leave home, she had to get his outfit ready. She did not resort to tailors to do it, but amidst her heavy work, she found time to do her son's outfit.

"The housewife for five days,
Was restless morn and night and all day long,
Wrought on with her best fingers to prepare
Things needful for the journey of her son."

Isabel was always happy and cheerful. Every day from early morn till late at night, she worked hard and was never found to murmur. When her husband told her of his plan of sending away Luke, her only child, and whom she loved so dearly, she did not take the news to heart, and make the house gloomy. On the contrary, she was truly a heroine in putting on a cheerful face and working with double vigour at her son's outfit.

"With delight Isabel resumed her work,
And all the ensuing week the house appeared,
As cheerful as a grove in spring."

Her supper-board was, we may infer, always neat and clean. Her food was simple and homemade.

"Their labour did not cease, unless when all
Turned to the cleanly supper-board, and there
Each with a mess of pottage and skimmed milk
Sat round the basket filled with oaten cakes,
And their plain house-made cheese."

Besides these, Isabel was careful about her household things. She would daily clean and hang the lamp outside her house, which custom caused the people in the neighbourhood to name her house "The Evening Star."

"If day grow dim the housewife hung a lamp,
An aged utensil, which had performed
Beyond all others of its kind
.....
Who dwelt within the limits of the vale
Both old and young was named the Evening Star."

In fact she was a model lesson to all in the village of Grasmere for her industry and activity.

"With objects and hopes
Living a life of eager industry."

She was also a woman of serious thoughts. When her husband told her of his plan of sending Luke to London to better his prospects, she did not promptly refuse his suggestion, but on the other hand considered it seriously. It was indeed a difficult matter for Isabel to part with

her only child. She and her husband were then old, and their son was their only comfort. In spite of all this she quietly assented to her husband's wishes. She did this, because she had such confidence in her husband, and knew, that he would not propose anything that would harm her son. At one time, however, we find she tried to dissuade her son from going. She did this, not because she was fickle-minded, or because she wanted her son to disobey his father, but because she thought her husband had lost all confidence in his own plan, as she had found him tossing about on his bed on the two previous nights, and suspected that the very thought of the son's departure would break his heart.

"By Michael's side, she, through the last two nights
Heard him, how he was troubled in his sleep,
And when they rose in the morning, she could see
That all his hopes were gone."

Later on, when a letter from a London relative came, assuring the old parents of Luke's bright prospects, she instantly made up her mind that her son should start immediately. Isabel loved her son much, but she never idolised him. For if she did, she would never have consented to her husband's plans.

But, what a sad disappointment Isabel had! Luke, in whom she had the greatest confidence brought shame and disgrace on her and on her husband. Could such a result be expected to happen to such a self-sacrificing mother as Isabel? One cannot help feeling for her. In spite of this disappointment Isabel and her husband worked on as hard as ever. But it fell to this faithful housewife and noble mother to remain alone in this world, for her husband was soon taken away from her. Isabel lived a lonely life for three or more years, and then followed her husband to the grave.

"Three years or little more, did Isabel
Survive her husband, at her death the estate
Was sold and went into a stranger's hands,
The cottage, which was named "The Evening
Star,
Is gone."

Who would have expected this sad end to the industrious and active family? Even the bright little cottage, which was called "the Evening Star" was sold and became another man's property. But what great moral lessons can be learnt from Isabel? How many women of the present day can have her as their model lesson?

J. H. H.

II.—THE ENGLISH ORIGIN.

"BRED in the bone," is a common enough saying. We all believe in the influence of what is "bred" in men. The son "takes after" the

father, and is but a "chip of the old block." As with individuals, so with peoples. Character is hereditary among nations, as it is among families. Races have, indeed, a history of the most interesting kind. Into whatever nations they may be grouped, their essential characteristics remain the same. Thus, the Frenchmen of this day are almost identical in character with the inhabitants of ancient Gaul, as described by Cæsar some half a century before Christ. The Germans are but modernized Teutons. The modern Irishman is but a copy of the Celt of a thousand years ago. It is the same with all races; their peculiar qualities are "bred in the bone."

What of the modern English? Of what race are they? It is difficult to tell. They are of any thing but "pure" blood. Indeed all the races of Europe have gone towards forming the human mixture called "Englishman." In his veins run the blood of the Celt, the Roman, the Saxon, the Dane, and the Norman. As De Foe said, there is no such thing as a "true-born Englishman." From all that can be learnt from history, the race, which in olden times held possession of England, was purely Celtic. They could not hold their country against the Romans, who conquered it, and occupied it for many centuries. But the Roman legions were recalled, doubtless leaving settlers and offspring behind them, and the country was again left to the ascendancy of the native race,—the ancient Britons. Then came the Saxons, swarming over from Jutland, from Saxony, and from the territories about the Elbe, in North Germany. They came to help the Native Britons to beat back the wild Scots and Picts, who swarmed across the border. But the Saxons liked the goodly land of England; and when they had beaten back the Scots, they set themselves down there as its inhabitants and owners. Many a stout battle was fought for the ownership of England. But fresh swarms from Jutland kept pouring into the country. The ancient Britons were beaten; they were dispossessed of the rich lands lying along the southern and eastern coasts, and of the fertile Midland counties; they were pushed back, as it were, into the mountainous, sterile and comparatively inaccessible parts of the country—into Devon and Cornwall, into Wales and the counties thereabout, and into Cumberland and Westmoreland, and the hilly parts of Lancashire and West Yorkshire. So the Anglo-Saxons settled down in the country as the English people, planting their Teutonic institutions which contained in them the germs of so much of English constitutional liberties. They were a hard-working plodding people, these Anglo-Saxons; fond of rude comfort; eating well, and drinking well; on the whole heavy livers. A solid, phlegmatic race, shrewd, practical, and

sagacious; not quarrelsome, but ready enough to stand up for their "rights" when they were assailed. Thus was the Saxon element duly infused into the English nation.

The admixture was not however complete. The maritime spirit was infused into them, by the seafaring races, who inhabited the coasts of Denmark and Norway. The Danes and Norwegians came swarming upon the English coasts in their war-ships. These rude races were fond of the sea; they loved the ocean and laughed at its storms; laying their hand upon its mane, and breasting it as steed that knew its rider. It was their seafaring spirit, their maritime daring, which has made Britain what it is. The Danes and Norwegians were bigoted Pagans and hated those branches of their race, the Teutons of Germany and of England, who had been converted to Christianity. They shed the blood of priests; plundered their gold; and littered their horses in the chapels of palaces. When they had thus wasted some Christian territory, they would chant in derision, "We have sung the mass of lances; it began at dawn of morning and lasted till night." Then they launched on the deep, singing, "The force of the storm is a help to our rover's arms; the hurricane is in our service; it carries us the way we should go."

The Normans came last of all. A hard struggle it was indeed for these to blend with the already settled inhabitants of Britain. On the one hand, there were the conquered, rude and uncivilized, with little refinement but proud and defying, of a gloomy temperament; on the other, the conquerors looking down upon the natives, trying to rule the natures of a Southern nation. But we know the result. He is neither the German, nor the Frenchman, but the *Englishman*.

III.—THOUGHTS.

There are three parts of each of us with which we fight the battle of life.

The child in us, which cries to us to flee, leaving our deadly fear and peril in the night behind us.

The man in us, who calls to us to stand and face the danger; to conquer, not to be conquered by it.

The woman in us, who prays for faith.

We must all fight like soldiers—men and women and children, all alike.

We must obey orders. We must ask no questions. The answer—if we did—would tell us nothing.

We must not reason, only believe—believe.

It is the yielding to temptation which is wicked—not the temptation, or the extent to which you yield.

Nothing that you do is ever done alone. Some one other person is involved, although neither of the two may know that.

Nothing you do ends when it is done. There are deeds whose result is instantaneous and irrevocable, but whose effects are indefinitely and eternally prolonged.

These deeds can never be looked back upon without shame or sorrow—at all events, not without regret.

There is an element in human nature, far exceeding in its intensity, either love, or hate.

That element is remorse.

Sorrow is like a strong, swift current, which spreads itself out beneath one's life, clamouring for one's happiness with a thirsty sound, stretching out eager sprays with which to clutch it and draw it down, and hold it beyond one's reach for ever.

To be swept away by the current is wanton suicide.

To withdraw from it is impossible.

To stand firm is one's only chance.

One can live through these crises. To some extent one can live them down. What lies before is to live after them.

One must only hope and hope; turn one's back upon the past—lift prayerful eyes to the dim future.

Sympathy is born with people—certain people. It is conceived silently, nurtured unconsciously, born suddenly, sometimes prematurely.

Those who have it seldom know that it is theirs. It is we who go to it with open arms and open heart, fearlessly and unfalteringly, with the undaunted certainty of instinct. We cling to it, cry out to it, we spread ourselves out beneath it—all that we are, all that we had hoped to be. It says little, looks much, feels more, knows all. It is the one thing which has never betrayed our confidence; we are safe with it, and from it, and because of it.

It cannot cure, but it can comfort.

It cannot kill pain, but it can deaden it.

It is the despair of loneliness which eats like cancer into the heart of suffering. We have all Someone to whom we can go for sympathy.

IV.—VALUE OF EXAMINATIONS AS TESTS OF KNOWLEDGE.

In these days there exists a mania for public examinations. For every kind of employment, no matter what it is, whether that of a quill-driver, who has to do with dry figures all the day long at his desk or any other occupation—we need persons who have passed some educational test. In fact this mania has spread

so much that there are now definite salaries fixed for persons who have succeeded in special examinations. A graduate ought to receive so much, an undergraduate so much, a non-graduate so much, and so on to the end of the chapter—of course our Mohammedan friends are exceptions to these restrictions.

There can be no doubt that in the absence of other tests for finding out the real capabilities of a man, the test of examinations is the safest we can rely upon. Knowledge we know is one of the conditions of fitness for special employments, and examinations may be one of the best means of ascertaining whether the necessary knowledge has been acquired. At the same time, it must be remembered that examination is not by any means the sole test of the possession of real knowledge. Of course, if by knowledge it is meant a definite quantity of book learning which has been stuffed into a student's brain in a definite portion of time, then we are right in looking upon examinations as real tests of the intrinsic capabilities of an individual. But the term happily has a wider and a more appropriate application. By knowledge is meant the mental power, which an individual has to grasp and fully to comprehend the inner nature, and the very philosophy of the subject to which he turns his attention. It is certainly very easy to obtain a superficial idea of the leading principles of a subject, or to cram into one's head in a short space of time the requisite points which are likely to be of use in an examination, but it is totally a different thing to get at the root of a subject, know its fundamental truths and above all, to be able to apply them to the realities and duties of life.

Examinations, we repeat, are not by any means the surest tests for finding out whether a student has acquired a real knowledge of a particular branch of study. We shall just notice here a few causes for the insufficiency of examinations as real tests of knowledge.

In the first place there is much that is accidental in the success which attends examinations. The real student takes care to have a fair idea of the whole subject, his is not that loose method of study by which knowledge is acquired simply with a view to creep through an examination.

He pays equal attention to all that is of real value in the domain of knowledge. On the other hand most students read as if their sole object was to secure a pass in a few public examinations. They cram up a few points, which are likely to appear in an examination and they often meet with success. There is no need to bring forward instances to prove this. Nothing is more surprising sometimes than the results of an examination; our expectations are entirely

frustrated, the worst student often happens to secure a better place than one who is really far better than he.

Want of self-confidence is another cause for the failure sometimes of the very best students. A sort of indefinable dread comes over many students on first presenting themselves for an examination, in spite of the efforts they have made conscientiously to acquire a proper knowledge of the subjects prescribed for it; a fear lest they should fail to obtain the approval of the examiners. This feeling acts on the nerves which have already been overtaken by hard study, and produces a sort of tension which disables them to do justice to themselves. As a general rule, the ill-prepared students are those who enter the examination room with an overweening confidence in themselves.

Sometimes many good students fail on account of the shortcomings of the examiners. The questions are couched in such ambiguous language, or in phraseology peculiar to the examiners themselves, that the very best students find it difficult to get at the real meaning. In fact it takes more time to comprehend the questions themselves than to answer them.

Very often the examiner tries to show to the poor candidates all that he knows about the subject instead of testing the knowledge of the students. Sometimes also the examination papers are so meagre that the candidate has no scope for the exercise of his intelligence.

V.—SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS.

THE PRINCIPLE OF INERTIA.

Inertia is "the inactivity" or passiveness of matter—a want of power in an object to move, or when moving, to stop of itself. This perfect indifference to either rest or motion makes the great distinction between living and lifeless matter. To overcome this indifference, we must use force, and when we have applied force to matter we set it in motion; that is, we move it. When we move it we find a certain resistance, which is always proportionate to the force applied.

A PIECE OF MONEY ROLLING ON AN UMBRELLA.

We will first give an illustration of the trick performed by some jugglers, *viz.*, the circling of a half-crown upon a Japanese umbrella. The umbrella is turned rapidly round, and, to all appearance, the half-crown is running along the surface, but it is really the umbrella that is moving beneath the piece of money. This is an example of the principle of inertia. The experi-

ment is performed very cleverly by Japanese jugglers. The principle is shewn in the fact that the piece of money refuses to move even while the umbrella is moving, because no force has been applied to it, *viz.*, to the money.

TO CUT A PEACH, WITH ITS STONE, RIGHT THROUGH.

Take an almost ripe peach, of medium size, and insert in it a table-knife so that the blade may be in contact with the edge of the stone. If the peach be too ripe to remain suspended on the blade it can be fastened by a thread, but only on the condition that the knife-blade remains in contact with the edge of the stone. The knife with the peach attached is then grasped in the left hand tightly and firmly, and with another table-knife a blow is struck by the right hand—a smart violent blow—on the knife, close to the fruit. If the knife has been properly inserted into the fruit, so that the shock is transmitted in the direction of the centre of gravity of the peach, the stone will be cut normally to its axis, as well as the tissue which encloses it, and moreover in a very smart manner indeed. In performing this experiment it will be well to suspend the peach over a table, and to use common knives, which are not likely to be damaged.

Many games based upon "inertia" are practised; one of them is this,—place in the midst of a certain circumference a pipe, at the upper end of which some pieces of money are placed. The pipe, when thrown at with quoits or a stick, lets the coin fall to the ground within the circle, but if the pieces must be struck beyond the circle it is necessary to avoid hitting the pipe. It is true by virtue of the inertia of matter that the particles of dust are beaten out of our clothes, every particle being in a condition of repose. When the shock of the sudden stroke puts in motion the stuff in which the particles are resting, they remain behind and at once fall down released from the clothes. When a piece of cord is vigorously flourished and then suddenly checked in the moment of its greatest impulse, the extreme end which has the greatest velocity, has a tendency to escape from the other sections, and in this attempt a noise is produced. This is the cracking of the whip. It is on the same principle that drops of water will run from the lettuce-leaves when forcibly shaken in a wicker basket. In this there is also an illustration of centrifugal force, as already mentioned. Facts of this nature may be multiplied exceedingly. A bullet shot from a rifle will go through a pane of glass and leave a round hole in it; but if the ball be thrown by the hand at a much less speed, the glass will be shattered into fragments. The flexible stem of a plant may be severed by a switch

horizontally thrown at it with great force. The velocity in the case is very high and the molecules directly struck attain also a speed so great that they separate themselves from the surrounding molecules, before they have had time to communicate their velocity to the latter.

TO PROJECT ONE OR TWO "DRAUGHTSMEN"

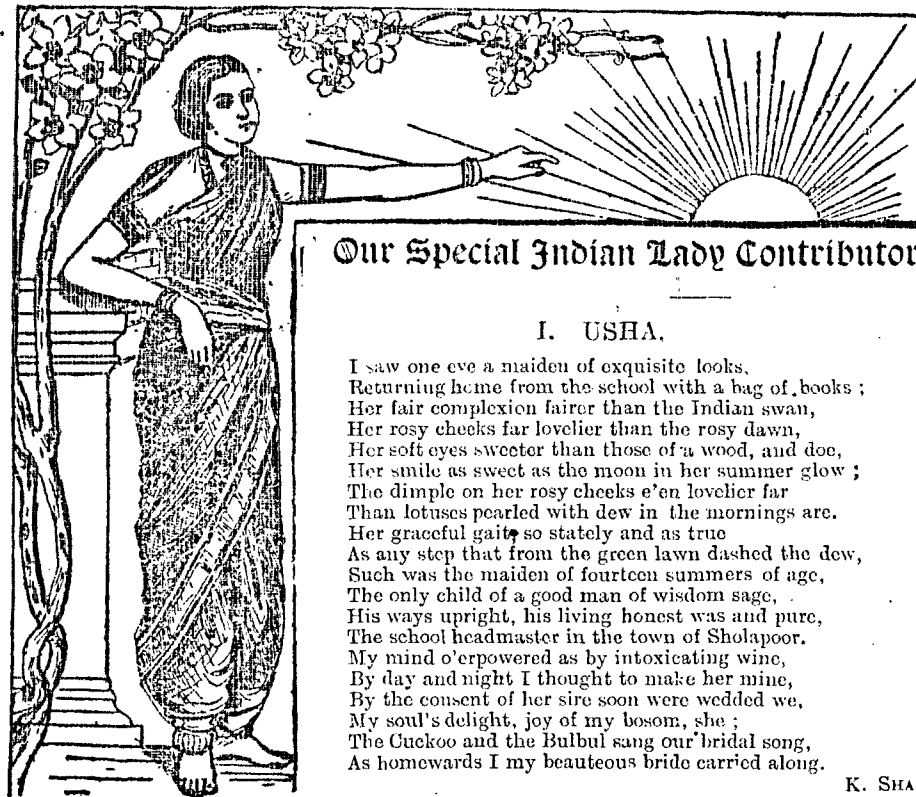
FROM A HEAP OF THEM.

This experiment is performed by means of draughts or backgammon "men," but instead of a piece of wood another disc is used as a projectile. Build up a column of ten or twelve pieces, and with the thumb and fore-finger project the single disc violently against the pile, causing the disc to strike the column. The piece thus launched out will strike tangentially the pile in one of two ways—either it will hit at the point of contact of two discs, in which case two will be projected from the column or it will strike a single disc, in which case the single piece

only will be projected from the pile, without disturbing the stability of the other pieces.

THE PLATE AND THE PILE OF COPPERS.

Put a dozen coins in a plate and propose to deposit them at one movement in the same order on the table. People, who have never tried this experiment will essay it in vain. To accomplish it, you must raise the plate about a foot above the table, suddenly depress it, as shown in the illustration, and draw it towards you. The coins not finding any support, will fall to the table in the same position as they left the plate. It is by no means an easy task that the pile of the money falls as above described without separating them. With practice and skill you will surely accomplish the task, in performing which, it is best to let the coins fall or slide off the plate upon a cloth, which is more elastic than a bare table. The cloth will lessen the shock of propulsion.



Our Special Indian Lady Contributors' Column.

I. USHA.

I saw one eve a maiden of exquisite looks,
Returning home from the school with a bag of books;
Her fair complexion fairer than the Indian swan,
Her rosy cheeks far lovelier than the rosy dawn,
Her soft eyes sweeter than those of a wood, and doe,
Her smile as sweet as the moon in her summer glow;
The dimple on her rosy cheeks e'en lovelier far
Than lotuses pearly with dew in the mornings are.
Her graceful gait so stately and as true
As any step that from the green lawn dashed the dew,
Such was the maiden of fourteen summers of age,
The only child of a good man of wisdom sage,
His ways upright, his living honest was and pure,
The school headmaster in the town of Sholapoor.
My mind o'erpowered as by intoxicating wine,
By day and night I thought to make her mine,
By the consent of her sire soon were wedded we,
My soul's delight, joy of my bosom, she;
The Cuckoo and the Bulbul sang our bridal song,
As homewards I my beauteous bride carried along.

K. SHAMA.

II. JOY.

Why roved ye from the soul's deep caves, Joy, I loved
so well?
Why sought ye fondly other realms when mine
were yours to dwell?
Why found ye pleasure in the touch of alien mu-
sic's thrill
When all the chords of my heart's harp were ever
at your will?
When you did play your wondrous lay, oh goddess
more than fair
A magic charm vibrated through my soul as
through the air?
And when you fled in sweet chagrin, my soul was
lost in sleep
And caves that you did make so bright were left in
darkness deep.
And in your place a sombre maid within the cells
I found
Whose melancholy wall the darkness did resound.
I longed for you—you did not come, but now I
know full well
You have returned, beloved Joy, to lay me 'neath
your spell.

LALITA GUPTA.

Let the door be on the latch
In your home,
For it may be through the glooming
I will come."

The word "afterward" holds many meanings for us.

There is the *afterward* of sorrow, in which may be we can look forward to a little relief of the grief which is now overwhelming us. To-day's heavy clouds to-morrow are gone, and often the lifting of the dark pall from the bright sky throws a clearer, sweeter light around, and the grass is greener and the flowers are more brilliant. "No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness." Then there is the *afterward* of joy, when perhaps we can look forward to the enhancing of our present happiness; or, enjoy our joy with a sober heart, knowing that, if God wills it, it can be turned into pain. Then, there is the *afterward* of MYSTERY. There are many things in God's word, which at the time are dark and obscure, but which the future is sure to make clear and plain. And, through these three *afterwards*, come to us the *afterwards* of HOPE, of PATIENCE and RESIGNATION, of FAITH and TRUST.

"Let us leave God alone
Why should I doubt, he will explain in time
What I feel now, but fail to find the words."

Says Robert Browning:—

There are many reasons for the present obscurity of life. One is our ignorance and our limited knowledge. We have learned merely the rudiments of life and cannot understand the more advanced and difficult things. We are all scholars in God's school, trying to read the book of Providence, which is written in a language, which we do not yet understand. As the years pass on and our experience deepens, painful mysteries vanish, hard truths are made softer and life grows clearer and more serene.

"This life is one; and in its warp and woof there runs a thread of gold that glitters fair, and sometimes in the pattern shows most sweet where there are sombre colors."

Another reason why God's ways seem strange to us is because we see them in their incompleteness. We must wait until they are finished, before we can fully understand God's intention or see the beauty that is in His thought. It is like standing before a sculptor's block and seeing him work. The work appears at first rough to us. There are no lines of beauty. Many of the strokes appear useless and ugly; but when the statue is finished, how marvellous it appears and how we admire the man's work.

Again many things appear different, when viewed in different lights. This is especially true of life's sorrows. Sometimes sorrow comes, like

Friendly Chats among Ourselves.

"AFTERWARD."



"It may be in the evening,
When the work of the day is done,
And you have time to sit in the twilight,
And watch the sinking sun,
While the long bright day dies slowly
Over the sea,
And the hour grows quiet and holy
With thoughts of me;
While you hear the village children
Passing along the street—
Among these thronging footsteps
May come the sound of my feet,
Therefore I tell you, watch,
By the light of the evening star
When the moon is growing dusky
As the clouds afar,

a dashing torrent, threatening to overwhelm us; but often it is caught in the strong wind and falls on us as fine soft spray; or perhaps a large rock turns it aside and it escapes us.

Therefore, whatever happens, we should learn to trust in God.

"What shall thine afterward be, O Lord?
I wonder and wait to see
(While to thy chastening hand I bow)
What peaceable fruit may be ripening now;
Ripening fast for me."

NALINI.

Home Talks.

HOME-NURSING.

(Taken from the *Girls' Own Paper*.)

VI.—INSENSIBILITY.



There are many forms of insensibility, which may be caused by the action of brain, heart, or lungs being interfered with. The uneducated and ignorant describe all forms of insensibility as fits, and often seem to be rather proud than otherwise when anyone belonging to them is subject to fainting fits or to that terrible scourge epilepsy.

On finding an insensible person, first try to find out what has made him unconscious, loosen the clothing round the neck and chest, undoing any belts or buckles that may cause pressure. Then feel quickly to see if there be any bones broken, or a bruise or cut which might have caused the unconsciousness. If a blow or cut be discovered, treat it by stopping the flow of blood from a cut, and bathe a bruise in hot water. If there be no apparent and outward cause to render the patient insensible, get him placed on to a bed or sofa and keep him as flat as possible, and send for medical aid.

Should he recover consciousness, do not allow him to talk, but keep him quite quiet until the doctor arrives, and abide by his instructions.

If an unconscious person be found out of doors, try to find out the cause of insensibility, place the patient in as comfortable a position as possible, then seek aid to get him carried to the nearest house, as, except a child, it is well nigh impossible to lift or carry an unconscious person single-handed, and the attempt might cause very serious results.

Apoplexy.—In an apoplectic fit, which is to be more feared for thick-necked, short, elderly people than for thin ones, the patient will suddenly lose consciousness, the pupils of the eye dilate unequally, and the breath comes in laboured gasps, with a sort of exaggerated snore with each expiration; the cheeks are puffed out, and the arms, if raised, will fall helpless. Place the patient in a reclining position with the head slightly raised, loosen all clothing round the neck and waist, and apply hot water bottles or hot flannels to the extremities. Never be persuaded to try to force brandy or whisky between the patient's lips, as no food should be given by the mouth, for fear of choking him. Medical aid should be sought at once.

Epilepsy.—Many persons have a tendency to epilepsy without actually having epileptic fits. This tendency is shown by a nervous twitching of the muscles which renders the hands incapable of holding anything firmly; neither can the patient control these nervous twitchings in any way, and very often he will be very depressed and will move about wearily when obliged. A person subject to epileptic fits may have one at any time, and when he is apparently in good health, but the early morning is perhaps the time when they most frequently occur. The patient will be seized suddenly with the fit, sometimes a scream will come before he falls unconscious, and at other times he will become unconscious and fall without a sound. The hands are always clenched, and the legs will jerk violently. Never try to stop these movements. The face becomes very livid and a slight froth will appear round the mouth. If standing by the person who is in the fit, catch him as he falls, lay him flat, raising the head with the left arm, undo anything in the shape of collar or neck-band, and push something hard between the teeth to prevent them injuring the tongue. After a short time the patient will recover consciousness and will know nothing at all about what has happened, and will probably want to go to sleep, or will get up and walk away. If he should wish to sleep do not prevent him, but it is not wise to allow him to sleep for any length of time, nor should he be left to himself. Anyone with a tendency to epilepsy should lead a quiet regular life and should not be treated as an

Our Needlework Column.

DRAWN THREAD WORK.

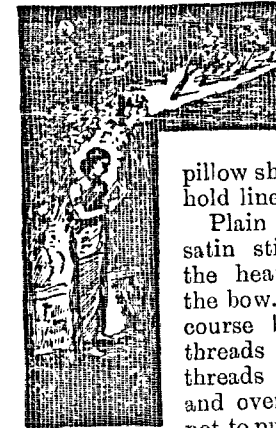


FIG. 1.—A novel and artistic method for working initials, Monograms, Crests, etc. Most effective for

pillow shams, sheets, and household linens of all kinds.

Plain buttonhole stitch, little satin stitch dots for outlining the heart, and satin stitch for the bow. The initials must of course be worked before the threads are drawn; three threads drawn, and three left and oversewn. Be very careful not to pull the threads on which the letters are worked, but cut them closely and neatly up to the lettering. The linen enclosed by the bow is drawn and worked to match interior of heart.

FIGURE 1.

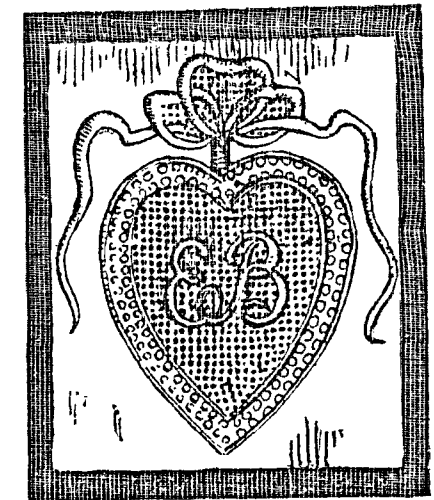


FIG. 2.—A charming border design 4 inches deep, suitable for an afternoon tea cloth, etc. The alternate fillings of interior of design consisting of drawn work, with a little darned pattern; and drawn work with a centre worked in thick satin stitch. The buttonholing and satin stitch look very well worked in coloured silk.

invalid, but a person with that tendency, however slight, should be under a doctor's care, and his treatment at whatever inconvenience should be faithfully carried out.

Concussion of the brain is caused by a blow on the head, or by falling from a great height and landing on the feet; this sends a severe jar right through the whole of the nervous system. Concussion of the brain might be severe or slight. If the former, the brain substance is bruised, and the patient may lie unconscious for days, breathing heavily, much like a person seized with an apoplectic fit. Loosen all clothing likely to cause any pressure, keep hot-water bottles to the feet and ice or cold water bandages to the head. With a slight concussion, the patient will be in a semi-conscious state, and if spoken to will probably answer quite sensibly. Sickness as a rule ensues, and the patient will gradually come to himself. Never try to give the patient any food by the mouth when he is unconscious, as he will be unable to swallow. Should a child when playing strike his head, and suffer from slight concussion, keep him very quiet and let him sleep; it is a great mistake to try to rouse him. After the shock of the blow nature calls out for rest.

Fainting is caused by the failure of the heart's action, thereby causing an insufficient flow of blood to the brain. This may be due to a shock, hunger, excessive fatigue, sudden pain, hæmorrhage, or vitiated air. The signs of fainting fits are sudden pallor, parched lips, a clammy feeling in the hands, closed eyes, giddiness, and trembling. If a person faints in church or in a theatre, bend the head towards the knees, loosen all clothing round the neck, and the patient will probably recover consciousness. Some stimulant in the way of tea, coffee or hot milk may be given with advantage. Another method of bringing a person round when fainting is to place the patient flat, loosen any clothing that may cause pressure, and should there be a slight gurgling in the throat, raise the head for a minute. If a very long faint, a handkerchief dipped in very cold water, and struck across the chest will often cause the patient to revive. If fainting be due to heart disease, artificial respiration would have to be resorted to, taking care to stand well away from the patient, so as to give him as much air as possible. If due to hunger, be very careful not to give too much food at once—hot milk, or soup in small quantities and often, until the patient can sit up without aid, then a little solid food may be given.

If the fainting fit be due to hæmorrhage, the flow of blood must be stopped, and some stimulant should be given to the patient.

FIGURE 2.

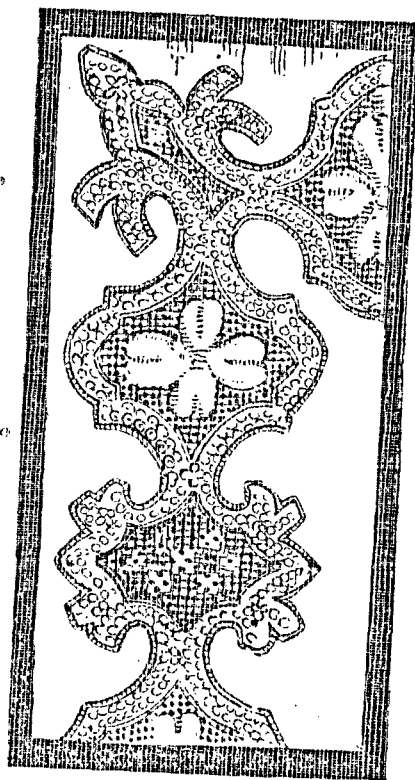


FIGURE 3.

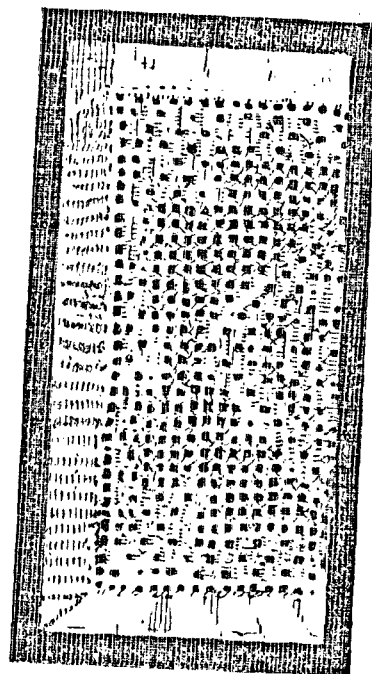


FIG. 3.—In this handsome square for which no traced design is necessary, four threads are pulled and four left and the sewing over which is somewhat different in style is worked on the right side. The darned pattern may be easily

followed by glancing at the illustration. The square is worked on 260 threads each way. This design may be utilised for bedspreads, cushion covers, chair backs, etc., and looks very well when used over a colour.

Our Cookery Column.

ICES.



MANY of my readers probably regard ices and ice-puddings as extravagant luxuries, only to be indulged in on rare occasions; but now that such simple and excellent machines can be obtained for making them, with but little trouble and expense, every girl should be able to produce them just as easily as any other pudding.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING ICES.

Place the mixture that you wish to freeze in the ice-pot. Stand the pot in the ice-pail, put in the mixing-fan and cover. Then proceed to fill up the pail around it with the freezing mixture—roughly pounded ice and salt, in the proportion of one part salt to three of ice. Leave it thus for a few moments, then put on the handle and work briskly until it is frozen. Take out the mixing-fan, put on the closely-fitting cover, place a strip of blanket over the freezer, and leave until required for use. Take out the wooden peg, so that any water may drain away, and, if necessary, fill up with more ice and salt. Our illustration shows a double freezer, in which two kinds of ice can be frozen at one time. One of the ice-pots is already in the pail, the other is at the side, showing the various parts, mixing-fan, etc.

To be successful it is necessary to be accurate.

LEMON WATER ICE.

Put half a pound of loaf sugar and one pint of water into an enamelled iron stewpan and boil it to a thick syrup, which will be in about fifteen minutes. Leave the syrup until quite cold, now add the strained juice of the lemon (using one large or two small ones). Freeze for fifteen minutes, then add the well-whipped white of a large fresh egg and freeze until firm.

ORANGE WATER ICE

Is made in the same way, substituting the juice of half a lemon and that of one large juicy orange in place of the lemon-juice in the former recipe.

PINEAPPLE WATER ICE.

Into a stewpan put a tumbler and a half of cold water and three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar, bring to the boil, and then let it boil for ten minutes. Take off the fire and add to it half a pound of fresh pineapple, freed from skin and finely chopped with a silver knife, and the juice of a small lemon strained. Mix thoroughly. Rub through a fine hair-sieve and then freeze.

PEACH WATER ICE.

Into a bowl put the strained juice of two lemons and one orange, a teacupful of the syrup from a tin of peaches, and four of the peaches rubbed through a fine sieve. Now add a syrup made by boiling three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar with a pint of water for ten minutes. Mix well and then freeze.

Apricot water ice is made in the same way, substituting apricots for the peaches.

VANILLA ICE CREAM.

Well whip three perfectly fresh eggs. Put a pint of milk and two ounces of loaf sugar in an enamelled iron saucepan, bring it to the boil and stir until the sugar has dissolved, take off the fire and, when it has cooled a little, stir it into the whipped eggs. Turn it into a jug, stand the jug in a saucepan of boiling water, and stir continually until it becomes of the consistency of thick cream. Set the custard aside until cold, then add a flavouring of essence of vanilla, stir it well in and then freeze.

STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM.

Remove the stalks from a pound of ripe sound strawberries, and then rub them through a fine hair-sieve, add to them four ounces of castor sugar, and a dessertspoonful of strained lemon-juice, mix, then add a teacupful of whipped cream. Mix thoroughly and add a few drops of cochineal to make it a pretty pink. Freeze in the usual way.

A DELICIOUS ICE PUDDING.

Drain the syrup from a small tin of pineapple chunks, put it into a stewpan with three ounces of loaf sugar, a tumblerful of water and the pineapple cut into small pieces, boil all together for fifteen minutes with three-quarters of an ounce of isinglass. Then rub it through a fine sieve into a bowl and set until it is cold, then whisk in the pint of whipped cream for half milk and half cream if economy must be studied. Beat for five minutes, then turn it into the freeze and work until half frozen. Mix with it a quarter of a pound of small preserved fruits. Turn the ice into a mould and set it in the freezer until frozen firm.

Varieties.



ONE of the most fatal temptations to the weak is a slight deviation from the truth, for the sake of apparent good.

It is in vain to hope to please all alike. Let a man stand with his face in what direction he will, he must necessarily turn his back on one-half of the world.

We are born in hope; we pass our childhood in hope; we are governed by hope through the whole course of our lives; and in our last moments hope is flattering to us, and not till the beating of the heart shall cease will its benign influence leave us.

The perfection of wisdom and the end of true philosophy is to proportion our wants to our possessions, our ambitions to our capacities.

The happiness of the human race in this world does not consist in our being devoid of passions, but in our learning to command them.

It is one of the most beautiful compensations of this life that no man can sincerely try to help another, without helping himself.

What has been done for and by Indian Ladies.

MALAYALEE GIRLS. THEIR HIGHER EDUCATION.

[By a Malayalee Lady.]

It was in 1866 that the subject of female education first came up for any serious consideration by Government, and it must be confessed that the results of these forty-one years are not very satisfactory. Of course year after year there is progress, but it is slow and uncertain. This is best explained by the social restrictions among the Hindus, especially among the Brahmins, who are perhaps the most advanced among the different castes of India. The system of early marriage is a strong barrier, and this barrier is nowhere more strong and more particularly laid down than among the Brahmins. Reporting on Public Instruction for the year 1889-90 Dr. Duncan was forced to admit that "much of the money spent on female education is practically thrown away in consequence of the early age at which girls are withdrawn from the school. The little learning acquired in the elementary standards becomes less when the girl is by social custom withdrawn from school at the age of ten, and by the time womanhood is fully entered upon only the merest vestiges of it remain." What was true seventeen years ago is true even to-day; most of the girls are taken away at the age of ten, and in many cases earlier, and once out of the school, and that too before they have a taste for learning which might be expected to keep them in touch with books, they fast forget what little they had known, and, as Dr. Duncan so well expresses it, by the time womanhood is entered upon only the merest vestige of it remains.

Though, as a rule, among many families, girls have to be withdrawn at a very early age, yet there is nothing that prevents Malayalee girls from studying in the schools for a longer time. They are not married so early as eight or nine years old. They have not, as soon as married, to face the mother-in-law and sister-in-law; and in many cases the Malayalee girl has not to be initiated into the secrets of cooking and managing. She has always some old woman in the house; she has her *karnavan*, and for all practical purposes she is only a member of the house and need not know how it goes so long as she has her meals in time and her conveniences attended to. This is not the case generally with other caste girls, who, as soon as they are married, are carried away to their husband's houses, where, amidst new faces and new surroundings, they have to pass their days. They have new people to fear and obey; they have new customs to observe and act up to; in fact, they have to forget what they were. It is only when they have become mothers, or when they live separately with their husbands, that they find they have any little range of independence; but by this time they care more for the savings of the house than for their A. B. C. Among Malayalee girls, too, in some cases, this is the case. Their husbands take them away to the places where they are employed and they have to manage a house, to understand and

assume the responsibilities of a house-wife; and naturally they might not be able to devote any time to studies. But these are only exceptions. The major portion of our girls are born, bred and live and die in the same house, beneath the same roof; and of these it is possible that something could be made by way of higher education. They could, until they attain a marriageable age, study in any school without any prejudice whatsoever; and as soon as they have attained that age, they are not, like the Brahmins, bound to go away and live with their husbands. It is their choice, or rather the choice of their *karnavans* whether they are married at once or not. As it is, many of them are not married immediately. They wait until they can find whom they consider a deserving person, and this not unfrequently extends to a year or two. By this time, with a careful and good system of education, they could have appeared for Matriculation; or might be studying in the Fourth and Fifth Forms, a stage when they might be really expected to know the worth of what they read. They would have, by this time, reached a stage when they would have acquired a taste for reading, and with that enthusiasm common to youth, work it up to pass the examination; and once they pass the Matriculation, they could easily go up for their F. A., and their *karnavans* themselves, from whom perhaps any objection to further continuing it up may be feared, would be anxious that they should shine forth in the world. By this time, I allow, they might have been married; may be that they might have children too. But being in a joint family they do not and need not know the thousand and one cares of family life. They can still live and move in that house as if they were children yet; and, therefore, they could devote all their time to their books.

But there would be one great difficulty, and that not of the ordinary kind—want of female teachers of sufficient age, standing and character. This is a difficulty that confronted Mr. Grigg as early as 1880. "The employment of male teachers," he wrote, "has the great disadvantage of checking the tendency of permitting girls to remain at school after they have come to a marriageable age." Unless female teachers of ability and character are found, respectable *taravads* will not send their grown-up girls to Schools and Colleges; and sure'y husbands will never allow their wives to be disciplined by others of their own sex. If only female teachers are available, and proper institutions established in Malabar, in less than ten or twelve years Malabar can boast of many a female graduate, telling the bright little stories of Grimm or Anderson to their young children playing at their knees, or translating the startling adventures of a Robinson Crusoe or Baron Munchausen in a happy house.

LADY MINTO'S NURSING ASSOCIATION.—A General Meeting. The following extracts are from Notes presented by Mrs. E. Davies, the Chief Lady Superintendent, at the Meeting held at Viceregal Lodge, Simla, on the 6th instant on the progress and working of Lady Minto's Indian Nursing Association:—

The general progress of the Association up to date may be described as extremely satisfactory. The favourable reception accorded to the movement from the first has been well maintained, and has aroused a

healthy interest in the various Provinces where Branches have been and are being formed. Travelling concessions have been most generously granted on the main railways throughout India, including the subsidiary lines in Eastern Bengal and Assam—enabling Nursing Sisters to travel 1st class at 2nd class rates. Similar concessions have been obtained from the Rivers Steam and India General Steam Navigation Companies allowing the Nursing Sisters in Eastern Bengal and Assam, to travel by their steamers at half the ordinary fares in force from time to time on the different services.

Special rates have been granted to Regiments, British and Indian, firms, and other civil bodies, on payment of a lump sum annually. They are as follows:—

(1) All the legitimate members of a subscriber's family. (Subscription being Rs. 10 per annum for incomes of Rs. 500 and under and Rs. 20 per annum for incomes above Rs. 500.)

(2) Members of any recognised firm shall make an annual subscription of Rs. 50, and whose numbers do not exceed Rs. 15.

(3) Officers of a British Regiment whose Regiment shall make an annual subscription of Rs. 100 and Rs. 50 in the case of an Indian Regiment, and whose numbers do not exceed Rs. 15. Over that number, in all cases, Rs. 5 per head per annum. Names of such members to be submitted annually, when subscription is paid to the Provincial Branch.

The Financial Statement presented by the Honorary Treasurer was most satisfactory. The sum of Rs. 3½ lakhs has already been invested as an Endowment Fund. A grant of Rs. 70,000 from the Funds realised by the Minto Fancy Fete was recorded, also a donation of Rs. 10,000 from Her Highness the Maharani of Jaipur.

Since January five Nursing Sisters have been selected in India, two of whom have received their entire training in this country; one is Australian trained, and the remaining two received their professional education in England. Three are already working at their respective centres. In addition ten Nursing Sisters have arrived from England since the beginning of the year and have been attached to the various Branches, where they were most needed. In October our staff will be increased by ten more nurses.

[Branches have been formed and nurses supplied in the following Provinces:—Punjab, N. W. Frontier, United Provinces, Baluchistan, East Bengal and Assam, the Central Province and Rajputana.]

Communications have also taken place with reference to the formation of a Branch in Burma, but, so far, nothing of a very definite nature has been settled.

The question of incorporating Lady Amptill's Institute with Lady Minto's Indian Nursing Association was considered at a meeting held in Madras, but it was resolved not to amalgamate, on the ground that the conditions in Southern India were very different from those in Northern India, and also on account of the great distance from Simla.

THE GOVERNMENT ENCOURAGEMENT TO FEMALE EDUCATION.—The liberal grant to the proposed Mahomedan Girls' School at Aligarh once more proves the willingness of the Government to co-operate heartily with all sincere efforts in spreading

female education. We have noticed with sincere gratitude similar readiness on the part of Government to help the cause of female education both in Eastern and Western Bengal. Several Girls' Schools have received increased grants from the Government of both the provinces. There has been only one remarkable exception to this generosity of Government. Considering the generous policy of Government towards female education, its unsympathetic attitude towards the Bethune College, which has been evident for some time, is really unaccountable. The Bethune College is a Government institution. It has special claims on the Government. It is the only first grade College for the education of women throughout British India. It has done much to further the cause of female education in this country. It must be thankfully admitted that for many years past the Government has maintained it at a great cost for a handful of girls. But now that the scope of its usefulness is rapidly widening, and the number of girls availing of the advantages offered by the institution is increasing, the authorities are showing an inexplicable indifference. Since the beginning of this year there has been a large increase in the number of both day-scholars and boarders, so much so that admission was to be refused to many in both the departments. It would be a matter for regret even if one girl had to be sent away for want of accommodation. We cannot yet afford even the show of rebuff to girls desiring education. The authorities ought to make prompt and ample arrangements for the growing needs of the institution. If we are not mistaken it was more than two years ago that a plot of ground was specially acquired for the extension of the Bethune College; and we cannot understand why the proposed extension of buildings has not yet been effected. The institution is also in urgent need of more teachers and educational accessories. Considering the present generous policy of the Government towards female education, we will confidently hope that the need of the premier institution for the education of women in India will receive prompt attention.

THE HINDU WIDOWS' HOME ASSOCIATION, POONA.—Monthly Report for July 1907.—1. Mrs. Parvatibai Athavale was not well and she could not commence her work till almost the end of July. She has now gone to Ahmednagar and will work there for about a month.

2. A meeting of the managing committee was held during the month, so also a meeting of the Ladies' Committee.

3. Mr. Javadekar of Mahbubnagar sent thirty rough blankets or ghongdis for the use of the inmates and Mrs. Sindhubai Gharpure of Satara sent sweetmeats for distribution.

4. One hundred and one people visited the Home during the month, there being 36 ladies, 61 gentlemen and 4 students. Of these 65 came from Poona, 14 from Bombay, 8 from Berars, 5 from Konkan, 4 from the Carnatic, 3 from the Nizam's Dominions and one from Madras. Special mention must be made of the following ladies and gentlemen who kindly visited the Home. Mrs. McPherson, Miss Reynolds, Sister Rosa Beatrice, Mr. and Mrs. Ali Akbar, Prof. Wodehouse, Rev. R. Traill and Rev. Father Elvin of Poona, Shrimant Sirdar Biwalkar of Alibag, the Hon'ble Mr. Vithaldas D. Thakarsi, Shet Dharamsi

Morarji Gokuldas and Mr. and Mrs. Krishna Rao Balwant Wagle of Bombay and Hon'ble N. Subba Rao of Madras. These ladies and gentlemen have to be specially thanked for the special trouble they had to take on account of the badness of the road owing to the unusually wet season.

5. The following money contributions have to be specially noted. Rs. 101 from Shet Dharamsi Morarji Gokuldas and Rs. 105 from R.B.K.B. Marathe of Poojya.

6. The total number of contributors during the month was 175 while their contributions amounted to Rs. 888.

Hingne Budruk,
12th August, 1907.

KASHIBAI DEVDHAR,
VENUBAI NAMJOSHI,
Secretaries.

The Alexandra Native Girls' English Institution fully maintained last year its reputation as an efficient and successful school for girls. It had 133 pupils on its rolls—101 of whom were Parsis, 27 Hindus, 2 Mussalmans, 2 Israelites and 1 Portuguese. Of the ten pupils sent up for the Matriculation, six passed—Misses Setna, Thakar, Mankar, Dalvi, Khareghat, and Mistry. Five of these are now reading for higher examinations. The Drawing Class made satisfactory progress, and of the two pupils sent up for the Trinity College Examination in Music one passed with honours. It is the practice of this Institution to get the pupils thoroughly examined in all branches of the studies at the close of the year by independent examiners. The reports of these examiners were generally very flattering. Care is taken to see that the pupils speak only in English in class and at play-time. Miss Sharp, as a result of her examination, reported that the elder girls, with whom she conversed, "spoke very correctly." The Institution received during the year donations aggregating nearly Rs. 2,000.

The new Anglo-Vernacular Girls' School at Hyderabad, Sind, has not been many years in existence. The successful work done hitherto is not only creditable to the staff, but is full of hope for the future. The number on the rolls rose last year from 58 to 110. The charging of fees has been found to be no bar to the expansion of the school. The number of girls studying English is 46.

FEMALE EDUCATION AMONG THE MAHOMEDANS.—Nothing proves the backwardness of the Mahomedan community in India more clearly than the little progress which female education has made in their midst up to this time. It was with a view to popularise female education among the Mahomedans that Mr. Theodore Morrison, when he was yet the Principal of Aligarh College, made a proposal to establish a School for Mahomedan girls at Aligarh. The Aligarh College has done much to spread education among our Mahomedan fellow countrymen; and a Girl's School at Aligarh with Mrs. Morrison at its head might not unlikely have done for Mahomedan female education what the Aligarh College is doing for the education of Mahomedan boys. Unfortunately Mr. Morrison did not stay to carry out his proposal and nothing was heard of it since he left

India. We are exceedingly glad to find that the project was not altogether given up. It is now announced that the United Provinces Government has made a grant of Rs. 15,000 for the building of a Mahomedan Girls' School at Aligarh and offers a further grant of half the cost of the maintenance of the school up to the maximum of Rs. 250 a month. The Begum of Bhopal also has made a grant of Rs. 5,000 for preparing special text books for girls. We hope the School will be opened at an early date.

Her Highness the Maharani of Jaipur has generously given a donation of Rs. 10,000 to Lady Minto's Indian Nursing Association. His Highness the Maharaja in a letter to the Private Secretary to the Viceroy writes as follows:—Her Highness expressed her earnest desire to be allowed to identify her subscription with institutions which relieve the poor and suffering in England and India. In England her endeavours to that end have at last been successful and Her Majesty the Queen-Empress has very kindly accepted her offer of one lakh of rupees and has graciously consented to distribute the sum to such institutions as are deserving of sympathy and support. When I was leaving Jaipur for Simla Her Highness desired me to obtain Her Excellency Lady Minto's kind permission to place a sum of Rs. 10,000 at her disposal for the Nursing Association which in Her Highness's opinion is deserving of every help and encouragement.

HINDU WIDOW RE-MARRIAGE.—On Tuesday last, the 12th inst., the marriage of a Kulin Hindu widow was solemnised in Calcutta, under the auspices of "Bidhya Bibaha Samiti," the office of which is located at 19, Peary Charan Sircar's Street Calcutta. The bridegroom, Baboo Kripa Nath Mukerji is the son of Baboo Hari Das Mukerji of Gondalpara, and the bride is the daughter of Baboo Nagendra Nath Banerjee of Chandranagore.

A ZENANA SCHOOL IN HYDERABAD.—We are glad to learn that with the help of Accountant-General Hydari's wife, Mrs. Hydari—a lady of great refinement and culture—Mrs. Walker has started a Zenana school in Hyderabad with ample precautions and satisfactory arrangements for *purdah*, so that the nobles of Hyderabad may have no hesitation in sending their *purdah nashin* daughters and sisters to the school. Both ladies are working hard at making the institution a success and Mrs. Hydari has undertaken to superintend the work. This, we regret to learn, has stirred the bile of such worthies as can neither themselves do anything nor let others do so. They are trying to prejudice the minds of the people by a thousand and one means. It is, however, to be hoped that the organisers of the institution will persevere in their efforts and that the school will outlive the misrepresentations of ignorant fanatics.

A STRANGE CASE OF SATI.—A goldsmith by name Lallu Mal, residing at Malewara Street, Delhi, died a month back and left behind a young widow, who proved herself a true consort to her lord. On the night of the 23rd ultimo, as she could not overcome the pangs of eternal separation from her husband

the poor widow met with her death very bravely under tragic circumstances at 10 p. m. She tied herself with rags of torn pieces of cloth and bolted the door of her room from inside. She then besprinkled her clothes with kerosine oil and laying herself down on the roof, set fire to her clothes. In the morning she was found transformed into ashes.

WIDOW-MARRIAGE IN N. CIRCARS.—On the morning of the 28th ultimo, a widow-marriage was performed at Berhampore in the bungalow of the Rajah of Dharakota. The bride is a Niyyogi virgin widow, 18 years old; and the bridegroom is Mr. Uppuluri Venkateswar Row, aged 28, now in the service of the Rajah of Dharakota. The bride was an inmate of the Widows' Home, Rajahmundry. The marriage was well attended; and a few Brahmin ladies were also present. The District of Ganjam is to be congratulated on the rapid advance it is making in matters social. Mr. Veeresalingam Pantulu was present on the occasion and the good people of Berhampore took this opportunity of presenting him with an address.

The Widow Marriage Act anniversary was celebrated in Bombay last month in the Prarthana Samaj Mandir under the presidency of Hon'ble Mr. Justice Chandravarkar, M.A., LL.B. Speeches were delivered in English by Messrs. L. A. Shaha, M.A., LL.B., D. G. Dalvi, M.A., LL.B., and K. M. Javeri, M.A., LL.B. It was largely attended, ladies also forming part of the audience.

FAREWELL ADDRESSES.—On Wednesday evening the teachers and pupils of the American Baptist Telugu Mission Girls' School, Tondiarpett, presented a farewell Address to Mrs. Jessie Martin, Superintendent, American Baptist Telugu Mission Girls' Schools, in the school premises, on the eve of her departure to take up a new appointment as matron of the Stanes' High School, Coimbatore. A similar Address was also presented to her by the teachers and pupils of the Washermenpettah American Baptist Mission Telugu Girls' School on Monday.

Miss M. R. Adenvala has passed with honours the Intermediate Division of the Musical Knowledge Examination, for the Bombay Centre, of the Trinity College of Music. Miss G. Moos and Miss J. Shroff have passed the Junior Division.

We are very glad to announce that the Rajah of Pittapore has given a scholarship of the value of Rs. 4,000 to Mrs. Kamalakar, L. M. S., of Madras, to continue her medical studies in Europe. She is said to have applied for it on the suggestion of the Hon'ble Mr. J. N. Atkinson of the Board of Revenue.

A young Mahratti woman with ornaments on, while coming to Nagpur by the road, was caught by a Police constable, who took advantage of her helpless condition and pursued her with a bad motive. The woman at once despatched the constable with a sword, and made good her escape. Great sensation prevails in Nagpur.

THE NATIONAL MISSION SOCIETY.—The first anniversary of the local branch of this institution was celebrated in the B. G. M. Girls' High School on Saturday evening with Rev. S. Chandran in the chair. Rev. P. Sengle and Rau Bahadur G. T. Vurghese made short speeches.

Miss K. Janaki, a Tiyya lady Matriculate has recently been entertained as a clerk in the Tellicherry Post Office. This is the first time a Malayali lady has joined the Postal Department.

THE NATIONAL INDIAN ASSOCIATION.—In response to the appeal for building funds for a Home Education Class, made by the President of the National Indian Association, His Highness the Maharajah of Travancore has been pleased to grant a donation of Rs. 300, Maharani Lady Gajapati Rao, Rs. 500, and the Rajah of Kallikote, Rs. 100.

On Friday evening there was a big gathering of Indian Ladies, Brahmos and Hindus alike, at the house of Dr. Nilratan Sircar to meet the mother of Babu Bhupendra Nath, the editor of *Yugantar*, who has been sent to Datta Jail for his writings.

A TRAVANCORE PENSION.—A correspondent writes:—H. H. the Maharajah has been pleased to grant a life pension of Rs. 40 a month to Amrathe Ammal, widow of the late Mr. Vedadradasa Moodalliar, retired Judge of the Travancore High Court. This is one of the many instances of His Highness' magnanimous disposition.

News and Notes.

EDUCATED WOMEN.—THEIR USE IN THE WORLD.—It is now a good many years, says a writer in *T. P.'s Weekly*, since the Girton girl and her spectacles made a harvest for the people who had to furnish weekly instalments of jokes to the various papers. The eternal verity of the *tout casse, tout passe* philosophy was recently brought very strongly home to me as I fingered over, in a waiting room, a last year's volume of a comic journal. There was not a single allusion to spectacles or Greek, and that notwithstanding that the suffragettes were very much to the fore both in illustration and letterpress. True, in many cases the perennial nature of some jokes made reminiscence unavoidable; the story, for instance, of the woman who proclaimed from a platform that she wanted a vote because she wanted to have a personal interest in the children of the poor, and to exemplify in act what she had protested in words, she soon afterwards called towards her a grimy, neglected-looking little girl and asked her what was her name and where she lived. Of course, my readers have seen the answer. "Please, mamma, I'm your little daughter." I only mentioned it because I remember an illustration of the Girton girl leaving a school which had numerous little heads looking out of the window. There was a board proclaiming some such nonsense as "School for the study and development of the maternal instinct." The Girton girl, of course,

carried a pack of books as big as herself, each having a title relevant to children, their understanding and upbringing. She, as may be seen, meets her little sister, and the end is just like the woman suffragist story. I wonder in twenty years' time on what kind of a woman will the joke be hung afresh? . . . From being a butt for ridicule and unkind criticism, the highly-educated girl is every day becoming more recognised as a valuable social asset. And this is largely due to the commonsense of the girl herself. To be quite fair all round, the early Girtton girl took herself over seriously. She was something new, and she forgot that the new, even in its most modest aspect, always seems an exaggeration to those who value the old; then there was, also, the pose of contemptuous indifference to everything outside the professions. As the years rolled on she found that the conservatism raged round the doctor, the lawyer, and all the others were not to be knocked down by blasts from girlish lips, be they ever so loud or so strong. She also found that the schoolmaster or the schoolmistress went abroad from Girtton and Newnham, and that degrees could be gained by girls who had not incomes, and who could not afford to remain waiting on the threshold of the professions. Girl M.A.'s and B.A.'s became too plentiful to be wondered at; the shrine of exclusiveness and originality got broken; they became absorbed in the workaday crowd, where to be forgotten and ignored is the usual run of things.

But to be forgotten and ignored is not to be unfelt. Gently and unobtrusively during these latter years the High School or College Girl has made her way. When one thing failed she took up another. If she could not find work as a doctor she put her brain into some special form of nursing, hygienic, or even "beauty" work; if her taste for architecture could find no profitable outlet she set herself to perfecting the art of tracing. If no one wanted her as a professor of Greek, she found that her knowledge need not be entirely lost as long as learned people wanted secretaries. And so on and so on, until she reached a bed-rock of complete practicability and proved to everyone that it was ignorance, and not learning which made incapable women workers. It seems a fairly obvious statement, yet who can deny that it took a long time to fix it in men's heads? Even still there are those to be found who believe that the girl who can only spell indifferently, and whose grammar is a matter of ear, is the best to be found in the way of a clerk. But a very great light is breaking in on the matter. I was told a few days ago by the manager of an establishment where applications are often made for secretaries and clerks that a most frequent request is: "Get a girl with a good education, whatever she charges. So-and-so has a girl who runs his whole business for him;" or "I say, try and send me a lady. You know what I mean—has been to a good school and all that, and knows how to be serious. So-and-so has a secretary who can correspond in French and German, and he says she is worth half a dozen ordinary clerks." But perhaps it may be considered little of a boast to say that our lady M. A.'s and B. A.'s are steadily gaining appreciation in commercial circles. I don't think so, it tells well all round. Very few lives can be passed on pinnales, and that the highly educated woman has realised that and is ready to bring her wit and intelligence into all work that offers is one of the brightest

signs of the times I know. It will help to raise the standard, and by degrees must tend to eliminate the crowds of the unfit and ignorant, who of late years have done so much to deteriorate both price and quality where woman's work is concerned.

Miss Georgene Faulkner is called the "story lady" by school children in Chicago. She is engaged in a second year of vacation work as a visitor to the summer schools and as a relater of fairy tales and stories of patriotism. She is a Chicago girl, a graduate of the public schools, of Kenwood Institute, and of the Chicago Kindergarten College. She has been director of the kindergarten class in Kenwood Institute, and beginning in 1902 spent three seasons in Brooklyn as director of playgrounds.

Mrs. Lucy S. Noble, of Detroit, Mich., has travelled fifty thousand miles since last October and has visited thirty-five countries. She is a widow of middle age, with abundant means to gratify her desire to see strange countries. She travelled alone, hiring interpreters and guides as she needed them. Although she visited places where no white woman had gone before, she never fell into danger and no accidents befell her.

Dr. Gertrude Stanton, of Minneapolis, the only practising woman optician in Minneapolis, was the sole woman delegate to the national convention of opticians that was held in Kansas City during the first four days of the past week. She has been honored, moreover, in that she was requested to lecture at the convention on optical legislation, showing why laws are essential and licenses necessary before any one should be allowed to practice. In many States licenses are not required.

Miss Helen Tredway of Dubuque has won the second matriculation Bryn Mawr scholarship for the western States. The examinations were participated in by one hundred and fifty girls from Pittsburg to the Pacific coast. The majority were girls of eighteen or nineteen years of age, who have had the advantage of preparatory schools. The young Iowa girl who won the second honors, including a \$200 scholarship, is the sixteen-year-old daughter of Mrs. Marian McC. Tredway of Dubuque, one of the best known and best liked club women of Iowa.

Mrs. J. N. Southworth, a clerk and stenographer on the Boston Custom House force, is the only woman authorized to act as inspector. When a woman passenger is suspected of attempting to smuggle goods, Mrs. Southworth is called upon to make such search of the person as may be deemed necessary. Her experience has been such as to inspire the belief that the women passengers, who enter at the port of Boston are the most honest that land in this country. She has been on the Custom House force for twenty-one years.

Mrs. Helen Philco Jenkins of Detroit was the guest of honor at a dinner given on her birthday recently, by her daughter, Mrs. Hinton E. Spalding.

The house was beautifully decorated. Mrs. Jenkins received many congratulations, gifts and flowers from friends and from societies of which she is a member. The ladies of the Woman's Alliance of the First Unitarian Congregational church sent a basket of beautiful pink June rosebuds. Mrs. James Arthur sent a large bouquet of white flowers with streamers of yellow ribbon, the equal suffrage colour. Long life to Mrs. Jenkins.

Miss Elizabeth S. Colton of America, who is mistress of forty different languages, including Pali, Avestani and Syriac, and whose brilliant lectures have already made her famous in Berlin, has come to India for the purpose of studying the religions of India and Oriental literature, for which she is eminently fitted, having had exceptional preparation for this trip. She studied the Semitic languages with Professor Sanders, of Yale University, finishing the course of Hebrew, Arabic and Assyrian.

Miss Helen Pearce, who had her training at St. Bartholomew's hospital (London), and is now matron of the great northern central hospital, has been appointed superintendent of the many nurses engaged by the London county council in the schools.

Miss Adelaide Hascom, a Seattle artist, won the \$500 prize offered by the Alaska-Yukon Pacific exposition management for the most attractive emblem symbolic of the purposes and aims of the 1909 fair. Her design was unanimously accepted by the publicity committee after examining about 150 designs submitted in competition.

Miss Josephine Smith, a teacher of history in the Boston schools, has always made it a point to take boys and girls on pilgrimages to historic places in Boston. She believes that in this way they will acquire a better understanding of early American history and a stronger degree of civic pride. Miss Smith easily won a first prize of \$50 in the "Boston" contest recently conducted by the daily Post.

Mrs. Edith Davis, of Milwaukee, Wis., is the successor of the late Mary H. Hunt as Superintendent of Scientific Temperance Instruction for the World's and National Woman's Christian Temperance Union. She sailed recently for England en route to the International Anti-Alcoholism Congress at Stockholm, Sweden. Mrs. Davis is accompanied by her daughter, who is a teacher in the public schools of Milwaukee.

Miss Horton, the author of "The Burden of the Cities," a book which has been adopted as a part of the study course by the Women's Home-Missionary Society, is connected with the Halstead Street Institutional Church in Chicago, and is especially fitted to conduct this course in the "Christian service."

Mrs. Mattie R. Turner has been appointed a regent of the College of Industrial Arts, to succeed Mrs. Helen M. Stoddard, who has removed to California. Mrs. Turner received her commission from the Governor of Texas just in time to sit with the board in its meetings during commencement week. She was elected secretary of the board, an office held by Mrs. Stoddard since the college was founded, and one of her first official duties was to sign the diploma of her daughter, Eula.

Miss M. Louise Armstrong of Woodward high school, Cincinnati, O., is to have the honor of being the first principal of the summer vacation schools, which are now a permanent feature of the city schools. Miss Armstrong did not seek the position, but she has given her summers to their management ever since the organization of the vacation schools by members of the Cincinnati Woman's Club, and was thus the most logical as well as the most efficient candidate for the place.

Mrs. Grace Leattie, said to be the richest woman in Missouri, has announced her intention to give \$200,000 to the "St. Louis Society for the Prevention and Relief of Consumption."

The Empress Eugenie has just won a suit against the French government begun in 1879 to recover property, which was legally determined in 1857 as part of the estate of Napoleon III. The property includes bronzes, pictures and other works of art.

Mrs. R. N. Roark, corresponding secretary, Equal Rights Association of Kentucky, and wife of the president of the Eastern Normal School of Kentucky, was elected chairman of the Educational Committee of the Federation of Women's Clubs at its recent meeting.

Mrs. Jean Gordon, the woman factory inspector of New Orleans, finds great difficulty in getting the laws for the protection of working girls enforced, because the girls dare not go into court and give evidence as to bad sanitary conditions, overtime work or lack of seats, for fear it will cost them their places.

Senora Maria Perez de Mendoza, wife of Senor Diego Mendoza, ex-minister to this country from Colombia, lately commissioned by Mr. Carnegie, at a salary of \$25,000 a year, to visit the republics of Latin-America in the interests of international peace, is a very progressive woman. She is a direct descendant of the old Ayamaru race. In her visits to Colombia Senora Perez always strives to wake her countrywomen to a desire for progress and independence. Two years ago she founded a woman's club in Caracas.

Baroness Bertha von Suttner, recipient of a Nobel prize and author of a strong book, "Lay Down Your Arms," which is a tract against war as well as a tale of human passions, has more wisdom than some

advocates of peace. She advised the Koreans now at The Hague not to return home by way of this country, posing as victims of Japan's ambition and inhumanity. She realizes that this is no time to have tinder placed on the fire, and, dreading friction between the United States and Japan, she will not be party to sending us people who have kerosene in one hand and a live coal in the other.

Mrs. W. H. Taft, wife of the secretary of war, is an accomplished musician. She is a graduate of the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music.

France is trying to train seagulls to take the place of carrier pigeons. The gulls prove to be more intelligent than the pigeons, and much better able to stand a storm.

Gertrude F. Atherton, Katherine Glover and Poultney Bigelow, well known authors, are directors in the Malden Poultry Farm, of Malden, town of Saugerties, N. Y., which has just been incorporated with a capital stock of \$1,000.

Miss Greta Morritt is the honorable secretary and co-director of the British Empire, Shakespeare Society, which was founded by her in 1901 "with the object of extending throughout the British empire the knowledge and appreciation of Shakespeare's work."

Princess Fedora, the youngest sister of the German Empress, is the author of a novel recently published entitled "Hahn Berta." She has a romantic history, having declined all offers of marriage since the tragic death of her fiancé, Duke Frederick of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who, while in command of a torpedo boat, perished in the Baltic with the entire crew.

Miss Kerstin Hesselgren has been appointed by the Swedish Government sanitary inspector in Stockholm. This is a new departure for Sweden. Miss Hesselgren was sent to England by the Swedish Government and the Fredrika Association of Women to study hygiene and public health. She followed the course of scientific hygiene at Bedford College for women, where she became a resident student, and took her diploma in hygiene at the completion of the year's course.

Miss Drinkwater, general superintendent of the Boston Young Women's Christian Association, has served thirty-two years in that capacity and recently made a statement to the board of managers, giving her impressions of the work as it came to her in the first day of service and the contrast with present conditions. There was one building then; now there are three. Two departments then; now there are three schools, a gymnasium, the traveller's aid and employment departments, a business agent, a bureau of information, a lodging house directory, a home circle for those engaged in or preparing for household service and a social centre for girls living in families. The original building accommodated sixty-six girls, now the three buildings are crowded and many are turned away each month for lack of room.

Mrs. Lida Calvert Obenchain, the author of "Aunt Jane of Kentucky," has reason to be proud of her cousin, Commissioner of Licenses, John N. Bogart, of New York City. For the last three or four years all employment agencies have had to be licensed, and it is the duty of the Commission to see that they are not guilty of frauds. Commissioner Bogart has used his powers with vigor against the promoters of the white slave trade, and has lately secured the arrest of the managers of two supposedly high-class employment agencies on the upper West Side, for this offence. Their licenses have been revoked, and their cases are now pending in the court of special sessions. Girls who applied to them to find honest work were sent to houses of ill fame. The Society for the Prevention of Vice says this is a regular system among many employment agencies. It is to be hoped that these human vultures will get the full penalty of the law. Commissioner Bogart has also pounced upon several firms that were sending men into peonage in Florida, and has just taken away the license of a man who made a specialty of furnishing girls for housework to families and restaurants, and persuading them to leave at the end of a week by the promise of a better place, in order that he might pocket another fee. One girl sometimes went through ten places in two months. The Commissioner says that there has not for years been such a scarcity of household help, and this has made the fraudulent work easy.

Miss Mary Crawford, a student of the Cornell University Medical College, has received a hospital appointment after a competitive examination for interne at the Williamsburg Hospital. Miss Crawford won the appointment in a contest with 34 male competitors. She will begin work on Jan. 15, 1908. After four months in the hospital she will become an "ambulance surgeon."

Mrs. Joanna Crapo of New Bedford, Mass., has the distinction of being the only woman who has crossed the Atlantic ocean in a dory. Her crossing was made about fifteen years ago with her late husband, Captain Crapo. They were forty-nine days in making the trip, during which they encountered seven storms. After reaching England they were presented to Queen Victoria and received many gifts from members of the court. Mrs. Crapo has recently published a book entitled, "Strange but True," which describes her remarkable ocean voyage.

Miss Julia Ball has been elected one of the trustees of Keuka College, Keuka, N. Y., and also has been made a member of the executive board. Miss Ball is a daughter of the late Dr. George H. Ball, former president of the college and founder of the institution which has become one of great value and importance in central New York. Miss Ball is at the head of the Department of Music of the college. Miss Ella Ball, her sister, teacher of classics in Keuka College, recently spent a season in Greece studying its monuments, its peoples, and visiting especially the monasteries of Thessaly.

Mrs. Josephine G. Shepard of Brooklyn, N. Y., has invented a portable ironing board which has just been patented. This board has points in the back for securing the ironing sheet and keeping it smooth and allowing its speedy adjustment or removal. The board can be converted into a chair when not in use. Its best feature perhaps, is that it can be folded up into small compass and can be put into a trunk. A convenience such as this means much to women in boarding houses, hotels or small apartments. With this board and an electric or gas iron they can do their own pressing.

Mrs. Isaac L. Rice of New York, president of the Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noise, has gone abroad for the purpose of studying methods of noise suppression in the large cities of Europe. Unnecessary street and river noises are the ones she particularly desires to see done away with, and she will make an especial study of these. Mrs. Rice hopes to bring back to Commissioner Darlington of the Health Department a report on methods of preventing noises in the vicinity of hospitals. Twenty-seven hospitals have commended the efforts of the society, and there is prospect that the city authorities will establish hospital zones in which quiet will be enforced.

Mrs. George W. Vanderbilt hopes to create a vogue for homespun that shall be of real benefit to thousands of working women in the south. She believes much good could be done by encouraging a revival of the well-nigh lost arts of hand spinning and weaving. From the primitive looms of the

mountain women around Biltmore, her Asheville estate, comes the stout, wholesome material which in America's simpler days constituted the nation's chief dress fabric. Mrs. Vanderbilt wears frocks of that material day after day, both for walking and driving, and, to demonstrate the possibilities of the stuff, she even has had an evening gown made of it. As she is a woman who carries her clothes well and has wealth enough to overawe persons lacking in sturdiness of character, it is regarded as likely that she will triumph in her resolve to make homespun fashionable.

Mrs. M. E. Henry Ruffin, author of "The North Star," "John Gildart," etc., has been honored by her Alma Mater, St. Joseph's College, Emmetsburg, Md., with the degree of doctor of literature. In conferring the doctorate of literature, the literary, artistic and ethical value of an author's work is all considered. It necessarily implies a large measure of learning, scholarship and broad culture. In the letter proffering Mrs. Ruffin this high distinction, the faculty of St. Joseph's College stated that the high estimate placed upon her work both at home and abroad had made her alma mater desirous of placing its own approval and that while they were thus pleased to honor their pupil, they believed that she had always, both in work and play, been an honor to her alma mater, and that beyond the literary success that had won her the praise of the critics of the old world and the savants of Europe, they were happy in the knowledge that Mrs. Ruffin had exemplified the higher lessons of life they seek to inculcate.



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Acknowledgments for August, 1907.

	RS.	A.		RS.	A.
1. Miss Lena R. Athin, Ferozepur ...	4	0	28. The Head-mistress, B. S. M. Girls' High School, Calicut ...	4	0
2. Mrs. Ibrahim Ahmadi, Bijapur ...	4	0	29. Dr. Heshnabai Kelavkar, Kolhapur ...	4	0
3. Dr. Apte, Gwalior ...	4	0	30. C. V. Krishnaswami, Esq., Satbur ...	4	0
4. Miss Abdullah, Amritsar ...	4	0	31. C. Krishnasawmi Naidu, Esq., Rajampet ...	4	0
5. P. Angeneyulu, Esq., Senali ...	4	0	32. P. Krishna Menon, Esq., Ernakulam ...	4	0
6. P. S. Achyuta Rao, Esq., Devaraj Mohalla ...	4	0	33. Mrs. Kannabhiraman Pillay, Hyderabad ...	8	0
7. Mrs. Arumanayagam, Cuddalore ...	4	0	34. H. H. The Maharanee of Mombhazee, Calcutta ...	4	0
8. P. Aravamuthu Iyengar, Bangalore ...	4	0	35. R. Mathan, Esq., Banga'ore ...	4	0
9. Mrs. Balm, Nagpur ...	4	0	36. Mrs. C. Macbia, Chita'drug ...	4	0
10. V. Bhavani Borji, Kasargode ...	4	0	37. K. R. Mudgurkar, Esq., Bombay ...	4	0
11. Miss M. Bose, Lahore ...	4	0	38. B. Bangaramma, Cuttack ...	4	0
12. Syed Husain Belgram, Esq., Hyderabad ...	4	0	39. Rev. A. Margoschis, Tinnevely ...	4	0
13. Mrs. Bannerji, Kumbakonam ...	4	0	40. M. A. Nannangeri, Hassan ...	4	0
14. Mrs. Bittman, Madras ...	4	0	41. Mrs. Nundy, Lahore ...	4	0
15. Miss Bhose, Baroda ...	4	0	42. Mrs. Sumati Nanuji, Bombay ...	4	0
16. Mrs. A. D. Chengappa, Coorg ...	4	0	43. Mrs. B. Narth, Belgaum ...	4	0
17. Miss Carr, England ...	3	8	44. Miss Rajagopaul, Bangalore ...	4	0
18. Mrs. Chowdhari, Calcutta ...	4	0	45. Mrs. Sivasubramaniam, Guntur ...	4	0
19. Rev. John Craig ...	4	0	46. Mrs. Anantam, Bezwada ...	4	0
20. Mrs. K. S. Desai, Bhownager ...	4	0	47. Mrs. K. V. L. Narasimham, Madras ...	4	0
21. Mrs. Gustula Bai Dhareshwar, Madras ...	4	0	48. S. Sr enivasa Row, Markapur ...	4	0
22. Miss L. Desai, Bombay ...	4	0	49. Miss Askwith, Tinnevely ...	4	0
23. T. Desikachary, Esq., Trichinopoly ...	4	0	50. Mrs. Kolandave'u, Nellore ...	4	0
24. V. Ethirajulu Chetty, Esq., Madras ...	4	0	51. Miss Wylie, Ludhiana ...	4	0
25. V. Gopaliah Garu, Madras ...	4	0	52. Mrs. C. M. Kanary, Cannanore ...	2	0
26. Mrs. Gnanamony, Nandyal ...	4	0			
27. M. Ghatak, Esq., Calcutta ...	4	0			

USEFUL BOOKS.

Modern Letter Writer (*Eighth Edition*).—Containing 635 letters. Useful to every man in every position of life for daily use. Rs. 1, postage 1 anna.

Helps to the Study of English (*Third Edition*).—An exhaustive collection of PHRASES, IDIOMS, and PROVERBS, with their explanations and proper uses. Rs. 3, postage 3 annas.

Every-day Doubts and Difficulties (in reading, speaking and writing the English language). Rs. 1, postage 1 anna.

A Hand-book of English Synonyms (*Third Edition*).—Explained and Illustrated. Aids to the right use of synonymous words in composition. Rs. 1, postage 1 anna.

Select Speeches of the Great Orators. Vols. I and II.—Helps to write idiomatic English, to improve the oratorical and argumentative powers, etc. Each Vol. Rs. 2, postage 1 anna, 6 pies.

Wonders of the World (in Nature, Art and Science.) Rs. 1, postage 1 anna.

Beauties of Hinduism. With Notes. 8 annas, postage 1 anna.

Arabian Nights Entertainment 12 annas, Postage 2 annas.

English Translation of the Koran. With Notes. By G. Sale. Rs. 1-14 as. Postage 2 annas.

Abott's Life of Napoleon Bonaparte. Rs. 1-14 as. Postage 3 annas.

Todd's Rajasthan. Vols. I and II, Each Vol. Rs. 2. Postage 3 annas.

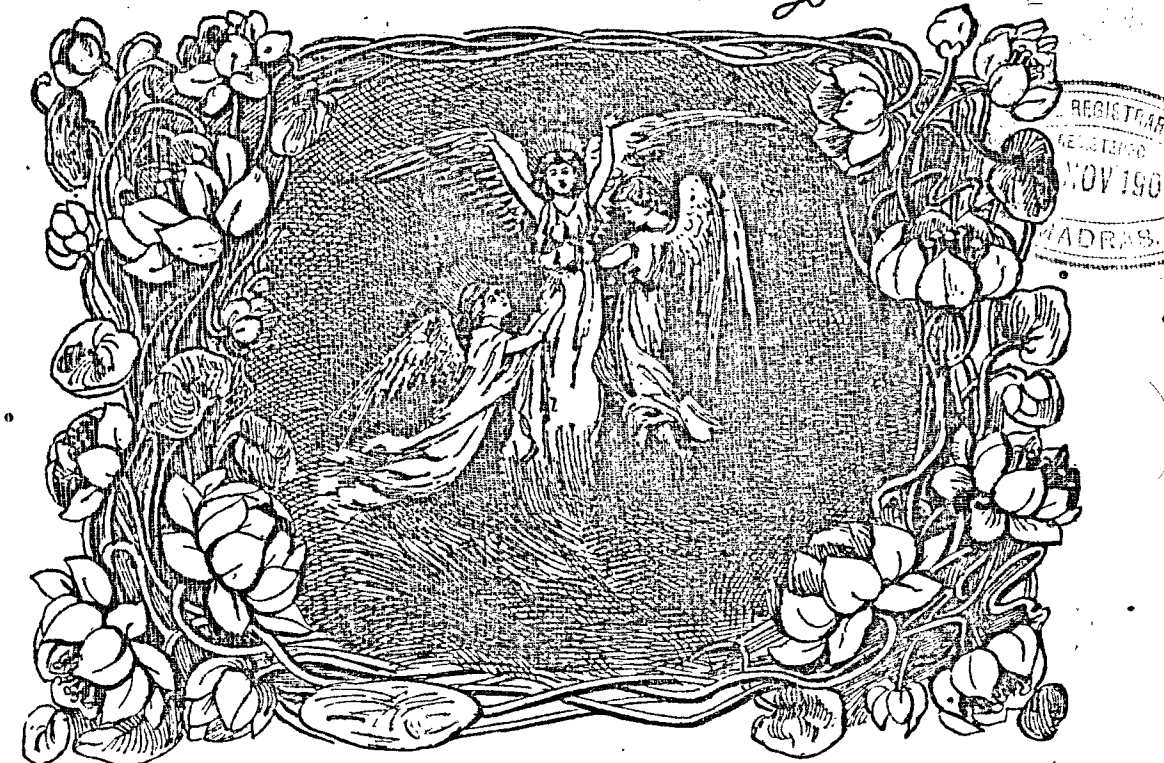
Postage and V. P. Commission extra.

To be had of the Manager, "Indian Student" Office, 106, Upper Circular Road, Calcutta.

- 31 - 97 -



A BURMESE LADY.



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Vol. VII.

OCTOBER, 1907.

No. 4.

DREAMLAND.

I slept and dreamed that Life was Beauty,
I woke and found that Life was Duty.
Was then my dream a shadowy lie?
Toil on, sad soul, courageously!
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A noonday light and strength to thee.

All through life there are wayside inns,
Where man may refresh his soul with love;
Even the saddest may quench his thirst
At rivulets fed by springs from above.

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the earth arise;
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

With peaceful mind thy race of duty run;
God nothing does or suffers to be done
But what thou wouldst thyself, if thou couldst see
Through all events of things as well as He.

Tennyson's Dora.



VERY simple story is this little poem by Tennyson, and one would think, at first sight, that Dora was an insipid "goody-goody" heroine. And yet, simple as the tale is, it is one which is of perennial interest for human-kind, for it tells of the unravelling of an ordinary incident of life.

And, leaving romance and adventure alone, what study more interesting can there be than the study of the great broad drama of life, we see around us—great and yet made up of quiet, common, every-day incidents, most simple and yet most dear? And Dora, our heroine, quiet, retired though she be, is yet one of the characters we oftenest meet in life, and oftenest ignore; so loth are they to appear in a brilliant light;—and yet what can we do without them? Dora, especially, must be dear to our Indian Ladies; for Dora's life shows us that it is not necessary to do great public deeds to be really useful in the world. A quiet, home life, purely lived, with all or most of its responsibilities realized, with ordinary and yet most necessary, life-duties, faithfully, happily done—makes up often the noblest and most useful life in the world. "Charity begins at home," says the proverb, and there is no sacrifice like the sacrifice of a noble woman, who forgets self and lives for the happiness of others. This is how a poet prays to God:

"I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathise.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child
And guided where I go.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If thou be glorified.

In a service which Thy love appoints
There are no bonds for me;
For my inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes thy children free;
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty."

Dora is a niece of Farmer Allan, living at the farm abode, with her cousin William, the son of Allan. The old man, who loves Dora with a double love, because she is the daughter of his brother, from whom he had parted with hard words and never met again, is determined that she should marry his son.

"Now, therefore, look to Dora: She is well
To look to; thrifty, too, beyond her ago,"

he admonishes his son; but William does not care for Dora as a man should care for his wife. And I am sure Dora, though slighted, loves him all the better for his firmness and honesty and courage.

"The more he looked at her,
The less he liked her; and his ways were harsh;
But Dora bore them meekly."

Dora bears all her wrongs meekly. Poor Dora! she belonged to that type of womanhood, which is often sacrificed for the happiness of others. And yet so little do the women themselves make of the sacrifice of their life, that the very people who sacrifice them know not of the wrong they do. It comes to them as a matter of course. A meek acceptance of life as it comes to them, a calm fulfilment of duty, a noble self-denial, these are the secrets of the lives of such women.

So, obstinate William, who at least, however, is honest, is driven out from his father's house, and hires himself to work within the fields. And "half in love and half in spite," he woos and weds a labourer's daughter, Mary Morrison; and Dora, poor Dora, is sacrificed as usual, for she is forbidden to have any intercourse with William and his wife.

"And Dora promised, being meek. She thought,
It cannot be: my uncle's mind will change."

I think this is the only place in which we can find fault with Dora's meekness. But we must remember that she is waiting for her uncle's mind to change; and when it does not change, she boldly disobeys him. In the meanwhile, however, she is not idle. Storing together what little she can save, she sends it to her cousin secretly, nor do they know who sends it.

In the meanwhile a son has been born to William; but his life is a hard one. Distresses come on him, poverty harasses him; yet his father helps him not, and at last a fever seizes on him and he dies.

Then does our Dora show what she is made up of; for, in defiance of her uncle, she goes to her cousin's wife, Mary;—and here let us pause to notice her beautiful character. She takes the whole blame on herself, though really no one can throw the blame on her. Her only fault was that she existed, for William to refuse in marriage.

"I have obeyed my uncle until now,
And I have sinned, for it was all through me
This evil came on William at the first."

Notice also what a noble woman she is in going to the woman, her rival, who won the love which she could not win and yet for which she longed as if for life itself; and we must remember that this noble deed is done, when the loved one is not near to admire. If Dora had gone to Mary, when William was alive, we might say her action had been done to win herself the admiration of the man. But now the man is dead, and yet it is now that Dora goes to Mary.

"But, Mary, for the sake of him that's gone,
And for your sake, the woman that he chose,
And for this orphan I am come to you."

And she is a woman of tact also; she has a good plan:

"You know there has not been for these five years
So full a harvest: let me take the boy,
And I will set him in my uncle's eye
Among the wheat; that when his heart is glad
Of the full harvest, he may see the boy,
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone."

So Dora takes the child to the harvest field and with pretty womanliness decks him with flowers to make him pleasing to his grandfather's eye; but she is a very timid woman and it needs a second attempt before she can fulfil her plan. We can imagine how her timid heart was beating with dread anticipation, how her very spirit must have shrunk into itself with fear, and yet this woman makes up her mind to brave the anger she so dreads,—a deed which even the sturdy labourers are afraid to attempt. What a woman of a strong character and a stern self-control she must have been! and the secret of it was that it was for the sake of others, and especially for the sake of her beloved one.

Her dread is fulfilled. Her uncle's anger breaks on her head like a storm; but Dora meets it bravely:

"Do with me as you will, but take the child,
and bless him for the sake of him that is gone."

Farmer Allan takes her at her word, bids her begone, and takes the pretty child. And Dora?

"She bowed upon her hands,
And the boy's cry came to her from the field,
More and more distant. She bowed down her head,
Remembering the day when first she came,
And all the things that had been. She bowed down
And wept in secret."

"She wept in secret." That was always Dora's way, so that she may not impose her grief on other people.

Then she goes straight to Mary and asks to live with her. But Mary also has a noble nature and refuses to have comfort for her boy,

at the price of Dora's happiness. Moreover, she is afraid that he will not be trained well by his grandfather. So she tells Dora that she will get back the child. Dora acquiesces in this resolve; and herein we notice her sound common sense. I am sure a real desire to do good to the child by removing him from his grandfather was her motive in consenting to Mary's wish, and not a wish to spite Allan for his hardness to her, or perhaps even a wish to make Allan change his mind by laying the case afresh before him. This latter two motives could never have suggested themselves to Dora's guileless heart. But, be this as it may, the two women set out and present themselves before the old farmer. But here they see a pretty sight:

"The boy set up betwixt his grandson's knees,
Who thrust him in the hollows of his arm,
And clapt him on the hands and on the cheeks,
Like one that loved him: and the lad stretched
out
And babbled for the golden seal, that hung
From Allan's watch, and sparkled by the fire."

Then Mary pleads for Dora:

"O father!—if you let me call you so—
I never came a-begging for myself,
Or William, or this child; but now I come
For Dora: take her back; she loves you well."

She tells him how William had died at peace with all men, forgiving his father and repenting that he had crossed him, though never sorry for having married Mary. And Dora—patient Dora—for once lets herself go and "hides her face by Mary." Nature had made her as the tender ivy, which cannot stand without clinging to the oak: but circumstances hitherto had forced her to stand alone. Now she has a companion in Mary and her heart is eased a little. Then, at last, old Allan's hard heart is melted and he takes them all to his heart:

"I have been to blame—to blame, I have killed
my son.
I have killed him—but I loved him—my dear son,
May God forgive me!—I have been to blame,
Kiss me, my children."

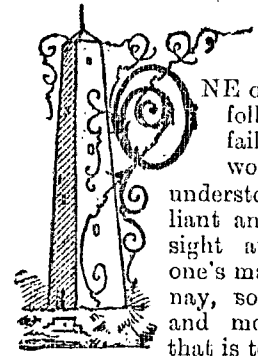
So peace is restored; and

"As years
Went forward Mary took another mate;
But Dora lived unmarried till her death."

What else could we expect from her constant, faithful heart?

PADMINI.

Success in failure.



ONE of two results attends and follows every life, success or failure; I do not mean the words as they are ordinarily understood, not just success, brilliant and dazzling in the world's sight and not failure to make one's mark in the world's opinion, nay, something stronger, deeper and more lasting; the success that is to be found in the realizing of our noble right of manhood or womanhood, success in our mission of sympathy and love to our fellow-men, success in the upholding of right and justice, success in succouring the weak and the helpless,—in a word, success in the realization of our ideals. There are a few who attain this, but how few! And for the others it is, what seems, failure,—not the failure that is due to low aims or feeble trying, which in itself is criminal, but that which is due to the harsh combination of circumstances, which thwarts every fresh effort, and deadens every faculty, till only despair and bitterness are left for the portion of the luckless victim. But can we call this failure? Visibly, it is; but is the struggle of no avail, the labour and the wounds are they in vain? No, it is blessed. If pursued in the right spirit, if we have "hitched our waggon on to a star," failure is impossible. The cry that has been wrung from an anguished heart, a heart that has suffered, hoped and yet, to all appearances, lost, "will echo in some far-off plain and guide a wanderer home again." If we, who have suffered and who do suffer, can remember this, much of our heart's longing will give place to a steadfast faith, much of the bitterness of despair will be transformed into a holy calm, and we shall be endowed with fresh energy for the renewal of fresh effort.

Discouragement in one's work and prospects, depression and anxiety about one's loved ones, or the loftiness of one's ideals, "the High that proved too high, the Heroic for earth too hard, the passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky";—these may be some of the causes that bring about failure. Sorrow and pain, doubt and imperfect faith, heart-sickness of hope deferred these are the portion of every human being a one time or another of life; and yet the variety of temperament is such that they produce different results in different kinds. The strong-willed, those born to fight and conquer, the indomitable may rise and triumph, but the timid and sensitive shrink under the cruel shocks of life, and yet, perhaps, such are the people who have

learned how to fail, which is, after all, a much harder part to fulfil than to wear "the crown of a deserved and pure success."

Discouragement, says a thinker, is disenchanting egotism. How true this is if we think about it. It is because we expect so much from ourselves, because we have such a high opinion of the Ego, that we begin to despond, when we find that we are falling short of our expectations. The school-master begins life with great zeal. He has furnished himself with all the requirements for giving instruction. He has trained himself for his post by self-discipline and self-control, and chief of all, his heart goes out in great sympathy and love to the child minds that will be entrusted to his care, and so he sees radiant and worthy results in store. But, alas! he has considered lightly the difficulties that he will encounter and that will eventually become stumbling-blocks to him—the carelessness and stupidity and indifference of the children, the thousand-and-one little worries that upset his own temper, the innumerable little details that must be attended to and that sap his energy and leave no room for ideals, and the many checks that he meets with from external circumstances. The result is discouragement and depression and what he terms 'failure'. As he looks back on his life, on the dawn which began with such rosy radiance, on the heat and toil of the noon-day and on the deepening shadows that close round him in the twilight of life, he is dissatisfied. How much has he done? But little—How much has he left undone? Much, beyond all reckoning; and thus has he not missed his ideals? Are there not many such cases in our everyday experience in the different walks of life? The life of the minister is full of sorrow and discouragement. At the end of his ministry he sees but little fruit, perhaps, a number of opportunities lost or taken out of his hands by circumstances, and now he cannot do anything as the golden moments are flying and yet leaving a lasting record behind them. The pathos of it is great, but yet through clouds of trailing glory, the answer comes in ringing peals:—

"Thou has not failed! where holy love and truth
Contend with evil, failure cannot be!
Their sorest scars claim reverence, not ruth,—
Their worst repulse is still a victory!
Thou well-beloved, who didst bend the knee
In pure self-sacrifice to meet God's frown,
Kneeling, wert circled with the martyr's crown."

The world, it is true, judges by tangible results but many forget the unconscious influence that life wields upon life. It goes on continuously. In every single action of ours, in the greeting that we give one another in the street, in the words we speak, in the letters we write, in our daily contact with others, there passes from us

some of our life, some subtle influence that leaves a deep impression on others far more lasting than the things we do. Take the mother for instance. The whole day she is busy doing things for her household; she is engaged in carrying out the wishes of her family, in looking after the comforts of each member, and the day passes before she is aware of it; and at night as she looks back upon her day's work, she sees nothing but the endless routine of daily pursuits and she sees she has done nothing for the sake of humanity. But, gentle lady, have you forgotten the patient sweetness with which you ministered, the kind words and looks of love, the bright smile and happy greeting, the joyous welcome you gave your friends, the sweet sympathy that you so freely gave to your dear ones and to strangers—and is this of no avail? In all these things you were "scattering seeds that will spring up in sweet flowers in other hearts and lives?"

I am anxious for the welfare of my friend. When I see her suffer it hurts me sore. When she holds out imploring hands to me to console her, I am helpless. I would do so much and yet I can do so little. The helplessness of it makes me weep bitter tears. Of what use am I, if I cannot help one human heart when most she needs it. Is this not the cry of many a weary mortal, who would lay down his life for his friend? Yes, we can work no visible change, perform no miracle, but bow down humbly to the will of a good God. But, remember, friend, as your friend looks back upon her anguished hours, does not the remembrance of your honest sympathy, your love and kindness, does it not lighten the gloom and cheer her like a ray of sunlight?

"Ah 'tis much
In this weary pilgrimage, to meet
A royal face like thine: to touch the hand
Of such a soul-fellow: to feel the want
The upward-crying hunger, the desire
The common hope and pathos."

Is it a small thing? and can a man who has laid himself out in pure, patient and useful ministry say that he is a failure? Nay, ours is but to do whole-heartedly and in love and not to question results.

And what about the realization of my ideals? When first I began life I had such ambitions, such a longing to help my fellow-creatures, to lift the burden of human woe even ever so little, to bring a joyous smile to one, at least, one tear-stricken face; but how far have I succeeded? All round me is the misery of the world, the cry of the helpless orphan, the moaning of the widow bereft in

her youth, the suffering of the sick, and the reign of sin and want and woe, and yet in the midst of this, we lead our usual lives. We eat and drink and sleep and make merry, indifferent, callous to it all. And when we would do something, circumstances perhaps prevent us, custom, tradition all rise in opposition. Even though we have honest intentions to do good, we are very often baffled. We seem helpless—such 'failures.' But, am I justified in sitting still—should my depression prevent me from trying to do my best. No, "Ours is not to make reply, ours is not to reason why, ours is but to do and die." In the words of Charles Kingsley "Do thou fulfil thy work, but as yon wild-fowl do,—Thou wilt heed no less the wailing—yet hear through it angels singing!"

After all, to think of results is to think but of ourselves. But we must take to heart this great lesson that our whole life begins and ends with self-sacrifice. Our duty is to do. Our happiness is to be found only in that of others. Our deeper life will be fulfilled only by ministry to others. Life is a mosaic. Each piece must be fitted with care and skill. In every little action of ours we must be pure and stainless, each little moment of our lives should be filled with holy and useful living. We need not look for the morrow, we must live for the day and that well. "The year is a book, and for each day, one fair white page is opened before us; and we are artists, whose duty it is to put something beautiful on the page; or we are poets and are to write some lovely thought, some radiant sentence, on each leaf as it lies open before us; or we are historians and must give to the page some record of work or duty or victory to enshrine and carry away."

And then,

"And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence,
For the fulness of days? Have we withered or agonized?
Why else was the pause prolonged, but that singing might issue thence?
Why rushed the disorders in, but that Harmony should be prized?"

AN INDIAN LADY.



Maxims and Mottoes.

FROM SACRED WRITINGS
FOR HOME AND SCHOOL TEACHING,
ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.

BY LADY BENSON.

I.



"ABHOR that which is Evil."

"A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger." Prov. XV. 1.

"A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast." Prov. XII. 10.

"A wise man maketh a glad father, but a foolish man despiseth his mother." Prov. XV. 20.

"As to the orphan wrong him not." Koran, ch. 93: v. 9.

"A fool's voice is known by multitude of words." Eccl. I. 3.

"All unrighteousness is sin." St. John, V. 17.

"A virtuous wife is a man's best treasure." Traditional saying of Mahomed."

"Add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance patience, and to patience Godliness, and to Godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity. II Peter I. 5-7.

"A whisperer separateth chief friends" Prov. XVI. 28.

"A man that hath friends must show himself friendly." Prov. XVIII. 24.

"An idle soul shall suffer hunger" Prov. XIX. 15.

"A prudent wife is from the Lord." Prov. XIX. 15.

"A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity." Prov. XVII. 17.

"A merry heart doeth good like medicine." Prov. XVII. 22.

"Abstain from all appearance of evil." I Thess. V. 22.

"A good name is better than precious ointment." Eccl. VII. 1.

Some Instinctive Tendencies of Childhood.



ALL good discipline must be based upon the thorough understanding of the child-mind, and it must adapt itself to the natural feelings and tendencies of the child. The essential business of the teacher, therefore, is to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the workings of the child-mind and child-nature.

The impulses and instincts of childhood are many. The teacher must learn to understand them, to appeal to them, to use them rightly, to encourage or check them. Fitch says, "The habit of subjugating one's impulses, of constantly recognizing the supremacy of law and bringing one's actions into harmony with it, is one of the first conditions of an orderly and well-disciplined life." To do this thoroughly, the teacher must study the mind of the child.

SOME INSTINCTIVE TENDENCIES OF CHILDREN.

1. *Fear*.—The child has an instinctive fear of punishment, it recognises harsh words and tones of anger. This is a great weapon in the hands of the teacher, but a right use should be made of it, or else if carried to extremes, the spirit of the child would be dwarfed.

2. *Love*.—There is the instinctive desire in children to please whom they care for, and to win their approbation. The teacher who has won the love of her pupils will have obtained better results than one who rules by fear. Here the personality of the teacher and her deportment go a great way in winning the love of the children.

3. *Curiosity*.—The child is endowed with a boundless curiosity. The world to him is new, fascinating, wonderful, and he sets himself to find about things in his childish fashion. The teacher has to direct his movements and to help him, hence, this characteristic if properly used, is very useful in education. The child loves to handle material objects; therefore, the teacher's earliest appeals must be through objects shown, or through acts performed or described. Hence, come in the advantages of kindergarten methods of teaching and that of object lessons. Later on with the growth of mind and the widening of experience, the sense of curiosity will lead the child to find out for itself the rational relations between things; reasons, causes, abstract com-

ceptions, and so on. It is then that the reasoning powers awaken in the child. Hence, this characteristic, viz., curiosity, must be encouraged and used in the right direction.

4. *Constructiveness*.—Closely in connection with the above tendency, the child exhibits great manual activity in the handling of objects, in doing and in undoing, in setting up and knocking down. The more he handles material objects, the more clearly he gets acquainted with them. Kindergarten methods help to cultivate this tendency and when compared with book learning, the impressions given by the object-teaching and by experimental methods become real to the child.

5. *Activity*.—Children are always active, the teacher must use this activity in the right direction and give them legitimate work, it must be turned into proper channels and then it can be trained to habits of attention and diligence.

6. *Imitation*.—James says "man has always been recognised as an imitative animal and this characteristic is strong in the child." You at once see it in the games and amusements of children. In lessons the teacher is eagerly watched by a dozen pairs of little eyes, which are carefully taking stock of her deportment, manner; her behaviour; hence, the teacher must be careful to do exactly what she wishes her class to do, and also of the example she sets before them.

7. *Emulation*.—This is closely allied with the above characteristic. It is an impulse to imitate what you see another doing in order not to appear inferior. Every school has a certain tone, a standard which has been set up by the teacher's own example and by that of the previous pupils. The new class tries to follow in the footsteps of the old. Children vie with each other in gaining excellence. The sight of effort in others makes us work. The teacher should be careful not to let this degenerate into rivalry. Children are by nature generous and not spiteful, and in games, and in lessons, they are naturally fair and just to each other, and the teacher must encourage this. Marks, Places, Prizes, Distinctions—all these help the teacher to cultivate this tendency.

8. *The fighting Instinct*.—In children this instinct is always dormant, though it does not show it is there. When in company with others, a child does not care to own that he is beaten by a difficulty; he always tries to overcome it. A teacher must rouse this power in the pupils and make him be ashamed of being scared at difficulties. Now-a-days the theory is that everything should be made easy and interesting to the child, but this cannot be done in every step of education. If once the child is roused to

fight and to win, this instance becomes a turning point in the character of the child and serves as an example for himself.

9. *The sense of ownership*.—This begins to show itself from the time the child learns to speak. The words "My" and "Mine" have a peculiar meaning to the child; the sense of possession gives him pleasure and teaches him to be careful. Habits of order, neatness and method may be taught through a judicious use of this tendency in keeping books and notes neatly, in the arrangement of the class-room, in the keeping of maps, drawings, and pictures; in such things children must be taught to take a special interest. The teacher must cultivate the sense of ownership in one's school, and this helps the keeping of order and method in the school.

Such is the mental organism of the child whose springs of action the teacher must understand, and to whose ways he must be accustomed. He must start with these native tendencies, and by sympathy, careful judgment, and tact he must enlarge the pupil's experience. He must give him new objects, new stimuli, and make him taste the results of his behaviour and as his life becomes fuller with memories of associations, the child will remember his past experiences, and thus determine his future conduct; but the teacher must always be careful to respect the original tendencies of the child-mind and make them as his bases to build the structure of good habits and good character.

BY AN INDIAN LADY.

Instructions on Infant Feeding and Nursery Hygiene.



MOTHER'S milk is the best food for the infant. During the first 7 to 3 months the child should draw its nourishment entirely from the mother's breast. It is a growing idea with some of the better class people in this country that breast-feeding is not essential to the interest of the child and is distinctly prejudicial to the mother's. This notion is altogether erroneous. It is cruel and most unnatural for a mother, if she is able, not to

nurse her own child. For by so doing, she violates the laws and institutions of nature which cannot be done with impunity. It is a well-known fact that mortality among hand-fed children is far higher than among the breast-fed and a mother, therefore, by nursing her child considerably increases its chance of existence. Unfortunately, however, circumstances may arise to prevent the possibility or desirability of breast-feeding. In such cases infants have to be brought up by hand.

The principal points to be considered in resorting to an artificial food are the nature and composition of the food and its digestibility. All artificial foods for infants must be as far as possible similar in composition and character to the natural food, viz., mother's milk. The average composition of human milk is

water 88 parts in 100,
fat 4 parts,
proteids $1\frac{1}{2}$ parts,
milk sugar $6\frac{1}{4}$ parts,
salts $\frac{1}{4}$ part.

Cow's milk altered to approach in composition human milk is about the best substitute for mother's milk. The composition of cow's milk is as follows:—

water 87 parts,
fat 4 parts,
proteids $3\frac{3}{4}$ parts,
milk sugar $4\frac{1}{2}$ parts,
salts $\frac{1}{4}$ part.

Now there are some marked differences in composition between the human and cow's milk. Cow's milk contains much more proteid or nitrogenous matter than the human, considerably less sugar and more salts. In other words, cow's milk is the richer of the two in matter of nitrogenous material and salts and poorer in regard to sugar. Beyond this difference there are others of even greater importance, viz., the curd formed by cow's milk is more bulky, less and more disposed to form large clots than that formed by human milk, with the result that the latter is far more easily digested than the former. Cow's milk is modified in various ways to make it suitable for infant's use. Dilution with pure boiled water with the addition of sugar is the mode of preparing cow's milk that is most widely used and it does very well for strong children with good digestion. The proportion of water to be added varies slightly in different cases according to the amount of nitrogenous matter the child is able to digest. It may generally be laid down that during the first 6 weeks, 2 to 3 parts of water to each part of milk must be used. Thereafter the dilution must be gradually reduced giving equal

parts of milk and water till the 4th month and then two parts of milk to one of water till the 8th or 9th month. After this the strength of the mixture may be gradually increased until by the end of the 1st year the baby is taking pure milk.

Dilution of milk with barley or lime water is advised in some cases by medical men. When properly prepared and used they do no harm and some even believe they increased the digestibility, but in actual practice they do badly in the hands of most people. It is better to be without them.

The sugar added to milk should preferably be milk sugar but ordinary white sugar answers the purpose almost equally well.

Boiling of milk is the next point to be considered. Too long boiling of milk is attended with certain disadvantages. It gives a somewhat disagreeable taste and smell to milk. It alters its composition by coagulating an important substance in milk, called lactalbumin and makes it thereby less digestible and therefore less nourishing, and more than all it interferes with the natural antiscorbutic properties of the milk. Milk for children should therefore only be carefully heated to a point short of actual boiling and maintained in that condition for about 20 minutes. Rapid steaming should be entirely avoided.

The bottle used for feeding infants should be such as would admit of thorough cleaning. It should have no cork or long tube connected with it and should be provided with plain conical rubber nipples which fit the neck properly. The opening of the nipple should be large enough to allow the milk drop through it when the bottle is turned upside down.

When feeding an infant from the bottle the mother or nurse should sit down and give the same attention as she would do to that of suckling. The milk should be given at the temperature of the body.

Regularity in the time of feeding is very important. A breast-fed infant should be fed for the 1st four weeks every two hours except at night when sleep of four hours should be allowed, and this after the first month may be extended to 6 hours. After the 1st month the interval should be extended into $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours and by the 2nd month it should be 3 hours. In hand-feeding, as a rule, slightly longer intervals should be allowed than breast-feeding owing to the fact that artificial food is less digestible than mother's milk.

When the meal is over the bottle must at once be emptied and cleansed thoroughly with soap and hot-water and put to soak in clean water or better still in a weak solution of boracic acid or permanganate of potash until required

again. Occasionally the bottle may be sterilised by placing it in boiling water. No milk which has remained for some time in a bottle should be given to a child and it is important not to allow a drop of milk to dry on the glass inside the bottle as it is difficult to remove thoroughly. The baby should never be allowed to suckle the nipple of an empty bottle and the constant suckling of a solid India rubber teat which is a favourite among the nurses as a means of quieting the child should be discouraged as much as possible.

The quantity of milk to be given varies according to the health of the child and in a healthy child it may be left to its appetite. It is well however to have some idea of the amount the ordinary child requires at different ages.

Age.	At each feeding.	In 24 hours.
1 week	1 oz.	10 to 12 oz.
1 month	2 oz.	1 pint.
5 months	4 oz.	$1\frac{1}{2}$ pints.
9 months	7 oz.	2 pints.

The quality and composition of cow's milk varies slightly with the nature of the food upon which the cow is fed. It is usual in this Presidency for cow-herds to feed milching cows on oil cakes, and cows fed on such foods yield a milk with a higher percentage of fat and it is less digestible than ordinary farm-fed cow's milk.

CLOTHING.

In this country, the children of the poor and middle classes are generally brought up without any clothing whatever and they seem to be none the worse for it. As a rule however children in this country require some clothing to protect them from changes of weather. A child's clothing should be uniformly warm, light and soft and should be fitted moderately loose, so that it can be put on and off quickly.

FRESH AIR AND CLEANLINESS.

Fresh air and cleanliness are absolutely necessary for perfect health and consequently the nursery should be the best ventilated room in the house. The room should always be perfectly dry and clean. For healthy children the risk of injury from drafts is much less than deficient ventilation. As a rule a baby should be taken out every day.

BATHS.

A healthy child should have a bath every day. For babies who are not strong enough, sponging should take the place of baths. Young babies should only have warm baths. All inferior soaps which generally irritate the tender skins of the child should be avoided. Baths should be given in a part of the room free from drafts and children should not be kept in baths any longer than is

absolutely necessary. The drying process must be rapid and thorough and exposure to drafts immediately after bath should be avoided.

All linen in a child's bed should be clean and dry and whenever soiled must be changed immediately.

It is to be noted that in all cases of diseases in infants, prompt treatment is essential and no time should be lost in sending for the doctor.

R. W. MATTHEW,
Ag. Health Officer, Madras.

In sight of the Crystal Sea.

Nature in all her moods and manifestations inspires us with wonder and awe, but to all human minds who delight in nature, the best emblem of dauntless, unconquerable power, unwearied and invincible is the sea with its wild, tameless and changeable beauty. In every mood there is music, poetry and beauty. In every phase there is light. To what can this mighty element be compared, or who can describe its glorious beauty? It is like trying to paint a soul,—to paint the dancing sunlight in the sparkling waters, to try to translate into form and words the play of colour in nature's wonderful fairyland. It is impossible, beyond the power of man;—and yet we can only translate its moods as they appeal to us and mingle with our own changeable moods. Who has not experienced the soothing touch of the music of the sea? When the evening hush has fallen, the soft rhythmic measure mingles with our dreams: when the sadness of our thoughts overpower us, the moaning of the restless waves, speaking of their own longing and unquiet is as a mother's lullaby: when the waves dash themselves in resistless fury against the limiting shores, we hear the distant clash and thunder of battle. In such ways does it speak always mingling with our thoughts and at the same time soothing us. The music of sorrow, of peace, of victory, and of love are heard in the murmuring of the waves, till at last for those who have struggled and conquered, it becomes the "music of eternal love into whose vast harmonies all our discords are drawn at last."

Who tires of looking at the sea? Every time I look at her she is new, fascinating and beautiful. In the early morn with the light before the dawn playing upon the quiet waves, wrapped in a mantle of transparent grey, she reminds me of a pearl, the gem of tears. There is expectancy on the waters as if they were rising to meet the rosy dawn, and yet the night shadows are

lurking behind and are still present in their influence. Again, under the sparkling sunlight, as the waters scintillate in transparent shafts of iridescent light, to what can we liken her but to that most precious of all gems, the diamond! At such times, it is like a little child sparkling with joy, vivid with glowing life, rippling with infectious laughter. Again, as the evening shadows lower and the sunset fades into the deepening dusk, it is like a radiant opal with a tinge of blue and green, the soft yellow and red tints of the sunset glistening through the green. Then the white crest of the billows stands in bold relief from the green moving mass. It looks glowing, but seems to foretell its changeable moods. The changing lights and the soft shadows speak of brightness and of trouble, of its joyousness and of its relentless cruelty. Then, under the rays of the soft moonlight, it is one mass of molten silver studded with moon stones. It looks softened and chastened. The effect of the moonlight is lovely. The rays fall vividly on one part, while the surrounding sides are partly in gloom. This radiant silvery path seems to invite us to the world beyond, leading us away from the darkness of misery and despair on the wings of hope and light and love. The effect is grand, moving and beyond all words. And then when the mantle of night has fallen, when there is no moon to lighten the gloom, how chill and numbing it is by the seaside. The limitless expanse of water, shrouded in gloom, the palpitating restlessness, the moaning, which seems to have a mystic meaning in the darkness, does it not speak to us of sorrow and death? But here and there on the face of the waters appears the phosphorescent gleam which lightens the dark like a falling star. Even so for us, in the midst of our heaviest afflictions the star of hope is present to lighten our troubles. Such are some of the phases of the sea and we can never tire of looking at it and glorying in its various moods and the boundless expanse, which speaks to us of eternity. When we stand on the sea-shore and look towards the boundless horizon, we seem to stand before Heaven itself, with no count of the moment, hours or days. It speaks to us of the Infinity of the power of the Creator. The great heart of the sea calls to the great heart in human nature. Deep calleth unto deep, and the question and answer mingle and lose themselves in eternity.

NILOTHPALAM.

We are spirits clad in veils:
Man by men was never seen:
All our deep communing fails
To remove the shadowy screen.

A Purdah Party in Hyderabad.

Mrs. Sarbuland Jung, who is one of the most active members of the Hyderabad English and Indian Ladies' Association, gave a very pleasant party at the Amin-Bagh Gosha Hospital recently. A great many invitations had been sent out and between thirty and forty English and Indian ladies were present. The Amin-Bagh Gosha Hospital is situated in the most central part of the Hyderabad City, in a quiet lane, not more than a hundred yards from the Main street. It is one of the best equipped women's hospitals in India, and nothing more practical or more beautiful than its marble paved wards and its central courtyard of restful green turf lawn, cooled by a fountain and shaded and beautified by shrubs and trees, can be imagined. Mrs. Sarbuland Jung received the guests on the lawn, and conducted them to the verandah of one of the unoccupied wards, where coffee, tea, and a great variety of delicious cakes and bonbons were handed around by neatly attired nurses in hospital uniform. With the courtesy which is characteristic of Hyderabad ladies, Mrs. Sarbuland Jung soon made every stranger feel at home, and a lively hum of conversation rose on all sides. An English writer has truly remarked of Indian women, that "their real motive in dressing well is to compete with each other, not to shine in the eyes of the sterner sex". The lovely saris and magnificent jewels of the Indian ladies, and the muslins and laces of the English ladies, worn to delight and please each other, added not a little to the enjoyment of the evening. A scene like this makes one realize that the old order has indeed passed away and new modes and new ideals are taking its place. Brocades and satins and dull colored heavy silks are no longer popular; soft, clinging chiffons and crepes, Japanese embroideries and the lightest of colors are taking their place. And, looking at our Indian ladies, one remembers the picture, which Miss Noble in her remarkable book the "Web of Indian Life" very ably draws for us of the Indian housewife, bereft of her spinning, weaving and even cooking, with her daughters in other homes and her sons making separate homes with their wives, setting herself in her unsought leisure, to seek to know, to think, to judge—until her mother-heart awakens and realizes that "the interest of the mother is ever with the future and that she must determine, and effectively determine, that the lot of her sons shall be victory, and not surrender". During the evening Mrs. Sarbuland Jung gave a most interesting address to the following effect:—

My dear sisters, it is my good fortune and great privilege to-day to meet you here and to

have the opportunity of saying a few words to you. We must congratulate ourselves, my dear sisters, that collectively and individually, we as an association have not stood still during the past five years. We, who are members of the most conservative Indian Society, have by means of this association realised to some extent our responsibilities and duties towards the community at large. The measure of our success encourages us to suppose that when given opportunities, we shall not fall short of realizing and improving them. I rejoice to think that national consciousness and the well-being of land and people are awakening amongst us. We realize that the education of women, moral, social and national can alone ensure the success of the future generation, and also keep the wife in touch and sympathy with her husband. Since Hyderabad the blessed, is a Mohamedan State, where men have assimilated English manners and adopted them without reserve, it is pre-eminently necessary that women, instead of hampering and retarding men, should look to the future and fit themselves for its responsibilities. At this critical period there came to us an English lady in the person of Mrs. Casson Walker, who by her love and sympathy has broken away every barrier of race and religion and by her genial personality and persevering and painstaking interest has bound East and West with the cords of mutual love and esteem. My prayer is that this happy relationship may never be dissolved. The Zenana school and the Zenana hospital are very tangible results of this union of East and West. The English woman, within reach of medical aid for herself and sympathising with the sickness and pain, which is every woman's lot, gave to us the idea of this hospital for gosha women, which our beloved Prince, His Highness the Nizam, has so generously financed. Let us remember that this hospital comes to us, Indian women, in memory of the greatest woman of our time, Victoria the Good, and, as a gift from the Premier Indian Prince, our beloved Nizam. May the blessing of God the Great, the All-merciful, rest on His Highness the Nizam, Mrs. Casson Walker and every member of this Association, and may the time come soon when "East and West, without a breath, mix their dim lights, like Life and Death, to broaden into boundless day."

"Have patience, thou art here by God's command,
Spend not thy time in musings wild and vain,
Fulfil thy task, repay this world's demand,
Love all, trust God, then thou'lt lose all thy pain."

Easy Pages for our Girls.

I. THE FROG—LIFE, HISTORY, STRUCTURE AND HABITS.



Perhaps my readers will smile when they see the title of this article. The frog is such an insignificant little thing, loathsome in appearance, and altogether unlovely! A few days ago as I was turning over the pages of a Natural History book, I came across the life-history of the frog and to me its creation seemed wonderful. Truly, if we examine even the minutest organism in vegetable matter or in life, we perceive that its creation is wonderful, awe-inspiring, and soul-stirring.

The frog is amphibious. It is one of the lowest class of vertebrates. It has a history because it undergoes a change in structure, in appearance, and in habits. It is a winter-sleeper; when the frost and snow cover the ground, it scoops out a warm little hole for itself in the mud at the bottom of ponds and sleeps there, till spring comes and vivifies nature again. Then it lays its eggs at the bottom of the pond and returns to the top to enjoy itself and to look about for food, with no more thought of the eggs lying in the nest of mud. If we are of a turn of mind that delights itself in studying nature, we would observe as the days grow warmer that the ponds get covered on the surface with floating masses of dirty-looking jelly, and if we look more

carefully, we shall find little black specks in the middle of this jelly. These are the eggs, the jelly is a slippery mass and its function seems to be to prevent the eggs from rubbing against each other and to protect them from the ravages of birds and fish. Soon the warmth of the life-giving sun hatches the eggs and a strange, tiny creature comes out. What is it? It is not a frog, it is in no way like a frog. It has a large head and a sort of tail coming straight out of it. There are no limbs of any kind, but it seems all head and tail, so is called tadpole, the probable meaning of the word being tad—tailed and poll—head. These cling to the floating weeds by a pair of suckers and remain fixed for a few days. If, after some time, we notice them again, we shall see that these tadpoles have grown much bigger and that now they have a very long flat waving tail, by help of which they swim about in the water like the fish. The suckers that were in the place of the mouth have now disappeared and a very wide fish-like mouth has made its appearance. Further, we notice that on the sides of the head three pairs of pink fringes have appeared. These answer to the gills of a fish. They feed on the soft shoots of water plants, i.e., on vegetable food. So that now the tadpole is like a fish in form, partly in structure and in habits. After four, six or eight weeks we find the tadpoles changed in appearance again. The first change is seen in the appearance of the hind legs, which begin in the form of two little lumps, one on each side of the tail. As these grow and develop into the hind legs, the great tail wastes and disappears entirely. A little while after the appearance of the first two lumps, two others begin to show themselves on each side of the body near the head. These grow rapidly and force themselves through the skin and take the form of the two forelegs and feet. As the legs have been appearing changes have been taking place in the general appearance. The head and body have grown large and broad, the mouth, which was more towards the under side of the head, is now quite in front and has grown large and the eyes seem to force themselves out and stand out prominently. Internal changes are also taking place. The external gills have disappeared giving place to the lungs, the heart which was two-chambered in the tadpole becomes three-chambered in the frog. Thus this change is complete. It has become a new creature, a frog, at last. It leaves the water and resides in the green field. It has now given up vegetable food and taken to animal food; and a very greedy animal it is too. It still continues to grow as a frog and as it grows, it sheds its skin from time to time, tearing it off with its paws and swallowing it every bit!

Such is the life-history—now, for a short

description of its structure. The frog is a leaping animal and thus we notice the great length and size of the hind limbs as compared with the short fore-legs. This gives it its ungainly and awkward appearance. We notice that it always rests upon its hind legs; every movement is a leap. It cannot walk. It is a land as well as a water animal. To enable it to swim, its hind-legs are webbed—it has five very long toes in each hind-foot with a web between them. The front paws have only two toes and they are much shorter and not webbed. Next, we must notice its breathing apparatus. The frog has no ribs—its lungs are not enclosed in a strong box. It does not breathe like other animals. If we watch it, we see it constantly swallowing and so it is, taking gulp after gulp of fresh air and forcing it down to the lungs with a special effort. As may be imagined very little can be taken in this way, and hence there is something else which helps it to breathe, viz. the skin. It is very porous and as long as it is moist it absorbs air. Hence the instinctive desire of the frog for damp, and moist places on land. The frog is a cold-blooded animal. It is cold and clammy to the touch, hence as there is so little heat in the body, it does not require a warm coat of fur or wool. Thus it is provided with a naked skin, which is very clammy to the touch. Being a cold blooded animal, it can live in the water with ease. Next if we observe the way it feeds, we see that it is very keen-sighted with its goggle eyes, and that it always catches insects on the move and not when they are still. The head is large and broad and set square on the shoulders. The prominent eyes set in the head help it to make up for the deficiency of neck. It has a wide mouth. The upper jaw contains a row of sharp, spiky teeth, all pointing *backwards*—so that once the prey goes in into the mouth, it is not allowed to come out again. It swallows its food and hence has no teeth for chewing or tearing purposes. But the most remarkable peculiarity is found in the structure of the tongue. The frog's tongue, instead of springing from the back of the mouth like other animals, has its root in front and actually points backwards to the throat. It is very fleshy and the frog is capable of throwing out the tongue in front beyond its mouth; when it sees an insect it darts it out, catches the prey and throws it back into its mouth again. Its tongue is a trap. The tongue is covered with a thick slimy matter and once the insect gets on to it, it cannot escape.

Such is the structure and life-history of the frog. It seems to be of no use in the world, but if we enquire closely, we find that it is one of the gardener's best friends in clearing the garden of all foreign and inimical visitors.

II. Scientific Experiments.

1.—EXPERIMENTS IN POROSITY.

Porosity is an attribute of matter. In all matter there are pores or spaces between the particles. Sometimes they are plainly visible. Sometimes they are indistinguishable. But we know they are there, because we can compress the particles together.

A BLOTTING PAPER FILTER.

Place a blotting-paper on the mouth of a tumbler; pour upon it some water darkened with charcoal or other such substance. The water will filter into the tumbler in a perfectly clear condition; the blotting-paper will retain all the solid impurities of the charcoal or coal.

TO PASS STEAM THROUGH CARD-BOARD.

Take two tumblers or goblets of equal capacity, place one of them on the table, and pour into it a small quantity of hot, almost boiling water. Then cover the tumbler with a piece of card-board, and place over the card-board the other tumbler. Care must be taken that the upper glass is perfectly clean and free from moisture. Now wait a while and you will perceive that the steam from the boiling water in the lower vessel will penetrate the card-board, the porosity and permeability of which will thus be clearly demonstrated, and the vapour will in time fill the upper glass. Wood, cloth, or woollen substances can be experimented upon in succession, and will give the same result. But there are other textures which are impermeable, and will not permit the transmission of the vapour, such for instance, as vulcanized India-rubber, of which water-proofs are made.

This experiment tends to explain why fog is, as it is well said, "penetrating." It passes through the tissue of our cloth coats and our flannels, and thus comes into contact with our bodies. A water-proof will protect us from its reaction.

2.—EXPERIMENTS IN CENTRIFUGAL FORCE.

Centrifugal force, which means "flying from the centre," is the force which causes an object to describe a circle with uniform velocity and fly away from the centre.

TO KEEP A PENNY REVOLVING IN A LAMP-SHADE.

Grasp a lamp-shade in the right hand. Now, with the left hand, twist a coin on its edge into the shade, and at the same moment cause the shade to rotate in the right hand in the opposite

direction. The coin will roll round without falling. If the movement of the shade be gradually slackened, the coin will by degrees rotate towards the lower part of the lamp-shade; if the speed be augmented, the coins will by degrees ascend the cone towards the upper circumference. The movement of the coin will continue just as long as the twisting motion of the shade is kept up. The coin is maintained by the action of the centrifugal force, and moves in an inclined position similar to that of a rider in the circus. With practice one can roll two pieces of money in the lamp-shade at the same time. The experiment we have described is very easy to perform, only a slight movement of the hand is needed. Although some dexterity is required in launching the penny into the lamp-shade at first, still no particular skill on the part of the performer is required. We ourselves have done the trick with ease and have taught many persons inexperienced in sleight-of-hand to perform it. If a lamp-shade be not available, we may use a basin or pan, or a salad-bowl; but the card-board lamp-shade is lightest and most handy, and should be chosen in preference to all other articles. A Japanese umbrella will also suit.

III. Greek Legends.

THE STORY OF PSYCHE.

Once upon a time there dwelt in Greece a king who had three beautiful daughters. The two elder sisters were married to rich men; but Psyche remained with her father, and she was the most beautiful of all. Indeed, she was so beautiful that people thought her a goddess come from heaven. One day it happened that a warrior from far came to the Temple of Venus, and seeing Psyche standing in front of the altar, he thought her Venus herself and worshipped her as the goddess of beauty. This made the real goddess so angry, that she began, from that moment, to hate poor Psyche. She called her son, Cupid, the God of Love, to her and told him to go to earth and kill the beautiful maiden. This Love promised to do and went down to earth, taking his bow and his quiver full of arrows.

Then he began to search for Psyche and at last he found her, on a hot afternoon, asleep in a cool quiet spot in the palace grounds. He had come to kill her, but when he saw her wonderful beauty, he fell in love with her instead, and knew that he could never kill her. And from that moment he resolved to marry Psyche and began to lay his plans to win her.

He went to Apollo, the Sun God and asked his help, which was promised. Troubles began to come thickly over the land of Psyche's father, till the latter at last sent to the Temple of Apollo, asking the oracle why these troubles came. The answer was that the gods were angry because Psyche was too fair for a mortal, and that the only way to bring back peace to the land was to dress the maiden in her bridal robes and take her in the evening to a rugged cliff by the sea. There she was to be left alone to become the prey of a ruthless monster who would otherwise ravage the land from end to end.

When the old king heard this, his grief was terrible; but Psyche comforted him and told him that she would rather die thus honorably than live in peace and let the land perish. But the old king would not listen to her. However, his people took the matter into their own hands and resolved that Psyche should die. So she was dressed in her bridal robes, with her golden hair all down her back, and led out to the rock, where she was left alone, to wait for the monster.

Now her heart began to sink with fear, and soon she fell fainting to the ground. Upon this, Love, who had been watching from afar, called Zephyrus, the god of the gentle wind, to him and bade him carry Psyche away and lay her down in front of Love's own golden house. Here Psyche woke from her swoon and found herself lying in flowers in a strange valley. Looking around her, she saw a golden house gleaming through the trees. She hastened on and passed through a beautiful garden into the palace. Here she wandered from room to room, wondering at the beauty around her. About noon she came to a room, where a dainty feast was spread. Here a voice called her by name and bade her eat, casting away all fear, for this was the house of the husband, the gods would send her. So Psyche ate and at evening lay down to sleep, while unseen musicians sang sweet songs.

After this Love visited Psyche every night when it was dark, but Psyche could never see him. One night she dreamed a dream, that her father and sisters were weeping for her; and then she begged Love for leave to see them. Love answered that he feared evil would come out of it, but still she was to have her own way. So, her sisters came to the palace and were astonished at its splendours, but they were jealous of Psyche's prosperity and very inquisitive about her unseen lover. Moreover, by this time, Venus had discovered the perfidy of her son, and in anger she sent an evil dream to Psyche which made her wish for her sisters again.

Again Love granted her request and again the sisters came, and this time gave Psyche a magic lamp to see for herself who her lover was. Poor Psyche did so and was astonished at

the splendour and beauty of Love. But he woke in terrible anger and told her that henceforth he must leave her for ever and that she was fated to wander, alone and loveless, through the cold world. Then he disappeared and Psyche passed out of the golden house and the beautiful garden and her heart was very very weary and the world was cruel.

The soul longs for something outside itself, higher than all it has ever had. And Love longs for the soul and comes to it of its own accord. And the soul is happy for a while. But the soul cannot wholly understand Love and longs to understand the mystery. But there are barriers between Love and the soul, which the soul cannot pass without danger. For the human soul can never reach up to the perfect heights of Love. But the soul is presumptuous and tries to tear down the veil. Then Love is wroth and leaves the soul to wander alone through the world. Will it come back to the repentant Soul, or will the soul itself, purified through pain, reach up to the heights of Love?

IV. Interesting Scraps.

COLOUR-BLINDNESS.

There are three kinds of colour-blindness: (1) Inability to discover any colour but black and white, this is very rare; (2) Inability to discriminate between the nice distinctions of colour so common as to be apparently the rule than the exception; (3) Inability to distinguish between any of the colours most marked to normal eyes, and its most complete form is called dichromic vision, being total blindness to one of the three primary colours. In this last according to the symptoms exhibited in different cases, 1st, blue and yellow are perfectly distinguished, 2nd, almost all colour-blind persons think they see red, but it is frequently confounded with green (the most common mistake), 3rdly, green is a most perplexing colour; it is not only confounded with red, but with black, white or grey, orange, yellow, blue, violet and brown; 4thly, violet is confounded with blue and grey, and orange with yellow; 5th, more difficulty is manifested with light or dark tones of compound colours than with full ones. It is certainly remarkable that while blue and yellow are seen perfectly well, their effect should be different when combined together as in green; and this is explained by the white of the colour-blind person being green, one of three elements (red) being wanting to him and he having only blue and yellow to produce his white; green is therefore

no colour to the colour-blind. He has only two sensations of colour, blue and yellow. Red and green are then both shades of yellow.

MEMORY.

The loss of memory during illness or from some sudden shock has, no doubt, been observed by every one; but some curious cases of it, not generally known, can be found in the books and journals of physicians. A Scotch Highland woman long accustomed to use the English language, was placed under the care of Dr. Macintosh at Edinburgh, during an attack of apoplexy. She so far recovered as to look around her with an appearance of intelligence; but the Doctor could not make her understand a word he said. At last it occurred to him to have one of the attendants speak to her in Gaelic, her unused native tongue; and to that she immediately and readily responded. When she recovered her health more perfectly, her English came back to her.

Dr. Rush mentions the case of an Italian gentleman, who died of yellow fever in New York, and who underwent, during the malady, a series of curious mental changes. During the first part of his illness he spoke English, which had for some time been his familiar language in that country; during the middle period, English was driven from his mind by French, which he had learned earlier; and on the days of his death he spoke only his native Italian. Abernethy, the great Surgeon, told a familiar story of a man whom he attended, who was born in France, but had spent the greater part of his life in England and had for many years lost the habit of speaking French. An injury to his head brought him under the care of Abernethy, who observed that during his illness the man spoke only French, going back to his English as he recovered. We all know how, to the old and dying, the language of their childhood comes again, and the old scenes rise before the dying eyes like pictures—so that from the recovery of childish peace they go out across the tide to the unknown, new life beyond.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND THE SCHOLAR.

A certain worthy gentleman, living in London, honoured by his fellows as one of the foremost scholars in the kingdom, had for a long time suffered under the misfortune of being in disgrace with Queen Elizabeth. At some time on some public occasion words had fallen from his lips, which he had never dreamed could offend, which had nevertheless, deeply offended her. At length a warm personal friend of his, who was in great favour at court, persuaded the Queen to grant him an audience.

The appointed time arrived, and the gentleman appeared before the royal lady. She received him very graciously, but there was a mock humility in her expression which foreboded evil. "Sir," she said, after the usual salutations had passed, "I think you are accounted a great scholar."

That gentleman bowed very low, with his hand upon his heart.

"May I ask you a question?"

"Ask me anything, gracious madam, and I will resolve it, if I can."

"Then, sir, how many vowels are there?"

"Sovereign lady, of absolute vowels there are five."

"Very well, sir, and now answer me this; of these five which could we best spare?"

He saw the point at a glance. She meant to make a play upon the vowel *U* and thus applying it to himself turn him off without further ceremony (i.e., we can spare *U*). But he determined to take the weapon from her hands; so he answered her, "Indeed, gracious sovereign, it would seem that the loss of any one of these simple vowels would make terrible work with our language; yet there is one of them the very last which we should save, even at the expense of all the others. I need not name it more particularly." And he bowed very low before her.

It may have cost her an effort; but she gave in. He had said it was the last, he might as well have said "*U*."

She gave him her hand, simply remarking, with a generous smile.

"Well, well—we will keep all the vowels, good sir; and henceforth, during proper deportment, we will regard that little *u* with a due share of royal favour."

ANIMAL AND HUMAN INTELLIGENCE.

Professor Geo. Romanes, the well known scientist, in a lecture delivered before the British Association laid down this rather astounding proposition that the only difference between animal intelligence and human intelligence consists in this; "That animal intelligence is unable to elaborate that class of abstract ideas the formation of which depends on the faculty of speech." What are we to say of the act of the Mount St. Bernard dog, when this sagacious creature, seeing a child on a railroad, over which a train was swiftly approaching, dashed forward in the nick of time, and dragged the little one from the point of danger. The following is another remarkable incident. A gentleman was induced by the scepticism of some friends to make a wager to the following effect:—He undertook to send a favourite dog, a Newfoundland, from a place more than a mile from his house for a flute which was to be put in its usual case

in the owner's name. The doors of the house were to be closed, and no one was to accompany or direct the dog in any way whatever after he received the instructions of his master. The dog actually accomplished the feat. He got into the house by a window, made his way to the room, found the flute, and took it safely to its destination. The sagacious creature had been used to carry the flute for his master, and had of course been previously shown where to look for it in the room. Dr. Lindsay even goes so far as to claim for certain of what we call the lower animals an intelligence greater than that of the human savage.

EGOTISM OF AUTHORS.

Extremes often meet and we find traces of egotism even in great poets and authors, where one would least expect them. Shakespeare does not hesitate to say in one of his sonnets;—

Nor marble nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;

and, to a large extent, the interest of his plays depends upon the egotism of his heroines.

Milton, whose intense egotism, has been pronounced as conspicuous as his genius, evidently, believed his great epic to be a work, which the world "would not willingly let die." In the touching sonnets on the loss of his eyes, he speaks of the support he derived in his affliction from the proud consciousness of having

Lost them overplied in liberty's defence, my noble task.
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.

When John Dryden was congratulated on the brilliancy of his famous "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day,"—"You are right" he replied; "a bolder ode was never produced and never will be."

Alexander Pope's good opinion of himself leaks out in numerous passages of his writings. Publishing his "Essay on Man" anonymously, he spoke of it as a masterpiece of its kind.

Buffon said that of great geniuses of modern times there were but five—"Newton, Bacon, Leibnitz, Montesque, and Buffon."

"When I am dead, you will not easily meet with another John Hunter," said the great English anatomist speaking of himself.

Goldsmith's self-conceit was proverbial. It "stuck out" in every look, gesture, and motion. "He would never" said Garrick "allow a superior in any art, from writing poetry to dancing a hornpipe." Going to an exhibition of puppets, he warmly exclaimed on their dexterously tossing a pipe, "Pshaw! I can do it better myself;" and broke his shins the same evening at the house of Burke, in trying to show that he could eclipse them in leaping over a stick. Oratory, he declared, was a mere knack, and, hearing a speech of Burke eulogized, boasted that he could do as well himself. Being dared to the trial, he mounted a chair and stuck fast after three sentences.

HOME SONG.

Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest;

Home-keeping hearts are happiest,

For those that wander they know not where

Are full of trouble and full of care:

To stay at home is best.

Weary, and homesick, and distressed,

They wander east, they wander west,

And are baffled, and beaten, and blown about

By the winds of the wilderness of doubt;

To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest;

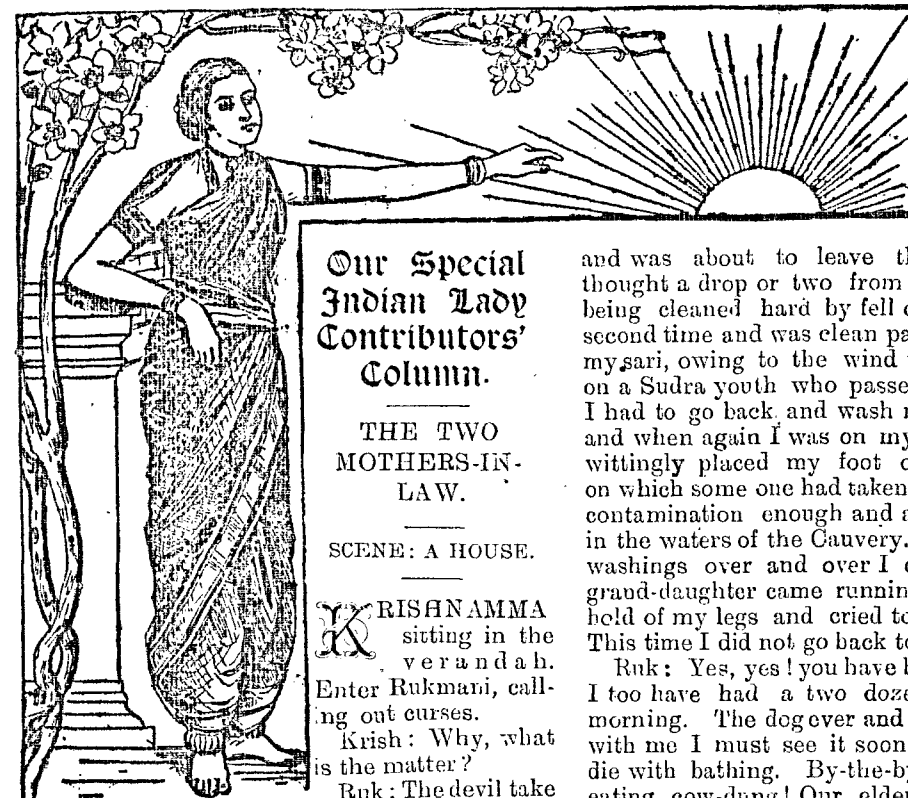
The bird is safest in its nest;

O'er all that flutter their wings and fly

A hawk is hovering in the sky:

To stay at home is best.

Longfellow.



Our Special Indian Lady Contributors' Column.

THE TWO MOTHERS-IN-LAW.

SCENE: A HOUSE.

KRISHNAMMA sitting in the veranda h. Enter Rukmani, calling out curses.

Krish: Why, what is the matter?

Ruk: The devil take her—there is no living with her any more.

Krish: Whom? your daughter-in-law?

Ruk: Yes, even that unclean dog—she is become so irreligious and impertinent. She plays with the dog for one hour, keeps conversation with the coachman for another half-an-hour, and then, without taking a bath, enters the kitchen room and defiles the food with touching it. And when I ask her about her conduct, she threatens me by saying that she would even take the dog in, if I do not hold my peace.

Krish: The fault lies in your son; my daughter-in-law wouldn't dare do such things—I would turn her out of my house, if she even breathed the thought of it.

Ruk: The fault lies in me, not in my son. I was a foolish woman to have given him English education. Yes, it was that that spoiled him; and he is not only spoiled and along with him his wife—he would have me also spoiled. You are shivering. Had you a plunge in the waters now?

Krish: Yes, I had one just five minutes ago. I am not that stupid girl—Kantha. Let me count—one, two, three, yes, a dozen times I bathed since I woke up till now. The first was, as usual, when I went to the Cauvery, with the pitcher under my arm. I performed all the ablutions, washed my cloth, lifted up the pitcher

and was about to leave the waters when I thought a drop or two from a cloth which was being cleaned hard by fell on me. I bathed a second time and was clean past the shore when my sari, owing to the wind that blew hard, fell on a Sudra youth who passed close by me. So I had to go back and wash myself a third time, and when again I was on my way home, I unwittingly placed my foot on a plantain leaf on which some one had taken his meal. That was contamination enough and a fourth time I was in the waters of the Cauvery. And after all these washings over and over I came home, but my grand-daughter came running up to me, caught hold of my legs and cried to me to carry her. This time I did not go back to the Cauvery but—

Ruk: Yes, yes! you have bathed many times. I too have had a two dozen baths since this morning. The dog ever and anon plays pranks with me I must see it soon killed; else I must die with bathing. By-the-by have you begun eating cow-dung! Our elders say that the gods will be mightily pleased if we could bring ourselves to gulp down quantities of that sacred thing.

Krish: You know I am pretty old, being on the wrong side of fifty. However, yesterday, a very small quantity of it I swallowed, shutting my eyes the while, and crying—"Narayana"

Ruk: That is a good beginning—persevere, and you will succeed. Practise makes bitter sweet; and bitter things are often the best things in this world. But it is a pity I couldn't take it myself now since I am suffering from indigestion. What do you think happened the other day? I stood behind a cow, and it gave me such a kick that blood came running from my leg. You see the bandage here (showing a bandage in the leg.)

Krish: (pityingly) you have covered the wound with a silk cloth.

Ruk: Yes. Silk cloth, you know, is always pure and needs no washing. With a silk cloth wrapped round our hand we can even touch a pariah without running the risk of bathing. Is it not so?

Krish: It is true what you say. That is why our (Madi) clothes are almost all of silk. It is six months since I cleaned my cloth and it is twice heavier now with the dust and dirt of

months in it. But for all that it is not defiled; time has made it holy.

Ruk: Yesterday when I was tying my (Madi) cloth round my body to cook my food, my son, in his usual impudent manner, told me in my face that it needed a white-washing and that he would soon give it one.

Krish: Oh, he is a sacrilegious youth!

(Enter the daughter-in-law of Krishnamma who goes out into the street and drops in again).

Krish: Why have you been out? How often am I to tell you that you ought not to show your head in the street.

Daughter-in-law: I went out on business.

Krish: Business! what business has a young woman in the street? I must soon see thee locked into a room!

Daughter-in-law: I went out to throw away the cooked rice.

Krish: That's worse still. Throw the food away? What do you mean?

Daughter-in-law (obediently) It was your command to do so and I did it accordingly.

Krish: What? Did I at any time of my life—am I such a foolish woman—ask you to throw food away? I see it all. Because I use you gently—?

Daughter-in-law: You have often told me that I should not keep anything defiled. Now when I went to the kitchen room to see whether there is rice enough to serve for you both, I beheld a cat eating it. I remembered your injunction and straightway, in obedience to it, threw the little that was left by the cat out in the street.

Ruk: (laughing) your daughter-in-law is, indeed, obedient!

Krish: (rising up) obedient! It is all impertinence. This is the way she does business always and half of the rice that my poor son earns with so much sweat run away thus. I will make you compensate for it—this night you shall go to bed hungry.

Daughter-in-law: I beseech you—

Krish: Get you gone! Dare you to speak to my face? Did you learn this behaviour from Kantha? (Daughter-in-law goes away).

Ruk: What do you mean? Certainly my Kantha would not have done such a thing as your girl had done. But tell me are you in earnest when you say that your daughter-in-law shall starve this night.

Krish: Yes, she shall.

Ruk: Oh, you are too strict!

Krish: Talk not; that is how you spoiled your Kantha. Daughters-in-law are now-a-days becoming impertinent things, and unless they are corrected then and there, they grow rebellious and refractory. If a favour is granted them,

they take it as a precedent to ask for more and eventually get it in their power to give favours.

(A lizard drops on the head of Krishnamma) And what is this?—the abominable lizard! Ruk. keep aloof!—keep aloof! Touch not me. I cannot bathe any more—I have bathed already enough times for my head to ache.

Krish: (Taking hold of the hand of Rukmani) Oh, but one time more—what, you also grumble to bathe! We will both go to the well and pour water on our heads.

Ruk: I am thirsty and I can't take even a drop of water until I get myself cleaned again.

(Exeunt.)

Friendly Chats among Ourselves.

SILENT TIMES.



"The world is too much with us late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.
Little we see in nature that is ours:
We have given our souls away, a sordid boon."

In a prominent College, a special feature of the daily life of the household is the morning and evening "silent time." There is a brief period, both at the opening and the closing of the day, when all the house is quiet and each pupil is in her room, to spend the time in quiet and prayer and meditation.

These "silent times" are what each one of us need in our own lives. We spend our time in busy toil and active interests, and we can spare no time for quiet prayer and meditation. The result is that no calm enters our hearts; we have no spiritual feeding for our souls, which soon grow empty of sweet and refining influences. Our inner strength is exhausted and our spiritual life is worn out, by all the distract-

ing influences of life, by its artificialness, insincerity, formality, unreality, idleness, vanity and worldliness. A great preacher once said, "The very obvious peril is, that the vitality of holiness may be exhausted by inward decay, through the want of an increase of its devotional spirit proportioned to the expanse of its active forces. Activity can never sustain itself. Withdraw the vital force which animates and propels it, and it falls like a dead arm. We cannot, then, too keenly feel, each one for himself, that a still and secret life with God must energize all holy duty, as vigor in every fibre of the body must come from the strong, calm, faithful beat of the heart."

And yet, all life cannot be silent prayer. We are set in earth to work for the world and for God; and we are not to escape from our active duty. From outside, we hear the cries of human need and sorrow. And, therefore, we should never allow our spiritual enjoyment to make us forgetful of the needs of others.

Therefore, "silent meditation" can only be a part of every day's life. But no true life can be without it, for we are but empty vessels, which need to be filled from time to time. Often, we wait for sorrow to compel us to these necessary quiet hours. But let us not do so. Let us train ourselves to set apart a part of each day for rest and peace from the noisy world, to look into our own hearts and commune with God.

"By all means use sometimes to be alone;
Salute thyself, see what thy soul doth wear,
Dare to look in thy closet,—for 'tis thine own,—
And tumble up and down what thou findest here."

Home Talks.

SOME INDOOR GAMES.

With the return of rainy evenings comes the desire for indoor games. "Nouns" is a game from which may be derived a vast amount of amusement combined with instruction, and one at which any number may play.

Each player is provided with a piece of paper and a pencil, and in turn suggests a subject, such as "Town," "Flower" or "General," until twenty subjects have been chosen, which are written down in a column in the following manner:—

Town,
Flower,
General,
Animal,
Bird,
Fruit,

Orator,
Admiral,
Tree,
Politician,
Author,
Book,
Beverage,
Colour,
Pastime,
Poet,
River,
Mineral,
Composer,
Musical instrument.

The more variety in the choice of subjects, the better.

Then one of the players selects a letter, and a given time is stated, ten minutes or more as thought desirable, in which the players supply as many nouns beginning with the selected letter as they can think of in answer to the list of subjects, as follows:—

Suppose the letter chosen is "C."

Town—Chesterfield,
Flower—Carnation,
General—Caesar,
Animal—Cat,
Orator—Churchill,
Admiral—Crichton,
Tree—Cork,
Politician—Chamberlain,
Author—Charles Dickens,
Book—Christmas Carol,
Beverage—Cider,
Colour—Crimson,
Poet—Chaucer,
River—Clyde,
Mineral—Coal,
Composer—Chaminade,
Musical instrument—Concertina.

At the termination of the ten minutes, or whatever time was given, the person who chose the letter reads out his list, the other players reading out their nouns after his, and putting their marks down as they go.

Marks are scored in the following manner:—

Should all the players have put the same town, they score nothing. Should all but one read out the same, then they all score one each, excepting the person whose noun is different, who scores one for each of the players whose noun differed from his. For instance, should there be six players, he would score five.

Should the nouns of two players correspond, they would score four each, while the remaining four players would each score five, provided that their nouns were all different, and so on. Hence, the more uncommon the nouns the better, for whoever makes the highest score is the winner.

Another very entertaining paper game in which any number may join is called "Hang the Man." One player thinks of the name of a book, as, for instance, "David Copperfield," and writes it down on his paper thus—

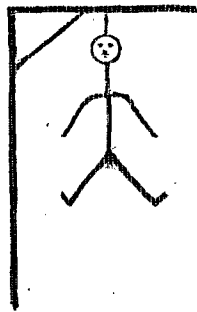
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16
D A V I D C O P P E R F I E L D

He then declares that there are sixteen letters in the title, and two words. The other players then proceed to try to guess the words.

They first make a row of sixteen figures on their respective pieces of paper, and then each one in turn guesses a letter in the following manner. "Is there a G in it?" or any letter that suggests itself.

If a correct letter be guessed, the players are told the numbers under which to place it. For instance, if a "D" was guessed, they would be told that there are three "D's" Nos. 1, 5, and 16, and they then write them down. The players all say a letter in turn, until anyone can guess the book, or until the person who has thought of the title has had time to "hang his man."

This he does by means of every wrong letter suggested. For the first mistake he draws the scaffold, for the second he draws the rope, for the third the man's head, the fourth the body, and so on until the drawing is completed, with two arms and two legs, thus—



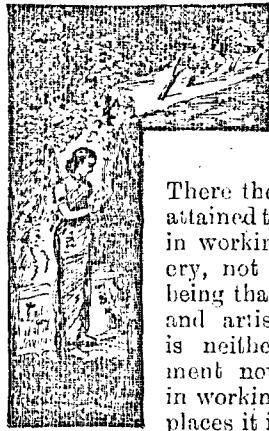
Should the player who has chosen the book succeed in "hanging his man" before the name has been thought of, he is entitled to have a fresh book.

Another game calculated to provoke much merriment is that of "Adverbs." One of the party goes out of the room, while those remaining behind think of some adverb to puzzle him with, such as "Proudly," "Sadly" or "Cheerfully."

On entering the room again, he asks a question all round in turn to each of the other players, who endeavour to illustrate the adverb they have chosen, by the manner in which they reply. Should he be unable to divine the word after one round of questions, he must continue round again until he guesses it.

Our Needlework Column.

HARDANGEN EMBROIDERY.



THIS beautiful needle work takes its name from the little town of Hardangen, on the Fiord of that name in Western Norway.

There the peasant women have attained the greatest proficiency in working this lovely embroidery, not the least of its merits being that although so effective and artistic in appearance, it is neither difficult of attainment nor trying to the sight in working. Its durability, too, places it in the first rank for decorative purposes, as if worked upon a thoroughly good washing canvas, when soiled, it has only to be carefully laundered to look equal to new.

To any lady fond of needlework, the fascination of seeing a large piece of this exquisite embroidery growing under her hands is irresistible and the more one works the more one wants to work.

In Germany, Holland and most northern countries of Europe, Hardangen embroidery is as well-known and as much worked as in Hardangen itself, and many a notable German and Dutch housewife has her table and bed linen, towels, etc., most beautifully embroidered with this work.

Although usually worked in white or cream, coloured canvasses are sometimes employed and in shades of yellow, pink or green look very well.

THREAD.—Generally speaking, two sizes of thread are necessary in working Hardangen embroidery, a coarse for the outlining, and a much finer linen thread for the darning or weave stitch. For the coarse; Stout Peri-Lusta embroidery or Dewhurst's Sylko is very suitable, also in Harris' linen thread it looks very well. A loosely woven darning cotton can also be used with good effect. Crochet cotton too is greatly employed, and is very durable, although the general effect is not so rich. For the fine lace thread, use only Harris', Taylor's, or Barbour's linen thread. In Harris' 2 cord lace thread, No. 40 for coarse work, 50 for all ordinary work, and 60 for fine are very suitable numbers. In their 3 cord lace thread No. 80 is a good ordinary size. In Taylor's No. 3 is a useful size.

OTHER REQUISITES.—The needle for the lace and darning stitches must on no account be too coarse or have too large an eye, but for the

outlining stitches, an ordinary wool needle may be used. A pair of good sharp well pointed embroidery scissors is very necessary, as the material has to be cut away close to the worked pattern and careless jagged cutting, will entirely spoil the appearance of an otherwise perfect piece of embroidery. The small size of the Manchester School of Embroidery, registered, brass sheath scissors would answer admirably, but if too costly for our readers, then any sharp cutting scissors will do, only not too large a pair.

The old motto "practise makes perfect," does indeed hold good with regard to Hardangen embroidery; and even the most accomplished needlewoman will do well to try the stitches on a bit of canvas before embarking on a large piece of work in order to familiarize herself with the working of the squares, and how and where to cut the canvas, and how many threads to leave uncut before beginning the work. Nothing is easier than Hardangen embroidery, when once one is used to it, but as may be naturally supposed, there is a certain amount of difficulty to overcome at the outset. By attentively following the instructions and carefully counting the threads, every one of which may be seen in the beautifully clear illustrations, any of the charming designs given in this number of "Needlecraft" may be successfully copied. The work has all been executed on a fairly large meshed canvas in order to facilitate the counting of the threads and stitches.

IMPORTANT.—It must always be remembered that Hardangen embroidery is worked by calculation of the threads of the material, so that it is worse than useless to start a large piece of work haphazard, to find towards the last, that there is not enough canvas left to finish up the pattern. If there is a little too much it can be very easily cut off. The best way to proceed, having selected your design, is to count the number of squares and the stitches each square contains at the widest part of the pattern, and compare it with the number of threads in the material you intend using, and always start with the piece of canvas cut sufficiently large so that all of the details of the design to be worked may be carried out on it. It is quite a simple matter to calculate this from the illustrations; take Fig. 11. Each diamond (half of which is shown in pattern) requires 108 threads (double threads on Hardangen canvas), so that for a cloth containing seven of these diamonds to each side, you require 756 threads without reckoning the hem or border. Always remember, too, that the finer the canvas the less ground the work covers, so that it would be of no use at all to think because you have a cloth of a certain size in one make of canvas, that if you take the exact measure of that cloth for one in a different make of canvas,

it would come out alright. The number of threads would be entirely different, either more or less according to the size of the canvas, indeed even if the canvas were precisely the same size and make, the threads must be counted, as the mistake of a single thread would destroy the beauty and correctness of the work. Remember also that a stitch too many or too few in the outlining will send the whole pattern wrong, and when the outlining is finished on no account cut and draw the threads of the whole piece of work, but do that as you proceed with the pattern. If, as sometimes happens, the wrong thread is accidentally cut, the damage can be repaired by putting in one of the fine lace thread and, if carefully done, this will not show when covered by the weave stitch.

In working, keep the threads as loosely twisted as possible and do not take too long a needleful of thread.

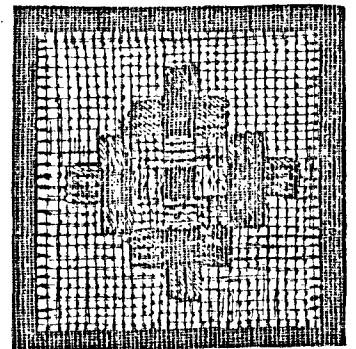
THE STITCHES AND HOW TO WORK THEM.

These consist principally of the satin or outlining stitch which is used to outline the pattern, and always follows the direction of the canvas threads, see Fig. 1.

The darning or weave stitch, which is employed in working the little bars or crosses which are the feature of Hardangen embroidery. These bars may be worked quite plainly, see second square of Fig. 1a, or enriched with the picot stitch, see further square of Fig. 1a, or enriched with the picot stitch see fourth square of Fig. 1a, or with a lace filling, see Fig. 1b.

The outer edge or border is generally finished off with button hole stitch and the canvas cut away from the worked portion. Very beautiful specimens of work may be produced by the use of the above stitches only, but there are of course many additional fancy stitches which may be introduced with great

FIG. 1.

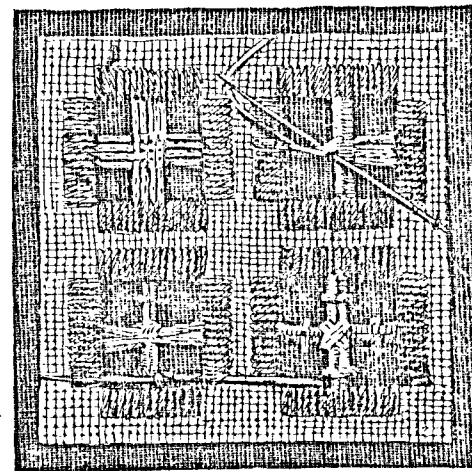


effect. The whole science of Hardanger embroidery has for its foundation the square, this may consist of many or few threads, but the number most usually employed is four in each direction.

FIG. 1. Small square outlined with threads cut and drawn ready for working. When using the "outlining thread" always place the knot on the inside of the threads over which the outlining is carried, thus bringing it farthest from that part of the canvas which later on will be cut away, and where if it was at the edge the knot would show.

FIG. 1A. To form the open square shown in illustration, after the outlining thread has been worked in, cut four threads of the canvas away, leave four threads and then cut four threads. This must be done on each side of the square, and the cut threads pulled away which will leave the remaining threads in the form of a little cross, see first square of Fig. 1A. These threads have then to be worked into bars by employing weave stitch, passing the needle first over two threads, and then under two threads, bringing it up again and over two threads, then under, and so on until the bar is finished, see second square of Fig. 1A.

FIG. 1A.



The picot stitch is made while working the bar when at the centre of each little bar, first on one side and then on the other, and by glancing at the illustration third square of Fig. 1A. and noting the position of the needle with the thread twisted round, it is very easy to understand; the fourth square in Fig. 1A. shows finished square with bars and picots.

FIG. 1B.

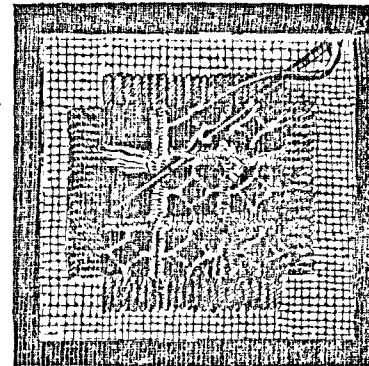


FIG. 1B. Shows method of working bars with lace filling stitch which is started after three sides of each small square are finished, and when half through with the fourth side.

FIG. 2.

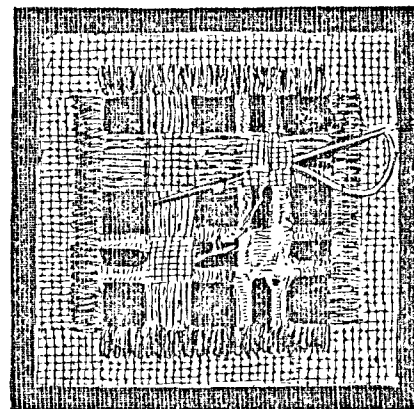


FIG. 2. Method of cutting and working the table bar pattern. Cut four bars and leave eight, which are then divided and worked into two bars of four threads each.

Our Cookery Column.

BROWN TEA SCONES.

Novel and inexpensive trifles for the tea-table are often required on party or "At home" days, and it may be that some of the readers of this article are in search of something fresh in this direction. Here is a recipe for brown tea scones, which will no doubt specially commend itself to those who prefer home-made dainties to such as are purchased at a shop. These scones

are quite easily made, so they do not need an experienced cook to prepare them. However, they require care in making, and the amateur in the kitchen should remember that there are two most important items necessary to ensure success. Firstly, that the materials used must be of the finest quality. Secondly, that the oven must be hot. If the flours are coarse and the oven cool, it is probable that the scones will be sad and heavy.

Bearing in mind these two things, we will now proceed to the actual making of the scones. The ingredients are as follows:—Ten ounces of brown flour (Hovis flour is excellent), two ounces of white flour, one ounce of salt butter, a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, a teaspoonful of salt, a table-spoonful of sugar, one egg, and a little milk. Having weighed the right proportion of each material, put the brown flour into a bowl, and add to the white flour, mixing the two smoothly together. The reason for using a small quantity of white flour is that it is found to give a softness to the taste of the scones when baked, which is not obtained when only brown flour is used. Then add the carbonate of soda and the cream of tartar, followed by the butter and sugar. Next rub the butter well into the dry ingredients, so that it is evenly distributed throughout the whole mixture, which should now have the appearance of breadcrumbs. The egg must be beaten to a cream, and stirred slowly into the centre of the bowl, stirring all the time. Add sufficient milk to make a dry soft dough, not quite so stiff as that which is used for pastry. Knead as little as possible in mixing, and when the dough is made, sprinkle it with flour, and remove from the basin on to a floured pastry-board. It should then be rolled to about the thickness of a quarter of an inch, when it can be cut into small triangles or circles. If the scones are small, they are nicer, and more likely to be light. Brush over the top of each with a little egg or milk, and as quickly as possible place in a hot oven. Do not open the oven door for ten minutes after putting in the scones, and then if baked to a light brown colour, they will be done. At the most they should not be more than a quarter of an hour in cooking. When taken from the oven, they should be placed to cool on a wire tray, and they will then be ready for the table. Some people prefer them hot, and if such is the case, they can be re-heated before serving. However, they are excellent buttered and eaten cold.

These scones spoil by keeping, and should not be allowed to get stale. They are never so nice as when eaten fresh from the oven.

Cocoa-nut Cake.—Beat up to a cream six ounces of butter; add to this a quarter of a pound of castor sugar, beating it well together; then add

to this, slowly, the yolks of two eggs, which must also be well-beaten. Weigh six ounces of flour and add a dessertspoonful of baking-powder, mixing it well in with the flour. Mix this with three ounces of dessicated cocoa-nut, and add it all to the other mixture, beating it thoroughly, as this helps greatly in making your cake light. It ought not to require any water or milk to mix with it; it should be wet enough without. Bake in a good oven for three-quarters of an hour; before removing the cake, try it with a knife to see if quite done. The knife will come out of the cake quite clean if the cake is cooked enough. After removing it from the tin, lay it on the right side on the top of the tin till it cools, and do not let it be in a draught or it will get heavy. When cold, beat up the two.

Christmas Plum Pudding.—One pound of stale bread, six ounces of flour, one pound and a quarter of raisins, one pound and a quarter of moist sugar, two pounds of currants, a pound and a half of beef suet, three ounces of candied peel, half a nutmeg grated, a pinch of salt. Mix all these ingredients well together; then add eight eggs well beaten, four wineglassfuls of sherry and three of brandy. Divide all this into three puddings and tie down in moulds and boil five hours. These puddings will keep, and when wanted must be boiled again for two hours.

A Fruit Salad.—Cut up two bananas into thin slices and lay them in a glass dish, sifting a little castor sugar over; then stone six apricots, cut these into slices and lay them on the top of the bananas; proceed in the same way with some plums, peaches and pears, till the dish is filled up, sifting a little sugar over each layer of fruit. The fruit is not cooked, so quite ripe fruit must be selected, and any sort of fruit may be used. Pour over the whole one large wineglassful of wine if not objected to; home-made ginger wine answers the purposes. Let this stand for an hour; some people put it on ice, but this is not necessary. It should be eaten with cream and is most delicious. It is an excellent way of using up various kinds of fruit.



Varieties.



LESS time spent in idle dreaming and devoted to the duties of life would give us both wealth and contentment.

The road to home and happiness lies over small stepping stones.

Put this restriction on your pleasure, be cautious that they injure no being which has life.

There cannot be a more glorious object in creation than a human being, replete with benevolence, meditating in what manner he might render himself most acceptable to his Creator by doing most good to His creatures.

Popular commotion is always to be dreaded, because bad men always arise to mislead its efforts; how desirable it is that it may be prevented, by conciliatory measures, by timely concession of rights, by redress of grievances, by reformation of abuses.

The brave only know how to forgive; it is the most refined and generous pitch of virtue human nature can arrive at. Cowards have done good, have even fought, nay, sometimes even conquered, but a coward never forgave; it is not in his nature; the power of doing it flows only from a strength and greatness of soul, conscious of its own force, and security, and above the little temptation of resenting every fruitless attempt to interrupt its happiness.

What has been done for and by Indian Ladies.

A meeting of the members of the Bombay General Committee of the Indian Ladies' Reception to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, was held at the Readymoney House, Malabar Hill, Bombay, Lady Bhattachandra Bhatwadekar presiding.

Miss Serne Manekji Cursetji, one of the honorary secretaries in opening the proceedings stated that the balance to the account of the reception fund amounted to Rs. 6,000, to which Mrs. Noormahomed Jaiarajbhoy had added a liberal donation of Rs. 15,000 for erect-

ing a pavilion for the Ladies' Gymkhana. A further contribution, aggregating Rs. 9,000, was received from a number of ladies and gentlemen, making a total of Rs. 6,000. Miss Cursetji thanked these donors, and particularly those gentlemen who had so gallantly come forward to promote the cause of physical culture among Indian ladies. Miss Cursetji next informed the meeting that the Government had made a grant of a plot of land on the Cooperage for the purposes of a gymkhana and read the terms under which the grant was made.

Mrs. D.J. Tata proposed that a committee of ladies be appointed for the Princess Victoria Mary Gymnasium and Gymkhana to invite subscribers, to collect donations, to communicate with Government, to draw rules subject to the subsequent approval of the subscribers, and to do all proper and necessary acts for the establishment of the Princess Victoria Mary Gymnasium and Gymkhana.

Mrs. Hussein Ali Faizi seconded the proposition and it was carried.

Mrs. Rukmani moved that a provisional committee of the Princess Victoria Mary Gymnasium and Gymkhana consisting of the following ladies with power to add to their numbers be appointed: Lady Jamsetji Jejeebhoy, Lady Aga Ali Shah, Lady Balachandra Bhatwadekar, Lady Petit, Begum Mumtaz Jehan Narsullakhan, Mrs. N.G. Chandavarkar, Mrs. D.J. Tata, Mrs. Bomonji D. Petit, Mrs. Noormahomed Jaiarajbhoy, Mrs. Vithaldas D. Thackersey, Mrs. Agha Moomcholsah, Mrs. Fardunji, S. Talyarkhan, Dilshad Begum Nawab Mirza, Miss Framji D. Petit, Mrs. Kabiruddin, Mrs. N.N. Kothare, Mrs. P.N. Patel, Mrs. Faiz B. Tyabji, Mrs. Mularj Khatau, and Mrs. Abba Ali Baig; Lady Jehangir Cowasji and Miss Serene M. Cursetji to act as honorary secretaries and treasurers, and the committee to elect its own chairman.

Mrs. Jamsetji L. Panday seconded the proposition, which was agreed to.

On the motion of Mrs. P.N. Patel, seconded by Mrs. (Dr.) Karmarker, it was resolved that as the work of the Princess Victoria Mary Reception Committee had now been completed the meeting declared that committee to be formally dissolved.

A vote of thanks to chairman concluded the proceedings. It is a matter for congratulation that while the reports of the United Provinces Provincial and Social Conference are yet to come or may never come out, the report of the ladies' gathering held in Allahabad on 31st March 1907 has been published. Though the conference was only a local affair, for with the exception of the Rani Sahiba of Pratapgarh no visitors from outside attended it and the Rani Sahiba too is regarded to be a resident of Allahabad on account of her long sojourns in the city during the year, yet the speeches made in the Conference and reproduced in the report are all readable. The audience consisted of 60 ladies and the number of speeches reported is nine. The chair was occupied by the ever active Rani Sahiba of Pratapgarh, who had had the larger privilege of presiding over the Mahila Parishad held in Benares in 1905 under the auspices of the Indian National Social Conference. The assembly had a modest programme and passed only three resolutions. The first dealt with the question of spreading female education in the provinces; the second related to the relaxation of the Parda and the third which was the last was meant to discourage early marriage. The names of the speakers are as follows:—(1) Rani Sahiba of Pratapgarh

(2) Mrs. Motilal Nehru, (3) Mrs. Ladli Prosad Zutshi, (4) Mrs. Maharaja Bahadur Takru, (5) Miss Durga Charan Bannerji, (6) Mrs. Roj Nath Takru, (7) Miss Mohini Ghosh, (8) Srimati Ram Dulari, (9) Basanti Devi.

The mere mention of the name of the speakers shows that the assembly was a representative one and its influence could not possibly have been confined to one city or community only, for Allahabad, unlike other provincial capitals, has little identity of its own. Take away the Zutshis, the Nehrus, the Bannerjis and the Ghoshes from her, and her progressive social fabric will tumble down. The language and style of the speeches represent the diversity of communities which inhabit the province. For while the Rani Sahiba has drawn upon Sanskrit for its imagery and illustrations, Mrs. Moti Lal Nehru's speech is characterised by Urdu, which is so favourite with the Kashmiri Pandits, of whom her husband Pandit Moti Lal Nehru—advocate of the Allahabad High Court, is the most respected leader.

The next provincial conference will be held in Lucknow and it is hoped that the Social Conference will not end its activity with the men's gathering only but will have a large women's gathering. Lucknow is inhabited by a large number of Kashmiri Pandits and there are such stalwart friends of Social Reform as Munshi Ganga Prasad Varma, Pandit Bishan Narayan Dar and many others. Besides there is an awakening in certain quarters among Mussalmans also towards female education. In Lucknow, let efforts be made to associate Mussalman ladies with the Hindu ladies. The former should have no objection to it as the ladies' gathering is held under strict purdah conditions. Let us hope that the United Provinces will take its fair share in the amelioration of the social condition of the people in due course.

The scheme for a High School for Hindu girls for which the High Court's sanction to utilise between three and four lakhs of rupees of a charitable bequest was obtained at the instance of Mr. Nanu Narayan Kothare, the sole surviving executor, has made considerable progress and is now before the Advocate General for approval. It contemplates the creation of a body of sixty representative members of the Hindu community which will elect a Board of nine persons who will manage the affairs of the institution. The school will consist of five standards and teach up to the Matriculation standard, though the needs of those who do not care to appear for the examination will also be kept in view. The teaching in the first three forms will be through Gujarati or Marathi, but in the two highest forms English will be the medium of instruction. We understand that the question whether religious instruction should be given in the school has been postponed for consideration at a later stage. As the funds at the disposal of the promoters will not be sufficient to meet the expanding needs of the institution, the Hindu Community will be invited to contribute when the scheme has been working for some time. It is not intended at first to erect a building for the school. One will be leased, somewhere, probably, near the Carni Road Station, which it is believed will be in convenient proximity to the chief centres of the Hindu population. The scheme will be placed shortly before the public for criticism and suggestion.

A contemporary publishes the following information concerning the new Vanitashrama or Home for Women at Surat:—This institution is started, owned and managed by two pious Hindu ladies of intelligence and culture, one of whom is none other than Bai Shivagawri, a widowed sister of our well-known citizen Prof. T. K. Gajjar. The other lady is also a high-class Hindu widow, and both have devoted their all to the maintenance of this institution. Over and above literary education, instruction is imparted in Religion, Morality and Ethics, Sanitation and Hygiene, and in such subjects of domestic use as a Hindu wife will be required to attend to in her married life. The noble founders, being themselves highly educated and enlightened, have personally undertaken to impart literary and religious instruction while the services of a Parsi lady, an L. M. & S. of the Bombay University, have been engaged to teach Sanitation and Hygiene, and a Sanskrit knowing Hindu lady conducts Sanskrit classes. At present they give an altogether religious and moral instruction, both by example and precept. Destitute Hindu widows and women such as seek the help of this Home are tenderly cared for and taught the useful and paying art of knitting and embroidery. We learn from the report of the Surat Conference exhibition that before a number of articles of fine knitting and embroidery work prepared by the ladies of 'Vanita Vishram' and exhibited in the Ladies' Section of the Fine Arts Exhibition, numerous visitors paused, admired and bestowed well-deserved praise upon its lady founders. We invite the special attention of the public to the management of this institution in the hope that there will be a network of such homes not only in this Presidency, but all over the country, with a view to take the education and up-bringing of young Indian girls on national lines into our own hands; to make the lot of Hindu widows less miserable; to utilise their energies which are at present being wasted away and to make them useful members of our society.

The Hindu widow is a social tragedy that excites the sympathy of every Indian. How to improve her lot and impart some sunshine into the gloom in which her life is steeped. The Trustees of the Devaraj Bahadur Charity Education Fund of Mysore try in their own way to instruct widows so as to prepare them for being more useful to society and making life to themselves bearable.

The Report of this Fund sent by the Honorary Secretary is a luminous document. The system adopted is to educate widow-pupils by awarding them scholarships in the various girls' schools of Mysore; and the report states that the encouragement thus afforded is being largely availed of in every part of the State. Thus the average amount of scholarships for widows awarded from State fund during the period under review (July 1905 to December 1906) amounted to Rs. 228 per month, and that from the Devaraj Bahadur Fund to Rs. 207 per mensem. The average number of widow-pupils who are in receipt of State scholarships is about 35, and of scholarship from the Devaraj Bahadur Fund 44. Besides these, about 40 widow-pupils are being maintained from the funds allotted to the Maharani's Girls' College. On an average 115 widow-pupils are being cared for annually in this way, which means that the blessings of

education are beginning to be appreciated by a large number of families. The Maharaja of Mysore has given the scheme its moral support and financial aid. The Government and the people being of one mind, the lot of widows in the State may soon be improved.

At a meeting of the Managing Committee, Lady Dufferin Hospital, held on the 25th Sept. Miss A. H. Mullen, Asst. Lady Physician, was granted two months' privilege leave from 4th Sept. The appointment of Miss M. E. Franklin to act for Miss Mullen was approved.

Letter dated 26th July 1907 from the Honorary Treasurer forwarding copies of letters dated 11th June 1907 and 24th July 1907 from the Chairman, Lady Dufferin Hospital, addressed to Messrs. Dada Adam Soomar and Jeevanjee Pestonjee, Dubash in connection with the donation of Rs. 3,000 (of which Rs. 1,500 are paid) offered by the former towards the building of the Nurses' Home or founding a cot in the Hospital for patients of his community and another donation of Rs. 3,000 paid by the latter to found a cot for patients of the Parsi community to be named after Bai Dinbai Jeevanjee Dubash.

Resolution.—Mr. Dada Adam Soomar to be informed that the Committee gratefully accept his donation which will be devoted to the Nurses' Home building and his name will be associated therewith; but as the cost of the Home is estimated at least at Rs. 10,000, some time will elapse before the building can be constructed. The Committee note that the second instalment of Rs. 1,500 will be paid by Mr. Dada Adam Soomar on 1st March 1908. Mr. Jeevanjee Pestonjee, Dubash to be informed that his donation is gratefully accepted and the bed will be named as requested by him.

Correspondence was also read ending with a letter dated 10th September 1907 from Dr. Miss D. E. Pratt inquiring if the Committee are satisfied with her testimonials and would engage her on Dr. Lamb's resignation. Also letter dated 15th September 1907 from Dr. Miss I. A. Lamb, the Lady Physician, stating that it is her present intention to take three months' leave on 1st February 1908 and resign her appointment on expiration of the leave.

Resolution.—Deferred till Dr. Pratt's arrival, vide her letter of 10th September 1907.

The draft of the Annual Report was approved. The meeting to take place at the G. H. Khalikdina Hall, the Chairman and Honorary Secretary to fix the date, etc.

Correspondence was read relating to the halves of currency notes of the value of Rs. 250, not received from Gitana, ending with Memo. dated 29th July 1907 from the Assistant Deputy Commissioner, Paper currency, Karachi, forwarding copy of letter dated 15th July 1907 from the Assistant Accountant General, Bombay, stating that payment cannot be made to the Honorary Treasurer, Lady Dufferin Hospital, as he was not the last legal holder of the entire notes.

Resolution.—Recorded the half notes to be retained by the Honorary Treasurer.

The building of the Government Girls' School at Dindigul was artistically decorated on the 7th instant, on the occasion of the distribution of the prizes to

the deserving pupils. Mr. Sidney Burn, the Sub-Collector and Joint Magistrate, who presided, was received by Miss P. Sargunnar, the Head Mistress, and Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Manning were also present. There was a large attendance present, including the District Munsiff, the Tahsildar, the Sub-Magistrate and all the leading Pleaders, officials and Merchants. A Programme including free exercises, action songs, a Kolattam, recitations, etc., was gone through and the annual Report was read. Mrs. J. G. Manning distributed the prizes and Mr. D. P. Antonio delivered a short address, asking the parents to encourage Higher education. The President also made a speech and the proceedings terminated with the singing of the National Anthem. Great credit is due to Mr. Kallanaram Iyer, the Sub-Magistrate, who has done much in aid of the school.

There passed away at Secunderabad, on 3rd October morning, at the residence of her son, Mr. Dossabhoi Chinoy, Oxford Street, Mrs. Bai Manickbai one of the oldest ladies in the Parsi community at the ripe old age of nearly 87. The deceased was the senior lady of the Chinoy family, and was well known for her great benefactions, both public and private. Some three years ago she had a Parsi Temple erected at an enormous outlay and named after her, for the benefit of the Hyderabad and Chauderghat members of her community. The deceased has left a large family of sons, grandsons and granddaughters to mourn her loss. The funeral cortege left her son's residence at 4 p. m., and was followed by all the leading Parsis of Secunderabad.

Mr. Ramanbhai Mahipatram Nilkanth, the Secretary of the Widow Remarriage Association of Ahmedabad, writes to us:—"A widow Remarriage was celebrated at Ahmedabad on the 13th instant under the auspices of the Widow Remarriage Association.

Bai Lalita, daughter of Shivshankar Girjashankar, aged 20, resident of Ghadeshwar in the Broach District was married to Vyas Dhaneswar Motiram, aged 20, resident of Janor in the same district. Bai Lalita is Audich Sahasra Brahmin by caste. She had become a widow at the age of 19. Vyas Dhaneswar is Nana Choyisa Brahmin by caste."

According to a Trivandrum correspondent, Mr. Nagamiah, the officiating Dewan, recently suggested to H. H. the Maharajah that Brahmin widows, in Travancore, who have no means of livelihood, should be allowed Rs. 3 per mensem in addition to the free meals given to them in the temple *agarakaram*. The Maharajah, it is stated, declined to sanction this proposal.

We are glad to announce that the following donations have been made to the Calicut Girls' School:—Eripud Raja Rs. 100; The Hon. Rajah Vasudevan. Raja, Poonjulli Namboodripad, Walluvanad Rajah and Mannalghat Muppil Nair Rs. 75 each and Mr. Vengayil Kunhi Raman Nayar Rs. 50.

Miss Letter has commenced a short course of lectures on Kindergarten principles and methods at Bangalore to the teachers of the various Girls' Schools of the city and the C. and M. Station, Bangalore.

A Ladies' Conference was held at Allahabad on the 27th of March, at which there were 60 ladies present. It was presided over by the Maharani Sahiba of Pastagari. At this conference, the following three resolutions were made, (1) that greater attention should be paid to female education than it had hitherto received, and that more schools be opened to impart education to girls; (2) that the Purdah system which was resorted to as a matter of necessity under Mahomedan rule be relaxed, (3) that the age of marriage for boys be at 20, and for girls 15 years.

Mrs. Dasobai, a Parsi lady of Bombay has gone to England with a jewelled cap to be presented to Queen Alexandra. The presentation has been arranged by Lady Lytton.

The Maharani's Female College, Mysore, is becoming popular. Hindu girls from the mofussil seek admission. A temporary hostel is arranged for housing the mofussil students. Lately several Eurasian girls were admitted.

Miss Victoria Mukerji has been awarded a gold Medal for securing highest marks in original composition in English at the recent B.A. Examination of the Calcutta University.

Mrs. Dosibhai Muncherji Koval, of Secunderabad, has contributed 7,000 rupees to the Dr. Jamasji Dispensary of Surat.

News and Notes.

Miss Helen Cannon, daughter of Speaker Cannon, is one of the most noted hostesses as well as one of the most cultured women in Washington. She is a firm believer in the higher education of women, a great reader, speaks several languages, which she learned during the years she spent abroad, is a splendid singer, and holds the records in the high official set for pedestrianism.

Mrs. Jessie Crowell Hitchcock, of Omaha, Neb., wife of a congressman who is the editor of the "Omaha World-Herald," and daughter of a former U. S. Senator and governor, states in the N. Y. Sun that after having suffered for years with a malady pronounced incurable, she applied to a Christian Science practitioner and was speedily cured. Although not a member of a Christian Science Church she says that if she were worth a million dollars she would gladly give it all to that cause.

Lady Henry Somerset, whose campaigns against intemperance have made her famous in two continents, has again aroused considerable discussion throughout England by her declaration that most of the cottages which one sees along the countryside are merely "white sepulchres," and that their insanitary conditions often drive their inhabitants to drink. This time, however, Lady Henry Somerset has the advantage of being able to quote from the investigations of Miss Constance Cochrane and her report to the National Housing Reform Association after making a special study of the homes of the agricultural poor.

Miss Rosetta Stone has been appointed the new superintendent of the Young Women's Hebrew Association of New York city, whose new dormitories for working girls, have just opened. The dormitories are a memorial and are known as the Cecilia Borg dormitories. Miss Stone was formerly the agent of the New York section of the Council of Jewish Women and as such made weekly visits to Bedford Reformatory for women and the House of Refuge for girls. She made the original investigation which led the Council to establish probation work as one of its activities, and in that way was the stimulus for the founding of the Lakeview Home.

Miss Anna Hubert, a teacher in the Seattle High School, is the first woman to climb the highest peak of the rugged and almost inaccessible Mt. Olympus, reaching an altitude of 8,250 feet.

Mrs. Emma B. Jenkins of Trenton has the reputation of being the greatest fighter against the Pennsylvania railroad who ever lived in New Jersey. She has brought four suits in the courts for damages to her property by smoke from passing locomotives, and Saturday she began a fifth.

Miss Julia A. Sears is the first teacher in the South to enjoy the benefit of the Andrew Carnegie foundation fund for teachers. Miss Sears has taught in the Peabody College for Teachers in Nashville, Tenn., for thirty-two years, and it is estimated that eleven thousand pupils have come under her instruction. She retires on a pension of £1,000 annually for life, and will spend the rest of her days in her old home in Fairhaven, Mass.

Miss Louise E. Crane has been appointed permanent secretary of the Mississippi division of Southern Cotton Association, with head-quarters at Jackson. She is the only woman official of this great planters' combine. For five years Miss Crane has managed a large cotton plantation, and she is in close touch with the affairs of the planters. She is twenty-six years of age. It is said that she prefers homespun garments, and makes her own clothes and knits her own stockings from the cotton grown in her own fields.

Miss Catherine Helen Spence, of Adelaide, known as "Grand Old Woman" of Australia, has lately published a very interesting book on "State Children in Australia." It is often said that South Australia has

the best system in the world for boarding out dependent children, and the death rate among them is extraordinarily low. The book is not only of value to all interested in poor children, but it is also full of valuable points for woman suffrage. It may be ordered from the Book Lovers' Library of Melbourne, Australia, postpaid, for 60 cents.

Miss Lucina Hagman, one of the school teachers lately elected to the Parliament of Finland, has been made president of its Committee on Petitions, to which, among other matters, all petitions in regard to education are referred. A number of the nineteen women members are serving acceptably on different committees, but she is thus far the only one who has been chosen president. This makes her a member of the "Council of Presidents," consisting of the President of the Chamber and its two vice-presidents, with the presidents of all the standing committees. A very interesting sketch of Miss Hagman's life, written by herself at our request, will appear in the Woman's Journal next week.

Miss Kate Cassatt McKnight of Pittsburg, Pa., whose death occurred last week, ran for school director in the Fifth Ward, Allegheny, and was elected for two terms, one following the other. She was one of the founders of the Civil Club. At the time of her death she was completing her fourth year as president of the State Federation of Women's Clubs of Pennsylvania. She was a member of the Colonial Dames of Pittsburg and a charter member of Pittsburg chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Twelve years ago she became interested in the formation of the Twentieth Century Club and was one of its charter members. She organized the Working Women's Club of Allegheny and was president of it for years. She was a prominent member of the Helping Society of Allegheny and of the Tuesday Musical Club. She had been prominent for years in the Consumers' League. She was also prominent in the Society for the Prevention and Treatment of Tuberculosis, of Allegheny County.

Mrs. Gow Wing laid the cornerstone of the Chinese Presbyterian Mission building on the old site in San Francisco last week. The occasion was one of such interest in mission circles and was given distinction by the presence of the Chinese imperial consul who delivered an address. Twelve years ago, Mrs. Gow Wing, as a little girl, laid the cornerstone of the first mission building.

Mrs. Marion L. Curran of Lake Odessa, Mich., has invented and received a patent for a cap for jelly glasses. It consists of two flat paper discs, the under one of the size of the top of a jelly glass, joined at the centre on a wire pivot. The under disk on which is printed the names of jellies, can be turned until the name desired shows through a slit in the upper disc.

Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd, who is in Chili with her husband, Prof. David Todd, of Amherst, Mass., while helping him with his observations of the planet

Mars, for which purpose he went to South America, is also preparing lectures that involve the study of the whole region of the early Inca civilization, relies of the present condition of Peru and Chili, and of life in the Pampas and the High Andes. Prof. and Mrs. Todd will photograph Mars, now nearer the earth than in fifteen years. Prof. Todd has made his first station at the great desert of Atacama, 8,000 feet above the sea.

Hon. Charlotte Knollys has served Queen Alexandra for forty-four years as bedchamber woman. The position is one of honor instead of servility. Miss Knollys is known as "The Shadow" because of her great faithfulness to the queen. She draws \$3,500 a year salary from the Government and \$1,500 from the queen's privy purse. Miss Knollys gave up the man she loved some years ago in order to continue to serve the queen and has never had any other love affair. She once saved the life of the queen by dragging her from her bed at a fire at Sandringham.

Miss Callie Babcock, of Milwaukee, daughter of one of the richest of Wisconsin's wealthy men, has decided to give up a life of luxury in order to become a missionary among the Koreans. Miss Babcock will soon leave her American home for the Far East. She was won to work among the Orientals by descriptions of the ignorance of the natives of the Hermit Kingdom, by a young Korean she met in Chicago, where she was interested in settlement work. She considered her future course for months, it is said, and though her family were astonished and grieved, she persists in her determination to devote her life to missionary work.

Mrs. Laura E. Cook, 55 years old, has built herself a house with her own hands. Sixteen months ago she bought a lot for \$1,000 on a bleak hillside in Elmdale, Cal. She has transformed it into a scene of beauty with a terraced garden, flowers and shrubbery. She planned the house, laid the foundations, built the retaining wall, sawed and fitted the lumber, erected the chimney and put on the shingles. The place shows excellent workmanship, and she has been offered \$5,000 for it, but will not sell.

Ann Shreeve, who lately died in England at the age of 89, had been 51 years to a day in the service of the Countess of Shrewsbury. The obituary announcement said she had been for 51 years the "friend and faithful servant of the Dowager Countess of Shrewsbury." Lady Shrewsbury seems to have had no trouble in keeping her servants. A maid who entered her service when the Countess was a girl of fourteen stayed with her till the infirmities of old age forced her to rest. Her cook also has spent a lifetime in her service.

Mrs. Benjamin Franklin Clyde has given a new building to the Protestant Episcopal Brotherhood of St. Andrew in Philadelphia for the use of the employees of the factories with which it is surrounded. It is three stories high, with a roof-garden, where games

and entertainments may be held on summer nights. On the ground floor there will be a restaurant, where workers may get meals at a moderate price, and a library and a pool and billiard-room. In the basement there will be bowling alleys and a modern gymnasium, with shower baths. It is good to see such advantages offered to young men, but it is to be wished that there were more for young women.

Mrs. Thomas F. Ryan, wife of the noted financier, has received the title of Countess from Pope Pius X. in recognition of her numerous benefactions. With unlimited means at her command, she is said to give away a million dollars a year in a practical and systematic manner, maintaining an office and a corps of clerks, who attend to the details of distribution. She has built one cathedral, five churches, numerous chapels, and two hospitals, endowed rooms in several hospitals, erected monuments to mark all of Virginia's battlefields, founded thirteen scholarships for boys and scholarships for poor girls at sixteen colleges, and has given generously to many other religious, educational and charitable institutions.

An entertaining story is told in the *New York Evening Post* of two women school teachers who for several years after taking pilgrimages to summer schools, at Chautauqua and abroad, with the result of beginning the school year worn out, bought an abandoned farm within a day's walk of the fashionable villas of Lenox. The agent was a woman who has made a fortune by buying and selling these farms.

The two teachers had saved \$800. They bought a farm of 100 acres, with house, barn, shed, and a fine apple orchard at the top of a hill in a country of thickly-wooded hills, uncleared valleys and virgin lakes. One of them was a teacher of manual training, and with her experience they built an outdoor bedroom and made furniture, so that they only brought from New York two couch beds, mattresses, bedding and cooking utensils. Next, to have company, with the help of a farmer they converted the two sheds, into habitable shacks, furnished them in the same crude manner as their own apartment, and invited their friends in progressive order to spend two weeks with them, asking them to pay the extra expenses of their stay. They enjoyed picnics, rowing on the lake, hay rides, camp fires, fresh water swimming, singing college glees trips of exploration, botanizing, long tramps and climbs. An eight-mile walk took them to Lee, where they took the trolley to the foot of every considerable mountain in the whole Taghconic range. They camped one night on Greylock and one on Mount Everett.

Last year they sold the grass and apples off their farm for \$150. This year they have had a farmer put in oats and a vegetable garden and expect to make a profit. They now go back each summer with increased health and energy, instead of exhausted pocket books.

In the matter of female education in Japan, it is undoubtedly a surprise to find how far the land of the Rising Sun has gone ahead even of the most advanced nations of the West. Three decades ago, the lot of the Japanese woman was little better than that of the Indian woman of the present day. But

to-day the nation's institutions for the education of its daughters—schools, colleges, academies and universities, may well be the boast of any country. The problem which we have yet to face and struggle with has already been solved by Japan. It may be interesting to know how it has worked out the gigantic task and how its present system of female education stands. It was in the early seventies that, for the first time, a number of girls were sent to America for their education. And their return marked a new beginning in the history of woman's position in Japan. The State took the matter up; and ever since then, Japanese pupils have gone year by year to England or America only to return as teachers. During the infancy of woman's progress in that country lady-teachers were imported from the West, and encouragement was given even to missionary bodies to found and conduct schools for girls. Thus, in the matter of female education, as in every other department of the nation's advancement, self-effort has been the key-note of all reform and attainment.

The system of elementary education is most extensively carried out in Japan. Every hamlet has its own school, provided by the State. And what is more, every child must be educated, education being compulsory. The course of elementary education is divided into ordinary and higher. Ordinary elementary education takes four years, and higher elementary education an equal number, except for those who wish to join higher schools which they may after two or three years. For every Japanese child, therefore, there are at least eight years of compulsory training to go through. These preliminary schools provide both for boys and girls, though the latter are classed separately to suit the convenience of teaching. And the percentage of girls attending these schools is really 90% of the whole girl population, the remainder being exempted under exceptional circumstances. Kindergartens are also established in many places to provide for the training of infants from the age of three to that of six, when they enter elementary schools. When elementary education is over, that of the high schools begin. There boys and girls separate. There are different schools for them as their courses of study are more or less changed. In these high schools, the course extends over another period of four years. And this general course is supplemented by another of two years for those who wish to pursue some special branch of study. The ordinary curriculum of the high School consists of Japanese language and literature, English or French, history and geography, mathematics and science, drawing and music, with knitting, sewing, training for domestic management, moral training and gymnastics. With the high School ends the ordinary course of female education. But for those who wish to prosecute still further studies there is the Female Training College of Tokio, which also trains lady-teachers for the high Schools. Here the course of study comprises pedagogy, ethics, literature, languages, history, geography, physics, chemistry, natural history, music and training relating to household management and family education. These constitute three distinct courses, literature, science and art, and the student may choose any. It may be observed that the college graduates every year over one hundred lady teachers. Besides these public institutions, established by the State, there are others

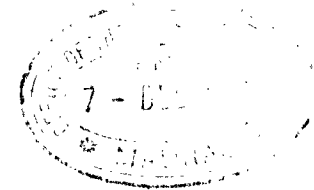
founded by private philanthropy and enterprise. To these may be added the Tokio women's University, the Academy of Music and various other institutions for the study of medicine, midwifery, nursing, painting and even agriculture, commerce and industry. Tokio alone possesses no less than 75 institutions for the purpose of female education. Some important bodies organised by ladies may also be mentioned. There are about 20 of them in Tokio, principal among them being, the Charity Hospital, the Society for Nursing, the Red Cross Society, the Ladies' Society for Orphans, the Japanese Ladies' Sanitary Society, and the Japanese Ladies' educational Society. It may be interesting to note that in spite of all these schools, colleges, academies and universities, the increasing aspirations of the Japanese women makes the supply of educational institutions yet insufficient!

In the Law School of New York Miss F. Edith Burnham, aged 21, gained the highest honors by standing first in the class of 100 students, 96 of whom were young men. When she received the diploma she was cheered. She gets a prize of 100 dollars. This is the second time a girl won a Law prize. The first was Miss Alice Dillingham, of Eaglewood, N. G., in 1905. Among 86 persons who took the degree of Bachelors of Law last month at the Boston University, two were ladies, Miss Murphy and Miss Sandberg.

Miss Jeanes, of Philadelphia, aged 84 years, has set aside \$ 1,000,000 for endowment, the income from which is to be applied for the establishment of elementary schools for Negroes in the Southern States. Her gift is the largest single gift of the kind aid for the negro race.

A garden party was given by Mrs. Roy, the acting Collector's wife on Wednesday, the 23rd Inst. at 5 P. M., to the Indian Ladies of Masulipatam. Long before the appointed hour, vehicles of all sorts and descriptions, conveying Indian ladies and children were seen wending their way towards the Collector's

bungalow. The Indian guests were all welcomed by Mrs. Roy and were ushered into a large open space in front of the house where seats were provided. Mrs. Ennis, with her Camera, was seen photographing the guests then present. There were Brabmin, Vaisya, Sudra and Indian Christian ladies with children. Among the guests were noticed two or three Ranees of the adjoining Zemindaries. There were also Mrs. Penn, Mrs. Ennis, Mrs. Erles, Mrs. Choudri the District Surgeon's wife, Miss Jennings, Miss Hasted, Miss Loader, Miss Freeman and Mrs. and Misses Maiden. These ladies were freely moving among and chatting with their Eastern sisters. Inside the Shamiana were some Indian musicians rivetting the attention of some; a conjuror drew others by his tricks and performances. The Gramophone, which is a novelty, has been introduced into many an Indian house, produced some lively airs and kept the audience amused. The hostess who was sitting now here, now there and everywhere, provided all her guests with refreshments which the Europeans and Indians and Christians did ample justice to. Sweetmeats were given to all the Hindu children in a different place. Mrs. Roy, as she met her guests spoke a few kind words to every one of them. When the Washington lights were lit, the rich jewels and the laced saris of the Indian ladies were glittering. Mrs. Roy herself was gracefully dressed in Indian costume, wearing costly jewels. It was a great wonder to some of the European ladies to see their Indian sisters bedecked in profusion. About 7 p. m. a maiden of 10 or 11 summers got upon a chair and read an English address to Mrs. Roy, to which the hostess replied in appropriate words and thanked the guests for the pleasure they had given her by their coming and making the gathering a decided success. Attar, pansupani and flowers were then distributed to each guest. Another Hindu young woman recited a verse in Telugu in honor of Mrs. Roy; and in a clear, loud voice thanked her on behalf of her Indian Sisters for the good entertainment which was cheered by a clapping of hands. A pleasant evening was thus spent by our Indian sisters of Masulipatam. Much credit is due to Pandit Nagasa Row Pantulu garu who was responsible for the arrangements.





THE LATE MRS. T. BANERJI.
(See Editorial Note.)



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Vol. VII.

NOVEMBER, 1907.

No. 5.

WHAT IS LOVE?

My heart, canst tell me whether
Thou knowest what love is, say?
"Two hearts that beat together,
Two souls one thought both sway."

And say, whence comes love hither?
"Unknown to us its rise."
And say, how does it wither?
"'Tis not love when it dies."

And when is love the purest?
"When selfish thoughts are lost."
And when is love the surest?
"When given least to boast."

And when is love most wealthy?
"When generous most it proven."
Say is it loud, or stealthy?
"It never talks, it loves."

Milton's L'Allegro.



ONE of the prettiest and lightest of English poems is the L'Allegro. The charming affinity of the circumstances described to the mood of the poem, the exquisite fitness of the words to the feelings, the sweetness of the country scenery, the beautiful thoughts and ideas roused by the poem, make it one never likely to be forgotten in English literature. The tripping, lilting measure of the theme infects us, as it were, with its gaiety, and the ideal beauty and peace of the quiet English landscape and English rural life, fills our mind with calm and pleasant thoughts. L'Allegro is a charming poem for a pleasant leisure hour.

Let us first notice that "the goddess fair and free," the "heart-easing mirth," described in this poem, is quite different from the "Vain deluding Joys" mentioned at the beginning of the sister poem "The Penseroso."

"Hence, vain deluding joys," cries the poet to the latter,

"How little you basted,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus's train."

Far different is the present invocation,

"But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclept Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing mirth;
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew."

This Mirth is "fair and free," so buxom, blithe and debonair." It has, as its companions,

"Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed guiles
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe
And in thy right-hand lead with thee,
The Mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty."

Content and Liberty, but above all Liberty,—how often Mirth accompanies them, or rather, results from them!

L'Allegro describes an ideal day of twelve hours spent in the quietness and peace of lively country scenery, by—not a rustic or uneducated man—but by an educated youth, who seeks

to expend a few leisure hours in light cheerfulness, trying, perhaps, to gain added strength and buoyancy of heart for renewed work in the crowded, faded atmosphere of busy life. The poem begins before the dawn; for our happy youth loves to wander out in the dewy twilight. He looks out of his window.

"Through the sweet-briar or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine;

with his face smothered in the dewy fragrant freshness of the flowers, he

"Hears the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise."

Suddenly, from behind him he hears the cock

"With lively din,
Scatter the rear of darkness thin;
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly strut his dames before."

From far away come the joyous sounds of a hunting party.

"The hounds and horn
Cheerily rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill."

He can no longer stay in-doors; so he walks in the dewy meadows

"By hedgerow-elds, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight."

The sun is rising; the soft dappled sky of the dawn is giving place to a variety of lovely and brilliant colours; and all the world wakes to life:—

"The ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles over the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale."

Round him are all the lovely scenes of a country place,

"Russet lawns, and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied;
Shallow brooks and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements he sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes."

Close by are the country cottages, where our happy youth sees the labourers at breakfast before going to their work. Deftly and quickly, the neat, pink-cheeked country maiden does her dance work.

Maxims and Morals for Home and School Teaching.

FROM SACRED WRITINGS.
ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.

BY LADY BENSON.

II.



LESSINGS are upon the head of the just."

Proverbs: X. 6.

"Be sober, be vigilant."

"Be pitiful, be courteous."

I Peter: III. 8.

"Blessed are they who believe, and humbly offer their thanksgiving toward God."

Koran: Ch. 4-152.

"Be at peace among yourselves."

I Thess: V. 13.

"Be not drunk with wine wherein is excess."

Ephesians V. 18.

"Be patient toward all men."

I Thess: V. 14.

"Be not weary in well doing."

II Thess. III. 13.

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

St. Matthew V. 7.

"Be your converse hidden or open, He truly knoweth the inmost recess of your hearts."

Koran: Ch. 67, V. 13.

"Be not deceived," "Evil communications corrupt good manners."

I Cor. 15-32.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God"

St. Matthew V. 8.

"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

St. Matthew V. 9.

"Behold how good and pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

Ps. 133, 1.

"Be not hasty in thy spirit to be angry, for anger resteth in the bosom of fools."

Ecc. VII. 9.

"Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

Romans XII. 21.

"Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble."

Ps. XLI. 1.

"And then in haste her bower she leaves;" and arm-in-arm, with her happy lover, begins her work, perhaps binding the sheaves, or helping to rake in the fragrant hay in the pleasant meadow. Then the noon-day Sun mounts into the sky and the afternoon pleasures begin for the happy labourer.

"Sometimes, with secure delight,
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid
Dancing in the chequered shade,
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday."

Then the day-light begins to fade and the country-people gather round "the spicy, nut-brown ale," and exchange stories of feats and brave deeds, and fairy tales and country superstitions. Then comes the time for sleep,

"By whispering winds soon lulled asleep." But our youth, unlike the country labourers, does not go to sleep so soon, for his educated brain requires more serious pleasures. He crowns the day's simple happiness by fit reading, still in his mind of light cheerfulness.

"Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and warriors bold,
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence and judge the prize
Of wit and arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend."

Then comes still more serious reading,

"If Jonson's learned flock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child
Warble his native wood-notes wild."

Sometimes to vary this, he plays to himself sweet music.

"Soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and greedy cunning,
The melting voice though mazes running,
Untwisting all the charms that tie
The hidden soul of harmony."

The music is so sweet that

"Orpheus's elf may leave his head
From golden slumber in a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers and hear
Such strains that would have won the ear
Of Pluto to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurychie."

Thus closes the poet's happy day in the country; and truly a simple, sweet, sober, pleasant day it is. Then with his brain refreshed and his mind rested, he goes back to the work of his busy life.

PADMINI.

"Bodily exercise profiteth for a little time; but Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

I Timothy IV. 8.

"Be of one mind, live in peace and the God of love and peace shall be with you."

II Cor. XIII. 11.

"Be ye angry and sin not; let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

Eph. IV. 26.

"Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another."

Eph. IV. 32.

"But fornication, and all uncleanness, or covetousness let it not be once named among you. Neither filthiness, nor foolish talking. Let no man deceive you with vain words; for, because of these things cometh the wrath of God upon the children of disobedience. Be ye not partakers with them."

Eph. V. 3. 6.

"Cease to do evil: learn to do well."

"Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying."

Proverbs XIX. 18.

"Children, obey your parents in all things; for this is well pleasing to the Lord."

Colossians III. 20.

"Cleave to that which is good."

"Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy. That they do good, that they be rich in good works."

"Cease from anger and forsake wrath."

Ps. 37-8.

"Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."

Ps. 41-10.

"Charity suffereth long and is kind; charity envieth not; charity valueth not itself, is not puffed up. Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil: rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never faileth."

I Cor. XIII. 4 to 8.

What Women are doing in America.



STRANGE would be the impressions and experiences of an Indian woman suddenly transported from the heart of a Zenana to the town of Norway, Maine, in the United States of America. In this city women not only work in gainful occupations along with men, but actually take their

places—oust them out of their positions—and manage all kinds of business exclusively and independently. In addition to taking good care of their homes, husbands and children, the women of this town clothe, feed, doctor, marry and bury the people, care for the traveller, are postmasters, financiers, bank and railroad directors, editors, printers and photographers. In every department of life—profession, trade, business, commerce and finance women are the presiding geniuses in this "woman's town" in New England. Their opportunities are exceptional and unlimited—and their spheres of activity constantly are growing in dimensions.

For over eight years the duties of town physician have been ably performed by Dr. Annette Bennett. The Board of Select-men, entirely consisting of men, appointed her to this office, and all along these men have congratulated themselves on their excellent choice.

Norway has also the unique distinction of having a woman Justice of the Peace. The "Lady J. P.," as Miss Margaret A. Baker is called, is often called upon to perform the pleasant ceremony of uniting loving couples in holy matrimony. She also has the privilege of acknowledging deeds, ratifying contracts, administering oaths and trying petty civil and criminal cases.

Miss Grace Thayer is the undertaker of the town. She holds a license for caring for the dead. Both the men and women folk of Norway consider it a comfort to have a woman attend to the embalming of the dead bodies of women and preparing them for interment.

Directly opposite Miss Thayer's undertaking establishment is the Norway National Bank. Mrs. Stella D. Pike has long been associated with this institution as its cashier. Early in her life she discovered her abilities as a good

"adder"; later learned that she was an excellent financier. She considers women to be superior to men in money matters. According to her, the future holds alluring prospects for women of honesty and force in banking and financiering.

Contiguous to this bank is the S. B. & Z. S. Prince storey. The Prince sisters own it. Everything in the shop is done by women. Man has no connection with the store except as a buyer. The elder Prince sister explains that the low pay of a teacher drove her into the mercantile world. Any woman, who can carry on a business on unmortgaged stock, who pays her bills a couple of days before they are due and who dresses attractively is sure of success in business, she declares.

Similar are the views of Miss Edith Smith. She is the proprietor of a large shoe store. With money inherited from her father she engaged in that line of business and is making money.

A successful money-maker is the genial young lady who is a director of the Street Railroad as well as of the Corporation that lights the town. She graces the meetings of the Directorate and receives equal pay with the men directors.

The "Norway Advertiser" is conducted by Mrs. Laura A. Sanburn. She writes the editorials and directs the business policy of the paper. Twenty-five years ago she learned the printing trade and can set up type as easily as she can comment on current affairs.

This newspaper as well as the residents of Norway are supplied with photographs taken by Miss Minne F. Libby, whose work is artistic and highly admired. She is the proprietor of a photograph gallery and executes her business without the interference or supervision of any member of the sterner sex.

In Norway, there is a woman composer of songs. She not only composes the words, but sets them to music. Mrs. Cora Briggs already has published many sweet symphonies and soul stirring songs.

Three large hotels are owned and managed by women and the way-farers and sojourners in Norway are well taken care of, well fed with tasteful, hygienic food and lodged in clean, cozy rooms.

One of the biggest butcher shops in the city is run by a woman, Mrs. Owen T. Brooks. She works shoulder to shoulder with her husband, who declares that he never made any money until his business-like wife became his partner, not only in matrimony but in the butcher shop as well. Mrs. Alice L. Nash is another woman whose husband gleefully volunteers similar testimony. This couple are taxidermists and are very much esteemed by the citizens of Norway.

These women of Norway not only are successful in the lines of activity they have chosen, but are excellent wives, mothers, hostesses and housekeepers. Their husbands, children and houses do not show any signs of being neglected on account of the women concerning themselves with stocks and bonds, shares and dry goods, photographs and butcher shops. On the contrary, many husbands like Postmaster Charles S. Akers willingly testify that their wives render them invaluable service by earning money in shops and stores, banks and directorates and taking good care of the family pocketbook.

The American conception of wifehood is truly ideal. This concept endeavors to make of a wife a confidante and a friend—a co-partner in life, not only in home but in business as well. "The woman of whom I am speaking," says Elbert Hubbard, one of the most widely-read authors in America, regarding his wife, "proves what God can do when he concentrates on his work. Not only do I trust her with my heart, but with my pocket book. Were there no Mrs. Elbert Hubbard" vehemently declares this author and philosopher, "there could be no Fra Elbertus (meaning himself)." Such women are exceptional—few people hold such ideals of wifedom even in America; and Norway, Maine, probably is unique in affording the opportunities and facilities it does for its woman-hood to rise in the scale of the world, and for their mental and spiritual evolution. The women of America are waging a relentless war to raise their status to an equal footing with men in the home, society and business worlds. Their efforts in this direction have been crowned with success. There are many professions in which women have successfully competed with men—several in which they have ousted out men and monopolized their work. Take, for instance, clerking and stenography.

In the office as well as factory, women have achieved this by consenting to work at cheaper wages than men receive. They have cut out men and obtained their positions by underbidding them. Thus it is that in the United States of America, the genteel professions in which are included all kinds of work that women are physically fit to do, are largely glutted with females. The men have had to abandon these fields in favor of women. Thus it is that the American men confine their labor to tasks that require greater physical strain than women would be able to bear. Women, however, are not to blame for cheapening labor. Being chattels at home, and slaves economically and socially, the only avenue left for them to strike a blow for their liberty was to compete with men in their own field, by denying themselves luxuries, in many cases even the necessities of life, by living

inexpensively and frugally and accepting small wages.

Now that woman has been successful in competing with men, in their favorite occupations and professions, and has given absolute proof of her physical, mental and moral capability in a number of professions and trades, she is demanding that capacity for work and not the sex of the worker ought to determine wages. She is also imbued with a desire to demonstrate to men that women are capable of employing their energies and wits in many other ways and channels than at present they are allowed to follow by conventional society and conservative manhood.

Women engaged in business and commercial and educational life, in order to strike their most telling blows on greedy money-octopuses and dollar-crazy captains of industry, are organizing themselves into unions and leagues. Their demands that when a woman does a man's work she shall be given a man's pay are reasonable and just and in course of time organization and union are bound to effect changes for the better. As this is being written, there is a great strike of the telegraph operators in progress in a number of cities in the United States,—a strike whose dimensions are growing larger every day and which threatens to extend to Canada as well as Mexico. One essential condition which the strikers propound is that the salaries of women telegraphers shall be raised to the highest standard demanded by the men operators. This is a very significant move and indicates that in years to come—probably not in the very distant future,—the school ma'ams, women journalists and writers, factory girls, stenographer clerks, salesladies and other female workers in business, commercial, financial and other circles, will command more remunerative wages.

While this struggle for more wages waxes stronger every day, women are endeavoring to live down the conservative and old-fashioned notions about woman's privileges, rights and sphere of work. Amongst those who are attempting to do this is Mrs. William Sheffield, of Deshler, Ohio. She claims the distinction of being the only practical woman blacksmith and wood-worker in her State. Any day in the week, passers-by can hear the ring of the anvil, as the lady at the village smithy smites it with might and main. She works alongside her husband, who is one of the best blacksmiths in the world, having worked at his trade for a number of years. Mr. Sheffield declares with pride and satisfaction that his wife is almost as good as he, being his partner in work ever since their marriage in eighteen hundred and ninety six. When he wooed and won her, she was sick, frail and lonely. During their car-

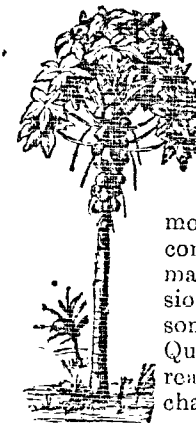
lier period of courtship the young woman often visited her fiance in his shop and helped him along by doing odd jobs. Soon both of them discovered that she was a natural mechanic. It did not take her long to acquaint herself with the intricacies of the profession. She is an excellent horseshoer; and turns out beautiful waggons. She is a vigorous woman, weighing to-day one hundred and seventy-five pounds, and declares that ninety per cent. of the ills of woman are due to the lack of healthy exercise, and she frankly airs her conviction that woman is capable of materializing any ideas or ideals she undertakes.

There is a very interesting figure in Wisconsin, Mildred D. Peters, who for more than three years has been working in the Rice Lake iron works, a foundry and machine shop owned by her husband. Mrs. Peters has a natural talent for doing the various sorts of work required in a machine shop. She is a competent mechanic, familiar with all the intricacies of engines and can not only repair but as well manipulate them. She makes her own potteries, is declared an expert at handling hot metals and producing clean castings. Mr. Peters considers himself lucky and affirms "My wife is capable of taking the entire charge of the business. She can do anything that I can do in the shop."

In 1900 the latest report from the United States Census Bureau regarding women engaged in gainful occupations declares that one out of every five women then residing in the country were following some bread-winning profession. Since then, women have struggled to obtain better wages, widen their sphere of labor, and live down prejudices. They have been able to launch themselves into a wider territory and wrest better salaries from their employers. Doubtless therefore, the number of women to-day engaged in gainful occupations is larger than that one quoted from the United States Census—though the exact statistics are not available.

But, while it may be conceded that women who have, against the time-honored traditions and customs, taken up works like blacksmithing, carpentering, mechanical and electrical engineering, etc., have proved benefactors to the present as well as the future generations, in so far as their efforts have been able not only to widen woman's field of work, but also to pull down old-fashioned standards and criterions, it often is asked whether after all kitchen and home and not the office and the workshop are not the woman's legitimate sphere of work. A steel magnate, Charles M. Schwab, has raised quite a storm of protest by declaring "Don't cry for a career. Men do not like brilliant women." The burden of his advice is that the kitchen and not the office is the place for woman. A New York Editor

The Letters of Queen Victoria.



RECENTLY there has been published a book containing a selection from the letters of Queen Victoria, published by authority of His Majesty the King. The three volumes of letters form, as may be expected, most interesting reading, which contains nothing to change, or even materially to modify, our impressions of the great and good personality of the beloved and 'Good Queen Victoria.' We have often read of her sweet and womanly character, and the correspondence

before us but continues the story of her beautiful life. This is what Mr. Benson, who, with Viscount Esher edits the book before us, says of her:

"She was high-spirited and wilful, but devotedly affectionate, and almost typically feminine. She had a strong sense of duty and dignity, and strong personal prejudices. Confident, in a sense, as she was, she had the feminine instinct strongly developed of dependence upon some manly advisor."

She was, indeed, essentially and pre-eminent a woman. This is apparent in every letter that she writes, for every letter contains some expressions of personal feeling, sometimes slight and sometimes passionate, and of delicate and discerning sympathy;—and this even when she is administering a sharp rebuke or making a remonstrance, for even here her tender finger would touch on some alleviating circumstance or some soft spot. Her woman's influence and the influence of her character—like the influence of all good and true women—extended far and wide. She possessed a strong individuality and her character was an extraordinarily strong one. "With deep, passionate, and yet widely extended affections, which knew no concealment, quick-tempered, impetuous, and with all the indomitable courage of her family, her spirit was nevertheless controlled by a strong and abiding sense of duty and faith in God. Conscious of the limitations of her sex, eager to learn and to inform herself, she continued, in spite of the atmosphere of deference in which she lived, humble and docile to an extraordinary degree."

That she was a woman of deep and lasting affections we find from her letters to her uncle Leopold, afterwards king of the Belgians, in whose house alone her happiest days had been spent during her 'dull and sad' childhood, as

retorts: "The woman intelligent enough to want to do something, isn't sitting up all night wondering what men care about. When Mr. Schwab went into the steel business he didn't wonder whether women liked steel men or not. The woman who wants a career of whatever kind, should go at her career, not waste time wondering what men want."

In America at least, the ideal that woman is just born to cater to the stomachs of men, darn their stockings and cut short her life in the effort to cut down the bill, is passing away. While maternity and good housekeeping still are considered admirable vocations, development of brain and brawn, of artistic and aesthetic instincts, of the inclination and capability to engage in gainful occupations and earn bread if need be, are more and more being set down as the proper and legitimate ideals for womanhood. W. T. Stead, the editor of the "London Review of Reviews," says: American men suffer for women, they work for them, they indulge them; but they do not take them seriously." Not very many American women who have a grain of intelligence will admit this to be a correct delineation of American womanhood. But supposing it were, if Mr. Stead was to tour the United States in a few years to come, he would be sure to find that at least American women take themselves seriously. They regard themselves as being worth while for their own sakes.

To-day the women of America are developing their physical, mental and spiritual selves in a manner that will cause men to "sit up and take notice." The American woman no longer is ashamed of being considered aggressive. It is aggressiveness that, of all else, she needs. It is aggressiveness that has made America what it is. If American women ever succeed in enforcing the payment of wages for the work done and not according to the sex of the worker, it will be on account of aggressiveness.

NIHAL SINGH.

YOUR PLACE.

Just where you stand in the conflict,
There is your place!
Just where you think you are useless,
Hide not your face!
God placed you there for a purpose,
Whate'er it be;
Think you He has chosen you for it,
Work loyally.
Gird on your armour! be faithful
At toil or rest,
Whiche'er it be, never doubting
God's way is best.
Out in the fight or on picket,
Stand firm and true;
This is the work which your Master
Gives you to do.

she herself describes it. She writes on one occasion:—

"My most Dearly beloved Uncle,—you cannot imagine how happy you have made me by your very dear, kind, long and interesting letter, which I received yesterday morning and of which I beg you to accept my very warmest and best thanks. You know, I think, my dearest Uncle, that no creature on earth loves you more dearly, or has a higher sense of admiration for you, than I have. Independent of all that you have done—which I never, never can be grateful enough for—my love for you exceeds all that words can express; it is innate in me, for, from my earliest years, the name of *Uncle* was the dearest I knew, the word *Uncle* alone meant no other than you....."

This affection outlasted her accession to the throne of England:

"One line to express to you, imperfectly, my thanks for all your very great kindness to me, and my great, great grief at your departure! God knows how sad, how forlorn, I feel! How I shall miss you, my dearest, dear Uncle! Every, everywhere! How I shall miss your conversation! Oh! I feel very, very sad, and cannot speak of you without crying."

And, when a question about Belgium arose, giving rise to delicate questions between England and King Leopold, Queen Victoria writes to her Uncle, assuring him of her continued affection and her earnest desire for the welfare of his Kingdom—in return to which, King Leopold writes:—

"My dearest and most beloved Victoria,—you have written me a very dear and long letter, which has given me great pleasure and satisfaction. I was much moved with the expressions of truly-felt affections which it contains, and I shall never again doubt your affection for me, but rely on your dear heart and the constancy of your character....."

In the exercise of her great office, Queen Victoria naturally often found herself in very trying positions; but she generally managed to carry them off with the gracious dignity and tact peculiar to her. Sometimes, with her natural impetuosity she would refuse to give in to her ministers:—

"I was calm but very decided, and I think you would have been pleased to see my composure and my great firmness; the Queen of England will not submit to such trickery." But, later on, her good sense often made her see that her ministers were right: "I am quiet and prepared," she once writes to King Leopold; "but still, I feel very sad, and, God knows, very wretched at times for myself and my country that such a change must take place." She was over a good friend to her friends and advisers

and often continued her relations with them even after political situations had changed their relations.

The queen eagerly threw herself into the affairs of her own kingdom and in its relations with foreign kingdoms. Her influence was ever for justice and peace. As for instance, on one occasion, she writes:—

"I cannot understand what has rendered Palmerston so extremely hostile to King and Government of France. A little civility would have gone a great way with the French. Now, no statesman must triumph over an enemy that is not quite dead, because people forget a real loss, but they won't forget an insult."

And again, on another occasion she writes to her Uncle.

"I have worked hard this week to bring about something conciliating, and I hope and trust I have succeeded," to which Leopold answers:

"God bless you for the great zeal you have for our great work, the maintenance of peace."

Queen Victoria's womanly heart always made itself felt even in her political relations. For instance, when the French king's sister died, she forgot all her indignation against him and wrote him an affectionate letter. King Leopold writes to her about this:—

"Your kind letter to the poor King was an act for which I thank you from the bottom of my soul, because it made him so happy. I was still in his room, when your letter arrived; he was so delighted with it that he kissed it most tenderly."

And, again, on another occasion, Queen Victoria writes to the King of Prussia thus:—

"Dear sir and brother,—I can express only imperfectly in writing how deep my pain is, after going so far, faithfully, hand in hand, to see you at this weighty moment separating yourself from us..... Let not your Majesty believe that what has been said in this letter is aimed at persuading you to change your resolves; it flows from the affectionate heart of a sister, who could not pardon herself were she not at so weighty a moment, to let you see into her inmost soul...."

Queen Victoria's letters about her marriage, before and after the event, are most touching. She is at first very careful that she should marry only him towards whom she could entertain the love which a wife should have for her husband. She writes thus about Prince Albert to King Leopold:—

"Though all the reports of Albert are most favourable, and though I have little doubt I shall like him, still one can never answer beforehand for feelings, and I may not have that feeling for him, which is necessary to insure happiness. I may like him as a friend, and as a cousin, and as a brother, but not more, and should this be

the case, I am very anxious that it should be understood that I am not guilty of any breach of promise, for I never gave any....."

But her inmost heart is soon satisfied, for she writes again:—

"My dearest Uncle,—I write to you from here, the happiest, happiest being that ever existed. Really I do not think it possible for any one in the world to be happier, or as happy as I am....." and, afterwards, she pays the highest tribute to her husband's character:—

"Albert grows daily fonder and fonder of politics and business, and is so wonderfully fit for both—such perspicuity and such courage"—and again.

"To-morrow is the eighteenth anniversary of my blessed marriage, which has brought such universal blessings to this country and Europe! For what has not my beloved and perfect Albert done? Raised monarchy to the highest pinnacle of respect, and rendered it popular beyond what it ever was in this country."

Let us just glance, before closing, at Queen Victoria's relations with India, as manifested by her feelings during the great mutiny. She fully sympathised in the stand which Lord Canning made against the violent rancour of the English community against every Indian of every class. After her assumption of the direct Government of India, she writes to Lord Derby:—

"The Queen would be glad if Lord Derby would write the draft of Proclamation for India himself, bearing in mind that it is a female Sovereign who speaks to more than 100,000,000 of Eastern people on assuming the direct Government over them after a bloody civil war, giving them pledges which her future reign is to redeem and explaining the principles of her Government. Such a document should breathe feelings of generosity, benevolence and religious feeling, pointing out privileges which the Indians will receive in being placed on an equality with the subjects of the British crown, and the prosperity following in the train of civilization."

Afterwards, Queen Victoria insists on freedom of religion being one of the clauses of the draft:—

"Firmly relying ourselves on the truth of Christianity, and acknowledging with gratitude the solace of religion, we disclaim alike the right and desire to impose our convictions on any of our subjects."

Once more, this is what she says with regard to our beloved India,—

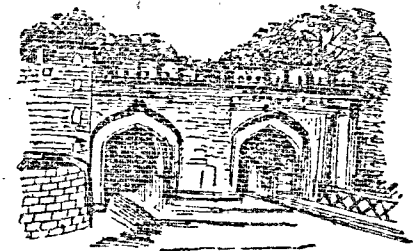
"It is a source of great satisfaction and pride to the Queen to feel herself in direct communication with that enormous Empire which is so bright a jewel of her Crown, and which she would wish to see happy, contented, and peaceful. May the publication of her Proclamation be the

beginning of a new era, and may it draw a veil on the sad and bloody past!"

Truly a great and good Queen! no wonder our India regrets the sway of her tactful and gracious personality!

BY AN INDIAN LADY.

Anecdotes from English History.



WHILE rearranging my library, recently, I chanced upon an old book "The Ro-

mance of London," and on looking into it, I found it contained many interesting anecdotes about famous men and women, well-known in History, about leading events and important places that are of interest even to the present day. Such narratives not only awaken curiosity and wonder, but are records of the lights and shadows of human life, which is ever changeable and yet ever the same and which is always of interest.

I. BUILDING OF LONDON BRIDGE.

There is a curious story told about this structure, fabulous, perhaps, but interesting. Once upon a time when there was no Bridge at all, there was only a Ferry, to "which divers' boats belonged, to transport all passengers betwixt Southwark and Churchyard Alley, that being the road-way betwixt Middlesex and Sussex and London." This Ferry was rented by one John Overs, who became very rich with the profits of his rent, but who was a very covetous and miserly man. He lived in miserable poverty, though possessing immense riches. He had one daughter, says the narrative, "beautiful in aspect and pious in disposition." He had her liberally educated, though at the cheapest rate; yet he would allow no one to see her and to associate with her. Yet, one of the young men, who was engaged in the Ferry, seeking to become Overs' heir, found opportunities to be admitted into her company. "The first interview" says the boy, "pleased well; the second better; the third concluded the match between them." John Overs, unaware of all this, still continued his miserly existence. To save the expense of one day's food in the family he hit upon a stratagem, which was to feign

himself to be dead and to be laid out like a corpse. He expected, according to the usual custom, that his family and servants would fast till the funeral, and thus save expense. Having persuaded his daughter against her better nature to consent to this scheme, it was given out that he was dead and he was laid out according to the custom of the time, in a sheet with one taper at his head and one at his feet. When the news reached his servants and apprentices, contrary to all his expectations, great was their joy. They danced in great glee round the supposed dead body, broke into his larder and indulged themselves to every excess. The master could not bear this any longer, and, struggling in his sheet, was trying to come out, when one of the servitors, seeing his struggles, thought that the Devil was trying to rise in the likeness of the dead man, and, catching hold of the butt-end of a broken oar, broke the skull of the miserable old man. Thus ended the life of the covetous Ferryman, who, through his own base scheme did himself to death. The daughter now came into the rich estate; and, her lover hearing of this, hastened up from the country, but, while riding post-haste, his horse stumbled and he broke his neck. The young heiress was distracted with grief and despair and was recalled to her faculties only by having to provide for her father's interment; for he was not permitted to have a Christian burial on account of his extortions and usury. The Friars of the Abbey near by, the Abbot being away, were persuaded by money to give a little earth to the remains of the wretched Ferryman. On the Abbot's return he was very angry with the monks for their permission, and he had the body taken up again and laying it on the back of his own ass turned the animal out of the Abbey gates, allowing it to carry it wherever it chose. The ass, having walked through some streets, finally shook off the body in the usual place of execution and the people, thinking that this was the burial place decreed by God for the Ferryman, buried him there with scant ceremony. The daughter was overwhelmed with these sorrows; and, disgusted with the world and with the numerous suitors, who sought her hand for her money, she resolved to enter into a convent. Before doing so, she provided for the building of the Church which commemorates her name, the Church of St. Mary Overs in Southwark. The first wooden bridge over the Thames at London is ascribed by a historian to the pious brothers of St. Mary's Monastery. Stow, the historian, writes as follows in one of the old Chronicles: "A Ferry being kept in the place where the Bridge is built, the Ferryman and his wife deceasing, left the said Ferry to their only daughter, a maiden named Mary;

which, with the goods left her by her parents, as also with the profits rising of the said Ferry, built a House of Sisters in the place where now standeth the east part of St. Mary Over's Church, above the choir, where she was buried; unto which house she gave the overright and profits of the Ferry. But, afterwards, the said House of Sisters being converted into a College of priests, the priests built the bridge of timber, as all the other great bridges of this land were, and from time to time kept the same in good repair. Till, at length, considering the great charges of repairing the same, by aid of the citizens of London and others, a Bridge was built with arches of stone. And thus we read of the foundation of London Bridge, a tale fraught with interest. Many an interesting anecdote is connected with London Bridge and of the people, who lived on it. John Bunyan is said to have lived there for some time and to have preached in the Chapel at Southwark. The great painter of the Court of Henry VIII, Hans Holbein, resided on London Bridge,—and so on. Now it is the centre of one of the busiest parts in London. Many may the tragedies enacted on it and, if only the dark rolling river could speak, many mysteries and secrets would be revealed. I cannot help quoting here a song called "London Bridge" which expresses in its rhythmic measure some outline of the many human tragedies that the river may have witnessed.

"Proud and lowly, beggar and lord,
Over the bridge they go
Rags and velvet and tweed,
Poverty, pomp and woe.
Laughing, weeping, hurrying ever,
Hour by hour they crowd along,
While below the mighty river
Sings them all a mocking song
Dainty, painted, powder'd and coy
Rolleth my lady by;
Rags and tatters over the way,
Under the open sky.
Flowers and dreams from country meadows,
Dust and din thro' city skies;
Old men creeping with their shadows,
Children with their sunny eyes.
Storm and sunshine, peace and strife,
Over the bridge they go
Floating on in the tide of life,
Whither no man shall know,
Who will miss them there to-morrow,
Waifs that drift to the shade or sun!
Gone away, with their songs and sorrow;
Only the river still flows on—"

And when will the river cease to run?

II. LADIES EXCLUDED FROM THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

It was in the year 1738 that it was resolved to exclude ladies from the galleries of the two Houses of Parliament. This led to a strange incident, which is very humorously described

The Deepavali.



THE 'Festival of Lights' has just gone. Once again the city looked entrancingly beautiful with garlands and festoons of twinkling light, once more the children delighted themselves with fireworks, and once more the old men saw the shadows of the year linger more and more closely around them.

Every year the feast is conscientiously celebrated. The early baths and ablutions, the purification of oneself, the feasts and invitations to friends during the day and finally the night with its illuminations and fireworks are kept up year by year. And why? On account of a legend; as in all things in India we look back to our past, and, if we only carefully went into every superstitious custom, as it seems to us, we would find it originating in a foundation of some principle. But let us turn to this legend. Once in olden days lived a mighty monarch called *Mahabali Chakravarthi*. He was a great king—even the elements were subservient to him, and he became proud and he ruled his people with an iron hand. No one could resist him and he had it all his own way. This roused the anger of the gods and they determined to thwart him and crush his power. In a remote corner of the land was born a boy to a holy Brahmin family. He grew and developed into a man, but he was a man of stunted growth, a dwarf in appearance small and undersized and insignificant. He was known as *Vamana*, *rupa* i.e. short statured. Yet this same dwarf had a mission to fulfil and no one was aware of it. When the time was come, he presented himself before the great king and begged for a small boon. The monarch, strong in the strength of his greatness, readily granted the boon, although his guru who knew what would happen, warned him not to. But the great *Chakravarthi* was satirical; "what harm can an undersized little man do to me, the great king of the earth?" So said the king in his ignorance. The boon was that the king would grant him three feet of earth to perform a holy sacrifice. It was granted in the usual way by the pouring of water in the hand and by sealing the grant by the irrevocable utterance of "Aum." Then was seen a wonderful change in this dwarf. He grew and grew in size before the astonished eyes of the king and his people, till he be-

by Lady Lovetley Montague. She goes on to say that at the last debate in the House of Lords, they had passed a resolution that no crowd of unnecessary auditors should be allowed to enter, and ladies were to be excluded from the two galleries. When this became known, many of the leading ladies of the land, headed by Lady Huntingdon and the Duchess of Queensbury took upon themselves to resist the resolution. They accordingly presented themselves at the door at nine in the morning, when they were respectfully informed by Sir William Saunderson that the Chancellor had made an order against their admittance. The Duchess of Queensbury, who headed the squadron, laughed to scorn such an order from merely "an ill-used lawyer" and asked him to lead them upstairs privately. This he stoutly refused to do; Her grace, stoutly reiterating that they would come in in spite of the Chancellor and the whole House. This was reported and the Chancellor determined to starve them out. An order was passed that the door should not be opened till they had left. But these ladies proved that they were made of sterner stuff. They stood there till five in the afternoon without food or sustenance and doggedly held to their resolve, every now and then raising such a commotion by violent raps and thumps on the door that the speakers could scarcely be heard in the House. This did not in any way move the Lords. The ladies now resorted to stratagem. They commanded a dead silence for half an hour? The Chancellor thinking that they had left on account of the extraordinary silence, gave orders for the opening of the door, so as to allow the Commons to enter. The door was opened unsuspectingly, when in rushed all the ladies and placed themselves in the front rows of the gallery. The fair writer winds up by saying:—"They stayed there till after eleven, when the House rose; and during the debate gave applause, and showed marks of dislike, not only by smiles but by noisy laughs and contempts." Thus, they gained their point by sheer determination.

Would that a little of that stern determination could be infused into the minds of the daughters of India, and then we shall see many social evils disappear.

AN INDIAN LADY.

(To be continued.)



came as it were, all-pervasive. Then they all knew it was Vishnu in an incarnation. One foot covered the earth, the other covered the air and the third came on the head of the great king and pressed him down to *Patalu Logam*, the lowest region in all the three worlds. Thus the world was rid of a tyrant and justice and peace restored. But Mahabali prayed for one little request, as he valued his name and his fame. He prayed that, in memory of the undisputed sway he had held over earth and heaven, all the people of the earth should celebrate that day with joy and festivities; and he who thus observed it and purified himself in the early morning, when he had the honour of the presence of Vishnu's feet on his head, should be cleaned of all his sins. The boon was granted, and thus the festival is kept up: and young and old keep up the Festival of Lights religiously. Such is the origin of Deepavali. It illustrates one principle that man, however great, is as the blade of a grass and as the flower of the field; "the wind passeth over it and it is gone" and none shall know whither.

Easy Pages for our Girls.

I. INSECTS.



This month I have taken 'insects' as my subject, because, small as they are, their

organism is wonderful. If we examine any common insect we see that it looks as if it were deeply cut across in two places, so that it is in three separate parts. This seemed to have given rise to the name "Insect," which means "cut into." These three natural divisions are the head, the chest and the body.

If we examine an insect minutely, we find that it feels hard and horny to the touch, and that it can be easily crushed. This shows that it has no internal skeleton, but what is called an 'external skeleton' that is, a hard horny case which gives shape and protection to the creature. This case is made up of a number of rings or segments of hardened skin. These are not complete; they are in two halves, the upper and the under, joined at the sides by a loose elastic skin. This arrangement gives much freedom of movement. The number of segments in the different divisions of the insect differ in the different specimens. If we now proceed to examine each part minutely, we find that the head is all of one piece and not made up of segments. Insects have no brain but a number of sets of nerves, the largest of which are in the head. The structure of the insects' eyes is very singular. Each eye is made up of a number of small eyes mixed together; in appearance, when magnified, they are like a blackberry, and they are placed prominently at the side of the head so as to enable the insect to see everywhere, behind, above, below or sideways and thus be able to protect itself from its numerous enemies. Next, we turn to the feelers, which seem to guide the insect to feel its way. The moment the feelers come in contact with a foreign substance, the insect flies away. The feelers are of all shapes and sizes and seem to be organs of feeling, smelling and hearing to the insect, and if the insect loses them, it dies. The next important thing to notice in the head are the mouth parts, which are not the same in all insects. The differences are according to the kind of food each insect eats. Some feed on vegetable matter, some on the juices of flowers, others on solid matter and hence the jaws of each kind are naturally different in structure. For instance, those which live on solid matter are provided with strong jaws for biting and chewing and they are made like the edge of a saw. But all insects are alike in this respect, that both their jaws move and that always sideways, while in animals only the lower jaw moves and that only up and down. Some insects, like the tiger beetle, feed on other insects and they are provided with powerful jaws for tearing their victims to pieces.

The next natural division of the body is the chest, that is, the middle part between the head

and the body, to which are joined the wings above and the legs below. If we look at the wings carefully, we find that there are two parts of them and that they are as fine as gossamer, delicate and lustrous. In some insects, like the daddy-long-legs and the gnat, the second pair of wings is wanting; but it is replaced by what is called a pair of balancers, that is slender stalks with small rounded knobs at the ends. These are placed at the back of the wings proper and seem to help the insect to balance itself securely. Some insects have no wings, which shows that they are not fitted to fly. Our attention is next turned to the second means of locomotion viz., the legs. They are six in number and are arranged in three pairs. The structure of the legs is fitted to the particular kind of life the insect leads, some are jumping insects, like the grasshopper, and these are provided with long legs and strong thighs. Some are burrowing insects, like the beetle, and they are provided with strong legs and feet fitted for digging. Then the bee's legs are hollowed out to form a sort of basket, which is edged round with stiff hairs. The bee makes use of this as a basket to carry home the pollen from the flowers.

The third division is the body, that is, the big hinder part of the insect, which contains the organs of digestion and breathing. These last are unlike those of other creatures. It has no lungs like an animal and no gills like a fish. It has a peculiar breathing apparatus. If we look through a magnifying glass, we see that the loose skin connecting the upper and lower segment of the body is full of little holes. These are the ends of fine tubes, which lead into two larger tubes, which run through the whole length of the body and give off many branches. Thus the insect is able to breathe into every corner of its body. This passage of air throughout the body makes it very light and enables it to fly easily. The ends of the hole are kept open and not allowed to fall together by means of elastic coiled springs, which line the inner sides of every tube. The blood of an insect is cold and colourless.

Such is the structure of an insect, and it is interesting to notice how and from what the insect developed to its present shape. The insects, like birds, produce their young from eggs, but they cannot hatch them as their blood is cold and hence has no warmth in their bodies. Like the frogs' spawn the eggs are left to take care of themselves, but they are laid, where the young insect can find natural help in abundance. The young of some insects feed on vegetable matter and we find such eggs laid on different parts of a plant, such as the root leaves, buds, flowers, and so on. Others again eat animal

matter and these are found laid on putrid animal matter, on raw and cooked meat, on cheese, and so on. Thus the mother-insect provides for her young. The question arises, how does the insect lay its eggs and in such strange peculiar places. The mother-insect is provided at the extremity with a sort of tool called the egg-depositor, which varies in force according to the purpose required. In some instances, the tool is a sort of auger or borer for boring holes. In others the borer itself is a sort of hollow tube, and the egg passes down the tube into the hole it makes. In others the insect is provided with a pair of actual saws; with this she saws slits in which to place her eggs. This is the first stage. The second is when a strange creature, quite unlike the mother insect, creeps out of the egg. This is called larva or grub. It feeds ravenously and in this stage is very destructive to the crops and gardener's plants. The result of the hungry eating is that it grows very rapidly and the skin becomes stretched till it bursts. It thus moults five or six times but does not change in shape till it is full grown.

The larva of a beautiful butterfly, is the ugly caterpillar, with its long body, head, six legs and a number of fleshy feet. That which comes from the egg of a fly is a maggot without either head or limb. The young of a beetle is a grub with a head and usually six legs. The third stage is the pupa or baby stage. We have often seen cocoonlike things hanging by a sort of silky thread from a leaf or a turf, or sometimes enclosed in a sheath, loosely spun and gummed to the leaf itself. Each of these contains the pupa, that is the larva in a new stage of existence. The feeding and growing being over, it now retires into a retired spot, as it has to burst its skin for the last time. It does not eat during this period, but, like the winter sleeper, sleeps. It is quite helpless and neither eats nor moves. While it is in this existence, a change begins to appear. Not only does it change its skin, but it takes a new form. Limbs begin to appear, at first packed close to the body, and then gradually an entirely new creature appears, the perfect insect with every part of its body developed. Insects never grow. All that was accomplished in the larva stage. The perfect insect, as a rule, does not feed on the same food as the larva. For example, compare the airy butterfly as it daintily sips the nectar from the honeyed flowers and the ugly crawling caterpillar which greedily devours green vegetable matter. But, as usual, there are many exceptions to this rule. Many perfect insects have a very short life. Some do not eat at all, but appear in their perfect form, lay their eggs and die almost, at once. Thus we have followed the life-history of the insect, a creature whose existence is

unimportant; yet its organism is most intricate and the beauty of it is, that each living animal, however insignificant, is wonderfully adapted in its structure to its particular food and habits.

II. SOBHA.

• A STORY BY MRS. KAREEM KHAN.

Once upon a time, in a forgotten corner of Hindustan, there lived an honest dhobi who used to wash for the kotwal and other bigwigs of the place. Now it so happened that the kotwal's servant, calling early one morning for his master's wash, found the dhobi seated on the threshold of his little cottage, clean shaven—sans hair, sans eyebrows, sans moustaches and sans whiskers, casting ashes on his head.

"What ails you, my friend, that I see you in such deep mourning?" asked the servant distressed to see him in this condition.

"Don't you know what has happened?" replied the dhobi. "Why, Sobha is dead and we shall never see his like again."

"Alas! is Sobha dead?" exclaimed the servant and forthwith repaired to a barber and had a clean shave, and in that state made his appearance before his master—"What has happened?" enquired the kotwal "that you have put yourself in deep mourning?"

"Alas! Sobha is dead" replied the servant, "and we shall never see his like again."

"Is Sobha gone then?" exclaimed the kotwal and summoned his own barber and had himself shaven clean like the others.

In a little while he was sent for by the Dewan on official business, and was in his turn asked why he had put himself in such deep mourning. "Haven't you heard then that Sobha is dead?" replied the kotwal, and "we shall never see his like again."

The Dewan, on hearing the sad news, felt that he could do no less than the kotwal and sat to his barber and had himself clean shaven and in this condition repaired to the palace to pay his respects to the Rajah, who was surprised and grieved to see his trusted minister in deep mourning, and, on being informed that the incomparable Sobha was dead, went into mourning at once like the others. But presently when the time came for him to enter the zenana, his little daughter was shocked to see her father in that condition and wanted to know why he had gone into mourning. The Rajah replied "Alas! my daughter, a great calamity has befallen us, Sobha is dead and we shall never see his like again."

"Who was Sobha, if you please, father?" inquired the princess.

"Why, now you remind me, I do not know myself, but I will ask my Dewan."

The Dewan, it appeared, was equally in the dark and had to refer to the kotwal, who was equally at a loss and sent for his servant, and the servant who knew just as little was sent running to the dhobi: "you told me Sobha was dead when I asked you the reason why you were in mourning, but who was Sobha any way?" asked the servant.

"Why, did you not know that Sobha was the best donkey I ever had, and many a load of soiled linen he has carried for me to the river side."

Thus it was that the kotwal, the Dewan and the Rajah discovered that they had gone into mourning for a dhobi's donkey, who knew no better than to die.

III. Scientific experiments.

I. WITH WATER.

(1) THE ASCENT OF WINE IN AN INVERTED GLASS.

Dip two wine glasses into a basin of water, and before taking them out, place the brims together, so that they may remain full, but one over the other. Then move them slightly, so that a very small space may intervene between the rims. Take a thin glass and drip from it some wine in such a manner that it may spread slowly over the surface of the inverted glass. When the wine has trickled down to the line of separation you will perceive the ruddy drops filtering into the glasses and ascending into the upper one, in consequence of the difference in the densities of wine and water.

(2) THE GRAPESEED IN THE GLASS OF CHAMPAGNE.

If we place a grape-seed, quite dry, at the bottom of a glass and fill the glass with champagne, we shall see the bubbles attaching themselves to the seed, and it will rise to the surface of the wine, where the bubbles burst and disappear. Then the seed will fall to the bottom of the glass again. The seed in this instance has been raised to the surface by the aid of the air-bubbles, which play the part of little balloons in bringing it to the top of the liquid.

II. MOVEMENTS OF GASES.

(1) AERIAL CURRENTS.

Hot air is much lighter than cold air, and the differences in density of the air-strata play a very important part in the movements of the

atmosphere. Air is warmed in the equatorial, and cooled in the polar regions.

It is easy to understand the difference in the density of the aerial currents, if we open the door of a warm room which is entered from a cold hall.

A candle held to the upper part of the open door will show the direction of the warm current, while the course of the cold air will be demonstrated by the flaring flame of a candle placed on the floor. The currents pass in opposite directions, out and in.

(2) BLOWING OUT A CANDLE BEHIND A BOTTLE.

Put a lighted candle on the table, and in front of it, about 10 inches removed, a bottle. Then blow on the bottle at a distance of 8 or 9 inches, and the light will be extinguished, just as though there was nothing between it and your breath. The breath divides into two currents on the smooth surface of the bottle, one going right, the other left, joining each other at the flame of the candle.

(3) TO KEEP A PEA IN EQUILIBRIUM BY MEANS OF A CURRENT OF AIR.

Choose as rounded a pea as you can find, and soften it, if dry, in water. Then skilfully impale it on a pin, so as not to damage its interior surface and shape. Then get a pipe of very small bore, and place the pea on one of its extremities, where it is maintained by the pin, which has been inserted in the tube. Throw your head back until the pipe is in a vertical position, and then blow gradually and slowly through it. The pea will rise up; then blow more forcibly, and it will be sustained by the current of air turning on itself, when the breath strikes the pin.

Here is another experiment of the same kind.

Take a metallic penholder which is closed at one of its ends. At a little distance from the closed extremity drill a tiny hole. Then blow up through the aperture thus formed, regularly and steadily. A small bread pellet, perfectly round, can then be kept up. The pellet should be as spherical as possible, its size varying with the density of the material, of which it is composed, and the size of the aperture in the tube. Many other experiments can be made by any means, which will ensure a constant, even, supply of the air, or gas, or steam from the extremity of the pipe.

By analogous means an egg-shell can be maintained at the upper extremity of a jet of water, on which it will revolve without falling off.

(4) TO MAKE A PLANK ADHERE TO A TABLE BY MEANS OF A NEWSPAPER.

Take a thin plank about a quarter of an inch thick, and eight inches wide, and twenty-eight in length. Place this plank on a table, slightly out of the horizontal, and it will be evident that the least touch will bring it to the ground. On the plank thus balanced place a newspaper sheet, and then if you strike the portion of the plank which extends beyond the table you will be surprised to find that the plank will resist the blow absolutely, as if it had been nailed to the table. If you strike hard, you will perhaps hurt your hand or break the plank, but you will not raise the sheet of newspaper which holds it. The quick compression of the air which is exercised on a considerable surface is sufficient to explain the phenomenon.

IV. Interesting Scraps.

AN OLD WIDOW OF JAPAN.

At the time of the China-Japan war, in an interior village, was living an old woman. She had a son, Miki Chokichi, who entered the army as a private. The son naturally took after the mother and was an earnest patriot and loyalist. On 3rd July 1894, the mother left her native village in order to get to her son at Toyoda where he was at the time stationed. The journey, though full of many difficulties and especially so to an old woman of fifty-five, was undertaken with a hope to see the son and say some encouraging words before he actually left the country for the seat of the war. Miki Masu was successful in her mission. While the mother was talking with her son, Tanaka Jisai, one of the subalterns of the first company of the regiment in which Chokichi was, chanced to pass by. Chokichi at once called the attention of his mother to the gentleman and told her that he was receiving many favours at his hands, and had learnt so many valuable things since he joined the regiment. Mrs. Miki requested the gentleman to favour her with an interview. On his compliance, she was very much delighted and addressed him thus,—"Thanks to you, sir, for your kindness to my son. I asked my son to come and spend a day or two with me, as I had much to speak to him. But as the regiment was soon to leave for Korea he said he could not. Hence I came here defying all fatigue of the journey. This boy lost his father at the age of three. Since then he and I were the only members of the family. My son married a wife before joining the Emperor's service. But now I sent her to her father's home, where she stays during

his absence. Nor has he any worry about me, as some kind relatives will take good care of me. A soldier should have no cause for fretting about matters at home. If he has, he is liable to make mistakes in the execution of his duty. The soldier must do his duty manfully and faithfully and take care not to put his parents or fellow villagers to the blush. Just now I told my son that, as brought up by me and never having had a thorough education, he should be very careful of his conduct and not be laughed at for having been brought up by a widow. I also have told him that as his expedition is for the honour of his country he must fight gallantly and that when he once is in battle he must be quite ready and willing to die for his Emperor and his native land. I expect to hear that he has distinguished himself. Besides all this I have added that it would be an ineffaceable disgrace for his mother and his fellow villagers, if he should ever play the coward. This is the only thing about which I feel at all anxious. But thanks to you again, sir, Chokichi seems to be thoroughly instructed in the duties of a loyal citizen and good patriot. So now I have nothing more to say to him or ask of him. Please be kind enough to be instructing my son as you have been doing heretofore."

This little speech coming direct from the old woman's heart, moved the young officer to admiration. With reiterated thanks to the officer, the loyal dame bade goodbye to him and her son and returned home with a heart at rest.

Fair readers, here I have nothing else to tell you as all has been told by the old woman. The story itself points out to you what an old woman, though old, can do. For the story further says that Chokichi was indeed careful to profit by his mother's patriotic advice. From first to last he did his duty in a most gallant style, frequently earning the praise of his superiors. At the end of the war he came back to Japan, leaving a most enviable record in the regiment. You cannot fail to observe how firmly and encouragingly the mother spoke, how fervent was her patriotism, how anxious she felt for the honour of her family and of her country. It is often said that home is the sphere of woman in which to work. Here I would draw your attention to the fact that home is as well the place where every greatness takes its birth. Had it not been for the great patriotic spirit of this woman, would you expect the son to be so trained up as never to care for himself? Woman shapes man even without his knowing. Hence it is that her duty lies indirectly without the home; hence it is that the rays of her sphere must be strong; hence it is that woman must be as all-knowing as man, if not more. Now-a-days there

are more women of this spirit in Japan than ever and it is on these that the strength of the country truly rests.

PARTING.

Parting:—There is a warning lesson in life. It is this, "Beware of parting." The true sadness is not in the pain of the parting; it is in the When and the How you are to meet again. A cord stronger or weaker is snapped asunder in every parting, and Time's busy fingers are not practised in resplicing broken ties. Meet again you may. Will it be in the same way? With the same sympathies? With the same sentiments? Will the souls hurrying on in diverse paths unite once more, as if the interval had been a dream? Rarely, rarely! Eternity itself cannot restore the loss struck from the minute. Are you happy with the persons whose voices are now melodious to your ear? Beware of parting, or, if part you must, say not in insolent defiance to Time and Destiny, "What matters? We shall soon meet again!" Alas, when we think of the lips which murmured, "Soon meet again," and remember how, in heart, soul and thought, we stood forever divided the one from the other, when once more face to face we each only exclaimed, "Met again!"

Our early loved! Hath their after path
From our steps far parted been?
Hath the hand of prudence, power or wrath
Raised barriers our love between?
Yet still in our dreams their shadows come
Through the waste of parted years;
Though the path be marked by many a tomb
Or its sand be wet with tears.

THE APACHES.

The Apaches Indians have a touch of delicacy and romance in them. From a lecture delivered in San Francisco by Colonel Carmany, we take the following account of their courting customs:—"Every young girl is at liberty to refuse a suitor for her hand. The father, mother and brother are prohibited from interfering in her choice. Her person is at her own disposal. After a brief courtship, the lover makes a formal proposal by offering so many horses. Horses are the standard of value among Indians. As the squaw does all the work, horses are accepted as an equivalent for her labour. When a young warrior becomes enamoured, he fastens the horse near the wigwam of the squaw whose hand he seeks, where he is left four days. If she fails to feed and water the horse during that time, the master is rejected; but if she accepts his offer, she grooms and kindly cares for the horse, and then ties him to the wigwam of her lover, as much as to say "I am willing to be your slave and do your

work." At the marriage, the sages and sachems meet together, and the bride is not unfrequently loaded with forty to fifty pounds of silver and copper trinkets.

PALMISTRY:—Men are very curious and speculative in all that relates to character. They desire to know the marks of their own character, and to read the character of others. They eagerly listen to the phrenologist, as he "reads their head," and to the physiognomist, as he deciphers the features of their face. Some have even confined themselves to a single feature, and have pretended to interpret character by the nose, the eye or the mouth. Others pretend to read the gait, and a few to interpret character by the handwriting. But the very oldest of these arts is that of palmistry; the old chiromancists pretended to divine the future life and fortune by the direction of the lines on the palm of the hand—an art still professed by the gipsies and wise old women in all countries. The ordinary rule of the palmists, we believe, is to infer "contentions" from the lines spreading at the bottom point of thumb; if the lines above the middle of the thumb meet round about, it portends a "hanging destiny;" many transverse lines upon the last joint of the forefinger denote "riches by inheritance;" right lines in the same place, a "jovial nature;" lines in the points of the middle finger (like gridiron), "a melancholy unhappy wit;" and if the lines on the little finger be conspicuous, they denote "a good wit," and eloquent, but the contrary if obscure; and so on. This art has, however, long been exploded.

A PECULIAR FISH.—The fish of Paradise is one of the most peculiar of Chinese freshwater fish. It is small in size, a pale gray in colour and, at first sight, having but little about it to attract attention. As soon as the animal become excited, however, the long fins on the back and belly straighten out and assume a rich purple line tinted with green. The long and fork-shaped tail spreads into a kind of fan, and the stripes upon the sides of the fish become yellow, red, and blue, constantly changing in colour. The scales seem to become opalescent, and reflect the light with the greatest brilliancy, while, the eyes appear illuminated with a bluish green fire. The habits of the animal are as odd as its appearance. The males take charge of the young and build the nest. The latter is simply a clot of foam floating upon the water, and is made by the fish rising to the surface and alternately absorbing and expelling air, until a little cluster of fine bubbles, hardly three-tenths of an inch square, is formed. The female then deposits her eggs which are at once seized upon by the male, who carries them in his mouth to the nest. Then he watches their incubation, carefully guarding and distributing

them with wonderful sagacity evenly throughout the mass of foam. When they clot together, he pushes them apart with his nose, and besides keeps up a continual manufacture of bubbles until the eggs are lifted up above the water and rest only upon their soft couch. As soon as the embryos appear, his care is doubled. He watches that none escape; and in case some become separated, he chases them, catches them in his mouth, and replaces them carefully in the nest. If one becomes injured, he removes it from the others, and gives it a separate bubble by itself, apparently nursing it until it regains its strength.

Friendly Chats among Ourselves.

THE FORCE OF GENTLENESS.



HOW best can this sweet quality be defined? It is an all pervading charm like the perfume of the newly opened flower. It is an atmosphere of light through which radiates life. It is as the clear light of the stars reaching down to the depths of dark waters and making a little circle of golden light for itself. It is a 'spell' of unresisted power. Would that more of us possessed it! It is shewn by kindness and sympathy to others in acts; it is shewn by gentleness in manners and speech, not just the softening of the tone in speaking. The mind in which gentleness reigns supreme will not think harsh thoughts or utter hard words. Such natures are great. It is the outcome of the conquering of self, patiently and persistently carried out. It is the result of a quick and sympathetic insight into human nature, of the power to put oneself in the position of others. It means self-control and the government of impulse. It means an immolation of self on the altar of duty. It is the crown of gold that love bestows on the hero, who has vanquished the Ego. Hence it is a force irresistible and all vanquishing.

Do we not need to be gentle in the temper and in our lives outside our homes can hold it of man is like quicksilver. No

in unless it be that of gentleness, faith and sympathy. At every moment of our lives, when we come in contact with other lives, do we not need to be gentle? If we could only realize how much a harsh word hurts, we would be less eager to lose our tempers. The mother of the household, who has a thousand and one little duties to attend to, has need of all the gentleness that God's goodness can grant. Hers is a trying position and yet a grand vocation and she has it in her hands to make or mar several lives. The force of quiet, gentle speech is great. It is said that a child who is always in the habit of hearing soft words and kindly speech, will grow up into a very sweet-tempered person. So gentleness is supreme. In moments of anger, in moments of stress, if we could only turn the other cheek! "Gentleness is invincible" said Marcus Aurelius, and we shall find that if we can practise gentleness, the world of reprobate hard-hearted souls will be easy to conquer.

"The tongue's power to do good or harm is simply incalculable." It can heal, it can wound. With a few words, the fabric of a beautiful life can be laid utterly waste. With some others the threads of a broken life can be taken up and woven into the finest cloth of gold. "A word in kindness spoken, only a gentle word" can do wonders and can break down impassable barriers. The enthusiast is full of glowing enthusiasm for his ideals. All his dreams can be dashed to pieces by one cold word from a cynic. A hardened heart which has cased itself in adamant bands, will not often withstand a gentle word, but will feel the rivers of love stirring at its call, at the frozen depths. Woman's mission is that of peace, that of sympathy. Ours is to heal and to bind up, and we should be eager to develop such power and to use it to the utmost of our capabilities. And yet we are so apt to be upset by our own little worries. If something goes wrong in the domestic machinery, if the breath of gossip tells us that our next door neighbour speaks ill of us, if we imagine a slight or some wrong done to us, we allow it to ruffle our minds and make us miserable for the rest of the day. We should rise above such things. "Mighty of heart, mighty of mind—magnanimous—to be this indeed is to be great in life—not in the trappings of life but in life itself." And what does advancement in life mean—not an advance in worldly honour, a little more wealth, a little more grandeur, a little more fortune and a little more public honour, but "more personal soul." "He only is advancing in life, whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warming, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering this in. Living peace. And the men who have earth—then are the true lords or kings of the earth—and they only."

NILOTHPALAM.

Home Talks.

THE HUMAN VOICE.

(Selected.)

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman."



THUS be-
moan-
ed poor
old King Lear
over his daughter's corpse. She had been good, wise and beautiful; gentle to him, notwithstanding his harshness to her; faithful to him, when his other daughters had forsaken him; and yet the characteristic in her which he most treasured and which he best remembered, in spite of the disordered condition of his brain, was her voice. There is not a more perfect touch of nature in all Shakespeare's pages than this: The human voice has a mysterious power over the human heart. It is more than a mere medium of sound for the utterance of words, it is able to attract or to repel, to leave pleasing thoughts or disagreeable impressions behind it. Like the wind, it bloweth where it listeth, and tells of the storms and tempests which affect the speaker. It is a reflection of his mind and mood. It changes with his physical health, and becomes strong, as he becomes strong, weak as he becomes weak. It changes with his mental emotions and shows signs of joy, grief, anger, passion, and of any other feeling by which he is moved.

A full-toned melodious voice in speaking is the greatest outward attraction anyone can possess. It brings with it a fascination and leaves behind it a satisfaction which can neither be gained nor resisted, and its influence is all the more irresistible from being given and received unconsciously. Nature does not endow many of us with this wonderful gift, but she endows all of us with the power of improving our voices for their different uses and purposes, and it is upon this power that I want to say a few words to you.

For singing purposes your voice will be tested and trained and cultivated, although the occasions on which it will be heard may be few and far between, but for speaking purposes it will be left to take care of itself, although it will be perpetually heard and have the tyranny of pleasure and of pain over those who hear it. Why should this be? The same vocal organs produce both kinds of voices, and in youth the one can be improved and made harmonious as well as the other. And which is the more important—the one which is incessantly heard, or the one which is only occasionally heard?

If you reflect a moment, you will find that the difference between the two lies in the way they are produced. In singing you exercise an act of volition on your voice. You will it to remain on a certain tone for a certain time, and then you will it to change to another tone harmonising with the first for another period of time. In speaking, you bring neither your will nor your thought to bear upon it, and you involuntarily change its tones so perpetually that its changes are not observed. Just repeat a few words, listening to your voice, and you will understand what I mean. You will hear that even in the same word it is going through incessant upward and downward inflexions. And these inflexions in speaking correspond to its changes of tone in singing. They produce harmony or discord. They make it pleasant or unpleasant to listen to. You cannot free yourself from them, for they express the meaning of what you say. You say them unconsciously to the sense of your words; and your words, but for them, would be meaningless and lifeless. And you do not suit them to the sense of your words only, but to the workings of your temper also. They are the vent of your feelings. They become peevish or passionate, cross or imperious in proportion to your own loss of self-command. They have their special way of expressing each frame of your mind, each flutter of your heart, each shade of your humour, and in getting command over them you are training your very character itself, your "self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, which three alone lead life to sovereign power," whereas in training your singing tones you are merely training your powers of art.

My dear girls, you are now young, your vocal organs are pliable, your ear can be educated to appreciate harmony, your heart can be taught to love the good and beautiful, and, whatever your natural speaking voice may be, by exercising a little thought and self-control upon it, and by forming a few good habits in connection with it, you can discipline it into a gentleness and modulation which will add to your own happiness as well as to that of those around you.

The first means to this end is to listen to your voice yourself in speaking. In singing, you listen to it, and correct it, if you think it sounds harsh and unmusical. Treat it in a similar way in speaking. Listen to it thoughtfully. Listen to it with a critical ear. Listen to its different inflections and signs, its different ups and downs. Listen to it with a desire that it shall sound soft and harmonious, and you will be on the right road to make it so. Our actions, where they can, mechanically carry out our wishes. And then bring a few practical rules to bear upon it. Make it sound from the back of the mouth. The back of the mouth lies just above the vocal organs, and although it has nothing to do with the natural tone of the voice, it has a great deal to do with the quality of the sound. It renders the tones full, deep and rich, and makes them vibrate through the roof of the mouth, which has aptly been called "nature's sounding-board." To have access to it, you must open your mouth and throat well, and not be afraid of throwing out your voice. Avoid speaking through the nose. We all know the displeasing effect of a nasal voice. Bring yours out as far away from the region of the nose as you can without straining it. Never strain it. Never even use it to the utmost of its strength, but always feel that it possesses a reserve power from which you can draw. Encourage its lower rather than its higher tones. Its higher tones have a tendency to be harsh and shrill, its lower ones to be soft and mellow. Do not shout. Shouting means raising the pitch of the voice as well as making an effort to increase its sound. Even when speaking to a deaf person, if you aim your ordinary voice at his ear and speak slowly and articulate distinctly, you will find he will hear you better and with more pleasure to himself than if you shout. Breathe firmly and regularly, and always through the nostrils and never through the mouth. In breathing through the nostrils the air is admitted slowly and gently down to the vocal organs, and soothes and softens the tones. In breathing through the mouth it is admitted suddenly and spasmodically, and renders the tones harsh and monotonous. You may find the practice troublesome at first, but a little perseverance will make it easy to you, and the practice will strengthen your chest and lungs, and benefit your whole constitution.

Make a habit of reciting or reading aloud for a certain time daily in as large a room as you can find, with the sole object of improving your voice. Concentrate your whole attention on its tones. Direct it to the furthest corner of the room. Put as much sound in it as you can without straining it, and put as much gentleness in it as you can without lessening the sound. In a few weeks, you will find that it will acquire a great

deal of strength and harmony, and that your control over its tones and inflexions will very much increase. Then continue your daily practice with this difference:—pay attention to the words and thoughts of your author as well as to the sounds of your voice. Unconsciously to yourself, your tones will assume their best and most natural inflexions, they will express your emotions, and they will become not only strong but sympathetic.

By following these few simple rules, you need not be afraid of your voice becoming unnatural or affected. I am only asking you to treat it as your other physical faculties are treated. Unless the defects in your speaking voice are very pronounced, they will depend entirely upon yourself for their correction. And better so; the education we give ourselves, is after all, the most thorough and the most lasting. It contains the most scope for freedom of thought and liberty of action, it offers the best opportunities for the formation of our own ideas and for the consideration of our subject in all its varied details and aspects.

And so, my dear readers, I would leave the subject of the human voice to your own judgment. Let each of you think it out for herself, and you will feel its importance and treat your voices accordingly.

But before closing, there is one more way of voice-improvement which I must lay before you, the surest and safest way of all, though matter-of-fact people might sneer at it and call it a stretch of the imagination:

Teach your heart to love beautiful sounds, and your ear to recognise them. Listen to them in Art and Nature. Listen to good music, listen to harmonious voices; listen to birds singing, to trees rustling, to waters flowing. You cannot imitate these sounds of Nature, but you can think of them, you can receive them into your heart and soul, and they will not fail to leave their impression on your outward being. It is said that men are known by the company they keep; and if we commune with Nature, she, of all other companions, will shed her influence upon our daily life. Is not the mother the best and safest instructress the child can have? And our great Mother Nature is our best instructress. She is always ready and willing to help us. She does not only provide us with necessities for our material life, but she provides us with beautiful sights and sounds, that we may love them and receive them into our hearts, and bear their impress on every fibre of our being. Ah, we little think how each thought which passes through our minds, how each feeling which touches our hearts, is more or less reflected on all our outward organs, so that they all tell the tale of our inward lives. Now the

human voice is the most powerful tell-tale of all those organs. It is the most readily affected by what we think and do. And if we love the gentle, the calm, and the beautiful in what exists around us, it will vibrate in sympathy with our hearts. It will become tuned in harmony with the highest and best part of our nature, and it will bear upon it the outward audible signs of an inward and spiritual grace.

Our Needle Work Column.

HARDANGEN EMBROIDERY.—(Continued.)

FIG. 1. Showing the six positions of the needle rotation, for making a fancy stitch.

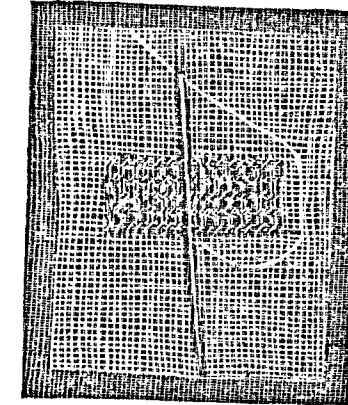
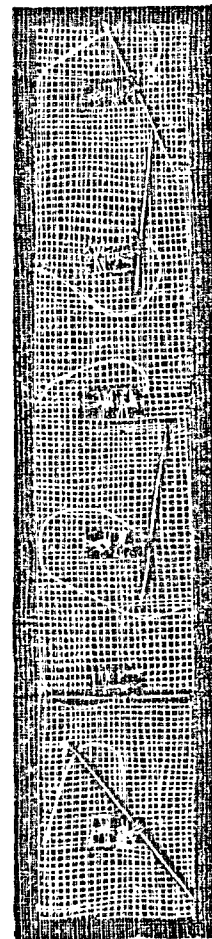


FIG. 2.

Fig. 2. Ordinary cross-stitch.

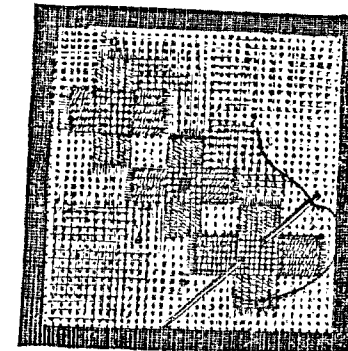


FIG. 3.

Fig. 3. Method of working the small eyelet holes given in so many of the patterns. Plain button hole stitch only. The continual pushing of the needle in and out forms the little hole in centre.

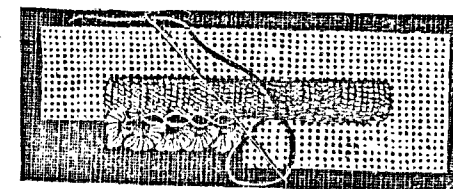


FIG. 4.

Fig. 4. Button hole edge with Point de Venise. For the first row a plain loop stitch.

Second row, another loop stitch into one of the upper row, then place needle as shown in illustration and work four button hole stitches, into the one loop which will form one of the little groups of stitches, see illustration and so on until edge is finished.

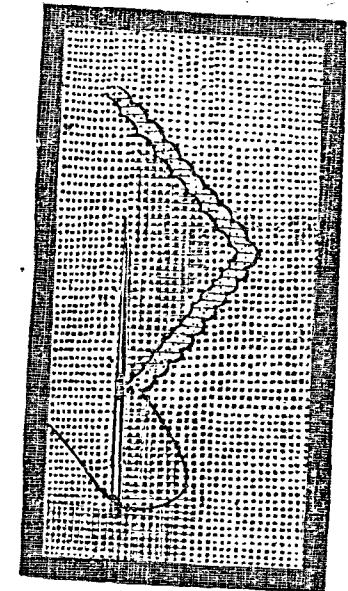


FIG. 5.

Fig. 5. Method of working back stitching much used in Hardangen embroidery. Both rows of stitching are worked at once. This requires a little practice to get the needle in the right position to carry the cotton over the threads crosswise.

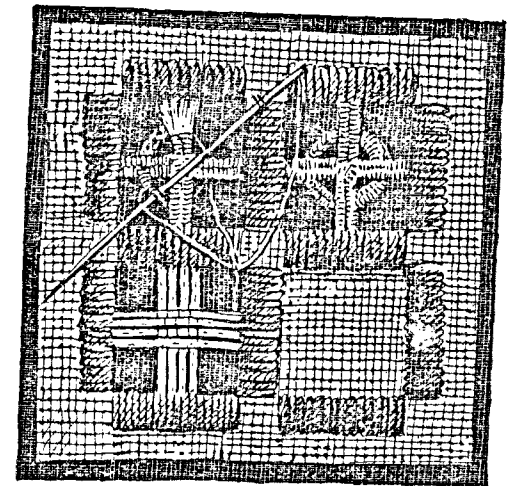


FIG. 6.

Fig. 6. Method of working bars.

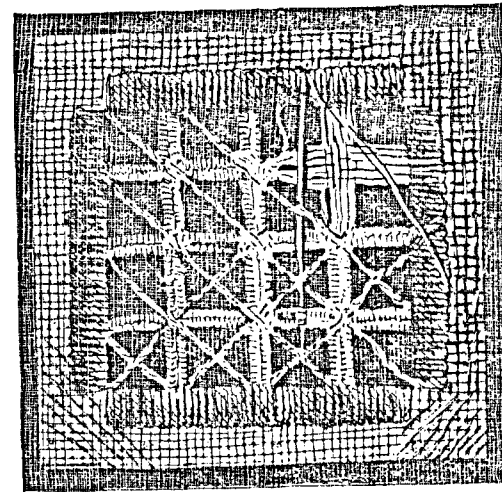


FIG. 7.

Fig. 7. Crossbarring.

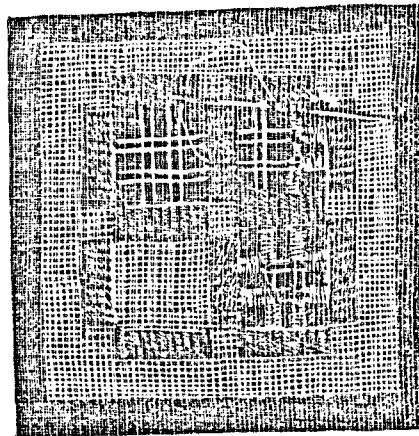


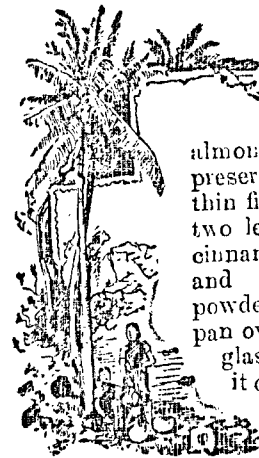
FIG. 8.

Fig. 8. Barring worked over single threads. Cut 3 threads, leave 2, cut 2, leave 2, and cut three.



Our Cookery Column.

QUEEN'S GINGER BREAD.



MAKE 2 lbs. of honey, $1\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. of best moist sugar, and 3 lbs. of flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of sweet almonds blanched, and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of preserved orange peel cut into thin fillets, the yellow rinds of two lemons grated off, 1 oz. of cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of cloves, mace, and cardamoms mixed and powdered. Put the honey in a pan over the fire with a wine glass full of water, and make it quite hot, mix the other ingredients and the flour together, make a bay, pour in the honey, and mix all well together. Let it stand till next day, make it into cakes, and bake it. Rub a little clarified sugar until it blow in bubbles through a skimmer, and with a paste-brush rub over the ginger-bread when baked.

SPICED GINGER BREAD.

Take 3 lbs. of flour, 1 lb. of butter, 1 lb. of moist sugar, 4 of candied lemon or orange peel cut small, 1 oz. of powdered ginger, 2 of powdered allspice, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of powdered cinnamon, 1 oz. of caraway seeds, and 3 lbs. of treacle. Rub the butter into the flour, then add the other ingredients and mix in the dough with the treacle. Make it into nuts or cakes, and bake in a cool oven.

GINGER CAKES.

2 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of butter, 1 lb. moist sugar, 2 of ginger. Rub the butter in with the flour and make the whole into a paste with prepared treacle. Make them into round flat cakes, wash the top with milk, lay a slice of peel on each, and bake in a cool oven.

ITALIAN JUMBLES OR BRANDY SNAPS.

6 lbs. of flour, 7 lbs. of good rich sugar, $1\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. of butter or lard, 2 of ginger or mixed spice, 6 lbs. of raw syrup. Make the whole into a moderately stiff paste or dough, roll out into sheets fully an eighth of an inch thick, cut them with a plain round cutter of 3 inches diameter, put them on tins well greased, and bake in a moderate oven. When baked cut them from the tin and lay them on the peel-shaft till they are hard. If they should get too cold to turn, put

them in the oven to warm. Brandy snaps are the same as above, without being turned.

Note.—For cakes, spice nuts, or biscuits of a small size, that require washing on top, use a piece of linen the size of the tin, dip it in water, squeeze it, and spread it on top of the snaps or biscuits, and gently press your hand over it. This will prevent them from running together on the tins.

SCOTCH SHORTBREAD.

Take 1 lb. of butter, 2 lbs. of flour, 8 ounces of powdered sugar, mix the sugar in the butter, then take in all the flour and thoroughly mix and rub all together till of a nice mellow colour and easy to work; weigh of the size required, and shape into square or round pieces: dock them on the top, notch them round the sides, put on a clean dry tins, and bake in a moderate oven.

ENGLISH SHORTBREAD.

1 lb. of flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of butter, 2 eggs. Mix as for Scotch Shortbread, ornament the tops with designs of neatly cut lemon peel and caraway comfits.

FRENCH SHORTBREAD.

2 lbs. of flour, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of butter, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of sugar, 4 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. ammonia. Rub the butter in the flour, make a bay, put in the eggs, sugar, and ammonia; beat them well with your hand, then draw in the flour and butter, make all into a dough, weight at 12 ounces, half them up round, pin out a good breadth, mark them off into eight, place a peel on each and bake in a good oven. Cut the marked pieces with a sharp knife after they are baked.

Varieties.

TRUE hope is based on energy of character. A strong mind always hopes and has always cause to hope, because it knows the mutability of human affairs and how slight a circumstance may change the whole course of events.



one trick needs a great many more to make it good.

Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict pain, and a single hair may stop a vast machine, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases.

I would establish, but one great general rule in conversation, which is this, that men should not talk to please themselves, but those that hear them. This would make them consider whether what they speak be worth hearing; whether there be any wit or sense in what they are about to say; and whether it be adapted to the time when, the place where, and the person to whom it is spoken.

He, who can wait for what he desires, takes the course of not being exceedingly grieved if he fails of it. He, on the contrary, who labours after a thing too impatiently, thinks the success, when it comes, is not a recompense equal to all the pains he has been at about it.

How little is requisite to supply the necessities of nature! And in a view to pleasure, what comparison between the unbought satisfaction of conversation, society, study, even health and the common beauties of nature, but, above all, the peaceful reflection on one's own conduct, what comparison, I say, between these and the feverish empty amusements of luxury and expense! These natural pleasures, indeed, are really without price, both because they are below all price in their attainment, and above it in their enjoyment.

Editorial Notes.

Mrs. Promoda Sundari Banerji was born in the year 1861 in the month of January, at a hilly place named Mahespur in the district of Bhagalpur, where her father Mr. Gopal Chandra Mukerji was the Prime Minister of the Mahespur Raj. Her mother died while she was a child of three. From that time till her eleventh year she was brought up by her aunts and her paternal grand-father. In the year 1871 when she was only ten of age she lost her father too, who died leaving only two daughters. Her childhood was chiefly spent at the little place of Mahespur. She was as happy as the

love of her family, friends and the beauties of nature, in which she so much delighted, could make her. She ever proved herself to be kind-hearted, good-natured, truthful and God-fearing. Her aunt married her at the age of eleven to a Hindoo gentleman. She became a widow at the age of eighteen, but three years later she again married, under Brahma rites, our distinguished countryman and the first originator of the "Indian National Congress," Mr. Tara-pada Banerji of Bengal.

She mixed freely with all men or women alike, whether Hindoos, Brahmans or Christians, whether rich or poor. Her life was one of purity and kindness to the poor and needy. The secret of her success in life was her love to God and her absolute trust in Him.

Twenty-five years of peace and prosperity and of pure happiness followed her marriage, such as is seldom vouchsafed to beings in this universe. But, God in his mysterious providence called Mr. Tarapada Banerji Home, and left her a widow. The death of her husband occurred on the 27th of August, Tuesday 1907, at Krishnagar in the District of Nadia, Bengal. The day after his death, she called her children near her and said: "I will follow my husband within a month." Three days after the Sradh ceremony of her husband was over, she was laid up with a severe illness, while yet she was at her own house at Krishnagar. Her death was singularly peaceful. A few moments before it she was distinctly heard to say "O gracious Lord! give me peace." She died on the 22nd September, the 25th day after her husband's death, leaving behind her two sons and two daughters. Her remains were burnt at the Cremation Ghat at Kalighat, Calcutta.

An exhibition of hand made articles prepared by ladies or girls will be held on the occasion of the anniversary of the Kanya Maha Vidyalaya Jallundhar city. The exhibition will be opened in the Kanya-Maha-Vidyalaya premises on the 21st December 1907.

2. Needle work, gauze work, embroidery, laces, *Salma*, woollen and silk flowers, phulkari &c., and drawing, painting, knitting, sewing of clothes, toys, clay modelling, calligraphy &c., done by ladies or girls of all castes will be exhibited.

3. The articles will be received and sent back at the exhibitor's expense.

4. The senders of articles are requested to send with them a list of the things despatched in the form given below. The Secretary of the exhibition will forthwith furnish a written acknowledgment of the articles received.

No.	Name of the article.	The maker's name.	To what class the article belongs.	PRICE REMARKS.

The articles must reach the Secretary by the 15th December 1907.

5. The price of the articles sold will be remitted to the sender after the exhibition is over, when the unsold articles will be returned at her or his expense.

Every article, unless marked unsaleable by the sender, will be available for purchase.

6. The Managers of the exhibition will have full discretion in the arranging of articles and in their acceptance and rejection.

7. Every care will be taken for the protection of the article from loss or damage, but the managers will not be responsible for any loss or damage caused to the goods by fire, rain, wind, or any other act of God.

8. A label will be attached to every article, shewing the name of the article, the class to which it belongs, its price, the maker's name, the exhibitors name if sold, the date of the sale and the purchaser's name and address.

9. The articles sold will be delivered to the purchasers after the closing of the exhibition. The expense of the transmission of the article by post or rail will be recovered from him or her by V.P. post, but the sale price will be recovered at the time of sale and a receipt for the money will be given forthwith.

10. No article will be photographed, traced in pencil or otherwise copied without the permission of the Secretary.

11. The exhibition will be open from the 21st December 1907 to the 1st January 1908.

12. Visitors' tickets will be sold at the office of the Exhibition Committee. Every ticket for a gentleman will cost annas 4, and a lady's ticket will cost annas 2. Boys and girls will be charged for at half the above rates.

Girls belonging to any school and the exhibitors will get free tickets.

13. Good workmanship will be rewarded by medals; for the award of which a special Committee will be appointed.

14. All communications in connection with the exhibition should be addressed to the Secretary, Ladies' Art Exhibition, Jallundhar City.

HANS RAJ,

Bar-at-law,

Secretary,

The Ladies' Art Exhibition, Jallundhar City.

What has been done for and by Indian Ladies.

THE PUNJAB GIRLS' SCHOOL.

SIMLA, 27th October.—Simla is losing an interesting personality and a remarkable woman in Miss Strong, Principal of the Auckland House Girls' School, who is retiring after three years spent in this country, during which she has won a reputation for the institution of which she is the head such as has probably never been enjoyed previously by any girls' school in India. Last Thursday there was a large gathering at the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor to present to Miss Strong and Miss Perrot, who goes with her, a small tribute of affection and regard in the shape of trinkets subscribed for by a number of the ladies of Simla, including Lady Ibbetson, who presided.

THE PRIZE DISTRIBUTION.

On Friday, H. E. Lady Minto and Lady Violet Elliot attended the prize-giving at the school, and Her Excellency gave away the prizes in the presence of a large gathering, which included the governors, the school staff and children and a number of residents of Simla, amongst those present being Lady and Miss Ibbetson, Lady Barnam Singh, Sir H. Risley, Mr. Giles, Mrs. Erle Richards, Mrs. Miller, Colonel and Mrs. G. Wilson, Mrs. Barnes, Mrs. Slater, Colonel Godfrey Williams, Colonel Bond and the Rev. H. Lewis.

MISS STRONG'S ADDRESS.

An address was given by Miss Strong, whose Report showed that the numbers in the school had increased during the year from 43 boarders and 13 day scholars to 58 boarders and 67 day scholars, besides students who have attended special lectures in literature, music and modern languages. She went on to give particulars of the year's work, making generous acknowledgment of help received from different members of the general community, the governors and staff, and then touched upon the general question of education. "I must own," she said in this connection, "that it has been a disappointment to me to find that instruction is encouraged and more sought after in India than education, and far more importance is attached to the definition of figures of speech, than to the study of the writings of the great authors who may have made use of the figures, and that owing to the itinerant nature of the lives of those who hold the chief positions out here, the germ of citizenship is so little developed that the schools of the country attract little interest. It may be true, as some urge, that the white population of the country should be in no way encouraged to educate their children in India. But if this is true, then too much is already attempted, and if it is not true, far too little is being done. For where units are few it seems to me every unit is of ten times more importance than where there are ten times the number. Every white man and every white woman is of supreme importance in this immense country, and, therefore, it is of supreme importance that the character of each one should be noble and strong. Education develops character. Instruction, beyond the mere elements, is apt to stunt it or ruin it. That is why I would like to see the influential white population of India rise up in a body and

establish some schools where the buildings should be an education in themselves, and the training given wholly untrammelled by code regulations—that is if secondary education is to be attempted at all."

LADY MINTO'S SPEECH.

H. E. the Countess of Minto then made a short speech in which Her Excellency said:—"I have the greatest pleasure in coming here to-day, and I am glad to say the pupils and I are no strangers, as I have seen them once or twice before, and I am beginning to recognise their faces. I must congratulate the pupils on their successes, and I am sure they realise how fortunate they have been in having Miss Strong and her staff of teachers for the last three years. I have no doubt that in years to come they will live up to the high ideals Miss Strong has placed before them, and will become useful members of society. I am very glad to hear of the great interest taken in the Infirmary by both parents and children, and to learn how liberally they have subscribed to it. There is one sad thought with us to-day, and that is that we have to say good-bye to Miss Strong. But all the girls who had the privilege to be under her, will ever remember what they owe to her, and will ever cherish her memory."

An attractive programme of music was afterwards gone through by the girls, who then gave three cheers for Her Excellency and Lady Violet Elliot, and the Headmistress and staff.

THE HINDU WIDOWS' HOME ASSOCIATION, POONA.

(Monthly Report for September 1907.)

1. Mrs. Parvatibai Athavale worked in the Ahmednagar District. She first visited Nevasa. A largely attended meeting was held under the presidency of the retired pleader Mr. T. K. Joshi, who had already given a donation of Rs. 100. The Sub Judge Mr. Laghate and Mr. Deshpande, a pleader, rendered great aid in the collection work. The next Taluka town visited was Sheogoon, where a meeting was held presided by the leading pleader, Mr. Bhalerao. At Parner two meetings were held, the leading pleader Mr. Bhalerao rendered great help. The meeting at Shrigonda was arranged by Shet Uttamchand. In all, Mrs. Athavale visited eight Taluka towns of the Ahmednagar District. She then visited Dhond, the Railway junction and after doing a little work there she went to Baramati, a Taluka town in the Poona District.

2. A meeting of the Managing Committee was held at the house of Prof. Paranjpye to consider the question of the Gitamandir Hall. The Gitamandir Hall in the present buildings of the Home cannot be kept as sacred and as isolated as the donor would wish and in consultation with the donor, the Committee decided to have a separate building to be called Gitamandir at an expense of Rs. 2000. Conditions about its use were also settled. The chief among them being that a non-Hindu should enter it and that it should be used only for religious purposes such as worship, prayer, lectures on religious or moral subjects.

3. The great benefactor of the Home, Mr. S. N. Pandit, whose monthly contributions of Rs. 60 are

regularly going on, sent Rs. 400 during the month towards the building fund, the amount being in memory of his late son Mr. Vasantrao. Words fail to express our feelings of gratitude to Mr. Pandit.

4. The number of visitors during the month was 32 of whom four were ladies, 24 gentlemen and four advanced students. Of these 11 came from Poona, 7 from Bombay, 3 from Central India, 2 from Konkan and one each from Rajputana, Bengal, Mysore, Carnatic and the Central Provinces.

5. The total number of contributors during the month was 192, and the total contributions amounted to Rs. 850.

HINGNE BUDRUK,	KASHIBAI DEVDHAR,
17a Poona city,	VENUBAI NAMJOSHI,
22nd October, 1907.	Secretaries.

THE LADIES' ASSOCIATION.

PALGHAT, 3rd November.—The meetings of the Ladies' Association are quite a feature of Palghat. They were instituted four years ago, with the object of facilitating social intercourse between Indian women of various castes, Brahmmins, Nairs, Tiyyas, Christians, and European ladies. No one who saw them yesterday could doubt for a moment that that object had been attained, for a goodly number assembled at the house of Mr. K. P. Achuta Menon in response to the invitations of his wife and daughters. All had donned their best for the occasion, the Indian women in her bright silk cloth and lovely jewels, the English women in her dainty muslin frock and flower trimmed hat. The meetings take place once in six or seven weeks, and each lady, Indian and European, takes it in turn to hold it; if the house has a room large enough, it is held indoors, otherwise a pandal is erected in the garden for the occasion.

When the guests are assembled, a lecture is read. This lecture is generally written by one of the ladies present and deals with some domestic subject, such as "the training of children," "duties of a wife," "health in the home," etc. It is read first in English, and afterwards in the vernacular, after which light refreshments are served. Some form of entertainment is generally provided, such as a concert, the programme consisting of vocal and instrumental music, English and Indian alternately, or else perhaps a gramophone, or a magic lantern; but whatever it may be it helps to draw all together in a closer bond.

At yesterday's meeting, the lecture, which was a very able one entitled "Health of the body," was written and delivered by Mrs. C. Raman Menon, Miss Achuta Menon reading the same in the vernacular. The evening closed with a display of fireworks.

DEATH OF A NATIVE LADY.—The *C. and M. Gazette* writes:—"We regret to announce the death, which occurred very suddenly on Friday morning at Lahore, of Sardarni Umrao Singh, a lady well known and respected in both the Indian and European communities of Lahore, and one who endeared herself to all by her gentle nature and kindly ways. She was the wife of Sirdar Umrao Singh, the chief representative of the Majithia family which forms one of the four great clans of the Sikh aristocracy and held a leading

position in the days of Maharaja Ranjit Singh and subsequently. The Sirdar himself, a distinguished scholar, has long resided in Lahore, and his many friends deeply sympathise with him in his irreparable loss. The deceased lady was the daughter of a grand old soldier, Sardar Captain Gulab Singh, who served throughout the Mutiny with distinguished gallantry. She was highly educated, spoke English well, and by the amiability and loftiness of her character formed one of the not too many links of sympathy and friendship between Europeans and Indians in this part of India.

LADY MINTO'S NURSING HOMES. SOME RECENT ARRANGEMENTS.

SIMLA, 31st October.—Major Bayley succeeds Mr. Rose as Secretary, Punjab Branch, Lady Minto's Indian Nursing Association. The Kasauli Branch of this Association may possibly be abandoned, it being thought more desirable to establish a winter Home at Rawalpindi and a summer one at Murree. The Nursing Homes at Naini Tal and Bareilly have been recently improved. A centre has been opened at Silchar with two Nursing Sisters from Home, and a centre is to be opened in December at Dacca under a Lady Superintendent, whose headquarters for the present will be at Shillong. A nurse is also to be lodged in the bungalow at Ajmere with the two other Nursing Sisters, her duties being to attend to Railway employees on small pay, Major Shelley having arranged that the Railway should be entirely responsible for the salary of this nurse besides contributing to the upkeep of the Home. The arrangements are to be an experiment for the present.

Miss K. Das Gupta writes to the *Sandhya* suggesting that, on the "sradh" day of the late Bramhabandhav Upadhyaya, all should put on "gairick" and establish "Bandhavbrata." Every year this day should be reckoned as a memorable "brata" day and a "gairick" coloured flag should be raised in every home. She has sent some "gairick" clothes and "namabalis" to the *Sandhya* office, hoping that Brahmmins will perform the "sradh" of the late Pandit after putting them on.

A TALENTED LADY.—Srinathi T. Ammalu Amma, a talented Malayalee lady, has written a book entitled "Bhaktamala." The book contains 150 stories of Hindu devotees in Malayalam. The stories are translations from Sanskrit originals. The pieces are all written in a homely style and the authoress has done a real service to Malayalam literature. Srinathi Ammalu Amma, who is a profound Sanskrit scholar, is a sister of Dr. T. M. Nair, of Madras.

A HINDU WIDOW RE-MARRIAGE.—A correspondent telegraphs under date the 28th instant:—"Last night a Brahmin virgin widow" was remarried according to Hindu rites in Rao Bahadur Viresalingam's garden. The bridegroom, Mr. Narasimhachary, is a Vaishnava widower aged 35. He is employed as Sub-Postmaster at Royapettah on Rs. 50. The bride Kaveramma is a Madhwa widow aged 20, and an inmate of the Rajahmundry Widows' Home and has passed the Lower Secondary Examination. About 100 persons attended the celebration.

MISS FIJI.—Miss Fiji, a lady of the family of the late Justice Badr-ud-din Tyabji of Bombay, who obtained a Government of India scholarship to prosecute her studies in England, has returned to Bombay.

BEDFORD College for Women offers two open scholarships of £15 each, for the course of secondary training beginning in January, 1908.

News and Notes.

Miss Valfrid Palmgren, Ph.D., daughter of one Sweden's most famous educators, and assistant in the Royal State Library of Sweden, has been sent to America to study our public library system.

Mrs. M. J. Campbell is partner with her husband in the care of an alligator farm in Arkansas. The hides make valuable leather. The farm occupies several acres, and contains 800 to 900 alligators, from tiny babies to full-grown saurians. A large business is done in selling the baby ones. These are mainly hatched in incubators, because the parents are cannibals and eat their offspring. Mrs. Campbell is in special charge of the young alligators, and these dangerous pets come at her call like chickens at feeding time.

Miss Jane Campbell of Philadelphia has composed an original piece of music, for a chorus of 20 voices and five soloists, which will be sung at the convention of the Pennsylvania Woman Suffrage Association, to be held in Pittsburg, Nov. 6, 7 and 8. At this meeting petition will be presented asking for the repeal of the law that permits a husband to mortgage the home without the consent of his wife. The Women's Club of Pittsburg, the oldest organization of its kind in the State, is already preparing for the entertainment of the visitors.

The Empress-Dowager of China has appropriated one hundred thousand taels (about \$35,000 in gold) to establish a seminary for young women in Peking, with Princess Su as superintendent. The Peking Woman's News, a daily newspaper for the women of China, edited by a Chinese woman, says: "To have strong, healthy men, China must have strong, healthy mothers; hence, foot-binding must go, physical culture must be encouraged, and hygiene taught. In order that China's men may be the equal of other nations, their training must begin at home; hence, schools for girls and lecture halls for women must be established."

Mrs. O. H. Burbridge scoured a set of Orpington eggs five years ago, and raised a brood of chickens. To-day she is called the Poultry Queen of California. She has taken more ribbons and cups than any one else in the Golden State, but the bulk of her money is made by fattening capons for the large hotels. Mrs. Burbridge makes at least \$5,000 in a season of four months in this way. She believes that poultry raising is a field especially suited to women. She says that the pleasantest part of the whole business is the opportunity to help women who come to her for advice and help and she points with pride to one old

lady whom she started two years ago with a setting of eggs, and who used a piano box for a hen-house, but who now clears nearly \$100 a month from her flock.

Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch is receiving the general support of the friends of equal rights in her prosecution of the Hoffman House for refusing to serve her with food in its restaurant because she was not accompanied by a man. The excuse given by the restaurants where this antiquated rule prevails is that they want to keep out bad characters. But any person behaving in an unbecoming manner could be put out, under general police regulations; and the wholesale exclusion of all unaccompanied women, ninety-nine hundredths of whom are entirely respectable, is a serious hardship to the large and growing number of women who have to earn their own living and to be out at all hours. The Business Committee of the N. A. W. S. A. and the New York Suffrage League have passed resolutions endorsing Mrs. Blatch's action.

Women in Great Britain are largely represented in the professions and trades, and about 45,000,000 earn their own living. There are 124,000 teachers, 10,000 book binders, over 3,000 printers and nearly 500 editors and compilers; 1,300 are engaged in photography, civil service clerks number 2,300, 3,800 are engaged in medical work and nursing, and 850 women (a surprisingly large number) are blacksmiths.

Miss C. J. Lambert, of the girls' boarding school in Foochow, writes: "New China has brought in new ideas about the education of Chinese girls and women. Instead of their being considered to possess 'no more brains than a cow,' and 'therefore' to be not worth teaching, the parents are now anxious to have their girls taught, and young men are wishing for educated wives. The rapidity of the change is marvelous for this slow-moving country, and the development of China's women is going on by leaps and bounds."

Mrs. Clara A. Wilbour writes in "The Women Citizen": "The 'best women' that I know will vote. They are the women who, keeping their milk pitchers scrupulously clean, will also be anxious to help determine and control the conditions that surround that milk before it reaches their pitchers; who not only feed and clothe their own children hygienically in happy homes, but will by their vote, as far as city ordinances make possible, see that the homes of other children are sanitary, and who, while gathering their own children around them at night, will remember the great hideous evil of child-labour, and help to abolish it."

A LADY RESCUES DROWNING MEN.—Miss Costelloe, a young lady, rescued two members of a capsized boating party in the River Barrow. Three men were thrown into the water, and none was apparently able to swim. Miss Costelloe set out in a small boat, and succeeded in picking up two of the men in an exhausted condition, but the third, named Cashin, she was unable to reach in time and he was drowned. The victim leaves a wife and six children.

Miss Ethel N. Thomas, B.Sc., Demonstrator in Botany at University College, has received a temporary appointment as Assistant Lecturer in Botany for the Michaelmas term.

At the triennial council of Phi Beta Kappa, held recently at William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Va., President Mary E. Woolley, of Mount Holyoke College, was elected a senator of the united chapters. The senate consists of five officers and twenty members, ten to be elected at each council. Miss Woolley is the first woman ever chosen. Fifty-four out of the 66 chapters constituting the council were represented at Williamsburg, making this the largest meeting ever held by the society.

THE HOSPITAL OF ST. JOHN.—The King has been graciously pleased to sanction the following appointment to the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem in England; Lady of Grace—The Viscountess Falkland.

WOMAN UNIVERSITY TUTOR.—Miss Phoebe Shevyn, D. Litt. (London), has been appointed Tutor for Women Students in the University of Manchester and Warden of Ashburne House Hall of Residence. Miss Shevyn was a student at the University College of Wales, Aberystwith, where she graduated in the University of London. For three years she held a Fellowship and Lectureship at Bryn.

Mrs. Winfield Freeman, who has lately returned from a trip to Korea, writes in the Central Christian Advocate of the curious medical superstitions of the people, and the strange remedies to which they resort. Whooping cough they call "donkey cough," and the cure is to kiss the donkey! Mrs. Freeman makes a strong plea for more doctors and hospitals.

Lady Henry Somerset has aroused considerable discussion throughout England by declaring that most of the cottages which one sees along the countryside are merely "whited sepulchres, and that their unwholesome condition often drives their inmates to drink. Lady Henry Somerset backs up the statement with quotations from the investigations of Miss Constance Cochrane, and her report to the National Housing Reform Association after making a special study of the homes of the agricultural poor.

Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts has just got back from an extended tour in the Orient with her husband. They lectured to large audiences. Dr. Crafts generally speaking in the evening on "World Problems as Related to Markets, Morals and Missions," and Mrs. Crafts addressing an afternoon meeting of women on "God Made the World for Women, Too." Mrs. Crafts writes in the Union Signal: "Neither in Korea nor in China did we come in contact with W. C. T. U. workers, but we heard of an organization in China claiming our name, also calling itself the 'Society for the Liberation of the Female.' We heard also of another 'Society for the Suppression of the Mother-in-Law.' A new light has dawned for Chinese women."

The Empress of China is meeting with support as well as opposition in her effort to suppress opium smoking. In several places the closing of the opium dens has been hailed with enthusiastic demonstrations. Crowds of students paraded the streets with lanterns and flags, and hundreds of shops were decorated. An observer says the demonstrations were accompanied with talk of such a patriotic character that one might have supposed the town was celebrating a military victory. The strongest opponents of closing the opium joints in China are the foreign moneyed interests who want to know where the loss of revenue is to be made up. The Christian Endeavor World says: "Loss of revenue! Where is the present loss of humanity to be made up?"

Mrs. Edith Chase Newton, in a letter to the Springfield Republican, makes a new point as to taxation without representation. She says: "To what thoughtful person has it not occurred that the best gift of the citizen to the common treasury is not money, but character? As we look at the laborious, often gratuitous, services of men and women acting upon boards of health, school committees and philanthropic agencies, we can not fail to be impressed that these are taxing themselves for the common weal quite as truly as, and sometimes much more than, the largest 'tax payers' of the city or town. Must we not come to the conclusion that the fundamental qualification for enfranchised citizenship is neither a sex qualification nor a money qualification, but a qualification of adult rational citizenship?"

The Dowager Empress has issued a decree declaring the Government of China to be a constitutional monarchy. The reign of this remarkable woman, who for years tried to crush the reform movement that she now sustains, will be regarded by future historians as one of the most memorable in the history of China.

Miss Kerstin Hisselgren has been appointed by the Swedish Government Military Inspector in Stockholm. This is a new departure. Miss Hisselgren is sent to England by the Government and the Frederika Bremer Association of Women to study hygiene and public health. She took the course of scientific hygiene at Bedford College for Women.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe once wrote to an eminent U. S. Senator in behalf of a man who was suffering great injustice. He replied: "I am so much taken up with the plans for the benefit of the race that I have no time for individuals." Mrs. Howe pasted this into her album with this comment: "When last heard from, our Maker had not reached this altitude."

Mrs. Rosa Lewis, favorite "chef" of King Edward, has written on the subject of how to cook for kings, and incidentally gives some good advice to other cooks. She advises new cooks to master the elements of their art before attempting elaborate dishes. She says there is a growing demand for intelligent cooks and for sensible cooking.

Miss Anna T. Jeanes of Philadelphia has lately died, leaving a great fortune to charity. The bequest that is most discussed gives a large sum to Swarthmore College on condition that the students shall not take

part in intercollegiate athletics. Miss Jeanes believed that these often stirred up rivalry and enmity, besides tempting the young people to neglect their studies.

The Maharani Bhadyanyi, who has lately passed away in India, is much regretted by both Indians and English. She was known to be the adviser of her husband, Sir Pertab Singh, the gallant Maharajah of Idar, in his affairs with the English government, and is credited with having inspired many "noble acts of statesmanship and patriotic services." Her benevolence in the great famine during the viceroyalty of Lord Curzon won his special commendation when he reviewed the relief measures, warmly commending the interest taken by some of the Rajput rulers, and the devotion with which the Maharani conducted the orphanage she opened as a relief measure.

Mrs. Eliza F. Teas, school commissioner of District 117, Sussex County, Del., is the only woman commissioner in the country, and is believed to be the first and only one in the State. She is doing so well, however, that she is not likely to be the last. At the end of her first year, she has a fine record to show. The school grounds have all been graded and sown in lawn grass seed. The school building has been freshly painted, and a new flagpole and flag provided. The school was kept open for nine and one-fourth months, much longer than any other Sussex school. The Wilmington News says: "How Clerk Teas solved all these problems and brought the air of refinement and progress all about is a mystery to the mere men commissioners of Sussex. A campaign for women school commissioners and women to manage the schools may be inaugurated in Delaware."

Mrs. Sheldon Leavitt, the wife of one of Chicago's most noted physicians, has started a circulating art gallery for the hospital patients of that city. She has made a large collection of paintings, and these, through a central agency, will be moved from hospital to hospital for the enjoyment of the needy sick. "I have grown tired of the aimless round of society," Mrs. Leavitt is reported as saying, "and have withdrawn to devote the rest of my life to work that will improve the lot of the sick poor. I taught a good start might be made through having them see beautiful pictures. Pictures do so much for a sick-room and for despondent invalid."

Mrs. Mary E. French, wife of A.B. French of Clyde O., has lately patented a vegetable kettle, a potato-masher and an egg-beater. The inner part of the kettle is corrugated, so that the water will pass below the part containing the vegetables and keep them from sticking to the bottom and burning. The potato-masher is hollow and can be filled with hot water. This not only keeps the potatoes warm while being mashed, but, by piling the mashed potatoes about it, they are kept warm until served. The eggbeater, Mrs. French's latest device, is a fork with three large prongs, having serrated edges, and holes through the prongs, which will aerate the eggs as they are being beaten. Several years ago Mrs. French received two medals from the Parisian Inventors Academy of France, for electrical devices, including the Thomas Electric Battery Support.

Acknowledgments for November, 1907.

	RS. A.		RS. A.
1. Mrs. M. Mohamed Azam, Saidapet ...	4 0	43. C. Kamayya, Esq., Vizagapatam ...	1 1
2. Mrs. Angela Mascarenhas, Mangalore...	4 0	44. G. Kamoji Rao, Esq., Cocanada ...	4 0
3. Mrs. C. Appayya, Coorg ...	4 0	45. Mrs. Keshori Lall Kaul, Punjab ...	4 0
4. Mrs. Motiram Advani, Lahore ...	4 0	46. R. S. Krishnaswamy, Esq., Madras ...	4 0
5. S. Ananda Rao, Esq., S. Canara ...	4 0	47. M. Koil Pillay, Esq., Masulipatam ...	4 0
6. Lady Benson, Madras ...	8 0	48. J. R. Kalyanaramier, Esq., Bezwada ...	4 0
7. N. Baker, Esq., Ongole ...	4 0	49. Kapilamma, Madras ...	4 0
8. Mrs. Annie Besant, Benares City ...	4 0	50. S. Kishin Singh, Esq., ...	4 0
9. The Rt. Rev. The Lord Bishop of Madras.	4 0	51. Mrs. D. Lazarus, Waltair ...	4 0
10. Miss K. M. Bose, Atari ...	4 0	52. R. V. Lakshman Row, Esq., Madras ...	4 0
11. Rev. S. Bhewagi, Nagpur ...	4 0	53. Lucknow Women's College, Lucknow...	4 0
12. Shian Behari, Esq., Fatehpore ...	4 0	54. Mrs. P. N. Lakshmanar, Quilon ...	4 0
13. G. Chinnaswami Naidu, Esq., Tirupapulayyur ...	4 0	55. Mrs. J. C. Lall, Gujranwalla ...	4 0
14. Mrs. J. B. Chopra, Hafizabad ...	4 0	56. Dilshad Pegam Nawab Mirza, Bombay.	4 0
15. Mrs. G. N. Chatterjee ...	4 0	57. P. Krishna Menon Esq., Ernakulam ...	4 0
16. Mrs. N. G. Chandavarkar, Bombay ...	4 0	58. S. Mangesha Rao, Madras ...	4 0
17. N. Chinnu Ammal, Trichur ...	4 0	59. Chowdat Govinda Menon, Esq., Chittoor (Cochin) ...	4 0
18. Mrs. R. C. Carr, Chittoor ...	4 0	60. Mrs. K. T. Mathew, Madras ...	4 0
19. Mrs. David, Guntur ...	4 0	61. M. T. McKnight, Esq., Muttra ...	4 0
20. Mrs. Kashibai Devdhar, Bombay ...	4 0	62. Mrs. K. Mangam, Kashnir ...	4 0
21. Mrs. Datta, Hoshiarpur ...	4 0	63. Mrs. Mitter, Jullunder City ...	4 0
22. Mrs. C. S. David, Chittaldroog ...	4 0	64. J. G. C. Mendis, Esq., Moratuwa ...	4 0
23. M. Parvatishankar Dave, Surat ...	4 0	65. E. Marsden, Esq., Bombay ...	4 0
24. Visvanath Narayan Delvi, Esq., Agra ...	4 0	66. Mrs. Srimant Mehta, Baroda ...	4 0
25. Mrs. Eddy, Kodaikanal ...	4 0	67. Narana Morar, Esq., Cochin ...	4 0
26. Mrs. Fazal, Punjab ...	4 0	68. Mrs. R. Modalkar, Amraoti ...	4 0
27. Mrs. G. Fischer, Korkul ...	4 0	69. Mrs. R. Mukerjee, Srinagar ...	4 0
28. Miss Foaler, Rajputana ...	4 0	70. R. S. Natarajiar, Esq. ...	4 0
29. Herabai L. Goraksharkar, Hyderabad...	4 0	71. R. Ramaswamy Rao, Esq., Bangalore...	4 0
30. J. G. Gadre, E-q., Bombay ...	4 0	72. C. D. Nayagam, Esq. ...	4 0
31. Joseph J. Ghose, Esq., Ahmedabad ...	4 0	73. R. Narayana Iyer, Esq., Salem ...	4 0
32. Dayaram Gidumal, Esq., Surat ...	4 0	74. Mrs. N. Nagabhushanam, Madras ...	4 0
33. J. J. Hensman, Esq., Madras ...	4 0	75. Mrs. M. Nandi, Calcutta ...	4 0
34. Mrs. K. Harris, Madras ...	4 0	76. A. Narayanaswamy, Esq., Periyakulam.	2 0
35. J. M. Hensman, Esq., Madura ...	4 0	77. Mrs. D. A. Rees, Bangalore City ...	4 0
36. A. Hydari, Esq., Hyderabad ...	4 0	78. R. C. Singha, Esq., Kashmir ...	4 0
37. Rev. J. P. Haythornthwaite, Agra ...	4 0	79. Mrs. Stephenson, Gooty ...	4 0
38. H. O. D. Harding, Esq., Mangalore ...	4 0	80. Secy., Town Club, Myitkyna ...	4 0
39. Miss G. G. Hensman, Jafina ...	4 0	81. Mrs. R. D. Tipping, Coorg ...	4 0
40. Mrs. Eliza Jacob, Raipur ...	4 0	82. Mrs. A. A. Williams, Tinnevelly ...	4 0
41. Mrs. Yeshodabhai Joshi, Amraoti ...	4 0	83. Miss M. Jordon, Moradabad ...	4 0
42. Mrs. Kane, Amraoti ...	4 0	84. H.H. The Maharani Sabebe of Kapurthala	4 0

USEFUL BOOKS.

Modern Letter Writer (Eighth Edition).—Containing 635 letters. Useful to every man in every position of life for daily use. Re. 1, postage 1 anna.

Helps to the Study of English (Third Edition).—An exhaustive collection of PHRASES, IDIOMS and PROVERBS, with their explanations and proper uses. Rs. 3, postage 3 annas.

Every-day Doubts and Difficulties (in reading, speaking and writing the English language). Re. 1, postage 1 anna.

A Hand-book of English Synonyms (Third Edition).—Explained and Illustrated. Aids to the right use of synonymous words in composition. Re. 1, postage 1 anna.

Select Speeches of the Great Orators. Vols. I and II.—Helps to write idiomatic English, to improve the oratorical and argumentative powers, etc. Each Vol. Rs. 2, postage 1 anna, 6 pies.

Wonders of the World (in Nature, Art and Science.) Re. 1, postage 1 anna.

Beauties of Hinduism. With Notes. 8 annas, postage 1 anna.

Arabian Nights Entertainment 12 annas, Postage 2 annas.

English Translation of the Koran. With Notes. By G. Sale. Re. 1-14 as. Postage 2 annas.

Abbott's Life of Napoleon Bonaparte. Re. 1-14 as. Postage 3 annas.

Todd's Rajasthan. Vols. I and II, Each Vol. Rs. 2. Postage 3 annas.

Postage and V. P. Commission extra.

To be had of the Manager. "Indian Student" Office, 106, Upper Circular Road, Calcutta.



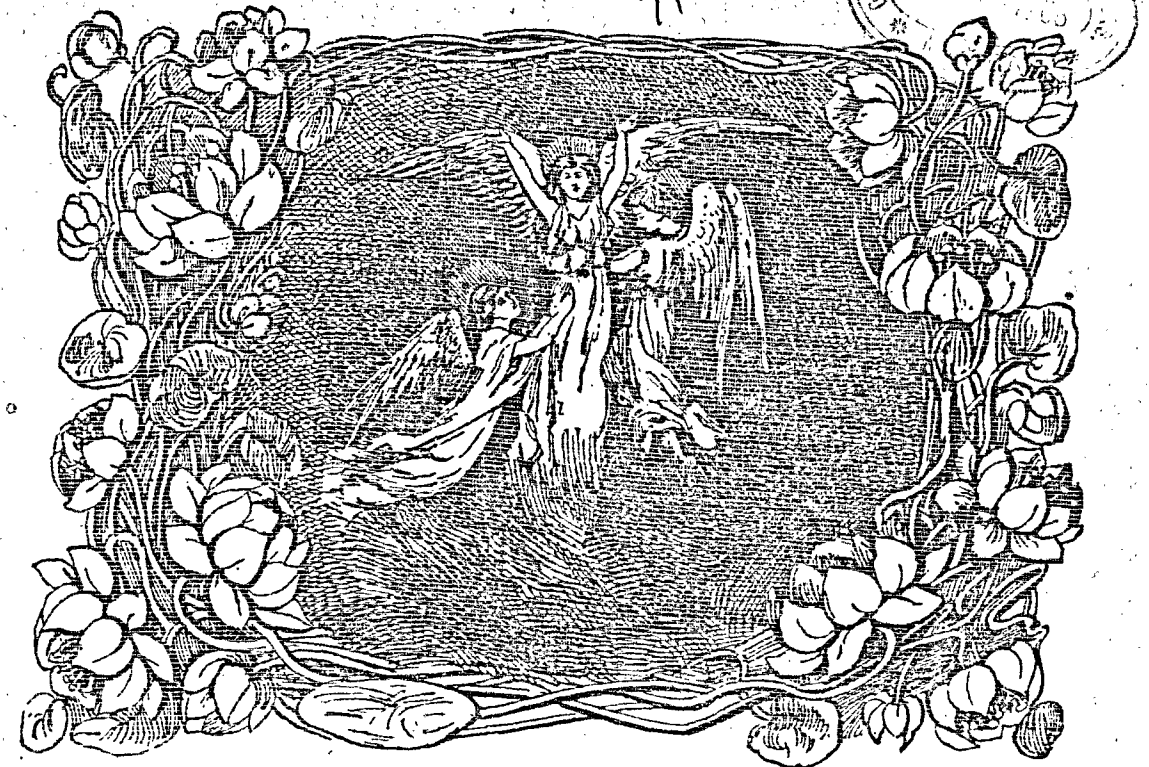


“THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.”
(From the well-known picture by W. Holman Hunt.)

50-



PEACE.



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Vol. VII.

DECEMBER, 1907.

No. 6.

"BEHOLD! I STAND AT THE DOOR, AND KNOCK."

"THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD." By W. HOLMAN HUNT.

See Picture—(Frontispiece).

Waiting without, in the dark, full long—
Why are the bolts of the door so strong?
Who is the dweller, imprisoned, that leaves
One so Divine 'neath the comfortless eaves?
He Who provided that house must stand
Leading—as though He could not command!

Watching and knocking, ere dawn of day;
Through the long noon; till the shadows lay
Slanting at eve; while the golden lines
Glinted their smiles through the darkening pines.
Knocking and pleading, "Sweet Soul! unbar
Thy door to Him Who hath come from far."

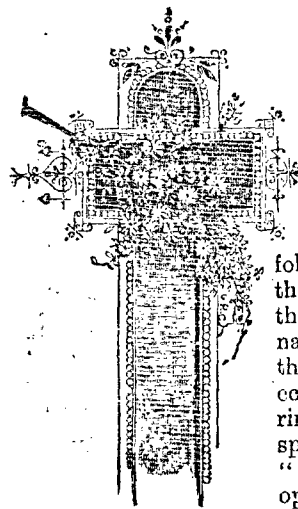
Why didst thou slight Him the livelong day?
Other than He had been grieved away.
See how the Angels, on bended knee,
Wait for His bidding, Who sues to thee!
Couldst thou but see Him, so fair to view,
Thou, at His feet, shouldst have waited, too!

No need of banquet, where He shall sup,
Life's true Elixir shall fill the cup.
No need of lamp, for His smile shall light
All the dim chambers now steeped in night.
No need of viol nor harp, if He
Whisper one word of His love to thee!

All unawares, it is said, to some,
Guests, that were angels, have deigned to come.
Honoured supremely, that homestead blest,
Sheltering awhile such a heavenly guest.
Say, what with this should their bliss compare
If the Redeemer were supping there?

Then let me answer, "Dear Master mine!
Wait Thou no longer—my heart is Thine.
Enter my dwelling, my God! come in;
Break the strong bolts and the bars of sin.
Here, on my face, do I wait for Thee,
Deign Thou for ever my guest to be."

The Spirit of Christmas.



It was the hour of rest in this country below the stars. The hush of night had fallen on the city. Sleep had come to the many thousands with a darkening of the Vision and a folding of the wings of the Spirit. And yet to me the hush seemed pregnant with voices, voices that would not be stilled, echoes that seemed to ring into the limitless space beyond the Stars. "The earth is full of oppression and injustice, the arm of the cruel falls heavier than that of the kind. The unjust flourish and the wicked are like a green bay tree. Poverty is mocked by arrogant wealth. Labour is held in contempt. Iniquity and pride stalk through the ranks. Purity is deflowered by violence. Gentleness is crushed under the relentless heel of the fierce-minded. The innocent are powerless, while the evil are triumphant." Such seemed to be the refrain that rang in my ears. Is it not all true? Is not this the meaning of life as we see it around us? Life is filled not only with the wickedness of humanity, but is also filled with sorrows, sorrows that come upon us unawares and break the spirit by their stunning vehemence, and which are relentless and like an adamant rock resisting all our feeble and unavailing efforts. Such is life in its true light. Man's heart is stirred with pity and sympathy for the sorrows of his kind. He would do something if he could, but he is tied, bound and helpless, and his heart rises in impotent fury against the injustice of it all. And then comes the question,—when man, a mere puppet, feels like this, is not the Creator moved by this injustice and oppression that fills the earth?

I seemed in despair: there was no answer that I could frame to my question. Everything seemed held in the bonds of cruelty and sorrow. In very despair I fled from the city and through the sleeping streets and ran on and on in blindness of mind and vision, till sheer weariness of aching limbs and panting breath made me throw myself on the ground; and, shutting out the vision of the serene stars that seemed to look at my grief, I fell into

unconsciousness. But presently beneath the stars and across the shadows, came the soft chiming of bells which seemed to fall like dew upon the earth around; and voices answered these bells, the voices of the angels as they held their discussions;—and the question of their argument was the same that rang through my dulled brain. One answered in martial tones, "let there be war, let us cleanse the earth and let us beseech the Creator to create a new one." There came another, a soft silvery voice, "brother, wilt thou destroy these millions of people? Wilt thou not have pity? Will destruction bring happiness?" In response to this answered another, "I would bring more light, more knowledge, for wickedness is but folly in action and injustice is the error of the blind. Knowledge would clear doubts, would enlighten the mind and there would be more happiness. If there were more light, there would be less of sorrow. If philosophy enlightened the land, the evils of that torture of flesh would disappear." But gently came the answer, "knowledge does not secure from men weariness of the flesh. It does not relieve the mind. It does not bring happiness. It does not satisfy the craving, the yearning of the soul." "And then what does?" rang the question from many angel voices. In sweet response, in charmed accents, came the answer floating on the soft breeze. "Love, love is the only remedy. Hatred, contempt, and envy are the curse of life, the only remedy is love; the will to give and not to expect a return, to bless and not wait to be blessed." Such was the answer of a little child-angel; and all the other voices broke up the answer and the glad shout echoed far and wide. "God is Love" was the burden of the shout, the "Creator is Love," and with this I awoke and found the answer to my problem.

The dawn was just breaking in a dream of gold and scarlet, the little birds were singing their poems of praise to their Creator. The earth was fresh with the night dew and the air rustled through the leaves in new life. All seemed at peace and there was peace in my heart. In the air was the ringing of soft chimes, the Christmas bells which spoke of peace and good will. Had not the Creator shown his love for us? The power of Love is in its sacrifice. Did not the Son of God come down to men and suffer the ingratitude and fickleness of men? Could there be a greater sacrifice? And, while we in our ignorance fight against the Divine Love of the Creator, the Universe is ruled by the love of the Creator, Whose guiding Hands lead us from darkness to light, from sorrow to real happiness, if we only will have the faith, the confidence, and the trust of a little child, entirely and wholly giving up our lives into those loving Hands. But we, in the pride of our minds, believing in the

"Flee youthful lusts, but follow righteousness, faith, charity, and peace."

II Timothy II. 22.

"Fornication, and all uncleanness, or covetousness, let it not be once named among you."

"For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

Matthew XVI. 26.

"Fear God, and keep His Commandments: for this is the whole duty of man."

Ecc. XII. 13.

"For precept must be upon precept, precept upon precept, line upon line, line upon line; here a little, and there a little."

"For the ways of man are before the Lord, and he pondereth all his goings."

Proverbs XII. 21.

"Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child, but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him."

"Godliness with contentment is great gain."

I Timothy VI. 6.

"Great peace have they which love Thy law."

Ps. CXIX. 165.

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise. Which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest."

Pro. XII. 6.

"Give alms of what God has bestowed on you."

Koran, Ch. 3, v. 47.

"Honour thy father and thy mother, which is the first Commandment, with promise, that it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the Earth."

Prov. XIV. 17.

"He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand."

Prov. X. 4.

"He that troubleth his own house shall inherit the wind."

Proverbs XI. 29.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

Proverbs XIII. 12.

"He that walketh with wise men shall be wise."

Proverbs XIII. 20.

"He that is slow to anger appeaseth strife."

Proverbs XV. 18.

"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

Proverbs XVI. 32.

"He that hath knowledge spareth his words."

Proverbs XVII. 27.

"He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man."

Proverbs XXI. 17.

"Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them."

Colossians III. 19.

"Happy is the woman that findeth wisdom: her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

Proverbs III. 13-17.

"Honour all men. Love the brotherhood. Fear God. Honour the king."

I Peter II. 17.

"He that will love life and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips, that they speak no guile."

I Peter III. 10.

"Humility and courtesy are acts of piety." Traditional saying of Mahomed.

"He that loveth wine shall not be rich."

Prov. XXI. 17.

"He that spareth the rod hateth his son, but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes."

Proverbs XIII. 24.

"He that keepeth the law, happy is he."

Prov. XXIX. 18.

"He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy."

Prov. XXVIII. 13.

"Fear the words of the wise: for it is a pleasant thing if thou keep them within thee."

Prov. XXII. 17-18.

"He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God."

Micah VI. 8.

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever: Its loveliness increases; it will never Pass into nothingness, but still will keep A bower quiet for us and a sleep Full of sweet dreams and health and quiet Breathing."

THE INDIAN GIPSY.

In tattered robes that hoard a glittering trace
Of bygone colours, broidered to the knee,
Behold her, daughter of a wandering race,
Tameless, with the bold falcon's agile grace,
And the lithe tiger's sinuous majesty.

With frugal skill her simple wants she tends,
She folds her tawny heifers and her sheep
On lonely meadows when the daylight ends,
Ere the quick night upon her flock descends
Like a black panther from the caves of sleep.

Time's river winds in foaming centuries
Its changing, swift, irrevocable course
To far off and incalculable seas;
She is twin-born with primal mysteries,
And drinks of life at Time's forgotten source.

Sarojini Naidu.

Paul Jodrell's Experiment

By G. Q.

A STORY.

MY friend Paul Jodrell is dead, and I can now write down freely and fully what I know of that terrible night, in which I was fated to see the passing of this strange personality. Paul Jodrell, my friend, is dead.

Although cut off in his thirty-seventh year, his was a reputation that is to this day world-wide. In every seat of learning the researches and discoveries of this young man in the field of chemistry and physiology are daily paraded before thousands of light-headed students. Yet, for all his fame, he was known to very few, and these few thought him eccentric to the verge of madness, and I, who knew him best, did not greatly wonder.

How can I adequately describe to you such a man as Jodrell? Among a thousand you would have turned to look again at him. He was tall, as thin as a rapier, sallow complexioned, clean-shaven, with a profusion of glossy black hair smoothly brushed away from a massive brow like white marble veined with blue. I can say all that, but I despair of conveying an adequate impression of this man, my friend. The distinguishing feature was his eyes. Under abnormally bushy black eyebrows, in deeply sunk caverns, these burned and glittered with a fire unnatural and weird.

Whether or not I was obsessed by a presentiment of coming ill I do not know, but the last time I saw him before the final phase I remonstrated with him with an energy which surprised me.

We were standing together in his laboratory, and Jodrell held a small phial in his hand. In this there sparkled some volatile fluid of a deep ruby colour, and as he held it up to the light there was that in his eyes which made me exclaim almost in horror:

"Paul, Paul! for God's sake, cease this cursed quest, or you will end in an asylum!"

He faced me for a moment, then, as if impressed by my emotion, he laid down the bottle carefully and said, "My dear Ridgway, what would you have me do?"

"Do!" I exclaimed, "why! send all these flasks and tubes and bottles and things to—

Jericho, and bring out those musty fusty tomes that you say are fourteenth century Arabian manuscripts and let us have a royal blaze."

"Ah, dear friend," he said slowly, "that is almost the course I am about to take."

"Thank God!" I said, much relieved.

"But one moment, dear Ridgway, my best, my only friend. Success doesn't lie this way," and he waved his long arms round the laboratory. "The Elixir of Life of which Oman here speaks lies not in drugs and essences. But that there is a hidden force which will keep death at bay—indefinitely—I am assured, and in a few weeks or months, I, Paul Jodrell, will have prized the great secret of nature."

He spoke with intense earnestness, and I shuddered as I gazed fascinated into those snake-like eyes. He dashed the phial of ruby liquid to the floor.

"Not there, not there," he muttered, gazing at the blood-red splash. "Death is only possible, owing to the ignorance of the human mind, and the feebleness of the human will. Soon I shall lay my finger on the door of that secret chamber; and wrench that door open that all may enter."

In a moment his mood changed. He was the mad scientist no longer, but the old Paul I knew and loved. His eyes still gleamed uncannily under the incandescent lamps it is true, but the smile of the dear old Jodrell suffused the wan face. "Ridgway," he said quietly, "I am to be married in three weeks' time."

"You!" I gasped.

"And why not?" and he turned to me with a face from which every trace of colour had fled. He tried to smile, but the momentary gleam died out, and a look of unutterable anguish filled his eyes. I saw there was some appalling tragedy underlying his announcement.

"And who—who—"

"You would ask who is the lady so fortunate. Ah, friend, I know her name. I have seen her once—only for an hour. Her name is a sweet one—Madeleine Lascelles, and her home is at the Chateau Gounod, in the forest of Versailles."

"You have seen her once; and that only for an hour?" I queried.

"It was long enough for our—for my purpose, and I beg you to say no more about it."

He turned to the laboratory table again, and I took the hint. There was always something in Paul Jodrell that said "thus far and no farther."

To say I was surprised but feebly described my feelings. Jodrell was a strange man I knew, but his strangeness had taken an unexpected turn. I could not understand it at all. I lay for nights trying to puzzle out its meaning. It could hardly be a case of love—of that I was almost certain. Good God! was it for some dark experiment? What if it should end in death, would I be an accessory before the fact? Plainly I must do something. But what to do I knew not.

And yet again, I thought, Paul Jodrell was quite master of himself. He had a morbid taste for occult studies, but it was only the bent of genius. It might be all right after all. Who was I that I should poke my nose into other people's affairs? So, I let the days slip past in the attitude of "masterly inaction."

As the days sped, bringing me no word of Jodrell, I began to wonder if, after all, it had not been a hideous nightmare. Once or twice I called at his house in Baker-street, but the reply was that he was in his laboratory and could see no one. But at length a day came when I was told that he had gone to France for a few days. The three weeks of which he had spoken had almost expired, and brought no word of Jodrell. I began to think, almost to hope, that the unnatural union would not take place.

And thus nearly six months slipped out of my life—and his—and only at rare intervals did I think of Jodrell and his romantic wedding. He had given up his rooms at Baker-street, and vague rumour had it that he had bought a charming little estate up the river some fifteen miles from the city. I could have played the part of detective had I chosen, but when a friend of mine drops a veil over his life, far be it from me to pluck it aside or try to peer within.

I sometimes heard a word or two of Jodrell from Jellicoe, a common friend, but even he, poking, inquisitive journalist that he is, had ceased to speak much of him now. But one day when the year was drawing to its close, Jellicoe burst into my consulting-room, bringing with him a fair sample of a genuine brown London fog that made artificial light necessary at noon-day.

"What's all the hurry, Jellicoe?" said I looking up, "have you fallen heir to a fortune?"

"No such luck," he said, as he flung himself down on a chair by the fire. "Poof! what beastly weather. I declare old Sol is playing a low-down game," and he coughed violently.

"Is the fog in your throat?" I quizzed.

"Throat!" he exclaimed, "it's in my very marrow! And to think we must be cooped up here and the sun shining at Teddington."

"Then go to—Teddington," I said, turning to my table.

"Pon my soul, I'd take a run down and see Jodrell, I think," he replied imperturbably.

"Have you heard the news?"

"If it's about Jodrell, not a whisper," I answered with interest; "he may be dead for all I have heard."

"Dead!" Jellicoe exclaimed, "he's not that sort of new potatoes. He's all alive, and Mrs. Paul, too. They're as happy as love birds or turtle doves, cooing to one another all day long in the lanes and bosky dells around Moat House."

Jellicoe struck a dramatic attitude. He likes to surprise me.

"What do you think of that for a surprise packet?" he said.

"What have you heard?" I asked eagerly. He turned to me a look of bland, blank indifference. "Nothing, nothing; but mine eyes have seen."

"Do tell me what you know," I pressed.

Again he looked at me blankly. "Flannery, he said, 'toss my word for it you'll hear from Jodrell, or at least about him, before the year is out, and this is the twenty-first. You'll hear, or my name's not Jellicoe.'"

He left me as abruptly as he had entered, but I knew his little way. Still, he had whetted my curiosity, and I did wish the fellow would come back.

Two days before Christmas I had a long telegram from Jodrell. Jellicoe's words flashed into my mind, and I trembled with a strange feeling of impending calamity as I tore open the flimsy envelope. It was quite a clear message, yet it failed to dispel my haunting fears. "Dear Flannery," it ran, "I am now ready. I want you to run down here for a few days—at least one week. We are very quiet here, but you will get a ready welcome. The crowning experiment is at hand, and I am confident of its ultimate success. But I want no witnesses yet awhile, only your dear old self. Now be sure and come to-morrow—Christmas Eve."

Friendship, curiosity, perhaps the love of adventure, decided for me that I should go. And yet my projected holiday gave me no pleasurable feelings, rather was I filled with foreboding dread—a presentiment of coming calamity; and I could not shake it off, try as I might.

My mood was matched by the weather. Christmas Eve broke dull and cheerless. A thick drizzle was falling, as, well on in the afternoon, we steamed out of Paddington Station, and this followed us all the way to my destination. As

the early twilight was falling I stood on the wayside platform and absently watched the lights of the disappearing train, feeling very much as if I had burned my boats. "How far is it to Moat House, please?" I asked a passing porter.

He leisurely took off his cap and jerked the rain from the rim. "Ababt five miles, sir," he answered. "Be you a-goin to walk? It's an 'orrid night."

"Is there any trap at the station for me?" I inquired.

"Bless you, no sir," he replied; "t'new laird has no hoss as I knows on, an' nobody ababt the house, 'cept old man Jenkyns. But, sir, you be sure to get a fast-rate turn-aht at the Blue Pavilions as'll tike you there in no time. Tell 'em I recommended you, sir. Are you stayin' long, sir?" and he eyed me curiously.

To this inquisitive query I gave no answer, and half an hour later I drove off in a neat dog-cart, and the night came down upon us.

"Here is the entrance, sir," said my driver, "but if one lives in the gate-house now."

I descended to examine the iron doors, but they were fast locked and chained together. Somehow this added to the depression that hung over me, and I was almost on the point of returning to town. But I decided to proceed, and having paid my fare bade the man drive off. With a feeling of nervousness I listened to the fast dying hoof sounds, then, grasping my heavy bag, I hastened up the avenue.

It was a dark, eerie place. I could hardly see my way between the dripping trees. The ground was overgrown with grass and soft yielding moss, and I made no sound as I laboriously plodded along. I fancy fifteen minutes' walking brought me to a curve in the avenue, and I thought I saw a faint light ahead. Coming closer I perceived that I had arrived at the Moat House, a tall, gaunt mansion of sinister aspect, surrounded by an empty ditch or moat, from which doubtless it received its name.

By the gleam from the fanlight over the door, I picked my way over a narrow wooden bridge, which rang with a hollow sound under me. As I felt among the rank growing ivy for the bell handle, I heard an unsteady step in the hall, and immediately the large door creaked open, letting out a flood of light. In the jazzling glare I distinguished my host. I gave a start of surprise, for I had hardly looked to see such a change in any man. He seemed to me to have grown inches taller, but this was owing to his extreme emaciation; while the unearthly pallor of his skin made me feel as if a spectre and no man stood before me. His hair had been allowed to grow, and, raven black, hung down upon his shoulders. His glittering eyes shone like twin stars in a mirk, dark sky, and as I grasped his

skinny hand I shivered at the cold dankness of it.

"Thank God, you have come at last," he said fervently, as he led the way across the carpetless hall. He turned suddenly to the right, and ushered me into a very large room, dimly lit by one lamp in a sconce on the wall, augmented by the fitful glare of a huge log fire which cast its flecked shadows on the sombre walls. The room was very high wainscotted with carved oak, dark with age. The walls were innocent of any kind of decoration, but there was an incongruous luxury in the thick pile carpet and the divan and chairs richly upholstered. I sank down in one of these and stretched out my hands to the blaze.

"Pardon me, my dear fellow," he said, "how stupid I am. Come this way."

He led me to my bedroom, which was furnished in the same luxurious style. Near the fire there stood an old-fashioned escritoire, on which were piled many magazines and books.

"Ah, Paul," I exclaimed, "this is indeed thoughtful of you."

Jodrell left me without a word, and when I descended to the dining-room I found him seated at the fire, enveloped in a quilted and padded dressing-gown.

"Come, friend," he said, "eat, and I will tell you my plans."

He seated himself directly opposite to me and placed the lamp so that it shaded his face and shone on mine.

When I had finished, he pushed a box of cigars towards me and leaned heavily on the table. From some part of the house I heard a low hollow sound followed by the banging of a door. He looked at his watch eagerly, and muttering some words I could not catch, walked, or rather glided out of the room.

Soon he returned with a huge leather-bound folio in his arms. He laid the massive volume on the table and looked hard at me.

"I know what you would say, brother," he whispered, "but I am not mad. But, my dear Flannery, the secret which for ages has lain buried here," and he pointed to the book, "is mine, mine, mine!"

I shrank from the steely glitter of his eyes as he continued. "But Ridgway, I must tell you all from the beginning, for time presses," and again I heard that muffled hollow sound. "Death and the grave are conquered, conquered," and he waved his long arms in his tense excitement. In another moment, by a superhuman effort, he calmed himself and resumed:

"You know that Madeleine became my wife exactly six months ago to-day. You were surprised when I told you of the coming wedding, and I do not wonder. It was no love match.

Ha, ha! not on either side. It was purely in the interests of science. She, my wife that was to be, was sore stricken by—I use the common word—by consumption. She was doomed, humanly speaking. Now you know why I chose her. As soon as we came here, the experiment began. Believe me, Flannery, I do not cry down drugs or fresh air or sunlight as a force to restore diseased tissue and arrest decay, but this is far, far more than the postponement of death. It means the death of death, Flannery; that the last enemy is at length conquered. All these six months the experiment has been going steadily on. My wife was a passive tool in my hands. She was no more to me than a complicated piece of mechanism—an organism—and I set to work. My aim from the first was not to cure, but to watch the success of my experiment in the last stages of dissolution. I callously allowed Madeleine to get weaker. I had no qualms about it, man, I even chafed at the slow progress of the malady! At last I was assured of success. At will I could banish every symptom of the disease that was slowly killing her, at will I could allow these symptoms to return. I played with death as a cat plays with a mouse. I laughed in my glee as I watched the progress of the malady. I listened with a fiendish delight to the hollow cough which came when I wanted it, and departed at a thought from me. I proved that, when she was under the influence of my will, all her functions were absolutely normal—heart, temperature, respiration, everything."

He was working himself up to a high pitch of nervous tension, and waved his long arms as he spoke. Then he rose and sank on a cushioned fauteuil.

"But, ah! Flannery," he groaned, "I could not foresee this appalling end to all my experimenting. As I say, she was no more to me than a cat, but within these last weeks she has become to me the light of my life, the sun of my soul. Oh, God, my very existence is bound up in that lovely form! And I am wracked with anguish intolerable. I love her, oh, I love her, and she is dying. Oh, my heart is torn, my brain is fire! Oh, Madeleine, Madeleine, come to me."

These last words were uttered in low intense tones, as he flung himself back among the cushions. My nerves were quivering in excitement. I turned instinctively and gazed towards the door in the shadow. And oh, horror! it slowly opened, and in the faint light I saw a woman's form. Tall was she, and fairer than any earthly form, clad in a white clinging gown, high-cinctured, diaphanous. Her hair, which glowed red in the faint lamp-light, was coiled in thick folds. With very slow

step she walked towards the mullioned window, not deigning so much as to look at either of us, and with a sigh almost inaudible she sank down upon a chair.

Jodrell was at her feet in a moment. As he knelt, he looked up into the white, vacant face. "Madeleine, my darling, speak to me, speak to my friend, Madeleine, my life."

Immediately she rose to her feet and looked eagerly towards me. As I took her outstretched hand, she opened her mouth to speak, but her utterance was choked in a painful hollow spasm of coughing which lasted for quite a minute.

"Oh, God!" Paul cried in agony, "I cannot bear it. Madeleine, sleep, my beloved."

The coughing ceased at the word, and the glassy look returned to the eyes. The outstretched hand dropped listlessly to her side, and she turned away with a long quivering sigh. "You see it all now, dear friend," he said, "the beads of perspiration standing on his blue-veined brow. 'At a word I can keep the fell disease at bay—indefinitely I think, though as yet I have not tried for more than forty-eight hours. To-morrow I intend to begin my final experiment. But oh! the heart torture of it all. While she is awake, she is mine, mine, but death has his loathsome hand upon her. She is mine for a week, a day, an hour. Asleep as you see her now she is mine for ever, and yet she is not mine, for she is me. Oh! this agony is appalling," and he covered his face with his wasted hands and sobbed like a great wearied child.

In a few minutes he grew strangely calm. "Ridgway," he said, "from very exhaustive research I have come to the melancholy conclusion that six days at most will witness the end—not the triumph, but the overthrow of death. At midnight we begin. I have sent for you, to witness with your own eyes the wonderful climax of years of study. I shall awake Madeleine exactly at half-past eleven, and she is in your professional hands for thirty minutes. Make a thorough examination and tell me the truth."

I shrank from the ordeal with loathing; nevertheless some of his enthusiasm communicated itself to me, and I agreed.

At half an hour before midnight I stood with Jodrell in his bedroom. By the side of the bed had been placed a luxurious armchair with many downy cushions. A table replete with the very newest clinical instruments stood by. Jodrell strode up and down the room watch in hand, and exactly at the half hour he whispered, "Madeleine, my darling, come to me."

I heard the sound of a soft footfall on the stair, and the tall figure entered. Her face was lit up in a radiant smile. She came straight to Paul and threw her arms round his neck.

"Oh, my love, my love," was all she said, and her voice was wondrous sweet.

He placed her in the fauteuil among the soft fleecy cushions and knelt beside her, holding her thin little hand in his. Then he rose and reverently kissed the broad forehead. She drew his head to her bosom, but just then a fit of coughing seized her.

"Madeleine, oh! quick, Flannery, I cannot bear it," he shrieked, and rushed from the room.

I need not enter into my movements during that half hour. She was dying. Of that there could be no shade of doubt. Soon Jodrell returned. He strode up to his wife. "Sleep now, my darling," he said, softly, and immediately the breathing of the dying woman became perfectly regular.

"Your opinion?" he asked.

"Two or three days will surely see the end," I answered, without hesitation.

"Ah! I know it," he answered; "but three days will see the triumph." And there was a fire in his eye that made me shudder.

"Now, Ridgway," he continued more calmly, "promise me you will not leave me till the hour of crowning triumph is over."

Faint and far came the words of the old-world chant:

"Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,
Born is the King of Israel."

It was Christmas morn.

Once more I carefully examined the sleeping woman. I was hardly prepared for the startling results. I could find nothing wrong with the patient. I tried all means of detecting the presence of the malady from which I knew she was suffering, but everything was perfectly normal.

"Jodrell, this is wonderful," I exclaimed. "If these conditions are maintained, nature must ultimately assert itself in complete restoration."

"Ah, no, Ridgway," he answered sadly, "for long I had hoped it might be so, but the same occult force that checks the progress of the malady equally checks the healing processes of nature."

We talked far into the night, and except for an almost imperceptible movement now and then Madeleine slept on peacefully. A timid knock at the door startled me. But it was only old Jenkyns with breakfast, brought to the bedroom evidently by Jodrell's orders.

As Christmas morning was breaking, Paul proposed that I should sleep for a few hours.

"As soon as you hear the alarm bell in your room, come in haste," he said, and I stole from the room.

The sun was beginning to set when I was awakened by a bell ringing at my bedside. In a

moment I stood by Jodrell. He was sitting in bed with eyes fixed on the sleeping form on the chair. He was straining his ears to listen to her breathing. I was struck with a look of increased pallor on his face, and a well-defined circle of hectic red burned on either cheek.

After dinner, which was a silent meal, I sat down to watch. I was revolving many things in my mind and at last, as midnight sounded on a deep-toned gong in some far away room I said: "Jodrell, I want to make an examination of you!"

"Ah!" he said in a whisper, "so you have seen it, too. Ridgway, this is what I dreaded."

He flung himself down on the bed, and the spent form was convulsed with terrible sobs.

Next night it was even more painfully apparent, that although Madeleine was in exactly the same normal condition, the dread scourge had made terrible ravages on Jodrell.

"Paul," I implored, "this is madness! See, you are dying. You have taken the malady to your own soul. Paul, Paul! awake the slumbering woman. It is your life."

"I know it, dear Ridgway," he said, feebly, "but the experiment must go on."

I entreated, I implored, but he was immovable as a rock, and foreseeing the end I ceased in despair. "Foreseeing the end," did I say? Not a thousandth part of the appalling climax of a ghastly experiment did I foresee, and to this day I had rather lost my right hand than witness what I did.

I come to that awful night. Events had moved rapidly, and the last grains of the sands of a dying year were fleetly running out. Jodrell was confined to bed now. He was too weak to speak, almost to cough. I bent over the bed and held him in my arms. He felt better so. All at once he looked at his wife. "Darling," I heard him whisper, and again, "Darling."

Again was that wasted body wracked with a paroxysm, and in the middle of it there was a gurgle. The blood spouted from his mouth and nostrils, and I knew he had passed to the land of all knowledge.

I was bending over him in the act of closing his eyes, when a piercing scream froze the marrow in my bones.

"Paul, Paul, Paul."

The girl was on her feet, and her long hands were stretched towards the ceiling. With an elrich shriek, "Paul, Paul, wait for me," she sank to the floor.

My quivering nerves were strung to breaking pitch. I knelt down beside the woman. Oh, it was horrible! I knew she was dead.

"Come, my love, come!"

I turned at the shout. Good God! Jodrell was sitting bolt upright in bed. His eyes were

glassy and dull. He swayed a moment, then sank face downward on the bloodstained coverlet.

It was enough. Not knowing what I did I rushed from the doomed house. The night was dark, but I seemed to be guided by some elfin hand. On, on, on I ran, through fields dank and sodden, through woods and copses, through streams swollen with flood, through streets deserted and silent.

I see an open door; I seem to recognize it. A maid is washing the step; I rush in, wet and bespattered and torn. Upstairs I see an open door. The room is familiar. Ah, "Jellicoe, Jellicoe!" and I fell all along the floor.

Christmas Eve.

A STORY.

ON the first of the Christmas Eve which I am about to describe, young Earl Beaumont was perfectly happy. He had, indeed, never supposed that such happiness could be his; it was in excess of his wildest dreams or imaginings.

In his early days there had been much bitterness and angry feeling in his beautiful home, all of which seemed to have passed away for ever. His father had married twice, and there had been one child, a son of each marriage. When Gerald, now the Earl, was a schoolboy, his eldest brother had been the gentle step-mother's terror, and the proud father's cross and shame. The boy knew only some of the elder son's misdeeds; most of them were concealed from him, and as far as possible the brothers were kept apart. This was not difficult, as Lionel was a dashing young officer when Gerald was still at school. It was impossible but that Gerald should regard the young man's wild recklessness with a certain awe-struck admiration; his mother saw that herein lay a danger, and she devoted herself to making arrangements for keeping them apart in Gerald's holidays, without wounding her husband's feelings.

So they grew up almost strangers; and Gerald felt shame rather than grief when there came to him at college news of an awful scandal; of his brother having hastily left the country in order to escape severe punishment and social disgrace; and soon after news of his sudden death.



From that moment all went well with him; he took his degree with distinction, and then came home to be his father's right hand, to fill the place of the heir, to enter eagerly into public life, and to be regarded as one of the promising young men of the day. His father, always a proud, stern man, made hard and cold by his experience with his eldest son, found in Gerald an unexpected support and comfort, a friend and companion. His death was a sudden and terrible one—from an accident in the hunting field; he died before he was lifted on to the stretcher to be carried to Beaumont Court. Gerald knelt beside him, and heard his last words.

He met a strange look from the fading eyes and leaned close over to hear what the white lips whispered. The words were startling indeed, and he could not believe he had heard aright.

"I want to warn you. I am not sure your brother is dead."

"What! father—what did you say!" ejaculated Gerald in complete amazement, and leaned close over, hoping to hear the whisper again, but though the lips moved, no sound came; the eyes were glazing fast.

The doctor, who was in the hunting field and had been brought back to the scene of the accident, now came to the dying man and examined him. In a moment all knew by the look on his face that this was not a dying man, but one already beyond recall.

Gerald could never have any explanation of these mysterious last words. In the task of comforting and supporting his mother under her grief, he almost forgot them; and in time he concluded that he must have heard wrongly what was said. His life was a successful one; a popular landlord and landowner, surrounded by friends and with the good will of his tenants and dependents and servants; a keen young politician, looked on with kind and anxious interest by the leaders of his party.

Such was his position when the Christmas Eve came which brought him the crowning happiness of his life—when he saw Violet Dalrymple for the first time, and fell in love, as a man of his true, strong nature does fall in love, once and for all, vehemently, passionately, overwhelmingly. His mother, who knew his face as one knows a well-loved book, saw a new light upon it when he met Violet, and she rejoiced. If she had been asked to choose a bride for him, she would have chosen Violet. This beautiful girl of eighteen was the only child of General Dalrymple, of Dalrymple Abbey, the nearest place to Beaumont Court. General Dalrymple had married late in life, and idolised his lovely wife and daughter. Both

had the faint shade of delicacy which is compatible with perfect health and beauty, as exotic flowers have; Mrs. Dalrymple was an Italian, one of an old and noble family. Violet was educated partly in her mother's native place, where the climate seemed to give her health, and partly in Paris. So Gerald never saw her till this Christmas Eve. All the festivity, the gaiety, all the evidences of his popularity, these things had been but the setting for the splendid new jewel which had entered into his life. He knew that, as he sat thinking over the fire in his own room long after the Court was plunged in darkness and silence; until the wintry dawn drew near he thought over the joy which had come to him. It was a true joy, one which made him a better man. As the days passed on and he felt that Violet returned his love, his nature mellowed and softened in the sense of happiness that was his.

It was a wonderful and eventful year that passed before the next Christmas Eve came, which brought to him the next most remarkable event of his whole life.

In the spring, Violet listened to his words of love, and before the roses were out in the rosery of the Court she was engaged to him. What a summer was that! How good to the Creator of this most beautiful world to live to a man even one such summer. The scent of roses brought back the passionate memory of its glory to them both, always; and when Violet, many many years after, saw the reaper at hand, she begged that roses should be strown on her bier and planted on her grave, that the sweetness of her early life should be with her in its end.

In political affairs the young peer was singled out as one to be trusted and one to appeal to. His heart beat high when he found himself known already in the country as one of progress, and looked upon as having a great future before him in public life. Not even being in the House of Lords could lessen the value of his influence. Violet began to study politics and public questions in order to understand all that he was interested in. She agreed to his desire that their wedding should be a winter wedding and take place just after Christmas. Surely he was favoured of fortune! But a blow of the most unexpected character was at hand; quite unexpected, in spite of the warning uttered by dying lips.

He had walked across the park and through meadows, by a field path that he dearly loved, because Violet's feet had so often trodden it, to visit her in the afternoon. It was a cold November day, and as he came quickly back it struck him as strangely cheerless. Was it some foreboding that made the mistiness seem so full of gloom to him? He had to hurry home and

dress and go out to dinner at some distance, so that he was not disposed to pause and question himself as to the reason for the chill that had fallen on his spirits since he left Violet's warm, bright drawing-room sweet with the scent of flowers.

A hand was laid on his shoulder as he was just leaving the field path by the gate between the meadows and the Park.

He turned to see by the dim twilight a tall, shabby man, in an overcoat buttoned close over a spare figure, and the collar turned up. A shabby hat was pressed down over his eyes, little was to be seen of the handsome, sullen face. It was much changed, but Gerald recognised it. He knew the look in those cold, hard eyes. The memory of his father's whispered words at the hour of death came back to him, clear and vivid.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed.

"You don't seem very pleased to see me," said his brother. "You've been having things all your own way, haven't you? And the fates have been rather down on me. I should like to go to your dressing-room with you before meeting anyone else. Let us slip in at the side door by the library."

He passed on, leading the way. Gerald followed him, dumb with amazement and perplexity. For the time being he was stupefied.

In a very short time they had entered the Court and reached Gerald's dressing-room, without being seen by anyone.

"We're the same height, luckily," said Lionel, with his old easy, reckless laugh. "Will you lend me some clothes? The ones I have on would scarcely be accepted by any of the deserving poor on the estate."

An extraordinary scene took place a little later, when Gerald, in evening dress, went to the drawing-room where he expected to find his mother. Lionel followed him closely. He was a handsome and even distinguished man now that the travel stains had been removed. He looked round the great oak panelled hall of the Court with the owner's glance.

"Wait a moment, please," said Gerald, with his hand on the drawing-room door.

"All right," answered Lionel; he went to the great hearth and spoke to an old dog that lay stretched out on the rug in front of it. The dog lifted himself with a low growl and looked at Lionel menacingly. Just then a faint cry of distress reached their ears; the dog instantly rushed to the drawing-room door and pushed it open. Lionel followed him and saw his step-mother lying on the ground, unconscious.

"No doubt about her not being pleased to see me!" said Lionel.

In the excitement and agitation that followed, the household became aware that the real heir had come home; and that the Earl Beaumont, whom they had learned to love, was Earl Beaumont no longer.

It was a most bewildering evening. Gerald became so anxious about his mother, who passed from one fainting fit into another, that he decided not to leave her, and the groom was sent to the house where he was expected to dine, with a note of explanation. Late in the evening, when the doctor had been and gone, and all anxiety was over for the moment, the brothers sat down to dinner together. Lionel was quiet, but he took his place as master of the house without any hesitation or delay. He gave Gerald a feeling as if he were a steward who would have to give an account of his stewardship; and he made no attempt to apologise for his own absence. After dinner, over the wine, when the servants were gone, he began to talk about himself, and to relate the adventures which had kept him from his place in the world for so many years. He explained how the mistake had been made about his death, and described the events that followed. Gerald listened with a vague feeling that what he heard might be true—or might not—and with a very certain knowledge that, no matter how it had happened, here was his brother, in his rightful place.

What difference would it make to Violet?

In the morning, as soon as he had seen his mother, and found her better, and quite calm, he walked over to Dalrymple Abbey. He told his strange story first to Violet, on whom it made no impression; she was far too much in love to care whether her lover were an earl or a second son, whether he could ask her to be the mistress of Beaumont Court or not.

But it was a different matter when he had to tell it to General Dalrymple, who looked sympathetic, but grave, and would say nothing very definite. Gerald went away very much cast down. The General had said only that of course the wedding must be put off, and that it would be necessary to see what kind of career Gerald would make for himself.

As he walked away he looked back at the house and saw a little lace handkerchief fluttering at the drawing-room window.

"God bless her!" he exclaimed. "She will be true to me."

But from the hour of Lionel's return a change came over his whole life. His mother appeared downstairs in a day or two, and took everything very quietly; but she was not the same. Gerald often saw a look of fear in her eyes, and she seemed constantly apprehensive of some dreadful event. He concluded, as she said nothing as to the reason of her nervousness, that it arose sim-

ply from her knowledge of what Lionel's wild character had been in the past. It appeared to him that she was really afraid, and he left her as little alone as possible.

The business interview with the family solicitor took place, and the Earl assumed all responsibilities; Gerald and his mother played their parts in this, without showing either regret or annoyance. Alone they spoke often of what Gerald should do, but nothing was decided upon immediately. His one anxiety was whether Violet's love would stand the test of the new position of affairs. At first he was certain of this; but later on a dreadful chill of doubt came upon him. Lionel paid her a great deal of attention, and once, in Gerald's presence, spoke of her as a "sweet pretty girl." He caught his brother's glance and laughed recklessly; but after that he was more careful.

There was a house full of visitors at Dalrymple Abbey for Christmas, and on Christmas Eve a ball to which the brothers were to go. Lady Beaumont refused; she desired to be left at home in the house which would soon be her home no longer, for, after Christmas, she was to move into the dowager's house across the Park. There was to be a servant's party, and she said she would like to be present at that.

The Abbey looked its best, decorated in the old-fashioned Christmas style, with quantities of holly and mistletoe; there were numbers within, and waits without. The ball-room was a garden of flowers and beautiful women, but Violet was the fairest of all. Early in the evening she stabbed Gerald to the heart; he could only get her to let him put his name once on her programme, and he saw Lionel's initials more than once. He tried to speak to her, but she turned from him.

"She is changed," he thought bitterly. "I will release her, and leave the country. I must go into a new life and forget all this."

A worn, haggard look came on his handsome young face as he formed this resolution; and it was to him as though his youth had gone for ever when he watched Lionel and Violet dancing together, and saw how bright her eyes were and how she listened to him. He had heard of Lionel that he had a power of fascination—yet it had not seemed possible that Violet's heart could be inconstant! but surely it was so? He determined to ask her for an explanation; and he did so when at last his dance with her came. He begged her to speak plainly—to tell him the truth—did she wish to be free?

"Oh, Gerald!" she said piteously, "don't speak of it now—don't spoil this beautiful evening! Come to me to-morrow afternoon. There is so much I want to say! So much I want you to tell me."

"What can you mean?" he demanded in amazement.

"Not now—to-morrow—only believe in me and in my love."

"What shadow—what poison—has come between us?" he said passionately.

Violet turned from him. He had not insight enough to guess that she feared to break down, to burst into wild tears before her guests, that her self-control was maintained only by a great effort. Fresh guests were coming in, a party from a distant house, and Violet went to greet them. He determined to go, to leave the Abbey; he could bear it no longer. As he went down the ball-room, making his way out, he caught sight of Lionel's face with the strangest expression on it. He was looking fixedly at one of the guests who had just entered, a distinguished looking military man wearing several orders. Gerald could not interpret the expression on his brother's face, and while he paused to watch him, Lionel turned quickly and disappeared.

Gerald sought Mrs. Dalrymple, and told her that he would not leave his mother longer alone; she accepted his excuse for leaving early without much protest. Saddened and in great perplexity he left the Abbey on foot; he intended to walk home through the meadows and the park, in spite of the bitterly cold wind. The feeling of the bleak air seemed to attune with his mood. He walked quickly through the Abbey grounds and along the field path in the meadows till he reached the spot where Lionel had put his hand upon his shoulder that cold November afternoon, and by his every presence had brought a chill and dreariness into all his life.

Just as he reached the gate he felt a hand on his shoulder—could it be fancy! He turned, with a strange and awful feeling of dread upon him, to see Lionel standing beside him, just as he had stood that afternoon. Now he was in evening dress; he wore no hat or overcoat. He looked ghastly in the winter moonlight, which shone cold and clear. What was the matter—what had happened? The cold struck like ice just where Lionel's hand lay on his shoulder, as if the hand were a lump of ice. An awful spasm passed over Lionel's face, so distorting that Gerald shrank back unable to bear the sight of it. A nameless horror, an overpowering fear, took possession of him. It seemed as if a stranger stood before him, a lost soul from hell; and yet he saw his brother's face, his brother's form.

"For God's sake, Lionel, speak!" he cried out, his teeth chattering so that he could hardly pronounce the words. "Tell me what has happened?"

Lionel's only answer was to fling up both arms with a wild gesture of despair, and to stagger like a dying man. His face was so horrible that

Gerald covered his eyes. He thought rapidly as he stood like this for a moment, leaning against the post of the gate. He could only suppose that Lionel was mad with drink, though he had never seen him in that state. Would he be able to get him home? Lionel was the stronger of the two, and in this condition would have an unnatural strength.

He considered how best to manage him, dreading the possible struggle, for he was almost paralysed with cold, a cold that was more intense than that of wind or frost. While he stood thinking like this, for a brief moment, he heard Lionel's voice, very hollow and faint and as if coming from a long way off, utter the three words: "It is over."

He quickly looked up, and found that Lionel was not beside him, nor could he see him anywhere! He at once thought of his mother; if Lionel returned to the Court in this mad state, she would be greatly terrified. With an effort he controlled his shaking limbs and went through the gate and across the Park. The windows at one side of the Court were all ablaze with light, for the servants were dancing in the great hall.

He looked in every direction for Lionel, but could see nothing of him. He tried to go quickly, but found it very difficult, he was so intensely cold. It seemed to him as if he would never reach the hall door and pass through it to the warmth within. He succeeded in doing so at last, and staggered in like one benumbed. He was half blinded by the strong light and confused by the music and laughter. The old butler caught sight of him, and came quickly to take his coat.

"What has happened, sir?" he said, as he saw his white face. "Oh, Mr. Gerald, what is the matter! You look as if you had seen a ghost!"

At that moment the bell was rung, and the butler, standing just by the door, opened it at once. General Dalrymple came in, a strange look on his set face; he had evidently been hurrying, and could not speak for a moment. While they stood like this Gerald's mother drew near him, and laid her hand on his arm.

"Dear!" she said, "what is it?"

General Dalrymple turned to her, and found breath to speak.

"I have terrible news," he said, "I came myself at once to tell you, and I must go back instantly. Gerald, you must come with me. Your brother has shot himself in our conservatory."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Gerald. "He is here somewhere—he was with me only a moment ago, at the little park gate. You must be mistaken."

"It is you who are mistaken," said General Dalrymple. "He is dead."

Gerald turned to the old butler. "Roger," he said, "you were right—I have seen a ghost." "Oh, Master Gerald!" said the man, putting out his arms to save him if he fell, "you look like death yourself."

He guided Gerald to a chair, into which he sank helplessly. The others gathered round him. "You must come back with me," said General Dalrymple, "and I must not stay any longer."

"He can't be dead," said Gerald, suddenly, "you must be wrong. He was with me just now—only a minute before you came—I had only crossed the Park." "He was dead when I left the Abbey—come and see for yourself. Come, rouse yourself, Gerald."

The old soldier's words made Gerald start to his feet.

"I am ready—I will come. Mother, I shall not be long. And I do not believe that Lionel is dead."

General Dalrymple strode out of the door, followed by Gerald, and the two figures hastened away to take the shortest cut to the Abbey. Roger hastily put on his overcoat and followed them muttering "I don't like Master Gerald's looks."

Carriages were driving away from the entrance, to the Abbey in rapid succession; the guests were hastening to leave the house, in which so dire a tragedy had taken place. General Dalrymple went in by a side door, followed by the others, and quickly led the way up a back staircase to the conservatory. There, on the floor, lay Lionel's dead body; he had blown his brains out. Violet stood beside him, her face set and stony; she could not be induced to go away. He had spoken to her the moment before he drew his pistol. She took no notice of anyone till Gerald came; her face changed when she saw him.

"I want to repeat what he said—his message to you—you may understand it—I do not. Just as you left the ball room he came to me. My partner was looking for me—but he drew me quickly away in here, looking so strange I did not like to refuse—and said in a wild way, 'My game is up. There is a man here who knows too much. Tell Gerald for me that I have had a good time in his place, though a short one. It was a desperate game, but it was better to have a good time and end it like this than be a starving tramp to the end of my days.' I turned to leave him, and then I heard the shot! I have told you every word. Do you understand?"

"I understand," said the military man with the orders on his breast, who had been standing near. He came forward now. "Let me

explain; I think only this man's father, myself, and one other, knew him to be a murderer. He evaded justice so cleverly that we believed he was dead. He has now imitated the Japanese criminals and inflicted the death penalty upon himself. It is over. No further word need be said."

"It is over!" Gerald remembered the wild voice which had come to him in the cold moonlight, saying those sad sinister words.

Suddenly Violet burst into wild tears.

"Gerald! Gerald!" she cried, "he tried to poison my mind against you. I almost believed him sometimes—God forgive me that I almost doubted you sometimes. Can you forgive me?"

"Yes, dear," said Gerald solemnly. "It is over."

In the morning light of Christmas day Lionel's body was carried across the meadows to his own home, that beautiful home which he had forfeited. And Gerald, walking beside it, shuddered in the morning air and freshness as he came to the field gate. Again, he seemed to hear the wild voice whisper "It is over," and to feel the icy touch on his shoulder.

In the afternoon he kept the appointment with Violet which had been made before Lionel's tragic death. The meeting was full of a sad sweetness—there was the sense of tragedy and sorrow, but the cloud that had come between them was lifted and gone forever, and the joy of this consciousness was intense. Sitting in the warmth of the blazing Yule log that burned on the earth, they plighted their troth afresh, solemnly, yet in great happiness. "None shall ever come between us again—promise me that," said Gerald, "promise me that."

"I promise, for now and always," said Violet. "No one and nothing shall come between us."

As far as possible the circumstances of Lionel's death were kept quiet, and his funeral passed over without any public comment. Soon he was forgotten, and his dark life was as though it had never been lived. Gerald stepped back into his own place again, and gradually the shadow lifted from his face, youth and happiness re-asserted themselves.

The wedding was celebrated in the summer in the time of the roses—and Violet wore exquisite white rosebuds from the Abbey rosery. The happiness, after the grief and pain, was greater than ever.

AN ENGLISH LADY.

My Reward.

AN INDIAN STORY.

CHAPTER I.



I was dumbfounded. I felt stunned as I stood there. My heart refused its normal office, and my parched lips could not utter a sound. The hour was two o'clock in the morning and gloomy darkness was all around me. Everywhere also was silence, except

in the room, at the door of which I stood trembling; and from this room, intensified by the silence everywhere, came the whispering and low talking of hushed voices. Inside the room was my sick father, and at the door which was slightly open, I stood—I, his daughter, an Indian girl, who had come up, in the middle of the night, to see how he was. He had seemed better in the evening, and my two cousins had promised to watch with him during the night. But I had felt weary and had come upstairs to see for myself how he was, and now what did I see? What were they doing to him?

In the middle of the bed, propped up by pillows, sat my father, his face woefully pale and haggard. Round him, with paper and pen and ink in their hands, hovered my cousins, evil-visaged young men, though I need not say it, who were their own blood-relation. Their low tense voices seemed to threaten him.

"Sign it, sign it, uncle," they were saying, if not—

"If not, what would you do?" Questioned my father with an undaunted air.

"Kill you, choke you, as you lie there."

"You would never dare to. I can call for aid."

"Never dare to? Why not? There is none here to help you. The whole family is downstairs and only a servant is sleeping somewhere outside. Sign it, uncle, you must give the money to us."

"No, I will not. It must go to my daughter. You can do your will with me."

The two men looked at each other. They did not know what to do. Then they advanced closer to my father, their eyes glittering horribly. It afterwards occurred to me to doubt whether they really intended to kill my father. I think they only meant to threaten him. But, at the moment, I could not stop to

think. My heart came into my mouth. But my limbs refused to move. But, with a great effort, I broke the spell, and stumbled into the room with a strangled cry. The two men looked up with scared faces, and then endeavoured to behave as they would under ordinary circumstances.

"What are you doing here, Meenakshi?" they asked, "Why are you not sleeping?"

Before I could reply to them, my father intervened.

"Get away, you cowards," he shouted, "Get away at once."

They slunk out of the room. And then, my father, who seemed much exhausted, turned to me. "Meenakshi," he gasped, "write a letter at once to my lawyer and ask him to come here early in the morning. Send it by Sawmy. He is a trustworthy servant."

Then he lay back gasping on his pillows. I would have gone to him, but the brave old man waved me away.

The Lawyer came next morning and was closeted for a long time with my father. What they did, I did not know. And that evening—unhappy that I am to say it—my beloved father, who was suffering from a bad form of heart-disease, died.

A few days afterwards, I was told the purport of the will. It was that the money, of which there was a great deal, was to go to me, only if I married again—for you must understand that I was a widow. If I did not do so within three years, it was to go to my cousins.

The contents of the will did not surprise me. My father knew that my nature was a conservative one, and that I hated—for I was seventeen years old, and old enough to think for myself—the very thought of widow re-marriage. But he wished to see me under a husband's protection, and he was a social reformer. And he knew he was laying it on me, as a sort of solemn injunction, that I should see that the money was not to go to my cousins. What was I to do?

CHAPTER II.

Gentle reader, the scene is now quite changed. I must conduct you now to another death-bed—my story seems full of death-beds, does it not? My best friend lay dying. I stood on one side of the bed, and on the other side, was her husband, his head bowed with grief, for he also loved her very dearly, as, indeed, who would not love such a sweet, good woman?

All around us was the awed hush of death. Through the open window the soft air came in, bringing with it a faint scent of jessamines. The dying woman, whose eyes were almost closing in the last long sleep of death, moved her head uneasily on the pillow. Then she turned to her husband and motioned him out of the room.

"Meenakshi" she then whispered, turning to me. "Promise me, you must promise to do your best to help on your marriage with him. Promise, promise."

"But—but—"

"I know. But you must promise a dying woman. Then only I can die happy."

"Yes—I promise; but, only if he asks it—"

"Yes, yes, leave all that alone. I have made him also promise. But he does not know I am speaking to you about it. Will you promise?"

"Yes", I whispered, even while I looked in surprise at her. My poor friend, ever the most unselfish of women, was turning selfish on her death-bed. What an unbearable position mine would be. If ever I hated anything, it was a forced marriage, a marriage without love—though I suppose I had no business to have such ideas in my head, being only an ignorant Indian girl. But I had no time to think of myself. My friend's sweet eyes were on me.

"Forgive me, dear," she gasped, "and now call him."

Her breath rattled in her throat. I rushed to the door and called in her husband.

What need to say more? In a few minutes, she was dead; and oh! the grief of that poor man, how am I to describe it? And he was pledged to marry me. How he would hate the very thought of me!

CHAPTER III.

After my father's death, my mother made up her mind to have our old house, at least for a time. All the preparations were left to me, for, we had no other relations, except our cousins, and they, of course, never came near us much. Now and then they would pay us a short visit, but seldom stayed long. One day, however, I surprised them in a whispered conversation with each other, in a retired corner of our yard. In this yard was our garden of Indian vegetables. They were standing behind a large tall bush of creepers, and they did not see me as I came up on the other side to cut some vegetables for our evening meal. Unwittingly, therefore, I overheard what seemed to be the tail-end of their conversation.

"We must do something," one of them was saying. "We must not allow her to marry again. You have heard all that happened a few days ago, have you not? How her friend made her promise to marry that man, and all that? We must do something now. The money cannot go to her."

"Yes, yes," the other answered. "I have a plan, old man. We can carry it out after they leave this house. Come along, I shall tell it to you," and they moved away.

Much as I disliked eavesdropping, I had been afraid to move or utter a sound, for what would they not do to me, if they knew I had heard them?

When I went into the house, my mother was fretfully looking for me.

"Do you know, Meenakshi," she said, "I do not like your cousins at all. Just now they looked at you with such an expression. They want the money, I think. Well, I suppose it must go to them. What a muddle your father left everything in. I do not wish you to marry again. What possessed your father—"

"Oh, mother, leave all that alone, let us go away to our village and stay there for a year; oh, do let us have our old life again."

So, we left the town of M—and went away to our own old village and lived there for a year. My cousins during all that time, made no sign, and I nearly forgot my suspicions against them. I think I even forgot the whispered conversation I had overheard. During our year of retirement, our house had been advertised to sell, but had only been rented the last few months. Soon the tenants left it again, and we ourselves came back to it and our old life—old, but, with what a difference—a difference of omission and addition. The omission was the absence of my dear father, which nothing, nothing could ever replace. The addition was—let me whisper it to you, reader,—my dead friend's husband, who now came to visit us regularly. At first, he came as my mother's friend and I scarcely ever saw him. Afterwards, I knew he came for me, and I think he began to like me. And I—well, I liked him very much, indeed, though I scarcely ever spoke to him. And somehow my promise to my friend seemed more easy of fulfilment. My scruples about a second marriage were easily overcome, for they had always been a sort of duty-scruples, and besides, had not my father said it was my duty to marry again? My mother's scruples also were easily overcome, and at last, my friend asked her for me and I was promised to him. About the difficulties, which would be raised against our marriage by our Hindu priests, he did not mind at all.

"O let them excommunicate us," he said, "we shall go away somewhere else. How many widow re-marriages are being solemnized now."

Oh, he was a grand man, a brave man!

CHAPTER IV.

But a great misfortune soon overtook us. Our house became haunted. Suddenly, in the night, at the most unexpected times, stones would drop in among us from the roof, and that also in every room. No one could find the origin of these stones. My friend, as I shall call my promised

husband, took every means to get them stopped, but there they were. As for leaving the house, we could not do it, because my mother had a rooted horror to strange surroundings. Besides, she was ill and her will was not to be gainsaid.

"If it is Fate that it should be so, let it be so, child," she would say in quivering tones. "Why should we escape from it? It must be some spirit of our relatives haunting us. I suppose, child," she said eagerly one day, "it is your father. He wants you to get married soon. Let it be done."

Indeed my marriage seemed to be the easiest way out of the difficulty, but soon something happened, which put it out of the question, at least for the present. For, one day I was just opening the door of a room to enter it, when the mention of my name caught my ear and stopped me.

"I tell you it is Meenakshi," Meenakshi alone did it," said some one, whose voice surely was the voice of one of my cousins.

"Meenakshi! It cannot be surely. I could trust her as I trust myself." How my heart leapt at these words, for the voice was the voice of my friend.

"Listen, Sir, it is like this. You know that, like you, we are having the house watched. Well, the other day one of my friends found that Meenakshi cunningly threw the stones when nobody was looking, into the roof, from where they fell down, as if by accident. A doctor can examine her and tell her so, if you like. But I must tell you that it is a case of hysterics. She herself does not know that she is doing such an action."

"Oh! that makes a difference. Still, if it is true—"

"Then, of course, you will still marry her."

"No, I cannot marry her, for, love and respect her as I do and will, I cannot have an hysterical woman as the mother of my children. That is one of my creeds. I shall watch her myself. Good-evening to you."

A chair scraped along the floor, and, turning, I rushed away just in time to escape 'my friend.' In a corner of the garden, I stopped to think. What a horrible tangle it was. So, my cousins had trapped me at last, for of course, the doctor whom they would employ would be believed by them; and I knew my friend's character, how easily taken in it could be. And whatever protestations I could make would be thought 'hysterics' also. What was I to do?

And then, suddenly, another thought struck me. Was I really hysterical? Hysterical people, it is said, are unconscious of what they are doing; was I like that? How horrible! and—yes! let me think! Yes, the stones dropped only in the room where, or near which, I was. Oh! what was I to do?

That night, 'my friend' was sitting in my mother's room, which was lighted only by a dim light. I was just entering in by the door-way, which was rather in a corner. As I set one foot into the room, there was a sudden clatter and about five or six stones dropped into the room. My mother screamed, my friend started up and—looked at me. In sudden alarm, I looked at my hands. Did I throw them? But where did the stones come from in my hands? I had not carried any, and my hands were quite clean. With a cry of joy I rushed in, but he only looked sadly at me and left the room. And then I understood; he had seen me looking at my own hands, and he thought I had really thrown the stones. With a sob I covered my face with my hands, and I too left the room.

And then it was that I made my resolve. I remembered my promise to my dead friend to do all in my power to promote my marriage with her husband. Unmaidenly as it may look, I would remember my promise and fulfil it. I would unearth the mystery.

CHAPTER V.

For some days afterwards, the stones did not fall. And then, they fell generally in only one room and that was my mother's, because that was the only place which my friend would visit and where I also would be. I noticed then one thing. Where they fell, they always fell, from only one point in the roof and that point, every day was the same. This set me thinking. Was there a hole in the roof? In the afternoon, when my mother was sleeping and there was bright sun-light in the room, I got upon the highest chair, I could find and closely examined the roof. Yes, there was something like a large round figure traced in the plain roof of varnished timber. Or was it only fancy? But this was just the point from which the stones usually fell. Then I made a plan of our house, which had an upstairs floor and was more like an old English residence than an Indian one. Yes, there was a room right over the fancied hole, and this room was scarcely ever used. Indeed, I must say, the top floor was scarcely visited by any of us, even for cleaning purposes. This room I noticed was full of lumber, which I was now afraid to have removed, because I thought my cousins might respect anything. Cousins, I say and that with a purpose, for I was sure they were at the root of the whole mystery. And then suddenly occurred to me a conversation I had had with our old servant-woman.

"Amma!" she had asked, "did you ask your cousins to stay in this house, when we were away at the village? I heard that they stayed there and also that they were doing some building work here. I wonder what they did."

As I was afraid to watch above at night near this lumber room, I told my secret to a girl friend I had and asked her to help me. She came, therefore, to spend some days with us, and one night after my mother had gone to sleep, my friend and I stole upstairs and hid in another room, which opened out of the lumber room. The doors of the latter, I had noticed, opened on to the verandah, which led to the back staircase. On the first night, there was no result, neither on the second. But we persisted in our watch on the third night also, though we were heavy with sleep, and we were rewarded. Towards the middle of the night, stealthy steps sounded outside, and a dark figure entered, carrying a bundle in his arms. He came to the lumber room, lit a small lantern, removed a piece of furniture in a corner, raised the matting, and stooped down. We could not see very well after this, but he seemed to be inserting a key and then lifted up a square plank of wood. Then he produced a long piece of rope from his bundle and some stones. With the stone he lowered gently, one by one, some stones into what appeared to be a long tubing or passage. And then quietly he shut the square door, re-arranged everything as it was, and stole away.

What more need be said? When my friend appeared next day, I told him everything and we arranged a plan. I appeared as usual in my mother's room. Soon the stones clattered down, and then, side by side, we raced upstairs, and caught my cousin red-handed. He was removing a long pole from the tubing, with which he had pushed open the little opening into the roof. After the stones had been thrown, the opening was made fast by a rope, and the stick, which was a jointed one, was separated into its parts and hidden away.

CHAPTER VI.

But more difficulties cropped up. My friend, of course, apologised to me for his want of trust. But he came no more to our house. What was the matter? Did he consider me too forward and too unmaidenly in my behaviour? I felt sick with doubt and fear. But I could do nothing more, I could only wait and see.

But my riddle was soon solved. One day, my cousin came shamefacedly to me, and after apologising for his treacherous work, said he had something to tell me, which was for my benefit.

"I know you will think we want your money," he said; "what are we to do? I shall just tell you the truth. Your intended husband thinks you are marrying him in order to make sure of the money. Now, why can you not wait and complete the three years, so that there may be no question of the money?"

"And leave the money to you?"

"Yes," was the brazen answer.

"Very well, you can have it. I am only hesitating, because my father did not wish you to have the money. But I do not think the stuff is worth making such fuss about. I shall never get married."

So I wrote a letter in my mother's name to 'my friend,' saying that it was better that the marriage should be broken off. This brought him in a hurry to our house, with entreaties to reconsider our decision, to all of which I answered that it was not to be for another year, which would complete the three years mentioned in my father's will. And then you ought to have seen his face change.

"You are a good woman, Meenakshi," he said, taking my hand. "Now I can trust you absolutely and now I can love you and not be sorry for putting you in my dead wife's place."

CHAPTER VII.

A closing word. When the three years were completed, 'my friend' wrote to the lawyer, in my name to hand the money over to my cousins. But to this the lawyer made a startling reply.

"The money is even now yours," he wrote to me. "It was a ways yours; but my client thought it wise to put in the condition about your marriage, in order that you may be forced to marry again. I was not, however, to mention the truth to you. All is well that ends well and my fair client is rewarded richly for her patience and perseverance and careful thought."

AN INDIAN LADY.

FLOWERS FROM THE GARDEN OF YOUR HEART.

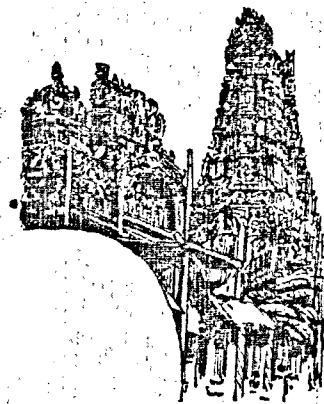
Hope, that blossom always springing,
Hope that always makes us strong,
Coming with its whispered message
Courage! skies will clear ere long.
Sometimes as the sun grows hotter
Hope grows faint with long delay,
But its roots are deeply planted
Do not fear! 'twill last the day.

Love, that strange persistent blossom,
Growing, none can tell us how,
Till its beauty bursts upon us,
Thrilling with its scent and glow.

Memory, who would be without it?
With its thousand tendrils twined,
Clinging to the past like ivy
Wreathing all the gaps behind.

Watch it, train it, keep it holy,
Clear the ground where it will spread
So that it may still be lovely
When the summer flowers are dead.
And of all that grows to bless you
Give to every one a part.
So shall richer blooms and sweeter
Fill the garden of your heart.

Some Notes on a Tour in Northern India.



PERHAPS the readers of the Indian Ladies' Magazine would like to read a few notes I made of some of the things, which specially interested me during a tour taken lately in the north of India. We went from Bombay to Ahmedabad and on to Mount

Abu. This pretty little hill-station is seventeen miles from the railway and the tonga takes one by a lovely road winding steeply up the 5,000 ft. to the top. Mount Abu rises out of the plain by itself at one end of the Aravalli Mountains, geologically the oldest part of India. It is not too high for palm-trees to flourish ever at the top and they greatly soften the views of the bare rugged hills, rising all round with their bold fantastic outlines. Near by is the famous Dilwarra temple, built by a Jain merchant early in the 11th century A. D. It is said that he paid for the price of the land on which it is built as many rupees as would cover it, that the building cost 18 crores of rupees and took twenty years to complete. These figures do not seem extravagant certainly, when one sees the exquisite carving covering every inch of wall and ceiling and pillar. The whole building is of marble, floor and all, of a rich creamy softness making it look like ivory. The effect of ivory is greatly increased by the minuteness and delicacy of the carving. The pillars in front of the inner shrine and the roof they support are particularly beautifully carved and some of the patterns are so intricate that in the distance one might imagine that the most exquisite lace had been thrown over the marble. Round the courtyard in a great square are shrines innumerable. The figures in all these are identical and all of the same saint, following the usual Jain custom. The Porticoes in front of the shrines, all of the same size and adjoining each other, form long cloisters, but every pillar is carved with a different design and each roof is different from any other. Some have one large figure boldly carved taking up the whole square; others are divided into rows of figures in low relief representing people in domestic or warlike

scenes, animals, gods, etc., and others again in beautiful geometric designs. One might spend hours studying the wealth of design in detail. We unfortunately had only a very short time to spare for both parts of the temple. We also saw a great number of marble elephants there, about a quarter the size of life, exceedingly well carved even to the bells on their howdah cloths.

The road by which pilgrims originally went to this temple was on the other side of the hill to the one made in more recent times, which is always used now—the older one was a good deal damaged in the times when the Mohammedans were over-running Rajputana and in their zeal destroying every Hindu temple they came across. Mount Abu was not an easy place to get to in those days and fortunately the Dilwarra temple was guarded by a determined set of men who made every preparation to prevent their enemies destroying their beautiful place of worship. They energetically piled enormous rocks near the most difficult places in the road, partially blocking it and keeping a reserve to roll on to the heads of any rash and daring invaders of their territory. But the Mohammedans contented themselves with razing to the ground a large town on the plains not far off which had over fifty temples in it, all with more or less wonderfully carved Marble in them, which had been in great part built by the very men who had worked so long and so successfully at the Dilwarra Temple.

From Mount Abu we went on to Jaipur, the pink and white city, and from there made a jolly expedition to Amber. We started off from our hotel at 6-30 A. M. in a fine Caroucke and pair. There was a delicious crisp feeling in the air and the sun had barely risen, so we were glad of our big coats. We drove right through the city, under the great pink and white gate, and along the wide streets with the curious pink and white houses on either side, past the huge cream and gold gate leading into the palace, with now and then a camel wandering past and now and then enormous painted elephants. We were not at all surprised to see them, for we could not get rid of the feeling that all we saw was stage scenery and that we were wandering through some vast show, a theatre or a circus. It didn't seem real, or as if real people could be leading their every-day lives behind these pink walls. Being so early, the streets were almost deserted, the time to see them is in the afternoon when they are seething with people dressed in every colour of the rainbow. We drove through the Amber gate, a large, plain white-washed one, with two pretty kiosks on the top, and along a sandy road with a few stunted trees. We saw several peacocks, dainty, beautiful creatures they are.

crowd of monkeys playing in some trees and along a wall, hooting and chattering—most amusing. At last we came to a wall and a gateway, and here we had to get out of our carriage and mount an elephant. Such a fine elephant he was, too, in gorgeous red and yellow trappings. We went up a steep hill, and as we got higher, we could see Jaipur in the distance looking lovely in a film of mist, with its ridges of hills about it. We went down a hill and along a flat piece with hills on each side of us. One of the ridges kept the sun off us all the time till we were actually in Amber itself. Such a curious old town it must have been, built up steep hills, with walls and fortified towers running all along the tops of the sharp ridges.

It does not look so very ruinous at first sight, and one can quite well imagine its funny steep little streets full of gaily clothed natives, and courtiers in glittering attire perched aloft on solemnly pacing elephants or camels in gorgeous trappings. The old lake, which was such a lovely feature of the place, has shrunk to an insignificant little tank. The guide told us that for ten years they have not had an adequate rainfall. Still, even in that small piece of water, the steep hill-side with the gleaming white palace and the old red fort above it are very prettily reflected. Our big elephant pursued his stately and solemn progression very cautiously down the steep streets and then up a narrow flagged way, up and up, with many a grunt and adjuration from his Mahout, till at last we turned in at a great white gateway and were in a large and pleasant courtyard, with some green trees in it and the white palace walls all round. Here the elephant ponderously knelt down, the guide's warning, "Hold on, please, ladies," being very necessary as his huge bulk gradually subsided hind end first.

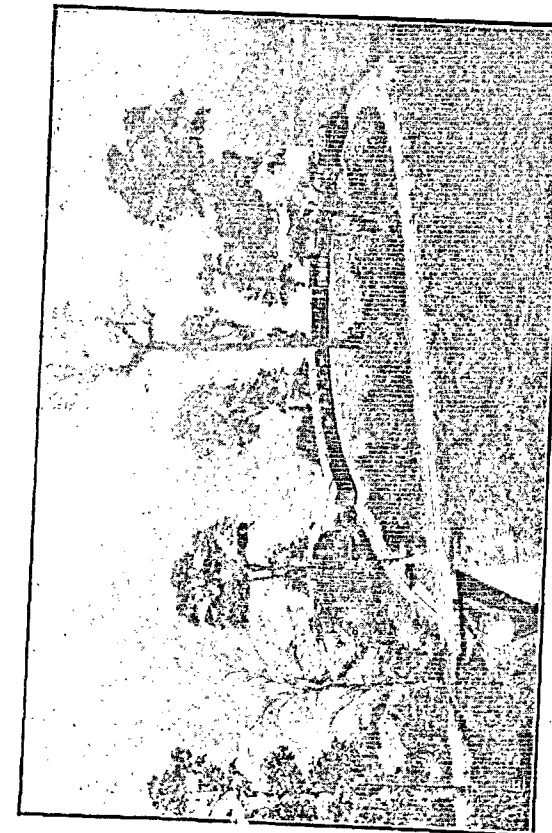
Then we went into the palace, first going to see a temple in which a goat is sacrificed every day to the goddess Kali. It is only 400 years ago or thereabouts that the Maharajah substituted this sacrifice for the human ones which up till then had been the rule. From there we passed on into the Palace. It is a large place and very pretty with an inner courtyard with thick shady trees making a cool little garden and with lovely views from most of the rooms and turrets. The zenana had much more outlook than in a great many of the old palaces, but even so the inside was jealously guarded from the eyes of outsiders. The small carved windows were either high, high up over the blank outer wall, or in the ones facing inwards overlooking the courtyard and audience hall, the slits were so arranged that though the women could look out it was impossible for any one outside even to see the glitter of an eye inside. Most of the palace was white

plaster or stucco, painted in some parts, but a few of the rooms were entirely lined, walls and ceilings, with glass, all that is, except a dado 3 ft. high, which was of marble deeply carved with bowls of flowers. The marble floor and lovely marble carving made a great contrast in its artistic richness to the tawdry splendour of the bits of looking glass stuck into plaster above it. The Diwan-i-am was a fine hall with marble pillars, but the effect was spoiled by the outer ones being all of plaster. This, however, was due to the freak of a jealous Emperor, not to the original builder who made the outer pillars of the most beautifully carved red sandstone. They were so minutely and exquisitely done that the fame of them reached the Emperor Aurangzeb. He was furious that there should be anything more beautiful than his palaces at Agra and Delhi, so he sent his lieutenant to destroy them. Fortunately, the Jaipur rajah heard of his visit in good time and had all his precious pillars covered with a thick coating of plain white plaster and so saved his Hall of Audience. In one place a glimpse of the red sandstone can be seen where the plaster has been chipped.

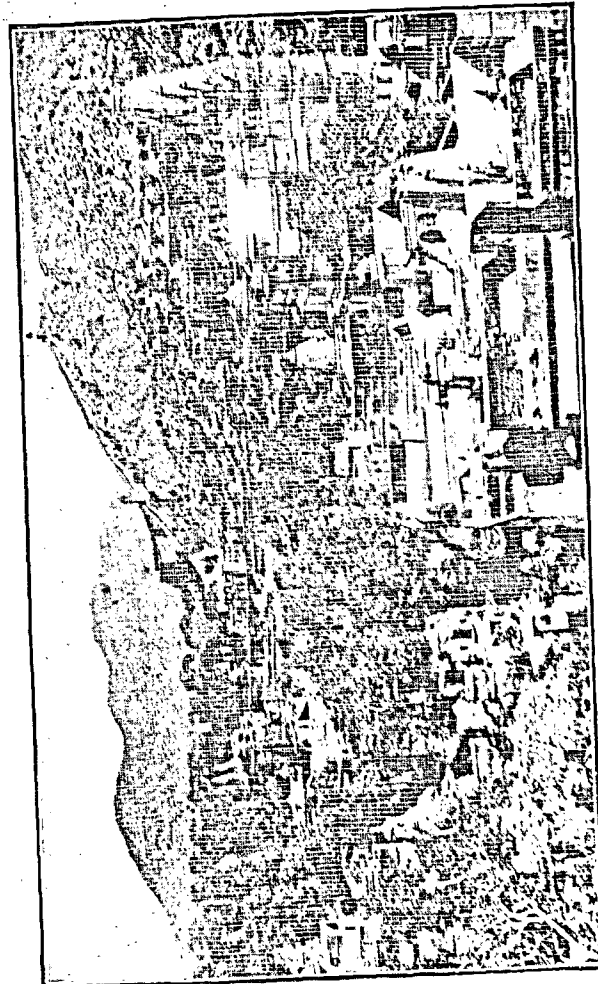
We saw the zenana bathing room, which had a lovely big deep marble bath, square, with a couple of steps leading down into it, but such stuffy little holes there were for dressing-rooms and such a dark stifflly passage to go down to it. After this, we went on to the roof and saw the platform where the old rajahs used to hold a council every full moon night. How exquisitely beautiful it must have been there, but quite impossible one would imagine to think out sane and matter-of-fact problems of Government in such sentimental surroundings. The view from there is really lovely, looking down over the roofs of the houses perched on the hill sides far below and away between two ridges of hills to a plain with more hills in the distance, looking in the morning mist for all the world like cliffs rising out of the sea.

Going back we took a short cut across the old Palace Gardens and looked straight down into the remains of the lake and counted eleven Muggers, lying there so motionless that they might have been inanimate ridges of grey rock. We met our elephant at the other side of the Gardens and he ponderously paced the one or two miles back to our carriage. This was the hottest part of the expedition, as the sun was now blazing down on us.

We left Jaipur at the witching hour of midnight and did not have a bad journey, as it was quite nice and cold, though of course extremely dirty and dusty. We reached Delhi at 7-30 in the morning. Next day was the last Friday in Ramazan, so we had the good luck to see the



A LOOP IN THE D. H. RAILWAY.



AMBER CITY.

prayers at the Jumma Musjid on the day when it is more crowded with worshippers than on any other in the year. We arrived just at 12 o'clock at the great gate and the streets were swarming with gaily-dressed Mohammedans. With some difficulty we made our way up the long flight of steps and up some steep stairs in the gateway itself, until we reached an alcove exactly opposite the great arch of the mosque. From there we looked down on a wonderful sight. The whole of that great courtyard was packed with men, the mosque itself was full of them, and all the cloisters and their roofs. Men were pouring in, on and on, till we wondered where they could stow themselves. We had to wait over an hour and it was very, very hot and we were extremely tired and dusty after our 22-mile drive to the Kutab Minar and back, but it was well worth the waiting. Suddenly every one there rose to their feet and the noise which had been like that of several parrot and monkey houses rolled into one, was hushed, and there was a great silence. It was unfortunately marred by the squalling of several infants in the purdah part just below us, but even so, the silence after the noise was very striking. Then there came a unanimous shout or rather chant in a monotone and that vast multitude fell on its knees with one movement. There must have been well over 15,000 worshippers there, and the general effect looking down on them was a mass of white with splashes of lovely colour here and there. When they all simultaneously rose to their feet it looked like an enormous surf breaking on the shore. They stood silent with bent heads and then, with another long shout, they "fell on their faces," literally, and remained with their foreheads touching the ground for several seconds and again with one movement rose to their feet. This happened two or three times and then the worship was over. It was far and away the most impressive sight I have seen. They were all so reverent and devout. To see those thousand moving to one impulse was extraordinary.

We saw a great deal in Delhi and in other towns on the way to Calcutta, but I will pass over that and jot down a few of my impressions of the journey to Darjeeling. Our train left Calcutta at 5 o'clock in the afternoon and as we steamed north, there was a gorgeous red-gold sunset flaming sometimes across great level stretches of ripening crops and sometimes behind huge factory chimneys, their ugliness softened in the evening light. At 8 o'clock we reached Damukdia and there had to get out of our train; there was no platform or anything, we just had to jump to the ground as best we could, follow where the crowd seemed to be going, the place lit only by flaring oil torches at long distances from each other. As we hurried

along suddenly, a bank ended abruptly and we had a search-light straight in our eyes. It simply blinded us and we stumbled down a slope and across a curious long gangway on to a kind of ferry-steamer packed with coolies all dashing round erratically. Presently, we moved out to the steamer on which the search-light was and found dinner ready for us on board. While we were dining, our first ferry went back and took more coolies and luggage aboard and then came alongside again and was lashed to our steamer. Then off we started to cross the Ganges. We glided along so smoothly and it was fascinating watching the search-light playing across the river from bank to bank. About twenty minutes after we had started, going slightly up the river as well as across to the opposite shore, we reached Sara Ghat and were lucky enough to get off first and so avoid the frantic rush of coolies. We reached our train quite comfortably and settled ourselves down for the night. We reached the foot of the hills soon after 6 o'clock and had tea at Siliguri, which was the base of the operations of the Expedition to Lhasa. There we had to get into the funniest little toy Railway imaginable. The gauge is 2 ft. which gives some idea of its size. It has a little baby engine which fusses away, tearing along at 7 miles an hour. It can go 16, but is not allowed to! The line goes in the most fantastic curves and zig-zags and more often than not you are watching your own engine round the next corner. It looks as though every minute it must turn round and look you straight in the face like a restive tandem leader. Two or three times the train loops a loop and you cross a bridge over the very line you were running on the minute before. The scenery up the Ghat is very, very beautiful. Just as we steamed out of Siliguri we caught sight, quite unexpectedly, of a great white snow-peak just showing over the lower blue ranges. Our first sight of the Himalayas! We saw the tops of peaks glittering white several times coming up that railway, but only glimpses of them, shut out quickly by the hills towering immediately above us. By the time we reached Darjeeling, the snows were hidden by great banks of cloud. The first part of the Ghat is through primeval forest and it was quite enchanting going along with the early morning sun glinting through the great trees in some parts and in others not able to penetrate the thick green tangle of creeper and tree. As we rose and got above the forests the scenery was very grand, indeed, but the tea-gardens covering all the nearer slopes gave the hills rather a bare look. We had breakfast at Kurseong, half-way up, and then our dear little train ran right through the middle of a village. The

street was so narrow, that we could have touched the houses out of the train on either side. After that we passed through several most quaint villages and the line mostly ran along the road or, more strictly speaking, the main path. We mounted and mounted till we came to a place with the goblin-like name of Ghoom, 7,500 ft. above the sea and then we dropped 600 ft. into Darjeeling.

Darjeeling is built, like most of the northern hill stations, on a ridge, with the houses one above the other and steep zig-zag roads from one to the other. No carriages can go on the narrow and steep, though well-made, paths which do duty for roads. One gets about in rickshaws or on ponies or can be carried in dandies. We came up from the station in rickshaws and our coolies were fine sturdy men from Bhutan. They are Mongolians and the Chinese type is certainly very ugly. Still, I daresay one might quite grow to like them, in spite of their queer faces, because they are so jolly and good-humoured. They are always chatting away and joking with each other with broad grins and cheery laughter. It makes one feel quite merry just to look at them. They all wear bracelets of beads and large round earrings, or else a lump of turquoise held in place by a red bead behind the ear. The women are gay laughing creatures too, with numberless bracelets and ear-rings and necklaces. They do most of the carrying, and their loads are fastened with a broad strap which comes across their foreheads. It looks a most uncomfortable arrangement, but they do it from babyhood and can carry the most astonishing weights.

Two days after we arrived in Darjeeling, we set off to see the sun rise on Mount Everest. We had to go to the top of a hill, six miles away, called Sanchal. We were called at 3 A. M. and hastily dressed in our thickest and warmest garments. Scugly wrapped up with hot water bottles to our feet in the dandy and hot tea inside us, we did not feel the cold, but it was really bitter, and when it became light enough to see we found the ground covered with hoar frost. When we left the hotel it was quite dark as the moon had just set. It was so weird starting off at that hour in those curious chairs carried by the quaint Bhutia coolies. It was beautiful starlight above, and below us were the lights of the town, down, down the side of the ridge, all else darkness and silence, except for the almost continuous chatter of our coolies and the patter of their softly clad feet on the path. Presently our guide joined us and preceded us on his little hill pony. First, we went up, up, up, and the fir-trees in groups here and there showed black against the star-lit sky, then we went down a long slope and the east lightened and the faintest

red showed along the horizon.—In a few minutes we could make out the huge gorge along the top of which we were going. Then we passed through a bit of a village just walking up and then came a long ascent. The sky lightened and lightened as we watched and the stars slowly faded out. We caught a glimpse of Kinchingunga looking eerie away up in the sky, just the snow showing faintly white in the earliest dawning. Then we wound up and up twisting and turning up a narrow steep path enclosed by trees most of the way. Every now and then we would catch sight of a beautiful peep of Kinchingunga clearer and more clear as the day broke. On the other side we looked down, down over hills to the plains, but it was all dim and faintly blue. At last, it became quite light and we could distinctly see our coolies and each other. We were much agitated, fearing lest the sun should rise before we reached the top. The east was red and then all the sky was pink and we saw Kinchingunga flush the most perfect rose-colour, then up came the sun, a glorious red and that instant we gained the top of Sanchal. There before us was one of the wonders of the world, the mighty array of Kinchingunga and the giant peaks near by, all over 13,000 ft. dazzling white, to the east of them a great semi-circle of peaks, all over 12,000 ft., though not reaching the snow-line of 17,000 ft., and to the west more snow-clad peaks, but only showing their heads over a nearer dark range. One of these was Mount Everest himself, 120 miles away certainly, so even his 29,002 ft. did not look very imposing, but it was he himself, the highest peak in the world. The first instant the guide pointed him out to us, he was dim and grey, the next the sun had touched him and his snows flushed faintly and then shone clear and white. Sun-rise on Mount Everest. It was beautiful, but for magnificent, soul-satisfying beauty, I have never seen anything like that sunrise on Kinchingunga. The whole of that mighty mountain was as clear as could be, from the wonderful white peak high in the sky to the rocky foot, down far, ever so far below us. All below the shining white snows was of the most lovely amethyst colouring with the level rays of the sun glancing across the chasms. Truly one of the wonders of the world, and one which I should advise anyone who had the opportunity on no account to miss seeing for themselves.

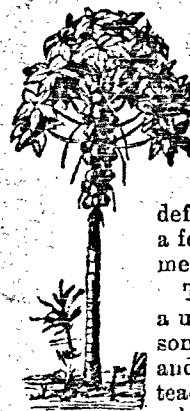
K. M. ROHDE.



Some observations on the System of Education in England and India.

BY MISS FYZEE " (Shahinda) "

Who has lately returned from England.



IN India we have no system of training teachers for elementary or secondary educational institutions, and if there is any, it stands in a very peculiar position and unknown. It is difficult to see what argument would defend the absence of so important a feature for progress or advancement of the nation.

There are many who believe that a university graduate is a fit person to hold the responsible office and needs no special training as a teacher; as, having been in a public school himself, he is in a position to judge what should be imitated and what avoided. This is as reasonable as if a patient who has undergone the treatment of a doctor would suddenly assert that he can now make an excellent physician. A boy may not be a critic of the master's method. He is naturally led away by his immature ideas which are very exaggerated and may be right or wrong. College boys are invariably extravagant admirers of one or two of their masters and they imitate them even to a fault. Of the others, they have mere vague recollections.

It may be objected that training colleges produce stereotyped teachers, rigid, cold and of mechanical uniformity. But the material has been unpromising and the ordinary teachers have perhaps not the versatility and independence of mind usual in the aspiring graduate. But, on the other hand, a trained teacher has always an advantage over the others on certain points. He is cool and sure and able to command respect and attention in a big disorderly class room in a very short time. Indeed, the highest form of teaching is imported in such a way, that the pupil is unconscious of the process. The greatest merit of the teacher lies in securing his own effacement, and more specially when the pupil begins to think that he has acquired knowledge by his own efforts. There are no body of men on whom higher responsibilities and duties lie than teachers and, probably, no other professional men who carry their work into their

lives to such an extent. The boy is ever with them. He engages their minds even in their vacations or spare moments and enters their homes and families.

In India, the practice of a large school is made up of survivals of traditions, good, bad, and indifferent, lasting beyond the needs and requirements which had brought that practice into existence. A grinding process goes on, while the school-masters have neither the time nor the inclination to review the whole system periodically and carefully think out a plan which would meet the demand of the age. This narrowness or inertia demoralizes any scheme for higher excellence; for, in education, committing by heart large masses of prose and poetry in a superficial manner and without understanding is very much in vogue, on the plea that it strengthens the memory. Physical training there is none—the school is no more than a mechanical institution where learning is only afforded sufficient or necessary to future clerkships.

Some great educational re-adjustment is very essential at this juncture, when there is such a clamouring going on from all sides, and it is India's womanhood who must participate in the results of the implied revolution. For, it is the home, not the factory, that fills life with inspiration. Girls must be sent out to Germany to assimilate new thoughts, new ideas, and undergo a course of training—for it is to Germany that the modern science and method of instruction is due. The intellectual atmosphere of India would then be saturated with fresh ideas. The Eastern and Western nations are so essentially different in characteristics, thoughts, mode, etc., that what is true for one, would not be true for the other, and imitation of the West must be carefully avoided. The Eastern nations place their ideals mainly in states of mind or feeling rather than in changes of circumstances. They accommodate their own minds to things external rather than adopt things external to themselves. That is why the Orientals are so reluctant to alter their permanent conditions of lives and this is how a daily routine has been devised, which is followed strictly.

With the Europeans it is different. They are dependent on surroundings, to make them happy, and that tendency has led them to become so active, industrial and progressive, that their lives are busy and full competitions with them are so keen. Scientific discoveries multiply pleasures, and town life with its tremendous rush and maddening changes is so prominent. These are spheres where happiness is sought from without by the indirect method of improved circumstances.

In England, religion has a great hold upon

national life, and Protestantism, always a regulator of conduct, thought and feeling, helps to lessen any reflection upon inner life—unlike any introspective habit of thought which finds its special representation in mysticism and other religions of a contemplative order. The English character, therefore, is essentially an objective one. All their emotions, thoughts, feelings, are habitually thrown on that which is without. They never give free expression to their emotions or feeling. Reticence and self-restraint are most constantly inculcated. The whole tone of society favours it. Any demonstration of grief or sorrow so natural in other countries is not considered the proper thing in England. The disposition to dwell upon an old grief by protracted mournings and carefully observed Anniversaries, long periods of retirement so common in India, is getting almost extinct from England. On the Continent people are much more natural and attach no blame to any exhibition of thought and feeling. They do not, like the English, turn away speedily from the past and lessen its intensity by translating their emotions into new fields of activity. The spirit of commercialism of the English has so forcibly entered their very souls, that sentiment and romance have been completely wiped off, leaving a business-like air—and to such an extent that philanthropy, which is so largely indulged in, is also practised in a practical manner. Fickle fashion exercises an absolute empire over the masses, influencing their education, food, dress, expenditure, amusement, even determining the work they may engage in or the form of beauty they must cultivate.

Another cause which is playing a great havoc in English life is the fierce competition of luxury and ostentation. It is no exaggeration to say that a single society function in London costs an exorbitant sum of money, that, had the same been utilized in a better cause, might have alleviated much suffering or revived an industry.

With the right kind of education and with combined efforts, a harmonious result may be brought about, so as to indulge in fashion, only to encourage habits of life and impart such training as may teach the main conditions of temperance and self-restraint, resulting in a healthy life with high ideals and noble aspirations. No branch of legislation is more valuable than that which is occupied by the wealth of the people. In India the average population is anaemic, living at a low level of health habitually. It is deplorable to think how large a proportion of failures of life in India may be traced to very trivial and insignificant causes, which might have been avoided without much effort. In all civilized countries the average of life has been much raised through sanitary science and medi-

cine. Similarly to raise the level of natural health, in India, sound sanitary conditions must be established.

The Function of Women in the National Upbuilding.



WOMAN is the *annada*, the food-giver of the nation. Physical, intellectual, and moral food should be given to us all by her alone, purified by that unique form of love which she alone can feel for the needy and helpless. The idea of motherhood comprises almost all the tenderest and the noblest ideas possible to man, and it is as mother that woman can render her best contributions towards national reconstruction. For the national expiation, the national

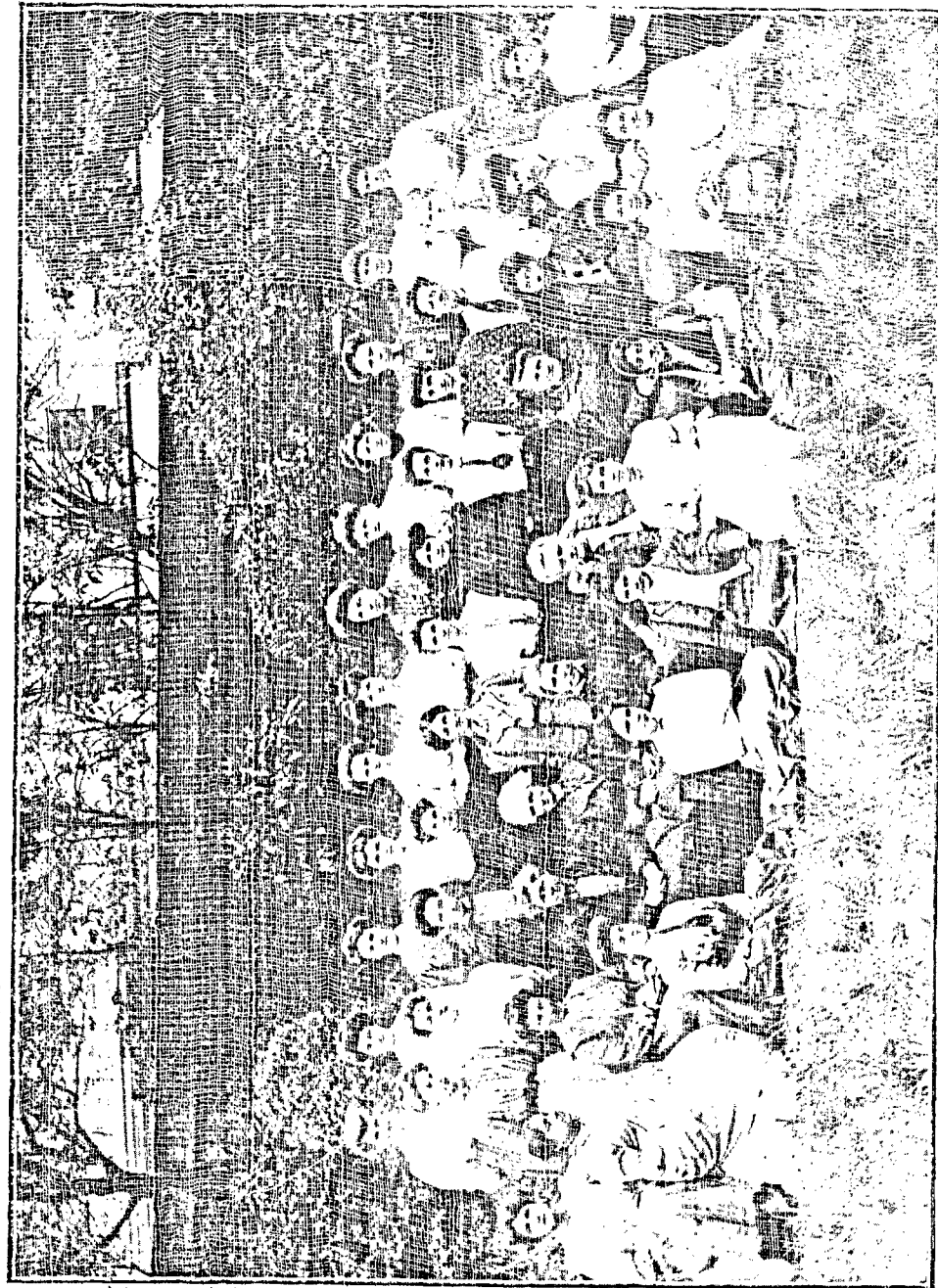
prayaschitta, or purification, which should be the first act in the great drama of Revival, woman's help and co-operation is more essential, than for any succeeding act. It is under the mother's directions and with her blessings that a nation can execute any great thing whatsoever.

National re-making consists, broadly speaking, of the following four items:—(1) Economic revival, (2) social re-arrangement, (3) religious reform, and (4) political remodelling. The very sight of the first three of the above items will suggest to all that the aid, sympathy and co-operation of the mother-heart are indispensable for any the least advance on those lines. Their indispensability for the fourth item also of our programme, although not so patent as in the case of the former ones, can be perceived with a little more careful thought and observation.

We shall, however, hold a moment's survey of the first three parts of the national duty before coming to the fourth. Almost all the enduring impressions and tendencies of the human mind are formed, nurtured and developed in the home. And if woman, the presiding deity of the home, is unfit for or indifferent to the formation of only such tendencies, habits and sentiments, as are helpful or at any rate not injurious to the social and national solidarity, how can such a nation be saved from utter wreckage and ruin? They talk of economic revival; of the cultivation and



The latest photo of MISS FYZEE (Shahinda), who has just returned from England and is contributing an article to our Christmas Number.



A GROUP OF TEACHERS AND STUDENTS IN THE MARIA GREY TRAINING COLLEGE, WHEN MISS FYZEE STUDIED THIS YEAR.

patronage of home-industries in all possible ways. But can we achieve even the most insignificant result in this effort, without the responsive sympathy of our woman-kind? It is gratifying to see that our mothers, wives and sisters are beginning to take a lively and beneficent interest in this matter, but, still, every one of us must distinctly understand that unless the Indian women become ardent and unflinching swadeshites the swadeshi movement would be doomed to failure. Again, how can there be religious or social revival or, if you please, reform, so long as the mothers of the people are allowed to remain in absolute ignorance, content with pre-Adamite superstitions and puerile ritualisms. If you want to rid society from the clutches of custom and priests, the first and the last thing that you should do is to rid woman from those fell clutches.

In all matters, the function of man is to fight for the essential ideas, actualise them, may be even to originate them. But the function of woman is to popularise those ideas, purify and exalt them with the love of her heart, and instil them into the national mind. Woman, as sister, as wife, and most signally as mother, supplies the force which alone can ensure conquest and triumph to the ideas that regenerate societies and nations. Man may or may not be the creator of epoch-making ideas, but woman alone can be the sustainer, the popularizer, in the best sense of the term, of such ideas. Woman is the heart of the social frame. She is the centre of the mysterious and wonderful blood-circulation, which maintains the collective organism. If the heart fails of a proper discharge of its functions, the whole structure is poisoned, enfeebled, disintegrated.

In political re-arrangements, also, woman has to take charge of the same function. Woman must be the popularizer of the civic ideas. She is entrusted with the life and thought of every citizen, every national unit, for the initial and the most impressible period of existence. "The child is father to the man", and almost absolute is woman's power and opportunity to fashion the child-mind as she pleases. Says Cardinal Wiseman:—"Give me the children up to five and you may do what you like with them afterwards". And every woman has the sacred duty, so longed-for by Wiseman, entrusted to her, one may even say, forced upon her, by nature. Political re-organisation is nothing but the appreciation of a higher civic ideal by the body-politic, the totality of the citizens of a country. The higher civic ideal from whomsoever it may first emanate, can be assimilated by the communal consciousness, only if woman so desires. The ideal worshipped by woman to-day, is the ideal of the whole race to-morrow. Political re-organisations involve the

qualities of dauntless courage, of cheerful self-sacrifice and love for great risks. Can these virtues become common in a community, where woman is a creature of fear, nervousness, weakness and cowardice? Changes in the country at large for better or worse, are sure to be pre-indicated by changes in the home-stead and the greatest, divinest revolutions must commence in the home.

It is impossible here to withhold the tribute of a loving and regretful sigh to the memory of the women of Ancient India who were such admirable forces in the constant political recoupments that India had to engage herself in on various occasions. The dazzling galaxy of the Rajput heroines of Muslim India, *Kunti* and *Draupadi* of the Mahabharata, *Ahalya* and the *Rani of Jhansi* of recent times, these and such as these present themselves before the mind's vision, and create an inexpressible feeling of power and immortality, whenever an Indian thinks of politics and the woman of India together.

"What has been shall die away
What was shall again come to pass."

BY AN INDIAN GENTLEMAN.

A Folklore Story.

(Selected.)



EVEN before the existence of the four Yugas (ages) ... before the birth of the nine Brahmas, when sleep did not exist in towns and villages; when Yugas had no time, before the birth of Maheswara (Great God), before the appearance of sky and lightning, before the birth of Gautama (Buddha) and sages, before the appearance of Sathyasagars (ocean of truth), before the appearance of water reservoirs, such as tanks and lakes, when there were no roads, streets, or lanes to towns and villages; before the creation of the world, even before the coming into existence of wells to be defiled by the spittle of fishes, and before the Narayuga (age of mankind), Ammavaru came into existence. Three eggs were laid by Ammavaru in the sea of milk, one by one in three successive ages. The egg laid first got spoilt, the next filled with air, and only the third was hatched. This egg had three

compartments, from which came the three gods (murthis) Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva. The lower half of the egg was transformed into the earth and the upper half became the sky. The king, who assumed the *Avatar* (i.e. Incarnation) of Vishnu, was fed on butter; Brahma was made to live on turmeric, and Siva was fed with the milk of Ammavaru. Then, as they grew up, she made each of the gods put on his forehead characteristic religious marks, and finally built three towns, one for each to live in, and a fourth for herself.

The goddess took special pains to protect her own city. She inclosed it with walls of bronze, brass, and gold; posted at the gates several thousand spirits of various sorts, and among them a barber, a washerman, and a potter. After a time Ammavaru heard that the three kings, Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, were neglecting her worship, so she determined to exhibit her power by destroying their towns. Her resolve was strengthened by an insult offered her by Siva. The god one day called his servant and asked him why people were neglecting the worship of Ammavaru, and was told in reply that they were all calling on his name instead. He then bade his servant go to Ammavaru's town and abuse her, which he did with a will. When she heard of it she smiled grimly, and waxed very wroth. She then dressed herself up in a yellow cloth and yellow bodice, put on copper jewels, a silver waistband, and tied a golden ornament on her forehead, took a deer in one hand, a conch in the other, a small drum in a third and put a snake round her body as a sacred thread. Thus attired she called a durbar, sat down on the dais, and declared that the kings (i.e. the three gods) had grown rebellious, that her *pūja* was neglected and she herself abused. After this little speech, she started off to Devagiri, the town of *Ishvara* or *Siva*, mounted on a jackal, and accompanied by innumerable horses, camels, elephants, and warriors, with all kinds of weapons and palanquins. Drums were sounded during the march. The investment of the town was a quaint proceeding. Besides several kinds of animals, Ammavaru created Ganga-bhavani, River Ganges and a sage to conduct the siege. The military operations of the sage were truly original. Seven Rudrakshas (i.e. demons) were placed on the ground, and on these seven Badrakshis (i.e. devils) and on these needles were stuck to support balls of sacred ashes. Through these balls were driven steel spikes which supported a single-headed Rudraksha with seven seeds of a sacred plant on the top. The sage then put his head on the seeds and raised his legs high up in the air. Birds built their nests on his neck, beetles and bees made their homes in his nose,

plants of all kinds grew round him, and cobras made their abode in his armpits. He remained silent and spoke to no one. What exactly the purpose or effect of these proceedings was does not appear; but apparently they were successful, as Ammavaru moved steadily on and appointed one sister to keep people off the road, and then placed her other sisters, the hundred and one Sakthis (i.e. powers of the world), to keep watch, and also a twelve-headed snake, which coiled its body all round the town, keeping its hooded heads just opposite the gate, and emitting poisonous fumes from its mouths. Then, as she went on in her triumphant march, a mountain was put on guard, forts were created, and Ammavaru descended from her jackal and sat on a throne. A horse was then brought her, drums were beaten, what Shakespeare would call alarms and excursions took place, and the sky was turned into a pestle, and the earth into a mortar. After this general upset of the universe, Ammavaru made the dumb to sing her praises, created some tents with little demons inside who did *pūja* to her, and so finally arrived at Devagiri. Apparently this overwhelming display of military power and science at first crushed all resistance. The heads of the kings (i.e. Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva), who refused to worship Ammavaru, were cut off, also the heads of seven other kings, and then all put on again! One king's throne was made red hot, like the fire in a potter's kiln, and his hair made all bloody, while demons were set to watch the corpses of the slain. Then Ammavaru afflicted the unhappy citizens with many disasters, and started off to attack four other kings. Drums were sounded as before, and then a bloody battle ensued outside the walls of Devagiri. Horses and elephants were slain by Ammavaru, one king felt a bad pain in his chest, as if pierced with arrows, and pains in various parts of his body, and died. Another king took a sword and plunged it into the body of a third king, and both died. Then all the horses and elephants and kings died, and finally Ammavaru brought them all to life again and they all began to worship her. A year after drums were sounded again and she marched with her army to a tamarind tree, where she slept for seven *gadiyas* (a *gadi* = twenty-four minutes) on a cotton mattress. Then nine kings, who had formerly worshipped Ammavaru, gave up doing so and changed the Vishnu marks on their foreheads for those of Siva. This vexed Ammavaru, so she threatened to annihilate the town of Devagiri and then swooned. When she came to, she took a basket without a rim and some herbs and fruits, transformed herself into an old woman and walked to Devagiri. The watchman of the town refused to help to put her baskets on her head, threatened to have her beaten and abused

her soundly. She caused a deep sleep to overpower him, tossed her baskets into the air, caught them on her head and made her way to the gates of the town, which were guarded north, south, east, and west, by four huge demons, with ten thousand crores (a crore = 1,000,000) of men holding canes coloured green, and seven hundred crores holding canes coloured red. A number of them were fast asleep, but she roused them up and bade them open the gates, as she wanted to sell her tamarind and jack fruit in the town. One of them got up and told her that baskets with fruits and curds, beggars and mendicants were not allowed in the town, and added that the people of the town were Lingayats (a numerous sect of Sivaites), people of true faith and good character. The goddess shouted 'O Sudra sisters, living in the east street, O Brahman sisters of the western street, buy fruits from me. Old men eating my fruit will become young, and young ones very handsome.' The watchman was very angry at this and beat her with a green cane. The goddess threw down her baskets, which caused a great earthquake. Then she first turned into a huge giantess and afterwards into a parrot, and said to the watchman, 'You did not recognise me, you have forgotten my might, I will soon show my power.' Ammavaru then disguised herself as a Lingayat, dressed in a reddish-brown cloth, took a wooden pot in her hand, put sacred ashes in her forehead, tied the symbol of Siva on every part of her body, sounded bells and conches, and, saying a loud 'Linga-Nama Sivaya,' approached the gates of Devagiri once more. All the people were amazed at her devotion, prostrated themselves before her and offered her a seat, saying 'O worthy woman, where do you come from? What country do you belong to? Which is your town?' Ammavaru replied, 'I am coming from Yatapaliam. My name is Yata-dari-paduchu, and I am coming from Chittangi land. I am alone without relations in the world. I am a happy woman without a husband.' 'Why do you come to Devagiri?' they asked. Ammavaru replied that during the Krithayuga (age of righteousness) Parameswara (the great god) became a slave to Parvati (wife of Siva), that he was living in Devagiri and she had come to pay her respects to him. The gatekeepers refused to admit her till she had told the story of Siva and Parvati. The goddess then told the story as follows: On the wedding day of Siva and Parvati, the gold and silver bracelets were tied to their wrists, pearls were brought from the western ocean, festoons of fig-leaves were hung up and a cloth was stretched as a screen between Siva and his bride; the faces of Brahma were covered with sackcloth and twelve Vedas were read; but an inauspicious hour was

chosen for the ceremony. After tying the tali (a small metal disc or ornament suspended by a thread, the mark of a married woman) round Parvati's neck, Siva put his foot on her foot, and she put her foot on his. Brahma saw the shadow of Parvati's foot, was filled with unholy desires and disturbed the ceremony by unseemly conduct. Siva grew very angry, abused Brahma and bit off one of his heads. The head fastened on Siva's hand and remained immovable. So he sent at once for a number of Brahmins and asked why he could not get it off. They told him that it was because he had committed murder, which is a most heinous crime, and suggested that he should wander about as a beggar and make pilgrimages to Benares, Rameswaram, and other sacred places, and then receive alms directly from the hands of Lakshmi (the wife of Vishnu). Siva then disguised himself as a beggar and wandered far and wide and at last came to Lakshmi and cried out 'O Adi-Lakshmi Alms! Alms!' She ordered her servants to take him alms, but he refused to receive it except at her hands, and said that Lakshmi was his sister. Then Lakshmi bathed, ordered food to be prepared and served him herself, and at once the skull fell from Siva's hand to the ground. Siva began to run away, but the skull begged that some provision should be made for its future existence, as it had lived on his hand for so many years. Lakshmi then waved *arati* lights (*arati* is a small lamp made of rice flour and used in religious ceremonies) before Siva and gave curry and rice to the skull, which promptly fell towards the north and broke in five pieces, murmuring as it broke that something must be done for it. Siva replied that it might take hold of pregnant women, women during confinement, and babies, and that this would enable it to obtain worship and offerings.

Ammavaru then related how she herself had desired marriage and gone to Vishnu, who sent her to Brahma, who passed her on to Siva. She danced before Siva, who promised to grant her her wish if she would give him the three valuable things she possessed, a rug, some betel leaves, and a third eye. She gave them all to Siva, who at once opened the third eye and reduced her to ashes. Then, filled with regret at the rash act, which involved the destruction of all womankind, he collected the ashes and made them into the form of three women, who became the wives of Siva, Vishnu, and Brahma.

After telling this moving story Ammavaru demanded entrance into the town, but still the gatekeeper refused her admittance, unless she would give him a bribe. So she took off her silver girdle and gave it him and then passed through the gate into the heart of the town,

where she transformed herself into a parrot and sat on a stone pillar. Many of the inhabitants she caused to faint, on many others she sent fevers and other diseases. Then she flew to the Gopuram (tower) of the temple, where nine men were worshipping Siva with his emblem in their hands. Suddenly the emblems became red-hot in their hands, and, dropping them, the nine men cried out, 'O Siva, you are powerless to-day, now we have lost faith in you. Before the moon rise, may your temple be burnt to ashes!' Siva, hearing their cries, came up and threw some sacred ashes over them and touched them with his cane. Then they all got up and said to him, 'O Isvara, listen to our complaints. We have had enough of your *puja*. Some calamity has befallen us. Give us leave and we will go to our homes.' Siva went off in anger to the gatekeepers and demanded why they had admitted strangers. They replied that they had turned back an old woman selling fruit and only admitted a Lingayat woman because she was a devotee. Siva ordered one of the demons to find her, but Ammavaru transformed herself into a girl of the Velama caste and mixed with the Velama women in the Brahman street, and the demon looked for her in vain. Then another was ordered to find her; but this time Ammavaru turned herself into a parrot. When the demon could not find her, he cried out, 'O goddess! Please come! You are the deity of my ancestors. We hear that you have entered our town in the form of a Lingayat.' Then Ammavaru asked him what kind of emblem he meant, saying 'I am your emblem of life.' Then the demon felt bad pains all over his body, as though his chest and ribs were broken, rose up high into the air, flapping his hands like wings, caught hold of the parrot and brought her to Siva. Siva complimented the demon on his success, but said that a female deity should not be brought into his presence. He commanded her to be tied to a red-hot pillar of glass, and crows with iron beaks to peck at her. But no sooner was Ammavaru tied to the pillar than it became quite cool and the beaks of the crows dropped off. Seeing this, the nine worshippers of Siva declared that the goddess was a powerful deity and determined to strike her all together on one side. But their uplifted arms remained fixed in the air and they could not move them. Siva then ordered Ammavaru to be tied to the feet of an elephant and dragged through the street of the town; but as soon as she was tied to his feet the elephant became stiff and stood motionless as a pillar. Then Siva said that she must be thrown on to a frying-pan and fried like grain; so they took her up and threw her on to red-hot plates of glass, which at once became cool water. Ammavaru grew wild with anger at this treatment and whirling round and round became

huge as a mountain and then once more turned into a parrot and addressed Siva thus: 'O Siva! You failed to recognise me, but you will soon see my power. O rajas and princes! Now at last will you worship me?' The rajas and princes cried out, 'O Ammavaru! We will not worship a female deity, we will not lift our hands and salute a goddess, we will not chant any other name except Linga-Namasivaya, we will not think of you as a goddess.' Ammavaru replied, 'Never mind my worship. I am a daughter of Kasigotma. I was born in Valampuri. I was bred at South Virakambhodi. I am living at Ujjaniman-kali-patnam. I was worshipped at Devagiri. I left Valampuri and came to rule at Ujjanimankali for a time. There are nine Siva Nambis who used to worship me. They gave up my *puja* as soon as they became prosperous. In their pride they gave up wearing *linamani* marks (the religious mark of the Vaishnavites on the foreheads) and took to sacred ashes (one of the Sivaite marks). They are now worshipping Siva in Panchalingala. Bring them to me and I will leave your town.' The nine rajas replied that they would do nothing of the kind. Then Ammavaru in her wrath threatened to destroy the town. Siva declared that in no circumstances should she be worshipped as a goddess and that she might do her worst. Then Ammavaru did her worst and greatly troubled the people. From east to west crows flew over the town in vast flocks. A strong wind arose and there was a storm of rain that lasted seven *gadiyas* (a *gadi* = twenty-four minutes). The people had coughs, and fevers; small-pox and other epidemics spread rapidly; horses, elephants, and camels were afflicted with disease; pregnant women suffered severe pains, babies could not take their mothers' milk. For these seven *gadiyas* the town suffered terribly. All the gardens were destroyed, all flowers and plants were destroyed by white ants, all leaves by insects and bugs, all the wells and tanks were dried up. The dead bodies, heaped upon carts, were carried out by the northern gate to the burning ghat, five princesses swooned, and at last the nine rajas repented and began to abuse Siva, 'Before the moon shines may your throne become red hot! May your matted hair, wet with Ganges water, become red with blood! May your fortress of Panchalinga take fire and burn! May your pot break into pieces! May your necklace snap asunder! May your cane, held by your son, split in the middle! May you lose the Ganga on your head! May your shrine be filled with blood! May your gold and silver emblems be bathed in blood!' Siva does not seem to have been a bit dismayed at this dreadful curse. He went to the gates of Devagiri, sat upon a golden chair and brought back to life all the corpses,

marked with the sacred ashes, that were being taken out through the northern gate. The other corpses he left to their fate. Ammavaru then began to think that Siva must indeed be great, but determined to put him to another test. She created a field of sacred plants and made the plants assume the form of human beings. Plucking some of these she tied them together, put them on a car and sent them to Siva. The god threw some sacred ashes on the car, touched it with his cane and all the stalks became living men, chanting 'Hara, Hara' (a name of Krishna). When they asked for food they were told that they might wander over the country, and would then get food in the shape of offerings and sacrifices. Ammavaru then went off with all her drums and instruments to Kuntalasaman, the town of Brahma, where she hoped to find three kings worshipping her. They all received her kindly, treated her with great respect and worshipped her. Satisfied and consoled with this

she returned to her own town of Ujjanimankali. From there she once more went up to Devagiri as an old woman, about a hundred years of age with fruit for sale, and entering the town without hindrance, began to sell fruits and flowers. The rajas asked their price, and she said she would sell the flowers for their weight in gold, and by this means took away all the wealth of the town, while the nine kings were doing *puja* to Siva. Then the nine kings came to the town of Ankalahavatha (another name for Ammavaru) riding in clouds, to steal flowers from her garden. As they were plucking the flowers, Ammavaru seized them, took them off to an open space, where she had erected stables of gold, silver, and diamonds, and impaled them in such a way that their blood could not curdle and no flies could touch them. She placed her steed, the jackal, to guard the corpses and thus vanquished her enemies.

Our Needle Work Column.

HARDANGEN EMBROIDERY.—(Continued.)



FIG. I.

Fig. I. In this pattern worked upon Hardangen we have a very simple design in two stitches only—outlining stitch, and the darning

or weave stitch. The outlining stitch is worked in groups of five over 4 threads, and the darning or weave stitch for the barring over

4 threads, cutting away 4 threads. An effective little cloth can be worked in this pattern, allowing seven diamonds to a side. The end diamond

forms its own corner; a two inch hemstitched border makes a nice finish.

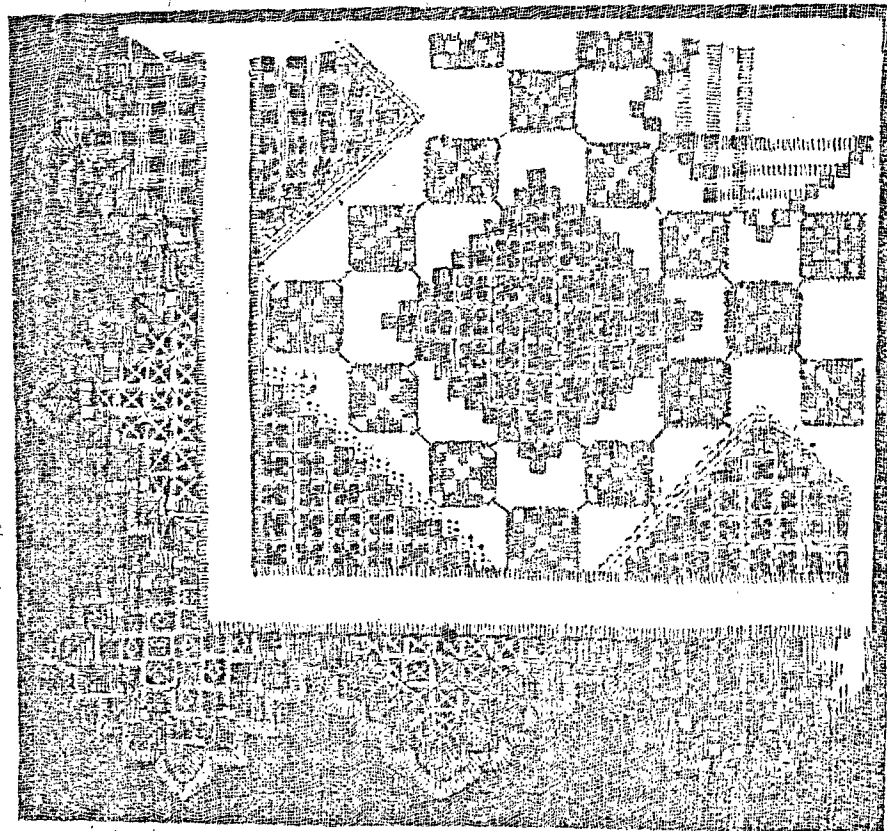


FIG. II.

Fig. II. This shows a very effective design for an afternoon tea cloth, introducing the picot stitch and lace filling, and a twisted bar stitch. Also some back stitch outlining. The cloth can be made any size wished by worker, and

is not at all difficult of execution. Observe the particularly effective edge of button hole and satin stitch, the button hole stitch being taken over 4 threads of canvas.



Our Cookery Column.

ONION TART.

INGREDIENTS.

—One pound of Spanish onions, two ounces of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, one cupful of milk or cream, three eggs, salt and pastry as in the former recipe.

Peel the onions and cut them in slices, or chop them coarsely. Put the butter in a frying-pan and fry the onions a pale golden colour, strew the flour and salt over them and then stir in the eggs and milk or cream.

Now prepare your pastry, line a buttered pan with it and fill up with the onion mixture, and bake in a hot oven for half an hour. A delicious supper dish.

For the pastry: one pound of flour, six ounces of butter, a pinch of salt, two pounds of apples, one cupful of milk or cream, two eggs, one teaspoonful of mixed spice, half a cupful of powdered sugar and, if liked, a squeeze of lemon.

Mix the butter into the flour with the salt and make into a paste with the addition of a little water. Knead this paste thoroughly with the knuckles, and then roll out to the thickness of about an inch, line a large open pan with this pastry.

COFFEE CREAM.

Ingredients.—One pint of milk, a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar, two ounces of coffee, yolks of four eggs.

Cook the milk with the sugar, and when boiling, beat into the eggs, roast the coffee, crush it to powder or take two spoonfuls of coffee essence, mix it in the custard and serve in a glass dish with quince jelly adornment. If you haven't quince jelly, red-currant will do as well, or a little whipped cream.

Another cream in which only the yolks of eggs are used is the following:—

BROWN SUGAR CREAM.

Ingredients.—One pint of milk or cream, a quarter of a pound of sugar, the yolks of four or five eggs.

Cook the moist white sugar in a brass pan until it is golden brown, stirring continually, pour then half a cupful of water in the sugar, and add

then the cream of milk. Let it boil. Meanwhile beat your eggs well, and when the sugar mixture boils, stir it into the eggs. A little flavouring of vanilla or lemon-peel may be used, but is not at all necessary, the burnt sugar giving a delicious caramel flavour by itself.

VANILLA MILK.

Ingredients.—One pint of milk, one tablespoonful of arrowroot or ordinary flour, two eggs, one tablespoonful of white moist sugar, and flavouring of vanilla.

Mix the flour of arrowroot with cold milk, and then add it to the other milk, which must be boiling. Add the sugar, vanilla and the eggs, which must have been well beaten. Stir well and serve before the eggs have time to curdle. It is better to add the eggs at the last moment, when the cream is already thick. Serve hot or cold.

CHOCOLATE BLANCMANGE.

Ingredients.—Two ounces of cocoa, or two bars of chocolate, two tablespoonfuls of arrowroot, two ounces of moist white sugar, one and a half pints of milk.

Mix the arrowroot and powdered chocolate well together with a little cold milk or water. Boil the milk, add the chocolate and arrowroot with the sugar and stir well over a light fire until thick. Take a mould, rinse it out with cold water, pour the above mixture into it and stand to get cold. Turn out on a glass dish and serve with raspberry or other syrup.

RICE CAKE, DELICIOUS.

Ingredients.—Pastry as in the first recipe, or else a finer pastry with more butter can be substituted, six ounces of rice, a quarter of pound of sweet almonds, the same of sultanas, the grated rind of half a lemon and five eggs.

Put the pinch of salt in the milk, the butter, the sugar and the rice. Cook well until the rice is soft. Now take the almonds, which must be blanched and chopped, add to them the sultanas, grated lemon-rind and the well-beaten eggs, and add this mixture to the milk. This mixture, which must not be too thick, is now poured into the pastry, strewn over with powdered white sugar, and baked in a hot oven for an hour.

The whites of the eggs can be beaten to a snow, in which case they must be added to the mixture last of all.

If smaller rice cakes are preferred, the above mass is sufficient for ten.

Varieties.

I. A COURAGEOUS MOTHER.

AN INDIAN STORY.



THERE is no one who cares for her children like a mother, and although she may be timid and not very strong, yet when danger threatens her "chicks," she becomes as brave as a lion. I should like to tell you a true story of a mother who was braver than a tiger.

It happened in India when many of the inhabitants had fled from Bombay on account of the plague.

A great number of Portuguese clerks are employed in the business houses in Bombay, and because they wished to retain their services, their employers had built for them an encampment of huts outside the city, where these clerks were living with their wives and families.

The huts were for the most part built of bamboo and matting, and had no doors and windows, as we have to our houses in this country.

One night while the encampment was peacefully sleeping, a huge tiger crept out of the jungle, and crawled up to a hut in which a man, named Paulo, was living with his wife and child. The monster paused for a moment on the threshold, and while he did so the woman woke up, and with eyes still half-dazed with sleep, stared at the yellow and black-striped head of the tiger. When she knew that she was no longer dreaming she could have screamed with fear, but something seemed to clutch at her throat and prevented her from calling out or making any movement, and helpless with terror, she could only gaze at the tiger, whose eyes were directed towards the child. The only light in the hut came from a small oil-lamp which was burning by the bedside.

The tiger raised his head, and as he did so, the thought of the danger to her child flashed across the mother's mind, and she no longer thought of her own terrors; to save her child—that was the thought that was uppermost in her mind, even though in so doing she directed the tiger's attention to herself. Nothing mattered so long as her child was protected from the wild beast. The tiger moved again and was about to spring

forward upon the sleeping child, when the mother seized the light lamp and hurled it in his face. Surprised by the suddenness of the attack, the tiger uttered a roar which wroued the whole of the encampment, turned tail and fled into the jungle.

II. LETTER FROM A LADY OF QUALITY, TO HER HUSBAND IN THE REIGN OF JAMES I.

"My sweet life, now I have declared to you my mind for the settling of your estate. I suppose that it were best for me to bethink and consider within myself what allowance were meetest for me . . . I pray and beseech you to grant to me, your most kind, loving wife, the sum of £2,500 quarterly to be paid. Also I would, besides that allowance, have £600 quarterly to be paid, for the performance of charitable works, and those things I would neither will nor be accountable for. Also I will have three horses for my own saddle, that none shall dare to lend or borrow, none lend but I, none borrow but you. Also I would have two gentlewomen, lest one should be sick or have some other let. Also believe it, it is an indecent thing for a gentlewoman to stand mumping alone, when God hath blessed their lord and lady with a great estate. Also when I ride a hunting or a hawking, or travel from one house to another, I will have them attending, so, for either of those said women I must and will have a horse. Also I will have six or eight gentlemen, and I will have my two coaches, one lined with velvet to myself with four very fair horses, and a coach for my women lined with cloth and laced with gold, otherwise with scarlet and laced with silver, with four good horses. Also I will have two coachmen, for my own coach, the other for my women. Also at any time when I travel I will be allowed not only coaches and spare horses for me and my women, but I will have such carriages as shall be fitting for all, orderly, not pestering my things with my women's, not theirs with either chambermaids, nor theirs with washmaids. Also for laundresses when I travel I will have them sent away before with the carriages to see all safe, and the chambermaids I will have them go before that the chambers may be ready, sweet and clean. Also, for that it is indecent to crowd up with myself my gentlemen-usher in my coach, I will have him to have a convenient horse to attend me either in city or country. And I must have two footmen. And my desire is that you defray all the charges for me. And for myself, besides my early allowance, I would have twenty gowns of apparel, six of them excellent good ones, eight of them for the country, and six others of them

very excellent good ones. Also I would have to put in my purse £2,000, and £200 and so, you to pay my debts. Also I would have £6,000 to buy me jewels, and £4,000 to buy me a pearl chain.

"Now, seeing I have been, and am, so reasonable unto you, I pray you to find my children apparel and their schooling, and my servants, men and women, their wages. Also I will have all my houses furnished and my lodging chambers to be suited with all such furniture as is fit, as beds, stools, chairs, suitable cushions, carpets, silver, warming-pans, cupboards of plate, fair hangings, and such-like. So, for my drawing-chambers in all houses I will have them delicately furnished both with hangings, couch, canopy, glass, carpet, chairs, cushions, and all things thereunto belonging. Also, my desire is that you would pay your debts, build up Ashly House and purchase lands, and lend no money, as you love God, to my lord Chamberlain, who would have all, perhaps your life, from you . . . So now that I have declared to you what I would have, and what is that I would not have, I pray you when you be an Earl to allow me £2,000 more than I now desire and double attendance."

Editorial Note.

We publish in this issue a photo of Lady Benson, a well-known European lady of Madras.

Lady Benson is a daughter of the late Rev. Mr. W. Gilbert Cooper, Chaplain on the Madras Establishment. As stated above, her Ladyship has always taken a keen interest in the work of the National Indian Association, a branch of which she, in conjunction with Sir Ralph, established at Cuddalore. Lady Benson has also worked indefatigably in the cause of female education in this country; and few will be found who will dispute the accuracy of the views which she expressed in this connection a year or two ago, and which she had formed after long experience. "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 in exact propor-

tion that bright future; 'for a nation rises no higher than its mothers.'"

Lady Benson has also been a frequent contributor to local periodicals, especially the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* and the *Maharaja Magazine*; and she has taken a special interest in libraries, having established not less than three "anna libraries", viz., at Cuddalore, Calicut, and Royapettah in Madras. Her Ladyship's name appears in the lists of the committees of nearly every charitable and philanthropic institution in Madras, and she has been especially zealous in helping the cause of the Friend-in-Need Society's Women's Workshop and Home, the Civil Orphan Asylum, the Cathedral Aims-House, the School of Music, &c. To sum up, she has ever been "earnest in good works", as the *Madras Mail* said when in June 1904, she was selected by His Majesty the King to be the recipient of a Kaiser-i-Hind medal of the second class. We cannot conclude this short sketch better than by quoting the graceful words in which H. E. Lord Ampthill referred to Lady Benson when, at the Investiture held at the Banqueting Hall, Madras, on the 9th February, 1905, His Excellency presented her with this decoration: "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."

Lady Benson has always taken a deep interest in the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* and has often contributed articles of value to the journal. We take this opportunity of thanking her and hope her interest will long be continued.

THE VOICE OF TIME.

One day when Spring had kissed the earth
Time called to thee, and gave thee birth;

One golden month of Summer's sway
Joy danced upon thy sunlit way;

One Autumn eve, which stretched to years,
Grief shadowed thee, and taught thee tears;

One night, thro' Winter's icy breath,
Time spoke again, and whispered "Death."

THE SRINIVASA MANDIRAM, BANGALORE.

THE meeting of Ladies on Saturday afternoon, 30th November 1907, held at the Mandiram, proved to be a thorough success. The pick of the Society was present. The place was entirely insufficient to accommodate the visitors. There were many uninvited guests. It was too close and there must have been nearly 200 ladies gathered together. Mrs. A. Gopalachari, had to answer indeed a trying position. This is enough to point out the necessity that exists for the extension of the Library building. All the ladies came in time and it was with some difficulty that Mrs. I. J. Pitt, could be conducted to her seat of honour.

The proceedings commenced with a performance on the harmonium by Sowbhagyavati Sharada Bai (Mrs. K. Vishwanatharao). Mrs. I. J. Pitt addressed the audience in chaste and fine Telugu. The subject chosen was the "Influence of Women." The following is an abstract of the lecture.

"Dear Sisters:—I have been asked to say a few words to you to-day. I cannot speak well in Telugu and so you must forgive mistakes, and afterwards Mrs. Subbamma will translate my words into Kanarese. Before I came here last week, I did not know about this Ladies' Association and was very much astonished to see so many ladies gathered together to listen to the two excellent lectures. I was not only astonished, but rejoiced, to recognize in this a sign that a new era is beginning for India, because the women of India are now seeing that they are a great power and that the well-being and prosperity of this country depends chiefly on them. And why? Because they are the mothers. It is the mothers, not the fathers, who have the most influence on their children. We find that all great and good men in all countries have had good and wise mothers. The power and importance of women for good or evil, whether we are mothers or not, cannot be expressed. If we are mothers, we mould our children's character, if we have no children, we can just as powerfully influence our husbands. Many a man has been made good or bad by his wife. If we have neither husband nor child, we can still be just as great an influence on all we come in contact with. Your Shastras are full of stories of the influence of women. How erroneous then is our irresponsibility and how clear a duty it is to make ourselves as wise as possible. Further, when the wife is enlightened, how great a help she is to her husband. What good to a man is an ignorant and dull wife. She is like a heavy weight round him,

always dragging him down. There are hundreds of men in India now, who are striving with all their might to raise themselves out of bad habits and customs and help towards the progress of their country. But all their efforts are rendered useless by the opposition of their wives and this, not because the wives are stupid or evil-minded, but only because they are ignorant and do not have the same knowledge as their husbands. How sad this is. But we see a wife like Mrs. A. Gopalachari, co-operating with her husband, in all his good works and seeking to strengthen him in all his high aspirations. What a splendid thing it is. I read a beautiful story in the book, Yoga Vasishtha, of a husband and wife. Chudalai and Sikhadwaja, how they resembled two lotus flowers on one stalk and—drank in together the same air and water and sunshine and were as one. The story goes on to show how after Chudalai had herself attained salvation, she assumes the disguise of a Muni and herself teaches her husband and enables him also to gain salvation. To gain wisdom, we must be taught by wise people and read good books. I think all Indian women are naturally clever, and when they are educated, their cleverness is brought out, and we see what great things they can do. I feel sure that all of you realize this, and will take every advantage of the goodness of Mrs. Gopalachari and others who have it started this Library and work here. As it is, wonderful and rare to find, a work started by one man and going on by his energy, and I pray that you may use it well and thoroughly rejoice the hearts of all who love India, and believe in its future greatness. Besides, this is the noble work of rescuing and training the orphans. All of you will agree that no work can be higher than the saving and cherishing of human lives and souls. We see in this country so much spent in daily giving money and food to beggars and idleness. How much better to make a Home for them and make them useful to themselves and others. For such a work too, I am come here to help with others, to save poor women from misery and idleness, and make them happy and useful in the *Abalashrama*. Let us all determine to do what we can in giving help to such noble works as these which may truly be called women's work, and so fulfil the will of God, who says:—"Pure religion and undefiled is this.....to visit the fatherless and widows in their afflictions, and keep himself unspotted from the world."

The above was translated and explained in Kanarese by Mrs. Subbamma, Head Mistress of the Government Girls' School, Taluk Cutcherry Road, Bangalore City. In appreciating the

lecture, Mrs. A. Gopalachari, on behalf of the gathering, spoke in Telugu as outlined below:—

"To-day is a day of rejoicing. We are very grateful to Mrs. I. J. Pitt for her kindness. We earnestly request that she will be pleased to accept our humble thanks for the interesting address she gave us. The subject is—"Influence of Women," and the word "Influence" in English, I am told, carries with it a very comprehensive meaning. To render it into vernacular, it can only be done by the theme of the lecture itself. Influence may either be for good or evil. But from what we have heard, we know that it is for good, which means influence of education or knowledge and nothing more. This statement expresses in strong terms that education is necessary to us and that we should not go down to the level of brute creation. That such has been the case now can be seen by any casual observer, by our own fallen condition. Education confers benefits, and its absence creates harm to the country and the people. In both Puranic and Vedic periods our women have earned a great name, and that is enough to tell us that we had education from the ancient times. That such a system was discontinued, is only due to foreign invasions and other political changes. A time like that has happily passed away and we are at present enjoying every freedom and peace under the benign protection of the British Government, we are to lose and no more time to gain our lost position and knowledge once again for the benefit of our country and nation. It is not to cast the sterner sex that we should learn and gain knowledge, but to be their good wives and helpmates in all their dealings, work and aspirations. This is woman's mission. Her education means, the education of her family and her country. In her observations, Mrs. I. J. Pitt has spoken some words on the benefits of the Library and the advantages it confers on us. I can only say that this section was created with a purpose like that. She has also said some words about the Orphanage, but this being a work with which I am humbly connected with, I would rather avoid saying anything than afford an opportunity to make any surmise that I am speaking about "myself" and my work. But, however, I cannot slip the opportunity of saying a few words about the *Abalashrama* or the house of rescue, which Mrs. I. Pitt is proposing to establish in Bangalore. This is a God-pleasing work and a real want. It requires our full co-operation and support. I hope that all our sisters will give her a helping hand and earn a lasting gratitude of the many helpless who may seek redress at the *Abalashrama*. As to our own work of the Ladies' Section, I need not say much. I only wish to add that your making it a success will greatly please

our own beloved Maharaja, H. H. The Dowager Maharani, and H. H. The Maharani, the pioneers of female education in India".

With the above speech the proceedings were brought to a close by an announcement that the next lecture will be delivered by Sowbhagyavati Seethamma (Mr. Advocate L. Srinivasalingar's daughter). The subject is "Benevolence". It is hoped that all respectable Hindu ladies will kindly attend.

The Ladies' Section beg to tender their thanks to the Vice-President, City Municipality, and to the Police for the assistance they have kindly rendered.

What has been done for and by Indian Ladies.

AT HYDERABAD.

THE CIVIL HOSPITAL EXTENSION.

SECUNDERABAD, 15th Nov.—Owing to the difficulty of establishing connection with the S. S. Dufferin of Cocanada, the departure of Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Minto has been delayed for twenty-four hours. They will go to Madras instead of Cocanada. Her Excellency motored to Secunderabad this afternoon to lay the foundation-stone of the Civil Hospital extension buildings. The roads were lined by the 2nd (Q. O.) Rajput Light Infantry, and immense crowds formed up along the route and were profuse in their enthusiasm. Lady Minto was received at the Hospital by Colonel Thompson, I. M. S., Captain Hudson, and Miss Bayley, Lady Superintendent. Her Excellency's suite was made up of Lady Violet Elliot, Lord Francis Scott, and Colonel Crooke-Lawless. Her Excellency and party proceeded to the handsomely decorated dais where were assembled the Hon'ble the Resident, Mrs. and Miss Bayley, General Sir James and Lady Wolfe-Murray, General and Mrs. Hamilton, Major E. St. A. Wake, Cantonment Magistrate, and all the principal officials and citizens of Secunderabad.

COLONEL THOMPSON'S SPEECH.

Colonel Thompson, as soon as the party had taken up their respective positions, read the following Address, giving details of the various extensions which had already been carried in connection with the Civil Hospital.

YOUR EXCELLENCY.—Up to the year 1851 no Civil Hospital appears to have existed in Secunderabad. In that year a large Indian male ward was erected with accommodation for 22 Indian male patients and a smaller ward for eight Europeans and Eurasians. In 1887, a ward for 22 female Indian patients was erected by the Cantonment authorities and named the Jubilee Ward, in commemoration of the Jubilee of Her late Majesty Queen Victoria. The next addition to the Hospital was made in 1903, when Mr. Abduljee Sorabjee Chonai, an old resident of Secunderabad and at one time a member of the

Cantonment Committee, built a large ward for European and Eurasian females in memory of his deceased wife, Bai Pheroze Bai. This building consists of one large ward with two smaller rooms for special cases, and a smaller special ward for Parsee ladies. In 1901, eight caste wards, four for males and four for females, were built with money subscribed by the friends of the late Dastoor Eduljee Byramjee Jamasp Asana, Assistant Cantonment Magistrate and Deputy Commissioner in Berar. These caste wards were completed in 1902, and were opened by the late Resident Sir David Barr, K. C. S. I., on the 5th August, 1902. The excess expenditure over the money subscribed was met by Seth Ram Gopal Bai Bahadur, by whom the large Lady Curzon Maternity Ward was also erected at his own expense, and opened by Sir David Barr on the 5th September, 1902. Your Excellency will perceive that the development of this Hospital was very slow and gradual up to the last few years, when increased accommodation was available, more particularly for maternity cases and the establishment of a staff of trained nurses under the present Lady Superintendent. Miss Bayley, has encouraged the poor sick of Secunderabad to apply for relief in much larger numbers and more readily than in previous years. In the last eight years the annual attendance of in-patients has risen from 757 to 1,741, and the attendance of out-patients from 20,628 to 43,137. From the opening of the Curzon Maternity Ward the attendance of women has increased from 56 in 1902 to 159 in 1906. This year the numbers will be much in excess of last year. The increased demand for admissions has rendered a further extension of the Hospital necessary and this extension has become possible owing to the transfer to the Hospital of a piece of ground adjoining the Hospital, which belonged to Messrs. Bhagwandas and Gulabdas, of Hyderabad. The additions to the Hospital, which it is proposed to erect, consist of four separate wards for Europeans and Parsees with accommodation for sixteen patients, which Mr. Shapurba Edulji Chenai has generously consented to build entirely at his own expense. There will be a separate Children's Ward, which it is hoped Your Excellency will graciously permit to be called Lady Minto's Ward and the Nurses' Quarters which have been subscribed for by English, Mahomedan and Hindu gentlemen in Secunderabad, and a small dispensary, operating theatre and maternity ward for caste Hindu ladies which Set Musthi Ramannah consented to build at his own expense. It is the foundation-stones of these three buildings which Your Excellency has graciously consented to lay this evening.

LADY MINTO'S REPLY.

In answer to the foregoing Address, Her Excellency replied as follows:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—The last Report on this Hospital, which Colonel Thompson has kindly sent me, shows increasing work in every department for the relief of the sick and suffering, and also the need of enlarging the present accommodation. Our hearty thanks are due to those who have so generously contributed towards this object. The provision of trained nurses for both hospital and private cases is a subject in which I have always taken the keenest interest, and it is particularly gratifying to read of foundations of a training school for nurses which

has already shown excellent results. It has given me great pleasure to lay the foundation-stones, and I must thank you most sincerely for the honour you have done me in associating my name with these wards.

At the conclusion of the speech, Mrs. Shapurjee Chenai handed Her Excellency a silver trowel. Then two gentlemen, Mr. Shapurjee Chenai and Mr. Musthi Ramannah, were presented to Her Excellency by Colonel Thompson. She then proceeded to lay the stones, saying on each occasion:—"I declare this stone well and truly laid." These stones were inscribed, respectively:—

"European and Parsee Ward, erected by Shapurji Edulji Chenai in memory of his wife, Bai Methalaj. This stone was laid by Her Excellency Lady Minto, 15th November, 1907."

"Maternity for Caste Hindus. This stone was laid by Her Excellency Lady Minto, 15th November, 1907."

"Children's Ward. This stone was laid by Her Excellency Lady Minto, 15th November, 1907."

AT THE FANCY FAIR.

Lady Minto afterwards inspected two wards of the Hospital and then proceeded to the Fancy Fair, at the Sirdar Bagh. A most pleasing incident occurred on Her Excellency's near approach to the Fancy Fair, where all the school children of Secunderabad were assembled at the Clock Tower Gardens, whose hearty cheers attracted Her Excellency's notice. She alighted from her motor car and went up and spoke to the Rev. D. M. Israel, of the S. P. G. Mission, and the Rev. F. Levining, American Baptist Mission, both of whom seemed to be greatly pleased at Her Excellency's kindness, and cheers went up from the children more heartily than previously. On entering the Fair, Her Excellency and party proceeded to the dais set apart, where refreshments were served. There was, literally speaking, no special opening ceremony observed on the occasion, neither were any speeches made. The Hair-Apprent and his Excellency the Maharajah Sir Kishen Pershad, Prime Minister, arrived soon afterwards, and went up to the dais and joined the party. Her Excellency next proceeded to make a tour of the stalls and evinced much pleasure at all that she saw, and made several purchases. While she was so engaged, His Highness the Nizam arrived, accompanied by Major Osman Yard-ud-Dowlah and a large suite. Cordial greetings were exchanged, after which His Highness went round the Fair, visiting each stall, making exceeding large purchases, especially at the Hyderabad stall, in which were displayed the local industries of the Dominions and a variety of very ancient arms. He also attended a performance at the *Cafe Chantant*, and visited the side show of Umar Khan, the Wizard of Bengal. His Highness appeared to be in the height of good humour with all he saw and remained at the Fair for a considerable time after Her Excellency had left.

THE HINDU WIDOWS' HOME ASSOCIATION, POONA.

MONTHLY REPORT FOR OCTOBER, 1907.

1. After finishing her work at Baramati in the Poona district, Mrs. Parvatibai Athavale went to Barsi Town in the Sholapur District. The meeting there was held in the temple of Bhagawant and was presided over by Mr. G. K. Tilak, one of the leading pleaders there. The audience numbered over five hundred. The next place visited was Pandharpur. After working there for a few days, Mrs. Athavale has to return to recommit her health.

2. A meeting of the Managing Committee was held at the house of Prof. H. P. Paranjpye on the Fergusson College grounds.

3. The annual examination of the Home was conducted by two members of the Committee and two other gentlemen connected with the educational department. In the last week of October, the Home was closed on account of the Dewali holidays. It will open again in the last week of November. About ten inmates who had either nowhere to go or who had to go to very distant parts remained in the Home. Before closing the school, the inmates were taken for a picnic to a small island, in the Mutha river, two miles from the Home. The island is the property of Rao Bahadur Martand Vannan Shrotriya, retired engineer of Poona. Rao Bahadur Shrotriya gave us all facilities and the girls passed a very happy day.

4. The number of visitors during the month was 28, there being 4 ladies, 23 gentlemen and one, an advanced student. Of these, 16 came from Poona, 5 from the Deccan, 2 each from the S. M. country and the Berars, and one each from the Carnatic, the United Provinces and Ceylon. Among the visitors were the Hon'ble Mr. Selby, Director of Public Instruction; Mr. G. Carmichael, Collector of Poona; Miss Bennit of Ceylon and Birmingham; Mr. C. Y. Chintamani of Amraoti; and Dr. Manohar Lal of Aligarh.

5. Two money gifts deserve a special mention. Shrinani Sitabaisheb Bhagvat of the royal family of Indore, sent a donation of Rs. 100 and Mr. G. R. Dabholkar of Ahmedabad sent Rs. 101.

6. The total number of contributors during the month was 287 and their contributions amounted to Rs. 727.

Hingne Budruk, } KASHIBAI DEVDHAR,
via Poona City, } VENCUBAI NAMJOSHI,
20th November, 1907. } Secretaries.

THE LADY DUFFERIN HOSPITAL ANNUAL MEETING OF GOVERNORS.

The annual meeting of Governors of the Lady Dufferin Hospital took place at the Khalikdina Hall on Saturday evening last, the Commissioner in Sind being in the chair. There was a very fair gathering of the public, especially of Indians, and we hope that the meeting will be followed by a great accession of interest in an institution that does so much for the poorer members of the Indian community. The annual report of the Hospital was read by the Hon.

Secretary, Mr. Gulamali Chagla, and accepted by the meeting. The report contained a table giving the number of patients treated since the opening of the hospital, the figures being as follow:—

1898, 2,824; 1899, 4,672; 1900, 5,766; 1901, 6,002; 1902, 8,631; 1903, 9,552; 1904, 10,017; 1905, 12,866; and 1906 13,327.

Of the 380 operations, 55 were of an important nature. The number of maternity cases admitted was 90 against 76 in the last year. The increase in these cases is a satisfactory feature, as it is largely with a view to those that the Lady Dufferin Hospital exists.

In the figures for the year under report there is all round a considerable improvement over those for the last year, which may be taken as an indication of the increasing usefulness of the Hospital and the success and popularity of the Lady Physician, Dr. Miss I. A. Lamb.

The number of patients treated at the Jaffer Fuddoo Dispensary also reached the large total of 12,525, the combined figures affording convincing proof of the increasing popularity of these institutions.

The increasing attendance at the Jaffer Fuddoo Dispensary makes it clear that a longfelt want of the town has been supplied by its opening. The Dispensary has done very good work under Miss A. H. Mullen.

The report also stated that the Committee are glad to report that the special repairs to the Hospital building necessitated by the cracking of walls have been satisfactorily carried out. The iron joists and girders were removed and replaced by pukka teak and all the floors relaid. The walls and all doors and windows were painted and the whole building put into a state of thorough repair. The cost of all this amounted to about Rs. 10,000. In this connection the Committee and the public are deeply indebted to Mr. J. Forrest Brimton, M. L. C. E., M. I. M. E., Chief Officer, Karachi Municipality, for the highly efficient manner in which he has carried out the extensive alterations and repairs and for his kindness in giving so much time and personal attention thereto.

The Budget for the coming year shows a deficit of Rs. 2,859.

After the acceptance of the report the election of a new committee for the ensuing year was proceeded with, all the members of the old committee being unanimously re-elected.

The Chairman, Mr. Mules, after thanking the Commissioner for coming to preside over the meeting, and those present for kindly responding to the invitation of the Managing Committee, said that in the previous year the annual meeting of the Governors had been held at the Frere Hall, where only 8 people attended. He was glad that the effort made by the committee to secure a larger attendance by calling the meeting in the Khalikdina Hall had proved successful. It further gave him pleasure to report that in trying to bring this deserving institution to the notice of the public, four more Governors had been enlisted, one of whom, Mr. A. M. Jevanji, was a Life Governor. He then dwelt on the very useful work the hospital was doing, especially for the Indian Community for whose benefit it was established. He pointed out that much yet remained to be done as several beds were unendowed, and there were no quarters for the nurses. He was glad that so far as the Hospital building was

concerned it was put into thorough repair, and rebuilding would not be necessary which was threatened at one time. With a view to enlist more public support, he then requested the President to kindly explain to those present the objects of the institution.

Mr. A. D. Younghusband said he was glad to respond to the call of Mr. Mules to appeal to the enlightened and philanthropic public of Karachi to accord a larger measure of support to the Hospital than they had done hitherto. He said that when the copy of the report had been sent to him, his attention was particularly drawn to the short list of subscribers and donors. The objects of the Hospital were summed up, he said in the rule of "the scheme of management" which run as follows:—"The purposes for which the Lady Dufferin Hospital has been established and which it shall be the aim of the Governors to forward, are the providing of female medical assistance to the women and the children of Sind and the training of women as nurses and midwives."

Those were objects which, he said, should appeal very strongly to the public. He was glad that the Committee had been successful in their efforts to ensure a large attendance at their annual meeting, and hoped that a large number of those who had attended that evening as spectators would, the following years, attend in their official capacity as Governors of the Hospital. In noticing the report of the working of the Hospital, which he said was very satisfactory, he paid a tribute to Dr. Miss I. A. Lamb whose work in connection with the Hospital had been very praiseworthy. He was conscious of the loss to the Hospital by the severance of her connection, but hoped it would be in a measure compensated for by the appointment of a suitable successor which he was glad to learn from Mr. Mules had been secured. He concluded by strongly commending the institution to the support of the public.

Mr. Yusufali Alibhoy in moving a vote of thanks to the choir, said that the fact that the Commissioner-in-Sind had come all the way from Hyderabad to preside at the meeting showed how great an interest he took in the Hospital and in the well-being of the people under his care. The vote was carried with acclamation.

THE LADIES' ARTS EXHIBITION.

We are glad to know that the Jullundur Arya Samaj has made a commendable move in the direction of stimulating art and handiwork among the Indian ladies, by organising in connection with the anniversary of the Kanya Mahavidyala, an exhibition of every sort of work consisting of embroidery, lace, woollen and silk flowers, phulkarias, etc., prepared by ladies or girls. The exhibition will be held in the premises of the Kanya Mahavidyala, Jullundur, and will remain open from 21st December 1907 to 1st January, 1908. The admission will be by means of tickets that can be obtained from the office of the Exhibition Committee at the cost of 4 annas for gentlemen and 2 annas for ladies, while boys and girls will pay at half rate. The exhibitors and girl students of any school will get the tickets free of charge.

We trust all the persons interested in the cause of female education and advancement of women will afford every help in their power to make the Exhibition useful. Its organisers deserve the thanks and cordial support of all the right-minded and educated people. They should endeavour to get handsome articles produced by ladies sent to the Exhibition and to pay a visit to it.

The articles, including even such things as drawings, paintings, models, toys, knitting, etc., should be sent for exhibition before 15th December to Lala Hansraj, Bar-at-Law, Secretary, the Ladies' Arts Exhibition, Jullundur. Medals will be awarded for work of approved excellence. The articles exhibited will be offered for sale if so desired by the owner to whom the price realised will be remitted. Further information can be obtained from the Secretary of the Exhibition. All the institutions for girls, to whatever sect or society they may belong, should send in the specimen of the handiwork taught therein. Our Arya brethren will also not be slow to patronise the exhibition.

FEMALE EDUCATION IN COCHIN:—At the last meeting of the Cochin Municipal Council, a letter was read from Miss Lynch, the Assistant Inspectress of Girls' Schools, urging the necessity of opening 2 schools for girls at Cochin. It would appear that, according to the latest census, the total population of girls of school-going age is 1,448, whereas the total number of girls now receiving instruction is only about 300. Each school will probably cost the Municipality about Rs. 500 per annum. The Municipality is unfortunately not in a position to open new schools just now. It was therefore resolved to postpone the subject until the Budget for the ensuing year is prepared.

Mrs. JASSAWALLA, THE VENERABLE PAREKE lady traveller, has reached England in good health, after visiting China, Japan, and the United States. She is staying in London, and may possibly winter there.

News and Notes.

Stone L. Fritz beat the world's typewriting record and retained the championship, which she has held for three years, in the contest held last week at the Business Show in Madison Square Garden, New York. She wrote 5,619 words from manuscript in one hour, with only 31 errors, leaving a net score of 5,214 words for the hour, at an average speed of nearly 87 words a minute. Those who stood second, third and fourth were men.

Baroness Goto, wife of one of Japan's leading statesmen, who is now adjusting difficult problems of administration as Governor of Manchuria, has been travelling incognito in this country for the last four months, in order to gain insight into American ideas, especially of home and home-making. The baroness is described as a charming woman, young, highly educated, and ambitious for the best things. With

characteristic modesty, she declines to give an opinion on American customs. "Every country has its strong side and its weak side," is the broad view expressed by the baroness. "We can see our own strength and our own weakness better by going away from our own country, but we cannot see the strength and weakness of other countries in a short visit. We can see only in part; it takes a long time, great care in observation and a very open mind to distinguish fairly the strong and the weak points of any nation."

It may surprise some readers to learn what a large share women now have in the purely scientific work of the Government. At the United States Naval Observatory, says the American Home Monthly, women assist in making the astronomical calculations for the Nautical Almanac—the sea Bible of the mariners—and at the Smithsonian Institution and the Department of Agriculture women are directly responsible for much of the intricate technical work.

Mrs. Martha Brug Genthe, of Hartford, Conn., read at a meeting of the American Geographical Society, some little time ago, a very interesting paper on the rise and development of the Valley Towns of Connecticut. This essay, embodying the results of much original research on the author's part, and illustrated with maps, was published last month in the Bulletin of the Geographical Society, which has now issued it also as a separate pamphlet.

I honor no man, not even the soldier who fights for righteousness, quite as much as I honor the good woman who does her full duty as wife and mother,—Theodore Roosevelt.

The Government wishes to keep the people at Panama contented, so a brilliant and winning New York Club woman is sent to establish women's clubs there.—*The Club-Woman's Weekly*.

Mrs. Leslie Cotton, the American artist, who was lately commissioned to paint a portrait of King Edward, has just received an order to paint Queen Alexandra too. The King was so pleased with his own portrait, though unfinished, that he has written Mrs. Cotton to come to Sandringham and make one of the queen.

W. T. Stead is organising a peace pilgrimage through Latin America. Starting from England next March, the pilgrims will go first to New York, thence by train to Mexico, and on through all the countries of Latin America, spreading the Gospel of peace, and explaining the work of the Hague Conference.

Mrs. Bessie Parlik is the editor and Mrs. Milly R. Helina and Mrs. Rose A. Kabat are the publishers of "Zenske Listy," a women's paper issued in Chicago in the Bohemian tongue. All the work on the paper is done by women, editing, type-setting, printing, and solicitation of advertisements and subscriptions. This periodical advocates equal rights for women, especially the improvement of the condition of women who are wage-earners, and other advanced ideas. It

is published at 336, West 18th street. Mrs. Parlik makes long journeys about the country to get subscribers. It is reported to have a circulation of about 6,000.

Miss Alice Henry contributes to "Charities" an interesting article on an Australian experiment in caring for epileptics in a farm colony. It is in a retired and beautiful spot at Clayton, on the rolling, heathy downs overlooking the bay. It has grounds 165 acres in extent, and cottages for men and women. The climate is so mild that the patients can do out-of-door work all the year round to the great benefit of their health. Miss Catherine H. Spence and Dr. R. Mary P. Stone urged this project at the meeting of the Australian National Council of Women, four years ago, and a committee was formed to work for it, including Lady Madden, wife of the Chief Justice of Victoria, Miss M. C. Cuthbertson, assistant inspector of factories, Miss Alice Henry and others. The colony is now an accomplished fact, and is the first institution of its kind in the Southern hemisphere. It is named for Lady Talbot, the Governor's wife, who has taken a great interest in it.

Miss Mabel Carney, a young Irish girl just out of the Normal School who began teaching three years ago in a country school in Magnolia Township, Ill., has since then made a remarkable record. Her school and two neighbouring ones were small, dilapidated and ill equipped. She talked consolidation, and got the question submitted to the voters. It was defeated in 1905, and carried in 1906. Eighteen thousand dollars were voted to put up a fine building for the consolidated schools; a public-spirited citizen, John Swaney, gave 24 acres for a campus, and on it there is now an Agricultural experiment plot conducted in co-operation with the Agricultural School of the State University. Country boys and girls may here study agronomy, animal husbandry, horticulture, domestic science and art, and kindred subjects. The pupils from the three former school districts are brought to school in wagons. There is a four years' high-schools course with liberal electives, and a tract of splendid natural forest has been added to the school property through Miss Carney's efforts. The principal of the Western Illinois Normal School has now made her the supervisor of a model country school, help to solve the problems of country schools in Illinois. This summer 70 teachers came to learn of her. These country teachers have now organized themselves into the Country Teachers' Association of Illinois, with Miss Carney as president. The association is unique in that it concerns itself wholly with the problems and interests of country teachers and country schools. Its endeavour is to "make life large and lovely for the country child." The membership already includes more than 300 country teachers and county superintendents of schools.

Queen Alexandra has for many years been so deaf as to make it very hard to talk with her. Several instruments are now on their way to her from America, however, which will enable the King and Queen to talk together without the aid of a trumpet. The

transmitter will be hidden in the folds of the Queen's dress, and the batteries, which are about three inches high and one and a half inches in diameter, will be carried in the pocket. One of the instruments contains a double transmitter for table use. This will be set in the centre of the table and covered by floral decorations. Wires will be attached, running under the table, enabling the conversation of the royal pair and their guests to be carried on without interruption.

Keir Hardie, the labor member of the British Parliament, who is so strong an advocate of woman suffrage, could neither read nor write till after he was twelve years old. He taught himself writing and shorthand while at work in the coal mines. He left the mines at twenty-two and became secretary of the Miners' Union. Two years later he became sub-editor of a local newspaper in the town where he now lives.

Last year the help of Methodist women in Nebraska was asked for in a unique way. It was proposed that each farmer's wife should dedicate the proceeds from one setting of eggs to the Deaconess Hospital in Omaha. It is estimated that two dollars in cash have been realized from each hen-set for the hospital. Farmers' wives who believe in equal suffrage might, in the same way, dedicate one setting of eggs to the suffrage cause.

The International Exhibition of Women's Work was opened at Melbourne on the 23rd October by Lady Northcote, in the presence of Lord Northcote, the Governor-General. The work of organising the Exhibition occupied a year, and was carried on under the immediate supervision of Lady Northcote. The result is a unique display, there being many thousands of exhibits. The non-competitive section includes exhibits from all the British Possessions and most foreign countries; and much work done by British Princesses and foreign Royalties is also on view. A choir of over a thousand female voices has been trained in connection with the Exhibition, and there is also an Orchestra as well as a Brass Band, all the performers in which are women.

Miss Mary L. Jones, of Pasadena, formerly the librarian of the Los Angeles Public Library, is now in Berkeley, where she is at the head of the library section of the summer school conducted in connection with the University of California. Miss Jones' great ability in this line was recognized by the university and when she completes the work there at the beginning of August a still greater honor awaits her. She has been elected to become the temporary head of the library at Bryn Mawr College at Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, during the year's leave of absence of the librarian, Miss Mudge, who will go abroad.—Pasadena paper.

Miss Winnifred Cambridge, eldest child of Mr. and Mrs. E. Cambridge, of Madras, has won the "Queen Mab" prize awarded by Weldon's *Ladies' Journal* for the best letter of 200 words written by any girl under twelve years old. Little Miss Cambridge wrote her letter quite unaided and "all on her own," her

subject being "A Trip to Ootacamund." The prize is a handsomely bound book.

The distinction conferred on Miss Florence Nightingale cannot add to her celebrity, but will be heartily approved, nevertheless. Miss Nightingale is now 87 years of age, and it is half a century since she performed that work of caring for the sick and wounded in the Crimean War which won her so much admiration. With characteristic generosity she devoted the £50,000 testimonial she received to the foundation of a Home for training nurses. One of her medical work deals with India, others with military nursing.

Carolyn Wells has written a series of quaint and humorous verses, which she calls "The Happychaps," to run through several numbers of *St. Nicholas*. They will have plenty of pictures, made by Harrison Gady, the artist who has been illustrating Mrs. Burnett's "Queen Silver-bell" stories.

Mrs. Alice Halderman of Girara, Kan., is probably the most noted woman bank president in the United States. She is a sister of Jane Addams. The institution was a private bank at the time of her husband's death two years ago, but since Mrs. Halderman was elected president it has been incorporated as a State institution. The bank is one of the oldest in the country.

Miss Johanna Redmond, daughter of John E. Redmond, M.P., is one of the leaders in Ireland's dramatic revival. She has written two plays which are Celtic in tone and theme and which have aroused enthusiasm as played in London by Irish amateurs.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward begins her new novel "Though Life Us Do Part," in the *Woman's Home Companion* for November. The scene is laid in a fashionable North Shore resort, near Boston.

A plant that cures the appetite for opium has been discovered in the Malay Peninsula, and the victims of the habit are crowding by hundreds to the mission stations, where it is distributed free. Since the discovery of the new medicine the importation of opium into the Federated Malay States has fallen off nearly one-half.

Mrs. Mary Higgs, at the Congress of the National Union of Women Workers at Manchester, prophesied a war of sex, while Dr. Mary Murdoch announced that something must be done to make married women work less.

Miss Helen M. Pullis has been appointed an Immigration Inspector on the recommendation of the Immigration Commissioner at Ellis Island, in order that she may secure special and definite information about the "white slave" traffic.

Princess Dagmar of Denmark, sixteen years old, has just published a little book on the "Wild Flowers of Scandinavia."

An African queen, the second wife of King Lobengula, wears for a headdress on State occasions, a carved and decorated bust of her husband's first wife.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Acknowledgments for November, 1907.

	RS. A.		RS. A.
1. M. V. Arunachalam, Esq., Hyderabad.	4 0	16. T. S. Sreenivasa Row, Esq., Tirwadi	4 0
2. Mrs. Mitter, Salem	4 0	17. Srirangamma, Mysore	4 0
3. Miss Max, Palamcottah	4 0	18. K. Subramanya Iyer, Trivandrum	4 0
4. B. Kalyani Amma, Trivandrum	4 0	19. Secy., Karwar General Library	4 0
5. Principal, Coimbatore College, Coimbatore.	4 0	20. Secy., Ladies' Section, Sreenivasa Man-	
6. Rev. J. Paul, Bangalore	3 0	diram, Bangalore	4 0
7. Mrs. N. Pattabhirama Row, Madras	4 0	21. Rev. J. E. Larry, Madras	4 0
8. Paramasvara Iyer, Esq., Mysore	4 0	22. Tirunarayanawamy Esq., Ellore	4 0
9. Mrs. P. Ramachendrayya, Masulipatam.	4 0	23. C. K. Tiruvenkatatha Aiyangar, Waltair...	4 0
10. T. Ramalingam, Esq., Coimbatore	4 0	24. Mrs. Vidya Ramabai, Ahmedabad	4 0
11. A. V. Manganatha Naidu, Esq., Chittur.	4 0	25. Row Bahadur Pundit K. Vireaslingam,	
12. Mrs. Rai, Madras	4 0	Rajahmundry	4 0
13. A. Seshagiri Row, Esq., Ouddalore	4 0	26. Miss Foxton, England	4 8
14. Ahmed Shah, Esq., Cawnpore	4 0	27. Mrs. Ghose, England	12 0
15. Mrs. Seth, Coorg.	4 0		

USEFUL BOOKS.

Modern Letter Writer (Fifth Edition).—Containing 635 letters. Useful to every man in every position of life for daily use. Re. 1, postage 1 anna.

Helps to the Study of English (Third Edition).—An exhaustive collection of PHRASES, Idioms and PROVERBS, with their explanations and proper uses. Rs. 3, postage 3 annas.

Every-day Doubts and Difficulties (in reading, speaking and writing the English language). Re. 1, postage 1 anna.

A Hand-book of English Synonyms (Third Edition).—*Explained and Illustrated.* Aids to the right use of synonymous words in composition. Re. 1, postage 1 anna.

Select Speeches of the Great Orators. Vols. I and II.—Helps to write idiomatic English, to improve the oratorical and argumentative powers, etc. Each Vol. Rs. 2, postage 1 anna, 6 pies.

Wonders of the World (in Nature, Art and Science). Re. 1, postage 1 anna.

Beauties of Hinduism. With Notes. 8 annas, postage 1 anna.

Arabian Nights Entertainment 12 annas, Postage 2 annas.

English Translation of the Koran. With Notes. By G. Sale. Re. 1-14 as. Postage 2 annas.

Abbott's Life of Napoleon Bonaparte. Re. 1-14 as. Postage 3 annas.

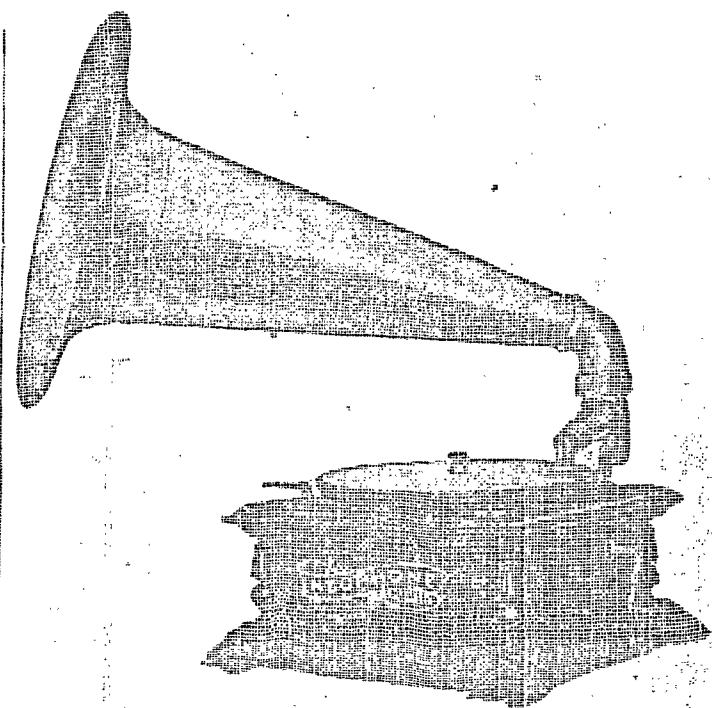
Todd's Rajasthan. Vols. I and II, Each Vol. Rs. 2. Postage 3 annas.

Postage and V. P. Commission extra.

To be had of the Manager, "Indian Student" Office, 106, Upper Circular Road, Calcutta.

NEOPHONE.

Neophone
is the latest
improve-
ment on
Disc
Talking
Machines.



It is
worked
with a
sapphire
needle. No
needles to
change. No
scratching
noise.

PRICES MARVELLOUSLY CHEAP.

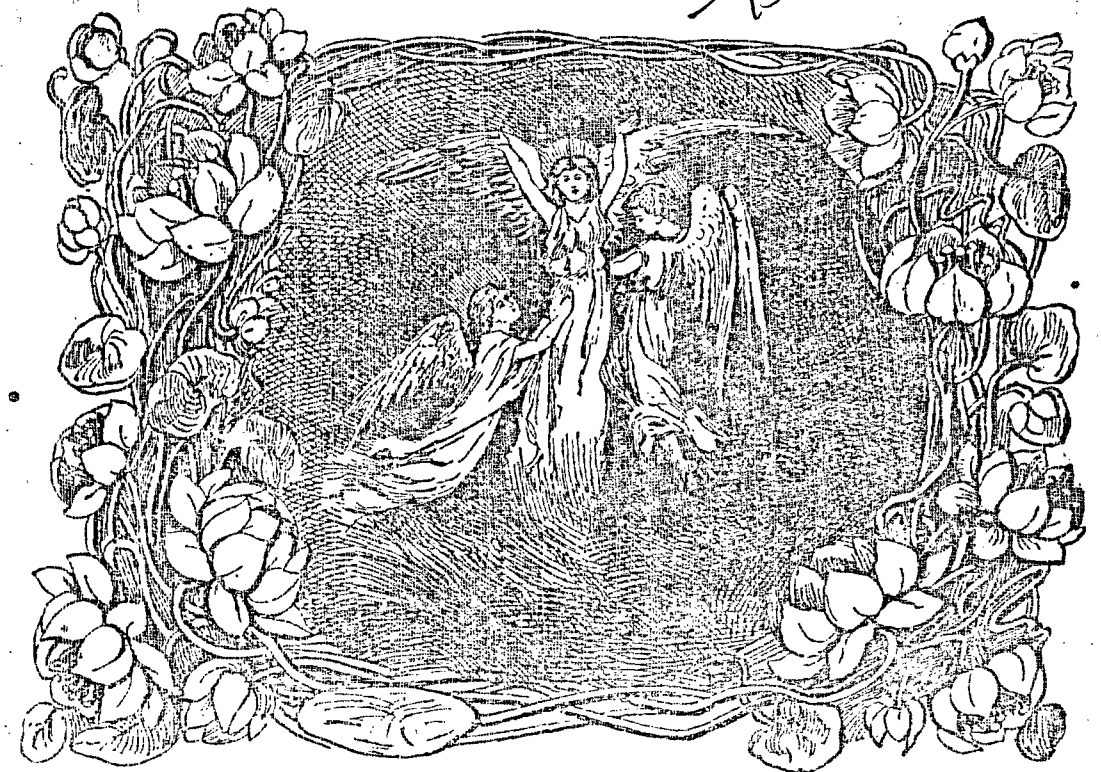
"NEOPHONE DEPOT,"

Mangalore, S. India





THE LATE MRS. SARDARNI UMRAO SINGH.
(See page 223.)



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Vol. VII.

JANUARY, 1908.

No. 7.

THE OLD YEAR.

"Mother of many woes and wars,
Hast thou most blossoms or most scars?"
The grey old mother looked at me.
"Who counts the waves upon the sea
Or dust in wind shall answer thee."

"Mother," I said, "ere thou go hence
Leave us thy wisdom for defence
That thou hast coined from blood and tears,
Minted and struck from hopes and fears,
Labouring alone this year of years."

"Son, gather wisdom for thyself.
For I have need of all myself.
There is no gathering of reprieve
Whither I go—no love makes suit;
There is no seed-time and no fruit."

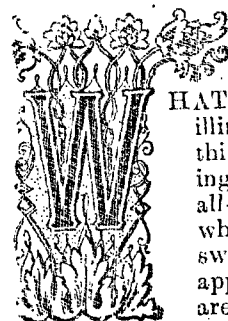
"Mother," I said, "hast thou forgot
How thy young blood ran high and hot,
How thy feet danced on meadow grass,
And thou didst never sigh, alas!
To see an hour of April pass?"

"Ah, well-a-day!" the Old Year said,
"That daughter of delight is dead.
My feet now keep an equal pace
As I go downhill to the place
Where I shall look Death in the face."

"Well, mother, thou hast earned thy rest,
And thou shalt be an honoured guest
In those rose-islands of the West
Where gold with grey is never shot.
Take care of me, forget-me-not."

Ruth.

A SHORT STUDY.



WHAT a mystery is time! The illimitable, silent, never-resting thing called Time, rolling, rushing on, swift, silent, like an all-embracing ocean-tide, in which we and all the universe swim like exhalations, "like apparitions which are and then are not." This incalculable mystery is a thing to strike us dumb,—a thing inexplicable and miraculous. Centuries upon centuries have passed over Palestine and it is no more of this work-a-day world. "It is sacred to poetry and tradition—it is dreamland." The towns where the great Christ preached and the 'desert places' round about them, where thousands of men once listened to His voice and ate the miraculous bread, sleep in the hush of a solitude that is inhabited only by beasts of prey and skulking oxes." Though time has changed the face of these surroundings, and converted the land flowing with milk and honey "into a desolate and barren spot, yet its memories, its traditions, the historical facts of its men and women still remain with us unto this day.

The simple and affecting story of Ruth is well-known to us from our infancy, and it is one which appeals to us on account of its sweetness and pathos. A family, impelled by the pangs of hunger seek shelter, food and raiment in a heathen land, and there they settle and prosper. But in the end calamity befalls them in the shape of the death of the male members of the family and only three defenceless women are left. Naomi, bereft of her husband and sons, left alone in her old age, but still compelled to fight single-handed the weary battles of life, determines to return to her native land and spend the few remaining years of her life among her own people. Orpah and Ruth, her daughters-in-law, follow her a short distance, but how unlike are the two sisters-in-law! Orpah feebly asks that she may follow Naomi, but, after a slight persuasion, readily submits to return to her mother-country, kindred and people. But Ruth, what of her? Quietly, but firmly, she tells her mother-in-law that she has made up her mind to follow her, if need be, to the ends of the earth and that no amount of persuasion will turn her from the pursuit of her object. She is inflexible

as a rock and maintains her own against all the persuasive arguments of Naomi. There is a sort of natural reserve about her, a subdued quietness of language and manner and a shyness of disposition, which seems to make the outward demonstration invariably fall short of the pent-up feelings within. There seem to lie in her deep wells of love and tenderness, but we see that they are kept in good check, hence, the outward quiet demeanour and serenity of expression. If it were not so, what call is there for her to follow Naomi against her wish? Why leave her dear native land, her beloved kindred, and follow one, who is not even of her own kith and kin, to a remote land to endure hardships and difficulties, when she might as well stay at home in peace and comfort? This woman of an alien nation is filled with love, overflowing deep love, towards the poor stranger, "who went out full and returned again empty" to a desolate home and hearth with no loved ones to comfort and cheer her. Naomi perhaps was well on in age, and she welcomed the "bright love which enveloped and clung to her even as a delicate creeper might entwine lovingly round a gnarled and twisted old tree. "When times and years have chilled us and when we can no longer afford to send our souls abroad, nor from our own superfluity of life and sensibility spare the materials out of which we build a shrine for our idol, then do we seek, we ask, we thirst, for that warmth of frank, confiding tenderness, which revives in us the withered affections and feelings buried, but not dead. Then it is that the excess of love is welcomed, not repelled. It is gracious to us as the sun and dew to the seared and riven trunk with its few green leaves." Even so must Naomi have felt and been grateful for the frank love, which had no self-interest, but sprang from pure and generous motives. "Oh Love! thou teacher; O Grief! thou tamer; and Time, thou healer of human hearts!" How deep and mysterious are their workings! Here are two women stricken down with grief, bereft of all that is dear to them, yet love bound them together and Time softened and healed their wounds, so that Naomi, who in her grief called herself Mara (bitter), lived to be called Naomi (pleasant) again. And how? all through the firm resolve and singleness of purpose of a sweet, simple girl. A broken and sad heart was re-kindled into life by her of whom they said, "who loveth thee and which is better to thee than seven sons." If we can but realize what sweet enjoyment it is to be able to shed a little happiness around us! "A kind word, a gentle act, a modest demeanour, a loving smile, are as so many seeds that we can scatter every moment of our lives and which will always spring up and bear fruit.

"Deem it not an idle thing
A pleasant word to speak;
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
A heart may heal or break."

Ruth's character gives us the impression of one who has already passed under the rod of affliction and who has come out purified and ennobled under this severe test. There is a sort of melancholy charm about her, which seems to tone down the natural determined strength of her character; and yet with all this mental power she seems to shrink timidly when brought into contact with the world, and she appears to rely upon Naomi for guidance; yet when occasion requires it, her strong spirit shows forth, as in the scene between her and Naomi, when they leave the land of Moab. Her request, worded in this simple but strong language, "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest I will die and there will I be buried," effectually silences Naomi, who perceives that persuasion is of no avail.

The scene changes. At Bethlehem, where, in after years, the "shepherds watched by night" and the angels poured forth their gloria, now are Naomi and Ruth welcomed by old friends. A rural scene is presented to our sight. In a field of ripe barley corn, men and women in their pretty, picturesque costumes are gleaning in the field. Ruth gathers courage to join them and thus provide for her mother Naomi. The kind care which she had taken of her mother, the love and affection which had prompted her to sacrifice all that was nearest and dearest to her, had reached the ears of Boaz, and he says:—"It has fully been showed me all that thou hast done unto thy mother-in-law since the death of her husband, and how thou hast left thy father and thy brother and the land of thy nativity and art come unto a people which thou knewest not heretofore. The Lord recompense thy work and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust;" and so the Lord "the giver of all good gifts" did shower down His richest blessings on her.

In the end we feel that the high position which was given her as the wife of Boaz is the natural sphere of this noble creature, for though Ruth, the wife of Boaz, could not more command our respect, sympathy and affection than Ruth, the poor daughter-in-law of Naomi, yet a wider range of usefulness and benevolence, of trial and action, was better suited to the large capacity, the ardent affections, the energy and firm principle of such a woman as Ruth, than the narrow sphere in which she was placed before; and we may appropriately wind

up with the words of the immortal poet Shakespeare:—

"Spirits are not finely touched,
But to fine issues; nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use."

BY AN INDIAN LADY

• The duties of a good wife.

FROM THE BIBLE.

Some time ago, i.e., in the August number of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*, we considered the duties of a good Hindu wife, as laid down by Droupadi, the heroine of the *Mahabharata*. Something akin to these are the duties of a wife, mentioned in the *Holy Bible*, in the book of *Proverbs*.

"A virtuous woman who can find? For her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband trusteth in her; and he shall have no lack of gain. She doeth him good and not evil all the days of her life.

"She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She is like the merchant-ships; she bringeth her food from afar. She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and their task to her maidens. She considereth a field and buyeth it. With the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard. She girdeth her loins with strength and maketh strong her arms. She perceiveth that her merchandise is profitable. Her lamp goeth not out by night. She layeth her hands to the distaff, and her hands hold the spindle.

"She spreadeth out her hands to the poor, yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.

"She is not afraid of the snow for her household; for all her household are clothed with scarlet. She maketh for herself carpets of tapestry, her clothing is fine linen and purple. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land. She maketh linen garments and selleth them, and delivereth girdles unto the merchant.

"Strength and dignity are her clothing; and she laugheth at the time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and the law of kindness is on her tongue. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness." Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her, saying:

"Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all?"

"Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain. But a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her works praise her in the gates."

We find other good sayings in the Bible about women:

"Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing"

"A prudent wife is from the Lord."

"A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband; but she that maketh ashamed is a rottenness in his bones."

"Every wise woman buildeth her house; but the foolish plucketh it down with her hands"

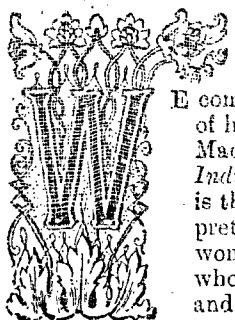
"Husbands, dwell with your wives, giving honour unto the woman, as unto the weaker vessel, as being also joint-heirs of the grace of life."

"The woman is the glory of the man."

"Ye wives, be in subjection to your own husbands, that even if any obey not the word, they may without the word be gained by the behaviour of their wives; beholding your chaste behaviour coupled with fear; whose adorning let it not be the outward adorning of plaiting the hair and of wearing jewels of gold, or of putting on apparel. But let it be the hidden man of the heart, the incorruptible apparel of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."

"For, after this manner aforetime, the holy women also, who hoped in God, adorned themselves being in subjection to their own husbands."

The Mem-Sahib in India.



W e come across a delightful sketch of her in George A. Berrih-Mackay's *Twenty-one days in India*. Her story at the beginning is the ordinary—but ever new—pretty love story of most English women. Her husband is a man who lives in his own thoughts and in his world of books. He is a great scholar and his thoughts

have been read once or twice by the world. But, in society, he is awkward and unable to speak. Especially is this as before women, before whom he feels compelled, through bashfulness, to drift into misogyny, though misogyny is indeed quite incompatible with his ideals of

life. But suddenly he meets our mem-sahib, and he finds she is the one woman for him, the one woman who understands him. So he marries her, who loves him for choosing her, and who reverences him for his mysterious treasures of thought.

Then their life is one of perfect harmony with each other. Longing for companionship in thought, he introduces her, step by step, into his own world, into "his quiet hill-tops of thought where the air is still and clear." "Their hearts beat one delicious measure. Her gentle nature was plastic under the poet's touch, wrought in an instant to perfect harmony with love, or tears or laughter. To read aloud to her in the evening after the day's work was over, and to see her stirred by every breath of the thought-storm, was to enjoy an exquisite interpretation of the poet's motive, like an impression bold and sharp from the matrix of the poet's mind."

It is in the full tide of this exquisite happiness that we meet her. Her happiness has been increased by the advent of lovely babies. "I first met her shepherding her little flock across the ocean. She was a beautiful woman in the full sweetness and bloom of life. Her talk was of the busy husband she had left, the station life, the attached servants, the favourite horse, the garden and the bungalow. Her husband would soon follow her, in a year or two years, and they would return together; but they would return to a silent home—the children would be left behind. She was going home to her mother and sisters; but there had been changes in this home. So her thoughts were woven of hopes and fears."

She is indeed a happy woman, and she has the gift of radiating happiness around her. Full of sweet and tender thoughts herself, she arouses high ideals and aspirations in the hearts of those she comes in contact with. She is also a happy mother. Her three happy boys, with their mother's winning smile, are at once the joy and the terror of the whole vessel. Always full of innocent mischief, they are the dear treasures of their mother and her thoughts are ever with them. And so she passes away from us.

Then, after three years we meet her again, but under what changed circumstances! She looks so careworn and unhappy. Her relations had been kind to her, but not warmly affectionate. Her husband is too busy to come home. He writes short letters, enclosing cheques. She is sending her boys to school, but is anxious about their education. She has no friends to advise her, and so she broods over her troubles and frets.

Then she returns to India again, but sadly is her happy world changed. She performs her

duties and courtesies carefully, but she is never again in the pleasant paradise of her husband's high thoughts. They are near and yet how far from each other. "The ghost of love and sympathy will only rise in their hearts to gibber, in mockery words and phrases that have lost their meaning, that have lost their enchantment."

"Her life is lone. He sits apart;
He loves her yet: she will not weep.
Though rapt in matters dark and deep;
He seems to slight her simple heart."

"For him she plays, to him she sings,
Of early faith and plighted vows;
She knows but matters of the house,
And he, he knows a thousand things."

Such is the life of the Mem-Sahib, which is sketched for us. Alas for her! But I prefer to think that there are only a few who are like that. I like to think of them like Isabel Scaton, one of the *wives in subjection* of Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. Isabel loves her husband devotedly; she knows he has faults, but her love is so great that it hides his faults. In fact, she would never be happy if he fell below her ideal. As she says, "It would never do for my husband to be without his halo; it would be so cold for him and so dark for me, and so generally had all round." She has found her mate, not her master; they do not always agree, it is true; she has independent opinions, in some thing she thinks she knows better than he does. But they are completely happy. She is his ideal of a wife. He loves her absolutely; and they both sacrifice each to the other without even speaking of the sacrifice. She makes his home cosy and comfortable. She is proud of her husband; and though she jokes flippantly about marriage, she has no absurd notions that marriage is unhappy—gradually her independence even gets merged in him. She gives in to him in many things. "When I was married" she says. "I pictured myself as a bold young Persens sent to deliver my Andromeda of a husband from his monster of a conscience. But now I hang garlands round him. He wears my heart upon his sleeve and does whatever he likes with it. A husband is either the one man in the world, or else the one man you wish was not in the world. There is no happy mean in matrimony." There are no secrets between them, they are perfect friends. In fact, they are an ideal couple.

But it is indeed a sad lot for English women in India. I once read a heart-rending poem about the children they leave behind in England.

"Good-night, pretty shapes of mine,
I never shall see you again:
Ah, never in shadow or shine:
Ah, never in dew or rain."

In your small dreaming dresses of white
With the wild bloom you gathered to-day!
In your quiet sweet hands for the light
And the dark you will wander away.

Though no graves in the bee-haunted grass,
And no love in the beautiful sky
Shall take you as yet, you will pass,
With this kiss, through these tear-drops—good-bye.

Tragedy indeed it is. "Life is short at the best, and that husbands and wives should be separated for years, or else that children should grow up like orphans, without a home to remember, and the loving knowledge of parents, is to take from life a large portion of joy, and to add much to its suffering."

But have they joy or sorrow, English women in India, like all human beings, have duties to perform. What do we Indian women know of them? We meet them occasionally at social or other gatherings; we shake hands with them, we bow, smile, and then we each go our way. We see them driving past in grand equipages, dressed in lovely costumes and looking like replicas of pictures; we occasionally read of them. That is all, I think, we know about them, with, of course, a few noble exceptions. Mrs. Steel, the Anglo-Indian novelist, some years ago, was very severe on the Anglo-Indian women. She says: "The most curious feature in the life of the Anglo-Indian woman is her utter aloofness from national interest in her environment in India, except when some powerful incentive to sympathy, such as that supplied by a desire to relieve suffering of soul and body, comes to make a superficial bond of union." She then goes on to make other observations, which are indeed too severe, for she forgets the fact that the life of an English girl is quite different in India from her life in England. "The clever capable girl, who, married at home, would for a certainty seek some life beyond the bounds of mere domesticity, frivolity, or even purely intellectual culture, scarcely makes an effort to find it in India or if she make one, soon falls disheartened. In truth, she has a hard task; since at her first step she must find herself depolarised, must find herself in a central antagonism with the motive of the life around her. With her husband it is different."

Still much can be done by English women in India, as the Bishop of Lahore once preached in a sermon to the Anglo-Indian society at Simla. "There must be in our lives the element of discipline and self-restraint, keeping oneself in hand, and so giving a firmness and a worth to character, which cannot come on other lines; and be quite sure that it is to women in whose lives these notes do appear that men really turn for help, for sympathy, or counsel in any time of difficulty or trouble." As an English

woman once said to her countrywomen, "Let a sense of Empire and responsibility possess you, as it possesses your husbands and brothers. India is England's adopted child. You, no more than men of your family, can escape the responsibility which parentage gives you. It is your work to help India, the privilege is wonderful, the call is urgent, lose no time,—remember, India has need of you."

The Origin of the names of the Seven Fundamental Notes in Indian Music.



A L L Musical sounds fall under seven notes, the lowest of which is called *Shodgamas* it forms the foundation for the other six. This note, repeated at the end,

makes up a complete octave of eight notes. The scale thus formed is divided into two halves or tetrachords, each tetrachord being composed of four notes, or *Saras*, the first and last of which remain immutable, while the two intermediate ones are alone liable to variations. The following is the method usually adopted:

First or lower tetrachord.—*Sa, Ri, Ga, Ma.*

Second or upper tetrachord.—*Pa, Dha, Ni, Sa.*

These syllables are abbreviations for the names given in some Sanskrit slokas, which explain how the pitch of the notes was originally determined by the Rishis of the forest, from the sounds of various birds and animals uttered at particular seasons and times. The following are the meanings of the names as taken from the Sanskrit slokas:—

Sa is the sound produced by the prince of birds, the peacock, at moments of exultation and rapture, i.e., when the clouds gather in the sky with a low moan portending the commencement of the rainy season.

Ri is the low of the cow in calling for her calf, dragged away from her.

Ga is the bleat of the goat in the midst of the flock, calling for the aid of his fellows.

Ma is the cry uttered by the heron, seated in the bank of a pool, on seeing the gathering of a cloud and anticipating an inundation, which would force her to flee elsewhere for safety.

Pa is the note sounded by the kokila, the Indian nightingale, at spring-tide, when, after a silence of six months, it hails the brightest period of the year and joyfully tastes the first sprouts of the new season.

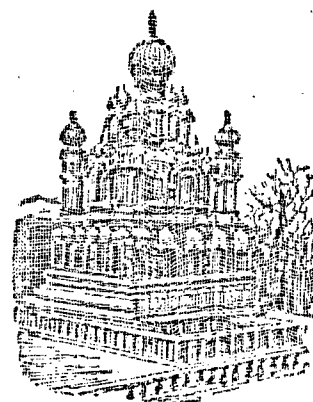
Dha is the neigh of the horse at the moment when his rider approaches him for a drive, or descends from him after his work for the day, when the horse is anxious to have his usual meal.

Ni is the yell of the elephant when the mahout attacks his head with his scimitar.

It is curious that the most important notes of the scale, viz., the key-note, its fifth above and its fifth below, (*C G* and *F*) are identified with the sounds produced by birds, and the rest with those of animals. Again, only the key-note and its fifth (*C* and *G*), which remain unchanged in Oriental music and signify beauty and melody, sympathy and harmony, are represented by sounds produced on joyous occasions, while the others are stated to be cries at moments of fright, pain or anxiety. The increase in the size of the animals towards the end, concurrent with the increase in the pitch of the notes, and culminating with the cry of the largest of Indian quadrupeds, is also noteworthy.

Uta Imai

EDITOR OF THE "TWENTIETH CENTURY WOMAN," TOKYO, JAPAN.



postal authorities to this District, and the address found without much difficulty.

SO many Indian young men have gone to Japan for purposes of study, that a portion of Northern Tokyo has come to be regarded as the "Indian Settlement." Every letter incorrectly or inadequately addressed, so long as it is meant for an Indian, is promptly forwarded by the

On their first arrival the students are apt to feel lonesome and homesick. The environs are different from those they are accustomed to, and it takes time to adjust themselves to the changed conditions. But a strong communal feeling exists among the students. This makes the transition seem somewhat less arduous and painful. But probably the most angelic agency that helps to soften the difficulties attendant upon taking up a residence in a new country, battling with a strange language, becoming accustomed to a different menu and mode of life, is the group of Japanese women intensely interested in doing all they can to help India evolve her destiny.

Miss Uta Imai, the editor of a Japanese monthly magazine, "The Twentieth Century Woman," belongs to this set. She is the patron saint of every young Indian in Tokyo. Of all the Japanese women, she is pre-eminent in her co-operation with the Indian student. Miss Imai is a firm believer in "Asia for the Asians." She hopes to live to witness the dawn of the day, when the Oriental will make it impossible for the Occidental to exploit him and his country. She is a member of the Oriental Association, at whose meetings she often speaks her mind regarding the economic and social affairs of the Orient.

The point of greatest importance to Uta Imai is the upliftment of Oriental womanhood. She works incessantly toward improving the body, mind and soul of her countrywomen; investing them with the desire to change their present conditions.

Miss Imai is barely thirty. Her reputation, however, already has girdled the Mikado's Empire. As a writer and speaker she is the peer of any man or woman of her day. Her articles are eagerly sought after by newspapers throughout Japan. A deep student and philosopher, she has the respect and admiration of all who esteem scholarship in man or woman. Naturally her example and precept tend toward bettering the present status of womanhood. She is a woman of the "new" type, only inasmuch as she aspires to put a period to the "illegitimate dominance of man over the weaker sex." In every respect she is sane and sensible. She looks the picture of health and radiance in her kimono-hakama, which is the present-day costume of fair Japanese literati. This dress consists of the kimono, with wide sleeves, and the Japanized form of European skirt. From Miss Imai's talk and manner it is impossible to conceive that she is a formidable fighter for woman's equality. Neither is there any suggestion about her of the ultra-dignified or dreamy Oriental, living in the traditions of the past. She is, at the same time, modest and sweet.

In the privacy of her room Miss Imai writes the articles for the Magazine which she edits. She is an early riser. Invariably she is at her work at four o'clock in the morning, writing by the light of a small kerosene lamp, squatted on a Japanese mat. Her parents, with whom she makes her home, are passionately fond of her, and do all they can to facilitate her work. They are extremely proud of her gifts—in fact, her mother stands somewhat in awe of her modern daughter. Calls on Miss Imai at her home thus are made doubly interesting.

Miss Imai is greatly attached to children. Her little cousin, Take, who lives with her, has the heart's devotion of the journalist. She gives the little girl lessons in English and music, and personally is looking after her education. When Miss Imai is through with her, Take undoubtedly will understand how best to champion the cause of womankind. This popular journalist and lecturer is the centre of attraction in every company which she graces with her presence. Her face is ever wreathed in smiles. There is nothing boisterous about her perennial laugh. Her poise and grace never abandon her. Sometimes she sings a Japanese song, or warbles in quaint, English patois, accompanying herself on a violin or piano. Whatever she does, those who see her inwardly query: "Are there any more Uta Imais in the Orient?" She is considered an "exceptional woman" in Japan. She would be regarded as a remarkable character wherever she might be.

It is impossible to come into contact with this interesting young woman without wondering what Asia would be like, if more of the Oriental women could reach the level she has attained. India would awaken in a single generation if her children could have for their mothers such types of women.

Miss Imai expects, some day, to make India her home.

NIHAL SING.

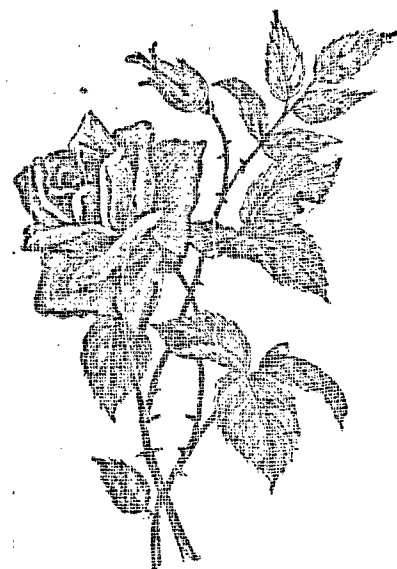


Maxims and Mottos for Home and School Teaching.

FROM SACRED WRITINGS.
ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.

BY LADY BENSON.

IV.



to bridle the whole body."

"If any would not work, neither should he eat."

"I exhort that first of all supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks be made for all men; for kings, and for all that are in authority; that we may have a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty."

"It is better to teach knowledge one hour in the night than to pray the whole night."

"It is an honour for a man to cease from strife."

"If thou faint in the day of adversity thy strength is small."

"Judge not that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged and with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

Matthew XII. 10.

"In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin."

Prov. X. 19.

"In all labour there is profit, but the talk of the lips tendeth only to penury."

Pr. XIV. 23.

"If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man and able

James III. 2.

II Thessalonians III. 10.

I Timothy II. 12.

Traditional saying of Mahomed.

Proverbs XX. 3.

Proverbs XXIV. 10.

Matthew XII. 10.

"Keep order in your surroundings, and keep them as clean as you can." Ramayana.

"Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life."

Proverbs V. 23.

"Keep innocency, and take heed to the thing that is right, and that shall bring a man peace at the last."

Psalms.

"Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile."

Psalms XXXIV. 13.

"Let not sin reign in your mortal body that ye should obey it in the lusts thereof."

Romans VI. 12.

"Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God; the powers that be are ordered of God."

Romans XIII. 1.

"Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart."

Psalms XCVII. 11.

"Let none of you suffer as a murderer, or as a thief, or as an evil doer, or as a busybody in other men's matters."

I Peter 15.

"Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life is not of the Father, but is of the world, and the world passeth away and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever."

St. John II. 15.

"Love covereth all sins."

Prov. X. 12.

"Let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath."

James I. 19.

"Love as brethren."

I Peter III. 8.

"Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth."

Ephesians IV. 29.

"Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil-speaking be put away from you, with all malice."

Ephesians IV. 31.

"Let him that stole steal no more but rather let him labour, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth."

Ephesians IV. 28.

"Let nothing be done through strife and vain-glory, but in lowliness of mind let each esteem the other better than themselves."

Phillippians II. 3.

"Let another man praise thee and not thy own mouth; a stranger, and not thine own lips."

Prov. XXVII. 2.

"Let your moderation be known unto all men."

Phillippians IV. 5.

"Lie not one to another."

Colossians III. 9.

"Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you."

Matthew V. 44.

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal; for where your treasure is there will your heart be also."

Matthew VI. 19-21.

15. 15. Umayamma Rani.

(1677-1684.)



"In one of the previous issues of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* I wrote a short sketch of the reigns of Rani Lakshmi Bai and Parvathy Bai who ruled Travancore for a period of 19 years. Now I give a short account of the reign or rather regency of Umayamma

Rani, who reigned over Travancore for over seven years from 1677 to 1684.

King Aditya Varma ruled over the State from 1661 to 1677. "He was of a very quiet and mild disposition and from his younger days he led a retired and religious life and became more like a spiritual minister than a king." The Yogakkars and the Ettuvetil Pillamars, who were really the leaders of Travancore at that time, who had the control of everything in the State

and who were more powerful than the Raja, now became supreme and tried every means to take away the life of the ruler and take the administration of the State into their own hands. They set fire to the Palace in which the Maharaja Aditya Varma and his relatives lived and killed the Raja by administering poison. At the death of the Raja, the Royal family consisted of one lady, the king's niece, named Umayamma Rane (the subject of our sketch) and her six young sons. All these six children were very young and there was no one to rule over the State. So our Umayamma Rane became the Regent of the Princes and ruled the State. She was a very learned and intelligent Princess. About this Rane, Van Rheed, the then Dutch Governor of Ceylon, says, "The Princess of Attingah, who is not alone the mother of Travancore, but the eldest of Tippaposewam, has a large territory of her own, independent of Travancore, and is also in alliance with the Honourable Company. Along with this old Princess lives a younger one, of such noble and manly conduct that she is both feared and respected by every one, some out of respect to her sex and others out of regard to the old Queen. This youngest Princess knows so well how to turn this respect to her advantage that she not only rules Attingah but Travancore itself, within whose bounds no Princess may set her feet according to their laws nor pass the river *Cunimani* on pain of forfeiting her rights; but this young Amazon has lately violated those customs and made even the king fly before her."*

Soon after the death of king Aditya Varma, the confederates, the Yogakkars and Ettuvetil Pillamars came to the Queen and expressed their condolences and promised to be faithful to her person acknowledging her to be the rightful ruler of the State. The simple-minded Queen believed them and they in their turn began to weave plots to murder the 6 princes (the sons of the Rane). One moon-light night the confederates sent some of their boys to play with the Princes and made the boys induce the young princes to come out of the Palace, and play on the white sands near a tank, close by, called Kalippankulam (a tank for playing). The boys did their duty satisfactorily and the five Princes were drowned by some of the confederates who were waiting on the sides of the tank. The boys then spread the news that the princes had been accidentally drowned. The Queen now knew everything and thought that it was not safe to live within that Fort and so for the safety of her only remaining son, who was only nine years old, she left the Palace and fled

* From the Travancore Manual, by Mr. V. Nagan Iya, B.A.

who taught her classics and mathematics. She learnt several modern languages and became a good musician. Her one object of life was to relieve the poor and visit the sick.

In her twentieth year, Miss Florence succeeded to a large estate. She might have enjoyed luxury and spent an easy life. But she spent her days and her wealth in going to the rescue of the distressed and the oppressed. She travelled all over Europe to learn the best mode of nursing the sick. For some months she attended an institution for the training of nurses, and fearlessly went into fever-stricken places and haunts where cholera virulently raged.

In the year 1854, when the British Government declared war against Russia, an army of twenty-five thousand men sailed for the Crimea. Very soon the hospitals were filled with the sick and the wounded and there were four miles of beds. Nurses were asked to go out to attend them. Miss Nightingale set out with forty-two nurses, many of whom were ladies of high position. On the day she arrived at Scutari, opposite to Constantinople, the great battle of Inkerman was fought. "The wounded were brought from Crimea, and landed at the Pier. Those who could, walked to the great barrack hospital; those who were too badly hurt to walk were carried on stretchers up the steep hill leading to the hospital. It was a large square building outside, and inside were long bare rooms, with rows of closely packed beds. The sights and sounds were heart-rending. There were horrible wounds of every kind: disease in all its terrible variety; the heavy moanings of sufferers, and the cry of the delirious. Miss Nightingale and the nurses wore "aprons" and "bands" with "Scutari Hospital" marked on them, plain gowns and white caps. The soldiers had never been nursed by women before, only by men, and some of them had been very rough, not knowing anything of sickness and unable to dress wounds. But the lady nurses moved about from bed to bed, quickly and quietly, attending to each sufferer in turn, and working for hours and hours with no rest. Some of the soldiers were too ill even to know where they were, until they slowly returned to life, and found themselves no longer lying on the battle-fields, but in the hospital, being cared for and looked after by Miss Nightingale or by one of her band.

Miss Nightingale would cook herself whenever there were urgent cases and feed the sick and dying men. She had a great power of command over the soldiers. When she went to Crimea she never failed to visit the camp hospitals and to take some nurses there. Some

weeks later she was seized with fever and she was placed on board a vessel bound for England. After her recovery, though even then she was weak and ill, she returned to the Scutari Hospital where there was more work to be done.

In September 1855, the Crimean war was at an end and Miss Nightingale remained at Scutari till the English had finally left Turkey in 1856. "England had resolved to give her a public welcome, but she shrank from it, and quietly arrived at her home in Derbyshire unrecognised. But England wanted to show her gratitude to her in some way for the good work she had done and the soldiers wanted to share." A fund was therefore started, styled the "Nightingale Fund." All heartily joined in this movement and nearly five lakhs of rupees were raised in a few days. At Miss Nightingale's special wish, the fund was devoted to the formation of a training school for nurses at St. Thomas' Hospital in London.

Queen Victoria presented Miss Nightingale with a beautiful diamond brooch; the word "Crimea" was engraved on it, and on the back were the words, "Florence Nightingale, as a mark of esteem and gratitude for her devotion towards the Queen's brave soldiers. From Victoria, R." The Sultan of Turkey also presented her with a costly diamond bracelet.

In the year 1858, she published a book called "Notes on Nursing", which soon became very popular. She wrote a valuable paper suggesting measures for the recovery of the sick during the time of the Great Indian Mutiny. She sought also the welfare of the people of India and urged the Government to take measures to render the towns and villages much more beautiful.

In 1892, Miss Nightingale held correspondence with the Secretary of State for India to better the sanitary condition of our country: in many ways she proved herself a great and sincere friend of India.

The latest honour conferred on Miss Nightingale is the roll of the Order of Merit. As the *Times of India* says: "At the foot and the head there stand the names of two members, who have worked for India. That is a fact which it is useful to recall, for her earlier work in the Crimea has overshadowed Miss Nightingale's later labours on behalf of the Army, especially the Army in India, but she will never be forgotten as the initiator of the modern system of training nurses. The honour thus bestowed comes to her late in life, and though no decoration can place her higher in the country's esteem, we are glad it has been given."

V. S. A.

COROMANDEL FISHERS.

Rise, brothers, rise, the wakening skies pray to the morning light,
The wind lies asleep in the arms of the dawn like a child that has cried all night.
Come, let us gather our nets from the shore, and set our catamarans free,
To capture the leaping wealth of the tide, for we are the sons of the sea.

No longer delay, let us hasten away in the track of the sea-gull's call,
The sea is our mother, the cloud is our brother, the waves are our comrades all.
What though we toss at the fall of the sun where the hand of the sea-god drives?
He who holds the storm by the hair, will hide in his breast our lives.

Sweet is the shade of the cocoanut glade, and the scent of the mango grove,
And sweet are the sands at the full o' the moon with the sound of the voices we love.
But sweeter, oh brothers, the kiss of the spray and the dance of the wild foam's glee:
Row, brothers, row to the blue of the verge, where the low sky mates with the sea.

Sarojini Naidu.

II. THE USEFULNESS OF THE LEMON FOR WOMEN.

MANY women do not really know how useful the "homely little lemon" is to them. I was the other day reading a stray volume of the "Lady's Realm" when I came across the following information about the lemon and, thinking that it might do some good to the readers of this paper, I give it here in the form of a short article. The lemon is one of the many proofs we come across in our daily experience that the plenty or cheapness of a thing decreases its value in the eyes of man. It is particularly a feminine frailty to esteem but little that which exists in nature in abundance or costs only a few pence. The very cheapness of the lemon has, perhaps, detracted from its right appreciation. Yet, the little golden thing "bolds within its shiny, yellow skin health-giving properties which all women should hasten to use". No moment is so depressing to a woman as when she suddenly learns the fact, maybe by standing before a mirror or from the chance remarks of a friend or relation, that she is becoming too stout. Now, the juice of the lemon is extremely useful to a stout woman and the unseemly bluntness of her form may be banished by drinking the following prescribed draughts on alternate days after the three principal meals of the day. "The first day, half an hour after the meal, a tumblerful of some acid saline should be drank,—and there are many such saline waters on the market; care must be taken to use one that has acid properties, or the lemon may be used as a perfectly efficient substitute. The juice of two lemons should be divided into three equal portions, and one of these portions added to a tumbler of cold water, and taken not less than half an hour after the meal.

On the alternate days, at the same time after the three meals, and in the same amount, an alkaline drink should be taken. An alkaline saline may be purchased, or pure water may be used—its alkalinity being ensured by the addition of some ten to fifteen drops of aromatic spirits of ammonia. It is quite immaterial whether an effervescing or still saline is taken in each case—the choice may depend entirely on individual taste in the matter." Remarkable results are produced by a rigid adherence to the course prescribed. The fat in the body will be reduced gradually and the woman regains her old proportions.

The lemon is useful in many other ways to a woman in her thousand-and-one little niceties of the toilet. As a bleach to beautify the finger nails, or to whiten the skin, or to remove unsightly stains of any kind on the body or the dress, the juice of the lemon is invaluable.

Lemon juice also cures head-ache. "The best cure for a head-ache" writes the author of the article, which is the source of the present contribution,—“is again the useful lemon. Two slices of lemon should be held in the hands, and rubbed with gentle steady friction over the temples". The aching of the head is to a large extent nervous and is generally due to the sudden stimulation of the blood-flow, and "the soothing effect of this gentle friction is very marked and still more effectual if the lemon slices are gently rubbed on the sufferer's temples by a light-handed assistant or friend."

III. PRETTY FANCIES.

1. THE RISING OF THE MOON.

My heart was hot and weary, my life seemed hard and sad.

I turned to an eastern window and gazed out with tear-filled eyes, and, as I gazed, the soothing magic of the fair scene fell o'er my spirit till my heart grew tranquil and my sorrow sank to rest. 'Twas eventide, and in the glowing west the sun had sunk, but the dying glory yet flooded the world with tender light.

The year was at the spring, the early dawning spring, and the tall elms that met my gaze were putting forth a warm robe of thick red buds, over which the after-glow from the sunset shed a soft pink light.

But behind, ah, behind the ruddy elms, gleamed the wondrous, great, gold moon rising above the misty hilltop, and floating gradually upwards in the soft pure blue of the eastern sky.

Between the red elm boughs glowed the glorious lamp of night, and the dying western glow seemed to tint its radiance with hazy pink and mauve.

Up and up, brighter and more silver each moment, while I held my breath in wonder, rode the beautiful vision.

Now the trees below in the dewy garden were no more than dark mysterious shapes; only the tall elms stood out dark and clear in the moonlight.

Then they grew dimmer and yet more dim, as the silver orb rose higher and higher in the soft sky, till it hung suspended in space.

Far, far below now were the dark elms, almost lost to my sight in the dusk that gathered about them.

Far, far above was that wondrous moon, a great, glorious, triumphant, silvery thing lighting the sleeping, silent earth with its tender rays of pale pure light.

And I sank on my knees by the dark eastern window, and bowed my head. In my heart was the hush and calm of the moonlight eventide, the passion and tempest had fled away. To my lips rose broken murmurings, as I thanked the

Maker of all things pure and beautiful for His wondrous gifts unto the children of men.

2. THE PLAIN PRINCESS.

"So the new *prima donna* is a beauty?" the Princess remarked.

Bianca, her maid, looked up.

"A beauty indeed, your Highness; her raven hair and soft black eyes mark her out as one immediately. Prince della Santa himself is to be of her audience to-night," she replied demurely.

"Ah! 'tis good to be so lovely, Bianca," came the rather plaintive words, and the grey-eyed Princess sighed.

Bianca, a confidante as well as tire-woman, looked animated.

"Princess! Highness!" she cried. "A high-born lady such as you, with the loveliest voice in Italy, need envy no one. Have I not said your Highness's singing is of the best, and I am not alone in this opinion," and the maid tossed her head as one fully assured of her rights to such liberties as to contradict in a way, which only the greatest favourites would dare attempt.

"Truly now, I think, I'll go to the Opera to see and hear for myself. Come now, out with a sober grey gown, as becomes the Plain Princess of the Hills, and I'll be off." The little lady was all smiles and sparkles.

Bianca, with a hopeless gesture, went to obey her command. The great Prince of Zeria had certainly a wayward daughter.

The musical director at the Redmont Opera-house was running about distractedly. Most of the singers kept out of little Conti's way, as his temper was not of the safest.

"The Royal Prince has arrived to hear Leonari," were the whispers.

"Conti will indeed be a 'made' man."

One bolder than the others asked him then what worried him.

"The matter? Oh, the pity! I am a ruined man. His Highness is in the box, but Leonari she refuses to come. Her boy is ill and nothing is of avail, and they will all go away in wrath." The distracted man was full of pity for himself.

"Can I assist? I have learnt singing, and can at least place my notes," a quiet voice said.

A plain sober little lady with great grey eyes stood before the master.

"You! who are you, that you dare attempt to place yourself with the *prima donna*?" he exclaimed irritably.

"Listen! This is the song of Despair, out of 'Fra Giovaanni,' as I should volunteer it."

A piano stood at the back; the Princess (for it was she) strummed the opening; a few minutes later the golden notes were floating on the air.

"Grand! Come, come, I am saved," cried Conti delightedly. When the curtain rose a few minutes later, people gazed in wonder at the new songstress. Was this then the great beauty? Incredulous! But when the lovely voice swelled out and up, the impulsive Italians cheered with delight, and after it was over the impetuous Prince sprang away, and behind to the stage itself.

"Singer, you have given me my happiness back; before you sang I was a hardened man. Now I am light-hearted and gay, and shall I let my charmer vanish? No, no!" he whispered.

The Princess laughed happily.

"You may come and see me to-morrow. All is possible," she said.

3. THE RUSTLING OF A FLAX BUSH.

"Why do you always rustle so discontentedly?" I asked of a certain solitary flax bush out in the wilds, as I sat under its cool shade one hot day.

"Because I have cause to," said the flax bush; "because I am very lonely and ill-used."

"Well," I said, "all flax bushes rustle in the wind, but you seem to rustle more than any flax bush I ever sat under."

"I always did have cause to rustle," said the flax bush, "and always will have, I suppose."

"Even before the time of the white man?"

"Yes, but not so much."

"Tell me your life story," I asked.

The flax bush rustled and sighed, and said—

"There is not much to tell. I look back with regret to the time before the white man came with his sharp tools, and fire, when I had companion bushes all around me. Then I was a handsome bush, with my glossy green blades and my many and elegant flower stalks. Look at me now; I am a disgrace to my name."

The flax bush rustled very angrily now. "See that burnt spot near my roots? A white man who comes here to muster sheep, boiled his billy there one wet day, and that bent flower stalk is where he hung his billy. That trodden-down spot is where he sheltered himself from the rain. He tethered his horse to me also, and the mischievous animal chewed the ends of my youngest blades. To crown all, before he went he cut a bundle of my strongest blades to use at his sheep pens instead of rope."

"How very useful you are!" I said. "Though you are not handsome, you ought to be glad to be of so much use. Would you rather be that toi-toi bush over yonder on the hillside, waving its handsome plumes? What use is it except for ornament? It belongs to a useless family of grasses. Its handsome plumes yield no honey to the bee, and its foliage is sharp and cutting. When climbing the hillside once I slipped, and

clutched some toi-toi for support, and it cut my hand. As for you, dear, useful flax bush, you belong to the lily. Your flowers yield sweet honey for the bees, and you clothed the Maoris in days gone by. Now, tell me more of your life story, about the time of the broken-skinned man, and how he treated you."

"Come another day," said the flax bush, rustling gently.

"Farewell, then," I said, "Until the next time I need your welcome shelter."

I came another day, but the flax bush had disappeared, and only the smouldering roots were left. A spark from a neighbouring swamp fire, I suppose, had caused it.

"Oh, flax bush," I said, "how you will be missed! I hope that your roots are not all burnt, and that you will grow up again next spring."

4. HOW ROSES CAME INTO THE WORLD.

Between the City and the Church is the Field Floridus, that is to say, the Field Flowering, forasmuch as a fair maid was blamed with wrong and slandered, for which cause she was to die and be burnt. As the fire began to burn she prayed to our Lord that she was not guilty and He would help her and make it known unto all men. She entered into the fire, which was quenched and went out. The brands that were burning became red rose-trees, and the brands that were not kindled became white rose-trees full of roses. These were the first rose-trees and roses, both white and red, that any man ever saw. Thus, the maiden was saved by the grace of God, and, therefore, is that field named the Field of God's Flowers, for it was full of roses.—An old Legend.

IV. GLEANINGS FROM ANCIENT CLASSICS.

THE PEACOCK-GIN.

What distinguishes man from the rest of the creation is his aspiration. In his ardent wish to be great and good, he devises methods of elevating himself in the estimation of the world. In the good old times when the revolution now effected by harnessing steam and electricity to the yoke of our daily activities was not so much as dreamt of, locomotion is said to have been effected by the sages with the help of *kuligais* or pills which they put into their mouths and which enabled them to go wherever they pleased. This is now thought to be a poetic fancy, but the scientific inventions of modern times which have made very rapid strides in the sphere of locomotive facilities lead us to hope for the day when man can, in the

twinkle of an eye, go over leagues upon leagues without vehicles, undeterred by the great natural barriers of huge mountains and large rivers. Ideas and speculations like these are not new to English literature. In the *Discovery of a New World*, Bishop Wilkins has speculated on the possibility of men flying to the sphere of the moon by means of wings attached to their bodies. This ambitious scheme is elaborated in the *Life and Adventures of Peter Wilkins*. In this remarkable work of daring imaginative adventure, Robert Paltock sends his shipwrecked hero to the country of *Ghumms* and *Gowreys* or Men and Women that fly, and gives a vivid description of strange regions and the laws, customs and manners obtaining there. The fable of *Icarus* is well-known. When the son of the mythic Greek Sculptor and artificer fled from Crete with the help of the wings made by his father and soared high in the air, the sun melted his artificial wings, so that he fell into the sea and was drowned. These fables and fictions only show that aerial flights are not beyond the possibilities of the human inventive genius. The balloon is but a half-way house to the consummation of man's winged flight. In the *Squire's Tale* Chaucer describes a horse of brass, so constructed as to enable the rider to travel long distances in a trice. Here is what the morning-star of English song says about it, the words being spelt as in modern English, though to the detriment of the rhythm of the passage:—

"Great was the press, that swarmeth to and fro,
To gaze on this horse that standeth so;
For it so high was, and so broad and long,
So well-proportioned for to be strong,
Right as it were a steed of Lombardy;
Therewith so horsely, and so quick of eye
As is a gentle Apulia courser were.
For certes, from his tail unto his ear
Nature nor art could him naught amend
In no degree, as all the people weened,
But evermore her most wonder was,
How that it could go on, and was of brass.

.....
This horse anon began to trip and dance
When that his knight laid hand upon his rein,
And said, 'Sir, there is no more to sayn,
But, when you list to ride anywhere
Ye must trill a pin which stands in his ear,
Which I shall tell you betwixt us two.'
You must name him to what place also,
Or to what country that you list to ride.
And when you come there as you list abide,
Bid him descend, and trill another pin,
For therein lieth the effect of all the gin,
And he will down descend and do your will.

This magical horse of brass is of Arabian fancy, founded on Arabian learning. It obeys implicitly the rider's mandate, and the power of giving life or speech to compositions in metal is traced to the skill of the Eastern alchemists. In the ancient classics of India, such Engines are too common and aerial flights no rarity.

Ravana carried Seta away in an aerial car which soared high in the heavens. The *Peacock-Gin* is the machinery described in *Jwak Chintamani* that effected the Escape of Queen Vijayai from the clutches of the fiendish usurper of her husband's dominion. In stanza 205 of *Namakial Ilambakam*, an account is given of the materials used for the construction of the Engine and in stanzas 208-9, it is followed by that of Queen Vijayai's practice on this machine. The *Gin* took seven days for the artificer to make, and what follows is a close rendering of the stanzas referred to above.

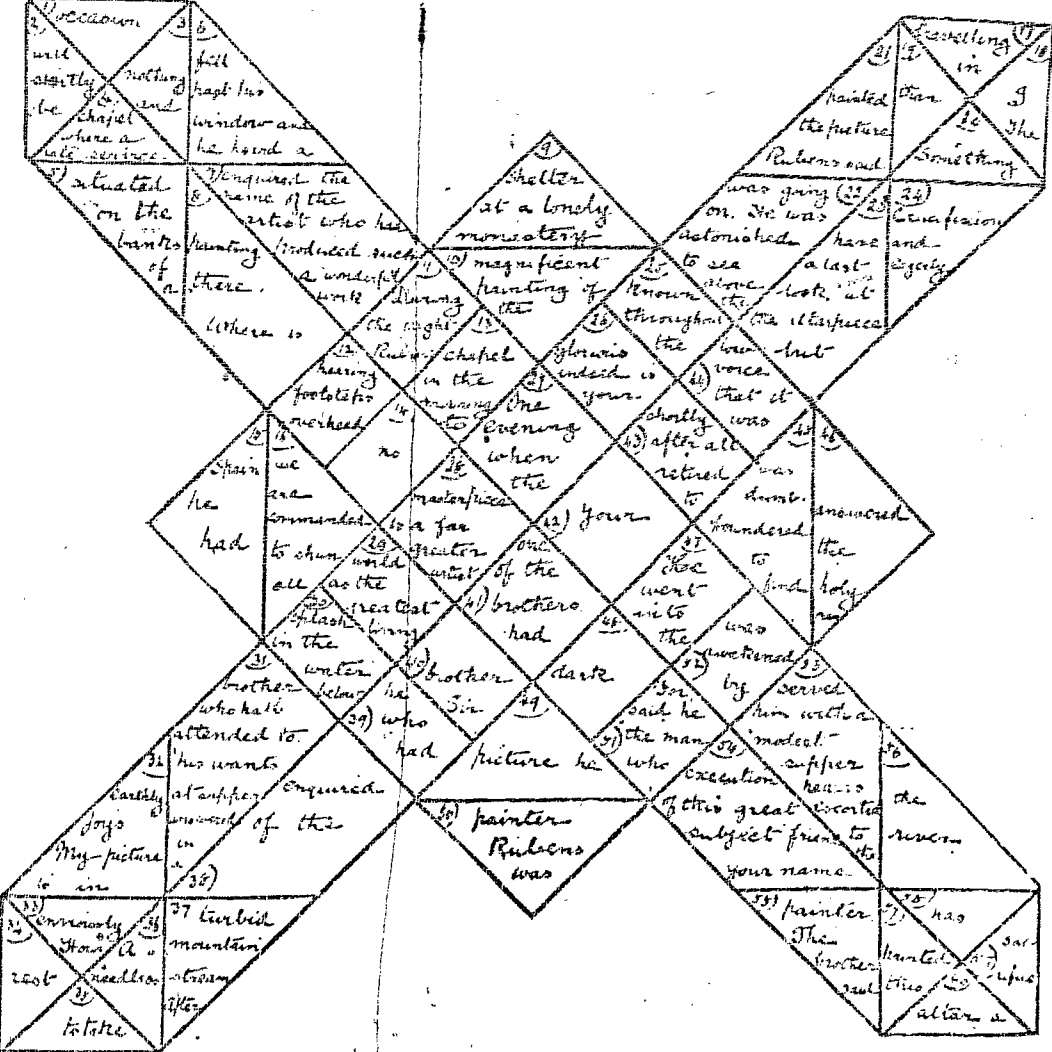
- Full many a cloth and gum and clean threads white,
With lac refined and wax combined with might,

With other things well knit ere sennight passed
The artist brought the coursing *Gin* compassed,
The dancing peacock-gin that way,
In palace yards and groves by day.
She rode in speed slowly waxing
As trilled her lord, as tunes rising.
The gin her tuning fingers turned right wise
When high
It soared and soared and cut the cloud that past in sky;
She turned it left, and down at once the peacock fell
With all its legs, as one to set the seers pell mell.

All Science will hail the glorious day when
an artistic genius hits successfully upon the
best and easiest method of transit which does
not demand the expenditure of the short-lived
energies of man for the purpose.

V. A PRIZE COMPETITION PUZZLE STORY.

The sixty divisions of the cross contain a complete story and its title. Give a list of the divisions in the order in which they should be taken to complete the story.



VI. THE CAUVERY FALLS.

Merrily dashing and splashing the Cauvery waters foam
Now raising a silvery minaret and now a sparkling dome;
And over the rocky precipice its currents joyous leap;
As a wayward infant, bounding, into the valley deep:
White and clear as crystal tho' thy beauties be
There is one charm but paramount the one that gladdens me
Thy free spontaneous movement, thy spring from nature's arms.
This is thy greatest loveliness--brightest of all thy charms.

LALITA GUPTA.

The Srinivasa Mandiram
Ladies' Section.

A MEETING.



As usual, the ladies held a meeting on the afternoon of Saturday last, the 28th December, 1907, at the above place. There were present about a hundred ladies. Sowbhaghyavati Kamakshamma (Mrs. Advocate B. Subbanna, B.A., B.L.) read a paper on

"Mandane or Temporal Duties". The paper was very interesting and instructive. This was the following address:—

"Dear Sisters, I am induced to lay before you certain ideas regarding the due performance of temporal duties, not so much with the hope of being able to say anything new to you, as with that of testing their correctness in this assembly.

'Men attain perfection by worshipping God with the performance of their own duties,' says Lord Sri Krishna in the Gita, the greatest solace for the men of the world, and it is of the highest importance for us who are subjected to the bondage of this earth that we should know how God is worshipped by the performance of our duties, and in what way we attain perfection

by this. The path of renunciation prescribed for liberation is too difficult for ordinary men to follow.

It must be admitted that of the whole earthly creation, man is the most sublime; and the human body, consisting of the Intelligence (*Buddhi*), the Mind (*Manas*), and the organs of the senses, must be regarded as the most beautiful instrument wherewith the Creator seems to do many things. The Lord who is the sustainer of the whole universe is the imate-self (*Atmān*) of the entire creation, animate and inanimate; and with this glory or *Maya*, the whole world appears in this differentiated condition; and with His strength alone, the sensory organs and the mind and the intelligence carry on their operations. Therefore, it is the duty of all to do His behests with faith, love and cheerfulness.

The real cause of all misery is the belief that we work for our own selves and that the results are ours. The conception contained in the words "I" "Mine" as used in ordinary parlance is really inaccurate; and a firm and honest belief that everything that we are required to do is directed by the Lord and is on His account, and that the results do not appertain to us, dissolves all misery; and we shall no longer be disturbed by success or failure, pleasure or pain. The recent mighty wars that were waged in the East and West afford examples of such disinterested action; and of duty for duty's own sake. In the war between Russia and Japan, we are told, that the Commander of a mighty war-ship gave a wrong order which was sure to cause the ship to be lost, and that the subordinate officers knew it to be wrong and what would be the result if it was carried out, but they understood their duty and cheerfully perished in its discharge. In the war between our beloved Empress Victoria of blessed memory and the Boers, we are told that warriors in each army had friends and kinsmen in the opposite forces, but still they knew it was their duty to fight without regard to the consequences.

All that we are required to do as "*Samsarins*" or people of this world, is ordained by God. Men and women should work for the world, even from the commencement of their life, and for doing so, a good healthy and strong body is a necessary instrument. The word 'body' here includes mind also. Though in recent years, much care is being bestowed on the training of the mind, the other parts of the body are sadly neglected. We are weaker than our mothers, and our children than ourselves. 'No weak man can obtain the *Atman*.' Therefore, I exhort you to begin at once to make up for this deficiency by giving suitable physical exercise to yourself and your boys and girls. If you neglect this, know that ruin is at hand for our country.

The Late Sardarni Umrao Singh

(WHOSE PHOTO WE GIVE IN OUR FRONTISPIECE.)

Straw on her roses, roses,
And never a spray of yew.
In quiet she reposes,
Oh would that I did too.

Her mirth the world required,
She bathed it in smiles of glee,
But her heart was tired, tired,
And now they let her be.

Her life was turning, turning,
In mazes of heat and sound;
But for peace her soul was yearning,
And now peace laps her round.

Her cabin'd ample spirit,
It flutter'd and fail'd for breath;
To-night it doth inherit,
The vast hall of death.

(MATHEW ARNOLD.)

Captain Sardar Gulab Singh of Alatri was much disappointed when his little daughter was born. But when she smiled at him her own angelic smile, his heart thrilled with joy and he began to love her more than he loved anyone or anything. As she grew up he would take her out with him and delighted to introduce her to his friends and was justly proud of her charming prattle and sweet loving manners. She was taught Gurmukhi and much against the custom of the family he taught her Urdu also, for he loved her with all his heart and tried to gratify every whim and fancy of the little daughter, whom he lovingly named Narindra Kumari.

She was barely thirteen when he got her married to Sardar Umrao Singh Majethia, who was his ward. In fact, he and his friend Raja Surat Singh, Sardar Umrao Singh's father, had agreed to marry their children long before they were born, and though Raja Surat Singh had passed away long before the happy day arrived, his friend lived to see it fulfilled.

Thus began the married life of Sardarni Umrao Singh. She found in her boy-husband a poet and an artist who touched her gifted soul with new aspirations and she responded to all that was beautiful and true in life. She picked up English in no time, threw up *Pardah* and was the first Sikh lady to introduce inter-dining among the Sikhs.

She, with her husband, paid a visit to Europe in 1896 which she repeated again in 1897 to attend the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria,

Though wealth is not of primary importance in temporal duties, wealth has also a mighty function to perform. It is said to be the external life of man. Man earns money and it is women that should know how to spend it. Daily expenses should be cut short to lay by money for meeting extraordinary demands; and by all fair and just means we must lay by money. Every man's expenditure must be limited to his means and the demands of the occasion. What may be styled lavishness in one may be economy or even parsimony in another. We spend large sums of money on festive occasions. It cannot be said that it is wholly unnecessary to do so. Those that say all this should be stopped in order to lay by money for helping the poor are in the wrong. It is ridiculous to say that the poor should not work and that food should be taken to their mouths. Money spent on festive occasions is largely meant to help the poor by taking work from them in various ways and paying for it. A man who refuses to spend money according to the needs of the occasion, and puts forward such excuses, is a veritable sinner.

I have attempted thus far to submit to you some aspects of the first two of the four aspirations of men, *Dharma*, *Artha*, *Kama* and *Moksha* and have taken up much of your valuable time, and probably there are many mistakes in what I have said; I do not therefore propose now to treat of the other two, lest I may commit more mistakes and spend more of your time, and shall conclude this discourse with singing a verse in praise of Him, through whose grace, Janaka and others obtained liberation by performing their duties without the expectation of any reward."

Here the lecturer sang a verse in Kanarese which was a translation from the Sanskrit *Bhartruhari* and which may be rendered into English as follows:—

"I bow to that pure effulgence which is unconditioned by time or other limitation, and which is the embodiment of existence, intelligence and bliss and capable of comprehension, only by one's own intuition."

When the reading of the paper was finished, a hearty vote of thanks was given to the lecturer. It was then announced that a fair member of the Lingayat community of Bangalore had consented to deliver the next lecture, the subject being "GOOD COMPANY."

The day and time fixed is as usual, Saturday, 3-30 p. m., 4th Jan. '08. All respectable Hindu ladies are cordially invited to grace the occasion with their presence.

S. MANDIRAM,
31st December, 1907.

when she made some very good friends. On her return home to Lahore, she gathered round her a circle of friends, English and Indian, who found an indescribable charm in her delightful company. Her soul seemed to have crossed the narrow limits of caste, creed, and country, and her home was delightfully cosmopolitan in its character; for her husband's philosophical theories and the frankly charming manners of his wife formed a combination, which attracted men of all shades of opinion to their house. Her generosity knew no bounds, she found the value of money only in its use and showered presents on her friends with no stinting hand, and yet the empty formalities and petty things of life never satisfied her and her soul always yearned for the unattainable, which, perhaps, is hers now.

She was only 36 years of age when she left this vale of tears. In the morning she had dressed in her own inimitable manner and was about to go out for a drive, when she felt ill and returned to her room; in the evening she was joking with her doctor, and yet before the dawn of a new morning her beautiful soul had left its earthly abode.

How sweet, unreach'd by earthly jars
My sister, to maintain with thee
The hush among the shining stars,
The calm upon the moonlit sea.

How sweet to feel on the soft air
All our unquiet pulses cease;
To feel that nothing can impair
Thy gentleness, thy thirst for peace.

Our Needle Work Column.

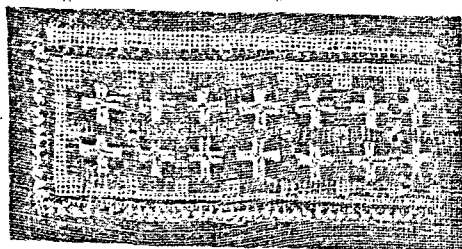


FIG. 1.

Fig. 1. Simple design for Puritan collar and cuffs worked on fine Congress Canvas. The little squares are formed by working nine outlining stitches to each side of the square, cutting away two threads, leaving four threads,

and cutting away two threads on each side of the square. The cross of four threads to be worked with plain weave stitch. The eyelet holes are plain sewing over stitches, and the edge is button-holed and worked with Point de Venice stitch.

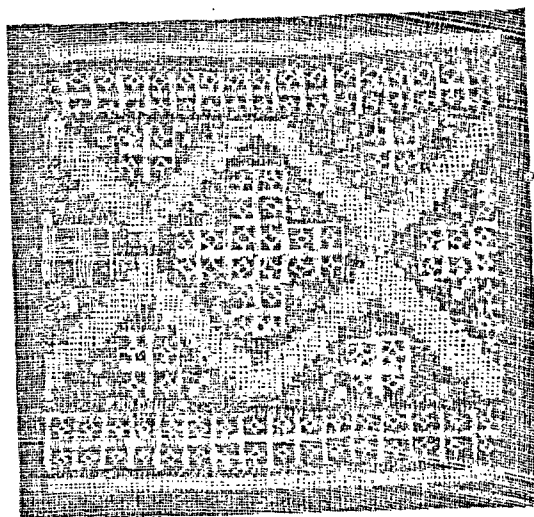


FIG. 2.

Fig. 2. Insertion worked on Congress Canvas for casement curtains, towel ends, chair backs, etc., worked in 3 stitches outlining weave stitch, and simple lace filling. Particularly notice that for the squares in centre of design five threads are cut away on each side of the bars, and for the border only four threads are cut away between each bar.

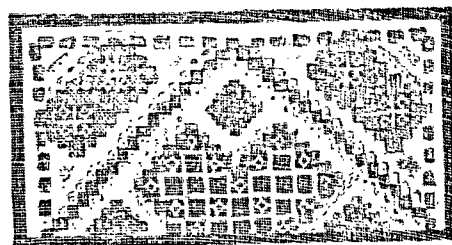


FIG. 3.

Fig. 3. Handsome square, worked on Haddagen canvas. In outlining stitch, plain barring and lace filling, further ornamented with back stitching. Suitable for cushion covers, nightdress cases, etc.

Our Cookery Column.

RICE CREAM.



INGREDIENTS.

One quart of milk, two ounces of almonds, one ounce of butter, a quarter of a pound of moist white sugar, a quarter of a pound of ground rice, a laurel-leaf.

Mix the rice into a paste with a little of the cold milk, boil the rest of the milk with the sugar and laurel-leaf, add the rice, stir well in the milk for about ten minutes, add the almonds, which must have been first blanched and chopped. Now take out the laurel-leaf from the mixture and pour it into a mould, which must have been first rinsed with cold water. Turn out when cold on a glass dish and serve, either alone or with any sort of stewed fruit or syrup.

SNOWBALLS.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of rice, one quart of milk, two ounces of blanched almonds or a flavouring of essence of vanilla, preserved cherries and custard, three ounces of sugar.

Boil the rice in the milk with the sugar and any flavouring you may have at hand—bay-leaves, almonds, vanilla or lemon. The rice when tender must not be too dry, in which case a little more milk must be added. Now take a number of cups of patty-pans, fill them with the rice, when cold turn outside by side on a glass dish. On the top of each of these snowballs place a preserved cherry or a piece of currant or quince jelly, and cover all with a nicely-prepared vanilla or lemon custard.

ROLLS IN RED WINE.

Ingredients.—One cupful of red wine, half a cupful of water, a quarter of a pound of white moist sugar, three stale rolls, powdered spice, two ounces of butter.

Cut the rolls into slices, fry these slices golden brown in hot butter and put them on a glass dish. Meanwhile make a hot sauce from the wine, water, sugar, and spice, adding a few sultanas, if liked. Pour this sauce over the fried bread and serve hot to table.

This somewhat novel recipe, absolutely unknown in England, is greatly esteemed by us, and merited with being a most wholesome and tasty sweet.

BREAD FRITTERS.

Ingredients.—Three stale rolls, one pint of milk, four eggs, one teaspoonful of flour, a pinch of salt, two ounces of moist white sugar, a few drops of orange-flower water, or essence of almonds or lemon.

Cut the rolls into thick slices, lay them to soak in the cold milk. Beat the eggs with the salt and flour, and add any of the above flavouring (not the spice). Prepare a pan with swimming boiling butter or fat. Now take your slices of roll from the milk, let them drip a little, lay them one by one into the egg mixture and cook a golden brown in the boiling fat. Strew over these golden fritters white powdered sugar and spice (the latter can be omitted if flavourings have been used). Serve hot with tea, coffee, or as an accompaniment to the stewed fruit.

STRAWBERRY SLICES.

Ingredients.—Two stale rolls or a small stale milk-loaf, one pound of strawberries, two ounces of powdered white sugar, and, according to taste, a little powdered spice. Swimming butter.

Cut the rolls into long slices not too thin, cook them a golden brown in the boiling fat. Mix the strawberries with the sugar and spices, mash with a fork and cover the bread with the mixture. A little whipped cream on the top of these slices is a delicious addition: in the absence of cream beat two egg-whites to a stiff froth, spread over the strawberry slices and bake a minute in the oven till the egg froth has taken a golden hue.

ALMOND SLICES.

Ingredients.—A quarter of a pound of blanched almonds, a quarter of a pound of sugar, two eggs, the grated rind of half a lemon, two stale rolls.

Blanch and chop the almonds very fine, stir into them the eggs, sugar and lemon-peel. Now cut the rolls into slices half an inch thick, spread the above mixture over them, cook them in a hot oven light brown and serve to table with a custard or wine sauce.

SEMOLINA CROQUETTES.

Ingredients.—Three pints of milk, two ounces of sugar, a pinch of salt, half a pound of semolina, four eggs and flavouring either of vanilla, spices, grated rind of lemons, almonds or orange-flower water.

The milk, with the sugar, salt and flavouring, must be brought to the boil, now add the semolina, pouring it very slowly and from high up into the milk, and then stirring it in well, over a very feeble fire, until the mixture is thick.

Now let the mixture cool a little and add the beaten eggs well into the mass. Take one table spoonful of this mixture after the other and drop them into swimming boiling butter or fat. When of a golden brown remove from the fat on to a dish, strew with mixed spice and powdered sugar and serve hot, either alone or as an accompaniment to stewed fruit. They can also be covered with strawberry or raspberry syrup, and will be found delicious.

BREAD AND BUTTER CROQUETTES.

Ingredients.—Slices of thin bread and butter (any stale pieces will do), two ounces of jam, half a pound of flour, a saltspoonful of salt, two eggs, milk.

Make a batter of the flour, salt, the eggs well whisked and sufficient milk to make the mixture of the consistency of thick cream. Take the slices of bread and butter, spread half of them with jam, and cover them with the other half, cut into neat square pieces, dip into the batter, cook a light brown in swimming butter or fat and serve warm to table strewn over with sugar.

MADEIRA CAKE.

Whisk four eggs as light as possible. Continue to whisk, and throw in by slow degrees in the following order: Six ounces of dry sifted sugar, six ounces of dry sifted flour, four ounces of butter just dissolved; the rind of a fresh lemon grated, and the last moment before putting in the oven, one-third of a teaspoonful carbonate of soda. It is important that each portion of butter must be beaten in till no appearance remains before the rest is added; bake one hour. Candied citron may be added.

Selections.

1. MUSLIM WOMEN IN TURKEY.

By REV. CANON SELL, D.D.

TRAVELLERS in Turkey and in India have been struck with the greater freedom given to women in the former country as compared with that accorded to them in the latter. The women are not as here for ever shut up within the walls of the Zenana, without any opportunity of seeing the life of the world around, or the beauties of creation. Turkish women in common with Mussulmans elsewhere, as far as their legal position is concerned, have many rights and privileges. As a wife, a Muslim woman has independent control of her property, she can sue and be sued independently of her husband; she can inherit property and can demand from her husband suitable provision for

her maintenance. In many respects, her legal rights would seem to place her in a better position than that enjoyed by many classes of women in other communities. With all this in their favour, the backward condition of these women is a serious blot in the social system. It must be due to causes which are remediable. The restraints of the harem, or Zenana, are matters of custom and of prejudice rather than of law; and some modification of them must sooner or later be made by intelligent Turks and progressive Muslims elsewhere.

Amongst the Turks monogamy is the general rule. Only a few of the richer men increase their households by the addition of a second, third or fourth wife. This abstinence is not made on any high moral ground, but because the expense of two or more establishments is greater than most men can bear. Divorce, though not at all difficult to obtain, is said to be rare.

The houses of the richer classes are divided into two parts, the Selamlık, or general quarters and the Haremlik, or Zenana which is often the brighter and more commodious part of the building. Entrance to the Haremlik is, as a rule, confined to males who are related to the ladies, as father, sons, brothers and fathers-in-law. This rule is not, however, always observed and amongst the members of the young Turkish party, as the more enlightened the better educated and the progressive Muslims are called, more distant relatives and even personal friends of the husband are admitted to the society of the ladies of the house.

Turkish women are affectionate mothers, though apt to be too indulgent with their children. The sons, in their turn, are devoted to their mothers. They act on the spirit of a saying of Muhammad, recorded in the Traditions, to the effect, that "Paradise is under the feet of the mother."

When a mother resides in the house of her married son, she, and not the daughter-in-law, is the head of the house. Indeed, the latter occupies quite a subordinate position and the restraints imposed on her by custom are often most irksome, and are only borne because she herself hopes some day to be in the dominant position, with daughters-in-law subject to her. In the frequent annoyances of the present, this hope of the future is some consolation.

One serious defect in the domestic life of the Turks is the number of slaves required. According to the law slaves should be captives of war, not, as now, women purchased by the wealthy. The slave market at Constantinople has been closed and public sale prohibited; but the private trade in slaves is very extensive and rich ladies engage in it. They purchase children from six to ten years old. Those that

show aptitude are trained to occupy higher social positions and learn some of the accomplishments which will tend to render them attractive when grown up. Such girls can command a good price and some find their way into the Imperial Harem. An exceedingly beautiful girl is presented to the Sultan, who, in his turn, bestows some whom he can spare to the officials whom he desires to honour. If a father cannot afford to marry his son to a girl in his own station in life, for which a great outlay is needed, he procures one of the slave girls brought up and trained by one of the rich ladies who engage in this traffic. Her children are legitimate and, after their birth, she cannot be sold again as a slave. Very often her master sets her free and marries her. She then enters in the ranks of free Turkish women and enjoys all their rights and privileges. In many cases their lot is not a sad one; but this domestic slavery, as a part of the social system, works evil and tends to lower the estimation in which woman is held.

One of the greatest excitements in the monotony of the Harem life is the finding of a wife for a son who has arrived at an age to marry. If his mother knows of no suitable bride amongst her relations and immediate friends, she must seek for one elsewhere. She obtains in various ways, a list of maidens eligible for the position of her son's wife. Then, taking with her a professional match-maker, she pays visits to the various houses in which these girls dwell. On arrival at one, the lady of the house meets her in the chief reception room of the Haremlik. Soon after, the daughter carefully dressed comes in, salutes the visitors and serves them with coffee. Having exhibited herself in an attractive and graceful manner she retires. The visitors speak to the mother in terms of high praise of her daughter and then take their leave. The same routine is gone through in other houses and, when all is done, the charms of the various girls are compared and discussed and one is settled on. The necessary negotiations are then commenced and, in due time, the marriage follows.

Another break in the sameness of the everyday life is the going to the hammam, or public bath. This is practically a Ladies' Club where fresh friends are made, news are heard and much pleasant gossip is indulged in. There are legal ablutions connected with various domestic ceremonies and circumstances and these are often made in the hammam. It is common for ladies to spend the whole day there in company with their friends amid much merriment and pleasure. With the husband's permission, usually given readily, ladies can go out driving, walking or shopping. The localities around Constantinople on the shores of the Bosphorus, are picturesque and there are many quiet spots, at no great

distance from the city, to which the women resort and indulge in fun. A day's outing thus spent is a relaxation and a pleasure. Shopping is also another source of amusement. Amongst the richer classes it is a common custom for Negro eunuchs to accompany the ladies as personal attendants and guards. The ladies of the Imperial Harem are always so attended by eunuchs attired in a rich costume. The ladies who thus go out wear either a silk wrapper and a thin gauze veil; or as is now more common, a *tehil-tehauf*, which has been described as two silken skirts, the shorter of which is thrown over the head and fastened under the chin, a square piece of silk or muslin hangs down and covers the face. This is more often than not thrown back.

The Imperial Harem contains some hundreds of women, and is regulated by its own laws and customs. The mother of the reigning Sultan, known as the Validi Sultana, is the head of the Harem and has complete control over all its inmates. The next in rank to her is the wife of the heir-apparent. Each chief lady has her own apartments and servants. The Validi Sultana vacates her post when a new Sultan ascends the throne and his mother assumes the post. All the ladies belonging to the late Sultan are removed and a completely new set of ladies occupy their places.

The Validi Sultana is assisted in her onerous duties by twelve ladies, called Kalfas, amongst whose other duties is that of the training and instruction of assistants for the minor details of the Harem life. These are often slave girls purchased when quite young. The Kalfas are generally slaves themselves who have not attracted the Sultan's attention and who have no prospects of marriage outside. Under suitable guards, these ladies go out for drives and excursions, pay visits and frequent shrines and monasteries. The life is, however, monotonous and there is nothing in it to raise the intellectual tone. The time not spent in going out and in attending to household duties is passed in admiring their dresses, their jewelry and other frivolous pursuits. Indeed, education is backward amongst all classes of women. There has been of late an increase in the number of girls' schools, but, as the children are withdrawn at an early age, their education is very slight. The result is that the women grow up very superstitious and believe in the power of the evil-eye, to avert the dreaded influence of which spells and other devices are resorted to, with a full belief in their efficacy. The belief in supernatural and magical beings who influence human life for good or ill is fostered by the necessary belief which all Muslim women must have in Genii.

The Muslim women of the Nomad races in Turkey, such as the Kurds, live a much freer

and healthier life. They are fair horsewomen and go on expeditions with their husbands. Enterprising and active, they take their part in all the special and political affairs of their family and their tribe. They wear no veils though, when on a march, a cloth is sometimes placed partially over the face. They have much more freedom and see more of the outside world than any other Muslim women do and this has not produced any evil effect. On the contrary, their open active life has induced in them personal self-respect and has led to a very high standard of morality. The freedom given them is wisely used, and their conduct in relation to others is marked by good sense and propriety. From the above account of Muslim women in the foremost Muhammadan country, it will be seen that, although much remains to be done to improve their position, it is far superior to that of Muslim women in India. Reform in this matter must be progressive and cautious; but the time has surely now come when some step in this direction should be taken. If "Paradise is under the feet of the mother," how important it is that the mother should be physically strong, intellectually alert, and wise in the management of her home and family. Her mental horizon should be widened and this cannot be done whilst the restrictions of the Zenana life are so rigid. The young Turkish party is making innovations in the social system; the young Indian party, the party of progress, should now having the courage of its convictions, make some move in the same direction.

II. THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN AND GIRLS IN WESTERN INDIA.

On November 4, Mr. N. G. Welinkar, M.A., LL.B., Superintendent of Municipal Joint Schools in Bombay, read a paper on the above subject at the Caxton Hall, Westminster, under the auspices of the National Indian Association.

SIR WILLIAM LEE-WARNER, K.C.S.I., who took the Chair, in opening the proceedings, said that the subject of the education of Indian women was a most delicate one. Even in England opinions were divided as to the utility of various educational measures affecting women. When these measures were applied to India, the peculiar social conditions of that country increased the difficulty of gauging the results. There was, no doubt, however, that an educated woman was a great social factor, and the influence of woman and of man on one another was so powerful that the progress of one sex was impossible with the co-operation of the other.

Mr. WELINKAR then read his interesting paper, of which we give the following summary:—

The first difficulty which confronts anyone wishing to give an account of the educational

progress of the women of West India is the fact that their progress has been so uneven. During the last twenty-five years some sections of the community have progressed by leaps and bounds, while others have only just begun to move, and are moving no faster than at a snail's pace.

I shall speak, first, of the Parsees, because, though numerically the smallest, they are educationally the first among the native communities resident in Western India. The first thing that must strike anyone who studies the Parsees is their keen appreciation—quite general in the community—of the benefits of education on Western lines. Their educational provision for their co-religionists is astonishing in its scope and extent. In Bombay and, I believe, in all the cities of Western India, no Parsee boy or girl, however poor, need go without a sound, serviceable elementary education. There are schools in all the centres of Parsee population, where every poor child is taught free of charge, and there are charities connected with such institutions which are amply sufficient to feed and clothe every destitute pupil. Every Parsee girl in Bombay (and, I believe, also in the other cities of the Presidency) receives a sound working elementary education, and is taught not only the three R's as they are called, but also needlework, embroidery, cooking, and the elements of domestic science. Religious instruction is also imparted in many schools. The high schools for Parsee girls are located in beautiful and well-furnished buildings, and provide an excellent education in English Literature, History, and French—and hundreds of young ladies are now able not only to read and write English, but also to appreciate and enjoy English Literature, which, when well selected, is an unequalled instrument of culture and refinement. Nor is the artistic side of education neglected. Many girls draw and paint beautifully, and singing and instrumental music are taught in all the high schools. Another noticeable feature is the attention paid to physical education. This begins in the primary school, and is kept up through all the classes of the High School. Grown-up girls or young ladies, to be more accurate, not only do not object to, but even delight in, performing physical drill and calisthenic exercises requiring considerable culture and control of nerve and muscle, to the great benefit of their physical and intellectual development.

Now, what has chiefly contributed to the great progress I have described is the fact that the Parsees live in an educational atmosphere, if I may so put it. Their *Religious* and the Dnyana Prasarak Manandak and the Zoroastrian School Association, work actively and incessantly to raise the moral and intellectual level of their womankind. These organisations

which are liberally supported by the Parsee public, arrange meetings, lectures, conversazioni, classes with the view of spreading general culture among the women, and imparting correct and up-to-date information on the duties of women—individual and social. These meetings and classes are attended by grown-up women in numbers, and the instruction given there is eagerly welcomed. The result is the education of the mothers in a broad human way; and the education of the mothers is the surest foundation for the education of the daughters because when the mothers are educated the education of the daughters can never be neglected. The atmosphere of a Parsee home, also, is distinctly educational. The daily newspaper is an institution in every home. It is eagerly read by the women, and keeps them informed of what is going on in the world abroad, and of matters of special interest to their own community. After the evening meal the family gathers for social intercourse, and the women freely join in conversation on topics of public and private interest.

The seclusion of women, so injurious to the development of body and mind, is unknown among the Parsees; their women delight in out-door life. Early marriage is now a thing of the past, the girls seldom marry before they are 23 or 24; indeed, the complaint is not that the Parsee lady of the day marries too young, but that she defers marriage until she is either too old or too philosophical, or too exacting for marriage! A very large proportion of the girls of well-to-do parents carry on their education until 21 or 22 years of age; and some, still more ambitious, at the close of a long academic or professional education in Bombay, spend two or three years at a college or advanced school in one of the educational centres of Great Britain—gaining thus the very best culture of the West. The community is not burdened by any time-honoured and deep-rooted traditions tying them down to Orientalism; they do not sigh for national Universities or education on national lines; they have frankly and heartily accepted Western ideas and standards of life.

My object in giving this somewhat lengthened description of the progress of Parsee female education is not to appear before you in the character of an eulogist of that community—they are not in need of such—but to illustrate by the help of a concrete example what a community can achieve by a whole-hearted devotion to an ideal of education pursued with energy and steadfastness.

When we turn to the education of Hindu women, a different state of things meets us; but still not one without much room for hope and encouragement. The numerical strength of the

Hindus (who form nearly 65 per cent. of the population of the Bombay Presidency), and the great complexity of the structure of Hindu society, preclude the possibility of attempting a summary of the results of Hindu female education in a short paper like the present; I can only offer a few observations of a very miscellaneous character to illustrate the general tendency to progress. The need for providing greater educational facilities for girls and women is being increasingly realised by the leaders of the different sections of the Hindu community in our Western Presidency. New schools are being opened in various places. When I left Bombay in the middle of May we had drafted a scheme for a large High School for Hindu girls, which should provide a complete and up-to-date education combining literary with practical and artistic teaching, and should also have attached to it a department for the training of teachers. The means for establishing such a large educational institution came to our hands in an unexpected and interesting way—which, however, I shall not pause to describe.

This is the proper place for alluding to some of our useful institutions for the higher education of Hindu girls and women. We have the Female High School in Poona, which prepares girls for the Matriculation Examination of our University, and gives a very good general English education to its pupils. The educational authorities of Government and other competent judges have frequently testified to the excellence of the work of this School, in corroboration of which opinion I may mention the fact that at the last Matriculation Examination of the University a pupil of this School, a Beni Israel young lady, stood first among the successful candidates (numbering about fifteen hundred), and gained at least three prizes for proficiency in three different subjects of examination. The Female Training Colleges at Poona and Ahmedabad are doing a work of great value and importance in training teachers for Government and Municipal Primary Schools. I should like to mention in this connection that the lack of qualified women teachers is our greatest difficulty in the promotion of female education; and that if our educational progress is to be satisfactory, the training of women as teachers must receive much greater support in future, both from the Government and from our wealthy citizens.

In reviewing our educational machinery in Western India, I must not leave unmentioned two very remarkable institutions which, though they cannot be technically classed as educational, are really such in the best sense of the term. The first is a large Widows' Home which is called Mookti Sadan, and was brought into exist-

ance by the genius of Pandita Ramabai, one of the most remarkable women not only in India, but, I shall venture to say, in the world. Here in this great institution, which occupies almost an entire village a few miles from Poona on the Southern Maratha line, more than two thousand women (most of them widows) are not only being clothed, fed, and educated, but what is more, are clothing, feeding, and educating themselves. One outstanding feature of this institution which must strike even a casual visitor is its aspect of self-help. It is a kind of socialistic community complete in itself.

The second institution which I wish to mention is one very similar to the Mookti Sadan of Pandita Ramabai which I have just described. It is called the High Caste Hindu Widows' Home, and is in Poona. Its founder and director is Professor D. K. Karve, of Poona. Both institutions lay great stress on religious culture, and religious instruction is systematically given in both.

I must not pass from the subject of Hindu female education without referring to the problem of our depressed and labouring classes. Female education is almost non-existent among them. Not one girl out of five hundred girls of school-going age attends any school. The marriage age for girls is at 10 or 11 years old, and tens of thousands of girls are growing up in absolute ignorance—so soon to become helpless wives and helpless mothers of a helpless race. Government is fully alive to the gravity of the problem; but without the support of public opinion its efforts cannot avail much.

We must now look at the progress of Mahomedan female education. Secondary education does not generally exist among the Mahomedan women. It is true that a certain number of Mahomedan women in the Presidency are very highly cultured, and can hold their own with an educated English lady in manners and conversation. I met a charming lady the other day here in London who has been trained as a teacher in a Ladies' College here, and is an excellent artist and brilliant conversationalist. But these are only the exceptions which prove the rule. Even primary education is in a backward condition. I calculate that of a population of about fifty thousand girls of school-going age, less than five thousand attend any school of any kind, and they are at school for only about eighteen months on an average.

I have hitherto spoken only of Educational Institutions. I must now ask permission to speak of other agencies at work in our midst which act as a powerful stimulus to educational progress, by wakening interest in educational work, and helping to create an educational environment. I have already referred to societies

like the Dnyana Prasarak Mandal which are doing such excellent work by spreading general enlightenment among Parsee women, and quickening interest in the advance of education. Similar societies are at work among the Hindus also. The Students' Literary and Scientific Society was started about the same time as the Dnyana Prasarak Mandal; but its activity has not kept pace with that of its sister society. The Arya Mahila Samaj, which aims at bringing together the educated Hindu women of Bombay for social, literary, and educational purposes, has had a long and useful, but somewhat sporadic career.

An institution which has the promise of much useful social service has been lately brought into existence through the efforts of Mr. Justice N. G. Chandavarkar, one of the Judges of the Bombay High Court, and an earnest advocate of social reform, assisted by a small band of like-minded men. It is the Presidency Social Reform Association; it arranges Ladies' Meetings and Conferences, provides Classes for married women in private residences, and gets up courses of lectures on literature and simple scientific subjects of general interest. A ladies' meeting under the auspices of this Association which was held in Bombay in connexion with the Social Conference of 1905 was a tremendous and unexpected success; over two thousand ladies, representing the different native communities of Bombay, met in conference, and after joining in singing a beautiful opening hymn, proposed, discussed, and carried resolutions on social and educational topics. The Social Conference, which meets every year immediately after the meeting of the National Congress, also helps materially to promote the cause of female education by bringing in conference many of the thoughtful and cultured women of India.

In passing from this subject, I must not omit to refer to the good service rendered by such Ladies' Magazines as the *Stri Bodh*, which was begun by that able and intrepid journalist and social reformer, the late K. N. Kabraji, and is kept up by his gifted daughter Miss Kabraji on the level of its pristine excellence.

I shall now indicate very briefly a few of the directions in which improvement seems to me to be urgently required in our educational system. To my mind the forward steps which must be taken to meet the requirements of our times are chiefly three.

First, the education of the mothers, by which word I mean grown-up women. My long experience as a teacher and educationist has convinced me of the fact that an uneducated Mother will not allow the education of her daughters to be carried on sufficiently long to enable it to become a moulding influence in their life. A girl

taken away from school at 10 or 11 years of age receives no impress whatever; the processes of education have not had time to produce any lasting results; and you cannot induce an illiterate mother to keep her daughter at school much beyond that age. We have, therefore, of necessity to educate the mother in order to awaken what I may call an educational conscience in the community.

When I speak of the education of the mothers you will, of course, understand me to mean education in a broad human sense, not in the sense which limits it only to the knowledge of books. The first step in giving such education to the mothers is to cure them of that strong attachment to seclusion which the habits of centuries have produced among the women of India—whether in the form of *purdah* or in other forms. I can conceive no education to be of greater value for the women of India than the inculcation of out-door habits. There is nothing so well calculated to remove prejudices and to widen ideas; nothing so liberalising and character-forming.

The second is to revise our ideals of female education. At present they are too cramped and narrow. We are too much enamoured of the kind of education which is being imparted to the young men in our Colleges, and we desire a University degree, such as they get for our girls also as the crown and culmination of a course of liberal education. Few features of Indian education seem to me to be so deplorable as this domination of the University over our entire machinery of education; and in the sphere of female education the effects of this domination are especially baneful. Many of the subjects that our girls are made to learn with so much labour in the Girls' High Schools are of no direct or indirect use in fitting them for the duties and functions of womanhood. We teach our girls to solve Algebraical problems, and to demonstrate the propositions of Euclid; but we teach them nothing about the duties of the home which they will soon have to make, about the care and culture of their health, or the duties and responsibilities of motherhood. Our female education will not be put on a sound basis until we make the home and its duties our central idea, guiding and co-ordinating all the parts of our system of female education. The knowledge of all that helps in the organisation, the comfort, and the beautifying of the home must be given to our girls if their education is to be of vital value to the progress of society.

The third and last step forward which I desire to suggest is the association of English and Indian women in the work of education, both in and outside of the schools. I speak of this point last only because I consider it the most important, and I wish it, therefore, to be fresh in your

minds when you come to the discussion of this paper. I am strongly persuaded that in the close association of English people with Indians in all departments of activity lies the solution of the problems which at the present juncture press so closely upon the attention of all interested in the well-being of the people of India. Despite all that critics may say to the contrary, I am convinced that the mistake of the English people in their relations with my people lies in dealing with us too much at a distance, in leaving us too much alone. Do admit us to association; join in our work; let us feel that you are ready and willing to help us by working by our side in our nobler efforts.

Applying these thoughts to the subject in hand, I beg to be allowed to lay a definite suggestion before this meeting. What a great and beneficent work could be accomplished in Bombay by a mission of English and Indian ladies who should visit schools and homes for the sole purpose of lifting up the lives of Indian women, and giving them useful secular knowledge without any proselytising aim whatever! What an extensive sphere of usefulness would be opened to such a mission! How readily and gladly would numberless homes and hearts be opened to these missionaries, which are closed to the Christian Zenana missionaries because of their proselytising purpose; and what an object lesson it would be in demonstrating the feeling of the best English men and women towards the people of India. I have not time to dwell upon the social and educational possibilities of such a mission; but I am confident that it will have a career of great usefulness, and be a powerful lever to improve the social relations between the rulers and the ruled in India—a consummation which we all so devoutly desire. I am certain that there are many large-hearted women in England who feel a deep interest in the people of India, and possess sufficient means to enable them to live in Bombay—a city which provides every convenience of life that they can desire. May I commend to them the plan of forming a settlement in Bombay for the elevation of the women of Western India as the noblest service they can do to my country-women? I know there are difficulties, but no difficulties are too formidable for wisdom inspired by love. If only this earnest appeal, though expressed in feeble words, awakens a responsive echo in the hearts of a few English ladies, a committee can be easily formed to give concrete form to the idea, and the first English educational lady missionaries—bent not on the conversion, but on the simple elevation and uplifting of the women of India—will land on Indian soil before many months have passed.

I would plead for larger love towards my peo-

ple, larger self-sacrifice on the part of the more favoured nation, larger trust in the heart of India. For the soul of the people of India is noble, and will rise in loving response to every clear token of affection and interest. Let English and Indian women work hand-in-hand and prove to a cynical generation that the heart of England can beat in unison with the heart of India, and that in a few noble souls East and West have already met.

"Trust the soul that breathes in every soul;
Into one great friend-ship let men enter:
The stars and the planets as they roll,
Find in one sun their common centre."

What has been done for and by Indian Ladies.

A Garden Party at East Hill:—On Tuesday evening, Mrs. Francis gave a Garden Party at East Hill to the members of the Calicut Ladies' Association. The response to the large number of invitations issued was most satisfactory, the attendance, including most of the leading European, Native Christian, Brahmin, Nair and Tiyya ladies in the station. Mrs. Francis received the guests as they arrived and conducted them to seats on the lawn. A programme of vocal and instrumental music was provided, several of the guests themselves taking part. The European and Indian ladies chatted freely and pleasantly together, and Mrs. Francis by her tact and affability made everybody feel quite at home. Suitable refreshments were served round to the guests, and the pleasant function, which began at 4 P.M., terminated at 6.30.

Lady Cowasji Jehangir has kindly accepted the Presidentship of the annual Ladies' Gathering, to be held in connection with the National Social Conference, which meets this year at Surat. According to the practice hitherto observed, the lady-president has to be chosen from within the province where the gathering is held. It is but right that a Parsi lady should be chosen for the honour in view of the fact that Parsi community, more than any other community of Western India, has given practical effect to the principles of women's emancipation and education. Lady Jehangir took a leading part in organising the very successful reception accorded to Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales on behalf of the Indian ladies of Bombay and, in other ways, been helpful in promoting mutual good feeling and the desire for self-improvement among ladies belonging to the several communities. We have no doubt that, under her able presidentship, the Ladies' Conference at Surat will have a successful session.

Her Highness Maharani Sahiba has adopted a son as the future Maharajah of Durnoon Raj. The ceremony was performed in a very imposing style at

noon on Thursday in the presence of, amongst others, Raj Rampratap Singh Bahadur, of Manda, the son-in-law of Maharani Sahiba, Mr. Smithson, District and Sessions Judge, Arrah, and Mr. G. S. Dutt, Sub-divisional officer, Buxar. The young Maharaja is the son of Babu Gaya Prasad Singh of the Jagdishpore family, and is about five years of age. The young Maharaja's name was Jang Bahadur Singh, but he has been named at the time of adoption as Maharajah Sri Nivas Prasad Singh.

A Mahomedan Ladies' Association, styled the Anjuman-i-Tahazib-i-Niswan, has been established at Lahore. The editor of the *Tahazib-Niswan* is Secretary, and Mrs. Shah Din has been appointed President, Mrs. Muhammad Shafi, Treasurer, and Miss Muhammad Umar, Assistant Secretary.

The Christian Women Workers' Union, of Bombay, has issued to all English-women in Bombay a "protest" calling attention to the evils of the nautch, and expressing the hope that Englishwomen will not attend any function of which a nautch forms part. "Should an Englishwoman feel obliged to accept an invitation, it is well to realise that no offence is ever taken by the host if she refuses to see the 'nautch' and asks to be allowed to join the Indian ladies of the party. Such protest could only produce good results." The Union earnestly hopes that Englishwomen will definitely set their faces against witnessing these performances.

It is gratifying to note that Mrs. Kennie is doing much for the poverty-stricken of Feroke. The lady, for the last six months, has been giving a bag of rice every week to the poor. This lady's charity is proverbial in Feroke. One touch of kindness makes the whole world kin; and how I wish her sisters, both Indian and European, followed her example.

A correspondent writes:—"Miss Agnes Slack's tour in India in the interests of the Temperance cause is attended with great success. She lectures in every city to large and enthusiastic audiences, comprising Parsees, Hindus, Mahomedans and Europeans. At Harda, Central Provinces, a W. C. T. U. was organised with 125 members and 154 pledges taken. At Mussorie, Miss Slack enrolled 65 new W. C. T. U. members, and at Lahore she had crowded meetings and took 84 pledges. At Ludhiana, 114 signed the pledge, and at Umballa, 242. These, with signatures at other Stations in North India, make 700 pledges in all. Miss Slack is expected to lecture in Delhi, Agra, Bareilly, Lucknow, Cawnpore, etc. She is meeting with a reception rarely accorded to any Temperance worker and her winning personality, her splendid eloquence and her disinterested earnestness, gain her friends everywhere. She lectures invariably on the moral, scientific and social aspect of Temperance. The W. C. T. U. in Bengal are eagerly anticipating her visit in January."

TRAVANCORE.—THE O. E. Z. SCHOOL.—Their Highnesses Setu Leksh. Bayi, senior Ranees, and Setu Parvati Bayi, Junior Ranees of Travancore, accompanied by the mother of the

latter, visited the Church of England Zenana Mission School for High Caste Girls in the Fort on Thursday afternoon. The schoolroom was prettily decorated and many Brahmin and Sudra ladies, mothers of the pupils, were present. A programme of music and recitations was gone through by the girls, one of whom read an Address of Welcome to Their Highnesses. The proceedings lasted for an hour, at the end of which the Senior Ranees said how pleased she and the Junior Ranees were at all they had seen and heard, and assured Miss Cox, the Lady Principal, of their interest in the school. Another pupil presented each of the Ranees with a bouquet and the party then left the school.

Sister Nivedita has completely recovered from her illness of last year, and she is enjoying extremely her beneficial holiday in the West. She is as busy as ever, and has brought out another book called "Cradle Tales of Hinduism" which has been favourably reviewed.

PURDAH PARTY HELD AT LADY STANLEY'S.—A very enjoyable Purdah Party was held, with much success, on the 10th December 1907 in Lady Stanley's drawing-room. Considering that the meeting was the first of its kind, in Allahabad, the number of its high class Indian ladies present was appreciable. There were some English ladies also, amongst those present being Lady Burkhitt, Lady Knox, Mrs. Aikman, and Mrs. Richards. We, the Indian ladies were delighted with every thing that we saw there, and were impressed greatly by the kindness of our hostess, Lady Stanley. We had some English and Indian music, instrumental and vocal, which we enjoyed very much. We felt quite at home. English and Indian ladies talking together in English and Hindustani with friendliness. Miss McNeil of Benares, who is staying at present with Miss De Selincourt (our thanks are due to the latter also for the part she took in the getting-up of the party) gave in English an account of the organised Purdah parties of Lahore—

Mrs. Balak Ram interpreted her in Hindustani—The object of the meeting held at Lady Stanley's was to promote social intercourse and genuine sympathy between English and Indian ladies. The example set by Lady Stanley is worthy of being followed and the practical interest that she takes in matters pertaining to the welfare of Indians will no doubt lead to very good results for these Provinces. It is to be hoped that many more Indian ladies will be present when the next opportunity arises and that there soon will be regular organised Purdah Parties in Allahabad also.

News and Notes.

Mrs. Roosevelt has made herself a life-member of the New York Assembly of Mothers.

Queen Alexandra and her daughters, who are devoted to cats, had to banish their pets during the Kaiser's visit to Windsor Castle. He has an anti-

pathy to the feline race. One small kitten within a mile of him is enough to upset his nerves. Therefore, all the mousers, and all the adorable fluffy Persians, had to be gathered up and placed in other quarters, till the end of the Imperial visit.

Miss Elise Parkinson of Boston is the first person in this country to be photographed in natural colors. She wore a soft white dress with rosebuds, and the colorings of the flowers, the hair and the flesh tints are accurately reproduced. Two plates were made of her by her father, Morris Burke Parkinson. The prepared plates came from Lumiere of Paris, the discoverer of color photography. The process is complicated and costly, and in Paris a photograph in colors costs \$50.

Miss Helen Gould has been presented with a silver loving cup by 5,000 men of the American navy, in recognition of her many acts of kindness to the sailors and her gift of nearly \$500,000 to the War-men's Y. M. C. A. Home in Brooklyn, N. Y. The cup was presented in the auditorium of the Y. M. C. A. building, near the Brooklyn Navy Yards, and though only 800 men could be spared for the occasion, those present included representatives of all the war vessels in the harbour. Rear Admiral Joseph B. Coghlan, retired, spoke on behalf of the Navy and Rear Admiral C. S. Sperry for the fleet. Miss Gould expressed her appreciation in a characteristic speech.

Mrs. E. M. Barrett of Austin, Tex., who is at the head of a school for defective children, is also an expert maker of cement blocks, and herself made the blocks of which her school building is constructed. She believes that concrete is the coming building material and the poor man's salvation, especially in the dry parts of the Southwest where other building material is scarce and high. Mrs. Barrett has been carrying on a campaign of education among the farmers. At a recent meeting of the Texas Farmers' Congress, she gave a demonstration in concrete block-making, and urged the farmers to save money by making the material themselves to build their barns, sheds, and fences.

Miss Eva Mahoney of Huntington is the only woman in Indiana serving as county Sheriff. She is acting Sheriff of Huntington County in the absence of her father, who has had to go South on account of failing health. His daughter will serve out his term. Last week she took Nora Mosher, convicted of child-murder, to the women's prison at Indianapolis. Miss Mahoney has been her father's deputy nearly three years. Her mother has lately died, and this draws the care of the Sheriff's residence as well as of the county jail on her hands. She has now in her charge some of the most desperate criminals that have been in the jail for many years, but thus far she has proved equal to the responsibility.

Sarah Bernhardt, in her "Memories of My Life," is very complimentary to Boston women. She says, "what struck me most about the women of Boston was the harmony and softness of their gestures. Brought up among the severest and harshest of

traditions, the Bostonian race seems to me to be the most refined and mysterious of all American races. . . . The women adore music, the theatre, literature, painting and poetry. They know everything and understand everything, are chaste and reserved, and neither laugh nor talk very loudly." The "Bostonian race" of to-day is made up of so many different nationalities as to be, indeed, "mysterious." But it is pleasant to know that our women impressed Mme. Bernhardt so agreeably.

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland knows how to milk a cow and to make butter. She has a model dairy, of which she is very fond.

Senora Dona Carmen Karr Lasarte is the editor of *El Femenil*, a new Spanish monthly, published in Barcelona, which aims to improve the position of women in Catalonia.

Mrs. Ida H. Harper has completed the third volume of the "Life and Work of Susan B. Anthony." She expects that it will be out by February, Miss Anthony's birth month.

Miss Lavinia Rudburg was chosen by Yale University to travel far up into the wilds of the Quinault Indian reservation to take the physical measurements of the men and women there. She has just returned from a wild and dangerous journey through forests, over mountains and over lakes in a frail canoe.

Rev. Anna H. Shaw represented the National American Woman Suffrage Association at the annual convention of the National W. O. T. U. in Nashville last week. It was a large and enthusiastic meeting, and a resolution in favor of woman's ballot was passed unanimously. Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens was re-elected president.

Dr. Margaret E. Carley, Superintendent of Boston's school nurses, has recommended that the city should furnish glasses to the pupils in the public schools who need them, if the parents are too poor to do so. The school Board, being constantly short of money (because the mothers and teachers have no vote on the appropriations), says that the children certainly ought to be supplied with glasses, but suggests that the cost be borne by the charitable societies, instead of by the school fund. The medical examiners say that from 15 to 25 per cent. of the children need glasses.

Mrs. Laura E. Richards addressed the Massachusetts Library Club at its meeting in Melrose recently, on the best reading for children. She recommended a liberal diet of poetry, from Chaucer to Kipling; travels, historical works, Shakespeare, the Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, and plenty of Fairy Tales like those of Grimm and Hans Andersen. "For my part," said Mrs. Richards, "I should not want to have anything to do with a child nor a grown-up who does not like fairy tales." She held that books describing noble deeds were especially good for children and urged librarians to burn up books that give gruesome and unnatural views of life.

Miss Julia C. Lathrop has been made co-director with Prof. Graham Taylor of the Chicago Institute of Social Science. Ninety students have entered their names this year to take its courses. Of these students about one-fifth are from the Episcopal and Congregational seminaries of Chicago, one-third are students from the kindergarten training schools, and the largest number of all are from the Y. W. C. A. school. The Institute offers ten full courses in various branches of social and philanthropic science, under the leadership of experts. The total course is only \$50 per year.

Mrs. Jennie B. Powers of Nashua, one of the two women deputy Sheriffs of New Hampshire, attended the meeting of the American Humane Association in Boston the other day. She is believed to have made more arrests for abuse of children and animals than any other woman in America; but she says that cruelty is generally the result of thoughtlessness, not of depravity. One of her duties is the inspection of all cattle trains passing through Keene. She carries a small, round searchlight that she thrusts between the bars. Mrs. Powers has no children living, but she is legal guardian to six boys and girls whom she has rescued from bad surroundings, and is a sort of adopted mother, unofficially, to about a score of others.

Mrs. Eva Perry Moore, the training president of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, occupied the chair during the Quarter centennial, and proved herself a model presiding officer. The warm applause with which she was greeted showed how much she has endeared herself to the members. Miss Laura D. Gill, president of Barnard, was unanimously chosen as the new president.

Miss Evelyn Longman has taken the prize for the best design for the great bronze door of the Annapolis Naval Academy Chapel. She will receive \$14,000. There were 33 other competitors, all of them men. Miss Longman studied at the Art Institute in Chicago, but now lives in New York. One of the best things she has done was the great Winged Victory that topped the dome of Festival Hall at the St. Louis' Exposition.

Miss Sophonisba Breckinridge, assistant dean of women at Chicago University, the late general Secretary of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, is to do some work on the Sage Foundation during the coming year. She is also to edit the Association of Collegiate Alumnae Magazine. A special number will be issued, containing a fuller report of the Quarter centennial than we can give in the Woman's Journal. Let each of our readers send 35 cents in stamps to Mrs. Elizabeth Lawrence Clarke, Williamstown, Mass., for a copy.

Mrs. Annie Howes Burus, a former president of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, was one of the speakers after the luncheon at the Hotel Somerset which closed the Quarter centennial in Boston last week. She said, in part: "London University has already a chair of eugenics, and a professor at Oxford has advocated the establishment of one there. I believe that the new science of eugenics will do for humanity what physics has done for nature; that

there will be as long a reach from the undeveloped human beings of to-day to the better developed human beings of the future as there has been from Newton's apple to wireless telegraphy. If the lower orders of animals can be so much improved by cultivation and the observance of nature's laws, why not the human race? It will not be accomplished by the time of our next Quarter centennial, but some day—perhaps a hundred years from now—no woman will be allowed to marry unless she has a college degree."

Mrs. Lovell White, president of the Outdoor Art League of San Francisco, headed a courageous band of its members who worked at the polls during the recent election, in behalf of the amendment to provide playgrounds for the children. The women districted the city, and stood near every polling place—100 feet away as proscribed by law—handing the voters cards asking them to vote for the amendment. One woman was threatened with arrest by a policeman for tacking up a card on a telegraph pole within 100 feet of a voting booth, but in the main the ladies were treated most courteously. Some of them distributed cards in the street cars, and one to make a speech in a crowded car. The amendment won. Mrs. White is reported in the San Francisco Call as saying: "This is a new experience here, but the women of England have done it, so we know it can be done. Personally, I am so much interested in the measure providing playgrounds for the children that nothing I could do to advance it would seem hard. The response of the women of the Outdoor Art League was beautiful. Some of the most conservative, whom I hardly expected to take part in to-day's work, volunteered to take the hardest precincts." The women have worked faithfully for the last six months. They drafted the amendment, brought influence to bear upon the men who were to launch it, and persuaded all the political parties to make it a plank in their platform. Honor to these women! But they would have found it easier to vote themselves than to stand all day at the polls.

Mrs. Claude A. Swanson, wife of the Governor of Virginia, and hostess in chief at the Jamestown Exposition, is said to be an artist of considerable merit. Landscape and China painting are her specialties.

Mrs. Mary K. Michael of Hamilton, O. is an expert plasterer and paperhanger. Her husband, a plasterer, is a hard worker, and is sometimes so pressed with business that he cannot get through it all. Then Mrs. Michael leaves her household labors and helps him.

Frau von Papp, the daughter of an Hungarian nobleman and the widow of a great land-owner, having met with financial reverses, turned to account her knowledge of motoring. She has become Berlin's first motor-cab-driver. She passed a severe police test, and will now wear the regulation blue uniform and white peaked cap of the Berlin motor-cab-drivers.

Mrs. William Cumming Story, president of the New York City Federation of Clubs, in her address at

the recent meeting of the State Federation, urged the women's clubs to make an active campaign against hazing in schools and colleges. She pointed out that in one year eighteen persons had been killed and thirty-six injured or maimed for life through hazing.

Miss Alice M. Power, probation officer of the superior Court in Boston, has just made her report for the past year. She has collected \$2113 from men placed on probation, for the support of their families; has secured the return of \$259 to the rightful owners, and has brought about a reconciliation between 18 out of 23 couples where the husband had become alienated from his wife and had been put on probation. Yet, she is not thought competent to vote.

Mrs. May O. Moore, of Atlanta, recommends the raising of Bermuda onions as profitable work for women. She tells of a woman who had been soliciting accident and health insurance among school teachers, and who decided to try onion-culture as an experiment, during the dull season of her work. She rented a quarter of an acre of ground for two dollars, did all the hoeing and weeding herself, raised 81 bushels of onions, and cleared \$70. A bark president in Texas planted 2,000 acres with Bermuda onions, and cleared \$125,000. The right soil is said to be the first essential.

Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd, who has lately returned with her husband, Prof. Todd, from his astronomical expedition to Chili and Peru, is giving some delightful talks on the strange, magnificent beauty of the South American desert, on its people, its ruined temples, its rich mines and its background of snow-covered peaks, and her own curious experiences there. They went over the highest railroad in the world, near Lima. It goes over a pass 15,600 feet above sea level, and in places the traveller looks down 5,000 feet on one hand and up 12,000 feet on the other. Professor and Mrs. Todd rode on the cow-catcher. At some points they could see five loops of the road below them; and they went through twenty or thirty tunnels. In Lima Mrs. Todd was invited to address the Geographical Society. She was the first woman to do so. Most of the prominent men of Lima were present, and she was introduced by the Minister of Foreign Affairs. Her subject was "The Hairy Ainus of North Japan." Afterwards the Society presented her with an incense-burner more than 300 years old, made of Ayucuch silver, in the form of a mountain deer.



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Acknowledgments for December, 1907.

	RS.	A.		RS.	A.
1. Mrs. Ali Akbar, Poona	...	4 0	20. S. Karamal Hussain, Esq., Allahabad	...	4 0
2. Mrs. C. C. Bayliss, N. Berar	...	4 0	21. Mrs. Jessie Lazarus, Palghat	...	4 0
3. Mrs. Shevantihai Trimbak Canaran, Hyderabad, Deccan	...	4 0	22. S. S. Madhava Rao, Esq., Karur	...	2 0
4. Mrs. E. Cole, America	...	9 0	23. S. Mangesa Rao, Esq., Vepery	...	4 0
5. Mrs. Chitti Babu, Madras	...	4 0	24. Miss E. H. May, Fatehpur	...	4 10
6. The Dewan of Travancore, Trevandrum	...	4 0	25. Bhanrao Bapa Sahib Nikte, Esq., Rajkot	...	4 0
7. D. N. Dar, Esq., Kashmir State	...	4 0	26. Mrs. K. Palnavalli Ammal, Palghat	...	4 0
8. Prof. B. C. Dutt, Calcutta	...	4 0	27. P. Raman Pillai, Trevandrum	...	1 0
9. Mrs. Downie, Nellore	...	8 0	28. L. Ram Jee Dass, Esq., Calcutta	...	4 0
10. Mrs. Giffard, Madras	...	4 0	29. Mrs. Rajabally, V. Patel, Bombay	...	4 0
11. O. Gourammah, Calcutta	...	4 0	30. Miss G. Stephens, Madras	...	4 0
12. Miss L. Gupta, Calcutta	...	4 0	31. Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, Hyderabad, Deccan	...	4 0
13. Mrs. L. P. Hathe Sing, Ahmedabad	...	4 0	32. Mrs. E. Stephens, Sivaganga	...	2 0
14. Mrs. Inga, Mymensingh	...	4 0	33. The Hon. Secretary, Reading Room, Secunderabad	...	4 0
15. Mrs. Itteyerah, Calicut	...	1 0	34. Dr. M. Sinnathunby, Colombo	...	4 0
16. Dr. Mrs. Karmarker, Bombay	...	4 0	35. Private Secretary to H. E. the Dewan	...	4 0
17. Mrs. Karunakaran, Calicut	...	4 0	36. J. P. Vethavanam, Esq., Serampore	...	4 0
18. V. K. Kaliani Ammal, Madras	...	4 0	37. Miss O. Wynne Edwards, Cawnpore	...	4 0
19. H. V. Krishnayya, Esq., B. A., Bangalore	...	4 0			

USEFUL BOOKS.

Modern Letter Writer (*Eighth Edition*).—Containing 635 letters. Useful to every man in every position of life for daily use. Rs. 1, postage 1 anna.

Helps to the Study of English (*Third Edition*).—An exhaustive collection of PHRASES, IDIOMS and PROVERBS, with their explanations and proper uses. Rs. 3, postage 3 annas.

Every-day Doubts and Difficulties (in reading, speaking and writing the English language). Rs. 1; postage 1 anna.

A Hand-book of English Synonyms (*Third Edition*).—*Explained and Illustrated*. Aids to the right use of synonymous words in composition. Rs. 1, postage 1 anna.

Select Speeches of the Great Orators. Vols. I and II.—Helps to write idiomatic English, to improve the oratorical and argumentative powers, etc. Each Vol. Rs. 2, postage 1 anna, 6 pica.

Wonders of the World (in Nature, Art and Science.) Rs. 1, postage 1 anna.

Beauties of Hinduism. With Notes. 8 annas, postage 1 anna.

Arabian Nights Entertainment 12 annas, Postage 2 annas.

English Translation of the Koran. With Notes. By G. Sale. Rs. 1-14 as. Postage 2 annas.

Abbott's Life of Napoleon Bonaparte. Rs. 1-14 as. Postage 3 annas.

Todd's Rajasthan. Vols. I and II, Each Vol. Rs. 2. Postage 3 annas.

Postage and V. P. Commission extra.

To be had of the Manager, "Indian Student" Office, 106, Upper Circular Road, Calcutta.



"THE SOUL'S AWAKENING"
From a well-known Picture.



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Vol. VII.

FEBRUARY, 1908.

No. 8.

HEAVEN'S TREASURE.

I stood at Heaven's gate,
My treasure in my hand,
With confidence to wait,
Yet God gave no command.
"Oh, let me in!" I cried,
But never voice replied.

I turned away in pride,
Holding my treasure fast,
I wandered far and wide
Till the long day had passed;
Then, faint and weary, lay
Beside the narrow way.

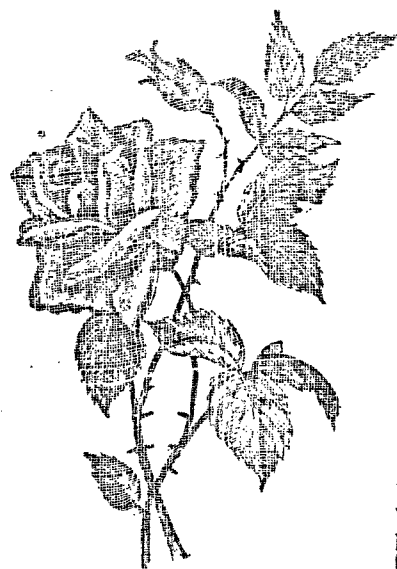
God's city of pure gold
Makes earthly gold look dim;
What then, of all I hold,
Is worthy gift for Him?
Before that silent gate
How hopelessly I wait!

Where heavenly ways ascend
Some little child, perchance,
Who knew me once as friend,
May turn a pitying glance,
And say, "Blest Father, see,
A beggar pleads to Thee."

All treasures earth had prized
Are proved a foolish dream;
Heaven seeks what earth despised,
And its stern portals seem
Fast closed against my pride;
What can I bring beside?

"That I have nought, I know,
And nothing am," I cried;
I raised my eyes, and lo!
Heaven's gate stood open wide
"Come in," the Master said,
I followed where He led.

Balin and Balan.



GENNY-SON'S
Idylls of the King introduce us, as it were, into an old world, the old world of romance and high honour, of chivalry and knight-hood, of sweet love and gentle ladyhood. A peep into such a treasure-house will well repay our efforts, especially in these days of hard utilitarianism. Where have we now that eager pursuit after honour and honour only, that loyal obedience to and worship of the king, that manly protection of gentle ladies, that chivalrous love of beauty—which enveloped the whole of that old world in an atmosphere of mystic romance and irresistible charm? Gone are those old beautiful days, except in a few rare instances. We are supposed to spend our days more profitably now than those ancient knights did; but surely we have lost a great deal which made life then worth living for!

Balin and Balan is one of the most touching of these Idylls. It is a story of youthful ambition and eager hope, which tries to soar high into lofty realms of pure idealism. But the time is not favourable for such an eager flight, the conditions are inimical, and the effort fails, apparently with not the slightest hope of its realization. A few characteristics are noticeable in this Idyll. There is no heroine in it, as there is in every other Idyll, except the first and last ones, and the Idyll of the Holy Grail. The love of women, also, does not enter directly into the Idyll. There is, of course, the idealism of the Queen, which runs through almost every one of the Idylls, and there is also, at the end, the evil result accruing from a wicked woman's false statements. But women do not enter directly into our story. Neither is the theme of the Idyll the working out of an evil passion or of a wicked nature.

A holy purpose runs through this Idyll, as through *The Holy Grail*; and, as in the latter,

the purpose fails; but the failure is not due so much to a flaw in itself, as to the unsuitability of outward circumstances. Arthur had formed his Round Table with the earnest purpose of promoting God's holy purposes. But Arthur's Court, once so stainless, has been undermined by secret sin. And the canker of the sin has been eating its way into the fair fruit, till the result is that there is corruption everywhere. The best of the knights have flaws in their natures; and where a young and pure heart is seeking perfection, even where there is no inner malformation, the outward conditions are not favourable. Moreover, the young heart has been trained in a wicked nursery, and so, all unknown to itself, with the best of intentions, its holy ideal is thwarted.

Word is brought to King Arthur one day that

"There be two strange knights
Who sit near Camelot at a fountain side,
A mile beneath the forest, challenging
And overthrowing who comes."

Possessed by the "light-winged spirit of his youth," Arthur rides out to encounter them and sees

Balin and Balan, sitting statelike,
Brethren, to right and left the spring."

To his question of their purpose in sitting there, they answer,

"For the sake
Of glory; we be mightier men than all
In Arthur's Court; that also have we proved."

But Arthur easily defeats them, returns to his Court, and sends for them; and when they come, enquires their names. They are two brothers, Balin and Balan. Strange to say, Balin is one of Arthur's own knights, sent by him on a three-years' exile, because he had not been able to control his quick temper but had done violence to a servant who had spoken evil of him. Balan, who Balin calls "his better," is the latter's good spirit, for, says Balin, "I had often wrought some fury on myself, saving for Balan." Their purpose had been, after the three years had been over, to defeat all the knights who came against them, so that Arthur would gladly take Balin back as a worthy knight. But they are not ashamed to own their defeat by one of Arthur's own knights, whom they do not know to be Arthur himself. The king is very much pleased by this frank confession, and asks Balin to return to his Court.

Rise, my true knight! As children learn, be thou
Wiser for falling, walk with me, and move
To music with thine Order and the King."

So Sir Balin and Sir Balan become King Arthur's knights. Let us here pause for a moment to see the development of Balin's character. It is

a mixture of inconsistencies. At first, he is a high-spirited youth, full of impatient intolerance and self-pride, unable to bear an injury against himself. He has a fierce temper and has been nick-named "the Savage." But, at the same time, we notice a proper self-respect, which, if it had been restrained by reason and, in unison with other qualities, directed into the right channel, would have made the perfect man of him he longed to be. But there had been no such restraint and Balin had fallen. What does Pope say?

"Two principles in human nature reign:
Self-love, to urge, and reason, to restrain;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move or govern all;
And to their proper operation still,
Ascribe all Good; to their improper, Ill.
Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole."

But Balin had been trained by his three-years' exile and by the restraining influence of his brother. At the beginning of our Idyll, there is again the note of intolerant self-pride. "We be mightier men than all in Arthur's Court." But this pride is not so self-absorbent now that it cannot gracefully take a rebuff. They are utterly defeated, and yet are not daunted or ashamed, but set themselves to their purpose again. Balin's is a nature of perseverance and undaunted courage. Notice again his ambition. It is the right sort of ambition, which is anxious to redress the wrong done and be taken back by the King. Balin is still a youth and is an ardent hero-worshipper. He worships the King: "those three king-less years were wormwood bitter to me, King." He loves and worships his brother also: "Make, as ten times worthier to be thine than twenty Balins, Balan knight." Notice again another characteristic of hot-headed youth. He is very impatient: the three years of exile had been as bitter medicine to him. He cannot bear to be quiet, doing nothing. His desire is to be always up and doing some great thing. But this very impatience points to a good trait in him, his great courage and his great desire for glory—in other words, his undaunted ambition, which we have already noticed. Balin's is indeed a nature of gold. He is very frank-hearted. He is not ashamed to acknowledge the good his brother has done him. He is not ashamed to acknowledge his own faults. Above all, he is not ashamed to own his own recent defeat. "His too fierce manhood will not let him lie," as King Arthur himself says

"Too fierce manhood" is, in fact, the key-note of Balin's character. And too fierce manhood can be perverted into unbounded anger and impatience, but it can also be moulded into

boundless energy and undaunted zeal, which will carry all difficulties before it.

"The fire of Heaven is on the dusty ways,
The wayside blossoms open to the blaze,
The whole world-world is one full peal of praise.
The fire of Heaven is not the flame of Hell,
The fire of Heaven is lord of all things good,
The fire of Heaven is not the flame of Hell."

Balin begins his new knight-life under the right influences. There is keen dissatisfaction with himself, there is high resolve,—

"Now would stoutlier set himself
To learn what Arthur meant by courtesy,
Manhood and knight-hood."

There is good example before him—the example of his brother, of King Arthur, and of the other great knights. There is kind love and encouragement shown towards him

"Good my brother, hear!
Let not thy moods prevail, when I am gone;
Truly save for fears,
My fears for thee, so rich a fellowship
Would make me wholly blest: thou one of them,
Be one indeed; consider them, and all
Their bearing in the common bond of love,
No more of hatred than in Heaven itself,
No more of jealousy than in Paradise."

He is humble now and willing to learn from others. An ardent hero-worshipper, he has found a hero to admire and follow—the great Lancelot himself. He thinks also that he has found the necessary stimulus for himself:

"This worship of the Queen,
That honour too wherein she holds him,
This was the sunshine that hath given the man
A growth, a name that franchises over the rest,
And strength against all odds.
Shall I pray the King
To let me bear some token of his Queen
Whereon to gaze, remembering her—forget
My heats and violences? live afresh?"

And the result of all this is, for the moment, good; for he is able to curb his wrath, which rises afresh when he sees the servant, whom he had once nearly beaten to death.

But Balin has also many mistakes. There is the great disadvantage of his brother, his good angel, not being with him. There is his own want of faith. Doubts arise too quickly.

"Balin, marvelling oft
How far beyond him Lancelot seemed to move,
Groaned, and at times would mutter, 'These be
gifts,
Born with the blood, not learnable, divine,
Beyond my reach;'"

and again

"Too high this mount of Camelot for me:
These high-set courtesies are not for me,
Shall I not rather prove the worse for those

He has too much confidence in himself. He is in too great a hurry to make good resolves.

Thoughtlessly, he adopts an ideal, which he has not weighed. And his ideal is too high-flown. This enthusiasm is too great and too unstable to last long. The Queen smiles at him, the King laughs at him :

"Thou shalt put the crown to use,
The crown is but the shadow of the King,
And this a shadow's shadow, let him have it,
So this will help him of his violences."

And Balin has not the true obedience of the soldier. He even dares to criticize the King. The King, he says, "overprizes gentleness." Moreover, a little jealousy seems to enter into his worship of the Queen :

"I never can be close with her, as he
That brought her hither."

But, with all his faults, how pathetic is it to see him striving for perfection! In his young innocence, all ignorant as he is of the sin and the corruption of the contaminated court, his ideal is but the shadow of a shadow; and yet it is life itself for him :

"No shadow, O my Queen,
But light to me! No shadow, O my King,
But golden earnest of a gentler life!"

Was it his fault, if the ideal was not true enough and powerful enough to guide him aright?

But, while Balin "strove to learn the graces of their Table, fought hard with himself, and seemed at length in peace," the affairs of the King were in quick progression. Pellam, a tributary king of King Arthur, had failed of late to send his tribute. The King sends him a deputation, which discovers that Pellam is leading too saintly a life to interfere with the matters of the world, in consequence of which Garlon, his heir rebels against Arthur, insults him and does every sort of sacrilege. King Arthur, on hearing this, and also on being told of a reputed demon of the woods, who was once a bad man, but now had become a fiend, rides away with his best knights and with Sir Balan, to avenge the insult and the sacrilege.

Balin is left alone to indulge his bad and his good fancies. One day he sees a sight, which disillusion him a little of his high ideal of the Queen. He finds that there is something wrong in the close intimacy existing between Sir Lancelot and the Queen. But, like the true knight that he is, Balin thinks he has heard and seen wrong, blames himself for not seeing right, thinks it is all his own fault, and rides away, blind in his rage with himself. On the way, he meets with a woodman, who tells him of the Demon of the woods. Balin is too immersed in himself to listen to the tale; but, later on, seeing what he thinks to be an unexplainable shape of shadow and light, he flies from it and arrives in King Pellam's castle.

Here, he is asked the meaning of the sign the crown-royal upon his shield. He answers that it is "for the fairest and the best of ladies. Here we see his youthful innocence and his courageous faith, which will not be shaken even what he has seen with his own eye. Truly all young enthusiasts should be like this. Love is trust! The same trusting faith Balin again shows in his defence of the Queen, for when Garlon accuses her of impurity, Balin longs to throw the goblet at Garlon; but, poor lad! the memory of his token restrains him; "I will be gentle," he says. But, again and again, the same accusation is launched at him, and Balin is unable to hold himself in any longer. He leaps upon Garlon and smites him hard. Meanwhile, a hue and cry is raised against him and Balin escapes into Pellam's chapel. From thence, in his impatience unknowingly doing sacrilege, he escapes into the outside wood halls and looks at his shield with a shamefaced heart, for he has broken his resolution and given in again to the furies which had once possessed him. In his humility and in his shame, the poor youth discards the shield as too high for him :

"I have shamed thee so that now thou shames
me,
Thou wilt I bear no more."

He hangs the shield high on a bough and turns away to cast himself on the ground and bemoan "his violences."

Meanwhile, a damsel called Vivien, with her Squire, rides into the wood. She is a wicked woman, but has the appearance of a charming and innocent lady. She sees the shield, she sees the fallen knight, and she accosts the latter and tells him a pretended story of how she has escaped from a wicked King and desires to be led to King Arthur. But Balin refuses the honour, crying :

"Thither no more! nor Prince.
Nor knight am I, but one that hath defamed
The cognizance she gave me; here I dwell
Savage among the savage woods, here die—Die!
O me, that such a name as Guinevere's,
Which our high Lancelot hath so lifted up,
And been thereby uplifted, should thro' me,
My violence and my villainy, come to shame."

But, Vivien, when she hears this, laughs aloud, and tells him something about the Queen, which Balin, in his dark hour of weakness and remembering what he had already seen, believes implicitly :

"She censured; his evil spirit upon him leapt,
He ground his teeth together, sprang with a yell,
Tore from the branch, and cast on earth, the shield
Drove his mailed heel athwart the royal crown,
Stamp'd all into defacement, hurled it from him
Among the forest weeds, and cursed the tale,
The told-of, and the teller."

Female Education in Japan.



SOME days ago I came across an official volume on the "Educational System of Japan", of which the author is no less an educationist than Principal Sharp of the Elphinstone College, Bombay. In the book I saw a chapter on Female education, and, thinking that the information would prove useful to the readers of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*, I took the following random notes from the chapter.

Primary education in Japan is as obligatory upon girls as upon boys. After the primary stage, the education of girls is separated from that of the boys. Girls then enter the *Girls' Higher Schools* where, in official language, the object is "to form character, and to impart knowledge calculated to make good wives and wise mothers." The first girls' school founded was the *Tokyo Girls' School* (1872). From 1872 to 1890, female education was steadily on the increase. But the decade ending with 1900 was a period of reaction. Since that year, however, girls' schools have multiplied, and to-day, all told, there are more than 80 schools, Government, Public and Private. There is one girls' school for every 1,830 square miles and for every population of 575,000 souls. The work of the schools is supervised by Inspectors. The school-buildings essentially include a covered exercise-room and space for play and drill.

The class rooms, which contain accommodation for 30 or 40 girls, are airy and well lit,—in some cases, with electric light. The equipment includes a reference library for teachers and a reading-room, in most instances, for the pupils. Not infrequently, dormitories for 50 or 60 girls are attached to the institution. In the model school, namely the *Third Girls' School* of Tokio Prefecture, a separate little building, fitted up as a Japanese house, is devoted to teaching etiquette; and a large room is provided for the reception of parents and guardians who may inspect in an adjoining hall specimens of their girls' drawing and penmanship. A cooking class room is also in progress. 15 out of the 24 teachers are women. The majority of the pupils in public girls' schools are day students.

Balin's wild scream has a result quite unexpected. It falls on the ears of Balan, who has been concealed in the forest, waiting for the demon. He thinks the savage yell to be the demon's, rides up, and sees the defaced shield and the marred crown. Naturally he has not known anything of Balin's adoption of the Queen's crown as his token. He thinks Balin to be the fiend. Both attack each other, and both, mortally wounded, fall down senseless. The wicked Vivien rides away and the dying brothers are left alone. In a little while, Balan opens his eyes :

"O Balin, Balin, I that feign had died
To save thy life, have brought thee to thy death,
Why had ye not the shield I knew? and why
Trampled ye thus on that which bore the crown?"

Balin tells him his story and Balan groans again and tells him who Vivien is and how false her tale must be. He believes the Queen to be pure :

"Pure as our own true Mother is our Queen."

Alas and alas for Balin!

"O brother!" answered Balin, "woe is me!
My madness all thy life has been thy doom,
Thy curse and darkened all thy day; and now
The night has come."

Balan answered low
'Good-night, true brother here! Good-morrow there,
We two were born together, and we die
Together by one doom; and while he spoke
Closed his death-drowsing eyes, and slept the sleep
With Balin, either locked in either's arm."

So the brothers die. Dark and mournful seems their death, but surely there are compensations? Balin's faith in the Queen has been revived. That is life itself for him. He has tried his best to gain a perfect life. The dark result is not altogether his fault. He dies with an unselfish desire on his lips. His last cry, his last moan is for his brother. And Balan's love is not lost to him. Through sorrow and joy, through sin and strife, the two brothers are together. Truly their love is enough for each other! And one more compensation and the best of all. They die together, locked in each other's arms!

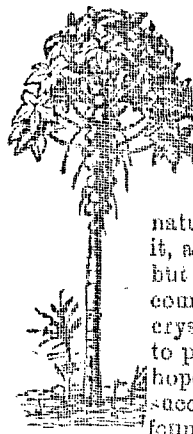
PADMINI.

Those persons who have attained to eminence in any vocation of life have followed a uniform course, that of earnest work and unwearied application. None are truly happy but those that are busy; for the only real happiness lies in useful work of some kind, either of the hand or the head, so long as over-exertion of either is avoided. If all men and women were kept at some useful employment, there would be less sorrow and wickedness in the world.

The school hours are from 8 to 2 or from 9 to 3 according to season. There is a recess between 12 and 1, and an interval of 10 minutes at the end of each hour. The regular course of studies is arranged for 4 years. The curriculum includes morals, Japanese and foreign languages (English or French), history, geography, mathematics, science, drawing, household management, sewing, music, and gymnastics. There are also cooking classes and English conversation classes. A good deal of time is devoted to Japanese etiquette, the girls being taught how to serve tea, how to entertain a guest, how to behave on a marriage occasion, etc.—Instruction of an advanced character is given in the *Japan Women's University*, started in 1900, in which there are now about 1,150 pupils. It has lecture-rooms, laboratory, residences for professors, and dormitories. To prevent higher education disqualifying the girls for home life, the dormitories or hostels are divided into a number of blocks called "homes" accommodating about 25 girls each under the supervision of a matron. Here the girls cook and wash for themselves and "keep home." Altogether there are 600 inmates in the dormitories. A special dormitory presided over by a foreign professor accommodates girls inclined to adopt foreign ways of living. Count Okuma of recent newspaper fame is the president of the council of management. 5 of the 39 professors are ladies. The courses of instruction comprise domestic science, Japanese literature, and English literature. Some of the subjects included under these heads are ethics, psychology, physiology, applied physics and chemistry, domestic and political economy, hygiene, history, philosophy, child-nursing, etc. Art, music, and physical training will be introduced also. Each of the courses mentioned above covers 3 years. All the subjects are not compulsory; some are optional. Students may choose any one of the three courses. Girls below 17 and those who have not completed their preparatory course are not admitted.—Japan can also boast of industrial education for its women: The *Girls' Industrial School, Incorporated*, at Tokio, won prizes not only at Japanese exhibitions but also at the Paris and Chicago exhibitions! The industrial school at Kagoshima in the south of the island has turned out a thousand graduates.

Technical instruction is given in, among other subjects, sewing, knitting, embroidery, artificial flower-making, drawing and painting, and cookery.

The Diamond and its Various Uses.



THE question of the origin of the diamond is still in dispute. Some assign it a volcanic source. Often found in meteorites, it has aptly won the appellation of "a heavenly gift." To the general public it is simply the most precious of all the natural products. The poor admire it, and the affluent own and cannot but wear it. The man of science complacently styles it, "A piece of crystallized carbon," and ventures to produce it in his laboratory, and hopes,—though now with partial success,—in the near future, to confound the markets by flooding them with his produce.

Where the first mention of it is made is not clearly defined. The riches of the mines of Golconda are proverbial. It was one of the chosen stones, to ornament the breast-plate of Aaron, the first high priest of the Jews in the Bible. The Chaldeans and the Egyptians were well acquainted with its use, and by diligent disquisition it has been proved that they had largely used it in hollowing dish sarcophagi and for engraving. In Jeremiah, Chapter seventeen, we read "The sin of Judah is written with the point of a diamond."

To embellish and beautify it considerable sacrifice is made. Though the value of a stone, leaving aside its water, entirely depends upon its weight in carats, it is marvellous how unflinchingly it is reduced in size to shape it to attraction. Some famous stones, prodigious for their weight and volume, had lost more than a third of them when being faceted. Ever and anon we read of atrocious deeds that are being committed in its name: of cruel tragedies to possess this perishable crystal; of immeasurable time and labor in search of this adamant, of sanguine battles fought on the borders of its coveted mines. In Persia it infuses jealousy among the beauties of the harem to an extent calculated often to drive the lord of the mansion to utter indigence and hopeless penury.

In spite of all this knowledge, a very few only are acquainted with the multiple spheres of its usefulness in art and industry. Many know that it cuts glass, but only some are acquainted with the fact that the cut diamond merely scratches it and a certain amount of crystallization is indispensable for this purpose. It comes vastly to prominence in map making, lithography and

pantography. It is used in agate cutting and in copper and steel engraving. Delicate needles in astronomical instruments are turned by its aid. In dentistry, and the chemical laboratory, it is a familiar weapon. In precision instruments it is a necessary adjunct. Of late, in deep bore-works for the discovery of coals, salt and petroleum, the uncut diamond is doing a large share of work. There are still other applications too many to enumerate here. But, from the above short description alone, we see that the diamond holds its own as the Monarch of all gems and stones, both as regards its position in value and practice in art.

J. HARRIS.



WHAT a world of sentiment is called into being in connexion with such a simple ornament as a ring. Here, in India, it is the sign of respectability. The Malayalam proverb hath it, "If one is beaten at all, one should be beaten by a ringed hand." It has ever been the sign of wealth and authority. We read in the Arabian Nights that the signet ring of a Sultan sent with a message demanded instant obedience. The person receiving it pressed it to his forehead, kissed it and obeyed the order. When the Prodigal son returned from the husks and swine, one of the possessions given to him was a ring. The prelates of the Roman Catholic Church, the Greek Church and the Syrian Church all wear rings, with a special blessing given to them, by His Holiness the Pope or other High Ecclesiastic; and these rings are kissed reverently by devout Christians. The people of India are very much given to wearing rings, not only on their fingers, but on their toes:—only gold is never worn on the feet, as such a custom is supposed to bring misfortune ending in poverty. The lower classes of Mahomedan and certain Indian castes, to neutralise the evil eye, wear bone rings which they value very highly. Rings have a love language of their own, which is perhaps now, more than ever, prevalent, and gems not a little, add an interest to ring lore. The wedding ring is probably of Roman origin. The Roman key rings wore of immense importance and were held as emblems of trust and confidence—and doubtless rings without keys were symbolical of trust and

devotion to and in the loved one; and so assumed an important part in the mental relationship. The Engagement ring is the first sign of that fellowship, which follows between husband and wife. A circlet of gold with "mispah" in raised letters round the band signifies "the Lord watch between you and me, when we are absent one from another." Then there is the double heart ring joined in one complete circlet. The ring *perse* signifies "endless"—and is a symbol of eternity. In ancient times a ring on the ear or round the neck was a badge of servitude; and may it not be that some hint of overlordship is signified in the man giving the woman the wedding circlet? "With this ring I thee wed"—and she promises to "obey." The ring round the neck is represented by the *Thali* worn by the Hindu women on a marriage symbol. In some countries, and among some Native Christians, engagement rings are exchanged as also wedding rings, though no religious sanction pertains to the ring given by the woman. In ancient times there were mystic rings. Everybody remembers the ring which, like Aladdin's lamp, produced astonishing results when rubbed. There were the medieval circlets of incantation and rings set with stones, which sucked up the poison of serpents or discovered poison in the cup. The terrible poisonous rings, worn by the Borgias which on pressure induced poison into a person, are a matter of historical fact. Mourning rings are gone out of fashion now; but they have not wholly disappeared. The wedding ring is now a plain circlet of gold rather solidly made. Formerly there was no particular fashion in the matter. We read of the poet Dryden's wedding ring, the like of which is to be found in the puzzle rings of the day. Dryden's ring was:—

"With joints so close as not to be perceived,
Yet are they both each other's counterpart,
And in the midst.

A heart divided in two parts was placed."

Shakespear's ring is supposed to have been found—given to him probably by his lady love Anne Hathaway—and if it was a gemmed ring we can understand the lines,

"So sweet to look, Anne Hathaway
She hathaway
Anne hathaway.
To shame bright gems Anne hathaway."

A lady, writing on the interesting subject of rings, quotes Macrobius, a Latin Author of the 5th century, relative to the then common custom of wearing rings. "At first it was both free and usual to wear rings on either hand, but after the luxury increased, when precious gems, rich in sculptures were added, the custom of wearing them on the right hand was translated with the left, for that hand being less employed, thereby

they were best preserved." And for the same reason they were placed then on the fourth finger; for the thumb is too active a finger, the under finger too naked—"whereto to commit their pretiosities and hath the tuition of the thumb scarce unto the second joint." The middle finger was too long and the last finger too small, and the fourth finger was chosen as being the least used, and because it is "in all its movements accompanied by the finger placed on either side." The fourth finger on the left hand is supposed by some to have some mysterious affinity with the heart—and in those unromantic days gentlemen invariably wear a ring—if they wear one at all—on the little finger—and ladies do not confine themselves to the fourth finger only. Thumb rings are rings of authority and were once worn by prelates of the Church and were of monstrous size—but these are now worn on the fourth or little finger of the right hand and some of them are very handsome and valuable. Some gem rings in these days spell "dearest," "tuari"—a Hindustani word meaning "thing"—etc., the initial letter of each gem with which the ring is set forming the word.

In *Cymbeline* we read of a ring given:—"Remain thou here while sense can keep it on;" and a pretty legend for a ring is "My love like a golden circlet shall surround thee." The Indian very rarely sets a diamond in gold,—I am told—I speak open to correction. The actual setting is silver and this is placed over the gold and this is done even with finely cut and polished stones. In saying that Indians never wear gold on the feet, I must except anklets for children who, up to a certain age, are permitted to wear them. A very pretty story is told about this habit of gold anklets for children. An Indian Rajah, to test the wisdom of his Prime Minister asked him what should be done to the person who had the audacity to kick him on the face. The minister thought for a while, then remembering the "divine right" which doth hedge about a king in his realm, said that the Rajah should make his assailant a pair of golden anklets to wear—guessing of course that the infant son of the Rajah had assaulted his own father in this way. The amount of money locked up in rings must be enormous; and of all ornaments a handsome ring sparkling with gems is most certainly the handsomest and the most convenient to be worn. All ornaments are in a sense barbarous, but rings will endure "as long as the sun and moon endure," for no ornament has been so continually in wear from the most ancient times as the finger ring.

RITHAM HURST.

My Ideal Girl.

AN INDIAN STORY.

CHAPTER I.



I HAD just returned from England after a stay there of nearly six years, and I was particular in my ideals. My friends and relations ridiculed me and said that it would not pay to have such high notions. But what did I care for them? I was young, I was rich, I had passed my examinations well, though I was not so clever as my brother. I had a particularly kind father, and I could afford to play with ideals. Later on, no doubt, disillusionment would come, but just now it was a sort of game with me—to seek for and accomplish large things. Of course I do not mean that I succeeded—I do not believe I ever did accomplish a high ideal; but I tried my best to do so. But why talk so much of myself? There is no necessity for it. Why I brought up all this was to show that I was very particular about one thing, and that was about the choice of a girl for my wife. I wanted a certain type of woman and none else. My father—an old gentleman of a particularly conservative Indian type—was very anxious that I should marry soon, and had a girl already in view for me. But, as I said before, he was a kind father; and, moreover, as I was doing well in my profession, I could afford to be quite independent.

This was the type of woman I wanted for my wife—a truly, womanly woman, fond of her home, looking after her home well and yet not having her horizon only bounded by home. A woman with many interests in life, of an intellectual type of mind—not necessarily "a woman of examinations"—able to talk with me about the deep things of life; and yet a woman who knew when she should talk and when she should not. In short, a woman of infinite tact and sympathy. A courageous woman, who would not faint in an emergency, a perfectly true and honest woman, who would never tell a lie or shirk a responsibility, however heavy. A woman on whom I could perfectly depend, a woman so sweet and true that I could give up my life for her and

lay my whole trust in her. A large-hearted woman, immeasurably pure, and yet with enough magnanimity and nobility of character that she would understand the weaknesses of others, and make allowances for them, even while she tried to draw them on into a higher life. A woman—but why enlarge longer on perhaps an impossible ideal? But I was sure I could find her. I was not worthy of such an ideal; but what was the use of argument? There my ideal was, and there it was likely to remain.

Strange things happen in this world. I was tired of work, tired of the easy patronage of some English officials and of the self-seeking of Indian officials, and I went for a short spell of quiet to the village, where I had been born—a dear little village, nestling at the foot of an important hill-station, and far away from the noise of the busy world. I was most comfortably established in a small house in the neighbourhood and I was perfectly contented and happy, though always, as is my wont, on the look out for adventures. But what adventures could happen in this rural spot? One evening, I was out-walking in a lonely road, which stretched away before me in an unbroken regular whiteness. On both sides were laughing green fields with labourers working in them. The lowing of cattle and the bleating of sheep fell pleasantly on the ear. I was walking along, dreaming of my ideal girl, who curiously enough always came into my thoughts in such pleasant spots, when suddenly a quick rumble of wheels mixed with a wild beat of hoofs and the shouts of men fell on my ear. What was it? A horse bolting? It looked like it. Yes, there it was, a large and powerful horse, bolting in a high dog-cart; and, sitting in the dog-cart—could I believe my eyes? Yes, an Indian girl was sitting in the cart, with the reins in her hand, dressed, as far as I could see, in a dark sari and with her hair flying behind her, such long hair too—probably unbound by the wild rush through the air. All this I saw in the twinkling of an eye, then the horse was abreast of me. I jumped to its head—a short struggle, and the horse stood still, panting. I looked at the girl, her fair face was flushed, her dark eyes were bright with excitement, and yet she did not look very frightened. Without doubt, she was brave; but how did she come to be driving? It was not the custom for Indian girls. But there was no time for curiosity. I stepped to the girl's side, and asked her where I could take her. The words would not come at first, and then she opened her lips and said a few words of thanks in beautiful, pure Telugu—my own language. I was enchanted and wanted to hear her speak more. But there was a quiet reserve and modesty about the girl, which forbade further speech. Neither would it allow me to climb into the dog-cart

with her, though I knew there would be nothing wrong in the action. But Indian girls were not English girls. I must be careful. So I went to the head of the horse and led it along the straight white road and along some side-roads, till we came to a little white house situated in the midst of a field. Here the girl was met by her father—an old gentleman in the typical Indian dress. He burst into an exclamation as soon as he saw her, and then began to question her volubly in Telugu, while she answered in monosyllables.

"What, you found the dog-cart waiting for me, and you wanted to try it. Don't you know that Indian girls are never allowed such liberties? What! does not matter in a village? No one will see? This is the result of listening to social reformers and not getting you married, like other Brahmin girls. What! this young man held the horse? Who is he? A most immodest girl eh? Why, he is the new barrister from England? Why did you not tell me so, Menaka?"

Thus an acquaintance was struck up between us, and I went often to the little white house, where I had many chats with the old gentleman—a simple, sincere man, very proud and passionately fond of his daughter. He was a social reformer.

"I do not want to get her married till she is fifteen or sixteen," he said. "My people are thinking of getting us excommunicated. But, what do I care? I have only two daughters. My wife, who may have disagreed with me, is dead. So I am free. I am just getting her taught English. She would not learn it before, had some notions about Swadeshism and so on. What! she won't talk? Oh yes, she is very shy. She will not even come near you? To be sure, yes. I like my girl like that. She is just twelve now. A pretty girl, is she not?"

Yes, she was a very pretty girl, sweet-faced, quiet, calm, dignified and she was so quiet and reserved. She never came near me. When I approached her, she managed to slip away, so that I never exchanged a word with her. And yet, reader, let me whisper a secret to you. I was sure I had found my ideal.

CHAPTER II.

My friends left the village a month after I had to return to my work. Their destination and mine lay far apart. But I made up my mind to pay their town a visit in the summer, for I was determined to win the girl for myself.

But, in the summer holidays, so many things happened. My dear old father fell seriously ill and died. I have hitherto forgotten to mention my brother, though I think I have said that I was not so clever as he. But let me say a few words

about him now. He was younger than myself, and was the only other child my father had. He was away in England studying for the I. C. S. He was a handsome young man, much more good-looking than myself, clever, witty and a very pleasant friend, while I was so reserved and gloomy and could not make a joke to save my life.

Well, this brother now had passed his I. C. S., and was returning home; so I had to prepare for his home coming. Besides, there were many troubles connected with my father's will. The money, which was much, was divided equally between my brother and myself; but there were many things to arrange concerning it. So, as I said before, I could not see my friends of the village, though, to tell the truth, the girl was never much out of my mind.

But the world is very small, after all. One day, I was walking on the beach, when I suddenly saw two well-known faces flash by in a carriage—none other than my girl—as I called her now—and her father. Day after day, after that, I haunted the beach, and at last I was rewarded by seeing Menaka and her father stop there. After that, the rest was easy. I became a close friend with her father, and I told him the desire of my heart and he was quite willing to entertain my proposal. But I was anxious to win the girl herself.

So I became a constant visitor at their house, and gradually Menaka became less shy towards me. Sometimes I managed to catch her in the garden, though she always tried to escape. And, little by little, I drew her thoughtful little mind out, and we became something like friends. She was never one to talk much, and even now it was only occasionally that she opened out her mind. But the little that she revealed showed a mind and a heart of gold. And little by little she seemed to incline towards me, and the world, I thought, seemed very good.

CHAPTER III.

On a bright summer's morning, my brother Hari—they called him Harry in England—came home. I met him in the steamer, and was quite struck by the difference in him. If he had been irresistible before, what was he now? People had called me stylish, but what was I before him? He was like an Englishman in everything, except his colour, and even that was fair enough to allow him to pass for a very sun-burnt southern European. And how well he talked and how pleasant he was.

"By the way, old man," he said afterwards, "I hear you are engaged or something of that sort. What sort of a girl is she? I remember you were always so particular."

"Come and see her," I said simply; "but I do not think you will be much taken with her, she is so quiet."

That evening I took him to see my friends and I found that, if Menaka's father was pleased with me, he was even more pleased with Hari. We formed a merry party. Menaka was there, as quiet as usual, but even she looked very pleased, and Hari tried to become friends with her. In a measure he succeeded, for she seemed to talk to him more than to me. Menaka's sister also—a little girl of five or six years, a bright little thing—came in for a great deal of attention. Hari played with her and teased her. Altogether we were a very merry party.

But, as time passed, I became a little jealous. Hari seemed to like Menaka very much, and she was much less shy with him than with me. At first I thought this was only due to his cleverness, which could draw her out so much better than I could. But, gradually, it seemed to me that Menaka liked him better than she did me. I felt very jealous and unhappy, but what could I do? Menaka was not yet pledged to me, and Hari was such a better match than I was, for was he not in the I. C. S.? Besides, Menaka liked him. So I began to fall into the background.

A word of explanation here. It may seem strange that Indian girls should be allowed to move so freely with Indian men. But it must be remembered, that Menaka's father claimed to be a reformer and allowed his girls much freedom. Besides this, he was not looked upon with favour by other Hindus. And so, he was practically without friends and could do much as he liked.

CHAPTER IV.

Hari was a good fellow, but he was a great spendthrift and lived far beyond his means. One day, he came to me in great distress, "Oh brother," he cried "what am I to do? I am in a devil of a mess. You know I am the treasurer of the Young Men's Benefit Fund, of which you also are a member. Well, I have had a lot of money in my hands and I—have spent it all."

"Keep back the money then."

"I have no money."

"I shall give it to you."

"Thank you, old man. But the thing is—I have made up the accounts all wrong, and they have found it out. They suspect me already, and if I pay it up, they—"

"Oh nonsense Hari! Pay it up at once and leave things to take care of themselves."

So Hari paid up the money and things were hushed up. But the suspicion was there and

one day a thunderbolt fell on our quiet heads. We were all sitting together in Menaka's father's house. The old gentleman was there, talking. The postman came and gave a letter into his hand. He opened it and read a few lines, and his countenance changed. He beckoned me aside and we went into his office room. The old man closed the door and faced me.

"What is the meaning of this?" he asked me in trembling tones.

"Of what?"

"Read this," and this is what I read. "As I am an old friend of the family," the letter ran, "I must warn you against the man who is to marry your daughter. No doubt, he seems an estimable young man, rich, of a good family, and in a good position. But there is suspicion against him. His brother is the treasurer of a Benefit Fund. Latterly much money has been wanting. We have reason to suspect that the treasurer's brother secretly took the keys and stole a great deal of money, and his brother naturally tried to hide the fact by writing the accounts wrong. The money has been paid up but the suspicion is there."

I looked up. The room swam before me. "Call Hari," was all I could say. He came and read the letter. I looked at him. His face turned a dull red, but not a word did he say, only looked at me with imploring eyes. Then and then only, light broke on me. I braced myself and stood up.

"O well," I said shrugging my shoulders, "if you cannot believe in me, without my speaking for myself, it is better that I should go. Goodbye."

The old man looked at me with imploring eyes; but I stared past him and went out of the room and out of the house. Hari ran after me with pleading words, but I turned from him with a bitter heart.

All that day I locked myself up in my room and waited for a letter from Menaka. But nothing came.

The next day I booked my passage to America, and a week after I started. Hari came to see me off on the steamer. At the last moment, he said,

"Forgive me, old fellow."

"O damn it, Hari, you go your way, I go mine. I have nothing more to do with you."

"But you will not betray me?"

"Oh, that is all you care for? Certainly I will not betray you. You may be sure of that. Goodbye."

"Wait a minute. Menaka—"

"I do not want to hear about her. I have nothing to do with her." Just then the signal was given for the passengers to leave the steamer, and Hari, with what I thought to be a sigh of relief, left me.

I stayed in America for six years. It matters not what I did there. It is sufficient to say that it was honest work and that I did very well in it. I became a much richer man than before, and I was popular and much respected, and I suppose I ought to have been a happy man.

But I was not. My longing was ever for my home and my native land. So one day I closed my business in America and returned to India. I went to a hotel and by casual enquiries found that Hari had left the town and was doing very well in the line he had chosen. Moreover, he was married. I had expected this and knew, of course, that it was Menaka he had married.

Then I went to Menaka's house. The old man was still there, as hale and hearty as before. He was much surprised, and, contrary to my expectation, very pleased to see me. "Well, Sir," he cried, "so you have come back. Have you forgiven us?"

"Forgiven you? Why, it is you who must forgive me."

"Do you not know, then, that your name has been cleared?"

"How?"

"It was found out that Hari did it. It is all hushed up of course. Besides, he paid back the money, you see."

"And-and-your daughter? How is she?"

"Which one?" asked the old man with a twinkle in his eye.

"Menaka. Is she happy?"

"How can you expect her to be so?"

"Hari's guilt was found out after the marriage I suppose. But Menaka—"

"Menaka has nothing to do with Hari," he said curtly. "It is her sister whom he has married, worse luck for her, though she is in a very good position, no doubt."

"Oh, Menaka then—"

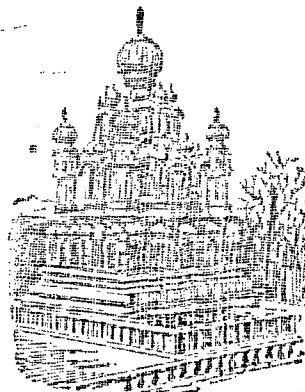
"Yes, Menaka is unmarried, all owing to you. For you, as a coward, left her."

"Left her; but she did not believe in me." "Did she not? What about her letter then, which she sent to Hari, before you left. She is quite ashamed about it, poor girl. Hari said he tried to tell you, but you said you would have nothing to do with her. So he asked her to marry him and she refused, and he married her sister. Is it clear now?"

Oh yes, it was. Everything was clear. I married "my girl," and I realised my high ideal.

By AN INDIAN LADY.

A Letter from America.



It is no small compliment to be invited by the editor of an Indian Magazine to contribute a paper on any given subject,—especially on such a subject as that of America and of American life and customs. For, in order to do justice at all to such a theme, it behoves the writer to take great heed lest in his zeal to approve himself quite equal to the occasion, he should permit his imagination to run riot, at the expense of literal truths which can alone commend themselves to the intelligence and interest of a discriminating and cultivated audience. I am extremely glad that I am at last afforded the proud privilege of introducing myself to a select body of Hindu ladies, and, thereby to get in touch with actual Indian intelligence and affairs in general. For it has long been a source of deep interest to me—the history and traditions of India. And this, I think, because of some strange, indefinite, subtle, innate sympathies and influences which have strongly, yet regularly, attracted and effected me in all Indian relationships. It may be—for who knows?—that, ages ago, some remote ancestor of mine either lived in and loved India; or else was of your race of Aryan conquerors and settlers in India. For, as you know there has long been much learned disputation among our philologists and scholars regarding the moot question of Aryan “first settlement” in India; or indeed, as to the actual birth-place of the Great Indo-Germania, or Aryan race itself. And, to me, that question, and Indian traditions and history, have long been an absorbing topic of interest, and, in the works and books of such writers and philologists as Max Müller, Alexander Humboldt, Sir William Smith, George Small and other equally eminent authors and scholars, I have for many years been a devoted and sympathetic observer and student of Indian history and literature; and now deem it a great privilege and pleasure to be enabled to address an Indian audience. But how little can we Europeans and Americans really know of actual Indian life or of the spirit and intelligence of its people in the aggregate! For, when we so much as attempt to familiarize ourselves with the traditions, history,

customs, religious, (for, I believe, in India, as elsewhere, there are so many forms of religious belief or sects and creeds, as to merit the term “legion”) and literature of so vast and ancient a country and civilization as India, we are appalled by our sense of positive incompetency to adequately grasp an intelligent and sufficiently comprehensive and sympathetic estimate of so great a subject. “But,” as may well be observed, “What has all this to do, even by way of preamble, with the subject you have taken in hand; and which should alone concern you?” And quite justly might such a point of criticism and remonstrance be interjected! Nevertheless, I cannot but think and feel that (inasmuch as it is not only good “policy,” but “good manners” also, to seek to ingratiate one’s self in advance with whosoever he hopes to cultivate agreeable relations)—I cannot but think, I repeat, that I am justified in indulging in so lengthy a preamble. For how else are we to get into appropriate “touch” with each other, save by soundly establishing, at the outset, our good will and generous sympathies,—such “premisses,” in effect, as shall clearly indicate mutual regard and intelligent apprehension of the rules and principles of courtesy and etiquette? This done, the task undertaken at once becomes far easier of accomplishment. And so, I will at once proceed on my course and endeavour to tell as truthfully and simply as I may what I think will most probably interest my readers in India regarding America, or, the customs and characteristics of the people of the United States of America. In the first place, then, this great Republic is a huge federation of some 75 millions of people, mostly of European descent, of 45 Free and Independent States, each entirely self-governing and self-governed, so to speak; but united in a common bond of sentiment and citizenship as “Americans” or the “people of the United States,” subject only to the Federal Administration, at Washington. In so far as the making of treaties with foreign powers, the declaration of war, the command and equipment of the Army and Navy, the control of the Postal Service, and the President’s *veto*, are vested solely in the hands of the President and Federal Congress. Thus, it will be seen how readily international difficulties may become involved and complicated by headstrong and heedless Legislative Assemblies in the various States, whose leaders are too often little better than mere demagogues and *would-be* famous innovators and bidders for notoriety—with an eye to the ultimate occupancy of the White House!—men who pose as “State’s Righters,” and who, in order to promote their nefarious ends, appeal to the lowest and most criminal instincts and sympathies of the mob element; and who care

nothing and think nothing of proposing the most monstrous measures, provided there would seem to be any chance at all of their being carried to their cherished haven on the crest of the mountainwave which they have provoked and invited,—or else men who propose some sophistical currency “reform,” or fiscal measure, which appeals to the greed and lust of the ignorant and criminal; whereby they hope to establish for themselves the name and fame essential to equip them for national leadership! Thus it will appear perhaps more clear to foreign minds and observers, how it so often happens that such anomalous conditions prevail in this great Republic in connection with international affairs; how it is possible that mob-rule and persecution of foreigners should so constantly startle and outrage civilized humanity, throughout the world, and yet that the Federal Power should be so often incompetent to deal with such questions and to effectually punish the perpetrators of such crimes and violations of international treaties and relations. For, as I hope I have made it clear, each and every state of the union is to a great extent, and to all intents and purposes, a sovereign power in itself, and its Legislatures are fully empowered to make such laws for State government as they see fit—barring only such few laws as pertain solely to international relations and the control of the postal service.

Hence each State can pass such laws, as relate to immigration, as it so pleases and it is *not* within the Federal Power to interfere therein. And so, when Hindu, Japanese, Chinese, and other “undesirable” (because classed and denounced as “cheap” laborers, and as detrimental, accordingly, to American Labor interests) immigrants flock in to any State—no matter how innocently or how “aided” by capitalists and manufacturers, it invariably follows that international troubles ensue; and it would be an extremely dangerous experiment, no matter how justifiably within their rights, for the Federal Power to intervene or the President to “veto” any State Legislature’s enactments. For the cry would at once be raised that the *constitutional rights* of the State were threatened and subverted, and a very slight flame of that nature would, indubitably, be fanned into a very serious conflagration. Hence the scruples and delays of the Federal Power in dealing with such issues! To the uninitiated, and yet apparently, “insulted” foreigner, it might well appear a gross anomaly and an intolerable condition of affairs, that a great Nation such as the United States, should so frequently appear itself either incapable or unwilling to effectually suppress American outrages on foreigners generally; or to make prompt amends for such

shameful violations and outrages. But to my readers, at all events it will perhaps now appear plainer wherein the main difficulty consists. Moreover, harsh and unworthy as the conduct of so many so-called “Americans” may appear in such connection, let my kind and considerate readers, at all events, rest assured that, deep and down below the coarser surface, the genuine American heart and mind is generous and humane to a high degree; and, therefore, that the crimes and brutality of that class of “Americans” which so shock and offend the susceptibilities of foreigners are to be attributed mainly to the passions and ignorance of men who are in no true sense Americans at all. For the persecutions of foreign emigrants in America are mainly to be traced and attributed to a class of wretches, who themselves are in reality “foreigners”—to men who themselves come from “foreign,” (European) shores, or who else are to be classed and eliminated as the very worst and lowest types of American manhood.

So much for the industrial question, and for all pertaining to political and geographical features and characteristics of our American Republic. Now let us turn to the “eternal feminine” question; I know not what are the general impressions and estimates of the American women in India generally speaking; but of this I am assured, *viz.*, that the average American woman is one of the most delightful, vivacious, intelligent, and self-reliant, and resourceful daughters of Eve, that any land or any race has yet evolved! she has her faults and she has her foibles—else she would not be a woman!—but she has remarkable and manifold virtues and charms—commonly denied to manifest “angels.”—Plucky, self-reliant, tactful, resourceful—these are her most sterling attributes and characteristics. Ever “ready,” ever resortful, ever mindful of her individual and God-endowed *rights* and possibility, she is nevertheless one of the most delightful of companions and the tenderest of guardian-angels, that ever blessed, delighted, and fortified the heart of man, or contributed to his mental and moral well-being! To be sure, there are multitudes of bad American women; but they are, still, in a comparatively small minority. Vivacious, optimistic, and yet “practical”, the average American woman is a paragon of feminine perfection. Out of almost nothing she can ever evolve a certain something! A blockhead of a husband even she will often fashion in some wise into a successful and decent possibility. And she will do it with a smile; and never for one moment allow her poor “blockhead” to become “embarrassed” by his own transfiguration! And yet, as I daresay, you have heard quite

often, there is a great deal of scandal attaching to American marriages; that is, the divorce laws in the various States, and in some much more pronouncedly than in others, are far from being all they should be, and it is a common thing for those who seek divorce on the most trivial grounds to move from one State to another in order to take advantage of the "opportunities," which that State into which they remove for a period affords the would-be divorcee. Nevertheless, infidelity to marriage obligations is not nearly so common in actual American life, as it is supposed to be: for, in spite of the seeming commonness of divorces, separations and nuptial difficulties generally, the great majority of American wives are true and loyal women, who, not only faithfully adhere to their marriage vows and obligations; but are the most conscientious, intelligent, and sympathetic of women; and the influence they assert and exercise over their children's lives is, generally speaking, far greater and more abiding than that of their husbands, or of the fathers. For the American man are, too commonly, far too much engrossed in the acquisition of wealth, or else in their own selfish indulgences to permit of just and adequate parental interest in the moral welfare of their children—whom they almost always leave to the exclusive care and supervision of their wives. Yet the average American husband is one of the kindest, most considerate, and generous of husbands. In effect, he is a far better husband than he is a father: however anomalous that may seem.

And now a few words about the schools and educational system of America: it is the glory and credit of the United States of America that, primarily, of all things social and distinctively national, the education of the young is held to be most vital to the welfare of the nation, or of the most vital importance. Hence, in every State, the people voluntarily and joyfully assess themselves in enormous sums for educational purposes, and, in every village, town and city, large sums are devoted by the municipalities and authorities to the building and maintenance of large and beautiful public schools and colleges, or High Schools, which every child is compelled to attend from the age of six, upwards; or else there is some other purely denominational school; and the child begins with the common public school in which a really broad and comprehensive curriculum provides for his education in reading, writing, arithmetic, history, geography, and singing, in the elementary way; extending, as the child advances, to such proportions as to include German, mathematics, rhetoric and general literature. From the Public School to the High School is an advanced step to the attainment of a really exhaustive and complete

education, provided the pupil be really earnest and capable. Moreover, all these educational advantages and privileges are afforded the children of all parents and citizens rich and poor alike, and are free! The only actual cost to the parent is maintenance and the purchase of stationary and books.

But, while school attendance is compulsory in the public or elementary schools, at all events, it is optional with the parents to take advantage or not, of the privileges of the High Schools; and these High Schools, be it said, are in reality, just what, or even more than, colleges and Universities are in European countries.

To be sure, it is urged against them by many that they are too *embracive*, and too exhaustive in their demands upon the physical and mental resources of their graduates, to be actually *thorough*, and hence that the High School curriculum is either purely *superficial* in its effects and influences, or else is downright fatal in its consequences. But, however that may be, nothing of the kind can be urged against the Public School.

In another letter I may possibly enlarge more upon this great subject of American education; but now I must really bid my readers a kindly and courteous farewell.

EDWIN RIDLEY.

Female Education.



IT is the height of selfishness in a man who, fully appreciating in his own case the immense advantages of a good education, denies them to a woman. It is argued that women have their domestic duties to perform and that if they were educated they would spend most of their time in reading books to the great detriment and neglect of their home management.

Indeed it is quite as possible for women as it is for men to neglect necessary work in order to spare more time for reading sensational novels or other catchpenny books. This is an absurd idea characteristic of a narrow mind; men, if they willed, could also read novels all day long without attending to their duties. It is all the better for a woman to refresh her mind in the intervals of leisure with a little reading.

ays remember that education is in the performance of even here of their duty. Besides by s involved the knowledge by y be preserved and improved. en be able to consult modern e her in the rearing up of her althy men and women, and em when disease attacks her out proper education, a woman y prefer the advice of supersti- deceitful mountebanks, who wonders by magic spells and

n be congenial companionsh ed husband and an uneducat y converse with her husband on er than cookery or servanis re destiny of a child depend on the training it receives

certainly will be admitted that this foundation of education cannot be well laid by an ignorant mother. On such grounds then female education is a vital necessity.

Some argue that women's intellect is quite incapable of receiving or benefiting by even the lowest form of education, but they totally neglect the brilliant instances afforded in History of ladies who have fully vindicated themselves in different branches of arts, sciences and politics. Would Queen Victoria have served as an immortal model, had she been uneducated or had her mind been incapable of receiving its benefits? Ahalia Bai Holkar leaves such a great name behind her that she is worshipped as a goddess in Malwa.

The only thing to be feared is the strain on women, if they study much and that difficulty can be got over easily by allowing them to have physical exercise and other out-door games so as to render them capable of prosecuting their duties regularly.

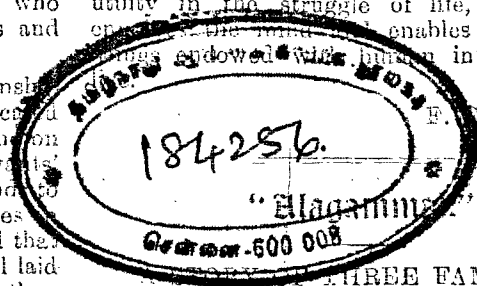
Again, moral education can be given better at home by parents than by tutors abroad. Parents have numberless opportunities of guiding their children by precept and example, while these are denied to the teacher, who generally meets his pupils in a thronged class, thus seldom having the means of becoming intimately acquainted with the various traits, to which each of them is severally prone.

Truthfulness is one of the first things a mother ought to teach her child. Ignorant mothers are sometimes emphatic in inculcating truthfulness, but on very slight occasions think it advisable to escape and importunity or curiosity of children by deception, if not by actual falsehood. They fondly hope the deceit will be passed unnoticed, but children are keener observers than they are

generally supposed to be and very quick to detect any discrepancy between preaching and practice on the part of their elders. Here an educated mother has a decided superiority over her ignorant sister.

In addition to this, all intellectual education is in proportion to its success a powerful deterrent from vice, as it enables us to see more clearly the evil effects that follow from disobedience to moral rules.

Thus education, besides being of practical utility in the struggle of life, enlarges and enables us to live as



THREE FAMILIES.

A TAMIL BOOK BY AN INDIAN LADY.



THIS is a tale of three families, as the title-page says, or, to be more accurate, of three young ladies, who, having had equal and ample opportunities for a liberal education, develop, in their married state, into three different types of womanhood. First, we have a girl, fond of tinsel and

finery, neglecting her studies, impatient of tasting the sweets of married life, leading by her imprudence and ignorance, an inharmonious and discordant life with her husband, ignorant and incapable of managing her household affairs and as a consequent result of this, becoming an object of scandal and disgrace to her family and to the sex she belongs to. (The authoress has, however, the generosity to make her repent of her sins and rewards her finally with a renewed and happy life with her husband and family.) Secondly, there is a girl in good circumstances and endowed, when young, with all the good qualities a girl or woman could wish to be possessed of and when raised to a more exalted position, retaining the same estimable and lovable qualities, and becoming an ornament to her family and sex. And thirdly, there is a girl, who, though brought up in and married into a lowly family, is ever contented, virtuous and humble,

a comfort to her family and her friends, an embodiment of contentment and an example to her sex. Thus, three types of women, a bad and corrupt woman (chastened, of course, in the end, by misfortune and contact with good women) a woman virtuous and lovable in the midst of riches and under all circumstances, and a woman virtuous and contented in the midst of poverty, are depicted in this novel. The whole story may be summed up thus:—

Alagammal, the daughter of well-to-do and virtuous parents had as her schoolmates, Ponnammal, the vain and pampered daughter of a Sub-Registrar, burdened with a large family, and Chellammal, the amiable and virtuous daughter of poor, but contented and happy parents; Alagammal and Chellammal, having innate good qualities, imbibed from their early life all that was good and pure in their surroundings and in the education bestowed on them and became models of good children. Ponnammal, on the other hand, neglected her studies to the adornment of her person and to the gratification of her vanity, and in the end had nothing to show as the result of her education. In the meantime, Alagammal's father having been transferred on professional duties to a different place, Alagammal took leave of her friends, with real sorrow, begging them to correspond with her and to keep up their friendship. During Alagammal's absence, Ponnammal had an offer of marriage. She was impatient to get married, not because, at her tender age, she really understood and wished to undertake the responsibilities of married life, but because she was ambitious of appearing in the role of a bride, a state wherein she could have the full advantage of valuable and beautiful clothes and jewellery, whether of her own or borrowed. Her parents, over-burdened with children, were only too glad to get rid of her without caring very much to enquire into the family history or antecedents and personal habits of the bridegroom, or if they did so at all, overlooking any faults found as likely to be removed after marriage. The marriage was celebrated with great pomp, but there was a rift in the lute. The bridegroom, Muthuswami, a teacher in Madras, was an educated man, but a faithful and staunch worshipper at the shrine of Bacchus, so much so, that he could not refrain from slipping out of the marriage *pandal*, on some pretext or other, to get a drink; an offence serious enough in itself when committed in secret, but very much aggravated by the fact of his having left the house while the *kanganam*, the marriage symbol had not been officially removed by the priests. Every one was greatly scandalized at this. But, what cared Muthuswami, as long as his craving for the forbidden drink was satisfied? The Sub-Registrar's re-

pentance was too late. As to Ponnammal, she consoled herself with the resolution to bring him round by her influence. Some time after the wedding, Ponnammal joined her husband at Madras, where their life became one of mutual recriminations and petty bickerings. Between them their children also suffered, on account of inattention and indifference. Ponnammal's unhappy life and her husband's indifference and her own want of moral backbone due to lack of education and indifferent bringing-up, led her on to her own moral destruction and in one of her daily duels with her husband, she fled from her house to her lover and thereon with him to Rangoon. In her hurry she would have forsaken her two children also, but the father would have nothing to do with them and she had perforce to take them with her. There, the hoped-for life of bliss turned out to be one of bitterness and of repentance, at any rate, on the part of the lover, who, after repeated letters of entreaties and appeals to return, from his own distracted and forsaken wife, decided to return to her, leaving Ponnammal to her fate, a state brought on by herself and one that with unerring certainty falls to the lot of such as she. Forsaking her husband, forsaken by her lover and God-forsaken herself, she appealed to him in vain to stay with her. But nothing would move the now reformed and repentant husband. He was however magnanimous enough to take her back with him to Madras and leave her somewhere near her native village. What a miserable fate! The bitter was bit and beggary was staring her in the face. She had to beg her way home to her father. Leaving her there, we shall see what was the fate of her husband. What else could it be but prison? Having lost all character and involved in debt and drink, he lost his appointment and then growing from bad to worse became an unwilling guest of His Majesty at the Debtor's prison.

In the meantime, Alagammal also had, as might have been expected, an offer of marriage from Alagappa Mudaliar, an honoured member of the Indian Civil Service and then Assistant Collector of Ponnalio. Her parents, having satisfied themselves of the character and conduct of the suitor and his family connections, gladly consented. And the event was celebrated with all due ceremony and splendour. The married life of Alagammal our heroine and Alagappa Mudaliar, was all that one could desire. It was an ideal one. Alagammal, placed in a high social position, never for a moment betrayed her superiority of rank in her relations with her social inferiors. Her early friends and playmates were treated with great consideration and affection. Friends or strangers, rich or poor, were all pleased with her. And nobody that had gone to her returned without a proof of her

courtesy and love. Her esteemed husband was exactly similar to her in disposition. Unassuming in manners, considerate to his subordinates, and courteous and sympathetic towards the people, he was an ideal officer. One of his school-fellows who was a clerk under him, was a man of uprightness and integrity, but placed in poor circumstances and a widower with a large family, Alagappa Mudaliar took him under his special protection. Our heroine also took pity on the motherless children and tended them with all a mother's love. Then, ever ready to do a kindness to her friends, she bethought herself of giving the poor orphans a mother, the father, a loving, thrifty and virtuous wife. She had her eye, of course, on Chellammal, her loving friend and correspondent, whom she wished to provide with a good and faithful husband. Accordingly, after consultation with her husband, and after obtaining the consent of the clerk, she wrote to her father to obtain the views of Chellammal's parents, and, they also consenting to this very desirable match, the wedding was solemnized with due regard to the position in life and financial state of the contracting parties. The modesty and humility of Chellammal may be gauged by the fact that she refused to wear during the wedding the valuable jewels of her bosom friend, Alagammal, though urged to do so, saying that her own jewels, however deficient in value and number would suffice, and that she did not care for what was and could not be her own.

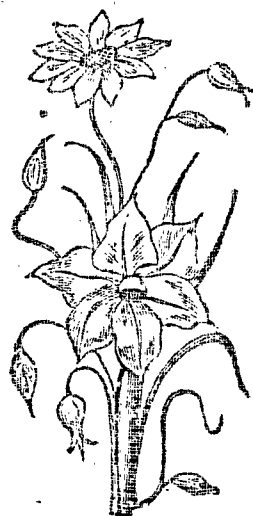
Meanwhile Ponnammal, begging her way from village to village, reached Alagammal's town and going, by chance to Chellammal's house, to beg, she was treated very kindly by her, though unrecognized. She then went to Alagammal's, where, after listening to the gabled account of herself, Alagammal recognised in the dirty ill-clad and ill-fed beggar woman her friend and playmate, Ponnammal, and never heeding her own position and the ragged condition of the woman, she embraced her with great warmth, bewailed the sad condition in which she was, and taking her and the children inside her house, she gave them a good bath, fed and clothed them and sent them to Chellammal to go and rejoice with her at their mutual friend's advent. Then, with the consent of Alagappa Mudaliar, Ponnammal was kept on in the house with the intention of sending for her husband and bringing them all together. Ponnammal had learned her lesson very well in the school of Adversity and repenting of all her past conduct, was now ready to meet her husband in whatever state he might be and begin life over again. Alagappa Mudaliar already knew, through a friend in the office, of the life Muthuswami and Ponnammal had led at Madras, although that friend never suspected that the

Ponnammal in his Superior's house and the Ponnammal of Madras were identical. Nor did Alagappa Mudaliar say a word of what he knew of the family to his wife for fear she would be much distressed at the news. He was secretly considering what steps should be taken to reform them. After Ponnammal's arrival, this generous-hearted man paid out of his pocket the money for which Muthuswami was imprisoned and after release, had him brought down to his town and lodged with a friend. Muthuswami did not know to whom he was indebted for the discharge from prison and for his subsequent support, but was all the same grateful to him. He also, like his wife, was ready to turn over a new leaf. While in this happy and apt frame of mind, he was advised that it was the desire of his benefactor that he should see the Assistant Collector about an appointment. He accordingly waited on that gentleman, who by a series of leading questions extracted the story of his life from the reluctant Muthuswami. Then he gave him an appointment on Rs. 30. And after trying him in all possible ways and after giving ample time for both to ruminate over their folly and making them eager to meet each other and be united for weal or for woe, though they knew not that the one was so near the other, Alagappa Mudaliar invited Muthuswami to dinner with the object of uniting them together. Dinner was served not only for Muthuswami and his master, but also for two others—two youngsters. Poor babes! They did not know who the stranger was. Not so, the poor man. He found something familiar in their countenance and ever and anon his looks were bent towards them. Doubt and anxiety were depicted in his face. Alagappa Mudaliar enquired why he was observing the children so closely, but Muthuswami could not give a definite answer, but promised to do so after dinner. Alagappa Mudaliar thought it would be ungenerous to try him any longer and sent Ponnammal and the children to him, and we shall leave the couple there to ask forgiveness of each other and of God for their unholy acts and to renew the vows made at the marriage ceremony to love and be true to each other.

The whole story is full of advice to the young and old. The principles and facts enunciated in these pages are acceptable to all persons, to whatever caste or creed they may belong. The book, therefore, is one which ought to be read!



Gleams of the Eastern Light (Stray Thoughts of Buddha).



WE all know the high order of the Buddhist religion. It is one of compassion, tenderness, purity, self-denial and mercy; the character of the founder of this high faith is a most wonderful combination of these qualities, and, though imperfectly revealed in existing records, it cannot but appear the highest, gentlest, and holiest, with one exception, in the history of thought. The perfect purity and tenderness of this Indian teacher, who united the highest self-

denial of a saint, with the passionate devotion of a martyr, greatly resembles that of Jesus Christ. So, in spite of the many differences between the manners and customs of the Indian and Western peoples, there is a wonderful unity in the inner life of both which tends to draw in harmony the East and West; and the exquisite beauties of the Buddhist faith (gleams of which can be had in Edwin Arnold's *'Light of Asia,'*) if appreciated by Western peoples, will greatly aid this union.

The birth of Siddhartha is hailed with joy, and the glad Queen Maya lays the babe at the feet of a saint for a blessing, but he, recognizing in the babe the future Buddha, says,—

'This is that Blossom on our human tree
Which opens once in many myriad years
But opened fills the world with wisdom's scent,
And love's dropped honey.'

A few years later the king his father thinks of teaching his son all that a prince should learn, and finding sage Visvamitra, the most competent, gives Siddhartha into his hands.

The development of the character of this prince is most interesting. He continues in school and learns all the princely arts, all the time showing the utmost reverence to his school masters, 'albeit beyond their learning taught'; he is gentle, modest and softly-mannered, though so wise and royal, and among his other beautiful qualities we see the deep compassion of a Buddha growing in his gentle bosom very early indeed.

In mid-play he would oft-times pause letting no deer pass free; would oft-times yield his self-won race because the labouring steeds

fetched painful breath.' 'And ever with the years waxed this compassionateness even as a great tree grows from two soft leaves to spread its shade afar.' One instance of his vast pity;—a cousin of Siddhartha, when the two boys were watching a flight of beautiful swans, sends a wilful shaft which unhappily finds and brings down the foremost bird; immediately, and here is a picture of almost womanly tenderness—'Prince Siddhartha took the bird tenderly up, rested it in his lap, and soothing with a touch the wild thing's fright composed its ruffled wings, calmed its quick heart, caressed it into peace with light kind palms, as soft as plantain leaves, and drew the cruel steel forth from the wound and laid cool leaves, and healing honey on the smart.' To how many suffering souls didst this great Buddha bring thus his healing balm in after years! Our admiration of his infinite tenderness and pity,—his chief characteristic—is all the greater because of his utter ignorance and inexperience of sorrow or pain, which we see in these lines of Arnold; 'yet all so little knew the boy of pain, that curiously into his wrist he pressed the arrow's barb, and winced to feel its sting and turned with tears to soothe his bird again!' And when consequent to this a dispute arises between his cousin and himself as to the possession of the bird, we catch a glimpse of his youthful philosophy;—'The bird is mine by right of mercy and love's lordliness' says he and again the suffering of this one little bird moves him to say, 'For now I know by what within me stirs that I shall teach compassion unto men and be a speechless world's interpreter, abating this accursed flood of woe, not man's alone.'

The king one day takes the prince to enjoy a spring-scene full of life and beauty; and, though he rejoices in the brightness, looking deep he sees 'the thorns which grow upon this rose of life,' and exclaims 'Is this that happy earth they brought me forth to see? How salt with sweat the peasant's bread! How hard the oxen's service! Go aside a space and let me muse on what ye show.' This contemplativeness increases as time goes on, in spite of the king's encompassing him with the most princely pleasures, and providing some new delight for him every hour. The anxious father consults his wisest ministers about his son's melancholy, and is told that love will cure those 'thin distempers.' Accordingly a court of pleasure is held and all the beauties of the realm assemble; at the end of the festival the Prince is to give away rich prizes, the richest for the fairest. Yes, the richest gift, his own great heart was destined to be given to another that day. So he falls in love with the lotus-coloured, dove-eyed, exquisitely beautiful Yosodhara or Gopa;

but, before he wins her, the Prince has to overcome all his rivals in feats of courage, according to the ancient code of marriage. Among other difficult feats, he has to ride a savage stallion led by iron chains, unshod and unsaddled, for no rider had as yet crossed him; but the prince, ordering the chains to be let go, quietly grasps his forelock and speaking soothingly all the while, lays his right palm across the animal's eyes and draws it gently down the angry face, and behold, the horse sinks his fierce crest and stands subdued and meek. Oh! the might of gentleness—Arnold gives us charming pictures of their wedded love and of the beautiful palace they dwell in, in his *'Light of Asia.'* Here are a few lines that might convey an idea of that House of love,—'The sunbeams dropped their gold and passing into porch and niche softened to shadows, silvery, pale and dim, as if Day paused and grew. Eve in love and silence at that bower's gate.' Further, within those walls no mention was ever made of death, age, sorrow, pain or sickness, and even dying roses and dead leaves were swept away most carefully every dawn; around that delightful home, though far removed from sight, were built massive walls with gates of brazen doors; a faithful watch was set, and an order ran that no man should be suffered to pass those gates even if it should be the Prince himself. These precautions were taken because a prophecy had been given out, that if the Prince did not rule as a king, he would become an ascetic; and the fond father hoped that if his son were removed from anything tending to make him brood, he might grow to be a happy sovereign and rule a king over kings. He became a king after all, but a king in quite a different sense.

So time passes on in happy ignorance of woe, save when in dreams Siddhartha seeing the world would cry, 'My world, I hear! I know! I come!' whereupon his wife wondering what ailed her lord, would gaze upon him with large terror-struck eyes, 'For at such times the pity in his look was awful and his visage like a God's.'

One day the Prince, hearing in a lay, of wonderful lands beyond the city gates, where people dwelt, craves permission from his father to visit the realm. All sad or noisome sights are hid by express command of the king, and the decked and gay city only shows its fair side. Unhappily a poor old man in rags and wretchedness, creeps forth from his bovel and asks for alms; he is just about to be shoved back, when the prince catching sight of him, asks of his charioteer what that piteous sad thing could be; he is told that it is a man, and by further questioning finds out that all men will become thus, if they live so long. The prince goes home, sad and brooding and soon persuades his father to

let him go out again, this time to see the city as it is; during the visit he sees a man with the plague, shrieking with agony; Siddhartha at once runs to him, takes him tenderly in his arms and with sweet looks and soft speech seeks to soothe him. Great heavens! what vastness of, and pity for, mankind, must have filled this man's breast; to take that writhing wretch in his arms, accustomed only to the soft embraces of his beautiful wife! Soon he sees a funeral, and thus learning of death for the first time, he is filled more than ever with heavenly pity and cries with an intense and passionate love 'Oh, suffering world, Oh, known and unknown of my common flesh, caught in this common net of death and woe, and life which binds to both! I see, I feel the vastness of the agony of earth.' 'The veil is rent which blinded me! I am as all these men, who cry upon their gods, and are not heard, or are not heeded, yet there must be aid.' Notice his impetuous pity 'I would not let one cry whom I could save.' When the king hears how these scenes affect his son, a triple guard is set about the gates, but,—what guard can shut out Fate?

That very night his wife is disturbed by quiet dreams and Siddhartha soothes her with fond words, 'when most my spirit wanders raging round the lands and seas, full of reeth for men, ever it has come with glad wing and passionate plume to thee, who art the sweetness of my kind, best seen, the utmost of their good, the tenderest of all their tenderness, mine most of all,' and 'drink these words from heart to heart therewith that thou may'st know,—what others will not—that I loved thee most because I loved so well all living souls.' His tender love for his wife is in no way inconsistent with his character of Buddha; on the contrary, it completes the beauty of his moral character for, while the more extensive affections have control over the mind and there is a steady purpose of conformity to the divine will, the tenderer and narrower attachments of life only increase its harmony. At dead of night he soliloquizes on the pain of this world and the possible remedy, and then—his lips close-set with a great purpose, he goes out into the gloom. His grand soliloquy, in which he unwittingly reveals his great self-sacrificingness and infinite love and pity, and the touching and silent farewell he took of his sleeping wife, are most beautifully and touchingly dealt with by Arnold. Legend has it that the triple barred gates rolled back silently to let the prince pass, and that the gods plucked red mohra flowers and strewed them thickly under the tread of his horse, to muffle the sound of the footfall.

Siddhartha has now become a Sanyasi. One day he comes across a concourse of Rishis in

his wanderings, and seeing how brutally, yet with what useless fortitude, they had tortured themselves till sense of pain and indeed every sense was killed, in the hope of subjugating their bodies to their spirit, exclaims 'wherefore add ye ills to life which is so evil'? Isn't this a splendid sentence? I wish every one of us could take it to heart.

"Oh, flowerets of the field!" Siddhartha said—
Who turn your tender faces to the sun—
Glad of the light, and grateful with sweet breath
Of fragrance and these robes of reverence donned
Silver and gold and purple—None of ye
Miss perfect living, none of ye
Despoil your happy beauty. Oh ye palms which rise
Eager to pierce the sky and drink the wind
Blown from Malaya and the cool blue seas.
What secret knew ye that ye grow content
From time of tender shoot to time of fruit;
Murmuring such—sun songs from your feathered
Ye too who dwell so merry in the trees— [crowns?
Quick darting parrots, bee-brids, bulbuls, doves,
Love of ye hate your life, none of ye deem
To strain to better by foregoing needs!"

Do not the grand sentiments contained in these lines strike the chord of memory? And does not an equally beautiful passage vibrate from the chord? 'Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature?'

'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?'

Buddha's whole life was one long chain of self-sacrifice and pity, every link of which consisted of acts of love and tenderness. On his way, Buddha sees among a flock of sheep, a ewe with couplets, one of them hurt and toiling behind, the other frisking before and the vexed dam running forwards and backwards; Buddha at once lifts up the hurt lamb in his arms and soothes his poor mother. As he is going along with the flock, a woman with a child dying of snake-bite begs the Rishi for a cure, but what human being can stay Death? And Buddha says, his heart bleeding with pity 'I would pour my blood if it could stay thy tears.'

Finding that the flock of sheep were to be cruelly sacrificed by the king to some imaginary god, his favourite idol—that so many innocent lives were to be taken owing to mere ignorance, he entreats the king and saves the victims; then he speaks of life, which no one can give; of mercy, how though man prays for mercy, he himself is merciless; of sacrifice, that far from being an atonement for sins, is itself new sin;—and so moved the king and priests, that after that all sacrifice ceased in that kingdom.

Later on passing king Bimbisara's realms, he is earnestly entreated to dwell with the good

king, but he declines and continues in his wanderings. Many adventures befall him, in which we see the beauties of his character displayed—his humility, when he tells the woman, who seeing his rapt meditation and feeling his great influence considers him a wood-god, that he is no such god but a human being like herself, and in these words 'The Buddhas who have been and who shall be, of these am I'; his tenderness in every act of his; his strength of character, when, though famished and weak, sustained only by offerings of those who think him divine, he tells them, "thou helpst me who am no God, but one thy brother"; his wisdom and beautiful sentiments in every word that he utters.

At length he approaches in the gloaming, the Bodhi tree, afterwards celebrated as the tree of wisdom—and seats himself under its shade for meditation—and here the greatest struggle takes place and the most glorious victory is won. The portion of Paradise Regained where Christ is tempted by Satan will give some idea of the great temptations he had to resist, the evil thoughts—so alien to his pure mind—that so filled him with horror, that he had scarce strength left to conquer them, and at last the sublime victory.

Buddha's father, Siddhodhana, his wife Gopa and his little son Rahula are his first converts, as also King Bimbisara.

The high morals that he taught and the doctrines he preached reach in their purity those in the Bible. Here are a few Buddhist ideas of Heaven:

'The Soul of things is sweet,
The Heart of being is celestial rest,
Stronger than woe is will; that which was good
Doth pass to better—Bast.'
'Before beginning and without end,
As space eternal and as surety sure,
Is fixed a power divine which moves to good,
Only its laws endure.'
'This is its touch upon the blossomed Rose,
The fashion of its hand-shaped lotus leaves;
It brings to loveliness all ancient wrath and wreck.'
'The ordered music of the marching orbs
It makes in viewless canopy of sky
Men's hearts and minds,
The thoughts of peoples and their ways and wills
Those too the great Law binds.'
'Such is the Law which moves to righteousness
Which none as last can turn aside or stay.
The heart of it is Love, the end of it
Is peace.'

BY AN INDIAN LADY.



The Training of Nurses.

A report read by Dr. Miss Krishnabai Kelikrar,
L. M. S., & L. M., of the Albert Edward
Hospital of Kolhapur, at a Prize
Distribution to the Trained
Nurses.

It affords me very great pleasure to submit to you to-day the report of the Nurses' class of the Albert Edward Hospital—a class founded for the training of nurses and midwives in connection with the hospital and for the use of the public in general.

Before I do so, however, a brief account of the origin and history of the former class and what led to the training of this new staff of nurses may not be uninteresting or out-of-place. The necessity of such a class was felt soon after the foundation of the hospital, and it was sixteen years ago, that the first class was started by Dr. George Sinclair, the then Durbar Surgeon, under the immediate supervision of the late lamented Dr. V. G. Apte.

It was a very moderate beginning and candidates had to be procured from among the most backward class. Many of them could hardly read a line of even the vernacular language, and great pains had to be taken to bring them to the level of ordinary nurses; but the progress of the class was none the less sure and its results were not below expectation. During the three years that the class remained open some fifteen nurses were trained; of these some were sent to the district dispensaries; two were commissioned for personal attendance on Her Highness the Raneesahab and the rest were drafted on the Hospital staff. For twelve years these nurses have worked, to the great satisfaction of the state and the Hospital authorities. The value of the services they rendered in their sphere cannot be over-estimated. These in the districts have proved themselves very useful to the masses, especially in difficult labour cases. Demands are also being constantly made in the A. E. Hospital for midwives from villages near Kolhapur, within an area of 10 to 30 miles, to relieve women in delayed labours. The life of many a mother and child is saved by the timely help rendered by these midwives. Their sphere of work does not stop here however. Middle class families have begun to avail themselves of their services in ordinary labour cases, thus preventing by securing their attendance many after effects that would result from ill-conducted labours. These midwives have thus succeeded in popularising western methods in the slow

accepting minds of the masses. Tradition is yielding before them and what has not been done by talk and lectures has been effected by the practical work rendered by these nurses. Among our women class, of course, the results are very slow, but they could not be otherwise among our high-class women. They are the most conservative and at the same time the most religious class among us, and it takes patient labour to remove their strong deeprooted prejudices. These nurses have also often been called by several sirdar families and other well-to-do houses to nurse patients at home, and here also they have done their work well.

The number of these old nurses was limited however. The state and the Hospital authorities finding the usefulness of their sphere of work and the rapidly increasing demand for them resolved at length to open another class. The proposal had only to be laid before His Highness the Maharajah Sahab, who is ever ready to encourage schemes tending towards the happiness of his subjects. He at once sanctioned the necessary expenditure in scholarships &c.; and in the April of 1905 the new nurses' class was opened. We were enabled this time to select candidates who could read and write the vernacular fairly well. Efforts were also made to procure them from more or less respectable families as it was found that the genteel behaviour of well-behaved nurses by the bedside of dear relatives went a long way in making the new western treatment popular in the eyes of the public. The training that they received this time was on a higher level than what they did last time. They have been taught first aid, bandaging, compounding with a little knowledge of English, in addition to nursing and midwifery. They underwent a course of four terms, which took them two years to complete their course. I was helped in my work by the two hospital assistants Mr. D. R. Satho and Mr. S. R. Karkhannis. Of the twelve that appeared for the examination, 10 passed and were found eligible to practice as midwives and nurses and will be granted certificates; of these ten three are Brahmin widows, one sent by the Sangli state, another by the Kurundwar state and the third by Miraj Mala. These three will return and work in the respective states. The remaining seven were given scholarships by the Kolhapore state. They will now work in the city and districts—of these seven, one is a Mahomedan, one a Rajput, one a Koli—a very backward class,—one Jain and three Marathas. The Jain nurse is probably the first in her caste in the whole Bombay Presidency to take up the profession, and it is interesting to note that in spite of being a mother of three children she has stood first in

this class. It will be seen from the above that candidates have been admitted from different communities, viz., the Mahomedan, Marathi, Jain and Brahmin; and thus efforts are made to make the art of nursing popular in all the castes.

We consider it a great fortune that you happen to visit at Kolhapore at this time and thus are enabled to be here this evening to award certificates and distribute prizes to the successful nurses. You will launch them to-day in their noble sphere of work and start them for their solemn mission in life. And let me now offer you my sincere thanks for having consented to-day to preside on this joyful occasion and thus for having given us by your presence and sympathy a stimulus to our work. I also offer my heartfelt thanks to her Highness the Sarkecarbhai Raneesah Soubhagyavati Laxmibai Raneesahab and Akkasahab Maharaj, Mrs. Fenis and all European and Hindu ladies for gracing the occasion with their general presence.

Thayammal Girls' School Library and Reading Room, Kulasekharapatnam.

OPENING CEREMONY.

ON Tuesday the 31st of December 1907, the above Library and Reading Room was opened by Mrs. Rosa Weth, wife of Mr. J. H. A. Weth, Agent of Messrs. Parry & Co., at Kulasekharapatnam. In the month of June 1907, the sympathisers of the institution were told by the founder of the school of his desire to have a Library and Reading Room attached to the school and were appealed to for their co-operation. Many of them generously subscribed on the spot, Mr. J. H. A. Weth heading the list with a liberal subscription. More than Rs. 100 were subscribed out of which a little less than Rs. 100 has been collected. 48 volumes have till now been bought and 7 volumes were presented by Messrs. Sundaram Pillay of the Swadesamitran, Venuvalingam Pillay of Palamcottah, and S. V. Kallapiran Pillay, Tahsildar of Chingleput, the last through his brother. It is hoped that the volumes will in time, be increased and the Reading Room furnished with Magazines and Newspapers.

There are a few special features regarding the library. In the first place the Library and Reading Room is intended exclusively for girls and Ladies, which is a rare instance; in the second place the invited guests, who witnessed

the proceedings were exclusively Indian ladies; an instance rarer still, and the conspicuous personage was also a lady. From 2-30 o'clock visitors began to gather. The proceedings were to have begun at 3. Mrs. Weth was unavoidably late. So the proceedings began at 3-30 and Mrs. Weth joined the audience at 4. The promises of the School presented a tasteful appearance. The proceedings began with a prayer and a few Thavaram Hymns. The students of the school entertained the audience with action songs, Kummi Kolattam and a farce (the Market). The audience seemed pleased with the work of the young ones and the farce especially was intelligently appreciated. Girls from 5 to 13 took part in the farce and each did her part to the satisfaction of the visitors.

The founder of the school then addressed the ladies and explained to them the use of education and the benefits of a library exclusively for them, where they could help themselves and others in improving their knowledge and education. Then, while requesting Mrs. Weth to open the library, he made her a special request to learn Tamil, thereby increasing the facilities for the intermingling of the Nations of the East and West, to exchange with each other the special virtues each is heir to. She replied that she would be willing to do so if she could. She then pulled a string from near her seat and by a contrivance for the curtain, which was drawn across the entrance of the Library Room, slid to one side and the shelf wherein the books were tastefully arranged caught the eyes of the audience. Mrs. Weth and a few of the audience now entered into the room and the contents of a few of the books were explained to them. Mrs. Weth promised the library a shelf and the school a monthly donation which was accepted with thanks.

Mrs. Weth, then addressing the audience, spoke in appreciative terms of the work of the school, urged on the ladies present the supreme necessity of educating themselves and their children and encouraged the girls to enter more into their studies and be of great use to others.

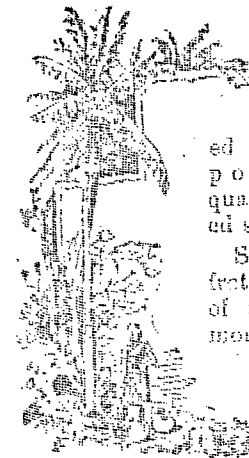
The girls then sang in Tamil the National Anthem and a farewell song. Mrs. Weth was then garlanded by a girl. With a vote of thanks to Mrs. Weth and other ladies and with the distribution of sandal paste, thambulam and bouquets the audience dispersed.

Before concluding, I as one interested in Female education will appeal to publishers, authors, journalists and the generous public to favour the school with their gifts, which may be sent to the Honorary Superintendent, Thayammal Girls' School, or to the Librarian, Thayammal Girls' School Library, Kulasekharapatnam.

By A CORRESPONDENT.

Our Cookery Column.

FRANKFORT PUDDING.



INGREDIENTS.

A quarter of a pound of butter, five eggs, a quarter of a pound of crushed almonds, a quarter of a pound of bread crumbs, a quarter of a pound of powdered sugar, vanilla essence.

Stir the butter till it is frothy, beat into it the yolks of the eggs, the ground almonds, the bread, sugar, a few drops of vanilla essence, and lastly, the whites of the five eggs, which must have been beaten into a snow. Take a pudding form, butter it, dust sugar over it and put the mass into it. Cook in a bain-marie for one hour and serve hot with a fruit sauce.

POTAGE BRETON.

Ingredients.—One pound of haricot beans, two ounces of butter, one Spanish onion, half a cabbage, two ounces of bacon, pepper, salt and a tomato.

Soak the beans over-night. Boil till tender in a large tureen. Take the bacon, put it in a pan with the butter. Fry a minced onion in the fat and add this all to the beans, together with the cabbage cut up and the tomato. Let all simmer for half an hour and serve with grated cheese.

Montpelier Biscuits.—This is a most delicious and dainty savoury, but is rather difficult at first to make. The ingredients required for this are two ounces of flour, one ounce of butter and one ounce of Parmesan cheese, the yolk of one egg, and a little pepper, salt and cayenne. Rub the butter and flour together, and then stir in the cheese, add the pepper, salt, and cayenne. Then beat up the yolk of the egg and stir that in, cut them the size of small biscuits and bake in a moderate oven. Then beat up four ounces of butter to a cream, and add to this four or five anchovies which have been boned, and just moisten with a dessertspoonful of cream. Put all this into a mortar and pound. When ready, use a forcing-pipe to put the mixture on to the biscuits, and garnish with watercresses.

A Substantial Pudding.—Take a quarter of a pound of dripping, three-quarters of a pound of flour, three ounces of sugar and the same of currants. Rub the dripping well into the flour, then add the sugar and currants, and mix it all to a stiff paste with some water. Grease a large flat piedish and bake in a moderate oven.

A Good Breakfast Dish.—Boil two ounces of semolina in a pint of milk in a porridge saucepan, stirring occasionally. When thoroughly cooked serve like porridge, it can be eaten with either salt or sugar according to the taste of the person, and some cold milk.—“NONA.”

Potato Croquettes.—Boil the potatoes till quite tender, then slice them and pass them through a colander, moistening them with a little cream, add to this some chopped parsley, a little pepper and salt to taste, and a tiny suspicion of onion; mix all these ingredients together, beat up the yolks of two eggs, and mix some of this in with the potatoes, leaving sufficient to dip the croquettes in before frying. Beat the whites to a stiff cream and add them to the other ingredients, beating it all up together, then form them into balls, dip each one into the yolk of the eggs left for that purpose, and fry in boiling fat to a delicate brown. Serve very hot, and arrange them on the dish with parsley to decorate.

INDIAN CORN CAKES.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of Indian corn-flour, a quarter of a pound of ordinary flour, a quarter of a pound of butter, a quarter of a pound of sugar, one egg.

Mix all the ingredients together and spread out into a thin paste, cut into circles by the aid of a glass, decorate the top in any way you please, paint with yolk of egg, and bake in a slow oven. Serve hot.

The prerogative of infancy, is innocence; of childhood, reverence; of manhood, maturity; and of old age, wisdom.

It may seem of little moment to be punctual, but to use the words of an eminent theologian “our life is made up of little things.” Our attention to them is the index of our character, often the scales by which it is weighed.

Our Needle Work Column.



Fig. 1. This shows a very handsome although simple insertion in the double barring pattern shown at Fig. 2,

with the addition of the lace filling stitch. Eight threads are cut away and eight left, thus forming a larger square than if only four threads are removed. By careful calculation of the threads the insertion may be made as wide or narrow as the worker wishes. The large eyelet holes at either side of the pattern are worked in ordinary button-hole stitch, the rather large holes in the centre of each being formed by the pull on the threads in working.

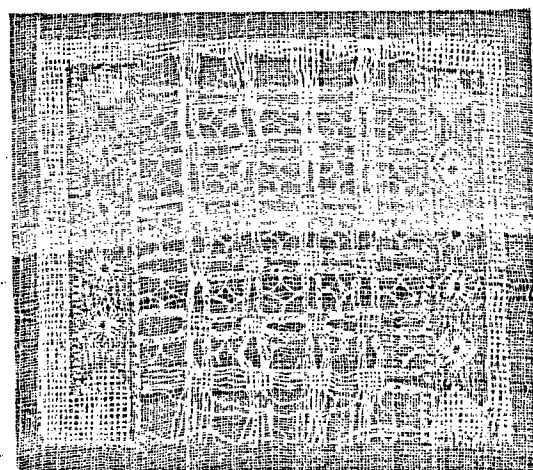


Fig. 1.

Fig. 2. Handsome design for blouse trimming, worked on finest Congress canvas, B96. These blouse and dress trimming designs can be outlined with coloured Peri-Lusta or linen threads in a shade to match the garment for which the work is intended. They can also be worked in black silk or black voile or canvas and make an extremely handsome and durable trimming.

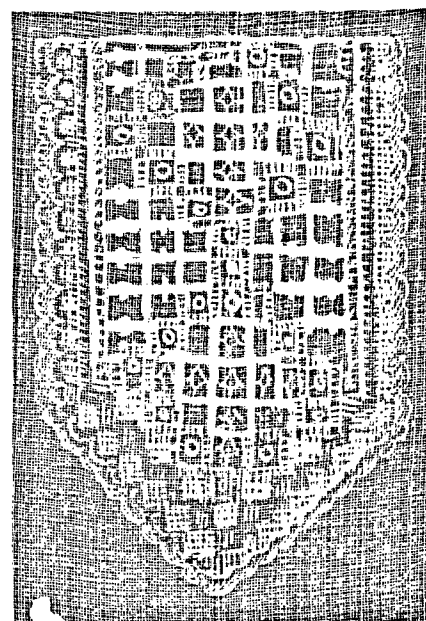


Fig. 2.

Fig. 3. All over design in outlining and back-stitching. Simple barring with picot stitch. The novelty of this design consists of the uncommon grouping of the base, the pe-paring of which can be readily followed from the unworked section.

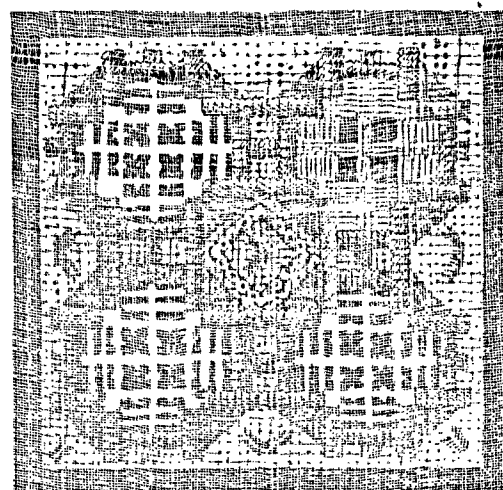


Fig. 3.

Selections.

I. THE BOMBAY HINDU LADIES' CLUB.

Mrs. Muir-Mackenzie's Address.

THE 14th Annual General Meeting of the Hindu Ladies' Social and Literary Club was held last evening in the spacious hall of Mrs. Harischandra Pandurang Pitale's bungalow at Cowasji Patel Tank Road, Mrs. Muir-Mackenzie presiding.

The proceedings opened by Miss Sumati R. Kothare playing on the harmonium and Miss Shantabai Herdeker singing a welcome song. Mrs. Kothare then proposed, and Mrs. Umabai Khare seconded, that Mrs. Muir-Mackenzie should occupy the chair. Mrs. Bablibai Pitale, the Secretary of the Club, then read the report of the last year's working of the Club in Marathi, which was translated in English by Miss Curshedji. The report showed that 31 weekly meetings were held regularly at Mrs. Bablibai Pitale's house, the average attendance being 20 to 40 as against 30 to 40 of last year. Various subjects were discussed both in Marathi and Gujarati. Some days were also spent in doing some fancy and plain needle-work. H. H. Laximibai Maharani Sahab Gaikwad of Baroda was kind enough to hand to the President of this Club in the year 1906, a sum of Rs. 100 for opening a Fabric and Glass-painting Class which was opened under the able tuition of Miss Jayji Goorji Nazar, and this Class is still continuing its work. Her Highness had given another grant of Rs. 25 monthly during the year. The Begum Sahab of Janjira has given a donation of Rs. 200 for opening a class, in which the old-fashioned embroidery of India would be taught, and the Committee were pleased to note that such a Class was opened in Mrs. Manakbhai Kothare's Indu Bhuvan, where many members of the Club are taking instructions of such an useful art.

After the reading of the report, the President delivered a most interesting and instructive address, which was listened to with great attention. In the course of her address, Mrs. Muir-Mackenzie said:

"It gives me great pleasure to preside this afternoon on the occasion of the Annual General Meeting of the Hindu Ladies' Social Club. It is very delightful to meet so many Hindu ladies, and it is a privilege difficult of attainment. Like the fragrant fascinating violets, you hide yourselves so securely, that we who would much love to meet you and be friends, find it really most difficult to do so. If you will bear with me for a short time this afternoon, I am going to plead

with you on the point. I have tried in Poona to persuade Hindu ladies to come to the Club we have formed there. I went to some of the Hindu houses where I was most kindly welcomed. Some of the ladies did promise to come. Now and then they do come and a very few play badminton, but I regret that on the whole they do not seem to care about the Club. I believe they think it is too frivolous a side of life, and that playing games is perhaps a waste of time. I can sympathise with their view and I can sympathise too, with your love of home. Home is indeed the dearest place on earth, and I think many a married woman, whether she belongs to the East or the West, could find her whole happiness and her life's work in her home. But over and over again, duty calls her forth to play a hard, difficult part in this world's history. The world to reach perfection must feel the active, beautiful influence of femininity in every department of life. This thought is scarcely concrete enough perhaps to trouble many of us closely, but another aspect of this question does touch every one of us. When children appear in our homes what do they demand of their mothers. Their souls ask for spiritual food, for space and light into which to stretch and grow. Their minds ask for intellectual stimulus and nourishment, their little bodies cry out for exercise and games, so that their muscles may become hard, and they may learn physical endurance. Shall mothers deny their boy-children and their girls what is necessary to them? Will the mother whose outlook on life is cramped by the four walls of her home learn the "wisest" way in which to educate her children morally, mentally and physically. The necessity for physical exercise is more and more insisted upon to-day. However beautiful ideals are, can they flourish in stunted bodies and weak physical brains? No, no, the body must have equal chances. Therefore I beg these new ideas of Clubs for games are brought to you for approval, do not turn away and say "they have no deep meaning, they are only for amusement which we despise, we will have nothing to do with them." You with your beautiful solemn ideas of life and duty can do much good in the world by mixing with it. The world is perhaps too pleasure-loving and frivolous a place, and so we have great need to feel this lovely influence which bring with you. The world is powerless to hurt you, but you can do good to the world. I fear I weary you, but I have long had it in my heart to speak these words and I am so glad to be allowed to say it here in this interesting Social Club whose activities for good ever seem to be on the increase. I know your founder the revered Mr. Justice Ranade would say something of the same nature as I say, were he with us to-day. This club is

very active in benevolent works and in intellectual endeavour, and we can judge from its aims and ideals what Hindu ladies regard as a model Club, but might you not think it good to spread your ideas among other communities by mixing more freely with them. I hope, too, when in the future other Clubs with different ideals are formed that you will like to join them and it will be pleasant for you to remember that this Club, founded eleven years ago, was the first Ladies' Club ever seen in Bombay. You may indeed feel proud that your community lead the way. Emerson said a very wise thing when he insisted that "all are needed by each one." If you believe this, then you see that the world needs you and that you have something also to learn from the world, and so again as I bid you farewell and wish this Club an ever-increasing sphere of usefulness, I will beg you to think whether it is not possible for you to include more active contact with the world in your scheme of life.

The proceedings terminated with a hearty vote of thanks to the President:—*The Times of India*.

II. WOMEN STUDENTS IN INDIA.

By Miss LILYAN SINGH,

Principal of the Isabella Thoburn College, Lucknow.

Women students in the proper sense of the term are so few in India that we can scarcely with truth speak of work among them, unless in India, as in South Africa and parts of Australia, you are willing to include work among school girls under this head.

* At the Tokyo Conference of the World's Student Christian Federation, when I heard the decision that no country could have a member on the general executive committee of the W. S. C. F., unless it could produce one hundred and fifty bona fide Christian College students, my heart sank within me. How could we produce one hundred and fifty college women belonging to a Christian Student Movement? Remember that in India only seven out of a thousand women can read or write. When in Japan I visited several girls' schools and talked with many leading educationalists, I felt discouraged over India when I learned that 91.16 is the percentage of the women in Japan, who at least receive a primary education. Still, this difference is not hard to account for. Primary education has been compulsory in Japan for thirty five years. In 1872, the Code of education was promulgated, and in the introduction to this Code occur the following striking words: "It is designed henceforth that education shall not be confined to a

few, but shall be so diffused that there may not be a village with an ignorant family, nor a family with an ignorant member."

Compulsory education for girls is impossible in India with its child-marriage, its pardah system and its sacredly-held opinion that girls have no brains. It has been the fashion of late years, especially since the Parliament of Religions of Chicago, to idolize and exalt everything Indian. English and American women with fine education, and tired of the material tendency of the West, have visited India, have studied our books, have travelled with our pilgrims in their quest for *nukti* or salvation, and have come to the conclusion that Indian women, free from the strenuous life that leaves their Western sisters no time for God and for spiritual things, are happier and more enviable. There is a fascination about India and things Indian—a charm that cannot be defined or described; and these ladies, with their lives full of the rich gifts that Christian Europe has given them, and with the liberty wherewith Christ has made them free, have come and for a time and as an experiment have lived in the zenana, and have pronounced it an ideal place. Their captivity was voluntary; they had books, and, what is more important, a love for books, and with such companions one can live in any cell. Then, again, they had an interesting social problem to study, and this problem presented in the shape of the Indian woman—the most gentle, the most patient, and the most lovable of her sex anywhere. They are not the right judges of what life in the zenana means. There is a mean between the exaggerated account of some few missionaries, who picture the lot of the Indian women as all dark and dismal, and the others who point to it as the ideal of the womanhood of the world. Statistics tell us that there are forty million women shut up in the zenana, that there are twenty-five million widows, and that of this number, six thousand in Bengal are under a year old. What Miss Noble has written in her clever books is rare, indeed. I wish it were not. "An incomparable moment in the history of a Hindu family is that of the return to it of a young daughter freshly widowed. Unspeakable tenderness and delicacy are lavished upon her." The lot of the widow is hard, indeed. Let anyone disguise herself and live in Muttra and Bindrahan, and she will learn something concerning this matter. The Indian woman is shy, and she will not readily open her heart to a European woman. Still, in spite of these various difficulties, education is making some progress. It is only a little over fifty years ago that Dr. Duff made his oft-quoted remark, "As well try to scale a wall fifty feet high as to educate the women of India." And remember that Dr. Duff was a Christian optimist. The

wall has been scaled, and in the following manner Schools have been opened in the villages under some shady pipal, or tamarind or mango tree, and groups of girls have been collected, and instruction of the most elementary type has been given them.

Then, again, famines that slip periodically over this great continent-country of ours have led missionaries to gather the homeless and friendless into big orphanages. These orphanages have done for Indian boys and girls what Dr. Barnardo and George Muller have done for British children.

We have a third type of school represented by those known as district boarding schools. The girls in these are the children of very poor parents, who cannot afford to pay more than two shillings at most per month towards the board and education of their children. They are trained as Bible readers, and many of them go to the Agra Medical School, and graduate as Hospital Assistants.

We next come to the zenana schools. Here house-to-house visiting is done, and the three "R's" with Bible and needle-work are taught. This group is confined entirely to non-Christian women. Next come the High Schools, which take students through the matriculation examination. Then come the Colleges. Of these, there are very few still. The Sarah Tucker College in Palamcottah, the Gardiner Memorial and the Bethune College in Calcutta and the Isabella Thoburn College in Lucknow. In Bombay and Madras women students have been admitted to men's colleges. Strange anomaly! You do not do this in Oxford or Cambridge, and yet the experiment is being tried in India—the land of the pardah system! Now all these various types of schools have been started by missionaries. They have been the pioneers of education both for girls as well as for boys in all eastern Asia. What Dr. G. F. Verbeck and Dr. David Murray have done for Japan, that Dr. Duff, Dr. Wilson, and Dr. Miller have done for India. India owes a great debt of gratitude to Scotland, which she can never repay. When spending a few hours in Westminster Abbey about seven years ago, I suddenly came upon the name of David Livingstone. A strange emotion stirred me; I felt I was on holy ground, and must pray. The names of these veterans—Duff, Wilson, and others, affect me the same way. And in these days of discordant and criticism let us not forget what men of this type have done for India.

Because missionaries have been the pioneers of education among girls as well as among boys, it has come about that the only women students besides the Brahmo-Samajists and the Parsis, are Indian Christians. Therefore, we do not at present at least have to face the problem of Ger-

many and Switzerland, and other countries of Europe, viz., women students who are keen to acquire secular knowledge, but who are perfectly indifferent to the claims of Christ. Perhaps, if Mrs. Besant's energies had been directed toward founding a Hindu College for women, this might have been the case. I have often wondered that the condition of Indian women did not appeal to her, and my earnest prayer has been that some English woman who is devoted to the cause of Christ, and has the brains and the enthusiasm and magoetism of Mrs. Besant, will do for Indian women what the Central Hindu College is doing for men.

I must repeat myself in saying that education is making progress. While the percentage for the whole of India is still very low, in the provinces, where effort has been put, it has risen quite high. In Bombay the girls of school-going age who are in school is 6.00 per cent.; in Bengal it is 2.92; in the Punjab it is 2.28; in the United Provinces, which are most backward in this respect, it is only 0.75 still, even here, according to the last educational report, the number of scholars among girls shows the significant increase of 30 per cent. during the year.

If the percentage of the school-going age who are actually attending school is so low, you can see that the number of women who remain long enough in school to go through a four years' college course would be very small indeed. Parsis, Brahmos, and Christian women are the only ones who have taken degrees. But they have proved to their fathers, mothers, and husbands that women have brains. Year after year in the Allahabad University girls have stood at the top of the list in the Government competitive examination. To give you the record of last year. Over 400 candidates sat for the B. A. examination, and a girl stood at the top of the list. About five hundred took the intermediate, and a girl again headed the list. In the matriculation, for which over a thousand candidates appeared, two girls were fifth and seventh in the list.

Slowly, very slowly, perhaps, the cause of higher education for women is spreading and gaining ground in India. I do not think that we shall have any difficulty to come up to the required test of 150 students in two years' time. If Christian women all went in for higher education, as they do for secondary and primary education, there would be no difficulty. But the Parsi and Brahmo-Samaj women divide this honour with them, and perhaps excel them.

Since the Education Commission of 1902, and the Universities' Act of 1904, which is based upon the conclusions and recommendations of the Commission, the cause of education has received a fresh impetus, and Government

grants for educational purposes have been increased everywhere.

Training schools for women have been opened in all the capital cities, and also in some other large cities. The Bengal Government has even sent two Indian women to take a thorough course in normal methods in England. We hope that the United Provinces and the Punjab will follow this noble example.

We see that in the near future there will be great opportunities for Christian women to work among these non-Christians.

Hitherto, the work of the Student Department of the Young Women's Christian Association has been mostly in the Christian schools with Bible Classes and Socials held for other schools. The University Settlement has attempted to work among Parsi women with some success. But the sphere of labour of both has been limited, because of the small number of women students. But with the increase of these, and with the trained and ready assistance of the educated Indian Christian women the work in India ought to go forward by leaps and bounds. Herein is the difference between India and Japan. In Japan there are a great many educated women, but they are not Christians. In India the only educated women practically are Christians, ready to unite their efforts with those of their western sisters for the salvation of their country.

When the Dufferin scheme opened the doors of the Medical Schools and Colleges to women, the only women who were ready to enter were Indian Christians and Eurasians. When the educational department opened the posts of inspectresses, practically the only girls ready for these were Indian Christians and Eurasians. When the Student Movement of Great Britain and Ireland wishes to extend the work among Indian women students, the Christian women of India are ready to help.

The Young Women's Christian Association, with its student department, is doing just the right kind of work. In large presidency cities, like Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, Lahore, and other places, it has opened Student Hostels, and the close personal influence of consecrated English women is sure to tell. As education spreads, these hostels will have to increase in numbers. Those in places like Bombay, Madras, etc., need to be in the hands of Europeans. The others can be opened and controlled by Indian Christian women who are educated, and who have sanctified common sense. We have a Pandita Ramabai and a Dr. Karmaker to show what Indian women can do.

Yes, India has a great future before her. As some one has said, "India is the arbiter of the

future destinies of Asia. Japan has the gift of close scientific application, with corresponding disability for religious enthusiasm; while China has that of economic development, looking to the world side more than the heaven side. But India has the philosophic imagination. Her great religious heart is not dead. It beats warm and strong in its longing after God, and its admiration and reverence for an unworldly life. Only in Jesus Christ, as the supreme and Universal Saviour of the world, can that great heart be satisfied." And Christ has already begun His conquest of India.—*The Student Movement.*

III. INDUSTRIES FOR INDIAN HOMES.

Mr. M. C. NANJUNDA RAO, B. A., and C. M., Assistant Chemical Examiner to the Government of Madras, has set a commendable example to his community by introducing carpet-weaving as a home industry for middle-class Hindu families. In October last he obtained the services of a professional weaver from the Madras School of Arts to teach his daughter and two of her companions carpet-weaving and the dyeing of wool. In a short time the girls learned both processes, and Mr. Nanjunda Rao at once set up a simple apparatus of the ordinary country pattern, at a cost of only Rs. 2, and supplied the girls with a quantity of wool. Having treated the wool with the different colours required, the girls started weaving under the guidance of their master, and in a few days were able to continue the work practically, independently, except for occasional advice and help. The girls first made a small carpet 3 ft. x 1½ ft., which, as a first result after such a short period of training, was considered very encouraging. They then worked at a second piece, 6 ft. x 3 ft. with even greater success, and before the middle of January they had completed a third carpet, 8 ft. x 5 ft. They worked daily from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. with an hour's interval at midday; and in a little over three months, except for a few holidays, they have made three carpets which for excellence of execution and finish are said to be not inferior to those manufactured by an average professional weaver. Our representative was allowed to inspect the loom at which the girls worked and was struck with the dexterity with which they plied their nimble fingers. One of the three had a design in front of her and read it out to her companions, who wove according to her instructions. The carpets were also submitted to the inspection of two or three Indian and European experts, who complimented the girls,

and Mr. Nanjunda Rao, on the facility which they had acquired in the art in such a short time. These carpets will be on view at the forthcoming Fine Art Exhibition at the Senate House.

Encouraged by the success which has so far ended his efforts, Mr. Nanjunda Rao is arranging to import machinery for the purpose of teaching the manufacture of socks, tape, candles, soap, matches, etc. He has no ambitious schemes, being merely anxious to prove the practicability of these industries being introduced as cottage industries in middle-class Hindu homes. The advantage of one or other of them in affording work for the wives and daughters of English-educated Indians who fill clerical and other posts in the subordinate ranks of the Public Service and in mercantile offices, cannot be doubted, for the womenfolk would be able to supplement the incomes of their menfolk and at the same time relieve the monotony of their own domestic duties. Mr. Nanjunda Rao's efforts have been brought to the notice of many Hindu families in Mysapore, and at a recent Meeting of the Ladies' Association there a paper was read by one of the members on what women can do, soap-making, the making of matches, lace making, the weaving of carpets, vests and socks, embroidery, etc., being referred to as suitable work for women to undertake as domestic industries in order to supplement the earnings of the men. Already several Indian ladies in and around Mysapore have begun to take an interest in the carpet-weaving carried on in Mr. Nanjunda Rao's bungalow, and are anxious to be taught the same. Once these industries are well established, the co-operative movement, which is spreading in this Presidency, should enable the products of these home industries to be brought to market. Co-operative bodies can also help in the promotion of these industries by arranging for the supply to the workers of the machinery and raw materials. This form of genuine *swadeshi* work, begun on quite a modest scale, should afford profitable work to many an Indian family, and Mr. Nanjunda Rao's cautious experiment in this direction will be watched with considerable interest.

What has been done for and by Indian Ladies.

FEMALE EDUCATION.—Professor N. Velinker of Bombay gave an interesting lecture lately in London on Female Education in W. India.

After alluding to the Female High School at Poona and the Female Training Colleges at Poona and Ahmedabad, he said the lack of qualified women teachers was their greatest difficulty. He continued:—"In reviewing our educational machinery in

Western India, I must not leave unmentioned two very remarkable institutions which, though they cannot be technically classed as educational, are really such in the best sense of the term. The first is a large Widows' Home which is called Mookti Sadan and was brought into existence by the genius of Pandita Ramabai, one of the most remarkable women not only in India, but I shall venture to say, in the world. Here, in this great institution, which occupies almost an entire village a few miles from Poona on the Southern Maratha line, more than two thousand women, most of them widows, are not only being clothed, fed and educated, but what is more, are clothing, feeding and educating themselves! One outstanding feature of this institution which must strike even a casual visitor is its aspect of self-help. It is a kind of socialistic community complete in itself. It grows its own food, weaves its own cloth, manufactures most of the simple articles it requires, conducts its own secular and religious education (for it is emphatically a Christian Home) under the guidance, spiritual, and practical, of a woman of genius. The ideal of life in the Home is not ascetic as one unacquainted with its inner life might be led to suppose from the fact of its being so self-contained. There are frequent meetings for religious and social purposes, and I hear that now bands of women from the Home not only go out preaching and teaching in the city of Poona and the villages around, but also periodically undertake long journeys for preaching the Gospel and popularizing the aims and work of the Home. I think you will now willingly grant that I am entitled to claim for such an institution a high educational character and to speak of it along with the Training Colleges of the Presidency, for the women who are trained here in this School of practical self-help must necessarily be among the most effective missionaries and teachers of their sisters in India.

A WIDOW REMARRIAGE AT DELHI.—A Correspondent writes from Delhi:—A widow marriage took place at Dholana near Pilkhwa Railway Station on O.R.R. in the Meerut District on the 27th December 1907, in the Vaish Agarwal Kadim (Dessa) community. The bride was a virgin widow, about 15 years old and a daughter of Lala Ladli Prasad, resident of Delhi, and now Branch Post Master, Dholana. The bridegroom, Lala Ram Saran Das, aged about 25 years, is also of Delhi and is a clerk in the office of Deputy Comptroller General of Post Offices, Delhi. The marriage party in spite of great opposition from the brotherhood consisted of 15 gentlemen and 2 boys of the castemen. The Secretary, Widow Re-marriage Association, Delhi, and Lala Rup Ram, B.A., pleader, a leading member of the Association, also joined the party. The Bhardwajals who opposed the marriage tried in many ways to prevent its celebration, but could not succeed. On the 26th December 1907 they held a big Panchayat to excommunicate the bridegroom and his supporters, but could not arrive at a definite conclusion. It is understood that this marriage has cleared the way for the marriages of virgin-widows in the community and several such marriages are expected in the near future.—*The Punjabi.*

THE LADIES' ART EXHIBITION.—The new feature of the last anniversary of the Jalandhar Arya Samaj

was The Ladies' Art Exhibition. The exhibits which were prepared solely by the ladies were shown at the rooms of the Kanya Maha Vidyalaya. The idea of getting up an Exhibition having suggested itself very late, the due measure of success could not be attained. Yet, it would be no exaggeration to say that the Exhibition was fairly successful inasmuch as it was held this year for the first time. With growing years the Exhibition will, we believe, draw to itself greater amount of public attention and patronage, and the day should not be considered far distant when the Exhibition will assume large proportions and serve as the most attractive function in the province in the Christmas week. The Exhibition was formally opened by the Deputy Commissioner of the Jalandhar district, on the 21-4 December. Exhibits were received from all parts of the country. They included embroidery, drawn thread, point lace work and paintings executed by Indian ladies. The Director of Public Instruction, Punjab, and Director of Schools of the Patiala State, deserve thanks for the success of the Exhibition, inasmuch as they did what they could, to help it on. More than 1,000 persons paid a visit to the Exhibition. We hope the next session of the Exhibition will be a greater success. Our only wish, however, is that our educated girls, instead of devoting themselves to the production of luxuries, spend their time and energy in providing the real necessities of life. We notice with sorrow that now-a-days the energies of our educated girls are directed solely towards producing things which only add to the luxuries of life. Let us hope the girls of the Kanya Maha Vidyalaya would rise above the common level.

Last week saw an awakening in the cause of female education in Lucknow. Following the prize distribution to the pupils of the Hindu Girls' School Pandit Gokaran Nath Misra arranged for two lectures by Srimiti Pandit Gyatri Devi in the Ritu Am Hall on Thursday and Friday, these were heard each day by a crowded audience. Pandita Gyatri Devi belongs to the Vanita Upkarni Sabha of Jabalpur which trains widows as lady teachers and as public lecturers. The Pandita herself is a very eloquent speaker and can address large audiences with ease. Arrangements have been made for the Pandita to address *Parda nashin* ladies.

A Correspondent writes:—"A Brahmin widow marriage was celebrated in the garden of Rao Bahadur Viresalingam's house at Rajahmundry on the 31st ultimo. The bridegroom was Nimanagadda Radhakrishna Rao, aged 29 years. He is a native of the Kistna District, employed in the Railway Department, on a salary of Rs. 50 per month. The bride Rameswaramma, aged 24 years, was an inmate of the Rajahmundry Widows' Home. She has passed the primary examination in Telugu. She lost her first husband when she was ten years old. Both the bride and the bridegroom belong to the Videeki sect of Smarttha Brahmins. The marriage was celebrated according to Hindu rites. Mr. and Mrs. Tamku Venkateswara Rao gave away the bride to the bridegroom, and Mr. D. Seshachalapathi Rao officiated as priest. About 200 people (ladies and gentlemen) attended the marriage."

THE NEW PARTY AND INDIAN WOMAN, LONDON E.L.A.
—A feature of the recent growth of interest in Indian affairs is the desire of English ladies to be fully and

sympathetically informed respecting their Indian sisters. Early in the year, under the auspices of Mrs. Creighton, the Women's Indian Study Association was formed, to promote "sympathetic understanding between British and Indian Women." With a somewhat similar object the Lyceum Club has formed an Oriental Circle, and in connection therewith an afternoon reception of invited Indians was given at the Club rooms on Tuesday. The guests were received by Mrs. Hewell, the president and Miss Lowell. In response to a request from Mrs. Hewell, Mr. Anwar Ali spoke on the position of Indian women. He remarked incidentally that the lack of knowledge of India in this country was due in some measure to the want of someone to "boon" her as Mr. Chamberlain had booned the colonies. He pointed out that in the Hindu social system there was a great distinction between childless widow and those who had borne sons. The lot of the former was far from enviable, owing to the strong belief of the Hindus in the need for sons to offer oblations for the spiritual welfare of the dead. On the other hand, a widow with children, after the demise of her husband, became the centre of home life, managed the property and affairs of the family, and very often avoided friction in the household. Grown-up sons, daughters-in-law and daughters took her advice and were guided by her. In the parts of India he knew the ladies of the upper classes were generally well-educated in such Eastern tongues as Persian, Urdu and Arabic, though not in English. In his early days it was common for well-to-do families in Northern India and Bengal to have Persian governesses to teach ladies. These were now, in accordance with the tendency of the times replaced by English governesses. As to the seclusion of women, he claimed that it was of very ancient origin, and repudiated the idea that it was introduced among the Hindus at the time of the first Mohammedan invasion in order to protect their women. He cited a passage from the Mahabharata as affording in this view incidental support to his theory of the antiquity of seclusion of women in India; but I was assured that numerous passages in the opposite direction could be cited from the great epic, to show that the women in the "golden age" of Hindustan enjoyed the fullest freedom, and educationally were on a par with men. Sri Mancherjee Bhownagre also spoke of the Parsi ladies, their education and the position of freedom they occupy.

THE HINDU FEMALE SEMINARY:—The distribution of prizes and gifts to the pupils of this Seminary took place in the Centenary Hall on the evening of Saturday last. Mrs. Cooling presided, and there was a very large gathering, mainly of the parents and friends of the pupils. There were also present several Hindu ladies of position in the city. The pupils went through a varied and interesting programme of sacred and devotional songs in English and Tamil; recitations in Telugu, English and Tamil, and musical drills. The musical drills, which comprised fan, sash hoops and ball drills were much admired. The young lady who was responsible for most of the items in the programme had evidently taken great pains in training her pupils. The Report was read and showed that the school is attended by 150 pupils, which is as many as the present school can well accommodate. The Seminary is the only one of its kind in the city which is being conducted wholly by

Indian women for the benefit of their fellow-country women. It has been recognised as a secondary school under the Madras Educational Rules and the Director of Public Instruction has admitted it to Government aid, assigning to it a triennial teaching grant, commencing with the year 1906-07. The Seminary is maintained partly by this grant, partly by the school fees paid by the pupils, and partly by the contributions of friends who take an interest in the advancement of Indian women. After the reading of the Report Mrs. Cooling distributed the prizes and gifts and the Rev. J. Cooling, on behalf of Mrs. Cooling, who took the Chair, made a short speech.

SOCIAL CONFERENCE AT SURAT. RESOLUTIONS.—The first business transaction of the Agenda related to female education, and called attention to the need of providing facilities for special education of young women and imparting a general knowledge to married women by means of home classes, lectures, exhibitions, etc.

Mrs. Vinidya Gowri Ramanabai, in moving the Resolution, made a convincing and eloquent speech, in the course of which she asked the audience:—Can you deny that in your domestic affairs and in your social relations your mothers sisters and wives are real wielders of power, and can you deny that that want of education has disabled them from recognising the high ideals men were placing before themselves and co-operating with them in their relations most necessary? Was it necessary for them, she asked, to educate their women when there was an irresistible desire in the nation to march onward and achieve salvation? Knowledge for women was necessary for the advancement of national life and national efficiency.

Mr. Abbas Ali Tyahji, in seconding the motion, referred to the disgracefully small amount spent by the Government on female education.

Mrs. Maganbai Manakchand, addressing the Conference in Hindustani, made a powerful appeal to educated men to realise the injustice done by them to women in the matter of education and to work for their intellectual development by the promotion of female education.

Mrs. Sarlekar, Mistress in the Girls' School at Baroda, made another equally effective speech, giving proof of what education could do for the emancipation of Indian women.

Mr. Khudomal, of Sind, advocated specialising education for women to fit them for their own duties. The proposition was carried.

THE CALICUT LADIES' ASSOCIATION.—We are pleased to receive from a Hindu lady correspondent the following:—"The usual meeting of the Calicut Ladies' Association was held in the Native High School hall on the 11th instant with Mrs. Hill in the chair. The president in her opening speech expressed her heart-felt joy and sympathy with the members of the Association and requested the girls of the Chalapuram Girls' School, who were present on the occasion, to recite a few lines, which they did to the best satisfaction of all assembled. The Christmas Tree which was specially prepared for the occasion by Mrs. Hill and some of her friends was excellent and they deserve to be thanked for having given an opportunity for the Malayalee ladies to have an idea of a Christian festival. They afterwards set this Christmas Tree

ablaze, the sight of which was exceedingly beautiful. At the request of the President, K. Narayani Kutti Amma, daughter of Mr. V. Raman Menon, District Munsif of Tirur, sang a few songs to the accompaniment of the Thamboor. The meeting then dispersed with a vote of thanks to the chair.

WOMEN'S INDIAN STUDY ASSOCIATION.—A Meeting of the Association was held at 12, Lennox Gardens, by the kind invitation of Mr. and Lady Agnes Peel, on Monday, December 2, at which Mr. Theodore Morison gave an interesting address on the *Purdah* among the Mohammedans of India. He explained that the *purdah* is a much stricter system than the wearing of the veil by women in other Mohammedan countries. *Purdah* means that after the age of nine or ten a woman may not see, or be seen by, any man except her father, her husband, her brothers, and perhaps a few very intimate relations. It is considered praiseworthy that a woman should not leave the house except on rare occasions, and, therefore, her view of life is limited to the courtyard of the house in which she lives. When she goes on a visit, an extraordinarily cumbersome system has to be devised in order that no man shall be able to see her. But, in spite of these restrictions, it is surprising to find how influential women are in Mohammedan society. Many of them transact business and manage estates with conspicuous success, though it is difficult to imagine how they do it, since they can only communicate with the outside world by means of messages transmitted by a female servant. There is a general belief in the West, said Mr. Morison, that Mohammedans care little for women, and deny that they possess souls. This is not the case. Oddly enough, many Mohammedans think that Christians believe women to be soulless.

In the lecturer's opinion, the *purdah* arose from an exaggerated care for women, and is, therefore, all the harder to eradicate. There are, however, signs that it is a doomed institution. Among the younger Mohammedans there is a strong movement for the breaking up of the custom. This is a result of Western civilisation. The young men read English novels, and are attracted by the idea of women they find in them. They are beginning to wish for educated wives, capable of being true companions, and some of them are anxious to abolish the *purdah* altogether. A strenuous opposition is, of course, being made to this radical reform, not only by the older men, but by many women, who see in the abolition of the *purdah* nothing but danger. Mr. Morison expressed the belief that the best hope for the freedom of women lies in the slowly growing liberal views of the young men, and he is strongly in favour of leaving them to effect the change in their own good time. A great responsibility meanwhile rests with the English women who obtain access to the Zenanas. They should do their utmost to bring the women to desire a wider life, and to help them to realise it.

The meeting was afterwards addressed by Mr. V. S. Pope, who emphasised the importance of preparing the women to make good use of their future freedom.

In reply to a question by Mrs. Creighton (who presided) as to whether the system was as strongly enforced among the working classes, Mr. Morison replied that though lower class women were obliged to work, the *purdah* was observed as far as possible.

News and Notes.

Miss Elizabeth M. Kilbourn of Winsted, Conn., claims to be the first woman who ever took a stitch on a sewing machine. When a teacher in New Hartford she visited Elias Howe's shop in that town and was invited to try his invention. Then he said to her, "You are the first woman in this world who ever took a stitch on a sewing machine."

Mrs. Cornelia S. Robinson, a popular New York club woman, president of the Happy Hour Club, and a member of the Little Mothers' Aid Association, the Woman's Republican Club, and other societies, is the inventor of a sanitary garbage closet, which has a flue to carry all noxious fumes to the roof, and also a fresh-air intake. Mrs. Robinson not only invented the garbage closet, but also took out a patent, secured a foundry, and enlisted the interest of well-known men to form a company, in which she serves as secretary. For some time after her device was placed on the market, she personally secured contracts, and supervised the proper placing of the garbage closet in buildings.

Miss Juana Palacios, head of the department of psychology in the Normal School at Puebla, Mexico, has been sent to the United States by the Mexican government to investigate the teaching of morals in American public schools, with a view to the introduction of ethical teaching in the public schools of Mexico. She believes that a simple system of applied ethics can be taught to school children with great advantage, and without touching upon the vexed question of religion. Miss Palacios took a special course in psychology, philosophy and kindred subjects at Boston University under Professor Borden P. Bowne five years ago, and has been teaching in the Normal School at Puebla ever since. She is a remarkably intelligent and highly accomplished young woman, and speaks English well. Her father was one of Maximilian's chaplains, a very learned priest, who afterwards became a Protestant, married, and left a family of unusually able children. All of them are now teachers in Mexico. A sister of Miss Palacios has also studied at Boston University, and one of her former pupils at the Normal School is now taking a course there. Miss Palacios is at 20 Batavia street, Boston, and would probably be glad to communicate with anyone who can give her points bearing upon the teaching of practical ethics in the schools.

Mrs. William Keith of Berkeley, Cal., has stirred up a tempest in a teapot, in the Chamber of Commerce of that city. The Chamber of Commerce appealed for 1000 new members. The women of the Berkeley Political Equality Club offered to join it in a body. The Chamber of Commerce welcomed them gladly, knowing how much an organization of active and public-spirited women can do to help "boom" a town. But, at one of the first meetings of the Chamber after the women joined, Mrs. Keith made a speech in which she advocated giving women the municipal vote in the new city charter of Berkeley. This scandalized the president of the Chamber, and he published in the papers a letter expressing regret that Mrs. Keith should have brought up a question of

"partisan politics," which was not germane. Mrs. Keith replied that woman suffrage was not a question of partisan politics; that she believed women's municipal vote would promote the health, beauty and general prosperity of Berkeley, and as the meeting was called to consider ways and means of doing this, the subject was strictly germane. The president, who was to have addressed the P. E. Club, cancelled his engagement, pleading a cold. Another member of the Chamber, more progressive, gave the address in his stead, and assured the women that he would gladly support woman suffrage if they would lend their aid in the effort to promote the city's prosperity.

Clara Barton has just written a delightful little book, "The Story of My Childhood." It may be ordered from the Journal Publishing Co., Meriden, Conn. It would make a charming Christmas present. Price, 50 cents.

Mrs. L. C. Van Hook, working under the board of foreign missions of the Presbyterian church, is said to be the first woman from the outside world to penetrate the fastnesses of the mountains of Persia. She had most pleasant experiences on the whole, and found the women ready to learn all she had to teach them.

Mrs. Clara E. Arthur, president of the Michigan Equal Suffrage Association, has taken the lead in securing the opening of free public baths in Detroit, and the city has named the building "The Clara," in gratitude for her efforts. The women who had a hearing before the Michigan Constitutional Convention Dec. 18 to ask for the ballot, represent the women most distinguished for public spirit and for public service in the whole State.

Mrs. Malcolm was the only woman chosen as a town councillor at the recent elections in Scotland, and she was elected in a town bearing the singularly unromantic name of Dollar. The members of the town council, however, seem not to be devoid of chivalry, for, at the first meeting of the council after her election, it was proposed to appoint her junior bullock, and the lady herself had to point out to the men that the law did not permit a woman to hold this office, though it did allow a woman to be provost—which most Americans would regard as "a distinction without a difference."

The boys of the Dollar Academy also sent in a letter congratulating the town council on possessing the only woman town councillor in Scotland. They thought the event important enough to be celebrated by a holiday, and asked the council to suggest it to the Governor of the Academy. We hope the boys got their holiday.

Mrs. Catherine Breshkovsky and Mr. Nicholas Tchaykovsky are reported to have been arrested and to be now in prison at St. Petersburg. These two remarkable Russians made many friends in America, where their nobility and sweetness of character, their sincerity and earnestness, made a deep impression. The news of their arrest has aroused unusual feeling. Within 48 hours, a deputation of prominent men went to the Russian embassy at Washington, with a petition for clemency for them, bearing the names of more persons of influence in the literary, ecclesiastical and business world than perhaps ever

signed a similar petition in so short a time. The American public has heard that the best men and women of Russia were being arrested and executed by hundreds every month, but the report has seemed vague and distant. But when it was announced that to persons so well known and so much beloved here as Mrs. Breshkovsky and Mr. Tchaykovsky were under arrest and liable to summary execution by drumhead court martial, or to banishment to the Arctic circle by "administrative order," it caused great excitement, and brought the present state of things in Russia home to the consciousness of Americans in a new way. We shall be glad to take charge of any contributions to provide prison comforts for the illustrious sufferers, and to engage an able lawyer for the defence.

Miss Marie Josephine Crane, the twenty-year-old daughter of a millionaire, is deaf and dumb. She has decided to become a farmer, and to make a specialty of sheep-raising. She is now completing a three years' course in agriculture at the University of Wisconsin, and is said to have attracted attention by her marked proficiency. Miss Crane's father has given her a farm near Lake Geneva, Wis.

Mrs. Lizze J. Berlo of Boston is considered one of the best women swimmers in New England. She goes in swimming daily in the icy waters of Dorchester bay all through the winter, generally accompanied by her two youngest daughters, Pauline and Twiny, aged six and three. Mrs. Berlo is the wife of a stained-glass worker, and is the mother of ten children, nine of whom survive. Several of her daughters are remarkable swimmers. During the past five years, her family have won 97 trophies for proficiency in swimming. They won 22 last summer.

Miss May Newt of Northampton, Mass., is called the "Mother Confessor" of the Smith College girls. She is one of the bravest "shut-ins" in the world. She is now 80 years of age, and ever since she was 17 she has been confined to her bed, unable to move and in almost constant pain. But she is so cheerful, wise and brave that the college girls have got into the habit of visiting her sickroom when they are depressed or in trouble, and she always sends them away encouraged and refreshed. It is said that a day rarely passes when as many as 20 students do not drop in upon her. She says: "I have had as many as 50 at one time, and I love them dearly. They tell me their troubles, and ask me what I would do if I were in their place, and I try to tell them. I never betray their confidences." Miss Newt is the author of a volume of hymns. Her life is a striking illustration of the power of a beautiful character to triumph over bodily illness.

Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson, while in Massachusetts, took occasion to visit the reformatory prison for women at Sherborn. This institution, the only one of its kind in the country, has a record of thirty years of successful work. Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson and her fellow prisoners for conscience's sake, as one result of their confinement in Holloway Gaol, became warm advocates of prison reform. She was much interested in Sherborn, and pronounced it a great improvement upon the prisons for women in England. Among its

points of superiority, she noted that it was wholly run by women; that the physician was a woman; that the prisoners were treated more humanely, were not kept in solitary confinement, and were adequately fed. In Holloway Gaol the food is so poor and scanty that Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson and all her friends lost in weight while there. Mrs. Despard lost twenty pounds. At Sherborn, the prisoners gain on an average twelve pounds during their stay, owing to the healthy and regular life they are required to live. One woman, who had been exceptionally thin on her entrance, gained sixty-five pounds. Mrs. Morton, the superintendent at Sherborn, had heard that Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson had been in prison. While showing her over the reformatory, Mrs. Morton cast glance after glance at her charming face, listened to her wise and gentle comments, and grew more and more perplexed as to what she could possibly have done to deserve to be shut up. She finally asked her, and, on being told, both Mrs. Morton and the doctor shook her heartily by the hand and wished her success in her efforts for equal rights.

Mr. M. A. Morrison, president of the Suffrage Club at Cleveland, Oklahoma, has hit on an ingenious way to bring the truth home to people's minds through their eyes. At a recent convention, she arranged in line an American boy carrying a flag, next to him a Russian, then a Negro, then an Indian, then a "bum," and bringing up the rear a fine-looking girl with her hands crossed and tied. Mrs. Morrison marched this procession through the aisle, upon the platform, and while they stood facing the audience she asked the assembly to sing the first verse of "America." Across the chest of each boy was printed "Voter"; on the girl, "Why Can't I Vote?" This brought down the house.

Mrs. Jenny Kendall of Nashua is deputy sheriff of Hillsboro County, N. H. Nashua has the largest Women's Humane Society in New England. Mrs. Kendall organized it among a few of her friends, and has brought its membership up to more than 800. It was first formed as an auxiliary to the Men's Humane Society of Nashua, which was inactive; but it has grown until, as the *Boston Post* says, "to-day the men's society is really the auxiliary." Mrs. George E. Anderson, wife of the police commissioner, is one of Mrs. Kendall's strong supporters, and lends Mrs. Kendall her automobile to take her over the city and county on her errands of mercy. Like Mrs. Jennie B. Powers, deputy sheriff of Keene, N. H., a sketch of whom we published recently, Mrs. Kendall says cruelty to children and animals is generally due to ignorance or carelessness, and by patience and reasoning, the offender can generally be led to do right. She does not prosecute needlessly, but gives the culprit a chance to reform. Mrs. Kendall owns that she sought the office. She asked Sheriff Doane for a commission as deputy sheriff. He had never issued one before, but never before had he seen on an application for a commission such a strong backing. He gave Mrs. Kendall her commission, and thinks it one of the best appointments he has ever made. Mrs. Kendall is reported as saying: "I enjoy the work. But I have not given up my home interests for these official duties. Every woman should place her home first. I should like a chance to vote, however." Mrs.

Kendall was born in Lowell, Mass., and was a teacher before her marriage. She wears a medal inscribed "For Humanity," presented to her by President Angell of the Massachusetts Society, and also a gold deputy sheriff's badge, given her by the Nashua Women's Humane Society.

Mrs. Kenward, who has just celebrated her 88th birthday, has been postmistress for 61 years at the quaint old postoffice at Wivelsfield, near Hayward's Heath, England. In addition to the work of the office Mrs. Kenward attends to her own household duties, and is a great reader of the newspapers.

A MODERN HUSBAND.—Something of a sensation took place in this city at the recent gathering of the Cook County W. O. T. U., when one of the members, in referring to the devotion shown to the organization by its president, Mrs. Emily Hill, acknowledged that this fidelity had been made possible by Mr. Hill, who had cheerfully been doing some of the housework, preparing dinners especially, in order that his busy wife should have the necessary time to devote to her club. Mr. Hill, who heretofore had been a quiet, unassuming man, was immediately hailed by our press as "The Model Husband," "A Domestic Hero," and found himself unexpectedly famous. In desperation this good man, who had never thought there was anything remarkable about his being able to clean a house or cook a dinner, asserted that he was getting far too much praise out of his modest accomplishments. "I don't want to claim the credit of being Chicago's model husband," he said, "because there are 50,000 men in Chicago who can sweep, make beds, wash dishes and do housework. I don't say there are so many who do their own housework, but I say there are men who in an emergency can do anything about a house a woman may find to do, and I believe that no man should marry until he has mastered the rudiments of cookery, since otherwise his wife becomes the slave of a kitchen range. Men and women are created equal, and womankind should not be condemned to perpetual servitude to a dishpan."—*Chicago Advance*.

WHITTIER AND THE TURTLE.—A writer in *Zion's Herald* tells a hitherto unprinted story of Whittier's kindness to animals. When he was a boy, he and some other lads one day caught a turtle, and the boys drew down the branches of a tree and tied the turtle to a branch. Then they allowed the tree to fly back to its upright position and went away, leaving the turtle suspended in the treetop. When he got home, Whittier could not dismiss the thought of the poor turtle from his mind, and after he had gone to bed he could not sleep. That turtle was

before his eyes in the dark. Finally, he got up in the night, slipped out of the house, and went to the tree. Pulling over the branches, he released the turtle and went home, much relieved in his mind—and no doubt the turtle felt a still greater sense of relief.

WOMEN AND POCKETS.—Women are learning that they must have pockets, if not in their skirts, then elsewhere. The latest are the glove and hosiery pockets.

The new gauntlet gloves are equipped with two pockets, stitched on the outside of the glove top. One pocket laps over and snaps. This one is used for change, and the other is a patch pocket where the handkerchief is allowed to ruffle out at the top.

The pockets are on the left glove, and the right hand is free to extract the contents.

The new hosiery pocket is woven in the stocking when it is made. It is set in quite deep, and it is almost impossible to detect it from the outside. It will hold letters, money, diamonds and valuable papers.

The belt pocket is quite new. A little patch pocket is made on the inside of the belt, and is useful for money or a watch.

The silk knitted skirts are equipped with a tiny pocket. There are also pockets on many night robes of the nicer grades.

The new tailor-made suit for the travelling woman has five pockets, one on the breast, which is used for a handkerchief, one on each side of the lower edge of the jacket, one on the inside of the coat, which is deep and useful, and a small snap pocket to be used for the train book or ticket.

The knee pocket is made of Dresden silk and lined with chambray, and is tied about the leg with satin ribbon.

Many valuable boas, and especially muffs, are furnished with securely-hidden pockets; also the open cloaks and evening wraps.

Perhaps the most unique is a tiny pocket in the crown of a woman's hat. The lining covers it completely, and no one would ever suspect that money or jewels rested within.

A very simple form of marriage prevails among the Cherokee Indians. The bride and bridegroom join hands over a running stream to signify that their future lives will henceforth flow in the same channel.

In Hildesheim in Germany there is the most famous rose-bush in the world. It blooms every summer, and is known to be over a thousand years old. An offer of £50,000 for it was refused.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Acknowledgments for January, 1908.

	RS. A.		RS. A.
1. K. Asadullah Khan, Esq., Coimbatore ...	4 0	18. N. V. Venkatachellum Pillay, Esq., Al-wartirunagari ...	4 0
2. M. Hanumantha Rao, Esq., Nellore Dt ...	4 0	19. Mrs. Mir Ziaur Ali, Saifabad ...	4 0
3. V. T. Ramalinga Mudaliar, Vedapthinan-galam ...	4 0	20. Mrs. Ada West, England ...	4 14
4. Mrs. P. Raman Tamby, Quilon ...	4 0	21. K. B. Wagle, Esq., Bombay ...	4 0
5. M. Rajah Rao Das, Esq., I. hapur ...	4 0	22. Secretary, Fenn Hostel, Madras ...	4 0
6. Secretary, Kumbakonam Club ...	4 0	23. Hon. Secretary, N. M. Petit's Library, Ahmedabad ...	4 0
7. Mrs. Samudriah, Masulipatam ...	3 0	24. Mrs. Joshee ...	4 0
8. Miss A. Shunmugam, Cuddalore ...	4 0	25. O. Krishna Nair, Esq., Madura ...	4 0
9. Secretary, Sir Seshadri Memorial Society, Bangalore ...	4 0	26. Mrs. Manichavasagam, Madura ...	4 0
10. Mrs. Kunda Mala Sen, Calcutta ...	4 0	27. S. O. Mukerji, Esq., Calcutta ...	4 0
11. Secretary, Tenali Club, Tenali ...	4 0	28. Ishwarbhai P. Patel, Petlad ...	4 0
12. N. Subramanyam, Esq., Rajamundry ...	4 0	29. Mrs. B. S. Shreenivasa ...	4 0
13. Mrs. N. C. Sen, Alipore ...	4 0	30. Mr. D. Sadashiva Rau ...	4 0
14. Secretary, Free Library, Bhandara ...	4 0	31. Mrs. Stella Lobo, Mangalore ...	4 0
15. Mrs. Ratan Tata, Bombay ...	4 0	32. D. Veeraswamy Naidu ...	8 0
16. Mrs. R. C. Thomas, Madras ...	4 0	33. Miss Noble, America ...	4 0
17. Mrs. Twigg, Madras ...	4 0		

USEFUL BOOKS.

Modern Letter Writer (Eighth Edition).—Containing 635 letters. Useful to every man in every rank and position of life for daily use. Re. 1, postage 1 anna.

Every-day Doubts and Difficulties (in reading, speaking and writing the English language). Re. 1, postage 1 anna.

A Hand-book of English Synonyms (Third Edition).—Explained and illustrated. Aids to the right use of synonymous words in composition. Re. 1, postage 1 anna.

Select Speeches of the Great Orators. Helps to write idiomatic English, to improve the oratorical and argumentative powers, etc. Re. 2, postage 2 annas.

Wonders of the World (in Nature, Art and Science.) Re. 1, postage 1 anna.

Beauties of Hinduism. With Notes. 8 annas, postage 1 anna.

Arabian Nights 'Entertainment' 12 annas, Postage 2 annas.

English Translation of the Koran. With Notes. By G. Sale. Re. 1-14 as. Postage 2 annas.

Abott's Life of Napoleon Bonaparte. Re. 1-14 as. Postage 3 annas.

Todd's Rajasthan. With note, Vols. I and II, Each Vol. Rs. 2. Postage 3 annas.

Burke's Speeches on the Impeachment of Warren Hastings. Vols. I and II. Rs. 4. Postage 6 annas.

English Translation of the Ayeem Shary, by E. Godwin. Rs. 3. Postage 3 annas.

Postage and V. P. Commission extra.

To be had of the Manager, "Indian Student" Office, 106, Upper Circular Road, Calcutta.

Worthless Goods, *at first*, look well and
look cheap—but wear badly and prove dear.

“LALIMLI”

PURE WOOL MATERIALS

look well and wear well; are healthy.
and economical.

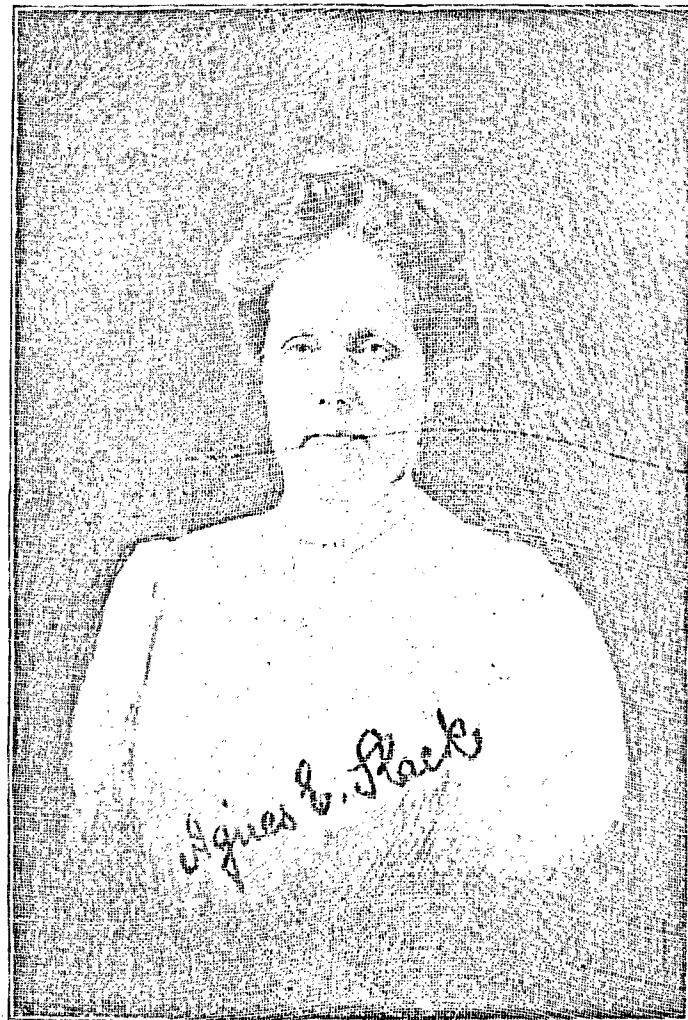
Everything in wool—Serges, Flannels,
Tweeds, Blankets, Hosiery, Underwear, etc.,
etc.

CAWNPORE WOOLLEN MILLS CO., LTD.

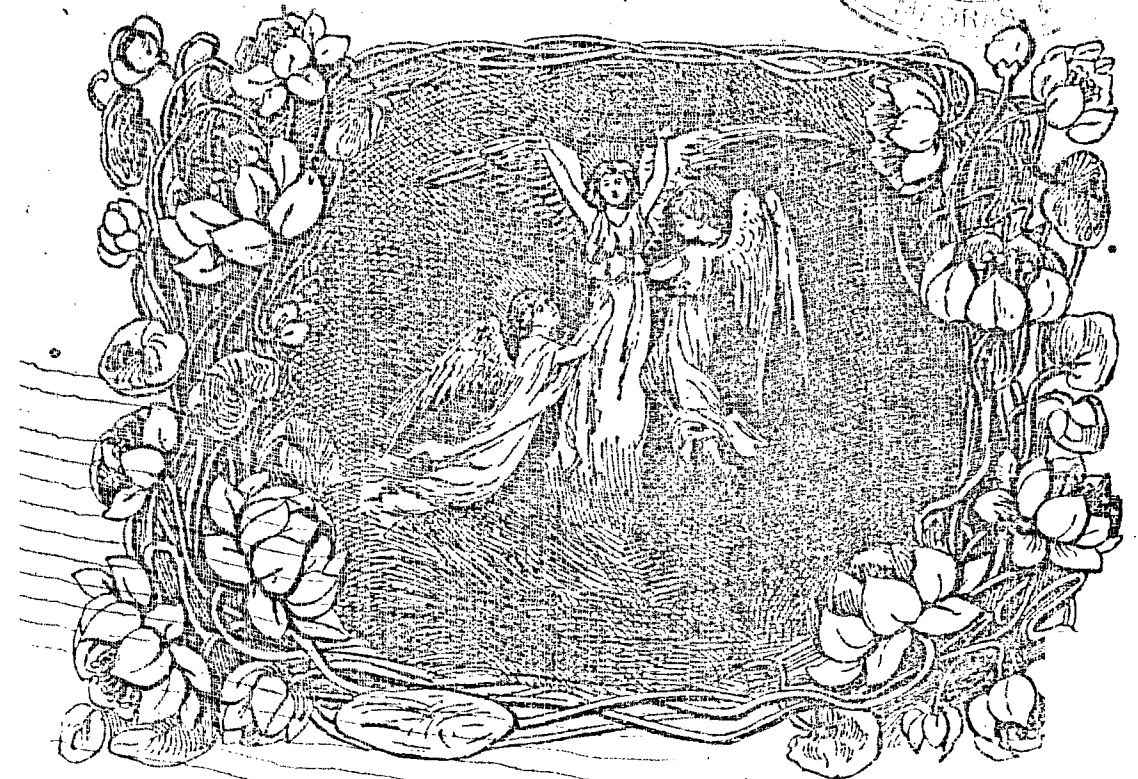
Write for free Samples and Patterns to

“LALIMLI,” NO. 15, CAWNPORE.

130



MISS AGNES E. SLACK.



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZIN

Vol. VII.

MARCH, 1908.

MY SORROW.

She came to me swiftly, my sorrow,
And set was her face and pale
As theirs who watch through a stormy night
For an unreturning sail.

So I sat me down with my Sorrow;
I did not arise nor flee,
But waited and listened and pondered
On all that she told to me.

And sitings me down with my Sorrow
I was nevermore alone;
All the rest of the world might leave me,
My Sorrow remained mine own.

And while I sat down with my Sorrow
A light came into her eyes,
And music haunted her whispered word
And breathed in her very sighs.

I never will part from my Sorrow;
Love has grown bright on her face,
Apart from life and its toil and strife—
She keeps it a sacred place.

I even rejoice with my Sorrow
And share in her living bread;
For I know that sometime—to-morrow
I shall call her Joy instead.

Ruskin on Womanhood.



RUSKIN'S 'Sesame and Lilies' is a book which I have had occasion to read more than once. The more I read that beautiful little book, the more I feel that it is a book well worth the perusal, nay, the most careful study of all thinking men and women. It is full of many practical suggestions which can be easily carried out in life by every right-minded person. Most books, dealing with subjects of the nature that Ruskin handles in his 'Sesame and Lilies', are either too idealistic to be of any practical use or too prosaic and commonplace to captivate the mind. Ruskin's book, however, is not so commonplace as to be altogether unattractive, and it is not so flighty in its ideals as to be beyond the reach of ordinary men and women. It is certainly true that Mr. Ruskin, like many other men of unusual mental excellence, held in certain matters very peculiar or, in other words, "eccentric" views. In some of the theories he propounded, and in some of the precepts he preached, he certainly did soar into heights which might be left alone by ordinary mortals as belonging to regions beyond their comprehension. But in his 'Sesame and Lilies' I do not think Ruskin ever indulges in such ethereal flights. Most, if not all, the things that he writes in this book are of such practical nature, that they can be easily applied to our daily life.

The book consists of two lectures delivered by the author at different times. The first lecture entitled the "Kings' Treasures" is devoted to the subject of "books and how to use them." To the next lecture, Ruskin, as he sometimes does, gives the peculiarly suggestive title—the "Queen's Gardens." It is to this part of the book that I shall confine myself in this article. But, before proceeding to take up the subject-matter of 'Queen's Gardens,' let me here, in a few words, put down what the writer had to say about this lecture in the Preface to the edition of 1871, which, for some reason or other, he found it expedient to omit in the later editions of the book. This is what "the man of

fifty-one years" (for that is how he begins his Preface) has to tell his 'girl-readers—for the "Queen's Gardens" was intended for them. "This, then, is what I would say to any girl, who had the confidence enough in me to believe what I told her, or do what I asked her to do. First, be quite sure of one thing, that, however much you may know and whatever advantages you may possess, and however good you may be, you have not been singled out by the God who made you, from all other girls in the world, to be especially informed respecting his own nature and character. Of all the insolent, all the foolish persuasions that by any chance could enter and hold your empty little heart, this is the proudest and foolishlest—that you are the darling of the Heavens and the favourite of the Fates. The second thing which you may make sure of is that, however good you may be, you have faults, that however dull you may be you can find out what some of them are, and that however slight they may be you had better make some—not too painful but patient—effort to get quit of them. And so far as you have confidence in me at all, trust me for this, that how many so ever you may find or fancy your faults to be, they are only two that are of real consequence—Idleness and cruelty. Whatever you may be you must not be *useless* and you must not be *cruel*. 'Work while you have light.' 'Be merciful while ye have mercy.' Work while you have light, especially while you have the light of the morning. Remember that the happiness of your life and its power and its part and rank in earth or in heaven depend on the way you pass your day now—now when you are young. The days of your youth are not to be sad days: but they are to be in the deepest sense, solemn days. Remember that every day of your early life is ordaining irrevocably for good or evil the custom and practice of your soul; ordaining either sacred customs of dear and lovely recurrence or trenching deeper and deeper the furrows for seed of sorrow. Now, therefore, see that no day passes in which you do not make yourself a better creature and in order to do that, find out what you are now."

The writer then proceeds to suggest how you ought to discover your present state, and how you are so to make use of your time as to find yourself, as each day comes to its close, a 'better creature' than what you were when you began it. "Let this be always in your mind that your accomplishments are acquired, not for your own sake, but for others. In music, especially, you will soon find what personal benefit there is in being serviceable. Get your voice disciplined and clear and think only of accuracy, never of effect or expression; if you have any soul worth expressing, it will show itself in your singing.

"Then, besides this more delicate work, resolve to do every day some that is useful in the vulgar (means ordinary) sense. Learn *first thoroughly* the economy of the kitchens. The good and bad qualities of every common article of food, and the simplest and best modes of their preparation; when you have time go and help in the working of poorer families and show them how to make as much of everything as possible, and how to make little nice. Again, let a certain part of your day (as little as you choose, but not to be broken in upon) be set apart for making strong and pretty dresses for the poor. Accumulate these things by you until you hear of some honest persons in need of clothing, which may often too sorrowfully be.

"Then, *secondly*, I said you are not to be cruel. Perhaps you think there is no chance of you being so; and indeed I hope it is not likely that you should deliberately be unkind to any creature; but unless you are deliberately kind to every creature, you will often be cruel to many."

This Preface is so full of the clearest sense and truest religion expressed in the purest language, that I am very strongly tempted to copy the whole of it word for word here, for the benefit of the "girl-readers" of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*; but I am afraid that will make the article too long, and, therefore, I refrain from doing so. But, before passing on, I would earnestly request every reader of this Magazine, who is not already acquainted with the little book, to buy a copy of it (for it is worth owning)—with the Preface—and not merely read it but study it:—Study it till all that Ruskin wanted us to know from it is fully and clearly known, understood, and practised.

Now, with this earnest request which I sincerely trust will be complied with, I pass to the "Queen's Gardens." In this lecture, as has been said above, Ruskin treats of the question of "woman and her claims." We now-a-days hear so much about woman and her claims; her rights and her mission. The "New Woman" as she is called, draws our attention everywhere. Though the women for whom this Magazine is specially intended have not yet attained to that degree of perfection or perversion, (I do not know which) that prompts their Western Sisters to fight with man for what they call their "Rights" in the field of politics, yet I do not think it will be out of place in this Magazine, if I attempt to draw the attention of its readers to what a true-soled, large-hearted deep thinker like Ruskin thought about the question of woman and her place in Society, not many years ago. I am one of those who firmly believe in the absolute necessity of the healthy co-operation of woman (keeping, no doubt, to her proper sphere and not trying to jump out

of it) with man for advancement or progress in any direction whatsoever, that the human race is to make. When Tennyson said

"Woman is not undeveloped man
But diverse."

What did he mean?

Did he mean to say that man and woman were beings of different types, whose interests were divergent, whose field of work lay apart and whose hopes and aims were opposed? No; he did not mean this. Then what did the great poet mean? He meant that woman cannot be man and man cannot be woman. They are diverse in that they cannot be identical; they differ in making each other complete; their dearest bond is not "like to like but like in difference"—Though they thus differ, yet they are one, one in hope, one in fear, one in aim, and one in progress. Woman's cause is man's; "They rise or sink together, dwarfed or Godlike"—Thus, in the long years to come shall they both work on in perfect harmony

"Till at last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words;
And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other ev'n as those who love."

Now this question of 'Woman and her place in Society,' which Tennyson has expressed in such noble language, is the first point that Ruskin discusses in this lecture; if education is to open the "King's Treasures" to men and make them in the truest sense of the word *kingly*, what special portion or kind of this royal authority arising out of noble education is to be possessed by women; and how far they also are called to a true queenly power; and in what sense, if they rightly understood and exercised this royal or gracious influence, the order and beauty induced by such benignant power would justify us in speaking of the territories over which each of them reigned as "Queen's Gardens."

Before determining the queenly power of women, it is first necessary to determine her ordinary power. For doing this Ruskin invites us to turn our attention to what men, whom the world has unanimously acknowledged as great, have had to say on this subject. First and foremost comes the myriad-minded Shakespeare. What had he to say respecting the true dignity of woman and her proper relationship to man? Ruskin calls our attention to two important facts which are present in almost all the important plays of Shakespeare; and they are:—

(1) he has no heroes—he has only heroines; and (2) the catastrophe of every play is caused always by the folly or fault of a man; the redemption, if there be any, is by the wisdom and virtue of a woman, and failing that there is none. Take any of the plays of Shakespeare and look at them; look at the firm and unshakable constancy of Julia or Helena, the patience of Hero, and the passion of Beatrice, the adamantine purity and victorious truth of Isabella, and the untiring devotion of Cordelia for her father and Desdemona for her husband; look at these and say what did Shakespeare want to tell us by all this? From Shakespeare let us turn to Sir Walter Scott—that man who next to Shakespeare clearly saw and fully understood human nature in all its various aspects. Look at the sweet simplicity, untiring patience and noble self-sacrifice; the firm constancy, the keen wisdom and, at times, the strong sense of duty that characterise most of his heroines? Did these great men speak the truth or did they simply amuse us by dressing up dolls for us in these women? Did they depict human nature as it is, or did they simply give free vent to their imagination?

From England let us go to Italy and Greece. What had the great men of these countries to say on this subject? In Italy take Dante. Yes, look at Dante and Beatrice, Beatrice leading him step by step from the depths of his "eternal despair" to the hopes and joys of Paradise. If in Beatrice the Italian of the medieval Europe embodied his conception of womanhood, what estimate of woman did the ancient Greek possess? Look again at those sublime delineations of pure womanhood; the patient constancy and wifely devotion of Penelope. The undaunted courage and sisterly piety of Antigone! Ruskin goes on to examine still other writers of other lands and other ages. But why increase examples? The greatest, wisest, truest-hearted of all ages proclaim in a voice, which is unmistakable, this one truth, viz., a good and true woman is always a faithful councillor—a just and pure example—strong always to sanctify, if not to save.

From the writings of men who were great let us turn to the lives of ordinary men—men as they lived in, what Ruskin calls, "Christian ages that have been remarkable for their purity." Look at the great institution of chivalry which prevailed through the whole of Europe during the Middle Ages! What is it? It is service—service for the poor, needy and oppressed, service to all, service which has its beginning in the absolute devotion and obedience of the knight to his lady-love; for the masters of chivalry very well knew that the true and necessary impulse for all noble actions in the young heart

finds its beginning in the rapturous obedience of the man to the single love of his youth, which sanctifies all man's strength and which gives firmness to all his purposes. This same grand truth is expressed in those beautiful lines of Tennyson:—

For indeed I know
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thoughts, and amiable words
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth and all that makes a man.

Thus, we see that the true thought and feeling of all ages are harmonious in voicing forth this one truth, viz., "The Soul's armour is never well set to the heart unless a Woman's hand braced it, and it is only when she braces it loosely, that the honour of manhood fails."

We are, therefore, foolish in speaking of the "superiority" of one sex to the other. Both have their own separate work; but both conjointly grow and progress. Nothing contrary to this can thrive. To repeat Tennyson's words,

Could we make her (woman) as the man
Sweet love—the motive power of all true life—
were slain.

They are not similar; they cannot be similar; they are diverse; each has what the other has not, each completes the other and is completed by the other; they are in nothing alike, and the happiness and perfection of both depends on each asking and receiving from the other what the other can give.

Now their separate characteristics are briefly these. The man's power is active, progressive, defensive. He is eminently the doer, the creator, the discoverer, the defender. His intellect is for speculation and invention; his energy for adventure, for war, and for conquest. But the woman's intellect is for rule, not for battle—and her intellect is not invention or creation but for sweet ordering, arrangement and decision. Her function is Praise. She enters into no contest, but infallibly adjudges the Crown of the contest. . . . The true place of Woman is her Home—the Place of Peace. "The stars only may be over her head, the glow-worm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her foot, but home is yet wherever she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far round her, better than ceiled with cedar or painted with Vermilion, shedding its quiet light far, for those who else were homeless."

This, then, is her place; so far as she rules all must be right or nothing is. "She must be enduringly, incorruptibly good; instinctively, infallibly wise—wise, not for self-development but for self-renunciation; wise, not that she may

set herself above her husband, but that she may never fall from his side; wise, not with the narrowness of insolent and loveless pride, but with the passionate gentleness of an infinitely variable, because infinitely applicable, modesty of service—the true changefulness of woman."

Now, if this be the true place and true power of woman, how is she to be made fit for it? What kind of education is to qualify her for her position? This is the second point that Ruskin takes up in his lecture.

The first thing to be attended to is to secure for her such physical training and exercise as may confirm her health and perfect her beauty. All physical freedom, however, is vain to produce beauty without a corresponding freedom of heart. Do not think you can make a girl lovely if you do not make her happy. There is not one restraint you put on a good girl's nature—there is not one check you give to her instincts of affection or of effort—which will not be indelibly written on her features, with a hardness which is all the more painful because it takes away the brightness from the eyes of innocence and the charm from the brow of virtue.

Then, having thus moulded her body, her mind is to be filled and tempered with all knowledge and thoughts which tend to confirm its natural instincts of Justice, and refine its natural tact of love.

All such knowledge should be given her as may enable her to understand and even to aid the work of men. It is of no moment, whether she knows many languages or one, but it is of the utmost, that she should be able to show kindness to a stranger. It is of the highest importance that she should be trained in habits of accurate thought. It is deeply necessary that she should read history, and should be taught to enter with her whole personality into the history she reads. She should exercise herself in imagining what would be the effects upon her mind and conduct if she were daily brought into the presence of the suffering, which is not the less real because shut from her sight.

I omit to touch here (lest I should be too long,) on all that Ruskin says about the study of the sciences and the reading of literature, especially of novels, in the hope that every reader of this article will go to the fountain-head itself and there find out for herself and himself what the writer has to say on these important subjects.

Having thus far seen the proper nature and place of woman and the teaching that is to make her fit for her place, let us now go on (as we proposed in the beginning) to consider her 'Queenly Estate.'

The man's work for his own home is to secure its maintenance, progress and defence; the

woman's to secure its order, comfort and loveliness. But these need not be confined to the home; they should be expanded till they embrace the whole of the society. Woman's work then, as a member of the Commonwealth, is to assist in the ordering, in the comforting, and in the beautiful adornment of the state.

What the woman is to be within her gates, as the centre of order, the balm of distress, and the mirror of beauty; that she is to be *without* her gates, where order is more difficult, distress more imminent, loveliness more rare. As within the human heart, there is always set an instinct,—an instinct which you cannot quench but only corrupt if you turn it from its true purpose—an intense instinct for love, which maintains and sanctifies all life, so there is in the human heart an inextinguishable instinct, the love of power which rightly directed, maintains all the majesty of law and life, and misdirected wrecks them. This love of power, Ruskin says, is implanted in the human heart by God. Who set it there and keeps it there. But *What* power?—That is the question! Power to destroy? Power to look down? Power to trample? No!—Power to heal, to redeem, to guide and to love. This is the true power, the possession of which makes woman truly royal and by the attainment of which she reaches her Queenly Estate.

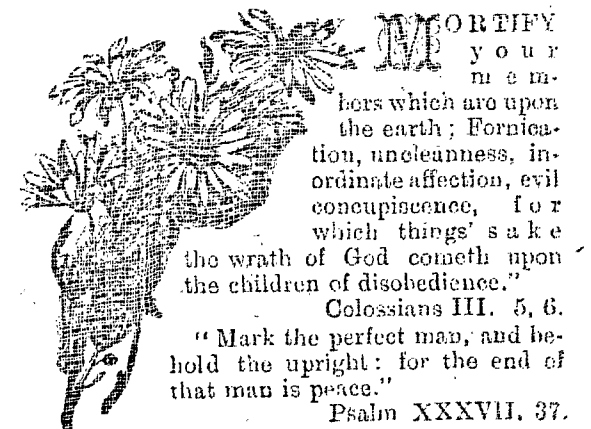
NAVARATNAM.

Martins and Mottos for Home and School Teaching.

FROM SACRED WRITINGS.
ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.

BY LADY BENSON.

V.



WE MORTIFY
your
members

which are upon
the earth; Fornica-
tion, uncleanness, in-
ordinate affection, evil
concupiscence, for
which things' sake
the wrath of God cometh upon
the children of disobedience."

Colossians III. 5, 6.

"Mark the perfect man, and be-
hold the upright: for the end of
that man is peace."

Psaln XXXVII. 37.

"No father has given his child anything better than good manners."

Traditional saying of Mahomed.

"Neither give heed to fables and endless genealogies, which minister questions, rather than edifying."

I Timothy I. 4.

"None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself."

Romans XIV. 7.

"Owe no man anything."

Romans XIII. 8.

"Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies. These are the things which defile a man."

Matthew XV. 19.

"One learned man is harder on the devil than a thousand ignorant worshippers."

Stray sayings of Mahomed.

"One hour's meditation on the work of the Creator is better than 70 years of prayers."

Stray sayings of Mahomed.

"Pleasant words are as an honeycomb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones."

Proverbs XVI. 24.

"Provide things honest in the sight of all men."

Romans XII. 17.

"Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

I Thess. V. 21.

"Rebuke a wise man and he will love thee."

Proverbs IX. 8.

"Render to all their dues: tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom; fear to whom fear; honour to whom honour."

Romans XIII. 7.

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

Ecc. XII. 1.

"Riches are not from abundance of worldly goods, but from a contented mind."

Traditional sayings of Mahomed.

"Remove thy foot from evil."

Proverbs 4. 27.

"Strive always to excel in virtue and truth."

Traditional sayings of Mahomed.

"Seek knowledge from the cradle to the grave."

Traditional sayings of Mahomed.

"Speak not evil one of another, brethren."

St. James-IV. 11.

"Study to be quiet, and to do your own business, and to work with your own hands."

I Thess. IV. 11.

"Shout for joy all ye that are upright of heart."

Psalms 32. 11.

"So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

Psalms XC. 12.

"Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth, and keep the door of my lips."

Psalms 141. 3.

"Suffer not thy mouth to cause thy flesh to sin."

Ecc. V. 6.

"Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake: Whether it be to the king, as supreme; or unto Governors, as unto them that are sent by him for the punishment of evil-doers, and for the praise of them that do well."

I Peter II. 13, 14.

"Somewhere there waiteth in this world of ours,

For one lone soul another lonely soul,

Each chasing each through all the weary hours,

And meeting strangely at some sudden goal.

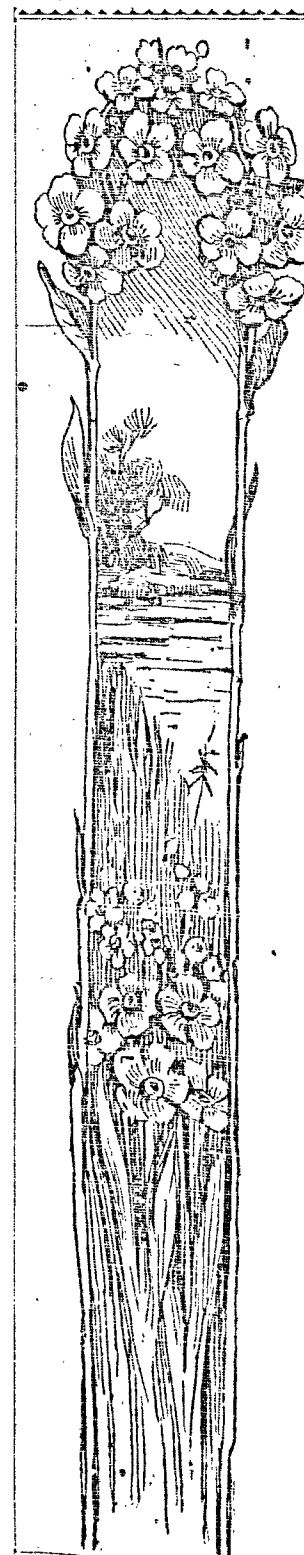
Then blend they like green leaves with golden

flowers,

Into one beautiful and perfect whole,

And life's long night is ended, and the way

Lies open onward to Eternal Day."



The Snake-Charmer.

Whither dost thou hide from the magic of my
flute-call?

In what moonlight-tangled meshes of perfume,
Where the clustering keova's guard the squirrel's
slumber,
Where the deep woods glimmer with the
jasmine's bloom?

I'll feed thee, O beloved, on milk and wild
red honey,
I'll bear thee in a basket of rushes, green and
white,
To a palace-bower where golden-vested maidens
Thread with mellow laughter the petals of
delight.

Whither dost thou loiter, by what murmuring
hollows,
Where oleanders scatter their ambrosial fire?
Come, thou subtle bride of my mellifluous
wooing,
Come, thou silver-breasted moonbeam of desire!

Sarojini Naidu.

The Story of Menaka.

(BY AN INDIAN LADY.)



None of those wrinkles and crow's feet, which were so conspicuous now had been seen in her fair young face, as it had been years ago. But now—Ah! well, and a sigh escaped her lips as she glanced again at the haggard face in the glass. What with the household cares and the children's worries, no wonder she had grown thin and haggard. But what was the use of thinking of it all? All her old happy days were over for her, and there was no good in worrying over lost happiness—and Menaka resolutely turned away from the glass and set about her work of preparing dinner. But the thoughts would come in spite of her efforts to throw them aside. How happy she had been in her father's house. First—the earliest she could remember—the careless days of childhood, what romps and games she and the other children used to have. She had no troubles then, at least none worth worrying over, her mother had scarcely ever scolded her, there were only the petty childish jealousies and squabbles, not forgetting of course the innumerable falls and injuries she used to have—all however forgotten almost as soon as experienced. But soon those days had been over; school-days had to be begun, with increasing cares about lessons. But even then she had been so happy. The delights of companionship with the other girls, the pleasures of competition, of well-earned praise from the teachers so soon eclipsing the pain of punishment, and then the leisure hours spent at home—Oh! she would never forget all this. And with it all the pleasant time at home, when she had helped her mother in household work and learnt how to manage home. And then too soon her marriage had been arranged. How she used to feel about her husband! Why! she scarcely remembered seeing him before her marriage. She had only heard a great deal of him, of how he had passed his Matriculation and was working as a clerk in some office.

But the time had been all too short. He had tried once or twice to speak to her, but in her shyness she had scarcely lifted her eyes to his face, and then had come her marriage day! What preparations had been made for it to be sure! She remembered the cakes and sweetmeats her mother had made. How everybody had enjoyed them! And then her clothes! How proud she had been of them—the pretty velvet short jacket with the gold lace trimming and the rich silk sari—her mother had spent so much money over the latter. And the ceremony itself. She scarcely remembered it, she had been so young and so self-conscious and so absorbed in herself. She only remembered the thrill which had passed through her, young as she was, when her husband took her passive hand in his and she had to repeat the resounding words of the marriage ritual, which pledged them both to each other for life and he had tied round her neck the yellow cord with the gold *Tali*—the sign of marriage. It was only then she realised that she was no longer quite her own, she belonged to her husband also hereafter. So overwhelmed had she been with this knowledge that she scarcely knew what had happened afterwards. And with it all, she had been so young and innocent. Afterwards came the difficult years, when she had passed her time between her mother's home and her husband's, she remembered how her young heart had sunk under the reproaches of her mother-in-law. How she had tried to keep peace with her. But soon, the hard time was over, and she had gone away alone with her husband to the far-away town to which they had been transferred, and then she and her husband had been so happy for many years. He had cared so much for her and watched over her so lovingly. It was only during the last few years that she had noticed the change in his manner. But was it his fault? She now remembered, though she had not noticed it before, seeing so often a wistful look in his eye, as if he too was mourning over lost happiness. Was it not her fault rather that he found so few opportunities to talk to her? Was it not her fault that she had grown so irritable of late, so shorttempered and so inclined to give crusty answers to her husband's kind questions that he dared not speak to her, except when she was in a good mood? Yes, yes, now she thought of it, the mistake lay more on her side. She had not made a brave stand against the pretty worries of life, but had allowed them to overwhelm her till they looked like mountains. If she had been more patient, more long-suffering, everything would have gone well. And ever now it would. She would try her best to control her temper hereafter, and take more interest in her husband's

affairs, instead of leaving him to himself as she had hitherto done. And Menaka's face grew bright as she thought of all the grand changes she would make in her life.

But hark! a sudden noise outside and Menaka started up. Why! she declared, the children had returned from school, and she had not made anything ready for them. Already her face was growing irritable, as she thought of the thousand-and-one things she had still to do, growing into a most unpleasant frown as she caught sight of the children coming inside, headed by a little girl of about ten years old. Ah! there was that girl again, the plague of her life, always turning up to change all her good resolutions into nothing. She had wondered before what was the cause of the change in herself. Why! it was that girl, who had been the bane of her life ever since she had been married. For this poor child was her step-daughter, always rousing in her jealous feelings, for it seemed to the mistaken woman that her husband was more fond of the little thing than herself, made much more of her than he did of her own children. It did not occur to her that her husband was doing his best to make up to his motherless daughter for her step-mother's unkindness, to supply a little at least of her lost mother's love to her. No! she was too much absorbed in herself and her own children; and Menaka burst out with a string of scoldings, caught her step-daughter by the arm and nearly dragged her inside, "You bad girl!" she cried, "what do you mean by loitering on the way so long? Who do you think would have made everything ready for you? I suppose, in addition to keeping you, I must look after your every comfort. Go and do that work at once, or else I shall give you such a beating—" and she pushed the child away. Little Nalini, for that was her name, had a sad patient face with a most pitiable look on it, as if for ever on the lookout for ill-treatment. She now set about her work as fast as she could, washing up the chatties and cooking-vessels; but she was in such a hurry that one of the former dropped on the ground and broke in two pieces, thereby rousing such a tempest of fury in her step-mother that the little thing was nearly overwhelmed by it. "Wait till your father comes," screamed the infuriated woman. "I shall tell him about you and then we shall see whether he will still be fond of you."

A few minutes passed, and Menaka's husband came in from his work, dusty and weary, for he had to walk a long distance; but Menaka, instead of greeting him with a happy face or looking after his comfort at once, launched into a recital of her step-daughter's misdoings. The man listened with a grim face, momentarily growing more severe, and suddenly calling Nalini with

a loud voice, he took her into an inner room and there gave her a good beating. Menaka looked on with a startled face, for such a thing had never happened before. Her husband had ever been patient, always trying to make excuses for his little daughter, but he had never beaten her, as he was doing now. A strange feeling, half of fear and half of triumph, came into her mind, triumph which however changed into something like remorse when her husband returned, leading a pitiable Nalini by the hand, a girl who was so convulsed with sobs that her little frame shook as with ague. "There now" he cried to his wife. "Are you satisfied at last? This is the first time I have beaten her, but I suppose you will not be content till you make me kill her;" and, pushing the child away, he walked out of the room and the house, not returning till the time for the evening meal was long past.

A month afterwards he appeared for an examination, and contrary to the expectations of everyone, failed lamentably. It was found necessary now to transfer him for some time to a village near, in order to make room for some one else, who had done more creditably. So Bhima Rao, for that was his name, was obliged to remove with his family to an out-of-the-way place, there to work as a clerk till further orders were given. Menaka found life here hardly half so convenient as it had been in town. For one thing there was scarcely what could be called a market here, the only thing supplying its place being a *Suntha*—a fair, held once a week, at which all the provisions for the week had to be purchased. Then Menaka who in the town had kept one woman servant to carry water, etc., found servants in the village so troublesome, that she was obliged to dispense with them altogether and work herself. All this, with the children's worries, she found very troublesome. Often, while she was busy with the baby, the rice would boil over and be spoilt, and the curry would be burnt, the result being a very badly cooked meal. But, strange to say, in proportion as her work increased, Menaka's patience also increased. The fact was, there had been a marked change in her since that day, which she had never forgotten, when her husband had first beaten Nalini. She was growing much less irritable, as well as more kindly-disposed to her step-daughter and her changed face was already reflecting the beneficial change. But the change in him,—for there was a change,—was all for the worse. The gentleman under whom he worked, could hardly recognise the man as he was now, so lazy, so disinclined for work, so short-tempered, and even it was rumoured beginning to take to drink. He very seldom came after his work to his home, till very late; and Menaka, who now waited to

greet him with smiles and happiness, found scarcely an opportunity to practise her good resolutions. When he did come early, it was very seldom that he omitted to find fault with the food placed before him, often pushing it away with disgust and impatience and walking out of the house; and, what was worse, his treatment of little Nalini was even worse than what Menaka's had been, and the girl, who was passionately attached to her father, was feeling it deeply. In truth, there was a great change in her also. She was pining away for want of love and kindness, growing daily thinner and quieter, with nothing of the bright spirits for which she had been remarkable, in spite of her mother's sulks. And one day her little frame succumbed to the strain and she fell ill with a high fever, so ill that her life was despaired of by the one quack doctor the village boasted of. Menaka, now proved herself an infinitely patient nurse, watched by her daughter's bed-side whenever she had the time, and treated her with a true mother's love. But Bhima Rao scarcely ever came there, except now and then, when he would stand grim and silent for a few minutes and then turn away. And one day he said a few words which bitterly rung his wife's heart. "Menaka," he said in a low voice when it was thought Nalini's life was passing away, "if the girl dies, you and I will be her murderers, and how will you feel then?" A bitter cry rose from the very bottom of the woman's heart. "O," she cried, "spare me. I am changed, I am changed, indeed. I love her now. If you speak like that, I shall go mad," but he had already turned away, and in her despair she turned to the bed to see if the little victim also bore witness against her. But Nalini's eyes were open and apparently betokened intelligence. "Mother," she whispered, "Mother, where are you?" "I am here, child," cried Menaka with an infinite tenderness welling up in her heart. "No, no, not you," said the child quivering with fear. "I want my mother. Why does she not come. Mother, mother, come and be kind to me." "Oh, my God!" whispered Menaka falling on her knees, "spare her to me, and I shall be a changed woman and treat her lovingly and serve Thee as I have never served Thee before."

Her prayer was heard, for Nalini did pass safely through the crisis and did not die. But Menaka's last child, her own little baby, who had hardly ever left her arms, contracted the same fever, and after a few days, died. Oh! the grief and agony which filled the mother's soul, as, powerless to relieve its pain, she watched the little thing suffer and then pass into everlasting sleep. For a time she thought her heart would break with sorrow; but, after the first days of despair, a strange peace entered into her soul,

a peace which enabled her to thank God for this bitter suffering, which she took as a just punishment to herself for her unkindness to Nalini. "I thank the Lord," she cried, "that Thou hast spared the other and saved me from everlasting regret. Hereafter my life is in Thy hands. Do with me as Thou wilt."

But there was no change for the better in Bhima Rao. After a while, he was sent back to the town where he had first worked; but his old friends found him so different from the old genial man they had known, that one by one, they fell away from him. And daily the rift between him and his wife was growing wider, but she waited patiently, trying in every way to atone for her former conduct. At last one day a plan came into her mind. There was an old man in the town, who had long been like a father to many people. Every one who had complaints or grievances carried them to him as their natural refuge, and he was accustomed to patiently listen, and give advice and counsel till they were satisfied. It was to this man that Menaka carried her sorrow. She told him the whole story, of how she had been the cause of the sad change in her husband, but how, under God's mercy, she was a changed woman now and was prepared to do anything to atone for her former conduct. The old man listened and dismissing her with a few tender and compassionate words that all would yet be well, he sent for Bhima Rao. "My son," he said, making him sit beside him, "what is this change that I see in you? Every one complains that you are neglecting your work and your wife."

"Has she been complaining also, Sir? How can she, when it is all her fault?"

"No, my son, she has not complained against you, but she has been speaking to me, and it is about her that I wish to speak to you now. Have you not noticed a change in her, Bhima Rao? Have you not seen how she is trying to conquer her temper and how good and patient she is now getting to be? I myself have noticed it and there are others who have told me about it. Now, my son, it will be your fault if you persist in looking upon her as your enemy, as you have persisted in doing for the last one or two years. If you do,—and the gentle old man, shaking his white head, gave the man such a lecture, so kind and yet so convincing, that Bhima Rao, who loved him like his father, felt a new change coming over his heart and went home, resolved to make friends with his wife. He did so, Menaka meeting him half way; and husband and wife poured their hearts out to each other, and resolved many little happy resolves, which made their after-life a real happiness, as time passed day after day and month after month.

AN INDIAN LADY.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children in India.



THERE was never a time perhaps in the history of the world when children were so much the fashion as they are now. Everyone loves, or professes to love, children. There can be no doubt that Christianity, almost from the very beginning, has profoundly affected the attitude of mankind towards infancy in general. The little Christ-baby at Bethlehem, who has been the object of the worship of countless millions of people has given to the infancy that was made after His image, a new glory, a new dignity, which before were lacking. As Longfellow says:—

Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

And again, addressing the babies,

"Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead."

And yet in no age perhaps are children so neglected, and worse still so ill-treated, as now. Especially, is this so in India. As the result of investigations, we are amazed at the wrongs that are perpetrated around us, unnoticed and unredressed. It is no wonder, therefore, that the attention of human philanthropists should be drawn to the crying need that exists for the organisation of Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children in India. Such societies exist in other parts of India. Let us hope it will not be said that Madras is slow to follow.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children in India was founded in Calcutta in August, 1898, at a public meeting arranged by the Calcutta Missionary Conference. From the commencement, however, it was decided, that the constitution should be made so broad, as to admit of the co-operation of Indian leaders, and members of different committees, who would be interested in the philanthropic aspect of the work. This principle has been also emphasised in the formation of the Society in Western India.

For there are Hindus who realise the dangers to which children are exposed, and who would be willing to do all in their power to rescue them. In Poona a Brahman Government Inspector, whose attention was drawn to the fact, that a promising pupil in a Mission School was dedicated to the temple, tried his utmost to save her from that fate.

The objects of the Society are set forth in the constitution as follows:—

- (1) "To prevent the public and private wrongs of children and the corruption of their morals.
- (2) To take action for the enforcement of laws for their protection, and when desirable to have the law on the matter amended.
- (3) To provide and maintain an organisation for the above objects.
- (4) To do all other such lawful things as are incidental or conducive to the attainment of the above objects."

The workers now being employed by this Society are a Secretary and Inspector. The question naturally suggested at this point seems to be, 'How has the Society been able to carry out the above objects?' Let us examine them separately. The first is—To prevent the public and private wrongs of children, and the corruption of their morals.

Cruelty to children may be of two kinds—physical ill-treatment or neglect and, on the other hand, their demoralisation. Reports of this Society give instances of successful attempts made to prevent both such kinds of cruelty. But it has had specially to turn its attention to the second class, and in considering that we must note, that children, who would need such help, belong, in South India at least, to one of the following classes:—

1. Children dedicated by their parents as an offering to the gods.
2. Children of good caste, left unprotected by the death of their natural guardians.
3. Illegitimate children of good caste. The idea is that merit is secured by the gift or sale of such children to temple women, or to one of the class of women who procure such little ones with a view to passing them up to temple service eventually.

In some cases orphans found in hospitals etc., are allowed to drift into bad hands, because the authorities do not know what to do with them. Some certainly do appeal to missionary orphanages, but others may fear to do so, lest the accusation of proselytising should be brought against them. A Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, with a Committee whose members belong to different communities, would naturally be asked to help in such emergencies. The second object set forth by the constitution of this Society is:—To take action for the enforcement of laws for their protection, and

when desirable to have the law on the matter amended. To carry out this object more thoroughly and systematically, there has been printed in leaflet form, a summary of the special provisions in Indian Law for the protection of children. It will suffice to read only the headings:—

1. Protection from improper guardians.
2. Protection from inconsiderate employers of labour.
3. Protection from association with hardened criminals.
4. Protection from unlawful detention.
5. Protection from exposure and abandonment.
6. Protection from desertion.
7. Protection from enticement and certain kindred evils.
8. Relating to marriage.

As No. 7 affects the case of children in danger of being devoted to the temple service, let us quote the part of the leaflet referring to that.

Protection from Sale or Hire for improper purposes.

"The Indian Penal Code makes it penal for a person to sell, let, hire, or otherwise dispose of, or to buy, hire, or otherwise obtain possession of, any minor under the age of 16 years, with intent that such minor shall be employed or used for the purpose of evil, or for any unlawful or immoral purpose."

With regard to the second part of the object we are considering, *viz.*, the amendment of Law—the Society is anxious that some addition should be made to that just referred to, and with this object in 1903 a Memorial was submitted to the Governor-General in Council, by whom a circular letter was subsequently sent out to the various local Governments, containing these words:—

"The Government of India agree that the provisions of the existing law are inadequate for the purpose of dealing with the evil against which these representations are submitted."

Calcutta and Bombay have set the example in trying to remedy such evils; and, as has been said before, Madras should not be slow to follow. As the Secretary of the Society in Bombay says:

"It is very desirable that we should gain the support and goodwill of the civil authorities, and of the Indian community, for, by so doing, our aims and objects will be very largely helped towards success. The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has been incorporated by a Royal Charter, and is a recognised institution by Magistrates etc. at home, has an acknowledged status, and a very influential list of patrons. Here in India we are starting a similar Society that is similar in aim, but without prestige and without status. It is therefore most important that we should acquire both

status and support by becoming affiliated with the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children."

By way of emphasising these remarks, we may quote from a report of one of the committees:— "In entering upon another year of its existence, the Society for the Protection of Children in India is encouraged by a survey of the seven years of its history. Each year has witnessed steady progress. Prejudices, which at first greatly increased the difficulties of the work, are passing away as the object and principles of the Society become more clearly understood. The protection of helpless children is an object that should evoke enthusiastic and self-sacrificing interest. The Committee are greatly encouraged by the large measure of support accorded to them by the public. At the same time the position is fraught with anxiety. They have the need for widely extended operations constantly being pressed upon them, but they are unable to cope with more than a small portion of the need. The information which reaches them speaks of many possibilities of service, and their desire is to use the opportunity to the fullest extent. They desire to make it clear that their ability to do this is wholly dependent on the support extended to them. That prevention is better than cure, but emphasises the urgency of the case, for, unless help can be speedily given to many of those now in need, they will soon pass beyond the stage where prevention is possible. The Committee believe that their protective work is one of the most effective attempts yet made to cope with the social evil so rampant in all directions.

The Committee appeal to the public not only for financial support, but also for a deeper interest leading to a much wider use of their organisation. Cases come to the notice of the public, which call for attention, but in most instances the public cannot give the time essential for the righting of the wrong. The Committee desire to be informed of such cases. Information sent to the Society will be used with every care. Cases of need notified to the Secretary receive immediate attention."

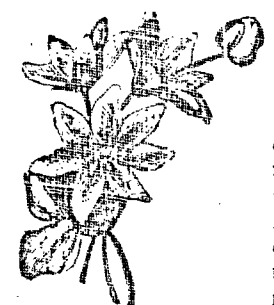
In view of the need which these and similar facts disclose, it has been suggested that a Society representing all sections of the Community should be formed for the protection of children in the Madras Presidency. The mere existence of such a Society will draw attention to the evils which call for it and through its agency information can be gathered and public opinion healthily stirred, concerning those evils which now flourish in the dark and which men of all classes deplore.

An appeal for the formation of such a society was sent round some time ago, signed by the

Bishop of Madras and by influential gentlemen at Madras. Funds will be required to meet the salary of an Inspector and the expenditure which will be incurred in the work of investigation and rescue. During the first year, it is estimated that Rs. 1,500 will be necessary.

Communications may be addressed to Rev. D. G. M. Faith, the Kellett Institute, Triplicane, who is acting as Provisional Secretary and contributions may be sent to Arthur Davies, Esq., Nungambakam, who is acting as Treasurer.

Sarangadhara.



SARANGADHARA is one of the most popular of Hindu Plays. It is so often read and commented upon by our women, that Chitrangi the heroine is now a by-word for a type of womanhood that is by no means enviable. The scene of the Play is laid in Rajahmundry (Rajamahendrapuram). Rajarajanarendra, the King, married a second wife, Chitrangi, a voluptuous, sensuous, evil-minded young woman, who was first intended for his son Sarangadhara. Being very old, Rajarajanarendra was far from being loved by his new wife, who was fascinated by Sarangadhara. It so happened that on one occasion when the old king was out hunting, the pet doves of the Prince flew into the tower-chamber of Chitrangi and there they were caught by her. Sarangadhara had no other alternative but to go to his stepmother and request her to restore to him his pet birds. He did go, notwithstanding the protestations of friends and servants. Chitrangi, the woman with a fair face but a foul heart, had been for a long time waiting for an opportunity to whisper her passion for Sarangadhara, and when the Prince went to her for the doves she did not fail to discover to him her intentions. But Sarangadhara was an embodiment of purity and righteousness and could by no means be persuaded by the vile woman. When he found that all his sermons and remonstrances were vain, he attempted to flee from her presence, but Chitrangi caught hold of his garments and obstructed his attempted flight. She cried; she prayed; and finally threatened even to commit suicide, unless the Prince listened to her. Sarangadhara of course did not yield and at last ran away from her, though not without leaving a portion of his garments in her hands. The

disappointed woman threw herself into a frenzy and began to lay violent hands on herself. She would take vengeance on the Prince and for that purpose concocted a story for the king against him. She reported to him that Sarangadhara was in love with her. The foolish old king listened to her words and believing them to be true, ordered that, according to the laws of the land, the Prince should be taken to a neighbouring forest and have his hands and legs cut off.

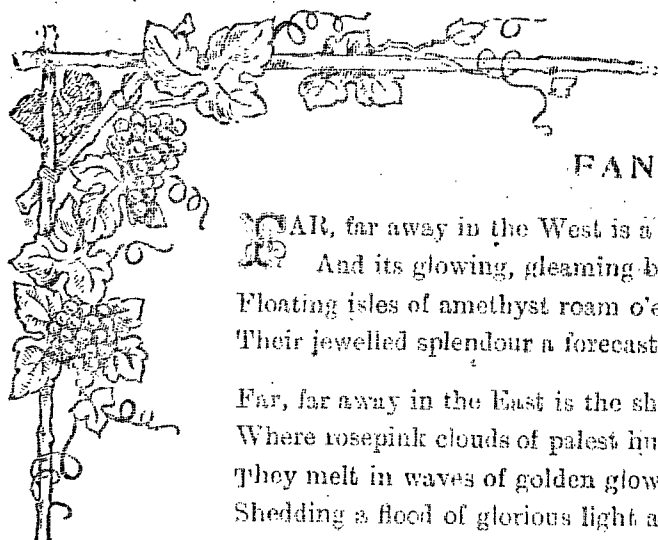
The punishment was ordered in a hurry and had to be repented for at leisure. Sarangadhara was led to a forest, where he was left with his hands and legs cut off. He was in a wretched plight. His mutilated form thrown in a jungle soon attracted jackals and vultures that began to pick at and eat into his flesh. He had no help but that of the Invisible Hand above to Whom he prayed. Something then happened which the novelists would say 'extraordinary'. The painful cries of the Prince, intermingled with an occasional prayer to God to take away his life, soon attracted the attention of a hermit, a denizen of the same forest where he had been living for years in prayer and meditation. The hermit very soon understood what befell the Prince, by means of his extraordinary introspective powers, and it was not long before he went to Sarangadhara and by means of some magic, restored to him his lost limbs.

Eventually, the King came to know the whole truth. The treachery of Chitrangi was found out and it was now her turn to suffer punishment. She was ordered to be buried alive in a foul pit. But the very Prince, whom she had injured so basely and unjustly, intervened on her behalf and she was saved from the horrible death prescribed for her. The King and the Queen rejoiced at finding their beloved son, sound in body and limb, back among them, and the Play thus closes without anything unpleasant to haunt the reader's mind.

Now we come to the moral, the crucial point of the Play which all Hindus should take care not to forget.

The drama of "Sarangadhara" has a particular bearing on our Society even at the present day. The practice of old men marrying young wives is still very common among us, and the consequences of such uneven marriages cannot be better impressed on the reader's mind than by referring to the wretched plight of the old King in the story. That unchastity is punished and righteousness comes off unscathed from all trials and is ultimately rewarded, is another lesson, however, of the above drama, but it is a moral that is more or less rendered trite by Hindu writers.

T. S. RAMASASTRI.



FANCIES.

Far, far away in the West is a sea of molten gold,
And its glowing, gleaming bosom doth priceless gems enfold;
Floating isles of amethyst roam o'er its surface free,
Their jewelled splendour a forecast of the perfect world to be!

Far, far away in the East is the shimmering lake of Dawn,
Where rosepink clouds of palest hue skim merrily in the morn;
They melt in waves of golden glow, as the sunbark doth appear,
Shedding a flood of glorious light and radiance far and near!

SARASVATI SINGH

MORN, NOON AND NIGHT.

Oh morn, oh beauteous morn!
To which so oft my weary face I turned,
For which my heart with passionate longing burned,
What hast thou brought but unsatisfied desire,
A faint revival of hope's flickering fire
And avenues of pain undreamed before,
The soul must tread tho' worn and weak and sore?

Oh noon, oh warm bright noon!
When in the zenith of his power, the sun
Full half the earth into his sway has won!
What hast thou brought? A shrinking from the light,
Where stand revealed in bold relief, such height,
And depth of crime and baseness, lust and greed,
My quivering soul scarce dares its weakness plead!

Ah night, ah peaceful night!
With generous hand, diffusing gentle rest,
Now e'en to me doth steal the welcome guest,
Sweet sleep. But ere its freedom I attain,
One last possession which doth yet remain,
To thee I offer; 'tis the gift of Hope
Which fitted me with human ills to cope.

SARASVATI SINGH.

Cheruthanda Charitham.

(A HINDU STORY.)



IN the good olden days there lived a pious Brahmin, named Cheruthandan. He had a wife and a son. He led a very religious life and, according to Hindu sastras it was his custom to feed a Brahmin daily before he took his meals. When the meals were ready the Brahmin would go out and invite some good man to take his meals in his house. One day it so happened that he could not get any one to eat in his house.

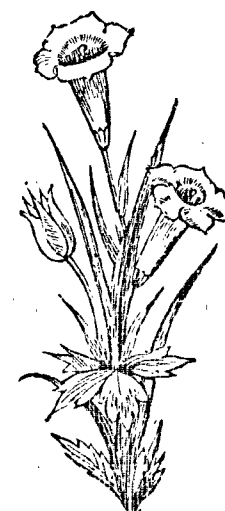
His usual time was 9 A. M. He waited till 11, but could

not get any one. But he would not eat unless he fed another. So he walked and walked in search of a Brahmin to be fed. All his search proved of no avail. At last the god Parameswara thought that he would try this man. The great god, who is considered as the Destroyer of the Universe and who is also regarded as the most benevolent god of all, took the dress of a holy Brahmin and sat under a tree just near this Brahmin's house. Our Brahmin having been exhausted after his walk in search of a man to be fed, came to the house and told his wife that he was not able to get any one. But the wife said that there was a Brahmin sitting under the tree just on the other side of the house and pointed out the man to her husband. The husband was much delighted, ran to the spot, and took him to his house. The Brahmin said to Cheruthandan that he would take his meals only if he made a *Special Curry* which he liked most. The Brahmin promised to make it; the only condition being that he must not go away without taking his meals. Then the guest told the host that the special curry was a curry made up of the head of his only son. The husband and wife were much surprised, and were very sorry, but since they had promised, they could not break their promise. So the father at once went to the school in which his dear son was and took him home and gave him to his mother to be made curry of. The curry was prepared of his head and the boy was dead and gone. The guest bathed, and, after performing his religious rites, came to the house for his meals. He then said to Cheruthandan that, according to the Hindu Sastra, it was not right on the part of a guest to take his meals in a house where there was no child. "So, bring your child and ask him to eat by my side or I will go away

without taking my meals." The family was in confusion. How could they get the child who was already killed and cooked? But they must have the child now or the Brahmin would go away. The neighbours who were eye-witnesses to these things began to laugh at them. The guest insisted on the boy taking his meals with him and asked the mother to go to the street and call the boy. The mother did, and to her utter surprise the boy came running to her hands. She very joyously took the boy to the Brahmin. But soon they knew who that Brahmin was. It was the great god Parameswara. The god blessed them all and took them all to the Mount Kylas and gave them salvation. Such in brief is the story of Cheruthandan.

S. PARUKUTTY ANNAL.

Miss Agnes Slack.

AN ENERGETIC LADY-WORKER
FROM ENGLAND.

MUCH interest has been felt on behalf of the Temperance Question by the recent and extensive tour in India of Miss Agnes Slack. After visiting the chief towns in North India, she passed through the Nizam's dominions and coming through Madras went on to Bangalore and Mysore, and finally to Ceylon. Everywhere she drew large audiences, and several sects of the Indian Community seemed to feel the importance of the Drink Question. Her own testimony is that she ever met with much kindness in India wherever she went and that she will carry away with her many rich memories of dear friends. Valuable souvenirs were presented to her, which she said would always remind her of the gracious welcome which she received in India. Among these she especially mentioned two—a beautifully carved picture frame from the Rani of Vizagapatam and a brooch given by the Commander-in-Chief of the Nizam of Hyderabad, a brooch which is rather unique in its rarity, containing, as is said, the floating bone of the tiger, the most precious of charms.

Miss Slack gave me a short account of her life. She was of the usual type of an English school girl. She loved a free healthy out-door life, was a passionate lover of music and she lived a tranquil life, pursuing her studies over hobbies. The illness and death of her mother marked an epoch in her life. Her deep grief first hardened her nature, so that she became indifferent to her fellow-creatures and heedless of the sorrows of human life around her. But once, while walking in the East End of London her attention was roused by the little children, despoiled of their freshness and their innocence, with faces ravaged by disease and an unhealthy life—flowers soiled by the smirch of crime and wickedness. Her heart went out to them and this made her take up work in the slums. She also went about visiting work-houses and gaols; and as she went on with her work, it seemed to her that Drink was the root of all evil and that 9 out of 10 cases in prison were there through the direct or indirect cause of Drink—this roused her interest in the Temperance Question. At this time she came in contact with Lady Henry Somerset, the first Member of the British Aristocracy, who took up this question and who dared to appear on a public platform and plead for her cause, at a time when women speakers were condemned and pronounced unwomanly, forward and mannish. I cannot but give a short account of the life of Lady Henry Somerset. Brought up befitting her rank and her position, she became a charming and accomplished woman, a brilliant conversationalist, a flower, as it were, of the British aristocracy and a brilliant leader of society. Unfortunately, her life was marred by domestic unhappiness. She withdrew herself from society and lived at her beautiful country house, Eastnor Castle, for some time; then her own sorrow led her to take up the sorrow of others and gradually she became interested in the Temperance question and threw herself into it with energy; she not only became a warm supporter of the cause, but by her speeches and her work enlisted the sympathy of many others. As I said above, at a time when public speaking by a woman was held in contumely, this shy, delicate woman dared to do it and drew large audiences, who came with the hostile intention of airing judgments, but who went away with humbled minds to wonder at the beauty of her character and her mind and to honour her for the courage of her convictions. In 1890, she was made President of the British Women's Temperance Union, which place she honourably filled for many years. A few years ago she changed her residence to Reigate Priory in Surrey, and now, she has even given that up and has opened a home for Inebriates at Duxhurst, about three miles from Reigate Priory, where she lives

and spends her time and money for this cause, to render, if possible, life more worthy for those pitiable specimens of humanity, the victims of drink. Such was the woman with whom Miss Slack is in contact and it is not to be wondered at that she took up this cause with energy and enthusiasm. She also was influenced by Miss Frances Willard, the founder of the Temperance Union in America, about 30 years ago. A year after the foundation of the above Union in America, the British Women's Temperance Union was formed. These movements have spread and at present there are nearly a quarter of a million members in the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union. In 1895, Miss Slack was made Honorary Secretary of the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union and was also made Honorary Secretary of the British Women's Temperance Union. After this she has been indefatigable in her work and most enthusiastic to get others to join the Union. She has travelled much, has been in the U. S. A., in Canada, in the South African Colonies, and in the chief cities of Europe; and at the end of this last year she began her tour in India. The importance of the Temperance Question ought to be considered for himself or for herself by any individual, the responsibility is one's own, but there is also this, that example and precept are to be reckoned with. Miss Slack feels herself supported by representatives from many communities and she hopes that her tour has done some good. We wish her every success in her endeavours to further her cause.

Rama Iyen, Dalawah.

A GREAT STATESMAN-WARRIOR OF TRAVANCORE.



VERY little is known about the birth and childhood of Rama Iyen, Dalawah. There is no reliable history to tell us where our hero was born. Some say he was born at Chalai, a village in Trivandram just half a mile to the east of the Fort, and some of his relatives are still in a certain house in the street. But others say that he was born in Tinnevely and was removed to Aruvikara near Thiruvattar.

Since he was born of a very poor family, he was not given good education. His family consisted of a father, a mother, two brothers, and a sister. Owing to his poverty he had to work even from his early days and so he left his native place and came to Shencottah where one

of his uncles lived and with him came to Kottarakara and then to Chenganoor and there got an appointment under the Vanjipuzha Chief—a great warrior of the time and the head of the 64 Potti chieftains of the Chenganoor Gramam.

About the year 893 M. E., while Marthanda Varma Maharaja was flying from his enemies—the Yogakkars, the Ettuvettil Pillamars and others—he came to Chenganoor to be safe from the enemies, and lived in the house of the Vanjipuzha Pandarathil for a period of nearly seven months. Here the Raja was living alone with very few servants. Since there was no Brahmin servant with him, the Vanjipuzha Chief allowed the Raja the use of a Brahmin boy to attend on him during his meals, &c. This boy was Rama Iyen. Since this boy was a very intelligent and faithful lad, the Raja took him also into his services when he left Chenganoor for the Capital. Thus Marthanda Varma Maharaja got Rama Iyen under him. But there is also another story about him.

In the Travancore State Manual, Mr. Nagam Iya says:—"Very little is known of Rama Iyen's life and career. He has left no direct lineal descendants, but his *Dayadis* (agnostic descendants) are still alive, one of whom is known to perform the *Sradha* or the anniversary ceremony to the Dalawah even to this day, for which he gets from the Government a small annual allowance of paddy. The same family also performs a *Samangali Prarthana*, a propitiatory ceremony in honor of the Dalawah's wife who died of childbirth. Rama Iyen was born in Yervadi, a village in the district of Tinnevely to which his family originally belonged. When he was six years old, his poor father gave up his native village and came to Travancore and settled in the insignificant hamlet of Aruvikara near Thiruvattar in Kalkulam Taluq, about 35 miles south-east of Trivandram. When twenty years old Rama Iyen lost his father and soon after his mother also. Rama Iyen had three brothers and one sister. After the death of his parents, Rama Iyen frequently visited Trivandram, attracted to it chiefly no doubt by the perennial round of ceremonies and festivities there, which even now draw large crowds of the Brahmin population from the surrounding villages, but more so by the opportunities for distinction which it gave to a young man of his intelligence and ardent nature. On one such occasion he made up his mind to stay and take service as a Kutti-Pattar (boy servant) under one Atiyara Potti of Vanchiyoar, a Brahmin Jenmi of great opulence and one of the Yogakkars or Committee of Management of Padmanabha's temple. In those early days Maharaja Marthanda Varma visited his intimate friends in their houses and when specially requested used to dine there. One evening when

the illustrious Maharaja was dining at the Attiyara Pottimatam, the boy Rama Iyen waited on his master's Royal guest at dinner. Observing that the lamplight was dim, the Potti ordered Rama Iyen to trim the wick and brighten the light. When the boy went to it he found there was no wick-trimmer in the brass lamp and, according to the Hindu Sastras, it is a sin to trim the wick with one's own finger (though now usually done through ignorance by the women and servants) which, however, young Rama Iyen knew and with his ready genius he pulled out the gold ring from his finger and trimmed the wick, after which he washed the gold ring with water and put it on as before. The Maharaja, who noticed the boy's whole proceeding, was quite pleased with him and after enquiries about his antecedents took him into his own service. It was this petty incident at the Potti's house that led to Maharaja Marthanda Varma's coming to know of Rama Iyen, which casual acquaintance soon developed into a strong tie of attachment and devotion on the one side, of great confidence and appreciation on the other, with great signal benefit in later years to both of them and to the State itself."

In the foot-note Mr. Nagam Iya again says:—"Since writing the above, the following version of the story has come to my knowledge. Such variations are inevitable where history has to rely on oral tradition:—

"Unable to pay the taxes due to Government and being constantly subjected to torture and oppression by the officers of the Government of the Nawab of the Carnatic, Rama Iyen's family, including his father, mother, four brothers and a sister, migrated to Travancore between 893 and 906 M.E. Their first settlement was at Shencottah, where lived a maternal uncle of Rama Iyen's, one Subramania Sastri, a great Sanserit scholar and sometimes Guru (tutor) to the Rajas of Kottarakara and Travancore. Once, when the Travancore Maharaja invited the Sastri to his Court, he took with him young Rama Iyen also. His introduction to the Raja's favour is said to have been brought about in this wise. One evening as the Maharaja was at his evening Japam (prayers) in his palace at Trivandram, the Sastri and his nephew happened to be in attendance on His Highness. The Maharaja was seated in front of an ordinary metal lamp facing the west. When the light began to grow dim on account of the snuff in the wick, the boy standing behind at a respectable distance noticed it at once and calmly stepped forward to trim the wick. With keen precaution he first lighted another wick which he held in his left hand and then trimmed the light with the right hand. This done, he put out the newly lighted wick and retired. The Maharaja who was observing the boy's proceeding marked

his caution and intelligence and requested the Sastri to leave his nephew in his service, which he was only too glad to do and Ramah Iyen was first appointed Pakatasala Rayasom on a monthly Salary of Rupees 2 and one fanam. On another occasion, when the Maharaja was at his supper, he received a letter from the Nawab of the Carnatic which required an immediate reply. A reply was prepared by His Highness on which young Rama Iyen was able to find matter for criticism. He was at once commanded to draft the reply himself, which he did to the entire satisfaction of his royal master. Ever since Rama Iyen rose in His Highness' favour and was always consulted and confided in by the Maharaja."

In 1729, A. D., when Marthanda Varma Raja became the ruler of the State, Rama Iyen was made the palace Rayasom. The first business he was entrusted with was the duty of representing to the Pandiyan Government the absurdity of the claims of the Thampies over the State. Pappu Thampy and Raman Thampy, the sons of the late Maharaja, appealed to the Governor of the Pandyan Government that the Raja Marthanda Varma had usurped the throne to which they were the rightful heirs. The Governor instituted an enquiry to which Rama Iyen was sent. He went to the Governor, represented the claims of every one very intelligently and got the decision in favour of the Raja.

Then Rama Iyen turned his attention to putting down the Ettuveetil Pillamars, Thampies &c. These formed a conspiracy to kill the Raja when he accompanied the Arat procession to the Beach. This conspiracy was secretly found out by Rama Iyen and he collected a sufficient force to escort them during the Arat procession. When the conspirators saw the Royal party had a greater force than they expected, they kept aloof from doing any mischief. Soon all the conspirators were tried and executed near Kalkulam. Thus, the enemies were killed.

Since Rama Iyen was living with the Vanjipuzha Chief—a great warrior of Central Travancore, he studied from the chief the art of war &c. Now Rama Iyen began to distinguish himself. In connection with a certain adoption in the Quilon Raja's family from Kayangulam, a war ensued between Travancore on the one side and the Rajas of Quilon, Kayangulam and Cochin on the other side. In 1734, a powerful army was sent against the enemies by the Maharaja under the command of Thanu Pillai assisted by Rama Iyen. In the war the Kayangulam Raja was killed but his brother took the field and the war continued. Rama Iyen seeing the fierceness of the war and seeing that his army was insufficient, at once went to Tinnevely and collected a regiment of Maravars under Ponnai Pandya Devan and also 1,000 mounted sepoy and marched through Kottara-

kata. On the consent of the Dalawah, Rama Iyen himself assumed the chief command and utterly defeated the Kayangulam Raja and his forces. The Kayangulam Raja at once sued for peace and a truce was concluded.

In recognition of this success our Secretary Rama Iyen was made Deputy Prime Minister.

In 1734, Kottarakara Raja died, leaving a Rane as his successor. The prime minister of this State ruled it very badly and so the Maharaja annexed the State and asked the Rane to live in peace either at Trivandram or at Kottarakara. The Rane thus lived at Kottarakara.

In 1734, the Raja of Quilon died and the Kayangulam Raja took possession of his country. This resulted in the 2nd Kayangulam war.

About this time the Dalawah Arumugam Pillai died and he was succeeded by his brother Thanu Pillai; but he also died soon and our Rama Iyen, Deputy Prime Minister, was appointed Dalawah in 1737.

Rama Iyen had now become Dalawah and Commander-in-Chief and his work was not an easy one.

The Cochin Raja, the Dutch Governor of Ceylon and Cochin, and the Kayangulam Raja joined together against the Maharaja and Rama Iyen, and began to make war. The Dutch Governor wanted to check the advance of the Maharaja; so he took the cause of the Kottarakara Rane and in 1741 installed her as queen and protected her against the Maharaja. But the Maharaja and the Dalawah attacked her and she fled to Cochin. Soon the Dutch force attacked Midalam, Tangacherry, Kadiyapattanam and other places and came to Eraniel. The Dalawah and the Maharaja planned the form of attack. A number of boats manned by expert fishermen with soldiers were first launched into the sea to watch the movements of the Dutch vessels. The Dalawah then stationed his troops between Nagercoil and Eraniel. The war against the Dutch lasted for two months and in the end the Dutch force were utterly defeated and thrown into confusion and disorder and the Dutch retreated leaving several dead and wounded. Some 24 of them were taken prisoners and they were sent to Udayagiri Fort. Then the siege of Colachel Fort began and the enemy fled to Cochin. The result of this siege was, 389 muskets, a few pieces of cannon and a number of swords fell into the hands of our Dalawah.

Rama Iyen treated the Dutch prisoners with great kindness. Of these, two of them attracted his special notice—Eustatius D'Lanoy and Donadi. D'Lanoy was asked to train some of the sepoy and he was made Captain of the army and he disciplined the army on European principles.

About this time a large force of Marauders under the command of Chaunda Sahib and

Bada Sahib, entered Travancore from the south and did all sorts of damages to several of the temples. The temple Car at Suchindram was burnt. Rama Iyen was at once ordered to meet them. He went against them with a large force, but seeing that his force is no match for them, he sent them away by giving them rich presents &c. When he found that he could not gain his object by fighting, he took to conciliatory measures.

In 1743, Rama Iyen went against Kayangulam. The Dutch gave all sorts of help to the Kayangulam Raja. In the beginning the Raja of Kayangulam got some slight successes and so he assumed the offensive and attacked Kilimanoor Fort, but the Raja was completely defeated by the ability of Rama Iyen. Then Rama Iyen marched against Kayangulam and defeated all the forces of the Raja and drove them away. The Raja then sued for peace and a treaty was concluded by which he promised to be a tributepaying ally, paying Rs. 1,000 and an elephant annually.

Then Kottayam Raja and Vadakankoor Raja, the allies of the Raja of Kayangulam, were next attacked and their territories added to Travancore. The Quilon Raja also was humbled and his country annexed to Travancore. All these things were done by Rama Iyen in a very short time. Now the Dutch also came to terms with the Travancore Dalawah. The Dutch wanted to get several privileges in Travancore but the Dalawah could not grant their requests. At last Rama Iyen made a treaty under the following conditions and the Dutch were forced to accept it. The treaty was concluded in 1753 by which "Travancore and the Dutch should be mutual friends; Travancore should not permit any other European power to acquire a footing in its territories; the English factories at Anjengo, Edava, Villajam should leave undisturbed; that the English should not be allowed greater advantages than they were entitled to. The Dutch should not in any way aid the enemies of Travancore or give them refuge. The two contracting powers should apprehend and deliver up deserters to each other. Travancore should afford every protection to the Dutch resorting to its territories; that Travancore should restore to the Dutch such goods and men as belonged to them and may be wrecked on the Travancore Coast. Travancore should compel its subjects to fulfil mercantile contracts with the Dutch and abstain from levying any unusually heavy duty on the goods of the Dutch who should renounce all their engagements with the Malabar Princes and particularly with those against whom Travancore intended to go to war. The Dutch should supply Travancore with the munitions of war annually, to the value of Rs. 12,000 at cost price. Travancore should sell every year to the Dutch a stated quantity of pepper at certain fixed rates

from territories then in the possession of Travancore and also another stated quantity from those territories which Travancore might conquer thereafter."

The Cochin Raja also promised to be on friendly terms with Travancore. At this time the Raja of Kayangulam put off paying the promised tribute, thinking it to be below his dignity to pay tribute. Rama Iyen wanted to enforce payment and threatened to attack Kayangulam in case the promised tribute was not paid soon. The Raja submitted and asked for 10 days' leave to pay the promised amount; and it was granted. Having got 10 days' leave the Raja sent secretly his family and treasure, silver, gold, &c., to North Travancore and at last he himself went away. After these 10 days, Rama Iyen came to the Kayangulam Palace and found it deserted but he got several letters, swords, &c. of Ampalapuzha Raja. Now Kayangulam was annexed without a blow.

Rama Iyen next went against the Raja of Ambalapuzha, (who was secretly helping Kayangulam Raja against Travancore). When the Ambalapuzha Raja heard of this he sent his well-trained force under his able general "Muthoo Panikkar" and they met the Travancore Army at Thottappelly. The Ambalapuzha Sepoys were well-trained in archery and they had poisoned arrows and these did much damage to the Travancore Army. A great number of the Travancore Army died and the Dalawah had to retreat. But soon D'Lanoy and his troops came and war commenced again. The artillery of the Travancore Army fought very successfully and the army of the Ambalapuzha Raja was defeated. Rama Iyen, Dalawah at once went to Ambalapuzha and entered the palace of the Raja and saw the Raja playing on his favourite game of Chess. The Raja was taken prisoner and sent to Trivandram. When the Raja submitted the Commander-in-Chief, Mathoo Panikkar, and the high priest of the Raja Thekkatathu Bhattathiri, went to Rama Iyen and tendered their submission to Travancore and in return the Dalawah got them certain privileges which their descendants enjoy even to the present day.

Next year Rama Iyen went to war against the Raja of Changanacherry. Collecting a large army of Nairs from the South Rama Iyen marched to Aranmolay with D'Lanoy's Veterans, where the Raja of Changanacherry encamped. On the mere sight of Rama Iyen, Dalawah, the Raja fled to the North. Rama Iyen then marched to his capital and drove away his troops and thus his territories were taken possession of. "The State treasury, jewels, arms, accoutrements and property of a considerable value fell into Rama Iyen's hands, among which were some guns and mortars of European manufacture, besides some clocks and time-pieces, 28 in

number." Rama Iyen then went to the North to settle the boundary of Travancore which has now extended up to the South Bank of the Periyar. "The newly acquired territories included those lying on the S.E. and North of the Cochin Raja's Capital, Tripoonithuray, with the exception of Alengad and Parur which were under their respective chiefs."

All the country South of Cranganore thus became Travancore territory. Thus, in 15 years Rama Iyen (of course under the kind patronage of the Maharaja) was able to extend the State from Edavaye to Periyar subjecting all the petty chieftains.

About this time the Ambalapuzha Raja escaped from his place of confinement and joined Thekkunkoor and Vadakankoor Rajas and Paliyathoo Achan and Kodasherry Earthavu and other nobles and asked the Cochin Raja to help them against Travancore. The Rajah of Cochin (not caring for his treaty of friendship) consented and collected boats and army and started by sea. But the Dutch Governor gave secret information of their coming to the Maharaja who at once dispatched Rama Iyen to the North to attack and defeat them. When the enemy landed at Perakad, they found to their surprise Rama Iyen ready to fight them. The Cochin Army was cut to pieces; the leaders Paliyathu Menon Karthavu and others were taken prisoners. Rama Iyen then went to the North, reached Madathumkara, the Southern boundary of the Cochin Raja, and took the Cochin Raja's palace there and next marched to Arukutty and encamped in that place. Rama Iyen wanted to march into Cochin and conquer that State also, but he was called back and ordered to come direct to Trivandram without marching any further, for the Cochin Raja now made peace with the Maharaja. Otherwise, Cochin State also would have been added to Travancore by Rama Iyen.

Seeing that the Dalawah and the Maharaja are busy fighting in North Travancore the Governor of Madura and Tinnevely, Moodemiah by name, annexed Kalakad, Valliyoer, and other places to the possessions of the Nabob of the Carnatic. But Rama Iyen soon repaired to the spot, saw the Governor, got back all these places by giving him rich presents.

In 930 M.E. the Nawab of Carnatic appointed Maphuz Khan in place of Moodemiah and this new Governor again took Kalakad and other places. Now Moodemiah, the dismissed Governor, came to Travancore, collected some troops with the help of Rama Iyen and with their joint efforts they got back these places for Travancore safe. Thus, Travancore now extended from Kalakad to Periyar.

The same year Rama Iyen had to carry on a war with the Zamorin's forces. The Zamorin

of Calicut after attacking the Cochin Raja sent an army to Porakad. The Dutch informed the Dalawah of this previously and the Dalawah Rama Iyen was ready at Porakad when they landed. A fight ensued, and several of the enemies' boats were captured and destroyed and several drowned. Thus ended all his fights and wars. Rama Iyen was in the course of a few years able to capture the whole of Travancore. Indeed he is a great warrior.

Next we shall see his administrative capacity. Rama Iyen, besides being a great warrior, was an able administrator, and a statesman of no mean order. While he was busy preparing for the war with Kayangulam, he was also engaged in making several improvements in the city. Several public buildings and palaces were repaired and built at his supervision. "The old reservoir called Padmathicceram was drained and enlarged; flights of granite steps on the four sides of the tank down to its bottom in the shape of ladders, for the convenience of the people going down and coming up from the tank were also erected. After a few years strong forts with granite walls were constructed enclosing the Maharaja's residence at Padmanabhapuram, a still larger one surrounding a Hill at Udayagiri; and a third at Cape Comorin, etc. . . . bastions, batteries and powder magazines were also constructed at intervals. An iron foundry was established at Udayagiri where cannons, mortars and balls, were cast and all the batteries were supplied with the necessary pieces of artillery." Then D' Lanoy was sent to the North to repair the fortifications of the newly conquered chiefs.

At the same time rules were introduced curtailing the independent power of the Yogakkar in the great pagoda at Trivandram and reserving supreme power over the Dava-swam to Maharaja.

Then Rama Iyen's attention was turned towards establishing a commercial system: depots were opened at Padmanabhapuram, Quilon, Trivandram, Mavelikara, and other places, and pepper, tobacco, arecanut, and other articles were stored by the sircar and sold to Merchants wholesale and retail, all private dealings in these articles being prohibited.

"Then Rama Iyen introduced the System of Chowkeys for levying duties on all articles transmitted and transported from place to place," and a plan for manufacturing salt was also adopted. Salt banks were opened in the important centres of the State and he moved himself about on circuit from place to place, inspecting every thing and making them understand how the officers should work according to the new System.

He also made several rules and regulations to check the accountants of the State and also

made certain fixed accounts and with great care and attention which made the expenditure of the State less than the income. These fixed accounts are closely observed even to this day.

Rama Iyen wanted to replace the mud walls of the Trivandram Fort by granite walls and he began the work, but before the work is finished he died. Even now we see that part of the wall is made of granite stones and the remaining portion of mud and no other Dewan attempted to complete it. Now Travancore is under the fostering care of the benign British Government, and there is no need of these walls.

In 926 Rama Iyen framed certain rules for payment of taxes on lands and gardens and then commenced a Survey of these lands and completed it in 929. "The first Ayakettu accounts were framed and the holders of the lands and gardens were furnished with a Pathivu.

Under Rama Iyen's supervision, several good roads were made and several canals opened, for the convenience of the travellers and merchants. While carrying on his laborious work, he fell ill at Mavelikara in 931 (1756); the Maharaja was very sorry when he heard of Rama Iyen's illness and sent the Elaya Raja Bala Rama Varma to proceed to Mavelikara and visit Rama Iyen and ascertain from him his last wishes.

"Rama Iyen disclaimed any personal right to the proposed honor, saying that he was merely an instrument in the hands of his Royal Master, but observed at the same time that he had accomplished all his aims for the good of the Kingdom, but the only matter in which he was disappointed was that he was not permitted to conquer and annex the whole of the Cochin Raja's territories and add that Raja's name to the Travancore Pension List." Soon after the Elaya Raja left the place Rama Iyen died. His death was a severe blow to the Maharaja. Rama Iyen was Secretary to the Raja for 8 years and Prime Minister for 19 years. The noticeable thing was that during these 27 years in which an ordinary man may have earned a good deal, Rama Iyen had no ambition for money and learned nothing. He had no private property of any kind.

Though a Hindu Brahmin, Rama Iyen was not married. He would laugh at his friends if they said that his soul would not be saved if the funeral rites were not performed by his son. Several of his friends and relations tried to persuade him marry, but he paid no attention to them and remained an unmarried man. But some say he was married and his wife died at childbirth. In the State Manual Mr. Nagam Iyer says, "Another domestic incident also helped to estrange Rama Iyen's feelings from home and kith and centre them all on his Royal Master and his affairs; Rama Iyen seldom visited Aruvik-

* Mr. Shungunny Menon's Travancore History.

kara where his wife and brothers were living except in connection with his parents' anniversaries and his wife rarely accompanied him to Trivandram to live with him there owing to his heavy pressure of official work in the Palace where his presence was constantly required. He had no son. His brother Gopala Iyen had sons, one of whom Rama Iyen wanted to adopt but was not permitted to do so. This conduct of his brother offended Rama Iyen deeply and led to his leaving home in disgust. Rama Iyen had thus no family concerns to attend to and, therefore, devoted himself heart and soul to his Royal Master's service." This event shows that he was married, but Mr. Shungunny Menon, in his history, denies the fact.

In one of the issues of the "*Calcutta Review*" H. H. Visakom Thirunal, the late Maharaja of Travancore, says "Marthanda Varma was served by one of the noblest of ministers. Sully did not serve Henry IV of France more ably and faithfully than Rama Iyen did Marthanda Varma. Rama Iyer was unrelenting, unsparing and often unscrupulous to his master's enemies, but his self was merged completely in that of his master. He was as fearless in the Council Room as he was in the battlefield." Such was Rama Iyen, the able and energetic Statesman warrior, who had done great service to the model State—Travancore. His name is a household word and there are several songs in Travancore describing his various doings in the State.

R. KULATHU AIYAR.

The Ladies' Art Exhibition.

JULLUNDUR CITY.



THE Ladies' Art Exhibition, held in the last week of the last month of the last year, in connection with the anniversary of the Kanyamaha Vidyalaya was an unexpected success. It was a mere proposal up to the end of October and no one believed in its feasibility, until L. Hans Raj, Bar-at-Law, being appointed the Hon. Secretary sent the Rules of the Exhibition for publication in the lead-

ing journals, and letters, to leading gentlemen in the provinces to help the Exhibitions. The public gladly responded to the call and exhibits began to pour in from all directions. The Directors of Public Instruction of the Punjab and Patiala deserve the special thanks of the Exhibition Committee, as they sent circulars to the girls'

schools under their control to send their work to the Exhibition. Nearly ladies of all creeds and all the provinces were represented in it—Parsis, Christians, Hindus, and Mohammedans. Letters of encouragement were received from Bengal, the United Provinces, etc. Nearly two thousand Exhibits came to the Exhibition. Mrs. Ram and Mrs. Hans Raj worked untiringly in arranging the stalls aesthetically, Mrs. Tehalram was also of great help. The Exhibition was opened by Mrs. Burlton, on the 21st at 12 o'clock, before an audience consisting of Europeans and the gentry of Jullundur. The public enjoyed this

unique treat for more than a week. The admission being by tickets, the Committee got about 200 rupees in hard cash by the sale of tickets. The sale proceeds of Exhibits amounted to only about four hundred Rupees as most of the articles were not meant for sale. The ladies of the Widow's Home were in charge of the Exhibition Rooms. Lala Lalji Ram was the very moving spirit of the Exhibition, his help being really a God-send. Thinking of the shortness of time at the disposal of the Committee, I can say that the Exhibition was an unqualified success.

Our Needle Work Column.

FANCY BAG IN SILK, PAINTED, EMBROIDERED AND ORNAMENTED WITH CORDS.



Fig. 1.—Enlarged Detail of work (Carried out in Painting and Embroidery) on Fancy Bag.

THIS bag, the design being different on both sides, is about eight inches long (including the frill at the top) and seven inches broad. The design, as shown in the enlarged detail, is transferred to shot silk (shimmering red and green) and then the painted part is

Our Cookery Column.

carried out in powdered aniline colours. These are diluted or liquefied with water mixed with cooking salt, the solution having just as much salt in it as can be easily absorbed. The mixing with salt prevents the colours running too rapidly on the material, but even so great care must be used.

The inner portion of the grounding is painted pale green, and the darker part outside this is dark green. When the painting is finished the embroidery is carried out in various shades of Filo-Floss silk, thick cord, and fine, medium and coarse gold thread and chenille.

The arrangement of the colours may be seen in the pattern which is given with every design or tracing, but where you are unable to procure this, your own individual taste will suggest harmonious and suitable colouring.

The embroidery is carried out in satin-stitch and stem-stitch, the former being worked with one or two threads of the silk according to the size of the portion of the design you are at work on. The chenille, used double, of which the lines forming the frame are made, must be fastened down to the material by stitches of the same coloured silk, the finer thread and cord being treated in the same way and the thicker sort being fastened down with invisible stitches. To do this untwist it a little, pass your stitch through a portion of it and twist it up again. The little balls in the border at the top are worked in satin-stitch framed in stem-stitch, which also forms the connecting lines, a French knot is worked top and bottom of each ball. The flower centres on the back of the bag (Fig. 5) are first worked in satin-stitch, and then French knots are worked on the top of that. The whole bag when finished is lined with pale green plush and completed by a frill of doubled taffetas at the top, and strings of the same about an inch wide. So as to lessen the work, only one side of the bag need be embroidered, the other being left plain, but of course the finishing-off would always be the same.



CELERY Soup.—

Take two heads of celery, and after thoroughly washing them, cut them up and boil till tender in some water with a large pinch of salt. Then put some butter into a saucepan and add the celery, which must be passed through a sieve first, add a pint of milk and a little cream. It must be stirred until it comes to the boil and serve immediately. Thicken with a little flour.

Jam Sandwich.—Ingredients for this are three eggs, the weight

of two of them in sugar, butter, ground rice, flour, and a teaspoonful of baking-powder. Beat the butter to a cream, add the sugar, then beat the eggs up and add them to the butter very slowly, beating well all the time; then add the ground rice, mix the baking-powder in with the flour, and then this to the other ingredients. A few drops of vanilla flavouring or any other if preferred is a great improvement. Grease the flat dishes well and spread the sandwich on to them, bake in a moderate oven to a nice brown, when cool spread with jam and place one sandwich on the top of another, sift castor sugar on to the top.

Tea Scones.—You require for this one pound of flour, half a pound of sugar, a quarter of a pound of butter, a quarter of a pound of currants, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, two eggs, and enough milk to make into a stiff paste. Mix the flour and baking-powder well together, rub in the butter as though for pastry; add the sugar and currants, then the eggs well beaten, and enough milk to make it into a smooth paste; roll out to about an inch thick, and cut into shape with a breakfast cup, and bake in a hot oven to a nice brown, cut open and butter and serve hot. They are baked on a meat-tin, which should be lightly greased.

Eggless Biscuits.—These biscuits are exceedingly good and not difficult to make. The ingredients for this are one breakfast-cupful each of flour, cornflour, or maizina, sugar, butter, and milk, one teaspoonful each of eggpowder, and baking-powder. Mix the flour, cornflour, eggpowder, and baking-powder together thoroughly rub in the butter, then add the sugar, add the milk, which should be sufficient to make it into a stiff paste. Roll this out thin, about a quarter of an inch thick, cut into shape with a biscuit-cutter, or the top of a tin, and bake in a quick oven to

a light brown. It is sufficient to flour a tin to bake the biscuits on, and not grease it.

"NONA."

It may interest "Our Girls" to know how tea is served up and enjoyed in other countries.

Moorish Tea is prepared from the green leaf and served with a strong infusion of mint in glasses. No milk is used, but a quantity of sugar.

In Switzerland tea is served up with a decanter of wine, either red or white, no milk, but a generous amount of sugar. This beverage is very refreshing, the flavour of the tea being by no means detracted from by the addition of a few spoonfuls of wine.

Thé à la Russe is served in tumblers with slices of lemon in the place of milk. In Russia tea is looked upon as a special delicacy, and the very best leaves are used to make a non-alcoholic liqueur, which is served in small China cups.

A friend, returned from China, told me that the apple blossom is there often used as a tea and considered a special delicacy. A tiny cup of hot water is served up with two or three apple blossoms swimming on the top.

In parts of Ceylon powdered tea is in vogue. Boiling water is poured over a spoonful of powdered tea and briskly stirred with a drumstick until it froths. Neither milk nor sugar are added.

Selections.

I. STREE BODHE JUBILEE.

REPRESENTATIVE GATHERING.

A LADIES' DAY.

A meeting of representative ladies and gentlemen of Bombay was held yesterday afternoon in the Framji Cowasji Institute to celebrate the jubilee of the *Stree Bodhe*, a Bombay Gujarati monthly. There was a large gathering, including a number of Mahomedan ladies who were accommodated in the gallery behind screens. The special feature of the meeting was the public appearance for the first time in Bombay of Mahomedan ladies as speakers.

On the motion of the Hon. Mr. Justice Chandavarkar, Mrs. Muir Mackenzie was voted to the chair.

Mrs. Muir Mackenzie, in opening the proceedings, said:—I feel very proud and pleased to preside to-day at this interesting gathering. First, because so many of the speakers are my friends, and, secondly, because it is a unique occasion. I fancy this must be the first time Hindu, English, Mahomedan and Parsi ladies

have met to speak in public from the same platform. We are in a way pioneers, and pioneers are always interesting. I think you all know my earnest desire and yearning to see the education of women grow and spread in every nation and among all classes. The position of women is not what it ought to be even in the West still less in the East. Woman has not yet attained to her full capacity and become what she has it in her to become; but the nation which first produces women of full mental stature will be the foremost nation on the earth. The *Stree Bodhe* motto is the right one. No nation, it says, can be great which does not educate the mothers of the race. It is a saying of Napoleon who was a great genius, and no man thinks or speaks rightly about the position of woman who does not possess a touch of genius. The man who is willing to sacrifice great future issues so that he can enjoy a moderate ideal in the present, is very far removed from being either genius or sage. He is the man we all know as a good man, a kind man, an honest man but he does not look beyond to-day. He does not trouble himself about the future of the human race or the part woman is to play in it. He frankly prefers as a wife, a gentle companion who will admire his cleverness, but she need not necessarily be clever and educated herself—better she should not be too clever according to his ideal. Another race of men must come into existence with a grander ideal of what women should be. Such a race can come into existence if mothers will train their sons to think rightly about the education of women. Mothers should take care to give their daughters facilities for education, equal to those which they give their sons and point out to them that their sisters' education is quite as important as theirs, because the sisters will some day be the mothers of sons themselves. Let us educate the man child in these ideas and the world's opinion will change for the better. This gathering shows that there is no reason to be discouraged at the progress which is being made in the education of Indian women. Already there are Indian lady graduates—girls who have successfully passed through college courses. This is in itself a wonderful thing. For, it is only for the last fifty years that England and Europe and America can show such girls and women. India might well be content if its women were not further educated than the girls of England fifty or a hundred years ago. But while some Indian girls have leapt to the front, it must not be forgotten that multitudes remain behind; and your ideal should, I think, be to spread the humbler and more elementary forms of education among the many rather than to make graduates of the few. And I would say a word to the men. There are leaders among the Indian people who are

afraid of educating and bringing out their women. Their fears are groundless. The experience of the West is that women improve with knowledge their womanly qualities no less than men increase with knowledge their virile virtues. I did not mean to speak at any length, but I have been carried away by a subject which lies very near my heart. The time has come for to give way to the speakers of this afternoon, and I will call upon Lady Cowasji Jehangir to give her address.

ANCIENT IRANIS.

•Lady Jehangir, Cowasji Jehangir who was the first speaker, addressed the meeting in Gujarati. She took for her subject "Ancient Iranis: their Manners and Customs." She said the present civilized condition which the Parsis now enjoyed and which they owed to Western education, was once enjoyed by their forefathers in their native land of Iran. The ancient Iranis gave education the first place in their national life, as they considered that it was the basis of a good moral, social, and political system. In those days mental education went hand in hand with physical training. In fact, physical training formed an essential part of the national educational system. It consisted chiefly of riding and archery. Female education was by no means neglected. The ancient Irani women received an education which qualified them to be good housewives. Every girl was taught to look upon matrimony as a religious duty, and was left to choose her own husband. Wedding presents were mostly confined to the bride, and the bridegroom dared not extort money from his father-in-law. Divorce was altogether unknown. In the Avesta age a man could not have two wives at the same time; polygamy was a vice which was adopted from the Greeks in a later period. Instances of marriage with non-Zoroastrians were rare, in these cases brides only were of a different faith. It was considered most degrading for a Persian woman to marry a man of different faith. Socially the woman was on the same level with the man, and enjoyed the same rights and privileges. The wife was not subordinate to her husband. She was not his slave, but was his help-mate. The ancient Iranis attached great importance to three kinds of charity; (1) helping in a quiet manner a respectable family reduced to poverty; (2) helping a person with money to enable him to get him self educated; and (3) helping a person with advice or money to get him or her married. The stream of charity which flowed in those ancient times had still continued to flow, and the Parsis had every reason to be proud of this noble inheritance. Lady Jehangir concluded by saying that scattered as they now were, the Parsis must feel satisfaction in their heart of hearts for being the descendants

of such a noble race and should try in their power to maintain the glorious traditions of the ancient Persian. (Applause).

NEWSPAPER INFLUENCE.

Mrs. Ali Akbar then delivered the following speech:—

I must ask at the outset your forgiveness in undertaking the impossible task of even venturing to sketch the outlines of a vast subject like "Newspapers and their influence on Women." However impossible the task, the charm of handling it on the occasion of the Jubilee celebration of a paper like the "*Stree Bodhe*" is irresistible and that fact is my excuse for the indulgence which I ask at your hands. The word "News" is a potent one and an acrostic of the initial letters of the word North, East, West, and South, and that alone clearly indicates its enormous and extensive scope of survey. The influence which such an instrument as a newspaper is bound to wield is writ large on all minds except perhaps one, and that is my unfortunate Indian sister. It is my desire to point this out to-day. Before I do so I must recapitulate very shortly what a newspaper is? What it can do, and what it ought to do for the land of Ind in the cause of Social Reform and the enlightenment of my sisters of this soil?

The press is a mighty organ and when we look back into history we may put down the discovery of printing as the great reforming influence of social life. To the press we owe the dissemination of several kinds of truths and true civilization follows a free press. The press is a great weapon and may be compared to the lash of the scourger or the balm of the physician. We can apply the whip and we can heal the wounded, we can equally assist the poor to his own, and open up the feelings of compassion for the friendless equally through the press. We can expose the wickedness of some and shortcomings of others. In fact the newspaper is now a "*sine qua non*" to any one who takes the least interest in any burning question of the day or desires to keep abreast of the times.

The great advance of journalism during the latter half of the 19th century and the ever-spreading influence of the daily papers have at last created a general interest in newspapers. The ever-increasing activity of life, specially of commercial life, is reflected in the history of the newspaper press. Art, music, drama and sport receive their own share along with science, literature and general news of the day.

Such is the benefit conferred by a well-conducted newspaper. What influence then, could such a weapon command if it were introduced into Zenanas and Harems or in secluded Hindu female circles?

I would appeal to Social Reformers to find means to make newspaper reading possible in their own homes. Not much education is needed to enable the girl or the mother to read the daily news thus provided. What they must devise is to get such reading cheaply and of a better class. Little can these Social Reformers dream of the helping hand they will thus receive in support of their own cause, for it be the girl or the mother the constant reading from newspapers of the struggle that is taking place in the world, the infusion of the knowledge from all parts of the globe and the striking advances in all the corners of the earth are bound to produce an effect which no amount of preaching can achieve.

Napoleon I has spoken thus of the power of journalism "A journalist is a grumbler, a censorer, a giver of advice, a regent of sovereigns, a tutor of nations. Four hostile newspapers are more to be feared than a thousand bayonets."

Then, again, we have to look to its educational effect. Now-a-days newspapers are worked up to such a pitch of literary merit that to a reader of novels chapters of interesting reading are provided. To a sportsman or a financier the daily stir in these respective lines is well and truly marked out for its edification. To a Politician and Social Reformer all news pertaining to those branches are faithfully depicted. Be one inclined for business or to literary flights, he will not lack any information in these directions. Such, such is power and influence of newspapers. We have them in Vernacular, we have them in English. If our ladies take to serious and careful reading of them not only their educational wants be supplied to a certain extent, but what is more, they will study the trend of the advance of civilisation and be able to mark its progress and be in a position to judge as to its good and its bad side and be able to learn to a certain extent for themselves the efficacy of following one or another mode, thought or feeling, as may best suit their own environment and surroundings and which may be expected from their light of reflections to yield the greatest good. It behoves, therefore, every true reformer to place before the ladies of their families such newspapers as are well informed, correct and readable and to inculcate in them the love of reading during all available leisure moments. The idea may sound light to some, but to them I appeal to look below the surface and if a trial be given, they are sure in course of time to discover a gold mine. It should be an axiomatic fact with all true lovers of humanity that we cannot any longer afford to keep our women folk in the background that they must be made to take part in all things natural to their instincts and above all they must be prepared to stand on equal intellectual foot-

ing with their European sisters and to accomplish this our friend, the newspaper, will be a powerful instrument wielding an enormous influence for good and by doing this a great benefit is bound in course of time to be reaped in the cause of social reform.

In conclusion, let me say that an excellent illustration of my remarks is to be found in the newspaper whose 50th anniversary we are celebrating to-day. Itself one of the pioneers we hope, that many may follow in its steps. If, in the time to come, a development of newspapers for lady readers takes place as we hope it may, it will be pleasant for the proprietors of the "*Stree Bodhi*" to feel that they were one of the first to enter the field and to give the useful example to others.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu in an eloquent address in English impressed upon her hearers the necessity of giving education to the Indian women as a means of bringing about the social reforms which were so urgently advocated. Their woman had ample capacity for acquiring mental culture. In fact, they had inherited it from ancient times. But she urged that the education of women should not be confined to the narrow limit of attending schools, but should have broader basis of culture which fitted them to take their proper place in the world. She thought the purdah system was one great stumbling block in the way of social reforms in this country. From her experience of Hyderabad she knew that Mahomedan ladies of high social position, on whom purdah was most rigidly enforced, felt the disadvantages of the system, and were yearning for a time when they could discard it. Of course, it was not possible to abolish the system all at once, but she thought that if a proper system of education was introduced and pushed on, the evil custom of purdah would gradually die out.

Mrs. Herleker addressed the meeting in Marathi. She said this was a red letter day in the history of women's education in India. The ancient history of India was full of heroines. But the country degenerated slowly and ignorance ruled supreme. Education under the British rule, however, opened the eyes of men and called their attention to their own degeneration. They learned that it was their first and foremost duty to educate the girls, the future mothers of the country. Their own ancient history and the history of their civilized nations encourage them in their new faith. Now, they found a number of well-educated ladies among them, some of whom were doctors, artists, nurses, teachers, writers and speakers. Though it was but a small number when compared to the vast population of the country, it was by no means small com-

to the constant difficulties in their way. They might well be proud of it. Their Parsi sisters, however, surpassed all others. There were many independent, clever, and educated ladies in that community. The *Stree Bodhi*, the jubilee of which they were celebrating that day, was for a long time conducted by the late Mr. K. N. Kabraji, and after him by his two accomplished daughters, Misses Kabraji, who deserved great credit for the useful work they were doing. The golden day for India would be, when knowledge spread all over the country, even through the remotest villages as in Japan, when social evils like early marriages and child-widows were rooted out, and when society would abound in useful women workers.

II. FEMALE EDUCATION IN MADRAS.

A GREAT DEAL IS BOTH SAID AND WRITTEN ON the subject of the indifference of the Hindus and Mahomedans to the education of their wives and daughters. The publication of the Quinquennial Report of the Director of Public Instruction, Madras, enables us to form some idea as to whether in these two communities female education is really making progress or not. From the facts given by the Director we learn the number of girls actually at school, and we can also form some idea of the character of the instruction they are receiving. Five years ago there were in this Presidency 130,432 girls at school and now there are 164,706, being an increase in the quinquennium of 26 per cent. This appears satisfactory, especially when we learn that this rate of increase is a higher one than that of the boys. Our satisfaction, however, is somewhat lessened when we are told that these figures mean that out of every 100 girls of school-going age only 6 are actually at school. Moreover, these figures include those for Europeans, a community in which almost every girl between the ages of 6 and 16 is at school, and those for native Christians, who, as a rule, are fully alive to the advantage of educating their daughters.

A somewhat extraordinary feature of female education is the fact that more girls are reading in boys' schools than in girls' schools. Eleven out of every twenty girls under instruction are to be found in schools in which the majority of the pupils are boys. We do not agree with the Director of Public Instruction, who seems to think that, because boys' schools are rather mixed schools, are less expensive to maintain, therefore it is not an undesirable thing that so many girls should be found in them. It is certainly better that girls should attend schools for boys rather than no school at all. But those who are con-

versant with the state of feeling in the Hindu and Mahomedan communities on the mixing of boys and girls in schools know that this fact means that the school career of those girls who attend boys' schools must be of the shortest possible duration. This inference is confirmed when we enquire into the number of girls in the different stages of instruction. In 1906-'07 there were three non-Brahmin Hindu girls studying in Arts Colleges. These were the sole representatives of the Hindu community, and of Mahomedan young women it need hardly be said there were none. In the highest stage of school education, that is in the Upper Secondary forms, the Director states the number of Hindu girls to be "trifling," and that there is not a single Mahomedan girl. In the Lower Secondary stage about one-quarter of the girls are Hindus and there are "even a few" Mahomedan girls; the rest are Native Christians and Europeans. It is only in the lowest stage of instruction, that of the first four or five years, that the number of girls at school bears any appreciable proportion of school age. More than seven-eighths of all the girls at school are in this lowest stage and, more serious still, one half of these, or 40 per cent. of the whole 164,000, are in the lowest class of all, the infant class. The number of girls returned as in the first year of their education in 1905-'06 was 61,126. In the following year these girls should be in the second year's class, but in the returns for 1906-'07, instead of 61,000 we find only 31,000, that is, 30,000 girls had discontinued their studies at the end of one year. In other words, one half of the whole number of Hindu and Mahomedan girls sent to school complete their education in the infant class.

What is an education which ends at this stage worth? At the utmost the children learn to read familiar words of two syllables, to count up to twenty, to sing simple action songs and to answer very easy questions about objects of everyday life. The Director recognises the fact. He says:—"The rapidity with which the numbers diminish from the first to the second and from the second to the third school year seem to indicate that to some extent the infant classes are regarded more as a crèche where children too young to be of use for household or other duties may be placed out of the parents' way for a portion of the day, rather than as a place where a beginning may be made in their education. However, this limited function of the schools is not to be despised." We do not despise this function, but we are not content that in the case of one-half the girls under instruction the schools should be to them nothing more than a crèche. The falling off in numbers as the girls pass from the second to the third and from the third to the fourth year is not as serious

as in the first stage. But the end of the fourth year seems to be an even more serious crisis than the end of the first year. Out of 16,000 girls studying for a fourth year less than 7,000 are found in the fifth year class. In the sixth year the number falls to 2,173, and these are almost entirely Europeans and Native Christians.

Three facts stand out clear, viz., (1) that one-half the Hindu and Mohammedan girls "under instruction" are infants sent to school for a few months in order that their parents may be relieved of the care of them during the day time; (2) that of those who are sent to school after their first year three out of every four simply pass through what was known under the old classification as the Lower Primary stage, and (3) that with very few exceptions, indeed, the rest only study for one year more. The Department must be aware of these facts, but it does not appear to be doing all in its power to alter them. The Director laments that there is little evidence of any serious indigenous effort to secure the education of girls. Is the Department encouraging what little indigenous effort exists? For many years past girls' schools under private Managers have received larger grants than boys' schools. It was recognised that the cost of maintaining a girls' school was greater than that of a boys' school of the same standard. Moreover, the fees paid by girls are much less than those which can be obtained from boys. Now, in the Grant-in-Aid Code issued in 1906 the grants which were offered to schools for girls were exactly the same as those for boys. The whole of the special financial encouragement previously given to the education of girls came to an end. It is frankly admitted by the Department that the want of progress in the last year of the quinquennium is due to this new policy. We agree with this admission. The method, too, by which Elementary schools are aided under the new Code has tended to aggravate the evil of so large a proportion of girls being found in the infant class and of so few of them continuing their studies more than three or four years. Under former Codes, the higher the class in which a pupil studied, the more valuable was he for grant-earning purposes. Now, the same rate of grant is given for all pupils whatever the class they are reading in. It is, therefore, obviously to the interest of the teacher-manager to crowd his infant class, as he can obtain his grant at much less trouble to himself than if he had the same number of pupils in higher classes.

We believe that the withdrawal of the special financial help which Government formerly gave to girls' schools has worked injuriously. It has created the impression that Government are indifferent to the cause of female education. We

note that the Director is prepared, if necessary, to recommend a reversion to the old policy, on the ground that until the public becomes more fully alive to the immense advantage of educating the mothers of its boys, no efforts should be relaxed even if they include the offering of an extra pecuniary advantage to teachers and Managers. We do not attach so much importance to the actual amount of money put into the pockets of teachers as to the necessity of Governments making it clear that they are really in earnest in this matter. The officials of the Department must be made to understand that the furtherance of female education is as essential a part of their work as is the furtherance of any other branch of education.

What has been done for and by Indian Ladies.

A LADY'S FUNCTION IN BOMBAY.—The 'Stree Badhe Jubilee Celebration' which took place a few days ago, was an altogether unique event. The celebration lasted a week, and was the most catholic in its aims. Mrs. Muir Mackenzie, who has been earning golden opinions in Bombay by her active sympathy with every philanthropic movement, occupied the chair, and a number of striking addresses were delivered by Parsi, Hindu, Muhammadan and English ladies on various subjects pertaining to the advancement of Indian womanhood. The more notable among the speakers were Lady Cowasji Jehangir, who spoke in Gujarati on the subject of the ancient Iranis; Mrs. Ali Akbar, who dwelt on the subject of newspapers and their influence on women, and Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, the well-known Bengali poetess, who made an earnest appeal for the abolition of the *purdah* system. It is noteworthy that a large number of Muhammadan *purdah* ladies took part in the celebration. Mrs. Muir-Mackenzie made an excellent President, and her speech was eminently worthy of the occasion. An interesting feature of the celebration was the gathering of some five hundred Hindu, Muhammadan and Parsi girls, who were selected from the different schools in Bombay. They marched in procession through the streets, and assembled in the Town Hall, where they gave a most enjoyable entertainment, comprising songs, dances and gymnastic displays. A writer thus describes the scene in the *Bombay Gazette*: "The Muhammadan girls in their beautifully embroidered satin trousers held hands with the demure Hindu maidens in their clinging *saris* or the Parsis in their embroidered velvet caps and Europeanised raiment. The intense interest of the scene lay not so much in its prettiness, but in its significance and in the thought that during the space of fifty years these things had come to pass." The celebration was brought to a close by an evening party at which Hindu, Muhammadan, Parsi and English ladies met together in friendly social intercourse.

LADIES' LECTURES IN BANGALORE.

THE SREENIVASA MANDIRAM.

(From a Correspondent.)

There has been no lack of interest or enthusiasm in the working of this section. The work is maintained by the ladies as usual. The reporting of the proceedings to the papers is the work of a small office, and the ladies find it difficult to secure services of coadjutors to help them in this respect. For the last three or four weeks, owing to certain inconveniences and the indisposition of the Secretary, it was not possible to communicate the transactions. The essays read by Sowba. yavatis Kempamma, Subbamma of Mamoolpet, and Seethamma of Chickpet, on "Dharma" and the "Art of speaking well" and on the "Life and Incidents in the story of Savitri," were all edifying and instructive. The last essay on the "Bringing up of children," read by Sow. Seethamma of Lalbagh, on the afternoon of Saturday, the 1st instant, was an educative one. Certain examples were given from Japan mothers as to how they reared their children and how such children became fit for the struggle of life in this world. She regretted that want of education and their ignorance were the main causes why their offspring were so much degenerated. It was a pity, she observed, that some mothers thought that it was not decent if they did not appoint milk-maids and allowed suckling of children themselves. It is by mother's milk that life is greatly sustained. It is the nature's food for the child and it cannot be denied to it. Next, she expatiated on the various stages of the growth of the child and finally brought it to its boy-hood or girl-hood, and left him or her to the care of the father, for education and further progress. There was a lady by name, Sow. Bhavanamma, who made an excellent *extempore* speech, appreciating the lecture and the usefulness of associations of this kind. She said that the movement was a great one and hoped that her responsible sisters would make it a success. Both at the commencement and at the close of the proceedings, the audience were entertained by the playing of *veena*, by one of the daughters of the retired Sub Judge, Mr. C. B. Seshgeri Rao.

On Saturday next, the 8th instant, at 3-30 P. M. Mrs. P. Palpu, (Sow. Bhagavathamma) will read a paper on "What our duty is in the present age."

THE SRINIVASA MANDIRAM.

LADIES' SECTION.

Though Saturday, the 8th instant, was a day of a great feast day, called *Rudrasaptami*, still the attendance of ladies for the lecture delivered by Sow. Bhagavathamma, (Mrs. P. Palpu) on "duty," was a pretty large one. There were present about 70 ladies.

The lecturer explained duty in all its phases. It was too comprehensive, she said, to give a single and an exact definition. The word duty covers every idea of an embellishing and an all-useful life. Useful both the ways—mundane and spiritual. She quoted appropriate verses from Bhagavatgita, Mahabharata and other important books, how duty was taught to them by Lord Sri Krishna, and other divine personages. The object

for such great souls to incarnate in the world was the establishment of duty; otherwise called *Dharma*. The three Macharyas Sankara, Ramanuja and Madhva-charya, added the weight of their own lofty preachings for the guidance of human race in understanding, what this duty meant. Duty was a material circumstance which man and woman, irrespective of creed, color, or caste, should learn, study and respect. Buddha, Christ and Mohammed, exhibited duty by their own actions in the exemplary and glorious lives they lived. They have all taught us the ways to know what our duties are towards man and God. Further, the subject was well illustrated by two Puranic stories, wherein duty alone was the end and aim of the epoch-making characters, therein described.

It was indeed a difficult task to Sow. Bhagavathamma to write so exhaustively the lecture first in Mala Malan and then to translate it into Kanarese for the benefit of her sisters. She is rendering in this way a good service to the Ladies' Association. Sow. Sharadabai, helped her in reading the lecture.

With a vote of thanks to the lecturer, it was announced that the next lecture on "Female Education," will be delivered by Sow. S. N. Parvathamma, on Saturday afternoon, 3-30 P. M., the 15th instant. Those Hindu ladies that are interested in the amelioration of the condition of their sisters, are earnestly requested to grace the occasion with their presence. The Association regrets to note the coldness of some of their well-to-do members. It will be an encouraging circumstance if all of them helped this Association in its growth to make it permanent.

THE SREENIVASA MANDIRAM.—There were more than a hundred ladies present at the gathering of the Ladies' Section of the above Institution on Saturday last, the 22nd instant. Some ladies of position and influence also graced the occasion with their presence.

Srinathi Rukmaniamma's discourse on "Self and Non-self," though a technical subject was treated somewhat in a popular way. She said that it was very difficult even for learned scholars to define what is Self and non-Self. Self is interpreted in many ways. That which is not permanent and not lasting is non-Self. That which is always-existent, ever permanent and ever real is Self. To be correct, Self is individual Soul; and non-Self is that which is opposed to it. As explained in Sita, Ramanjaneya (a Telugu work on Advaitism) Self is called *Atma* and non-Self, *Anatma*. *Anatma* is quite different from *Atma*. *Atma* is the highest personal principle of life composed of understanding, intellect, mind, and faculty of thought and reason, but entirely different from Brahma, the Supreme Deity and Soul of the universe. *Atma* should not be mistaken with body, which is only an outer cover given to it as entitled by its previous actions. The individual Self or Soul will be unable to understand the Supreme Soul or the Soul of the Universe, owing to the limitations and other circumstances by which it is surrounded. The breaking up of these surroundings and limitations, &c., by enlightenment and knowledge, will free the Soul or Self to merge itself into the Supreme and infinite, when the consequences of all its deeds, past and present, are completely exhausted. This was explained to be the bliss which should be aimed at by every one. Various were the authorities and examples quoted, which showed that the lecturer was not only a student of

Vedantha but also one well versed in the *Advaita* Philosophy, as taught in Sita-Ramanjaneya, a work of great value to *Advaitins*.

The Secretary, after proposing a vote of thanks to the lecturer, made a very touching reference to the death of Sow. Pankajamma, (a daughter of Mr. Advocate L. Srinivasa Iyengar,) who, it will be remembered, delivered only some two months back, in this very hall, an important lecture on Patriotism. The papers in publishing the same greatly appreciated her intelligence and information. The Ladies' Section of the Srinivasa Mandiram, in noting this sad loss to their Association, humbly beg to convey their condolence to the bereaved parents, the husband and sisters of the deceased.

A WIDOW-MARRIAGE AT MEERUT CITY.—Recently a widow-marriage took place at Meerut City in the Vaish Agarwal Rajbans Community. The bride, Shrimati Ganga Devi, and the bridegroom, Lala Nidar Singh, were 19 and 24 years old, respectively. It is gratifying to note that both belong to the Sanatan Dharma. It was attended by a good number of Mukhtars and Pleaders and others numbering about 450. Pundit Jwala Dat Joshi, a staunch and famous Pundit of the Sanatan Dharma Sabha, officiated.—*The Arya Patrika*.

News and Notes.

CURIOUS MARRIAGE CUSTOM IN THE CENTRAL PROVINCES.—Some curious marriage customs are related in the new volumes of the Central Provinces "Gazetteer," which deals with Seoni and Betul districts. Among the Gondas a bride is carried on her brother-in-law's back to the houses of her friends, and is made to weep with each of them, while they give her small presents of money. When the ceremony is about to be performed at the bridegroom's house the bride hides in another house, and calls "Coo," and the bridegroom's brother-in-law searches for her. As she enters the bridegroom's house two spears are planted before the door to make an arch, and the bridegroom pushes her through, the girl hanging back. The bridegroom's brother-in-law has to act as bhisti to the whole party, and his younger sister-in-law, if he has one, follows him about and beats him to make him work more quickly. On the day after the wedding the bride and bridegroom throw mud at each other, and roll one another about in the mud for sport. Among the Marats all the women of the bridegroom's party are shut up at night in a house with the bride's sister's husband. Then they all set upon him and beat him, until he makes his escape. Among the northern castes of the Betul district there is a quaint marriage custom. The bride and bridegroom go to the river to worship Ghatola, the god of river crossings. Going to the river the bridegroom runs after the bride, beating her with a thin stick, but on the way back the bride beats the bridegroom, saying "All my life you will beat me, to-day I shall beat you." In this district all castes except Brahmans, Rajputs, and Baniyas, permit the re-marriage of widows. The ceremony is performed on a night of "the dark fortnight," no women except widows being present. It is considered suitable that

the deceased's husband's younger brother should marry the widow.

All the weeping willows in New Zealand come from those which John Tinline carried with him, from Napoleon's grave nearly 60 years ago. Mr. Tinline, who was one of the pioneers of New Zealand, kept them alive on the voyage by sticking them into potatoes.—*London Globe*.

The Parsee girls of Bombay are playing tennis and badminton, to the great scandal of the Hindus and Mohammedans.

Mme. Melba and Sig. Caruso are the two highest-priced singers in the world to-day. Each commands \$2,000 a performance.

The German Empress is said to have a good eye for scenery and artistic subjects, and she is a successful amateur photographer.

During the past year there were 1,218 suicides on account of disappointed love—most of them men and boys.

Some Paris shops and dressmaking houses have found a new device to please their customers. While the mothers are shopping or trying on gowns, children may be left in the gymnasium, where there are swings, rocking-horses, bicycles and games. In some cases a swimming pool is provided, and last of all a theatre, where good vaudeville shows keep both children and nurses pleased.

Mrs. Mary Morton Kehew has resigned from the Massachusetts State Commission on Industrial Education. Industrial training for girls is a vital part of the work. This was proved by the report of the Douglas Commission, and is recognized by the present body in the scheme offered in its report of 1907. From 12,000 to 15,000 girls, between 14 and 16 years of age, are going into the industries every year, almost as many as the boys.

Sacrificing her own liberty that her husband might not lose his position as a mail clerk in the San Francisco post-office, Mrs. A. Kellar of Point Richmond has gone to the country jail, taking her baby with her, to serve a sentence of 90 days. Kellar was arrested on a charge of having sold liquor without a license. His wife went before a magistrate and declared that it was she, and not her husband who had sold the liquor.

Mme. Gould, condemned for the murder of Emma Levin at Monaco has taken a striking way to express her feeling toward the famous gambling establishment where she and her husband lost their money. Under an ancient law, she has demanded that her execution shall take place in the Piazza in front of the Casino where the gambling goes on. That will be an object lesson for gamblers, and a memory and association for all time to come.

The Kansas Supreme Court has handed down an opinion, concurred in by the whole court, that materially strengthens a woman's right to the homestead after her husband's death. This home-

stead is exempt, even if she is the sole occupant, "against her own creditors as well as against the creditors of her husband's estate, irrespective of the time the indebtedness was incurred, and without regard to which spouse held the legal title to the property during their married life."

The school board of Providence, R. I., takes the ground that children with a predisposition to tuberculosis cannot stand the close air of the ordinary school-room. It is going to start a special school where such children, and others in weak health, may receive proper treatment. The school will be under the direction of the committee on hygiene. Physicians interested have volunteered their services for visitation and inspection, and the necessary food will be supplied free. The regular studies of the public school course are to be taught.

A JAPANESE TEACHER.—Miss E. Imura, a young Japanese woman, a teacher in the State school for the deaf and dumb of Tokio, has come to this country on her own initiative, to study similar institutions here. In hours not given to visits, she is engaged with an assistant in preparing conversation books in the Japanese, Korean, Chinese and English languages. Miss Imura's mother was the first Christian in her district, and the daughter was brought up in the same faith. She says deaf and dumb children are born chiefly in rich Japanese families, where cousins intermarry in order to keep the money in the family. Blind children, on the other hand, are found mostly among the poorest people. These defective children are looked upon as disgraced, and are unhappy at home, having nothing to do. Miss Imura wants to start an industrial school for the deaf, dumb and blind of Japan. She is now staying at 114 W. Newton St., Boston, and is ready to lecture on such subjects as "The Deaf, Dumb and Blind of Japan," "The Woman in Japan," "The Japanese Family," "Religion in Japan," "Japanese Literature," and "Japan After the War."

TWO BRAVE WOMEN.—So many accounts of the bravery of women under circumstances of great danger are to be seen in the daily press that, unless accompanied by startling conditions, they receive only passing notice. Recently, however, two women displayed bravery and endurance under so great stress of danger that the daily newspapers have added to their telegraphic statements longer accounts, with illustrations.

Mrs. Addie Lowther of Virginia, alone in her mountain home and engaged in washing her dishes, was singing a song about her love, and when she felt her shoulders warmly clasped, and then felt a strenuous hug, she thought her husband had unexpectedly returned and was thus replying to her song. She did exclaim, though, that he hugged like a bear, and then, turning her head, she saw that it was a bear, and not her husband that was embracing her. Instead of fainting, and then, according to the well-conducted heroines of romance, being rescued just in time by a hero, Mrs. Lowther screamed, and, as the bear loosened his hold, hurled at him first the dishpan, then a flintiron, and lastly, with the poker, she so severely punished the bear for his embrace

that he fled to the mountains. When the husband, down in the valley, hearing unusual noises, hurried to his home, he found his wife calmly combing out her dishevelled hair.

The other instance is one proving not only the great courage of a woman, but remarkable physical endurance, promptitude of action, and a tender and sympathetic heart. Mrs. Elmer St. Clair, of Fishing Creek, near Columbia, Pa., is the woman in question, and in its account of her exploit the *Cincinnati Enquirer* says: "No heroine of history or story was more courageous than she."

Her home is up in the mountains, and far below are the tracks of the Pennsylvania Railroad as they span a deep ravine over a bridge. While at her work and surrounded by her children, Mrs. St. Clair heard a roaring noise that took her to her door. She saw a great avalanche of stone and earth plunging down the mountain side on to the bridge below. She stood paralyzed, but for less than a moment. She looked at the clock and knew then that in only eighteen minutes two passenger trains were due, one at each end of the bridge. Stopping only to tell the oldest child to watch the others, she locked the door and plunged down the steep mountain side, made more difficult of descent by the snow and ice and tiny streams of ice-cold water. Huge boulders blocked the way, and where no boulders obstructed her path, thorns and brambles reached out to tear the clothes from her body. Yet, heedless of every danger, she plunged straight on, thinking of nothing but that she must reach that bridge before those eighteen minutes sped from Time to Eternity. And she did. She reached it just as she heard the rumbling of the first train as it entered one end of the bridge. Taking off her skirt, she stood on the track and waved it till the engineer answered with his whistle, when she slipped down on to the track. But as the engineer stopped his train he saw why the woman had signalled him, and just in time he sent a man to stop the other train, whose whistle was already blowing as it neared the great chasm of the broken bridge. As the passengers crowded about the prostrate figure, Mr. St. Clair murmured, "Is everybody safe?" and then, from the pain of a sprained ankle and bruises innumerable, and from fatigue, she lapsed into unconsciousness.

On the two trains which would have plunged through the broken bridge down to the deep ravine below, were two hundred passengers, and there was little chance that anyone would have escaped death save for the courage and endurance of the woman who left her children alone that she might save them. The track-walker would not have reached that bridge till nearly two hours after the accident.

A rude litter was made by the passengers, and grateful men bore the brave woman back over the way she had come, to her home, and it is added that they took very much longer than the eighteen minutes she had taken in her plunge down the mountain to their rescue.

EDISON'S CONCRETE HOUSE.—"I have constructed a model for a Queen Anna cottage, and next spring I intend to build a house of this pattern," says Mr. Edison, coatless and hair tousled, at his laboratory in Llewellyn Park, N. J. "I'm going to put her up in 12 hours or try to do it—don't forget that! The expen-

sive part of concrete construction to-day is the erection of wooden frames that can't be used again. With the aid of molds it is possible for any contractor to build a house of solid concrete, 25 feet wide, 45 feet deep, three stories high, capable of housing two families, for \$1,000 with plenty of room.

"The most important feature lies in the molds, which are of iron, for the concrete is anybody's. Wood enframed concrete structure are built section upon section, after each section has been allowed time to solidify. This takes an annoying lot of time varying according to the size of the building. Concrete in the iron frame can be stripped in six days, and the forms erected on another lot.

"By pouring in concrete, which is to be hoisted to the top of the house and dumped in from there until the mixture fills the mold, it will be possible to complete the structure in 12 hours.

"The forms are of cast-iron, and for \$1,000 the entire house can be built. This includes heating pipes of concrete, staircases of concrete, mantels of the same, roofs of concrete that won't leak, plumbing, wire conduits and even bathtubs of concrete," he said speaking vigorously.

"Such a house will stand forever. The houses which withstood the San Francisco disaster were concrete. Fire insurance will be a thing of the past with the new dwellings. Children may play with axes, but chop as much as they like, they can't injure the structure. There will be no need for repairs."—SUCCESS.

WOMEN AND BUSINESS TRAINING.—Governor Glenn, of North Carolina, writes:—

"I advise every man who would be successful to listen to his wife's counsel in business affairs. The woman who is really a man's helpmeet is the one who is able to advise him on every serious problem that confronts him. But no woman can be a real companion who must spend all her time as cook and housekeeper. She ought to know about business, and what is going on in the world. It is unreasonable of any man to expect his wife to meet his needs as a real companion if he does not provide the means for her to become so. A wife should have some leisure to study and develop herself along intellectual lines. A man who holds the opposite idea lowers the standard for wifehood and womanhood. And every girl and woman in the country should have a strict and thorough business education. No matter how fortunate a girl's immediate circumstances, she should be given a complete business training. Let them be trained to be first-class stenographers, bank cashiers, professional nurses, bookkeepers—anything they have talent for. But let their equipment be complete as a man's is. It is a dreadful mistake to leave a girl without any definite training whereby she may earn a livelihood in case of necessity. I believe the reason many women go into wrong paths in life is simply because they are helpless when thrown suddenly on their resources."

Baroness Adolphe de Rothschild has left dollars 1,600,000 to charity.

Miss Anna Halsup, of Bartholomew County, Indiana, is working her way through college by raising turkeys.

Miss Mattie Plunkett, who has served eight years as Librarian of Mississippi, has just been elected for a third term. A friend in Mississippi writes: "She is regarded as one of the most consummate politicians in the State, as well as a very fine woman. She has given perfect satisfaction."

Mrs. Crosby has charge of the probation work for children in St. Paul, Minn. She serves without pay, and has six regular assistants and 70 volunteer helpers. Miss Macomber, the Unity House Probation officer, had 81 boys and seven girls assigned to her care during the past year by the Judge of the Juvenile courts.

Mrs. Grover Cleveland has been appointed by the Governor of New Jersey a member of the Board of Managers of the State Village of Epileptics at Skillman. Mrs. Cleveland has been greatly interested in its work. The village is not far distant from the Cleveland homestead at Princeton. Mrs. Cleveland is the second woman appointed on the Board. The members serve without remuneration.

Mrs. Harriet Chalmers Adams, a young New York woman with an unusual love of adventure and a large measure of endurance, has explored South America from ocean to ocean, and through nearly the length of the continent. For three years she travelled continually on horseback, in boats, and sailing vessels, and on foot, visiting remote parts, and penetrating the Peruvian Andes, inhabited by aborigines.

Miss Mabel Rice is a notary public of Evanston, Ill. The other day some legal papers were sent from the National Bank of Meridian, Mississippi, to the Evanston State Bank, to be attested by a notary public. The bank employed Miss Rice to prepare the documents. She affixed her seal as a notary public, and sent the papers to Meridian. They came back with the message, "We want a man notary public to fix up these papers, not a woman." Miss Rice, thereupon, gave the papers to a man notary, who put his name and seal on them, and they were returned to Meridian.

Miss Edith Marion Patch, entomologist for the Maine State experiment Station, is now engaged in special work at Cornell University, in connection with her researches to identify the vegetable parasite which are under investigation by the Maine Experiment Station. They are in pursuit especially of parasites that damage potatoes, apples and poultry, and Miss Patch, who is at the same time working for her degree of Ph. D. at Cornell, is laboring to protect the potato. A year ago she took a similar line of research at Cornell that proved, upon her return, to fit in exactly with the work being done by the Maine Station and it is believed that her investigations will be of much value.

The Empress of China had a birthday recently, and in honor of the occasion the Viceroy gave a great feast, with theatricals, to all the military and civil officials, foreign consuls, teachers and some of the older missionaries. Much bunting was used, and thousands of pots of chrysanthemums decorated the tables. The tables for foreign guests were in the form of a T, and the native officials had tables on either side. Banners were waved, with inscriptions such as

"All the world congratulates; may she live 10,000 years!" The menu was: Bird's nest soup with pigeon's eggs, smoked fish, beef a la mode, quail on toast, pheasant with ham and bamboo shoots, shrimp patties, devilled crabs, banana pudding, fresh lychees, coffee, apples, pears and oranges.

The Empress of China has decreed that one hundred blows with "the heavy rod" shall be inflicted on inmates of Chinese palaces found smoking opium after a given date. The old Empress ought to be a favorite with Dr. G. Stanley Hall who is so great an admirer of flogging, and objects to women as teachers on the ground (among others) that they do not administer enough of it.

Mrs. Kate Wilson is said to be the only woman in the world who is a professional lobster fisher. She lives in Maine and until five years ago she had never caught a lobster in her life. On the death of her husband, the question of support for herself and her children stared her in the face. Lobster fishing was the best paying work at hand, and she undertook it. Now she uses a boat propelled by a four-horsepower gasoline engine. She finds the work profitable and pleasant, as she is fond of the sea and has lived all her life on the Maine coast.

Miss Mary A. Booth of Springfield, Mass., is an expert in photomicrography, the delicate art of taking photographs through a microscope. She can take an exquisite picture of a butterfly's tongue, a spider's foot, or the head or wing-tip of a tiny insect. She is a fellow of the Royal Microscopical Society and of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and she took a bronze medal at the Exposition in St. Louis and first honor at the one in New Orleans. She also belongs to the Postal Microscopical Society, whose members, scattered all over the country, circulate glass slides by mail, each member contributing one or two of the best slides he or she has made during the year, and sending them from one to another. It takes a slide five years to circulate through the entire membership. Miss Booth inherits her love for scientific work. Her father was Samuel Colton Booth, whose fine collection of minerals she gave to the Science Museum, and her mother was a relative of Clara Barton. Miss Booth has never put her skill to profit financially, though she could easily get more work than she could do making photomicrographs to illustrate scientific books, and for lantern slides. Miss Booth has made many lantern slides herself, to illustrate her nature lectures on such subjects as "Around the Door-step" and "Some of the Wonders and Beauties of Nature." She has now given up lecturing, and lives alone with her books, microscopes, camera and a maid. The *Springfield Republican* says she gets "keener satisfaction out of life than many a woman gets who could not tell the mosquito's head from the bumblebee's tongue." The only other woman in this country skilled in photomicrography is said to be Dr. V. A. Latham of Chicago, who makes pictures in connection with surgery and anatomy.

Lady Auckland is the latest addition to the numerous ranks of titled business women. Her line is furniture and decorating, and she attends to her business personally, and also looks up customers outside her shop. As her friends in social circles have so many houses and "places" that they can hardly re-

member them, and are for ever selling them and buying new ones, Lady Auckland has a large field to cultivate, and expects to do a thriving business.

Miss Katherine E. Guild, acting secretary of the "Massachusetts Association Opposed to the Further Extension of Suffrage to Women," sent out to its members on Dec. 27, 1907, a letter as follows: "The Executive Committee of the Association considers it most important that the Association should appear before Legislative Committees this winter with increased membership, to demonstrate that Massachusetts women are vitally interested in opposing woman suffrage. The Committee urgently requests that you will show your personal interest by securing new members. Will you please get two signatures on the enclosed card and return it before Jan. 10?" Any suffragists who are willing to collect signatures on our side to offset this, are invited to send to the Headquarters at 6, Marlboro St., Boston, for enrolment cards.

Lady Steel, of Edinburgh, Scotland, who not long ago let her goods be sold for taxes, as a protest against taxation without representation, was invited the other day to present the diplomas to the graduating class at the Broughmuir Higher Grade School in her city. She took the opportunity to point out to the students that up to that time the boys and girls before her were considered equal in education and attainments, but that later there would be a cleavage. One class would be considered fit to have a say in the affairs of the Empire, and would be looked upon as citizens, because they were men; the other class would be ranked with idiots and criminals, unworthy a vote, because they were women. She declared that this was not only an insult to womanhood, but a disgrace to manhood and the nation. Turning specially to the boys, Lady Steel said she believed that they had too much chivalry and generosity fully to enjoy their citizenship, while knowing that their comrades of all these years were not to share their privileges. The boys applauded.

Mrs. Minnie A. Price, a primary teacher in the Harrison School of Topeka, Kan., had gone regularly to her work each school-day morning for thirty-five years. On a recent Thursday she taught her classes, with her usual devotion and faithfulness. On Saturday morning she was dead. At the close of the summer vacation, her friends urged her to give up her school work but she, knowing that she had only a few more days to live, said: "No, I'll go back. I know it is only for a little while, but I have so longed for years for the time to come when we should have our salaries raised that I want to have the pleasure of drawing one \$75 check." (The salaries of the grade teachers had been raised, the increase to go into effect in September.) So, taking a few articles of clothing, and leaving her trunk, she went back to work. The \$75 check came on Friday, her first day out of school. On Saturday morning it would have been too late—she was gone. The *Western School Journal* says: "We have not met any teacher who surpassed Mrs. Price in knowledge of child nature, motherly qualities, fidelity to duty, and skill." It is estimated that 2500 lives had come under her influence.

Miss Janet Richards of Washington, D. C., is one of the few American women who have seen the present Finnish Parliament in session and met a number of its women members. Miss Richards, well known in

our eastern cities for her "Talks" on Travel and Current Topics, went to Finland last summer for the special purpose of meeting the women members of the Finnish Diet, in order to be able to tell their story with accuracy and intelligence to her large current topics classes. She was fortunate in reaching Helsingfors in time for the opening of the fall session (Sept. 2), and, under the cordial escort of Fru Hedwig Gebhardt, the only woman in Parliament whose husband is also a member, was given a seat in the press gallery overlooking the speaker's desk and facing the legislative body. From this point, and

aided by an English-speaking Finnish reporter, Miss Richards was able to follow the proceedings intelligently, and found them extremely interesting and inspiring. Before and after the session she met a number of the other women members. Miss Richards, whose audiences are drawn from among the most conservative and influential women in Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and several smaller eastern cities, says that nothing she has told in her lectures this season has interested, surprised and pleased her hearers so much as the story of Finland and the Finnish Parliament, with its nineteen women members.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Acknowledgments for February, 1908.

	RS.	A.		RS.	A.
1. Mrs. Atkinson, Egmore	...	4 0	23. Mrs. Krishna Menon, Mangalore	...	4 0
2. S. Annaswamy Iyer, Esq., Chittoor	...	4 0	24. Kondalayasami Naidu, Esq., Kaccirikulam	...	4 0
3. Mrs. Branson, Bombay	...	4 0	25. Mrs. Levering, Secunderabad	...	4 0
4. Miss Banerji, Punjab	...	4 0	26. Lakshmi Anniah, Palghat	...	4 0
5. Miss Betteridge, Bombay	...	4 0	27. Mrs. Lunumbai, Berhampur	...	4 0
6. H. J. Bhabha, Esq., Bangalore	...	4 0	28. H. B. The Maharani Gaikwar of Baroda	...	4 0
7. Miss Bose, Poona	...	4 0	29. Nawab Ghulam Muhammad Esq., Coromandel	...	4 0
8. Deaconess K. Bose, Karur	...	4 0	30. Mrs. Moffatt, Egmore	...	4 0
9. Mrs. Bulchand, Hyderabad	...	4 0	31. Mrs. A. Mallannah, Hyderabad	...	4 0
10. N. S. Chandrasegaram, Esq., Bangalore	...	4 0	32. Mrs. Masillamany Pillai, Madras	...	4 0
11. Mrs. Cardew, Egmore	...	4 0	33. Mrs. Mansell, F. A., Bareilly	...	4 0
12. Miss Fyzee, Mylapur	...	4 0	34. Mrs. Menon, P. R., Rangoon	...	4 0
13. Mrs. Grover, Egmore	...	4 0	35. Mrs. Mathan, K., Tyeand	...	4 0
14. Miss Goodwin, Punjab	...	4 0	36. Miss Nago Nohuy Banerji, Bengal	...	4 0
15. Mrs. Gideon, Kampti	...	4 0	37. Mrs. Sushila Bai Dhareshwar, Madras	...	4 0
16. Miss Green, Agra	...	4 0	38. Secretary, Literary Association, Coochabada	...	4 0
17. Headmaster, Bangalore Board High School	...	4 0	39. Hon. Secretary, Public Library, Trevandrum	...	4 0
18. Miss Itticherah, Calicut	...	4 0	40. Rai Sahib Rallaram, Esq., Lahore	...	4 0
19. Sardar Jagendra Singh Esq., Kheri	...	4 0			
20. Mrs. Janaki, Tellicherry	...	4 0			
21. Mrs. Krishnan, Calicut	...	4 0			
22. Miss Kumidini Dass, Calcutta	...	4 0			

USEFUL BOOKS.

Modern Letter Writer (Eighth Edition).—Containing 635 letters. Useful to every man in every rank and position of life for daily use. Re. 1, postage 1 anna.

Every-day Doubts and Difficulties (in reading, speaking and writing the English language). Re. 1, postage 1 anna.

A Hand-book of English Synonyms (Third Edition).—Explained and illustrated. Aids to the right use of synonymous words in composition. Re. 1, postage 1 anna.

Select Speeches of the Great Orators. Helps to write idiomatic English, to improve the oratorical and argumentative powers, etc. Rs. 2, postage 2 annas.

Wonders of the World (in Nature, Art and Science). Re. 1, postage 1 anna.

Beauties of Hinduism. With Notes. 8 annas, postage 1 anna.

Arabian Nights 'Entertainment' 12 annas, Postage 2 annas.

English Translation of the Koran. With Notes. By G. Sale. Re. 1-14 as. Postage 2 annas.

Abbott's Life of Napoleon Bonaparte. Re. 1-14 as. Postage 3 annas.

Thodd's Rajasthan. With note, Vols. I and II, Each Vol. Rs. 2. Postage 3 annas.

Burke's Speeches on the Impachment of Warren Hastings. Vols. I and II. Rs. 4. Postage 6 annas.

English Translation of the Ayeem Shary, by E. Godwin. Rs. 3. Postage 3 annas.

Postage and V. P. Commission extra.

To be had of the Manager, "Indian Student" Office, 106, Upper Circular Road, Calcutta.



MISS N. PAUL.

An Indian Christian Lady Graduate, of this year, of the Madras University.



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Vol. VII

APRIL, 1908

No. 10

MOONLIGHT CALM

The setting sun with splendour
Has made the West aglow ;
The turmoil of the ocean
Has sunk to murmurs low ;
The wind which raged so wildly
Is lulled to sleep at last ;
It is the calm of evening,
The stormy day is past.

Our life too has its tempests,
Its rain of falling tears,
Its seas of billowy anguish,
Which fill the heart with fears ;
Its winds of fierce emotion
That rage within the breast,
But in the calm of evening
These too shall sink to rest.

And as the gorgeous sunset
Gives promise of a day
Of calm and radiant beauty
Where storms shall hold no sway
So faith in colours glorious
Proclaims the day of peace,
When joy shall be victorious,
And all Earth's sorrows cease.

Social Psychology

I.



WHAT is Social Psychology? Does it refer to a definite

idea, or is it merely a combination of large-sounding words?

Social Psychology has

a meaning. It refers to something that is known to all of us, though most of us take it for granted and do not attempt to put it into words. Let me now try and do this for those people. To begin with, Psychology means

the science of the Mind. Science of anything means "the classification of fact, the recognition of their sequence and relative significance,"—this is the function, says Karl Permon. Psychology deals with the Mind in the same way that Astronomy deals with the stars, Botany deals with Flowers, Biology with life, etc. It talks about, classifies, describes, investigates its subject. Psychology does all this with the Mind of the Individual, with the Mind that is, that we recognise is proved by each of us. But there is another and larger mind among us; that we express by much phrases as, "The Spirit of the Nation," "The Mind of the Community," "A State Ideal," "The Feeling of the People," etc., etc., and the investigation of these words is the work of Social Psychology.

The work of Philosophy is to bring all the facts which Science has spread before us, within certain definite principles—to show their why and wherefore; but this is by the way.

Now, in dealing with Societies, let us look first at that known as The Contract. This form is far-reaching and very important. When two or more persons combine in any undertaking, this Spirit of Contract is formed. It is something over and above the individual Minds of the persons; a new element is formed by the combination, which is not in any of them taken separately. If two men enter into partnership and bring into the Spirit of the Scheme, nothing beyond their own individual wills, purposes, and characteristics, the arrangement will probably fail. The Social Psychology is not working only an uncongenial clash of individual psychologies. The unrealisation of this is the reason why Joint Stock Companies sometimes do fail.

The most universal example of this birth of a new Spirit, or Mind, which must result if the

partnership is to be successful, is that of the Marriage Contract. Much has been written and said about the possible advisability of Terminal Marriages, and the cause of their absolute failure would be the non-necessity for the surplus Spirit, the margin of give-and-take, the new Social element added by both and impossible to each alone, which results from all successful marriages. The knowledge that the contract is limited, kills its growth.

The necessity of this give-and-take in life is felt by most of us, often unreasonably, as is shown by the cheerful way in which people, otherwise scrupulously exacting, will pay rates and taxes and take their share in concerns, by which they only indirectly benefit. It is deemed the Spirit of the State, and they accept it accordingly. We see it manifesting itself in larger ways in such great movements as the American War of Independence, the beginnings of the French Revolution. A Society then is a body which has control over the individuals which compose it, but that control is limited. If tried beyond a certain point, the Society breaks under and fresh forms under new aspects are formed.

The contractual view that we have been looking at, is not by any means an Ideal condition. It fails because it neglects other social bonds of which there are many; also it lays too much stress upon the individual, forgetting that he is but a member in a body. It is in fact, but one function of the Science of Social Psychology, in the same way that Memory is one function of the Mind in the Service of Psychology, vibrations in the study of Nerve-Physics, Anatomy in Medicine, the constitution of Gases in Astronomy, etc.

Now, let us look at Society as an Organism. In many ways it resembles an organic growth in the plant or animal world. Like them it is dynamic, not static—capable, that is of unexpected movements and free growths. Again, like the plant or animal, it grows from within, all real life is its own centre and mainspring, the body being simply a sheath that it has formed round itself by what it takes in—air, light and food. The crystal, on the other hand, grows from without that is, by a process of accretion or adding on to itself. Again, the organic growth in the vegetable and animal world, is always modified by its surroundings, and is always part of a greater whole.

In all these respects the Social Organism resembles it. But here the resemblance ceases. There is a great difference between the Social Organism and other Organisms. It lies in this—that while all other Organic growths are composed of members, which, separated from the whole, cannot function at all, or only very

feebly, the Social Organism is composed of members that when separated have each independent wills, thoughts and actions of their own. It is true that these wills and thoughts and actions cannot produce the same result, when working singly or when their totals are all added together one by one, as they do, when composed into a single whole, but the study of this combination is Social Psychology. The human Organism is much more plastic than other organic growths—it is Organic but not an Organism.

I propose to show in a few succeeding papers on this subject how peoples and their Psychology are affected by Geographical situation and climate, by economic conditions and by certain inherent tendencies, which the word "Heredity" only inadequately describes.

M. C. SIDGWICK.

The Children in our Homes



THE present-day problems are many in number, and striking in their nature.

We read about the agitation in the political atmosphere of the country, we hear of the stir of feeling caused by patriotism, we listen to eloquent orators on social questions, the education of our women, the abolition of caste, and early marriage, and other sweeping reforms, but do we hear of any lecture or speech dwelling on the subject of 'the children in our homes'? I think this is India's sad failing at the present time and has ever been so. This is because the family life is one-sided. There is no communion and interchange of opinions and tastes, no equality of position between the parents in a family. Woman has always been considered as a secondary element in the home, and as such there is no true home education for the boy or girl. Children are left to grow up by themselves. No amount of education will remedy this. However many the ideas may be which the boy and girl may acquire subsequently in school-life and after, there is nothing so effectual as the influence of an early home-life. The memory of it will live in the mind till death shall have blotted out all memo-

ries. It will serve as a guide and as a restraint; it will encourage and stimulate; it will uphold and inspire. But what is the home-life the children should have? Let us take the present life as it stands. From babyhood there is no regularity preserved as to food and habits; no attempt at discipline is made by the soft-hearted mother, who yields to her baby's impulses, thinking the time for correction will come later. The father sees little of the child, except perhaps to enress it at odd intervals. The child is unaccustomed to beautiful surroundings, hears no interchange of thought and opinion between the two nearest in its affection, becomes accustomed to having its own way, to clamouring for its wants, to pay no respect for persons, but to see self attended to. The needs of mutual help and sympathy, of interest and work for others, of self-control and self-sacrifice, of carefulness and obedience are not early planted in the child. Next, turn to the moral education of the children. Do they know and understand any thing about their parents' religion. The mother takes her little ones with her as she goes to worship in the temple of her goddess. She goes through some ceremonies. The child is taught to do the same, but the why or the wherefore of the same is left unexplained. The precepts of morality are not taught to the child, but more often, it is worse. Some Hindu children think nothing of telling a lie, or covering their action by some deceitful means, and a child feels no compunction in doing so.

This shows that the attitude of the child's mind is false, and is she or he to start life with these ideas? Again, the atmosphere of a Hindu home for children is very unwholesome. The elders, specially the women, think nothing of speaking about matters which children should not hear, so much so, that a little child of eight knows many things which should have been kept from her. Childhood is sacred, and as such, we ought to realise it. It should be protected from the taint of the vulgar word outside. It should breathe in the pure air of heaven. Children are flowers; they should be reared in the sunshine of love and in the temple of holiness.

Again, take the school-life of the children, the girls have an easy time of it in schools. According to the present curriculum, much time is allowed for game and play. But the boys from the beginning have a hard time of it. Though they may join Kindergarten Schools and have as easy a curriculum as the girls, yet the feeling at home about the boys' education is different to that about the girls'. The parents feel that in the days of keen competition, the boys must work and pass examinations, and thus fit themselves for their life's work. It is a period of cram for them from the time they enter school till they enter their professions, and then it is a grind; ill-paid work,

with always a keen ambition at least to rise higher and higher, and thus the lamp of life becomes dim as everything sweet and lovable is left behind. The school-boy's life is a hard one. He has hard work at school, and when he comes home, he is made to sit to his books again. The picture of the worried little school boy conning his lessons aloud at a dim lamp is a common one in Hindu households. The father perhaps sometimes takes an interest in his boy's lessons, but does not help him in an intelligent way, I mean by teaching him to observe, and draw conclusions for himself in relation to the common events of life. The mother perhaps pities the child for working so hard, and looks to his physical wants, but she cannot enter into his studies, and thus the child is not led to converse about his home-life, his aspirations and his friends. The school-life is kept separate from that of the home-life. There is no healthy recreation afforded him after the strain of work. Perhaps he is compelled to play some games at school, but even here he is not understood at home. The jargon of football and cricket and the exhilaration of the games are not appreciated at home because not understood. Everything is enjoyed twice—once in the actual happening of it, another time in the living over of the same thing again in memory or in the company of one who understands.

The latter is denied to the Indian school boy. There is no recreation for the mind in the shape of concerts, amusements, and sight-seeing. Picture galleries are unheard of in India. Concerts are altogether out of the question. As to amusements, they are usually of so low a nature, that it is much better to keep the children away from them. Also no music enters into their education, except the songs of the dancing-girl, but that music is not educative or inspiring, as it cannot be dissociated from the singer herself. The boys have no proper literature; books are not carefully selected for them by their elders, and consequently they read anything that they can get hold of, neither is there afforded them any suitable magazine literature. Besides all these disadvantages, they are too shy to mix in the society which gathers round the father. Thus, they do not hear the opinions of experienced men. They are also denied the refined society of women, because none such can be had. In this way they are left to grow up as best they may, to fashion their own life, to adopt their own ideas, and to develop in character as chance may rule. Will not the cause of the children be adopted? are they not worth fighting for? The possibilities of the nation lie in them; they are the makers of the future generations, and the character of a generation can only be moulded

see that the personal character of the children is rightly developed. This is the main thing. A real home-life, where the mother takes an equal share in the burden of the day, where there is mutual love, sympathy and help; where each is loved and respected by the other, and where each works for the other's happiness—this is the essential of home-life. The family should demand service from all its members. The children should specially be made to realise this, but at the same time they should be made to feel the beauty and strength of their parent's love, the all-enfolding care and protection of the parental home, and the sacredness of holy family ties and affections. The children should be given a good moral education. It is true they love freedom, and many say that this side of their education is hated by children. But the instincts of children are good. They have in them an innate love of obedience; and they will soon find freedom in the ready acquiescence in the discipline—the order of things—that surrounds them. Children should be made to see that they are bound by natural and moral laws, the infringement of which brings its own punishment. They should also be made to realise that they are not the only people in the world, that there are others who need help and sympathy and love. Ideas of self-sacrifice, of self-forgetfulness, and of working for others should early be planted and developed in children. A wide sympathy should be cultivated, a generous heart and kindly deeds should early be encouraged. This depends to a large extent on the mother, who is responsible almost solely for the early implanting of such an education, and lessons learnt and prayers said at the mother's knee will always be our guardian-angel throughout life.

There is one great lesson that we can always be teaching, whether directly or indirectly, the lessons that the world has, in a hundred ways, need for the whole-hearted service of every one among us. It is not enough to know and understand the sorrows, the wants and the aspirations of the community in which we live. It is for us to work and lighten the burden, and we should teach our children to do the same. Encourage them to do some little service for others, however little; it is of value if done voluntarily and spontaneously, as it will keep fresh the spirit of self-sacrifice and the spirit of service for others. The duty of moral education has been summed up very simply by a sympathetic writer. It is this: "make war relentlessly on self-indulgence and indolence; and see that the children have a chance to find supplies for all those moral deeds which are so real to them—a law of life to act within, persons to love, causes to be enthusiastic about, a community to serve,

In the above pages, when I have spoken of the children, I have always had in my mind the children of the middle class and well-to-do people. The brown babies, toddling about in the red dust of the street, supremely unconscious of the privileges that are denied them, and yet with a pathetic longing in their sad dreamy eyes—these require a separate chapter for themselves. But whoever they are, the cry of the children comes up to us, and we must attend to them, and we must get up and work for them.

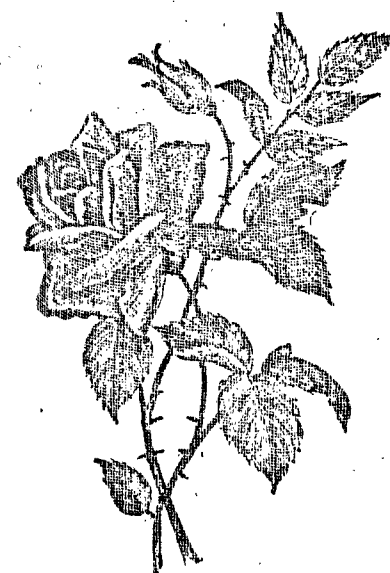
H. K.

Maxims and Mottoes for Home and School Teaching

FROM SACRED WRITINGS
ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED

BY LADY BENSON.

VI.



THE life to come is better and more enduring." Roman, Ch. 87. 17.

"The wages of sin is death." Romans VI. 23.

"To be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace." Romans VIII. 6.

"The words of wise men are heard in quiet more than the cry of him that ruleth among fools." Eccl. IX. 17.

"The words of a wise man's mouth are gracious; but the lips of a fool will swallow up himself; the end of his talk is mischievous madness." Eccl. X. 12, 13.

"There is no peace, saith the Lord, unto the wicked." Isaiah XLVIII. 22.

"The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

Proverbs IV. 18.

"The righteous hath hope in his death."

Proverbs XIV. 32.

"The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good."

Psalin XV. 3.

"The lips of the wise disperse knowledge."

Proverbs XV. 7.

"This is the will of God, even your sanctification, that ye should abstain from fornication."

I Thess. IV. 3.

"There are some which walk among you disorderly, working not at all, but are busy bodies. Now them that are such we command and exhort that with quietness they work and eat their own bread."

II Thess. III. 11, 12.

"The end of the Commandment is charity out of a pure heart, and of a good conscience."

I Timothy I. 5.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind."

"Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." "The work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever."

Is. XXXII. 17.

"The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; who can know it?"

Jer. XVII. 9.

"The way of transgressors is hard."

Proverbs XIII. 15.

"The words of the pure are pleasant words."

Proverbs XV. 26.

"Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it."

Proverbs XXII. 6.

"Those who earn an honest living are the beloved of God."

Traditional saying of Mahomed.

"Thine own friend and thy father's friend, forsake not."

Proverbs XXVII. 10.

"Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness."

Ps. CXII. 4.

"Unto God belongeth the sovereignty of the Heavens and of the Earth, and of all that they contain; and He hath power over all things."

Ch. V. 120.

"Use hospitality one to another without grudging; we exhort and charge every one of you, as a father doth his children, that ye would walk worthy of God."

I. Thess. II. 11, 12.

"Warn them that are unruly."

I. Thess. V. 1-14.

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

Ps. XXX. 5.

"Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word."

Ps. CXIX. 9.

"Woe unto them that are wise in their own eyes, and prudent in their own sight."

Is. V. 21.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

Ecc. IX. 10.

"Wrath is cruel, and anger is outrageous."

Proverbs XXVII. 4.

"Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing."

Proverbs XXII. 22.

"Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily as to the Lord and not unto men."

Col. III. 23.

"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things."

Philippians IV. 8.

"Whosoever curseth his father or his mother, his lamp shall be put out in obscure darkness."

Proverbs XX. 20.

"Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue keepeth his soul from troubles."

Proverbs XXI. 23.

"Withdraw thy foot from thy neighbour's house lest he weary of thee and so hate thee."

Proverbs XXV. 7.

"When there is no tale-bearer the strife ceaseth."

Proverbs XXVI. 20.

"Young men likewise exhort to be sober-minded." Titus 2. 6.

THE END.



Courtesy

COURTESY is the bond of society, the link which keeps the various warring elements of humanity at peace. It is the rich varnish which gives a lustrous glow to the thousand-and-one petty proxy details, which make up our every-day existence. It is the outward garb of the inner nature, a nature which has been refined perhaps in the fire of experience, or which has learnt lasting lessons from the observation of the deep truths of human life. It is the result of that wonderful, all-pervading sympathy, which can understand and enter into the feelings and lives of others as its own. In a word, it is the outward expression of a noble life, which expression is seen in every movement, attitude and gesture, and in every thought, word and action. But what is Courtesy? Is it only the outward polish of refined behaviour? It is true we judge of it by the outward demeanour. But it is also true that, however much a man may pretend to be courteous, yet unless he is by nature and education really so, the truth will come out in some trick of thought or expression. For true courtesy there must be a basis of nobility in the man. Through the outward garb, the inner nature must shine. It must show itself. However repressed the natural character may be, it must break through the limitations at some time or another. Hence, true courtesy is the result of a truly refined nature. It is the result of a thoughtful consideration of others and of a desire to help them, of a keen sympathy and of a watchful observation of human nature. It is the result of the repression of self and searching out of opportunities to give of our life to others, to sow seeds of kindness in those lives that are "hungry for joy." It is the result of an attempt to understand better those with whom we come in contact in our daily life. It is the result of the laying out of yourself for the furtherance of the interests of your fellowmen. Such is true courtesy and the man who is influenced by such motives of generosity or helpfulness will unconsciously and without effort be truly courteous to all sorts and conditions of men, and will be perfectly at home in rich men's palaces as in poor men's hovels.

But how is this obtained? By means of a liberal education, one that will break through the barriers of custom and prejudice. By strengthening the will character will tend to give a

deeper understanding of human nature, so that we may learn to penetrate the surface of life and look with "seeing eyes" at our fellowmen. The main point is the formation of character, which can stand the shocks and buffets of the world, which can depend on itself and decide for itself and which on account of its steadiness and self-reliance will prove a support and a help to others. "The basis of good manners is self-reliance," says Emerson. Man must be self-possessed before he can feel himself at home in society. If he is constantly thinking of himself, his dress or his way of behaving, he is awkward and ill at ease. But if he forgets all these little details, he will find that he is not only secure in himself, but by his good nature and self-possession will be a source of help to many a shy individual. The secret of this is to give no room for thought about self, but to think only of those around us. As one reads of the old-fashioned courtesy of bygone ages, and the noble chivalry of the middle ages, one is charmed by pleasing manners and the benevolent conduct. "Repose and cheerfulness are the badge of the gentleman," says an eminent writer,—a repose in energy, a repose of manner which gives one the idea of great controlled strength behind it, which is not the result of ennui or disinterest, but which is the combined result of courage and self-command. Every man or woman must try to cultivate a quiet courteousness, which is never in a hurry but at the same time never too slow; a soothing manner, which is free from restlessness, and which makes those who come near you feel that they can rest. There is much in the manner of speaking, I mean, not the art of conversation, but just the voice, the intonation and the gesture. A hurried and excited manner or a loud or vociferous tone, calculated to attract attention, is most jarring and out of place. Quietness in movement, gentleness in speech and naturalness of manner are the essentials of courtesy. So much for deportment. This is only for the eyes, but we want acquaintance with the man himself, with the mind and heart. We want friendship and we hunger for knowledge. Opportunities for this are afforded by conversation. "Speech is power; speech is to persuade, to convert, to compel." Such is the art of conversation. It can be a source of pure delight, or it can sow seeds of distrust or hatred. It is the common ground, on which we meet, to discuss all the topics of life. True courtesy shows itself in conversation, which will never hurt the feelings of others. The egoist, the man who craves for sympathy, the sufferer who parades his miseries, the narrow-minded individual, who forms a ring round himself and forgets his relations to the world—these are inflictions on society. The law of society is respect, "a respect to the common soul of all the guests." We must not

talk shop before company. We must lose our self-interests for a while. Tact will never for a moment violate this law. Another thing we are to guard against is not to make conversation a mere clever discourse of words. It is the things we say, not the way we say them, that is important. However clever your conversation may be, what you are stands prominent and not what you say. Conversation is an art which is to be carefully cultivated, not for the sake of effect, but for delight and for inspiration. As one reads of the wonderful salons of distinguished French women, one can form some idea of the beauty of conversation. I cannot but quote here an anecdote told of Madame de Staël. "St Beuve tells us of the privileged circle at Coppet, that, after making an excursion one day, the party returned in two coaches to Coppet. The first coach had many a rueful accident to relate,—a terrific thunder-storm, shocking roads, and danger and gloom to the whole company. The party in the second coach, on arriving, heard this story with surprise;—of thunder-storm, of steep, of mud, of danger, they knew nothing; no, they had forgotten earth and breathed a purer air: such a conversation between Madame de Staël and Benjamin, Madame-Recamier Constant and Schlegel! They were all in a state of delight. The intoxication of the conversation had made them insensible to all notice of weather or rough roads." Such is the power of conversation. Here is another small anecdote which shows that conversation can supply all deficiencies to fill up all gaps. It is recorded of Madame de Maintenon that once during dinner the servant slipped to her side with this request, "Please, Madame, one anecdote more, for there is no roast to-day."

But the objection raised is that we cannot always keep guard in conversation; we must let ourselves go. It is true, and have we not our friends, persons to whom we can speak as to ourselves, by whom we can measure ourselves or who shall hold us fast to sense and virtue. "Either death or a friend" says a Persian proverb, and when we have found such companions, we shall find that to them we can speak freely of all our thoughts and that no offence will be given or taken. It is certain that true and happy conversation doubles our powers. But, though the hunger for company is great, yet we must fix an iron limit on ourselves and not make ourselves a trouble to others.

Courtesy grows not only out of character, but out of circumstance as well. Environment is an important factor to consider, in the bringing up of children. The outward polish is learned by observation and institution. To some grace comes naturally, while others must cultivate it. The chief factor is grace of mind and nobility of character and a keenly polished

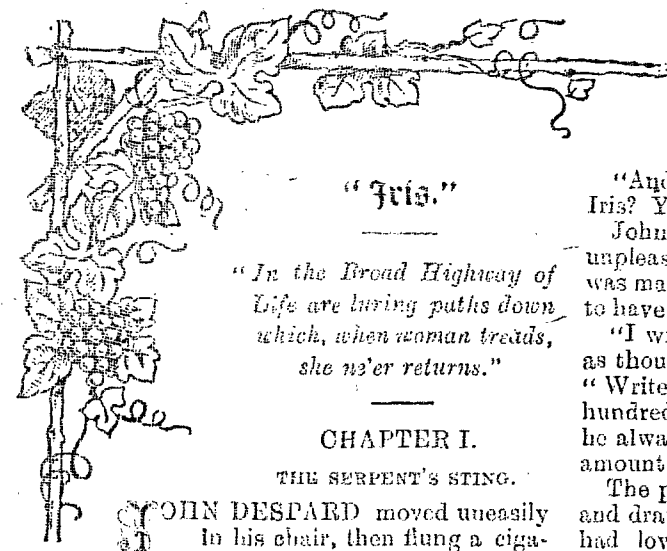
mind, but sometimes it happens that when we come in contact with healthy wholesome natures, we learn many deep lessons from them by watching their manner and their behaviour. Environment and circumstances go much to make the man. Take a prince for instance, who has always been accustomed to homage or has acquired a becoming sense of dignity and graciousness. Take one who has been accustomed to live in the light of broad acres or of wealthy inherited estates; and he seems to have in him a sense of responsibility or power, which his position demands. It has grown with him, as it were. Take one who has been accustomed to live with nature, revelling in her grand moods and soft moments, one who has learned to live in her all the passing changes, and when such a man walks into a crowded drawing room, he brings with him a sense of freshness and purity of the open air, and the frank sense and generosity of one who has not met with deceit and falsehood in his daily experience. Hence, the strict importance of environment is the cultivation of character. Courtesy must be practiced at home and then it will come naturally in society. It must be remembered that it is not a garment to put on and put off at pleasure. Many people have said to me, "Why try to be polite in the inner home circle. We are among our own familiar friends and what need to show courtesy to each other?" This is entirely an incorrect idea of courtesy. Courtesy is actuated by motives of helpfulness towards others. When a friend walks into a room, we get up and give him our chair, if need be. Is this only for the sake of politeness? Is it not out of consideration for him. Again, suppose we walk into a room and leave the door open behind us. If we had thought of the people in the room and how uncomfortable a draught would make them (in England draughts are dangerous things) we should make it a rule to shut the door behind us always and that gently. Then, things come by practice, but the motive is kindly and when it becomes a habit, etiquette steps in and make a hard and fast rule. So, if we look into the matter carefully we shall find that many of the strict rules of etiquette have but originated from the rules which courtesy by right demands of you. Hence, there is no such thing as society-etiquette and home-etiquette. "Eat at your own table as you would eat at the table of the King," says Confucius. "Practice courtesy in your own homes, practice the habit of looking after others and of being helpful to them, the habit of being willing to stoop, asking how much your friends love you, to ask yourself whether you love them enough; to bear in mind the things that other people have to bear in their heart; to try to understand what those who live in the same house with you

really want, without waiting for them to tell you; to trim your lamp, so that it will give more light and less smoke, and to carry it in front, so that your shadow will fall behind you; to make a grave for you by the thought and a garden for your kindly feelings with the gate open." This is true courtesy and you will find that whether you walk in King's palaces and great men's wails, or under the most scrutinising eyes of strictest fashion, you will be honoured and respected. It is necessary that we should carry the outward form of courtesy into daily life. In our homes, we should endeavour to show towards each other numberless little acts of kindness and love;—to help our parents, to fetch and carry for them, to make little children thoughtful for others' feelings, to help the mother when she is tired, to help with the children at home, and so on. The Englishman is so very courteous to his wife and to the women of his household. In India, it is against custom for the woman to sit before her husband, in fact, it is taken as a sign of disrespect. But the Englishman first sees that his wife has a seat before he chooses his own. In trams and omnibuses and trains, you would never see a woman standing. The veriest stranger makes room for her. But a few days ago, going into one of the cars in Madras, I saw a Eurasian lady standing, while a number of men were most comfortably seated. Again, it is a very common sight to see the man walking on in front with an umbrella, while behind the woman walks on with a heavy bundle on her head, with a baby on her arm and with the hot sun beaming down on her bare head. Again, turn to domestic life. The man is most carefully looked after by the women of the household, but he never troubles his head about them; he never tries to make the hundred and one little worries a little lighter to bear. It is the same with the children. The elder brother and the elder sister are so protecting and motherly towards the little ones of the family in England, but here the Indian children are irresponsible. Unless they are told to do a thing, they never do it; they are not brought up to see things for themselves. Even in the treatment of your servants and our inferiors, we should show more respect towards them. Again, the art of conversation is cultivated to a great extent in English homes. When the family meet at meals, each member is encouraged to relate his or her experience, to give their opinions, to be made to think for themselves and be original. Each intellect sharpens and brings out the other. In Indian homes this want is much felt; the family rarely meet at meals; the good men of the house has his first, perhaps the children follow next, and the women last by themselves. Again, in the atmosphere of our homes, do we surround ourselves with beauty, with art and with music.

Many a harsh discord would be softened, if we had such an environment. The women speak in high loud tones, there are constant little jars among them, the men are indifferent, and the children are left to grow up as they best can. And then in company, the personal conversation, the constant interruptions and the interpolations of one's own thoughts, and so on. All these are not signs of true courtesy. But there is one thing to be said. We have each different standards of courtesy of our own, and so it is hard to compare one with another. But what is

lacking in Indian comes in the mutual consideration for each of his feelings, and the little acts of kindness and love. It is only because we are not accustomed to it. But with the influx of new thoughts and ideas, with the reading of the literature of other nations, of their mode of living and behaviour, I am sure, the rising generation will soon establish a real home-life for themselves, and they will form for themselves standards of courtesy to suit themselves and their country.

NALINI.



"Iris."

*"In the Broad Highway of
Life are lying paths down
which, when woman treads,
she ne'er returns."*

CHAPTER I.

THE SERPENT'S STING.

JOHN DESPARD moved uneasily in his chair, then flung a cigarette into the fire and rose angrily to his feet. His usually pale face was flushed, and presented an appearance suggestive of over-indulgence in spirits as he turned towards the only other occupant of the room—a woman.

"I'm heartily sick of it all," he said somewhat hoarsely. "These sticks," pointing to the scanty furniture which adorned the room, "won't keep us long."

"What do you mean, John?" the woman asked, "surely things are not so bad as all that."

John Despard found it inconvenient to rely upon his feet for support, so sank heavily into the only comfortable chair in the room.

"Bah!" he said fiercely, "what else can you expect—you won't write to Cyrus Bland for money—my little lot is quickly diminishing, and what is left is only enough for one. I've kept you to the best of my ability for the last five years, denying myself the luxuries I was accustomed to before I met you, and now I am going to have my innings—you must look after yourself."

"And our child, John, what is to become of Iris? You wouldn't willingly let her starve."

John Despard flinched at the word—it left an unpleasant taste in his mouth—but his mind was made up, and her appeals were not destined to have the desired effect.

"I will stay on one condition," he said bitterly as though he had been striking a hard bargain. "Write to Cyrus Bland—tell him you want a hundred pounds; if he thinks as much of you as he always pretended to he will send such an amount which means nothing to him."

The pale face of the young wife was haggard and drawn as she turned towards the man she had loved, and whom she still loved with a devouring passion. For John Despard she had left Bland on the eve of her marriage to him, left him with only a short note so full of meaning to a man of honour, in which she had told him that she was marrying another man because she had given her heart to him. She little knew the terrible injury she was doing Bland, or the wound she had inflicted, which even Time could not heal, and now, to-day, she was face to face with the horrible fact that the man for whom she had given up so much was not prepared to throw his lot in with herself and their child when adversity had befallen them.

"I could never ask him for money," she replied solemnly. "I have done him enough harm already."

Perhaps John Despard knew what her reply would be; perhaps even he was glad, for one hundred pounds to him seemed to be a poor return for the incubus of a wife and a child whom he had long since ceased to trouble about.

"You always were a fool," he murmured hoarsely, and before the sting of his words had

thoroughly spent themselves upon the woman he made his way across the room and removed a sheaf of papers which had been stuck upon a nail on the wall, then having scanned them critically he placed them in his pocket.

Mary Despard's face was pinched and drawn as she watched his every movement; she knew full well that the papers which he had taken possession of were the receipts for the scanty furniture which adorned their two rooms, and the whole brutal truth dawned upon her.

"Good God, John," she cried, "you are not going to sell the furniture."

He turned upon her roughly. "Will you write to Cyrus Bland for a hundred pounds?"

"I cannot," the woman answered, "I would sooner starve."

The next moment Mary Despard stood alone in the room, and as the front door closed to with a bang, a little cry arose from the other room which told her that there was, at least, one creature left in the world for whom she must needs live.

Gently she tip-toed into the adjoining chamber and sinking on her knees beside the bed, ran her feverish fingers through the sleeping child's luxuriant hair, as the unspoken prayer played around her lips, "Oh, God, save my child from poverty."

CHAPTER II.

"HER CHILD!"

MARY DESPARD had at last resolved to adopt the only course left open to her whereby she might hope to save herself and her child from starvation—she would apply to Cyrus Bland for assistance.

Bland might turn her away or even refuse to see her—she could scarcely expect better treatment at his hands—but for her child's sake she was prepared to suffer almost any indignity.

And so, on a certain hot night in August, a bedraggled, wretched specimen of feminine humanity stood irresolutely on the pavement at the Marble Arch, taxing her anguished brain for the hundredth time with the advisability of carrying her intentions into execution.

The handsome face of the man she had deceived loomed up before her in her mind, and she fancied herself grovelling at his feet, craving his forgiveness, and—begging for money.

The little auburn-haired child, grown tired of waiting, pulled at her frayed skirts and turned towards her a pair of lovely eyes so early in life looking out upon a world of trouble.

A moment before Mary Despard had decided to abandon her visit, but the look of appeal on the child's wan face told of the ravages which the absence of proper nourishment had wrought.

If pride should longer make her hesitate, her child's death might be laid at her door.

The house in Seymour Place where Cyrus Bland lived was but a stone's throw away and taking the little one's cold hand in hers she stepped from the pavement preparatory to crossing the road.

A passing motor car caused her to pause, and as she did so a man approached in the full glare of a neighbouring lamp. His cloak was thrown wide open disclosing his evening attire, and as he withdrew his cigar from his lips his eyes fell upon the poverty-stricken woman and child who barred his way.

For a moment, whilst London's gay throng passed on, the three stood transfixed! Mary Despard had at last found her husband, and under circumstances which gave her a strange courage. Shorn of his fine clothes in her eyes, she saw the man who had deserted her, who had left her and their child to starve, and as she noticed his furtive gaze to right and left, as though he were looking for a means of escape, she knew that their meeting had brought him anything but pleasure.

"John." Only the one word escaped her lips—lips drawn thin with pain and hunger.

"We can't talk here," John Despard whispered, forgetful that his wife had committed no sin which should make him ashamed of conversing with her. "Follow me, I won't take you far."

Less than fifty paces away he turned upon her fiercely. They had reached a spot half way between the lamps where they would be less open to the gaze of passers-by.

"You want some money, I suppose?" he said in a semi-whisper whilst his hand sought his breast pocket.

"I want you, John," the woman answered. "Our child wants you."

Despard frowned as his eyes alighted upon the little creature for whose existence he was responsible, then he forced a hollow laugh to his lips.

"Still a fool," he answered. "Here, take this," and as he spoke he extended his hand towards her in which lay crumpled a bank note.

"We're starving, John," the woman ventured.

"I don't want money from you—I want your protection as a husband. You don't know all the dreadful things people say about our child in the parts where we have to live, when I tell them that her father is dead. They don't believe me—they don't believe that she is my husband's child. Don't let this stigma rest upon the innocent."

Mary Despard had ventured to rest her hand upon her husband's arm whilst she had been speaking, and when she had finished he shook

himself free as though her very touch had stung him.

"Are you going to take this money?" he asked harshly, for the inquisitive attention which more than one passer-by had paid them had irritated him.

Face to face with starvation the poor woman could easily have yielded to the tempting offer, but there was in her composition a grain of that seed which from the earliest times had sent martyrs voluntarily to their doom.

"Think of Iris, John," she pleaded, "she wants you, and you are her father."

John Despard gave vent to an expression which, though defiling his lips, perhaps expressed his feelings, and before the astonished woman had time to realise what had happened he had once more passed out of their lives, swallowed up in the great vortex of humanity which flowed along like a never-ebbing tide.

And the flood of tears which welled up in the woman's eyes, heralded by a deep sob, were only stayed by the plaintive words of her child. "Don't cry, mother; who was that naughty man?"

Mary Despard could have spoken the truth—she could have told the girl that he was her father—the man who had sold their home and had left them to starve, but woman's love dies hard.

"Some one I knew long ago," she answered. Then once more they proceeded to cross the road in the direction of Seymour Place.

It was nearly mid-night when the pair presented themselves at the front door of Cyrus Bland's house, and in answer to her request to see the owner the austere servant informed her that he was not at home, and that he would not have been bothered with the likes of her even had he been. And so the great battle with her conscience had been in vain; of course, a man in Cyrus Bland's position would never have granted an interview with a woman situated as she was. The world had no place for a starving woman and child—bitter experience had told her that, and why should he be an exception.

And so together, hand-in-hand, they turned their backs upon the brilliantly lighted house, out into the streets once more.

But Nature had run its course, and a beautiful release was at hand. For a moment the poor woman clutched the railings for support, the one lamp which shed its pale light upon mother and child seemed to burst into flame, then Mary Despard fell to the ground with a thud, safe for a time, at least, in that peace which the world had denied her.

A moment later as a man alighted from an electric brougham he found to his annoyance a woman and child lying at the foot of the steps

leading to his house, and turning to the footman gave the necessary instructions that they were to be awakened and sent about their business. Such occurrences were all too frequent, and he was mentally blaming the police for their neglect when his servant arrested his attention with the disconcerting information that the woman was either dead or dying.

Cyrus Bland—for he it was who had just arrived upon the scene—needed no second bidding, for his nature rebelled against the neglect of those who were in need of help, and with the assistance of his servant he carried the woman into the house, and, leaving her to the tender mercies of his house-keeper, turned his attention to the child who stood alone in the great hall marvelling at the wonderful sights around her, for some officious menial had refused to allow her to accompany her mother.

"Well, little one," he said kindly, taking her hand and leading her into his study. "You must stay with me here until they tell me how she—is going along." He did not venture to suggest any relationship between the two.

"She is my mother," the child answered sharply as though she were proud of the confession, "and she came here to see you."

Something—it may have been the droop of the sorrowful mouth, or even the subdued light in the eyes, arrested Cyrus Bland's attention, and the next moment he sank into a chair before the fire and took the ragged little urchin on his knee. "And what is your name?" he asked.

"Iris Despard," the child replied.

"Despard—Despard" the horrible word floated through his brain—the name of the man who had robbed him of all that he had held dear and sacred. And this was his child—her child—the child of the woman who lay dying in his house—the woman who had done him such a terrible wrong. Vengeance was at hand, it was left to him to send this child out into the world, friendless, motherless, destitute.

"You are Mr. Bland?" the child asked, gaining courage as the fire warmed her little body.

"Yes," he replied sullenly.

In an instant her little arms had encircled his neck, and the dirty marks on his collar showed where her fingers had been as she implanted a kiss upon his cheek.

"My mother loves you," she said, "so I must love you too."

And so from these tender lips which had never told a lie he had heard the truth—the woman who, in a moment of folly, had forsaken him, really loved him. What would he not give to hear such a confession from her own lips? What did shabby clothes matter where love was concerned, love needed no finery to prove its exist-

ence—like truth it shone best when shorn of all adornment.

A tap at the door changed his train of thought, and a servant entered.

"How is the patient?" Cyrus Bland asked with a tone of anxiety in his voice.

"Just dead, sir," the man replied unconcernedly. "I have come for instructions, sir."

"Dead!" Cyrus Bland rose to his feet carrying the child with him as he made towards the door, and the servant stood aghast at the sight of his master fondling a ragged little urchin whom he himself would not have deigned to touch. The strong man who had borne the secret of his love for six long years gave vent to a sound which unmistakably suggested a sob as the little fingers pressed tighter round his neck. "Don't cry," the child said, then adding, with strange philosophy, "Mother often said that she would be happier dead, only she knew that there would be no one to look after me."

And on the threshold of the door, as he was setting out upon his self-imposed mission to gaze upon the face of the woman he had loved so dearly, he brushed back the child's beautiful hair and gazed intently into her eyes.

"Her child," he said half to himself, then aloud. "I will look after you, Iris; you shall be my child now."

CHAPTER III.

BEST—IN ALL THE WORLD.

SIXTEEN years had passed over Iris Despard's head since the eventful night when Cyrus Bland had taken it upon his shoulders to pilot her through the world, and day after day as the beautiful girl drifted into womanhood a feeling had taken possession of him which made him grieve at the disparity in their respective ages.

When she had left school, his dearest wish would have been that she should rule over his house as his wife, but honour forbade him putting the question, which he feared she might only answer in his favour as a result of duty. It would be fairer to her if he gave her at least two years in the social world, where she might find some one more of her own age upon whom she might desire to bestow her affections. John Despard, the father who had deserted her, was dead, shot in a broil which reflected no more credit upon his closing moments than had the majority of his actions during his life.

And to-night, as Bland assisted the girl to alight from the carriage, he felt that he would at least like to sound his ground. "Can you spare me a few moments in the study before you retire to rest, Iris?" he asked as they entered the house.

The girl smiled back her answer—his every wish was a command to her. A little later as she entered the room and took the seat which he

placed for her in front of the fire, she noticed that his handsome face was paler than usual, and his whole manner was suggestive of hesitancy.

"I want to ask you a few questions which I think I have a right to ask," he said somewhat suddenly. Since you left school, you have come into contact with a great number of people and it is possible that amongst the whole lot, Iris, you may have found one man upon whom you could bestow your affections. I don't want to part with you, but it does not seem fair that a beautiful girl like yourself should allow what you might consider your duty to me to stand in your way. Tell me, amongst the men you have met at the many social functions you have attended, is there one who has spoken to you upon the subject which is calculated to lead to marriage?"

"Several men have said foolish things," the girl replied, the colour rising to her cheeks; "but I have never taken them seriously. I feel that a girl should centre her affections in one man only."

Cyrus Bland looked up sharply, but the girl's downcast eyes hid the truth which lurked behind them.

"Then there is some one?" he asked. "Yes," she replied, "there is some one I love dearer than all else in the world—some one whose every action has been kindness itself, whose every word has been so gentle that life would never be the same if I thought that he would ever leave me."

"And does he know that you love him?" Bland asked, and the tremor in his voice suggested the pain which the girl's confession had caused him.

"That I cannot say."

"Does he love you?" he queried.

"That I cannot say—he has never told me so."

Cyrus Bland crossed over to where she sat with her fingers interlaced before her. "Poor Iris," he murmured. "It is terrible to love and not to know whether you are loved in return."

"Worse for a woman than a man," the girl added. "A man has the right to speak where a woman has to remain silent." "And can't I help you?" he broke in. "Can't I find out whether this man loves you? Won't you let me ask him as man to man?"

And then the convulsive shaking of her shoulders told him that she was sobbing. "No man is worthy of such love, Iris," he said in an endeavour to pacify her. "I want you to tell me who he is."

He drew her hands away from her face as he spoke, and then as she turned her beautiful eyes towards him he read something which seemed to set every fibre in his body in conflict.

"Iris," he cried, "do you mean me—the man who loved you too truly to ask you to be his wife? Would you really have me if I did ask you?"

"How can you doubt," the girl replied, "when I have laid bare my soul? You are the noblest man in all the world."

Stories of Queen Alexandra.

BY DAVID WILLIAMSON.



EVER since the Queen came to this country as a beautiful bride, she has been regarded with the deepest affection by the nation. When she ascended to queenship, the fierce light that beats upon a throne only revealed still more clearly her charm and goodness. She has set a noble example of sympathy for the poor and suffering, and has not confined her charity to gifts, but has acquainted herself personally with many a good work and its organisers. Of her private acts of kindness and sympathy there are innumerable examples. I am venturing to put a few of them on record in this article, leaving them to speak for themselves, as to one who is truly "Her Most Gracious Majesty."

THE QUEEN AND THE PHONOGRAPH.

One of the most touching uses to which the phonograph has been put occurred in connection with the Queen. One of the former ladies-in-waiting to her mother, the late Queen of Denmark, lay dying in Copenhagen. She had known Queen Alexandra since infancy, and the Queen's father mentioned in one of his letters that the old lady had expressed a wish to speak to the Queen once more before her death. The Queen's thoughtful sympathy devised a way to cheer the dying lady-in-waiting. She spoke into a phonograph, and sent it to Copenhagen. The message of affection sounded forth in the Queen's own tones, and the dying woman gave a sigh of content, and with the words, "God bless you, dear," she passed away.

THE QUEEN AND THE BEREAVED.

It is the hour of sorrow that tests the reality of sympathy. No one can doubt that the Queen has a heart at leisure from itself, to soothe and sympathise. On hundreds of occasions the grief of a home has been assuaged by the personal condolence of the Queen. Often she writes a verse in her own handwriting to accompany a

wreath. For instance, when Mrs. Gladstone died, the Queen wrote:—

IN MEMORY OF DEAR MRS. GLADSTONE.

It is but crossing with a bated breath,
A white set face! A little strip of sea,
To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,
More beautiful, more precious, than before.

ALEXANDRA.

A SURPRISE VISIT TO AN INVALID.

Last spring one of the Court officials had been lying ill for weary weeks. In the midst of all her many engagements the Queen remembered him. She drove down one afternoon to inquire after the invalid. His little daughters were in the drawing-room, when suddenly the man-servant announced "The Queen." The children were a little dismayed, but only for a few moments, as Queen Alexandra put them quickly at their ease by her kindly and gentle questions about their father. The visit of her Majesty, and the thoughtful sympathy it implied, did more for the invalid than a dozen bottles of medicine. When Sir James Paget had blood-poisoning in 1871, the Queen (who was then Princess of Wales) sent a special nurse and called personally at Norwood to inquire after her physician's welfare.

HER LOVE OF CHILDREN.

Not long ago the Queen was spending a day with her sister, the Empress Marie of Russia, sight-seeing. It happened that in the afternoon she was visiting some barracks, and the officers immediately requested that their Majesties would honour them by taking tea. The Queen replied, "We should be delighted, but I promised my grand-children to take tea with them, and I never like to disappoint children."

THE LITTLE GOD-DAUGHTER'S GARDEN.

The Queen never loses her interest in those for whom she has acted as god-mother. In particular, she has been most kind to the children of Lord Curzon, who lost their beautiful mother more than a year ago. The Queen, hearing that little Alexandra Curzon—who was named after her Majesty—was fond of gardening, sent a box of violet roots to her. The child decided to plant them, so that when they came up, they should spell "Alexandra." "I should like to help you plant them," said the Queen. "Well, you can put in the full-stop," replied the child.

AN INVOCATION OF BLESSING.

After a Christening at which the Queen had acted as god-mother, her Majesty asked to see the baby's nursery. When she had been shown

the room, the Queen walked to one of the windows and wrote on the glass with her diamond ring: "May God's blessing rest on this house and all in it."

"MY HOSPITAL."

A statue of the Queen is going to be erected in the grounds of the London Hospital as a permanent memorial of the intense sympathy shown by her Majesty ever since she became President of the Hospital. On several occasions the Queen has visited the hospital, and in the spring of this year she brought her sister, the Empress Marie of Russia, with her at short notice. They remained at the hospital from half-past twelve till three o'clock, displaying the liveliest interest in everything connected with the work. The Queen's memory is as good as that of King Edward, and one of the first requests she made was to see some of the improvements which had been mentioned to her as in progress on her last visit. She went to the sitting-room and spoke to the sisters and nurses who were there, and then proceeded to the cookery classes room, where nurses were busily preparing some tempting dishes for their patients. The Queen passed through the Lucker Home into the hospital garden, where they received the most enthusiastic greeting from a large company of nurses, doctors, and students. After going through the Queen's Ward, where they spoke kindly to the young patients, they proceeded to the Marie Celeste Ward. It was the Queen's first visit to this department, and she shows the greatest interest in the mothers and infants in the ward. With gracious sympathy she spoke to one mother whose baby had died the day before, and she asked the age, weight, and proposed names of all the infants.

CHATTING WITH THE QUEEN.

In the Receiving Room, to which all patients come on their first visit to the Hospital, the Queen went and chatted to a man who had a broken arm. When she had left, the man announced with great pride to the other patients that the Queen had been talking to him. They refused to believe it, and chaffed him, saying that Her Majesty must have come down to the Hospital on purpose to see him. When it was discovered that the man was quite right, and had been honoured by kind inquiries from the Queen, the rest of the patients made a hero of him, and he told his story again and again.

THE QUEEN AND THE FINSEN RAYS.

One of the most pleasing incidents of the Royal visit was their call at the Finsen Ray department. It will be remembered that Dr. Finsen, who was himself an invalid suffering

from that dire disease lupus, discovered that by the use of rays of light cures could be effected. Before his death Dr. Finsen had the joy of seeing his discovery adopted in his native country, and it was after a visit to Copenhagen that Queen Alexandra instituted the first light apparatus for the cure of lupus at the London Hospital. It is no secret that at first the opinion of experts was not very favourable, but the Queen insisted on the experiment being tried, and two of the London nurses and one of the doctors were sent to Copenhagen to learn. At the present time the Finsen Ray department of the London Hospital is only second in size to the installation of the discoverer at Copenhagen. The Queen told her sister about the work, and as the Empress Marie had heard of it during her visits to Copenhagen, she was specially interested in the success which has attended its installation at the hospital. Both the Queen and Empress spoke to the poor patients undergoing treatment, and were very delighted to hear from Dr. Sequeira of some of the remarkable cures which had been effected.

THE QUEEN AND THE NURSES.

The Queen shows the most practical sympathy with the nurses and the nurses' home, and is very anxious that they should be well cared for at what she describes as "her" hospital. The matron of the London Hospital is the world-famed Miss Eva Luckers, who had raised the ideals of nurses to the highest possible standard, and has given to the London Hospital several years of devoted service. The Hon. Sydney Holland, who is chairman of the London Hospital, may well feel encouraged by the constant interest taken by Queen Alexandra in what is the greatest Hospital in the world.

PRAISING THE CHIEF.

When the Queen was in Paris, she was dining at the house of an old friend, and complimented her on possessing a wonderful chef. The hostess replied that her cook was a Danish woman, and would feel very gratified at the Queen's praise. "If she is a Dane, I should like to see her," said her Majesty, and the cook, much embarrassed at first by being summoned into the presence of Royalty, was soon answering in her native tongue the Queen's questions about herself and the village in Denmark where she had lived.

Hindu Ladies' Social and Literary Club.



Mrs. Muir-Mackenzie presiding.

THE 14th Annual General Meeting of the Hindu Ladies' Social and Literary Club was held on Thursday, the 16th January, 1908, in the spacious hall of Mrs. Harishandra Pandurang Pitale's bungalow at Cowasji Patel Tank Road. There was a large gathering of ladies—European, Mahomedan, Hindu and Parsi—amongst whom were the following:—M. J. Sahab Laxumibai Mullhar Rao Gaikwad of Baroda, Lady Bhatvedekar, Lady and Miss Jehangir, Lady Karimbhoy Ebrahim, Mrs. Gulam Hussain Karimbhoy, Mrs. Sassoon, Mrs. N. M. Patel, Mrs. Macbeth, Mrs. Cecil L. Burns, Mrs. W. H. Brady, Miss Wilson, Miss Paterson, Miss Dhunjibhai Nowroji, Mrs. Dikshit, Mrs. Meyer, Mrs. J. R. Patell, Mrs. M. H. Hakim, Mrs. Kazi Kabiruddin, Mrs. V. K. Karnikar, Mrs. K. Z. Aga Mustafakhan, Mrs. G. N. Nadkarni, Mrs. Jehangir, B. Dalal, Mrs. Macnie, Mrs. Frank Anderson, Miss (Dr.) Benson, Miss Zainulabdeen Shah, Mrs. Coochie Shah, Mrs. Moochod, Mrs. Shah, Rustomji Byramji Jeejeebhoy, Mrs. Rustom M. Chichgar, Mrs. Quick, Mrs. R. S. Jayakar, Miss Ackland, Mrs. Nanu N. Kothare, Mrs. Daji A. Khare, Mrs. Nikambe, Mrs. and Miss Herlekar, Mrs. Vitthaladas D. Thakersey, Miss Serene M. Cursetji, Mrs. Laxmibai Joshi, Bai Senabai Jayakar, Mrs. Laxmidas Bhimji, Mrs. Harishandra P. Pitale, Mrs. Lalji Bhimji, Dr. Kashibai Karmarkar, Dilbah Begum, Mrs. Sheppard, Mrs. Rajabally V. Patel, Mr. and Miss Ismail Jan Mahomed, Mrs. Anandaji Nanji, Miss Wadia, Miss Shreno Kabraji, Miss Piroja Kabraji, and Miss Macomish, &c.

In the adjoining room were placed for show and sale many articles, such as paintings on glass and cloth, embroidery work, fine and rich clothes, etc., prepared by the members of the Club. Besides these, the artificial flowers, bouquets, etc. prepared by Mrs. Laxmibai Joshi of

Indore were also placed. Even the embossed work done on the invitation notes was the Club's own production. Ladies were coming in numbers even before the appointed hour and were cordially received by Mrs. Bablibai Pitale and Mrs. Manakbai Kothare.

At the appointed hour, the proceedings, after the Welcome Song, prepared for the occasion by Mrs. Kashibai Herlekar and duly sung by Miss Shantabai Herlekar, began. Miss Sumati R. Kothare played on the Harmonium.

At the suggestion of Mrs. Manakbai Kothare and Mrs. Umabai Khare, Mrs. Muir-Mackenzie occupied the Chair, when Miss Shirin M. Khersedjee read the following yearly report of the Club in English, which, for the convenience of other Marathi-knowing ladies was translated into Marathi by Mrs. Sonabai, the daughter of Mrs. Bablibai Pitale, the Honorary Secretary of the Club:—

"The members of the Executive Committee of the Hindu Ladies' Social Club have great pleasure to submit for its members' acceptance the Report of the Club for the year 1907.

This year, as in the last few previous years, the recurrence of Plague hindered the meetings of the Club from February to June; still the Committee is glad to note that the Club had made on the whole a satisfactory record. 31 weekly meetings were held regularly at Mrs. Bablibai Pitale's house when the average attendance was 20 to 40 as against 30 to 40 of last year.

Various subjects were discussed both in Marathi and Gujrathi. Some days were also spent in doing some fancy and plain needle work, which will be sold at this annual gathering. The net sum of Rs. 60 was collected from the sale last year plus the amount collected from the Club's voluntary contribution. The box for last year totals Rs. 169 and will be utilized for benevolent purposes as agreed upon.

The Committee have the pleasure to announce that during the year under report 2 new members were admitted who, with 179 at the end of the previous year made up the total of 181, out of whom, two died leaving on the roll 179.

We are glad to note that the members of the Club are taking fair advantage of the Chinabai Sahab Library and we trust that in future this branch will be still more beneficially utilized.

H. H. Laxmibai Maharajisahab, Gaikwad of Baroda, was kind enough to hand to the President of this Club in the year 1906 a sum of Rs. 100 for opening a Fabric and Glass Painting Class, which then opened under the able tuition of Miss Jayaji Coorji Nazar, and we are glad to note that this Class is still continuing its work; but all the expenses now are defrayed by the

Club. The articles painted in this Class together with needlework articles, &c., sewn at the Club will be sold in the next room after this Gathering is closed.

It gives us immense pleasure to announce that in addition to the sum of Rs. 100, Her Highness Laxmibai Maharani Sahab, Gaikwad of Baroda, gave the Club her kind interest. She gave Rs. 25 monthly during the year. The sincere thanks of the Club are tendered to Her Highness for this and the Committee trust that Her Highness will continue to cherish always the same interest in the welfare of this Club.

The Begum Sahab of Janjira has given a donation of Rs. 200 for opening a class, in which the old-fashioned embroidery of India would be taught, and the Committee are pleased to note that such a Class has already been opened in Mrs. Manakbai Kothare's Indu Bhavan, where many members of the Club are taking instruction in such an useful art. Our sincere thanks are due to H. H. Begum Sahab of Janjira for her kind donation.

The Committee are much obliged to Mrs. Bablibai Harisachandra Pitale for continuing to lend the use of her Hall for holding the meetings of the Club. Our gratitude is also due to Mrs. Pitale for zealously performing the arduous task of Honorary Secretary of the Club for the last nine years.

Our sincere thanks are also due to Mrs. Javerbai Laxmidas for performing the responsible duties of the Honorary Treasurer from the commencement of the Club till now.

At the suggestion of Mrs. Sundardas and Mrs. Damodardas Thakersey, the above report was adopted.

Mrs. Laljee Bhimji then brought the motion before the meeting to thank the Executive Committee of the Club, seconded by Mrs. Luxmibai Maharanisahab of Baroda, which was unanimously passed. All the while Miss Shirin M. Khersedjee was explaining all what was going on to all the European Ladies assembled in general and to the President in particular.

Mrs. Mair Mackenzie then delivered her presidential address, which was rendered in Marathi by Dr. Gurubai Karmarkar.

The following is the purport of the same:—

"I am really glad to see such a large gathering of ladies of different nationalities assembled together here to-day. Attempts have already been made at Poona and other places to co-operate with Hindu Ladies, and thereby improve the social condition of Ladies. Even they made arrangements to open an Institute for outdoor games interesting and healthy; many promised to join; nay, even they came in the beginning, but they discontinued afterwards. I conclude therefore

that they consider these things to be merely childish.

The objects of this Institute are good, but it is very difficult to carry them out. Hindu Ladies are like violet flowers. As these flowers give out their fragrance for a long distance, though they are hidden in the deep grave of leaves, so also the fame of the good merits and their fine qualities spreads abroad, although these Hindu Ladies are deeply engrossed in household affairs. They are not associating with us simply because they love the household affairs, and it is but natural for a lady and womankind in general to have a liking for the management of household affairs. But we have to go to foreign countries for other responsible works which obstruct us to do such things. And nobody would forget that the influence of woman on mankind is greater as the world advances.

One thing more I have to tell you, and that is you must not neglect the physical culture along with the literary one, and our weakness and that of our children even suggests the same to us. Fresh air, water, good light, open air exercise are also equally important. We want our Hindu Ladies to associate with us and I am sure that thereby sound and nice results will come out. This is the 1st Club of this kind of the Hindu ladies I have seen and it is just as that eminent Philosopher Emerson has said, that "we all needed each other." There are many things to be learnt in the world. Had Justice Ranade been here he would have also told you the same thing as to take a step further. I am very thankful to you for the honour you gave me this evening, etc."

Miss Shirin M. Khersedjee then thanked the President in an attractive speech.

Mrs. Manakbai Kothare then addressed the meeting and seconded the votes of thanks to the chair—

"I have nothing to say more, as my friend Miss Khersedjee has spoken what I wanted to speak. But I must tell you that our to-day's President has travelled much and has visited many Institutions like these and everywhere she has tried her best to improve the Social condition of women.

Dr. Gurubai Karmarkar has also done some work for the Club for which we are very thankful to her. To understand the speech in English is difficult, but to explain the same in Marathi is still more difficult, and Dr. Karmarkar has done so without even being compelled.

So also our Club is very much indebted to Mr. Kashibai Herlekar for composing the nice verse for the occasion, which were sung by her own daughter."

A presentation of garlands terminated the proceedings.

An Impetuous Soul

A STORY OF INDIAN CHRISTIAN LIFE.



IT was a beautiful clear night, but there was no moon. The stars shone clear and bright like luminous lamps in the heavens above, and shed their soft radiance over the tender blue of the sky, that transparent blue which makes it look like a curtain hung before the glory of

Heaven, and lit by the radiance from within. The night was cloudless, except for a few fleecy clouds floating in the silver haze of light and the white path of the milky way, which wound in and out between the stars, till it mixed with the blue of the sky. The soft light fell on the scene around, dimly illuminating the white road gleaming from between the tall narrow houses on either side of it. Except for the occasional rumble of a cart or the voices of men there were not many sounds heard from the street, for this was a quiet part of the town, where not much business was carried on; but, from the interior of a house at the end of the street, on the terrace of which a girl was standing, there came the continuous prattle of women's voices, either raised in anger or in the soft tones of conversation. She was standing leaning on the terrace of a two-storied house with her chin on her hand, looking down on the leaves of the coconut trees, in front of the house, gleaming dimly in the uncertain light. But she was utterly unconscious of their beauty or of the soft radiance of the night; for her heart was bursting with anger at the treatment which was being accorded to her by the women of the house. She was the daughter-in-law of the house, an orphan with no relatives except those on her husband's side; and, what was worse, she was a widow. When very young she had been married; and long before she had grown up and had even known of the change that had taken place in her life, her husband had died and left her a child-widow, an unfortunate being who was looked upon as accursed by everyone. And now no one cared for her, and it almost looked as if she might die and no one would mind. They all hated her; every hour of the day she had to be toiling at work, and epithets of abuse were constantly being flung at her; and her heart rose in anger at the injustice of it all.

Long years ago, when she was a little child and her mother was alive, she remembered the

peace and calm of happy home, where a mother's love did all it could to shield her from every danger and every thought of unhappiness. But now, now,—oh! she hated them all; she would give anything to be rid of them. What right had they to treat her like this. But suddenly there came before her mind a vision, which at once calmed down her anger,—a far-off dim vision of her mother, lying on a bed of pain, praying to God to make her child happy in her husband's home and telling her daughter to be brave and patient. "O mother, mother," sobbed the girl, as if her heart was broken, "why did you not take me with you? Why did you leave me behind to suffer like this? And can there be a God who could bear to see me thus treated?" Suddenly a harsh voice sounded in her ear, the voice of a woman calling in angry tones, "Sita, Sita, what are you doing? Where are you, you lazy, ungrateful girl, always loitering about and doing nothing! Come and do this work." She stood back for a moment in pride and scorn, but the vision came before her again and she went in meekly. In the door-way she met a stout woman just coming out and looking about her. As soon as she saw Sita her face assumes a violent expression of anger and hate; and she almost seemed as if she would strike her. "Where have you been, you stupid girl?" she cried; "I will teach you to go dreaming about and neglecting all your work. You never do anything that I tell you"; and she took a step towards the girl. But Sita quietly stepped past her with the tears welling up in her eyes. Never do anything! Why, the whole day she did nothing but work, work, work. But that was her lot. She then went round attending to all the little things that the women of the house required—fat, lazy women, who moved not a finger to help themselves, and yet heaped reproaches on this fragile delicate girl, when she found no time to attend to all their wants at once. After everyone was satisfied, and the vessels all cleaned, she was allowed to go to bed, but what a bed!—a wretched mattress spread in a lonely room, where often she would wake at night from frightening dreams, with a cry for help. But there would be none to come to her, and she would turn her face to the cold wall and cry herself to sleep.

II.

Two years before, a number of European ladies had gathered together in this same town and determined to start a ladies' association, in order to try and do something towards bringing the Hindu ladies into closer and more friendly contact with themselves and the other European ladies. Some of the ladies, who were trying to form the association, had only lately come from England; some had already been for some

time in India; and all took a deep interest in Indian affairs, especially those concerning the women of India;—the former, partly from mere curiosity and partly from a laudable desire to try and incorporate themselves with the people among whom they had to come to live; the latter from a disinterested desire to do something for the women of India, arising from their experience of the strict seclusion in which the "Purdah ladies" were kept. The association was to be formed of both English and Indian ladies, and each was to do the work, which she thought would suit her best. Some were to visit hospitals, some to take an interest in schools, while others were to visit Hindu families and do zenana work. The association was started and progressed, slowly but steadily; in spite of many mistakes on the part of the members. Sometimes the sneers from onlookers, who never thought of helping the association, were so great that the members many times even thought of giving up their work in despair. But these moments of discouragement were eventually succeeded by days of triumph and happiness, and the association carried out in some measure its object, and many of its plans were realized.

The lady who had taken up the zenana work was one of the best of the whole lot. She was gentle and kind; and, having been for some years in India, she had a rather large experience of Indian affairs. She visited many Hindu families, and in course of time she came to the house where Sita lived. There were many Hindu women in this house; and after a few moments of shy reserve, the lively ones gathered round the English lady as if she was some wild animal from a menagerie, some of the more curious among them examining her clothes and the little articles of jewelry she wore, while others pestered her with voluble questions: "Are you married?" "What is your age?" "Is it not strange that you should remain unmarried so long?" &c., &c.,—such were some of the questions asked. The lady, Miss Clear, could talk Telugu fairly well, for this was a Telugu family, and she tried to answer all their questions as best as she could; and soon a good understanding was established between herself and the other women. Miss Clear asked them if they would like to learn English, and many of them said they would. After staying a little while, she left them, promising to come again another day. And after that she regularly visited that family and began to teach them a little English, and at the same time relate some of the Bible stories. She found her pupils eager to take new lessons, but not so eager to prepare them; but she persevered in her efforts and soon they grew interested in their lessons, and the young ones advanced rapidly.

In the course of her visits, Miss Clear had been observing for some time a pale silent girl, who was in the habit of slipping in silently when they were in the midst of their lesson. This girl, she noticed, listened to her with more eagerness than the others did. She would bend forward with her hands clasped before her, and, with parted lips, attend to the words spoken as if her very life depended on them. The girl was always dressed very simply, almost poorly, and she did not wear a single jewel, presenting quite a contrast in this respect to the other women, who were generally bedecked in gay clothes and loaded with many jewels; and Miss Clear observed that whenever the elder women, the ladies of the house, saw the poor girl thus engaging herself in this silent manner, they always spoke to her harshly and sent her about some work, and even the younger ones snubbed her, as if she were some poor servant of the family. But the girl, though so poorly dressed, had not the appearance of a servant. Her features were not beautiful, but they were pleasant to look upon; and the stamp of intellect was on her face, on the wide prominent forehead and in the large, clear brilliant eyes. Her well-shaped head was always held straight and upright; and there was a distinguished look about her, that marked her out as quite different from the others. But there was on her face a sad expression of loneliness, which almost seemed the hard look of despair, and it touched Miss Clear's heart. She felt interested in the girl and determined to find out something about her. So, one day, when the girl was as usual sitting listening in a corner, Miss Clear asked the lady of the house who she was.

"O that girl," was the reply, "she is Sita, my daughter-in-law; but I wish I had never been born to call her my daughter-in-law. She has brought misfortune on my house, and it is on account of her that my son died. Accursed being! Sita! What are you doing there, girl? Go about your business."

"But what did she do? Why do you call her accursed?"

"What did she do? Why, she killed my son. Because he married her, he died. Never you mind about her, lady. She is not worth thinking about."

"But it is not her fault," Miss Clear was beginning, but the other lady would not hear her. Miss Clear felt indignant. Treat a girl like that and call her accursed for no fault on her part! If her husband died, why should the poor girl be blamed and treated so harshly? She had heard of ill-used daughters-in-law and had come across some of them in her intercourse with Hindu families; but she had never seen a girl who was

looked upon with such hatred. She determined to speak to the girl and do something for her.

After this, Sita was allowed very seldom to come into the room while Miss Clear was there; but she did her best to go there, at least for a few moments to listen to her; and one day Miss Clear seized her opportunity, and stopping in the midst of her lesson went up to the girl and sat down by her with the intention of talking to her. The other women tried to prevent her from doing this; but Miss Clear was firm; and Sita, seeing her firmness, forgot her timidity and stood her ground, even while her mother-in-law was telling her to go about her business. Miss Clear tried to draw her out into conversation; but Sita was unused to such notice and remained silent. The other women were hanging about the room, trying to listen to the talk, and now and then angry comments were heard from some of them.

"Yes, hear her," one said, "the ungrateful girl, she will tell you all sorts of tales about us, and you will believe them and turn against us."

"She will turn against you like the cat turns against the mistress, who feeds her. She has no good feelings about her," another murmured.

But Miss Clear paid no heed to them, and taking the girl to the verandah, continued her kind efforts. At last the girl burst out bitterly.

"What is the use of talking to me, lady? I am not worth taking notice about. Do you not hear what the others are saying? Then, why do you stay here?"

"Never mind about them," the lady answered. "Tell me about yourself. I like you and I am determined to do something for you."

"Like me!" the girl asked with wide-eyed wonder, "Like me! Why, no one likes me. I think you are making a mistake, lady."

"No, dear, I love you, and if you tell me anything you want, I shall do it for you. And there is another who loves you. He is—"

"You are not trying to deceive me, are you, Madam? Do you really mean what you say? Is there anyone who loves me in this world; and do you love me? And who else is there that loves me?"

"My poor girl, I do love you; and there is another who loves you far better. That is Jesus our Saviour, who died for us. He loves you dearly?"

"I have never seen Him, and how can He love me?" asked the girl, the look of joy that had come to her face fading again, for she thought Miss Clear was deceiving her.

Then Miss Clear began to tell her the story of Jesus, and also spoke to her about the freedom allowed in Christian society to women. The

girl listened to her in wonder; but as it was getting late, Miss Clear had to leave her for that day. But the next day and every day after she came and talked to her. Sita after this was treated even worse by her mother-in-law, and the latter even beat her often. But this made the poor girl more eager to listen to the zenana lady; and she especially drank in what the latter said about the freedom of Christian society. Oh! she would like to be free like that, she thought. How happy she would be with nobody to school her, or beat her, or restrain her in any way. And she listened to Miss Clear, and at last told her one day that she would like to go away with her and be a Christian. Miss Clear was surprised and pleased. "Do you want to be a Christian, Sita?" she asked: "I am so glad. Do you really love Jesus and believe that He loves you?"

"I believe that He loves me, because you told me so; and I believe you because I love you so, Madam. But I should like to be a Christian, for then I would be free."

"But do you love Jesus, Sita?"

"Yes, Madam, I suppose so. But I do love you. But why do you look at me like that? Will you not take me with you? Do take me, Madam. I shall die if I stay here." Miss Clear was afraid that all was not quite right. The girl did not appear to grasp the true principle of Christianity; she only seemed to be thinking of the freedom Christianity would give her. But the lady thought everything would be alright after Sita became a Christian. The girl would see the example of the others and become a true Christian at heart.

Sita was in the habit of going to Miss Clear's house to take lessons from her in needlework, and one day she stayed behind and did not return home. She was baptized the next day. The news created some commotion in the town; but it subsided after a short hubbub. Sita was a widow and the Hindus did not much trouble themselves about what became of her. It was only the disgrace they cared about; and when they found that they could not get back the girl by any means and had made a sufficient amount of noise to show that they were alive to the disgrace caused them, they kept quiet. As for her relatives they thought her a good riddance. Sita's father-in-law was a weak man, who was under the influence of his wife. He had liked his pale quiet daughter-in-law; but had not dared to remonstrate with his wife about her treatment. Now he kept quiet, for he knew the girl was free and was glad for her sake.

III.

So Sita became a Christian and stayed with Miss Clear for some time. She revelled in the freedom which she now enjoyed, and was almost

outrageously happy with her new friends. Miss Clear and all the other ladies to whom she was introduced were all very kind to her, for they wished the poor girl to forget the ill-treatment she had received. But the sudden change into this freedom from the restraints among which she had hitherto lived seemed a little too much for Sita. She seemed to be thrown off her balance and became somewhat too free and forward in her manner. She took advantage of the kindness of others, and seemed to think that it was all due to her and that she would be denied nothing. But she was allowed her own way; and no one restrained her. They were all pleased with the change which this sudden transition had worked in her; and, indeed, the bright, sparkling, rather too forward girl presented quite a contrast to the quiet, timid, snubbed maiden, who Miss Clear had seen moving silently about her Hindu home.

So, three months passed in joyous happiness for Sita. But at the end of that time a change came. Miss Clear had been engaged for a long time to a rich, handsome young doctor; and now they were married, and Miss Clear, or rather Mrs. Barton, went away with him to a far-away town. And Sita was left behind; for, of course, Mrs. Barton could not think of taking the girl with her. She soothed the girl's tearful entreaties by promising to come back again soon, and went away. Sita had been entrusted to the care of a lady, Miss Felton, who was in charge of a Boarding School; and she was to remain with that lady as a boarder for the present. But Dr. Barton found no occasion to return to the town where Sita was, for he found work elsewhere; and Mrs. Barton forgot her protegee for a time in her new-found happiness.

So, Sita was left as a boarder, and a new life began hereafter for her. She was no longer allowed the same freedom she had enjoyed under Miss Clear. Miss Felton was a staid old lady, who held the opinion, that Indian Christians should not be allowed too much freedom, or be treated too familiarly. She had often remonstrated with Miss Clear for her kindness towards the poor girl. "You see, my dear," she would say, "it is doing the girl harm to accustom her to ways to which she has been a perfect stranger. Moreover, if you are too familiar with the natives, they take too much advantage of it like the camel in the story. My practise is to be strict and keep them at a distance, at the same time treating them with kindness."

Now she had an excellent opportunity for carrying out her opinions. The poor girl, Sita, had her freedom again curtailed. Miss Felton imposed all sorts of restraints on her. Miss Clear had allowed her to dine separately, for the girl could not yet conquer her caste instincts,

and had asked the privilege of not being allowed to dine with the other boarders. But Miss Felton made it a rule that Sita should not have her meals separately; and Sita, with her clean habits, whether she liked it or not, had to eat with the other girls, some of whom were very dirty. She was not allowed to come out into the company of the Europeans; she was made to discard the clean white dresses that Miss Clear had made for her and dress in the ugly prints that the boarding girls wore; she was not allowed to sit on any chairs except the high-backed wooden ones which were used in the school; and whenever Miss Felton spoke to her, it was in the broken Telugu that she knew, and not in English, whereas Miss Clear had used to talk to her in English, so that she might learn to speak it. Sita found her new restraints very irksome; and, being a high-spirited and lively girl, she resented the change from the kindness and freedom she had enjoyed under Miss Clear to this restricted atmosphere; and she often spoke rudely to Miss Felton.

Many days passed in this manner. Sita neglected her studies and passed most of her time in meditating over her wrongs and wishing for her friend's return. The schoolmistress consequently often found fault with her and reported her to Miss Felton, who punished her with impositions; and this the girl especially hated. She felt as if she could not stay there much longer.

One day, matters came to a crisis. Sita had never associated much with the other girls; but there was one among them who pretended to be her friend, and Sita rather took to her and was in the habit of confiding to her some of her troubles. The day before, when Miss Felton had been specially strict to her about some little thing, Sita, in a sudden burst of anger, had told her friend, whose name was Ruth, how she hated Miss Felton, and that she would give anything to be rid of her. She had never gone so far as that before, and would not have confided such a thing to Ruth, if she had not been sure of her friendship. But Ruth proved a false friend. She was favourite of Miss Felton's, and to gain more favour she told her everything that Sita had said to her. Miss Felton was furious. She went to Sita and asked her at once what she meant by saying such things. Sita was thunder-struck for a moment, but the next she flared up and said,

"Yes, I did say it and I mean it. I would give anything to go away from you."

"You say that, you bad, wicked, ungrateful girl! Next time you are rude to me like this, you see what I shall do to you."

"I shall go straight to Miss Clear, to Mrs. Barton. She will receive me."

"She will receive you, will she? She will have nothing to do with a good-for-nothing girl like you. Take care, Miss Sita, take care," and with these words, Miss Felton left the room.

Sita's mind was in a whirl. She did not know what to do, but she felt that she would give anything to go away from Miss Felton. She hated her. What right had she to treat her like that. And that girl whom she had trusted so much, she had betrayed her. Sita was very bitter against every one, and especially against Miss Felton, and felt as if she could never more trust anyone. Ah! but there was Mrs. Barton. She could trust her, and she would go to her and thus be rid of Miss Felton. Mrs. Barton had written only one or two letters to Sita, and after that had been silent; but Sita had heard from some one that she and her husband lived in S...., which was about a day's journey from the town where she was. Sita made up her mind to catch the train and go to S..... She searched for a Railway Guide and found that a train left for that place early in the morning at 6 o'clock; and she determined to start the next day. That night she went to bed as usual and pretended to be sleeping, while the other girls who were in the same room with her were awake. But when their long even breaths showed that they had all slept, Sita quietly slipped out of bed and made a small bundle of a few clothes. Early at 5 o'clock the next morning she softly unbolted the back door and stepped out of the house.

As the cool morning air enveloped her in its soft folds, she felt at last that she was free and drew a long breath of relief, and almost commenced running to the station in her eagerness and joy. It was still dark and the moon shone clearly and the bright morning star shone out of the sky like a tender eye of light. The sun had not yet risen, but a rosy glow soon appeared in the east, and, gradually spreading over the whole sky, heralded its coming and usurped the pale silver light of the moon, which now looked like a small round speck of white cloud. One by one the stars were all extinguished, and the sun, rising out of a bed of dark clouds ascended the sky in majestic glory and proclaimed itself monarch of the day. By this time the birds had all awaked out of their sleep, and the air was filled with their cries and twitterings. Sita arrived at the station and found that she had still plenty of time to spare. A few porters were walking up and down the platform with sleepy eyes; but one by one the passengers for the coming train began to arrive. Sita did not know how to get her ticket; but following the example of the other passengers, she went up to the ticket-collector and asked for a third-class ticket to S..... Mrs. Barton had given her Rs. 10

before she left, and Sita had not spent the money and had it with her still, and out of it she paid for her ticket. But by this time all her exultation of the morning had spent itself, and she was feeling frightened and uneasy. Supposing the boarding school girls were to find out her absence, and Miss Felton was to trace her here, what was she to do? And also, suppose Miss Felton's words were to come true and Mrs. Barton were not to take her in. Sita felt troubled and half inclined to go back; but while she was hesitating, there was heard the shrill whistling of the approaching train, the station bell clanged, and slowly, puffing and blowing, the train steamed into the dingy little station. The third-class passengers were given their tickets and were allowed to go on to the platform and Sita, mingling with the crowd, mechanically followed their example and seated herself in an empty third-class compartment. She could not now go back, for she had taken her ticket, and by this time her excitement had driven out her fear, and she resolved to see her adventure out to the end. She tried to make herself comfortable in the empty room, glad that she was left alone there; but five minutes before the train started, the door opened and two young men with rude faces jumped in. They looked across at Sita insolently, and she felt frightened lest they should speak to her rudely or insult her. She now truly wished she had not run away, and was even then thinking of getting out of the carriage, when the door opened again and a tall elderly man stepped in and seated himself near Sita. The girl felt she could trust him and that she would be safe as long as he was there; and she moved up closer to him. Just then, the engine shrieked, the carriages clanged and jolted, and off they started. The elderly man did not look at Sita for a long time, and the poor girl feeling very lonely at last resolved she would speak to him.

"Are you a Christian, sir," she asked in low tones. The man looked surprised, but, looking at Sita, and, liking her face, he answered,

"Yes, I am a Christian. My name is Pastor Joshua. Can I do anything for you?" Then, noticing that her face wore a troubled look, he asked,

"Are you in trouble, Miss? You are travelling alone?"

"Yes," she answered, "I am travelling alone. And I feel so frightened, because this is the first time I am going by train."

"You ought not to travel alone. And may I know where you are going? I shall try to help you."

"I am going to S....., to Dr. Barton's house."

"Oh! the place where I am going is beyond S....., and I can be here and look after you till you reach your destination. And I know Dr. Barton very well. I was once at S....., and he cured my little son of a very bad attack of fever. When you reach S..... I can tell you where his house is."

"O! thank you very much, sir," Sita answered, gratefully, and then they talked a little longer and afterwards Sita moved up to the end of the seat and began observing the scenery listlessly. But as the day was very hot and she felt tired, she quietly dropped off to sleep, her head leaning against the back of the carriage. She was not allowed to sleep long; however, for, at a large station, which they had to pass, a large number of passengers were actually thrust in by the guard into her compartment. They were mostly day-labourers and were extremely noisy. They kept chewing betel-and-nut, staring at her, and passed insolent remarks on her appearance. Sita felt greatly ashamed, but her companion, the elderly pastor came to her aid and silenced their rude remarks in some measure. After a time she bought something at another station to eat, and tried to sleep, but with all the men in the carriage, mostly gaping at her, she felt very uncomfortable. In the evening, when it was much cooler, Sita was able to watch the scenery with interest. The train was then passing through one of the most picturesque parts of the country, and innumerable sights and scenes were presented in quick succession to the eye. Now, passing through deep stretches of forest on either side, in the midst of which clusters of flowers made bright patches of colour against a dark background of trees; now rushing along the side of waving corn-fields, fair with golden-corn, among which sometimes a thin stream wound in and out like a streak of silver; sometimes gliding rapidly along deep mountain chasms, or thundering over long iron bridges which looked like some fanciful filigree work, extending over great valleys and precipices; sometimes cutting through mountain cliffs on either side, or rushing shrieking through dark sulphurous tunnels, the train sped on its way, creaking and jolting, puffing and blowing, like a great iron leviathan. Far away, the blue mountains reared their lofty heads, touched into a pink glow by the dying rays of the setting sun; or, coming nearer, there loomed up before the eye, dark-grey masses of rock, their sides covered with clustering trees and bushes. Over-head the sky extended like a blue vault, through which floated a few fleecy clouds, reflecting the many-coloured rays of the sun. In the west, the orb of day was slowly sinking from view, and over it, the sky was one beautiful mass of all colours, the harmonious blending of which seemed to

culminate at the point, where the sun, gradually disappearing from view, hung around it a circular halo of golden flaming light. From this, a long fiery amber-coloured cloud extended straight up into the sky, like the lurid smoke rising out of a blazing furnace. This magnificent sight lasted but awhile, and gradually all the rainbow hues melted into the dark-blue of the sky, leaving behind streaks of clouds edged with different shades of pink. The train sped on its way with increasing speed, stopping at different stations, when the passengers would swarm in and out of it, like bees in a hive, and water-carriers and sweetmeat-sellers would rush up and down, yelling at the top of their voices, and offering their wares to the passengers. Then it would move on again rushing by the turnpike gates and the little wooden watch-houses, and sometimes passing little groups of villages and sweet rural sights,—such as a crowd of villagers gaping at the train and beckoning to the passengers; or a group of women in the rice fields, knee-deep in water, stopping for a moment at their occupation of cutting the ripe golden sheaves of corn to have a look at the wonderful iron horse conveyance; or a herd of cows grazing in peaceful mountain valleys; or a number of silly frightened sheep racing for their very lives at the sight of the puffing, shrieking monster; and then the old sights would appear again with ever-changing variety.

It was about 7 p.m., when the train, stopped at S..... Pastor Joshua helped Sita out of the train, and putting her into a bullock-carriage, for that was the only kind of carriage to be had at the station, told the cart-man to drive to Dr. Barton's house. Sita then bade him farewell with many thanks and started on her way. After that seemed to her a long drive, the carriage stopped at a gate, and Sita getting out, paid the man his fare out of her remaining money. She then timidly entered the gate, but, on seeing some one walking on the other side, she stopped short. It was a lady, and she had her back turned to the gate, but, on hearing footsteps she turned round and Sita saw in the uncertain light that it was Mrs. Barton. Mrs. Barton rushed up to her with a glad cry of "Frank, Frank, have you come back so soon. I am so glad you have finished your work"; but on seeing the girl, and not recognizing her, she stopped short with the words, "Why, it is not Frank. It is a woman. Who are you? Do you want anything from me?" Then, suddenly, recognizing Sita, she cried out, "Why, it is Sita... Sita, my dear girl, I am very glad to see you. How did you manage to come here?" And she took her by the hand and kissed her.

"I came by the train, madam."

"But did you come alone? I thought Miss Felton had charge over you."

Sita now felt a little ashamed of her escapade; and said in a low voice

"Yes, Madam, I came away from Miss Felton."

"But did she allow you to come here?"

"I ran away from her."

"Ran away from her? asked Mrs. Barton with a vexed look. "Why, my girl! what possessed you to do so?"

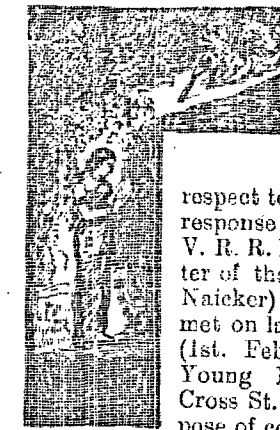
"I could not stay any longer with her Madam, She was so harsh to me, and—"

"Never mind, Sita, come in and tell me all about it afterwards," and Mrs. Barton took her in into her pleasant little drawing-room. Just then Dr. Barton came in and his wife explained everything to him. Sita had some dinner and then went to bed in a little room that was given to her. The next morning she told Mrs. Barton all about her flight from Miss Felton; and, though Mrs. Barton felt vexed, she said nothing to the girl about it, but wrote a long letter to Miss Felton, explaining everything and asking her to forgive the girl. Miss Felton naturally felt very anxious at first and then annoyed, but Mrs. Barton's letter relieved her anxiety in some measure, and she tried to make the best of the position.

Sita's great desire was to study for the Matriculation; and when Mrs. Barton asked her what she would like to do, she told her about it. So the girl was sent as a day-scholar to a high school in the neighbourhood. She took up her lodgings with a respectable Indian Christian family; and her expenses, were mostly paid by the mission, in return for which the girl promised to work for it, after passing her examination. She progressed rapidly in her studies, having already read up to the Second Form in Miss Felton's school; and in five years she passed the Matriculation. She then, with the recommendation of Mrs. Barton, obtained a post as teacher in the same school, which belonged to the mission, on a salary which was just sufficient to provide her with food and clothing. She could have got a higher salary, but she refused to take more than what she absolutely needed, wishing in this way to repay the mission for their kindness to her. At first she found her work a little irksome, but soon she grew interested in it and really desirous of doing good to her little pupils; and in time she became a very good teacher and received a higher salary. Her character ripened and became sweeter and nobler, and she increased in Christian grace and beauty day by day. Mrs. Barton ever remained her friend and never did she find cause to think that her confidence in Sita was misplaced; and even Miss Felton in time came to appreciate her character.

BY AN INDIAN LADY.

Indian Women's Association.



THE Indian Community will be pleased to note the fruit reaped from the seed sown by the late Mr. K. Murugasa Naicker, one of the oldest Colonists, with respect to female education. In response to the invitation of Mrs. V. R. Moodaly (eldest daughter of the said Mr. K. Murugasa Naicker) about 100 Indian ladies met on last Saturday afternoon (1st. Feb., '08.) at the Hindu Young Men's Society's Hall, Cross St. Durban, for the purpose of considering the advisability of organising an Indian Ladies' Association.

Mrs. K. R. Nynah was unanimously elected to preside, who, in a lengthy speech, fully explained the need for such a body. Mrs. Moodaly, the Convener, earnestly urged the formation of an institution for promoting female education, unity, &c. Miss Coonaruthinum Moodaly read about Her Highness the Maharani of Baroda and her connection with the Social Conference in India.

Mrs. S. Godfrey said that the movement was an advantageous one and thought it was the best medium for the encouragement of female education.

Mrs. Gandaria highly appreciated the noble effort of Mrs. Moodaly and gladly supported the good cause. Amongst the many who spoke, were Mrs. Amceerthammal, Mrs. B. Gabriel, and Mrs. Cundasamy Pillay. They were thoroughly in accord with the idea of forming an Association and were pleased to be present to take part in its initial stages.

At length, Mrs. Moodaly proposed that an Indian Ladies' Association be formed, which was unanimously carried. And Mrs. S. Godfrey proposed that the body be named "Indian Women's Association, which was carried.

The following officials were then elected:—

Her Highness the Maharani of Baroda—Patron.

Mrs. S. Godfrey, President; Mrs. K. R. Nynah and Mrs. V. R. Moodaly, Vice-Presidents; Misses A. Paul and R. G. Moodaly, Joint Secretaries and Treasurers.

Judging from the enthusiastic and representative character of the meeting, it is hoped that the effort of Mrs. V. R. Moodaly, who has taken no end of trouble, will be crowned with success.

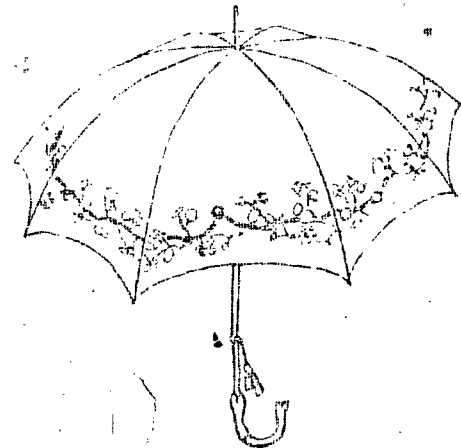
RULES AND REGULATIONS

- (1) That this Association be called "Indian Women's Association."
- (2) That the objects of this Association shall be :—
 - (a) To promote union for the welfare of our compatriots.
 - (b) To improve our mother-tongue and general knowledge.
 - (c) To help one and another in moral and intellectual life.
 - (d) To give lectures on patriotic movements and other fitting subjects.
- (3) Members to do their best individually and collectively for the welfare of the Association.
- (4) The means employed for carrying out the objects, shall be classes, meetings and lectures.
- (5) That the condition of membership be :—
 - (a) Any one may become a member subject to the approval of the Committee.
 - (b) Payment of subscription.
 - (c) All candidates to be nominated and seconded for membership.
- (6) The Committee shall have the power of suspending or disqualifying any member, if necessary.
- (7) All voting to be by show of hands.
- (8) Any member of the Committee being absent for 3 consecutive meetings without satisfactory reason, shall cease to be a member of the Committee.
- (9) The Committee can appoint a qualified member to fill in any vacancy in the Committee list; nevertheless the Committee may continue to act.
- (10) (a) 5 to form a quorum at Committee Meetings.
(b) 10 to form a quorum at General Meetings.
- (11) The Subscription shall not be less than six pence per mensem.
- (12) (a) That an Annual Meeting shall be held during the first week of February.
(b) General Meetings shall be held during the First and the Third Saturday of every month.
(c) Special Meetings shall be called by the Secretaries on receiving a letter signed by at least six members, stating their object therein also at the request of the Committee.
- (d) Committee Meetings be called by the Secretaries whenever necessary.
- (13) Members shall wear a brooch with the name of the Association inscribed, in order to distinguish themselves.

Our Needle Work Column

HAND-PAINTED PARASOLS.

TO the girl with a limited dress-allowance, but blessed with a certain amount of skill in design, the hand-painted parasol offers endless opportunities for ingenuity. For a few shillings a sunshade may be bought which, when tastefully decorated, will form a *chic* and original finish to a simple toilette; or it may be used as a novelty in wedding presents for a girl friend who is collecting her trousseau.

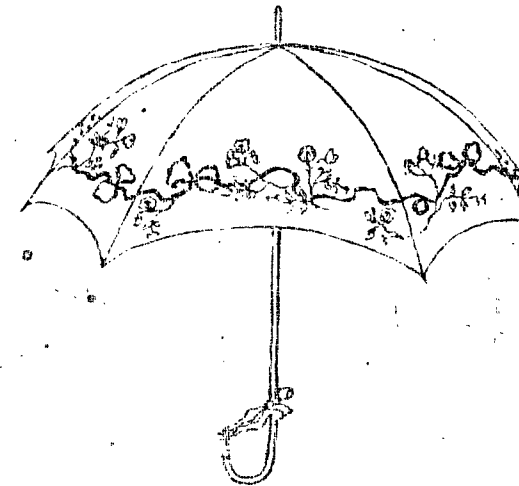


Design of brown and cream coloured nasturtiums with knots of blue ribbon on a pink parasol.

The painting is quickly and easily done, as the tightly-stretched silk of the parasol makes a smooth and even surface upon which to work; the chief drawback is that it is a large and cumbersome article to deal with, and is apt to over-balance at critical moments. It should be held firmly by the tip of the stick with the left hand while the work is going on, and should then be left opened for some time in order that the colours may dry thoroughly and evenly.

When selecting a parasol for decoration a plain silk of good quality, in white or some soft shade, will be found the most suitable, but care should be taken to choose a colour that tones with the design which has been decided upon. The latter should be carried out in an irregular wreath of some trailing flower, such as honey-suckle or sweet peas, while a softly twisting ribbon painted in white or pale blue adds grace and harmony to the scheme. It is most satisfactory, when possible, to paint the flowers from real ones, but, if these are not to be obtained, excellent copies can be hired for a few pence from any colourist's shop. Studies should be carefully made on paper before beginning upon the parasol itself, so that the artist may be thoroughly familiar with the forms of the flowers

and leaves when she comes to paint them. Confidence being thus obtained, the design may then be boldly put on to the silk, care being



Design of sweet peas and ribbon upon a pale blue parasol.

taken to draw accurately whilst avoiding any stiffness of treatment. A pencil may be used, if preferred, but, as the lines are likely to show through transparent colouring, a paint-brush and Chinese white will be found better. If the latter method is pursued, it is well to cover the whole surface of the design with the white, as otherwise a hard line will be left at the edges.



Design of "La Nance" roses upon a white or cream-coloured parasol.

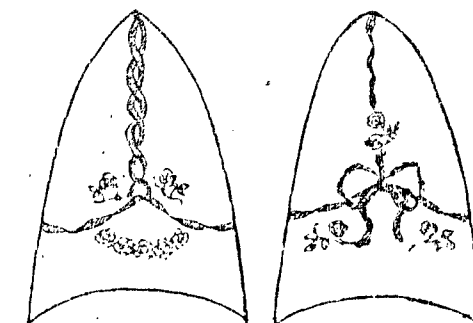
Having satisfactorily wreathed the sunshade, the first flat tints should now be laid on, ordinary water-colour paints being used, freely mixed with Chinese white in order to prevent running. Medium may be added, if desired, to give

smoothness, but is really unnecessary if care be taken in mixing the colours. The most delightful part of the work is then arrived at, in the gradual completion of each panel, the flowers being carefully touched into shape, the leaves veined and shaded, and the loose folds of the ribbon softened and finished. The effectiveness of this naturally depends a good deal upon the artist's capacity; but if the design is boldly conceived and executed in a free decorative manner, good results may be obtained by the merest amateur.

It will be found that the colours which look bright when wet will be duller and paler after drying, so that constant re-touching is needed until the desired effect is obtained.

It must be remembered that the painting is to be displayed in strong sunlight, so that it requires to be much more brilliant than a mere study of flowers would be. The lights should be put in with Chinese white, carefully softened off; for the shadows, it is best to use the ordinary mixture of cobalt, brown madder and raw sienna, while in shading turquoise ribbon a touch of soft green may be added.

The accompanying illustrations show four designs which have proved very effective. The sweet peas, in all shades of that most fascinating flower, were lightly scattered over a ribbon wreath on a palest blue parasol: the brown and cream-coloured nasturtiums twined round a soft pink one, with knots of turquoise connecting the flowers; while both the rose designs were upon white. The conventional pattern in the fourth figure, carried out in twisted blue ribbons and "Dorothy Perkins" roses, was evolved to hide the dark marks which are so often seen in the centre of each panel when the parasol has lost its first freshness. This will be found a convenient way of reviving a last year's possession when a new one cannot be afforded. The old sunshade should be thoroughly washed with soap and water, and put to dry in the open air, after which it can easily be rendered new-looking once more by a repeated pattern cleverly adapted to hide any deficiencies.



Conventional design for Alternate Panels in small Pink Roses and Twisted Blue Ribbons.

Other pretty designs may be worked out with wistaria upon deep cream-coloured silk, or small sprays of apple blossom upon pale green: while I have seen a dainty mauve sunshade looking lovely with a decoration of white ribbon and clustering purple, white, and yellow pansies. It is advisable, while painting, to wrap the parasol handle in soft paper, for fear of scratching, and any cord or tassels should be removed until the work is completed. The greatest care must be taken that the sunshade does not get soiled and dingy-looking, as this will spoil the prettiest design.

Any girl who is really artistic but finds little scope for her talents in flower-painting, will welcome the chance of providing herself and her friends with such a pretty adjunct to a summer costume as a nicely-decorated parasol; and she will perhaps be able also to add to her pocket money by offering the finished article for sale, if the design is original and successfully carried out.

Our Cookery Column

A French Sweet.—Cut some slices of fancy bread into slices about an inch thick, fry these in plenty of butter. Have ready a rich sweet sauce and add to this some blanched almonds and preserved cherries. Pour this sauce over the fried bread and serve very hot.

A French Sauce.—Put into a small earthen jar the yolks of three eggs well beaten, with an ounce of butter cut up into small pieces, pepper and salt to taste. Place this jar in a saucepan of boiling water and stir it thoroughly till it is all mixed together, then throw in a tumblerful of lukewarm water, put the saucepan over the fire again and stir these ingredients together till they thicken, but do not let them boil or they will curdle, then put in three drops of vinegar and three tablespoonfuls of cream well beaten to a stiff froth. Pour the sauce into a sauceboat immediately and serve as hot as possible.

A very good way of cooking eggs is first to boil them hard and then cut them up into quarters, and then make the following sauce, in which you boil the eggs for a time. Cut up some onions in thin slices and put them into a saucepan with some butter, and place over the fire until they become a delicate brown. Sprinkle this well with flour, stirring well and thinning it down with milk till of the right consistency. Let this boil till the onions are quite tender, add pepper and salt to taste and a piece of butter the size of a nutmeg. Put the slices of hard-boiled eggs into this and boil for a few minutes, stirring all the time.

An Italian Way of making Macaroni Cheese.—Boil some macaroni in water with a pinch of salt till quite cooked. Have ready the following white sauce. Mix an ounce of flour and three ounces of grated cheese with a little milk to a stiff paste; add an ounce of butter, pepper and salt to taste. Pour on to this three-quarters of a pint of boiling milk, stirring well all the time. Put the whole of the mixture into a saucepan and bring to the boil and keep stirring or it will burn. This is then poured on the macaroni, which should be placed on a flat dish. This is much more digestible than the ordinary way of making macaroni cheese, and not so rich. Macaroni cooks much quicker if soaked for a few hours first.

Potato Croquettes.—Boil one pound of potatoes in their skins till tender, then peel them and pass them through a tammy. Mix salt, pepper, and some finely chopped parsley with this, and add a large piece of butter. Beat up the yolks of three eggs, and add to the potatoes, and the whites of two which should be beaten to a stiff froth, and the whole mixed together. Make the croquettes into small rounds, dip them into some flour, and fry a delicate brown. They can be served with some gravy if preferred, or plain.

Stewed Carrots.—Select some good fresh carrots and cut them up into very small slices, or shave them on one of the little graters sold for that purpose, put three ounces of butter into a saucepan with pepper, salt, and a little powdered sugar, then place the carrots on the top, stir very often and keep the lid on in between. When they are nearly cooked, place them over a very quick fire to brown, and serve with the butter they were cooked in. If the butter entirely evaporates, add a little more, but it ought not to do so if the lid is kept on when not stirring.

TRIBULATION

BY GERTRUDE H. WITHERBY.

In the hour of tribulation
Love will purge Life's threshing-floor,
Sweep away the chaff that gathers
Round our ripened Harvest store.

All the husks of imperfection,
All our weakness, all our pain,
All that hides the light of knowledge
Falls from off the golden grain.

Lo, from out our tribulation
Perfect truth in Love is found;
Seed of promise, fruit of labour,
Lying on Life's threshing-ground.

So we gather up Love's harvest,
Treasuring the precious seed,
From our tribulation gleaming
Help and strength for future need.

A Puzzle Competition

THE SHAKESPEARE-NAMES PUZZLE.

(Taken from the Girls' Own Paper.)

Directions.

The 144 letters make up the names of characters in Shakespeare's Plays. To find a name begin at any letter for the initial, but each succeeding letter must be in a square touching the one just used. No square may be used twice in the same name.

Lists should be sent in thus—

A D I A M 11, 13, 26, 27.

D I A N 13, 1, 14, 2, 3, etc.

Lists must be addressed to The Editor, The

Indian Ladies' Magazine, Royapet, Madras. "Shakespeare-Names Puzzle" to be written in the top left-hand corner of the envelope. Each list must be headed with the name and address of the sender.

No lists will, in any case, be returned.

A prize of Rs. 5 will be given for the longest list of names sent in; and, if they so desire, the names of the competitors will be mentioned. The last day for receiving the lists is the 31st May, 1908.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
I	N	A	I	A	I	L	C	A	L	N	E
13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
D	A	L	S	C	J	O	E	I	A	G	R
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36
R	A	M	E	A	B	Y	T	U	B	P	E
37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48
I	A	N	X	S	S	R	T	M	S	G	U
49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60
R	G	D	A	N	E	U	A	O	V	C	S
61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72
I	E	U	S	T	I	C	S	N	I	D	E
73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84
L	H	O	I	O	U	I	N	S	S	C	A
85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96
O	C	Y	N	Q	G	R	E	L	U	E	Y
97	98	99	100	101	102	103	104	105	106	107	108
H	E	Y	U	A	T	O	C	W	L	L	F
109	110	111	112	113	114	115	116	117	118	119	120
L	R	M	R	B	E	D	M	E	D	S	O
121	122	123	124	125	126	127	128	129	130	131	132
E	O	D	E	N	A	R	O	N	D	E	R
133	134	135	136	137	138	139	140	141	142	143	144
L	P	H	I	C	K	D	I	O	A	L	D

N.B. — In the January number of the Indian Ladies' Magazine, a prize competition was given, more as a trial than as competition. To this many answers were sent in; and the Editor encouraged by the ready answers to the riddle is giving this new competition, in the hope that it will meet with the same success as the former one. This time, a prize will be given.

Exhibition of Women's Work at Karachi



ON December 26, 27, and 28, 1907, the All-Indian Mahomedan Educational Conference took place at Karachi. In connexion with the Conference, an Exhibition of Women's Work was held, and one day was set aside as a "Purdah Day" to allow Mahomedan and Hindu ladies to attend. Among the exhibits was some beautiful work done by the Begum of Bhopal, designed by herself; and with such an example in the State, it was little wonder that the work from the Bhopal Widows' Home was of a high order. Some very old embroidery was sent from Las Bela. The walls were adorned with purdah, amongst them being some desert cloths from Thar and Parkar, and a valuable peacock carpet made in Khairpur, the work probably of men. Drawings and paintings were included in the many specimens of the industry of women. Mahomedans, Hindus, Parsees, and Europeans contributed to the Exhibition, which was a great success.

The meeting of the Female Education Section was unfortunately held at a somewhat late hour, 8.30 p.m. On this account, and because the time was not known soon enough, many were absent who would otherwise have been glad to have attended; on future occasions it is to be hoped this will be remedied. By an arrangement of chicks (bamboo blinds) at the back of the platform, *purdah* ladies were able to be present during the lectures.

Maulavi Rahim Buksh Sahib, Senior member of the Council of Regency of Bahawalpur State, presided, and gave his presidential address in Urdu. Mr. W. A. J. Archibald, M. A., LL. B., Principal of Aligarh College, in an interesting speech, observed that what is good for the West may not always be good for the East, and urged that the "purdah system" and the "family system" should have due consideration. In the education of girls it was necessary to proceed very carefully, and he explained that the aim of such education at Aligarh was to help the girls to be better wives and mothers (home-makers), and not to fit them simply to pass examinations.

Mr. Mustak Ahmed Zahichi, B.A. (Aligh.), read an essay in Urdu on Female Education, and dwelt upon the necessity of recognising good qualities in men and women equally. He quoted a series of instances to show that the

advance of one-half of humanity without the other was impossible. The Annual Report was read by Mr. Abdullah, Secretary of the Section.

In connection with the Conference, his Highness the Mir of Khairpur gave a "purdah party," the first of its kind in Hind; the wife of the Wazir of Khairpur was the hostess, and all the guests, both European and Indian, thoroughly appreciated the opportunity of thus meeting each other. The sincere thanks of all interested in the education and progress of Indian women are tendered to His Highness the Mir of Khairpur for the excellent precedent he has thus created.

M. F. C.

What has been done for and by Indian Ladies

INDIAN WOMEN AND PUBLIC LIFE.

We often hear from the mouths of foreign critics of Indian life and manners that woman in India has always been more or less of a domestic animal, without any tinge of liberal culture or any wider outlook than the narrow circle of the family. But any one who will study the history of the country with unprejudiced mind will find numerous instances of women figuring as saints, warriors, statesmen, philanthropists and leaders of men. Not to mention the women of antiquity, even a cursory glance at our history in comparatively modern times confronts us with such names as Mira Bai of Mewar, Chand Bibi of Ahmadnagar, Durgavati of Jhansi, Rani Bhavani of Nator, Ahalya Bai of Indore and of numerous other widows of Bengal, such as Rani Swarnamayi of Kasimbazar—that have not only shown a remarkable ability in the management of the estates placed under their care, but also a high-minded liberality in the disposal of the incomes thereof. All these names are household words in the country and there are few even among the illiterate who have not heard of the names of Mira Bai, the queen who became a saint, Rani Bhavani, the "Mother of Bengal" as some Bengali poet has styled her, and of Ahalya Bai, the pious princess, whose philanthropic undertakings are familiar to every Hindu pilgrim. —"B. S."

EDUCATION OF MUSLIM GIRLS.

THE SAYEEDIA ZENANA SCHOOL.—The annual examination of the Sayeedia Zenana Girls' School, at Muthialpet, Georgetown, was held on the 22nd instant between 2 and 4 p.m., in the presence of several of the leading Mahomedan gentlemen and Moulvies, who had specially been invited to be present on this occasion. This procedure is a new departure, and was considered very desirable and essential in impressing and teaching the children their moral and religious obligations.

This institution was established in April, 1905, and has since then done good work in educating girls of the Muslim community, but it has also been instrumental, in imparting religious instruction, with a

view to improve the moral and spiritual tone of the children. The school has five classes and there are at present 125 girls, who are instructed by a staff, consisting of a Head Mistress and five assistant Teachers, and it is the only recognised Mahomedan Girls' School of its kind in Madras, imparting religious and secular instruction, in English and Vernacular. The school was recently examined by the official authorities under Government, and the Report received, shows the results as being very creditable and satisfactory. The Report was printed in Hindustani and circulated amongst those interested in the welfare and advancement of the school.

The friends who were present at the Examination were accommodated with chairs on one side of the Hall and the girls were placed on the other side of a *Purdah*. The Moulvies and gentlemen who were specially deputed to examine the children then proceeded to put questions in the presence of the audience, to each class behind the curtain. From the answers given by all the classes it is evident that the children have been carefully taught the Koran and several standard religious books. Eight of the girls of the highest class have completed reading the whole of the Koran. The replies given show that much care and labour must have been bestowed in teaching the children, and reflect great credit on the Head Mistress and her staff, who are directly under the control of the Manager and Secretary, Mr. M. A. Kuddus Badsha Sahib, a partner of Messrs. H. M. Badsha Sahib and Co. and his Assistant Secretary, Mr. Mahomed Shajuddin Ahmed Sahib.

All those present were highly pleased with the work done in the school and expressed their warm and grateful appreciation to Mr. M. A. Kuddus Badsha Sahib for all the attention paid, and endeavours made to attain the object for which this institution was established, and congratulated him and the staff of teachers on the success achieved.

WIDOWS' HOME, MYSORE.

We have published in another column the account of the Mysore Widows' Home. The first Anniversary of this Home was celebrated on the morning of Sunday, the 1st March, 1908, at 8 a.m. Only ladies were invited. Mrs. Denham presided on the occasion. The programme was a varied and an interesting one. It consisted of a Sanscrit recitation, a dialogue, an English recitation, the reading of the report, and a song sung in chorus by the students of the Home to thank Mrs. Denham. The ladies of the Maharani's College very kindly played on the Veena, the acting Lady Superintendent Srimati Rukminamma, B. A., taking the leading part. At the conclusion of the performance on the Veena, Mrs. Denham spoke as follows:—"When Mr. Narasingam Iyengar asked me to preside on the occasion of the First Anniversary of the Widows' Home, I was pleased to be able to show my sympathy in a movement for the amelioration of the sad condition of the Hindu widow. The trials and sorrows of the Hindu widow, especially the child-widow, cannot but appeal to the inner hearts of her more fortunate sisters in other countries. The problem is a difficult one and it is not for one so ignorant as myself to suggest remedies. Mr. Narasingam Iyengar has attempted to solve it by his Home. He may be compared to the Surgeon on the battle-field who seeks to alleviate the agony of

the wounded. Better, if the necessity for such were obviated. Mr. Narasingam Iyengar cannot do any more than the Surgeon can to make war impossible. But what he can do he is doing. In a humble and modest way he is seeking to bring sunshine into the lives of those who are the innocent victims of a system which condemns thousands to a life of undeserved suffering. Education is a great saviour for such and will open the door to honorable professions such as those of teachers, nurses, midwives or doctors. I hope that this will continue to flourish and that its sphere of usefulness will be enlarged day by day. "At the conclusion of this speech, the Secretary of the Home proposed a vote of thanks to Mrs. Denham which was carried with acclamation. The members of the Home sang the National Anthem and invoked the choicest blessings of the Almighty on His Highness the Maharaja and the Royal Family.

A HINDU WIDOW-MARRIAGE.—The marriage of Mr. Justice Ashutosh Mukherjee's widowed daughter took place on Monday last in Calcutta with a young man, named Babu Brojendranath Kanjilal, nephew of Babu Jadunath Kanjilal, M. A., B. L., Vakil of the Calcutta High Court. We congratulate both the parties on their courage of conviction. It will be remembered that some three years ago the girl, when she was only about ten years old, became a widow, and it would have been a sheer cruelty on the part of her parents if she, were to bloom and fade like flowers in the forests. A few months ago, Mr. Justice Mukherjee was present at the wedding of the widowed daughter of Babu Devendra Chandra Ghosh and we concluded therefrom that Mr. Mukherjee had sympathy with such widow-marriage and hoped that his own unfortunate daughter would some day be given away in re-marriage. It is gratifying to us that our hope has been realised. Both the parties are orthodox Hindus and it affords us pleasure to note that they have come to recognise one of the evil customs of their society. We hope the humane principle that underlies the system of widow-marriage prevalent amongst the followers of the great Islamic faith will gradually cease to be misunderstood in any quarters.

A NOTABLE WIDOW-MARRIAGE.

The *Indian People* of Allahabad writes:—"We earnestly desire to be associated with our contemporaries in Bengal and elsewhere in the congratulations offered to the Hon. Mr. Justice Ashutosh Mukherji on the re-marriage of his widowed daughter. At the age of ten this child was married to a grandson of the late Bankim Chandra Chatterji (his daughter's son, for the great novelist and prophet had no male issue), and within six months she became a widow. Mr. Justice Ashutosh Mukherji is a young man, comparatively speaking, for he was appointed a Judge of the Calcutta High Court when he was only forty years old. This is a record that has been broken only by the late Mr. Justice Dwarka Nath Mitra and the late Sir Romesh Chunder Mitra. We exclude Judges of other High Courts, such as the late Mr. Kashinath Trimbhuk Telang, who was appointed a Judge of the Bombay High Court when he was 39 years of age and died four years later. Mr. Justice Mukherji has one of the most distinguished records in all India. He is not only one of the most brilliant graduates of the Calcutta University, but his subsequent career has

been wonderfully successful. At an election for a seat in the Governor-General's Council he had the distinction of defeating, on the one hand, the Maharaja of Durbhanga, the highest representative of the aristocracy in Bengal and Behar, and, on the other hand, Babu Surendranath Banerjee, the acknowledged leader of the people of Bengal. But Mr. Justice Mukerji never aspired to be a political leader, or a social reformer, and hence the step he has taken is all the more remarkable. Like charity political and social reforms are truest when they begin at home, and Mr. Justice Mukerji has proved himself a true social reformer by making a beginning at home. His daughter is now about thirteen years of age. The marriage was celebrated according to the rites prescribed by the Hindu Shastras.

THE MAHARANI OF MYSORE ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

The distribution of prizes of the Government Girls' Schools, Bangalore City, took place in Doddanna's Hall, Bangalore. Her Highness the Maharani, C. I., presided on the occasion. As soon as Her Highness arrived, Miss Rajagopal read the report of the Government Schools in the City. Her Highness distributed the prizes. On behalf of Her Highness the Maharani, the following address was read by Mrs. Carr:—

"It is a great pleasure to me to have been able to give away the prizes this afternoon and to see so many of the students and teachers of the Government Girls' Schools of Bangalore gathered together here. The cause of female education has always been very near my heart, and I welcomed the opportunity of showing my interest in the work of both teachers and students by my presence here to-day. The report of the Lady Superintendent, to which we have listened with much interest, shows that considerable progress has been made in this City in the matter of Girls' Schools, since the Government Girls' School was established in 1869. I gather that there are now over 600 girls on the rolls of the 5 schools represented here, with an average attendance of about 2-3rd of that number. The success achieved up to the present should encourage all concerned to persevere in the work. Too much importance cannot be attached to the proper education of our girls. On the influence of the educated women in the home, depends the proper upbringing of the children to come; and the mental and moral elevation of the whole community. I learn with the greatest satisfaction the efforts made to promote the cause of educating our poor widows. I rejoice to learn that a number have already been sent out as teachers or equipped with sufficient education to make them useful working members of the community. There is a great field of work for them as teachers not only in Mysore but throughout Southern India, for the difficulty everywhere is to meet the demand for woman teachers. Work done for the widows has my warmest sympathy and I look forward to the time when they will be regarded not as objects of pity, but as a special and privileged class devoted and set apart for the promotion of education and all other good works. The need of improved buildings and increased staff is one which, if I am rightly informed, you share with most of the girls' schools in the State. The matter is, I know, engaging the earnest attention of His Highness' Government and I can only hope that all reasonable requirements will be satisfied in course of time. It only remains for me to congratulate the

prize-winners and to express the hope to all the students here present, that the lessons that they have learnt at school will help to make them good and wise women, whatever position in life they may be called upon to fill."

The meeting terminated with a vote of thanks to H. H. the Maharani. This is the first time that H. H. the Maharani presided on such occasion and we hope that the silent interest she has long been taking in the education of her sisters in Mysore will hereafter assume an open practical shape.

HINDU DOMESTIC FELICITY.

From the Madras Mail.

Sir,—Sometimes a very deep meaning seems to be hidden under the daily usages and religious observances of the Hindus. In Hindu marriages it is usual to point out to the married pair the two stars in the Great Bear or Charles' Wain which are called by the Hindus *Vasishtha* (Mizar) and *Arundhati* (Aloor). The object of this ceremony seems to be that the husband and the wife should tread in the footsteps of this ideal pair of ancient India. The Hindu *Parans*, *Itihasas* and the immortal works of the Kalidas and other Sanskrit poets, are full of the praises of the loyalty of *Vasishtha* and *Arundhati* to each other and their consequent domestic felicity. A secret of this domestic felicity lies in the derivative meaning of their names. *Rundhati* is present participle feminine of the Sanskrit root *randh* (to obstruct), meaning "obstructive." When a is prefixed to it, it means "unobstructive." If a wife does not obstruct the wishes of her husband and never crosses him, all causes of her friction with her lord are at an end. This much regarding the meaning of the husband's name. Professor Tarunath Tarkavachaspathi in his great lexicon derives the word thus:—*Vasishtha* meaning "the greatest of all the Rishis who had conquered their passions, anger amongst them." If nothing rouses the anger of the husband, there is no cause for quarrel on his side. The wife irritates not; the husband is never irritated. Both thus properly perform their duties to each other. The newly married couple have an object lesson here. In this lies, in a nut-shell, the secret of all domestic bliss, upon which volumes have been written. Let husband and wife ponder over this. *Vasishtha* alone is entitled to have *Arundhati* and *Arundhati* alone can have *Vasishtha*. There must be reciprocity in all human concerns. With it, the world is a bed of roses; without it, it is a bed of thorns.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

THE AWAKENING OF INDIAN WOMANHOOD AND THE RECENT ACTIVITY OF INDIAN LADIES.

One of the remarkable signs of the times is the activity that is being displayed by Indian ladies all over the country in various movements of social progress, and especially in those which aim at wide education and enlightenment of their own sex. The *Stree Bodh* and Social Progress Jubilee Celebration which has just been held in the capital of Western India, is an event of unparalleled interest. The *Stree Bodh* is an organisation whose primary objects are to

forward the cause of female education and to encourage friendly social intercourse amongst all communities. The movement was started fifty years ago by a small band of Parsi and Hindu pioneers, one of the leading spirits among whom was the late Mr. Kabetji, a Parsi journalist. This gentleman started a paper, called the *Stree Bodh* whose object was to create an interest in the education of Indian women, and to free the Hindu, Mahomedan and Parsi communities from baneful and superstitious custom, the *Purdah* system being one of them. It is remarkable that the Parsis, who are the most advanced community in the matter of female education at the present day, could not claim so much even as a single girls' school in Bombay, fifty years ago. A few enlightened Parsi gentlemen in those days educated their girls by engaging Pundits, but this kind of education was only of an elementary type. The Parsis, like the Hindus and Mahomedans, were "purdah-riders" in those days, and this circumstance added to the difficulty of spreading female education among them. It is said that Lord Elphinstone, when Governor of Bombay, announced that he would receive no gentleman at Government House receptions who came without their wives. This action is believed to have led to a disavowal of the *purdah* system amongst the Parsis, whose example was quickly followed by the other Indian communities. Whether this be the facts or not, the Parsis have been the pioneers of female education in Western India. The *Stree Bodh* Society has achieved wonders during the past half-century. The text of the Society is a saying of the Great Napoleon to the effect that a nation can only grow and prosper when it educates mothers of the race. The Guzerati translation of this text may be seen inscribed on the *Stree Bodh* banners. The *Stree Bodh* Jubilee Celebration, which took place a few days ago, was an altogether unique event. The celebration lasted a week, and was the most catholic in its aims. Mrs. Muir Mackenzie who has been earning golden opinions in Bombay by her active sympathy with every philanthropic movement, occupied the chair, and a number of stirring addresses were delivered by Parsi, Hindu, Mahomedan and English ladies on various subjects, pertaining to the advancement of Indian womanhood. The more notable among the speakers were Lady Cowasji Jehangir who spoke in Guzerati on the subject of the ancient Iranis; Mrs. Ali Akbar who dwelt on the subject of newspapers and their influence on women; and Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, the well-known Bengali poetess, who made an earnest appeal for the abolition of the *purdah* system. It is noteworthy that a large number of Mahomedan ladies took part in the celebration—a fact which is particularly instructive to Bengal. Mrs. Muir Mackenzie made an excellent President, and her speech was eminently worthy of the occasion. An interesting feature of the celebration was the gathering of some five hundred Hindu, Mahomedan and Parsi girls, who were selected from the different schools in Bombay. They marched in procession through the streets, and assembled in the Town Hall, where they gave a most enjoyable entertainment, comprising songs, dances and gymnastic displays. A writer thus describes the scene in the *Bombay Gazette*:—"The Mahomedan girls in their beautifully embroidered satin trousers held hands with the demure Hindu maidens in their clinging saris or the

Parsis in their embroidered velvet caps and Europeanised raiment. The interest of the scene lay not so much in its prettiness, but in its significance and in the thought that during the space of fifty years these things had come to pass." The celebration was brought to a close by an evening party at which Hindu, Mahomedan, Parsi and English ladies met together in friendly social intercourse.

Indian ladies' meetings and entertainments are heard of from South India, the United Provinces and other parts of India. We learn that the Indian ladies of Bangalore have organised a lecturing section. The speakers are all ladies, and the arrangements, including reporting, are conducted by themselves. The Subjects discussed mostly concern their own sex. One of the ladies recently read a paper on the "Bringing up of Children." She showed how the Japanese mothers reared their children, and drew attention to the fact that the ignorance of Indian mothers was one of the main causes for the degeneration of their offsprings. Another lady made an excellent *cetempore* speech on the usefulness of women's organisations. The capital of the United Provinces was electrified, the other day, by a lecture delivered by Srimati Gayatri Devi of Jubbulpore. This lady is a talented Hindi speaker with a large fund of humour. Though evidently not English-educated, her views are as advanced as those of her sisters who have received Western enlightenment. In her speech at Allahabad, she dwelt vigorously on the need of relaxing the *purdah* system. We hope to see a few more lady lecturers like Mrs. Gayatri Devi giving their views on social questions. In Bengal, the awakening of Indian womanhood has been visible in several movements, not the least important of which is the National Indian Association, under whose auspices most pleasant social parties of European and Indian ladies are being held at different places. One was held recently in the house of Mrs. A. Chaudhri, and another at the Woodlands, Alipore, by Her Highness the Maharani of Cooch Behar. It is quite pleasing to see some of the high European ladies, such as Lady Minto, Lady Fraser, Mrs. Holmwood, Lady Allen, Lady Danc, Lady Maclean, Mrs. Streetfield, Mrs. Oldham and others, mixing freely with our Indian ladies. The Silpa Mahila Vidyalaya, under the management of Mrs. Hirenmoys Mukerji has been doing excellent work in educating Indian ladies in all kinds of art. Our ladies at the same time are evincing much interest in public questions. They held a meeting the other day to thank the Ardhoday Volunteers for their most praiseworthy work. A second meeting was held shortly after to discuss the Swadeshi and other questions. It really gladdens one's heart to see so much beneficent activity among the educated Indian ladies of Calcutta.

In connection with this subject, we are glad to notice that our young men are learning more and more to respect womanhood. Their conduct at the Ardhodaya festival was most admirable. It is only in Bengal that the *purdah* system is prevalent in the most rigorous form. In Bombay and Madras, Indian ladies appear in public, and so also to some extent in the Punjab and the Central Provinces. Even in this *purdah*-ridden Bengal, many of our educated men would perhaps like to bring out their wives, if they were sure that they would not be exposed to ill-bred vulgar curiosity. How much more we have yet to

learn, as regards our treatment of our women, may be seen any day during a railway journey. The impertinent curiosity and vulgar stare which follow Indian ladies, even under male escort, at railway stations, do not certainly give much encouragement to respectable Indians to bring out their ladies in public. However, a healthy change is now to be noticed, especially among our young men, and we have no doubt that, like sea-voyage, the *purdah* question will solve itself, when respect for women among us becomes common. Nothing has pleased us so much as that our young should have shown such innate chivalry and courtesy towards our women during the Ardhodaya festival. We cannot do better than always bear in mind the precept of Lord Buddha that we should look upon women older than ourselves as our mothers, those of the same age as ourselves as our sisters, and those younger as our daughters. Respect for women connotes the highest standard of manliness. When Indian nationalism is based on social progress of the right sort, it will make us a nation worthy of respect.—*Indian Mirror*.

News and Notes

Mrs. Elizabeth F. Long, who lately died in Barry, Ill., left \$500 to the Illinois Equal Suffrage Association and \$500 to the Barry Public Library. She divided the rest of her estate among relatives and friends.

Miss Elizabeth Robins, author of "The Convert," and of the drama, "Votes for Women," has just returned to America. She has gone South to spend the rest of the winter. Miss Robins is a sister to Raymond Robinsons of Chicago.

Mrs. George F. Lowell of Newtonville, Mass., says that for the past six months she has been enclosing one of the little Political Equality Leaflets in every letter that she writes, and she is surprised at the amount of good it has done. Let others try the same plan. It is an easy and effective way to help the cause.

The Empress of Germany loves horses. Her private stables are filled with handsome animals. She insists that they shall all be well trained, and taught not to fear the roll of drums or the sound of firing. The Empress is fond of spirited horses, and is a daring rider. She wears a cuirassier uniform on all great occasions when she appears on horseback.

Miss W. McWilliams has just been appointed by Governor Folk of Missouri as school commissioner of Glin-ton County, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of the male commissioner. Missouri in this particular is ahead of Mississippi, where the Legislature has just refused to make women eligible to this office. It is also ahead of Massachusetts and several other States that fancy themselves progressive.

Mrs. Rember Reeves of New Zealand, in addressing a recent public meeting in England, spoke of the results of fifteen years of the enfranchisement of women in her country. It had decreased public house

electioneering, she said, and had greatly widened the circle of domestic interest. In New Zealand they could not find a roomful of factory girls who did not know the provisions of the factory act. Woman suffrage had educated the whole nation, and the laws were obeyed as they never were obeyed except by the people who made them.

Mrs. John Fowler Train, in an address to the West End Women's Republican Association the other day, said that women needed to cultivate conscience. "You have good every-day consciences," she said; "you would not tell a lie; but when you see some article advertised for seven cents that you think is worth fifteen cents, you rush down and buy it, even though you know the store is one that doesn't pay its employees living wages. You buy it, with no thought of the flesh and blood that pays that difference in price. You do the thing that is ethically wrong, because it suits your convenience."

Mme. Laurence Fiedler, who came to this country a year ago on a mission from the French Government to investigate our schools and Philanthropies, pronounces the American public school system the best in the world. She commends our hospitals and sanatoriums, particularly the system of having a nurses' training school in connection with each large hospital. This is much better than the separate training schools abroad. Concerning the settlements, the clubs and other ways wherein American women work together for the general welfare, Mme. Fiedler expresses great enthusiasm. There is nothing like it in France, she says. Mme. Fiedler has made researches like those she is now making in America in both Germany and Denmark, and her subsequent reports and lectures have been published and have given her an international reputation. She founded in France a sanatorium for young girls threatened with consumption, and she is a member of many social betterment societies. She will remain in this country about two years longer.

A COURAGEOUS QUEEN.

No Royal lady in Europe has given more evidences of courage than the Queen of Portugal, whose indomitable spirit did not fail her even in the most tragic ordeal any woman has ever faced. It is not long since Her Majesty rescued a fisherman from drowning at Cascaes at great risk to her own life, an act of heroism which prompted the Kaiser to offer her the German medal for saving life. Some years earlier she plunged into the Tagus, and under circumstance of great danger, brought two drowning children safely to land. The medal she won by this deed of gallantry is one of her Majesty's most prized possessions. On another occasion the Queen was dressing on shore after her swim when she saw the boat which carried her attendant, an old sailor, capsize and its occupant struggling in the sea. Knowing that he could not swim, her Majesty, without a moment's hesitation, plunged into his rescue, and supported him until he was able to climb back into the boat.

Queen Amelia's beauty and grace made a lasting impression on all who saw her both on the occasion of the Royal visits and during her recent stay at Wood Norton for the Orleans wedding. One can well believe the story that the late King fell in love with

her through seeing her portrait when as Crown Prince he was one day calling on the wife of the French Ambassador. "What a charming young lady," he exclaimed, as he looked at the Photograph. "Yes," answered the Ambassador, "and she is as charming as she looks. She is the Princess Amelie of Orleans." The next day the Prince was on his way to London, and a fortnight later the Royal engagement was officially announced.

Miss Sarah Arnold, dean of Simmons College, writes in the *Federation Bulletin* for January on "College Training in Household Economics."

Miss Cecelia Beaux, the distinguished American artist, will receive the honorary degree of doctor of laws from the University of Pennsylvania, on "University Day," February 22.

Mrs. Susan Merrill of East Eddington, Maine, has supported herself for ten years and sent her two boys through college by making feather beds of real goose down, and selling them in New England.

Princess Carl of Sweden, a daughter of King Frederick VIII. of Denmark, has since her early days been a clever maker of children's toys. In the Swedish capital Princess Ingeborg's name is synonymous with skilled workmanship in this line.

Mrs. Maud Wood Park addressed the students of the University of California a few days ago on equal suffrage. She spoke in the chapel. The *Oakland Times* says that Mrs. Park is the first woman ever invited by President Wheeler to address the students of the State University at one of their Friday morning assemblies, and that it is also "the first time the cause of equal suffrage has been formally discussed and advocated from the platform of the University of California."

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, in an address at the New England Women's Club the other day, said that her husband, Dr. Samuel G. Howe, used to be a reader of the *Woman's Journal*. "It was not a paper in which I should have expected him to be interested," said Mrs. Howe, "and I was surprised as well as pleased to find him often poring over it. He once said to me, 'This question is one on which you will meet with no opposition, woman suffrage is so self-evidently right and just.' On that point, he did not show himself a prophet," Mrs. Howe added, with a smile.

Henrietta I. Goodrich, secretary of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston, writes in the *Federation Bulletin*: "The increase in housework wages during the last five years is shown strikingly by the records of the Domestic Reform League office. Within this period the number of general houseworkers at a wage of \$5 or more has increased from one-seventh to more than one-half, the number of second maids at \$5 or more from one-tenth to more than one-half, the number of cooks at \$6 or more from one-third to more than two-thirds." She adds that even at this increased pay the supply of houseworkers is not more than half equal to the demand.

Mrs. H. M. Thompson, at the recent suffrage hearing, intimated that for 25 years woman suffrage had

"made no headway." In the last 25 years, full suffrage has been granted to women by Colorado, Utah, Idaho, New Zealand, Australia, Finland and Norway. Russia has given them a proxy vote in the election of the Douma. Ireland has given them a vote for all officers except members of Parliament. England and Scotland have given them County Suffrage. Kansas, Nova Scotia, British Columbia, the Northwest Territory, Ontario, New Brunswick and Quebec have given them municipal suffrage. Tax-paying women have been given a vote upon tax questions in Montana, Louisiana, Iowa, and in all the towns and villages of New York State. School suffrage has been granted by North and South Dakota, Arizona, Montana, New Jersey, Illinois, Connecticut, Ohio, Delaware, Wisconsin and Oklahoma. Great Britain has made women eligible as mayors, aldermen and town and country councillors. Minor forms of suffrage and eligibility to office have been given by many foreign countries. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe may well ask as she did at the hearing, "Why should Massachusetts remain a little island of darkness?"

Mrs. Norman C. Chapin of Great Harrington, Mass., has 112 pullets, from which she got 2,009 eggs during the month of January.

Mrs. Grace Quackenbush has hit upon what may prove to be the most practical plan yet devised for diverting the stream of immigration from the congested cities to those parts of the country that are in crying need of more laborers.

Miss Elfrida Everhart, reference librarian of the Carnegie Library of Atlanta, and instructor in the Southern Library School, has completed the manuscript of what should prove to be an exceptionally useful and valuable library tool—a "Hand-book to United States Public Documents."

Hon. Mrs. Harbord has made a daring and successful balloon trip across the British Channel, accompanied by C. F. Pollock of the Aero Club. The balloon started from Chelsea and descended at Stavelot, Belgium, in a violent snowstorm. Mrs. Harbord is the second woman to cross the Channel in a balloon.

Miss Mary Eva Chase, a five-year-old girl of Brookline, Mass., has just been awarded a medal by the Massachusetts Humane Society. She is the youngest person that has ever received it. She was struck and seriously hurt by an automobile last autumn, while trying to save a playmate from being run over.

Miss Edna May Crossley, a daughter of Prosecutor Crossley of Trenton, N. J., has taken up the work, unusual for a woman, of serving notices for the Attorney-General on the presidents of law-breaking corporations. Some of these magnates show considerable skill in evading male process-servers; but when a representative of "big business" hears that a young lady wants to see him, and catches a glimpse of a beautiful girl waiting in the ante-room, he hastens to open the door of his office, and is promptly served with a notice. Miss Crossley is an expert stenographer, and is employed in the office of the Attorney-General.

Miss Flora MacDonald is at the head of the department of interior house-decoration lately started by the Boston Women's Educational and Industrial Union. She gives expert advice to any one wishing it, in regard to all matters of house furnishing or decoration. Already her services are in great demand and she receives calls from all over New England. One day she is sent for to New Hampshire to give the benefit of her taste in regard to the artistic furnishing of a parlor; another day to Connecticut to plan a billiard room; another to Rhode Island to advise about the colors to be used in a stained-glass window; and she has innumerable calls from places

nearer by, to give expert counsel as to the tinting of walls or the best way to make over old furniture. Miss MacDonald was for some time with her father in the MacDonald Stained Glass Window Company, and has also made a special study of stained-glass windows abroad. She has excellent natural taste, improved by the best cultivation. While the main object of starting the department was to help persons of small or moderate incomes to get the largest amount of beauty for their money, the rich are taking advantage of the opportunity with even greater eagerness than those of less means. The price is moderate, and the proceeds go to the E. and I. Union.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Acknowledgments for March, 1908.

	RS.	A.		RS.	A.
1. Achath Devaki Ammal ...	4	0	26. Mrs. Rajammall Visvanatha Iyer, Vepery	4	0
2. T. Abboye Naidu, Esq., Nellore ...	4	0	27. Mrs. Ramabai Ranade, Poona ...	4	0
3. S. M. Bose, Esq., Monai ...	4	0	28. Elya Ranee, Vangread Palace, Kollengode	4	0
4. The Ceylon Women's Union, Colombo ...	4	0	29. Mrs. P. Rama Rao, Hyderabad ...	4	0
5. N. Chattopodhaya, Esq., Hyderabad ...	4	0	30. P. Raman Pillay, Esq. ...	4	0
6. Miss Dass, Gorackpore ...	4	0	31. T. K. Rangaswamy Iyengar, Esq., Chi-		
7. Mrs. Holcomb, Jhansi ...	8	12	dambaram ...	4	0
8. A. John Pillay, Esq., Tanjore ...	8	8	32. Mrs. Sargon Ponnuswami, Palamcottah...	4	0
9. Miss O. Muthukistna, Ceylon ...	4	0	33. Mrs. H. G. Smith, Madras ...	4	0
10. M. V. Meenatchi Sundram Mudaliar Esq.,			34. H. A. Sim, Esq., Calcutta ...	4	0
Coimbatore ...	4	0	35. Nawab Hamed Ullah Sirbuland Jung,		
11. Manager, Siddon's Union Club, Aligarh...	4	0	Esq., Hyderabad ...	4	0
12. Rai Bahadur A. Narasima Iyengar, Mysore	4	0	36. Secretary, Reading Room, Narsapur ...	4	0
13. M. S. Natesa Iyer, Esq., Mayavaram ...	4	0	37. Mrs. J. Stephen, No. 12, Godwin Road,		
14. K. Narain Rao, Esq., Vepery ...	4	0	Rangoon ...	4	0
15. Narayana Rao, Esq., Madras ...	4	0	38. Miss Sorubji, Allahabad ...	4	0
16. K. Nannahsivayam, Esq., Tekkali ...	4	0	39. Private Secretary of the Rajah of Cochin.	4	0
17. S. Narayanaswamy Naidu, Esq., Ellore...	4	0	40. Hon. Secretary, J. N. Petit Institute,		
18. Miss E. R. Patton, Kolhapur ...	4	0	Bombay ...	4	0
19. S. G. Patwarden, Esq., Wardha ...	4	0	41. Secretary, Club and Reading Room,		
20. V. R. Pandit, Esq., Nagpur ...	4	0	Puthur ...	4	0
21. Prince Prabhat Dooji, Dharmapuram ...	4	0	42. Hon. Secretary, Literary Union, Bangalore	4	0
22. A. Ponnuswamy Pillay, Esq., Cholakudy..	4	0	43. Srirangamma, Mysore ...	12	0
23. C. W. Ranga Rao, Esq., Namakal ...	4	0	44. A. McG. C. Tampoe, Esq., I.C.S., Masu-		
24. Miss H. E. Robinson, Mazagon ...	4	0	lipatam ...	4	0
25. Mrs. Roy, care of Roy, Esq., Narsapur ...	4	0	45. Miss E. L. Weiskotten, Rajahmundry ...	4	13

USEFUL BOOKS.

Modern Letter Writer (Ninth Edition).—Containing 635 letters. Useful to every man in every position of life for daily use. Re. 1, postage 1 anna.

Every-day Doubts and Difficulties (in reading, speaking and writing the English language). Re. 1, postage 1 anna.

A Hand-book of English Synonyms (Third Edition).—Explained and illustrated. Aids to the right use of synonymous words in composition. Re. 1, postage 1 anna.

Select Speeches of the Great Orators. Helps to write idiomatic English, to improve the oratorical and argumentative powers, etc. Rs. 2, postage 2 annas.

Wonders of the World (in Nature, Art and Science.) Re. 1, postage 1 anna.

Beauties of Hinduism. With Notes. 8 annas, postage 1 anna.

Arabian Nights' Entertainments 12 annas, Postage 2 annas.

English Translation of the Koran. With Notes. By G. Sale. Re. 1-14 as. Postage 2 annas.

Abott's Life of Napoleon Bonaparte. Re. 1-14 as. Postage 3 annas.

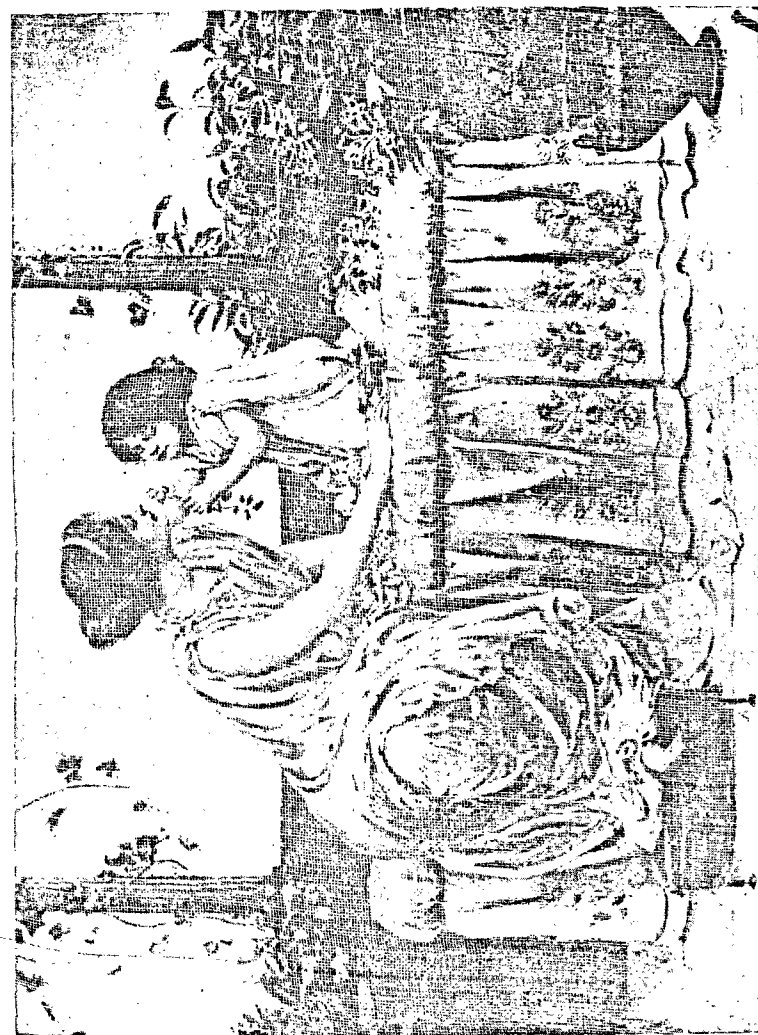
Todd's Rajasthan. With notes, Vols. I and II, Rs. 4. Postage 6 annas.

Burke's Speeches on the Impeachment of Warren Hastings. Vols. I and II. Rs. 4. Postage 6 as.

English Translation of the Ayeem Akbary, by E. Gladwin. Rs. 3. Postage 3 annas.

Postage and V. P. Commission extra.

To be had of the Manager, "Indian Student" Office, 106, Upper Circular Road, Calcutta.



A PRETTY PICTURE.



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

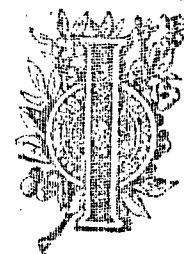
Vol. VII

MAY, 1908

No. 11

HOPE

A QUOTATION.



I CAN speak of HOPE while the white line edges the grey of the sea, while across the dark heaviness of the clouds the white sea-gull gleams, as it flies backward and forward to the heights and to the touch of the rolling grey wave,—while the pale stars shine out from a deep blue on a summer night, or sparkle above the glimmer of a frosted world.

I can sing of HOPE, when the sun rises gorgeous out of a brilliant east, or when it sets again in a west of crimson.

And, when these sights are not before me, I can think of them to recall HOPE, or when I can no longer think of these things and HOPE seems very faint and far away, I can find the great oblivion, on any spot of God's earth, so that I be alone with Nature.

Let it be day or night, the wide sea, the far sky or the near earth, the greatness of God is there—the mystery and out of oblivion a stronger, freer, purer HOPE is born.

The Greatest Thing in the World.



THE above is the title of a precious book by Henry Drummond, a book full of beautiful and great thoughts, a book which is a gem in itself. The writer speaks from an intensely human point of view. He speaks of the need of every man, and the soul-cry of humanity of the heart which cries for more love and more sympathy from fellow-man. He begins with answering the question "What is the *summum bonum*—the supreme good,"—the question of every heart that has spent some moment in serious thought. The basis of this book is taken from the Epistles of Saint Paul, the XIII Chapter of I Corinthians, from the letters of a man, who was once a bigoted and orthodox believer in the Jewish religion, but who afterwards became a most fervent Christian. Each of us has answered the above question in some way to ourselves, but we have been and are often told, that faith, the key-note of all religion, is the answer. But is it so? Saint Paul had been speaking of faith, but to him faith is insufficient. It is not enough to make us long for the welfare of our fellow-men. "Now abideth faith, hope and love, but the greatest of these is love." It is not inexperience that makes him write so. The hand that wrote these lines was first stained with the blood of the unbelievers. In St. Paul's letter, we see a ripening love and a tenderness that is not visible in his first epistles. The greatest writings on Christianity speak of love as the key-stone, but the highest is found when John the disciple says, "God is Love." Nothing can be greater than that. The fountain head is all love. Can the little rills and streams be anything else, however much the soil over which they flow may differ? Many are aware of the moral laws of the Jews, not only of the Jews, but of all nations,—the laws that bind society together in integrity and honesty and sanctity. Do not steal, do not murder, do not sin against thy neighbour in his most sacred relations either social or moral. If there is love, there will be no default against thy Creator or thy neighbour. This is the secret of Christ's teaching. "By love serve one another," says one of the great teachers of humanity, and service is here meant in its widest and deepest sense.

Professor Drummond has given us a beautiful thesis on love. Many, I am sure, know of these

beautiful verses in the above-mentioned chapter. The author of the book breaks it up into three parts, naming them thus, love *contrasted*, love *analysed* and love *defended*, as the supreme gift.

St. Paul begins by contrasting love with the things that men thought much of in those days, namely, the noble gifts of eloquence, prophecy, and the noble characteristics of sacrifice and martyrdom. In those days men were well acquainted with the stately oratory of the Romans, the flowing periods of the Athenians; this gift of rousing the feelings, and of playing upon the emotions of man is a great power, yet hollow words, words without zeal, emotion and the fire of the spirit, are useless. We are all aware of how dissatisfied we feel when we listen to a speech rich in language and in oratory, but without the power of touching the human element in us. "If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not love, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." Such is the power of eloquence. Can it be compared to love?

Next is taken up the gift of prophecy. It was a great ambition in those days. Every mother anxiously longed for her son to become a prophet. God had spoken to His people, the Jews, by means of prophets for hundreds of years and the people were anxiously waiting for another prophet to arise. St. Paul contrasts love with mysteries, with knowledge and with faith,—"and although I have the gift of prophecy and understand all mysteries and all knowledge; and though I have all faith so that I could remove mountains and have not love, I am nothing." Love is greater than faith, because the end is greater than the means. What is the use of faith, but that the soul of man be connected with God, and why?—that man may become in some slight way at least like his Creator;—but God is love—Hence love, the end, is greater than faith, the means.

Next are taken up sacrifice and martyrdom. "And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing." It was a popular idea among the Jews that salvation may be gained by good actions only, among which charity is considered the greatest. But bestowing gifts without love for the poor is useless. It is too cheap an effort on our part, or at times it is too dearly bought by the beggar, because it is often a greater charity to withhold rather than to give. As to sacrifice, we know the efforts of the many missionaries that go to foreign lands to spread the Gospels. Whose efforts meet with most success? Those, on whose life and character is the impress and reflection of the love of God. This love is the key to the language of the heart of men of all creeds and religions. It is a universal language. It will

take men years of hard effort to learn the foreign languages and the customs and traditions of the people, but if there is love it will be seen and understood without speech. "It is the man who is the missionary, it is not his words. His character is his message." Such a man was Livingstone, says Professor Drummond, the man who made the men and women around him feel the love that beat in his own heart. The greatest sacrifice on our part will have no effect, if we have not love in our hearts.

Next, the author goes on with the analysis of love. "It is a compound thing, says he: it is like light." As the light is broken up into its different elements by the prism, "so St. Paul passes love through the magnificent prism of his intellect, and it comes out on the other side broken up into its elements." What are these elements? They are the virtues that we speak of and that are known to us in our everyday life, but of which we have taken no heed. These are the names that he gives to them;—Patience, kindness, generosity, humility, courtesy, unselfishness, good temper, guilelessness and sincerity—"these make up the supreme gift, the stature of the perfect man"—"all these are in relation to men, in relation to life, in relation to the known to-day and the near to-morrow, and not to the unknown eternity." The author touches lightly on each of these, but with a lightning touch bringing out the deepest meanings of them all. Love is patience. "This," says the Professor, "is the normal attitude of love; love passive, love waiting to begin; not in a hurry, calm, ready to do its work when the summons comes, but meantime wearing the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." "Love suffereth long" says St. Paul, "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things." Why? for love understands and therefore waits:—Love is kind. The greatest man of humanity, the Son of Man, spent his life on earth in doing innumerable little kind actions.

A cup of cold water in My Name to one of their children, said Christ, will not be forgotten—kindness is the easiest thing in the world. It is infallible in its effects. It is instantaneous in its action. "Love never faileth." "Love is success, love is happiness, love is life." "Love," says Browning, "is energy of life."

"For life, with all it yields of joy and love, And hope and fear, Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love—

How love might be, hath been, indeed, and is."

We pass but once through our life and then it should be our aim to give the most pleasure we can, not only in trying to please, but in giving pleasure, which is "the ceaseless and anonymous triumph of a truly loving spirit." Then

again, love is generous, because "it envieth not." It gives in the grace of magnanimity, the large, gracious rich soul which is not jealous of others. Then comes "Humility"—the characteristic of doing and yet being silent about it. It is a beautiful thought that love should go out into the world doing kindnesses and spreading sweetness, yet retiring into the shade at the first opportunity. Love hides even from itself. Love waives even self-satisfaction. "Love vaunted not itself and is not puffed up." The fifth element is courtesy—that is, the bond of society; "Love in society, love in relation to etiquette." "Love doth not behave itself unseemly." Politeness and courtesy have often been defined as love in trifles, in little things. The one secret of doing such things is love. "He prayeth best who loveth best all things both great and small." This is the characteristic of a gentleman and a gentlewoman, to do all things gently and in love, considerably, sympathetically. Again, Love is unselfish, "doth not seek her own." Nothing is a hardship to Love and nothing is hard. "There is no happiness in having or in getting, but only in giving and in serving others." It is more blessed to give than to receive" and this is the true characteristic of true love. The next element is "good temper." This is often considered a weakness, a failing, but it goes deeper than that. It shows at the bottom of one's heart an unloving heart. In one blast of temper can be seen all the evils that beset human nature, want of patience, kindness, generosity, and so on. Love will create a new spirit and a new heart, and thus purify the disposition and the character.

Guilelessness and sincerity are great characteristics and have the greatest influence on people. "To think no evil" of others is a grand thing. "To be trusted is to be saved." The worst character among men, if he meets with one who instinctively and thoroughly believes in him, will find the grace of God working in him and re-forming his nature; "for the respect of another is the first restoration of the self-respect a man has lost; our ideal of what he is becomes to him the pattern and hope of what he may become." Sincerity, the characteristic which rejoiceth not in iniquity but rejoiceth in the truth, is the characteristic of a great man, a hero, says Carlyle. "It includes," says Professor Drummond, "perhaps more strictly, the self-restraint which refuses to make capital out of others' faults; the charity which delights not in exposing the weakness of others but 'covereth all things,' the sincerity of purpose which endeavours to see things as they are and rejoices to find them better than suspicion, fear or calumny denounce." Such is the analysis of love. It remains for us to fit it into our characters, to learn "how much

better we can love." "Character develops in the stream of life." It is by practice, by striving against temptation, by conquering all the little troubles that beset us daily;—it is in such an atmosphere, that we have to live truly and to love truly.

Then is taken up the last part of the thesis.—The defence of love. Love never faileth—All other things are transient, but love is everlasting. Prophecies will pass away. Tongues will cease. Knowledge will vanish away. Love is eternal, everlasting.

Many of the popular religions are addressed to only a part of man's value. They offer peace, they offer salvation, they offer justification. Such a religion does not hold man. It does not offer "a deeper or a gladder life-current than the life that was lived before"—only a fuller love can compete with the love of the world.

Such is the teaching of love, love in all its beautiful phases, love as a moulder of character and of the spirit; and if we can imbihe its teachings, we shall then have the greatest happiness in our lives.

"Love took up the harp of life and smote on all the chords with might,
Smote the chord of self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight!"

S. R.

Social Psychology.

II



THE form of government of a people is determined by the people themselves. This fact does not appear on the surface, but if we retrace step by step the upward path of progress and civilisation we find that the first appearance of a directing ruling spirit must of necessity be voluntarily sought for and established.

What are the forces and circumstances that tend to develop nations in any particular direction? One of the most important, and the one we will consider to-day is that of geographical position of climate and surroundings.

But in dealing with the evolution of Social Psychology, we must always remember that no outward condition affects the science without a corresponding inward movement, caused by the free will and intelligence of its component parts; viz.—the people themselves. Psychology is thus differentiated from every other science by this dual movement, in which the outside conditions and the inward forces play upon each other. There is a give and take, a free choice and refusal.

In this way, certain moral and social truths become apparent; and our discovery of them does not mean that we therefore created them. They are there whether we know it or not. This is a most important point and one that is contradicted by a small class of psychologists. An analogy from mathematics may make this more clear. It is an universally accepted fact that in every triangle there are two right angles. But can we say that Euclid's disclosure of this fact, made the fact? Certainly not. It existed all the same—before he called attention to it, and would sooner or later have been discovered by practical experience.

So do moral and social truths reveal themselves in the practical experience of life. They can then be separated and regarded as knowledge, but they existed before that time, though unconsciously for us.

The production of experience then is civilisation and production. These two have not the same meaning, but they advance side by side.

We will now trace the part that environment has played in the progress of primitive man.

Notice first the kind of people who inhabit the wide open plain. They are lean, tense and muscular. This is because of the dry atmosphere, open wide-ranging life and kind of food consisting chiefly of meat. The senses of sight and hearing become highly developed by the great spaces of land and sky around them; corresponding to the senses, we see the development of such mental qualities as courage and endurance. These are the necessary outcome of the hardy life of the plains. In primitive days the only forms of wealth were the personal adjuncts of life. Private property and the accumulation of possessions, for their own sake, were unknown. The people were dirty; their toilet consisting mainly of a roll in some ashes and a daub of grease. This was due to the scarcity of water and the intense dryness of the atmosphere. The form of government, if form it may be called, at that early time was necessarily democratic; each man fought and struggled for himself. The virtue of hospitality was however largely exercised, for the instinct, that benefits, conferred, return to the giver, was even then awake. The kind of country in which a people live influences

their religious tendencies. Those on the plains lean toward Monotheism and those living among hills, trees and woods, towards Polytheism. The vastness and space of the plains helps the idea of one supreme mind, while it is easy to imagine the presence of many spirits lurking in hill-caves or sheltered woods.

The first monkey who succeeded in breaking a coconut with a stone, was a great pioneer of his age, for his action marked the introduction of tools. This was a very pronounced feature in the advancement of man. For now his time was greatly economised and he could turn his energies into other channels than those of getting food, which hitherto had occupied all his time. The fact that some people could use tools to better purpose than others, was soon discovered. This recognition of different degrees of skill was an immense social advance.

The next great step was the domestication of animals. This involved an entire revolution in social conditions. Large groups of people disappeared. Society became more welded together, for the spirit of self-reliance, and each for himself, was merged in a broader spirit of mutual dependence in the daily needs of life. Out of this new

condition sprang a new virtue—that of justice—and as the exercise of this was found to work well and maintained an upward trend, it was enforced by society. The domestication of animals led to the division of territory. The land had to be cultivated and so another great factor in civilisation—agriculture—arose. And with these outward movements, the moral law kept pace in parallel progress. Everything tends towards complexity. The play-faculty appears; one side of which is known as art. Art begins through an excess of energy which has no definite channel in which to expend itself, and therefore the restless spirit looks about and makes one for itself. With the increase of possessions the idea of value and wealth began to change. Man began to associate material things with himself and his family to the exclusion of other people—thus private property became an element of life, bringing in its train new and strong feelings of self-respect, self-reliance and moral worth.

This is a very crude sketch of the gradual progress of peoples, showing how it is influenced by such surroundings as climate and land. In our next paper, we shall try to show the economic conditions, which have effected and helped progress.

M. SIDGWICK.

Maxims and Mottoes from the Ramayana.

1. Rise not after the sun.
2. Neither eat without hunger nor fast with it.
3. Keep order in your surroundings, and keep them as clean as you can.
4. Systematic perseverance in everything would surely ensure success.
5. Bear ill-will towards none, if you cannot love all.
6. Do not cherish any evil thought.
7. Do not give yourself room for serious anger.
8. Look pure and be pure.
9. Happiness and misery are produced in self from good and bad actions performed during life.
10. Forgiveness is the greatest of virtues.
11. Charity and kindness towards others are virtues which are good if practised without attachment. So practised and with *bakti* they will lead to God.
12. A man's deeds are the touchstone of his greatness and littleness.
13. Because evil produces evil therefore evil should be feared more than fire.
14. True happiness consists in self-reliance.
15. From contentment comes superlative happiness.

HARVEST HYMN

Men's Voices

Lord of the lotus, lord of the harvest,
 Bright and munificent lord of the morn!
 Thine is the bounty that prospered our sowing,
 Thine is the bounty that nurtured our corn.
 We bring thee our songs and our garlands for tribute,
 The gold of our fields and the gold of our fruit;
 O giver of mellowing radiance, we hail thee,
 We praise thee, O Surya, with cymbal and flute.
 Lord of the rainbow, lord of the harvest,
 Great and beneficent lord of the main!
 Thine is the mercy that cherished our furrows,
 Thine is the mercy that fostered our grain.
 We bring thee our thanks and our garlands for tribute,
 The wealth of our valleys, new-garnered and ripe;
 O sender of rain and the dewfall, we hail thee,
 We praise thee, Varuna, with cymbal and pipe.

Women's Voices

Queen of the gourd-flower, queen of the harvest,
 Sweet and omnipotent mother, O Earth!
 Thine is the plentiful bosom that feeds us,
 Thine is the womb where our riches have birth.
 We bring thee our love and our garlands for tribute,
 With gifts of thy opulent giving we come;
 O source of our manifold gladness, we hail thee,
 We praise thee, O Prithvi, with cymbal and drum.

All Voices

Lord of the Universe, Lord of our being,
 Father eternal, ineffable Om!
 Thou art the Seed and the Scythe of our harvests,
 Thou art our Hands and our Heart and our Home.
 We bring thee our lives and our labours for tribute,
 Grant us thy succour, thy counsel, thy care.
 O Life of all life and all blessing, we hail thee,
 We praise thee, O Bramha, with cymbal and prayer.

Sarojini Naidu.

The Higher Education of Women.



THE question of women's education in India is becoming more and more absorbing. As long as the women were indifferent, the movement was slow, but now that the younger generation are eager for instruction and education, the support and aid of the thinking men and women of the community is very necessary. But, before the latter can take any steps, the opposition caused by prejudice and custom must be lived down. This is easier in towns than in villages and mofussil places; but, even in towns, it requires courage and perseverance to go against the iron rules laid down by centuries of caste supremacy and time-honoured tradition.

The very first hindrance to a higher school education for girls is that their attendance at school after the age of twelve or thirteen is impossible. The bias is now towards English education and children are being sent to girls' schools where English is taught. But there they have this disadvantage. Until eight or nine years of age girls are either kept at home or sent to a vernacular school to master the rudiments of their vernaculars. After this they are taken to an English school, with perhaps a leaving certificate from the fourth class, and the fond parents insist upon the admission of the girl into very near the same standard in English. But the very evident objection that the child does not understand enough English to follow the instruction given, is not grasped by the parents. The only answer given is that she can read English, which is very true, for she can do so, but with a parrot-like imitation, not understanding of the passage or without being able to return an answer to a simple question. Such girls, with their knowledge of arithmetic and other subjects far above the infant standard, have to be admitted into the above standard for want of a little knowledge of English, and by the time they come up to the second or third standard, the girl is not allowed to attend school any more on account of the custom of the country. Thus the school education of such a child is nearly nil. She gets a smattering of her own tongue, a very poor knowledge of English and perhaps the four simple rules in arithmetic, and then everything is stopped. The girl does not know enough to go on with her education herself. At this period then will perhaps come in the usefulness of the home-education classes. But few such classes are held and they do not reach the masses.

This is not the only objection. Perhaps the girl's relations object, as is many times the case. Only yesterday such a case was brought to my notice. The girl in question was fond of study from her childhood and was sent to school till it was time to go to her husband's home. There she was discouraged to continue her studies, as it was against the will of her new relations: and she writes to me to say that it is anguish of soul to relinquish all her fond ideas and dreams. Are there not many such cases in the land against the higher education of women?

The objection raised by the men is that education makes them unwomanly, and neglectful of their household duties. Is this possible? Education in its true sense is a development of the mental, moral, and physical qualities, and leads to the making of a perfect woman—one who has it in her power to understand and appreciate nature and human conduct, to delight in and follow art, and to help and support the cause of humanity. It is so easy to write about the benefits of education and to speak about the subject, but what is required is that real practical measures should be taken to further the advance of education. It is in the hands of the men to help or to retard the movement. They themselves enjoy all the benefits of an English education and when they turn to their homes they do not find sweet companions. Hindus have no real home, in the true sense of the word, a home where mutual sympathy, and mutual help is the law of the home and where the eye is delighted with the beauty of surroundings and the fittings of the home. This is mainly because woman does not hold her proper position as the centre of the home-circle; and how can woman be the presiding deity of the home unless she herself is fit for it. Only education can do this and it is in the hands of the men of the community to make opportunities for their wives and sisters to accomplish this and to help and encourage them in their efforts to gain the privilege of a higher mental training.

The most practical measure that can be adopted without much difficulty seems to be to send the girls to school when they are young, as soon as they are brave enough to stay all day by themselves at school. If the home education is such that the mental faculties are carefully trained by encouraging observation and in various other ways, children need not be sent very young to school. But where this is wanting, harm will result by allowing the children to run wild at home. Again, if the parents have made up their minds to give an English education to their girls, it is best to send them from the beginning to a school where instruction is given wholly in English. Here again is another disadvantage. Are children, when sent to such a school, to lose their vernacular

culars? No, by all means. No. But it is easier for the children to learn the vernaculars at their homes, rather than English. Another disadvantage is that many girls' schools, which teach English as a first language, do not teach the vernaculars. This is, I suppose, because girls of so many different vernaculars attend school. But I think in every school from the beginning at least one vernacular should be taught side by side with English every day; the vernacular only as a language lesson, but instruction in all the other subjects to be given in English. It seems at present that general instruction given in English will be more helpful than if given in the vernacular. English bids fair to become the common language of the land, and also the latest and most definite information on various subjects and sciences is given in English books. Such being the case, girls should be educated in English as well as men. A serious drawback to the advance of English education is that English is not spoken at home. The children are not accustomed to think and speak in English, they usually think in the vernacular and translate the thought into English which usually gives rise to the use of wrong idioms, and the translation of the vernacular idiom. English and the vernacular should be as it were actual languages for the children, with ability to think and converse freely in both.

Another practical measure would be to keep the girls at school till they attain a certain standard.

It does not matter if they do not pass examinations, but the aim should be that they be kept at school till they are able to read and understand for themselves. This is a difficult thing to do on account of the early marriages of girls. But if a few households band themselves together and resolve to send the girls to school even after the usual time, others will soon follow. But this measure means at first, as is usual with other pioneers, much prosecution, and unhappiness, and, perhaps, ostracism; but such pioneers are very much required. There are a few scattered about in the land, and my earnest hope is that more may follow.

If we turn to the question of higher education itself, the problem is what is it to consist of? There are certain girls who are ambitious, who desire to pass high examinations. If such have strength and ability, encourage them by all means. They will become useful members of the community, able instruments fit to turn their hand to professions if need should arise. But there are many who cannot pass examinations. What should the curriculum for them be? It should be such as would give them useful and instructive information and also such as will cultivate a taste for the arts. Instruction in the mother-tongue and in English should be given, so as to enable the girls to study the

literature of the present age and bygone ages. Arithmetic and the elements of mathematics should be taught as this branch of knowledge is a sure guide to cultivate the reasoning faculties. They are taught the definitions of laws, that are always true in certain circumstances, and it is, as it were, a drill for the mental faculties. Again, a knowledge of history and geography is essential, as it is necessary for them to learn about their own country and other countries as well. Also, they should be taught hygiene, domestic economy and physiology, so as to enable them to understand the laws of health, the structure of the body, and the necessary laws of sanitation. Hand-in-hand with instruction in the sciences should go instruction in art. Girls should have a course of needle-work (plain and fancy), music, drawing, and painting, and the other arts. Their tastes should be tested and cultivated. What I think is most essential is a course of lectures on sick nursing. Invalids and convalescents have very hard times in Hindu homes; and I am sure more deaths are due to bad nursing and ill-management, than want of proper medicines. The above is only an outline sketch of the curriculum with the details to be filled in according to individual tastes. But to meet these demands, it would be admirable if a special school were opened for Hindu girls, a school of general instruction supplied with good teachers, who will know how to lead the child's mind to discover new knowledge for itself and to delight in such discoveries. The curriculum in such a school should be flexible and not fixed and mechanical, not to rush through such and such a set portion for inspection or examination at the end of the year. In England, there are what are called finishing schools, where general and useful instruction on many subjects is given; but usually instruction in such schools is only surface deep. Schools of general instruction for Hindu girls will be of immense benefit, if carried out on proper lines, and if the instruction given is thorough.

Another essential factor is intercourse with able minds. This is entirely denied to Hindu maidens. They cannot enter society; intercourse among themselves is not helpful enough; intercourse with English ladies is very difficult and almost impracticable in present circumstances, intercourse with men of their own community is entirely out of the question. Hence, where are the opportunities of intercourse? In the English home, this pleasant intercourse is another characteristic. The influence of mind upon mind, the expression of opinions freely and without reserve, the clash of intellect in argument; the sword-play of wit in conversation, the apt simile, and, above all, the courteous manner

of address and movement—all these are an education in themselves. If only Hindu homes were such, how short a time it would be before the emancipation of women's minds from the trammels of ignorance would be effected. But, as I said before, everything rests with the men. They can defy custom and prejudice, they can introduce reforms in the home, and they can help in a variety of ways. Pioneers, brave and strong, are required, and when they set steadily to work, mountains of caste prejudices and tradition will disappear, and the cause of the fuller privilege of womanhood will steadily advance.

H. K.

"All is well that ends well."

A STORY OF INDIAN CHRISTIAN LIFE.



HE stood up to sing and at the first note of her voice all other sounds were hushed in the room. It was a special gathering held on the occasion of the tenth anniversary of an Association which had long been doing good work in P.....; and as it was a well-known and well-favoured Association, there was a large number of people present. Native Christians of all class crowded the wide room, and interspersed among them were a few Europeans and a sprinkling of Hindu gentlemen. The scene was one which a reader of character would have found interesting, so many different sides of nature were presented there. Almost hidden away in the background, or sitting in corners, were some girls, too shy to mix with the gay throng in front of them, talking in whispers to themselves or watching the scene around. Forming quite a contrast to these were groups of laughing girls who talked loudly and continually glanced around them as if wishing to attract attention, some of them going up to the shy girls and talking to them in patronising tones, with a virtuous air of not wishing to shirk their social duty, while others were engaged in conversation with the young men who were lounging about the room; while their mothers—some of them gay and fashionable matrons, and some, shy, quiet women, who seemed willing to

sink themselves into obscurity, and leave all the blessings of high society to their daughters—looked on in pride at their success and looked down on those mothers whose daughters were not, so to speak, a special success. Forming again quite a contrast to these gay groups were a few girls neatly and plainly dressed, neither too forward nor too shy, moving about the room with all the calm and grace of perfect breeding and the unostentatious dignity of quiet natures. These went about, now talking to the shy girls and drawing them out to show the attractions which lay hidden under their flurried exterior; now mixing with the fashionable throng, quite undaunted by the severe looks of criticism cast upon them from certain quarters; now helping by their talk to smooth down the petty jealousies which even then arose between some families and became apparent in the looks and glances they cast at one another; now quieting the outraged dignity of others who thought themselves neglected by their so-called friends and consequently found themselves foiled in their attempts to push themselves on in society. The girl who was singing was one of those who had been sitting about with the frivolous brightness of fashion and joyous youth. She was pretty, with a taking look of pertness on her bright face; but as she stood up to sing, all her frivolous exterior vanished and the latent nobility of her character became apparent in her face, communicating itself to her song, the pure liquid notes of which floated through the room, like the soft carol of a bird. Every one was watching her intently, some with envy, but most of them with admiration and wonder, for she had a very fine voice, which promised one day to make her a good singer. But there were two men who were looking at her with more attention than any of the others. One was a smart looking young man, dressed fashionably in well-fitting English tweeds, with an air of good breeding and high society about him. His manners were extremely polished and polite and they favourably impressed the beholder for the first moment; but they seemed somewhat affected, and the good impression was swept away the next by the air of swagger and confidence which showed through the assumed elegance of his deportment. This young man had but just lately returned from England, where his fond parents had sent him to finish his education, and this was the first time he had appeared in public after his arrival in India. The welcome given to him therefore was very hearty, and many young men had gathered round him, striving to imitate his looks and manners and even his style of speaking. Just about the time that the girl had begun her song, he had been talking volubly to some of them, discussing the different ways of

English and Indian life, and giving his opinion with a good deal of confidence in his own ability and importance. Consequently, when the song began and the room became suddenly hushed into a profound silence, which was only broken by the tones of his voice, he was astonished and turned round to see what the cause of it was. When he saw the girl, he shrugged his shoulders and settled himself with an air of being bored to listen to her song, thinking probably that it was much like the music that had gone before. But soon his assumed nonchalance changed into real attention, and he could not but admit to himself the beautiful quality of the singer's voice; and now that he looked at her attentively, he saw what a pretty girl she was, with just the style of face that he liked. Without doubt she was a fine girl and she sang divinely, just as he had heard many ladies sing in England; and he bent forward and watched her with interest, and, in spite of himself, with admiration and wonder.

The other man, who was looking at her with so much attention, was as different from her first admirer as are two birds of different species. He was tall and thin and dressed very plainly, and he had not the air of the prosperous man about him. But his face and expression were noble, his very air inspired a confidence and respect which nothing that he did afterwards dispelled, and his smile, which was rare, lighted up his somewhat rugged and melancholy features with a wonderful beauty and softness. Now, as he gazed at the girl, his very soul seemed to come into his eyes, and a whole world of tenderness and love seemed to be poured out of them on her; but, ennobled though she was by the flood of feeling which her song appeared to rouse in her, she yet appeared unworthy of that regard.

The song over, amid the applause of the company, the girl mixed again with her friends, and as she moved about the room, her frivolous look returned again to her face. Her eyes continually travelled round the room seeking praise, and the admiring comments of her friends she received, as if they were all due to her.

Meanwhile Mr. Swamiar—the gentleman whom we have noticed as lately returned from England—had been so struck by the young lady's appearance that he inquired about her from one of his friends. "O that girl," was the answer, "she is a pretty girl and she sings very well. But she does not belong to a very high family. They were rich once, but now—." Ah! I see you are looking for her. That is her mother, sitting there, rather an insignificant creature, is she not? I will introduce you to her, if you wish to make her acquaintance."

"If you would be so good, I shall be delighted," drawled out Mr. Swamiar with assumed indifference, and the introduction was made. Mrs.

Ramadas was a stout, portly matron, with a plump, rather apathetic face, and she was one of those who were feeling themselves insulted by the neglect of their friends. All the time she had been sitting almost alone in a corner, and very few had come to her or spoken to her, and she was boiling with suppressed anger at this treatment which she thought was outrageous. So when this grand gentleman was introduced to her as one who had lately returned from England, and who was anxious to make her acquaintance, her pride and delight knew no bounds. She at once got up from her chair and tried to speak to him, as she had heard the English ladies speaking to their friends. But she did not know English well, and she was so flurried and excited, and the result of her efforts was so extremely grotesque, that Mr. Swamiar could not repress a smile of amusement. But he suppressed it as well as he could and spoke to her so politely that she felt her equanimity restored, though now and again she felt as if he was laughing at her. Then, suddenly remembering her daughter, she told him with a look of pride that she had a daughter, who had passed her Matriculation; and he expressed a wish to see her. Then Mrs. Ramadas, finding her daughter at the other end of the room, proudly conducted her new acquaintance up to her and introduced him, casting a look of defiance around the room, especially at those who were observing them with looks of envy, which, on catching her glance, they tried to convert into looks of disdain.

"This is my daughter, Mr. Swamiar," she said in loud tones; "I am sure you will find it interesting to talk to her, for she is very clever." At these words a suppressed titter was heard in the room, and "Hush, mother, hush," interrupted her daughter, for even she felt that her mother was passing the bounds of propriety in her excitement.

"Why child, why should you be ashamed of it," she was beginning, but her daughter again broke in, and Mr. Swamiar, seeing the state of things, began to talk, and Mrs. Ramadas soon forgot her vexation at being interrupted so often, in gazing at him and listening to his words.

"What a fine man he is," she thought, "if only, now, if he only liked my daughter, how nice it would be," and she went off into beautiful dreams of what might be, in which she always found herself figuring as a very grand lady, crushing by her splendour and disdain those poor mortals who had once dared to insult her. Meanwhile Mr. Swamiar was talking to her daughter, and she was trying to answer him with witty and smart answers, wishing to show off her cleverness and her knowledge, for had she not passed the Matriculation?

But the other man who had looked at her with such a look of love, kept apart and never attempted to speak to her. He sat by himself in a corner and did not mix with those around him, as the other young men did. For a long time he continued absorbed in his reflections, while none spoke to him, though many did notice his noble interesting face; and then he got up and left the room without saying anything to anyone. He was only a poor nobody,—a private tutor in a few Native Christian families, and of course he was not worthy of notice by the grandees of society. Mr. Krishnaswamy was the private tutor of Mr. Ramadas' two sons, one of whom was going up for the Middle School examination, and the other studying in the Fourth Form. Their father did not believe very much in school education, and though his sons did go to school, he thought it would be better if he got them a private teacher; and Mr. Krishnaswamy had been the one chosen for this task. The boys read under him every day, and he was accustomed to see their sister very often in the school-room; and, moreover, she and they were taking lessons from him in Latin, in which he was considered to be very good. He had come to know the girl very well, and from the first feeling himself attracted by her, had come at last to love her with all his heart.

Mr. and Mrs. Ramadas had lived in very good style; but lately the former had lost most of his money in foolish speculations, and they had to live now under very straitened circumstances. All their old acquaintances, who had once been so anxious to seek their company, had dropped them, except a few tried friends, but these were so busy that they seldom came to see them. They had a daughter, Grace, who had passed her Matriculation Examination, and two sons; and Mrs. Ramadas, a simple woman who had had very little education herself, was so proud of the former that she could not make enough of her. She flattered her child's beauty and the little education that she had, and was always careful of not giving her much work to do. So Grace had come to think herself a very clever and beautiful girl, who would demean herself if she did domestic work of any sort. She had a very good voice, a high soprano extending over a wide range. She could run up the scale taking the high B, without the least break, and her voice was as rich and clear as the tones of a flute, and yet so powerful, that it was a pleasure to listen to her singing. She had taken some vocal lessons before her father became poor, but even after that her mother scolded herself and scraped together some money to enable her daughter to continue these lessons in a convent. So Grace spent all her time between going for her music lessons and practising at home, taking Latin

lessons from her brother's tutor, talking to her girl-friends, of whom she had a great many, and entertaining the young men who frequented their home, attracted by her pretty face and lovely voice. Her mother was left to do all the homework, and the daughter was fast developing into a frivolous girl, with no other object in life than to gain pleasure. Mr. Ramadas was averse to having his house frequented by so many young men, but he was so busy that he was seldom at home except late in the evenings, and he was very fond of his daughter and disposed to be lenient towards her. There was no one in the house, therefore, who had any influence over Grace, except, perhaps, her brother's tutor, of whom she stood in wholesome dread. Though Mr. Krishnaswamy loved her very much, yet he was aware of her faults and had often a way of looking at her, which at once silenced her foolish frivolity. But, beneath this exterior he saw the nobility of the girl's nature, and he knew it only needed an awakening hand to come to the surface; and that was why he loved her so much. He knew she was truthful, honest and of a noble nature, and the simplicity of her character was that, in spite of her vanity, endeared her so much to him. But nothing of these feelings did he ever show to her, and Grace, felt awed and quiet in his presence. Often when her mother was at some heavy work, Grace would sit at the piano and sing her songs and play very happily all the time, for she never often willfully neglected her mother; it was only her thoughtlessness for others and her absorption in herself which prevented her from noticing how overworked her mother was. At such times, if the tutor was present in the room, he would look at the girl with such a meaning glance, that she at once felt her spirits damped, and all sorts of thoughts would come into her mind about her wasting her life, &c. She disliked this sudden change so much and the unhappiness these thoughts brought her, that she sometimes even felt that she hated the teacher. She was sure he despised her, and this, of course, she resented, for admiration was what she wanted from everyone. But for this very reason perhaps there was no one whom she respected so much as Mr. Krishnaswamy, not even her father, though she loved him very much. And the influence of his stern morality and nobility was making itself felt in her even then, for of late she had begun to weary of the life she led, the constant seeking after happiness, the aimlessness of everything she did, and the company of the young men who flocked around her with their insipid remarks and incessant admiration. But at this time something happened which promised quite to change the current of her life and turn it into a new channel.

The young stranger, Mr. Swamiar, whom she had met at the social gathering, was not disposed to leave her alone after the interesting glimpse he had had of her. He was a graduate of the London University and expected to get a very high post as teacher in one of the Colleges. But he had not yet received an appointment which he liked; and his time hanging heavy on his hands, he thought a small flirtation with pretty Miss Ramadas would not be uninteresting and would help to pass the time agreeably. So he came often to their house and was welcomed eagerly by the mother and also the father; for one night Mrs. Ramadas had whispered in her husband's ear the hopes that she entertained regarding their visitor and their daughter, and Mr. Ramadas thought that if it could be so arranged it would be a very good match for his daughter. Mr. Swamiar appeared rich and well-to-do, and moreover he seemed to be good-natured, and if he won his daughter would no doubt make her happy, thought the innocent father, with a smile, and he did not interfere with his wife's plans. She welcomed her visitor with eager joy, looked after his comfort and fussed about him, with such an apparent desire of making a good impression, that the young man was often amused by her simplicity and guilelessness. Meanwhile his opinion regarding the girl had changed. He was left alone a great deal with her, and her prettiness, her wit and brightness and her beautiful voice had impressed him a good deal, and he thought she would be a very great acquisition if he married her. So after a few months he asked the parents for their daughter's hand and they consented at once, and then he asked the girl herself. She was dazzled by her admirer, the fashionable air of the world that was about him, his brilliant conversation and the prestige which attached to him owing to his having been to England. She could see that all her neighbours were jealous of her good fortune, and she wanted to spite them for their treatment of her family. And she saw that her parents were pleased, so, without taking counsel with her heart, without even thinking whether she loved him enough to be his wife, she consented to marry him, and they were engaged.

Now the pride and satisfaction of Mrs. Ramadas knew no bounds. She had got such a grand son-in-law or she would get him at all events; and she already imagined herself a great lady, trampling on the necks of her despisers. All the old friends of the family, however, and and in addition new acquaintances, had come to them, as if by magic, and they were so polite and gave so many plausible reasons for their late neglect that, in the simplicity of her heart, Mrs. Ramadas thought she would forgive them,

only, of course, taking a little revenge at the beginning. Meanwhile she was continually in a flutter with happiness and excitement, thinking of the preparations she would be making for her daughter's wedding, which was to be in a few months.

But the poor private tutor, what had become of him? He had seen the end into which things were drifting, and though full of unhappiness and misery, he thought it better not to interfere and press his own suit. He knew it would be of no use. Mr. and Mrs. Ramadas would not think for a moment of accepting him for their son-in-law. He was a poor nobody and of course they expected better things for their brilliant daughter; and he knew she herself would not be so courageous, even if she loved him, as to face all the inconveniences of comparative poverty, and give up the brilliant life that seemed to be opening before her. But did she even love him?—asked the teacher of himself, with a bitter smile. "I am afraid she hates me, for I cannot help expressing my dislike of her frivolous behaviour. But I do love her, oh, how I love her. If only she would come to me, I would make her so happy. Her nature would lose all its vanity and her better qualities would assert themselves, and I would draw out all that was best in her, and—but what is the use of dreaming? It can never be, and I must go, for I cannot stay here to see her married." And, making some excuses, he gave up his employment; and having no relatives in that town, or indeed any where else, he left it and went to the town of R....., where he hoped to get some work and scrape enough money to live upon.

Meanwhile in P..... all was excitement in Mrs. Ramadas' house. The wedding was approaching very near and all was being prepared for that grand event. But the daughter herself was feeling none of that happiness which her coming marriage ought to have given her. Once he was engaged, Mr. Swamiar no longer exerted himself to please his affianced bride as he had done before that. He was already getting tired of her. She was losing her brightness, which had been the chief thing he had liked in her. But what was worse, he had never loved her truly. Besides in P..... there were other girls just as good as Grace, or at least just as pretty, only he had made their acquaintance lately. Phebe Paul, for example, was just as pretty and witty, and so was Mary Samuel, and he knew that if he married either of them he would receive a large dowry besides. Of course, they had not the voice Grace had, but of late it had seemed to him that Grace was singing very badly; and, for aught he could tell, she might even lose her voice: and then what good would she be to

him, thought the selfish man. He would be very unhappy with her and that would be the only result of their marriage. In fact, Mr. Swamiar was a very selfish man, a real man of the world. His chief creed was to gain pleasure for himself, no matter at what cost to others. Now that he had got tired of Grace's beauty and no longer loved her, he wanted to be rid of her. He never for a moment thought of the unhappiness he might be causing the poor girl. His only fear was lest anyone should think him dishonourable, if he broke the engagement; and the only remedy which appeared to him against this was to make Grace see that he no longer loved her, and thus cause her to take the initial step of breaking the engagement herself. Acting on this decision, therefore, Mr. Swamiar changed his manner towards the girl, and became cold and indifferent towards her, quite different from what he had been when he wooed her so ardently before their engagement.

But already Grace herself had begun to perceive her mistake. Now that the first glamour of his society was gone, she was beginning to see his selfishness and vanity, his self-confidence and scorn of those who were below him; and, in spite of her love of pleasure, she was not a bad girl at the bottom. Besides, some ugly rumours of her lover were beginning to come to her ears. She heard about his pride, and how he was always seeking the society of those above him and trying to gain their favour; and she even heard that he despised his old father and mother, who were not so polished in their manners as he was, never having been to England like him. She tried not to believe this last thing about him; but it was nevertheless true and her jealous neighbours did their best to din it into her ears. Mr. Swamiar's father and mother were not in P....., but they lived in a town not far away; and once she was told by some girls, of course in strictest confidence, that the parents had written to their son telling him that they would like to pay him a visit, but that he had point-blank refused their request and told them not to come to P..... Her whole soul revolted at such outrageous treatment, and she knew with a great pang at her heart, what a mistake she had made. One day she was brooding miserably over all this, blaming herself only for all this unhappiness, for she knew it was her pride and vanity that had been the cause of it all, when suddenly the thought came into her mind, "Oh, if he was only a least bit like Mr. Krishnaswamy, how happy I would be." She started at the thought and then grew pale at this casual remembrance of the tutor's name. After he had given up his appointment and left P....., she had missed him very much, though she had never acknowledged it to herself. But now she

suddenly awakened to the great void that his absence had caused in her heart. She missed his silent presence, his strong character, the confidence which his very presence used to give, and she even missed the Latin lessons, which once she had hated so much. Slowly the consciousness came into her mind that she liked Mr. Krishnaswamy better than Mr. Swamiar. In fact, though she had not known it, she had all along liked the stern tutor. In spite of the fact that she felt uncomfortable in his presence, it was only when with him that she felt good, for it was only then that she felt the desire to be good. And now he was gone,—she thought, gone despising her. Of that she felt sure, for she had not forgotten the reproving looks that she used to get from him, though she never detected the love that lurked behind the reproach in it. So she thought day after day, till in the end she awakened to the consciousness that she loved her tutor and hated the other man, whom she was soon going to marry. "Oh, if only this engagement could be cancelled, how happy I would be," she would think, "for then I would be free." But the engagement was there, and she was not free, and never would be free all her life. Thinking thus day after day, Grace lost all the brightness and vivacity which used to be her chief attraction, and she even seemed to have lost all interest in her singing. She also perceived the change in Mr. Swamiar's manners and slowly a guilty hope came into her mind that, perhaps, he did not love her and would not care to marry her. If only that would happen, how happy she would be.

That did happen after all. The relations between Mr. Swamiar and his betrothed grew more and more strained day by day, and there were others besides themselves who perceived the change. At last, Grace, unable to bear it longer, blurted out that he liked her no longer and, perhaps, would not care to marry her.

"Oh no, Oh no," he said, "I like you just as much as ever, but why do you think that I do not?"

"Oh, your manner has changed," she answered. "I do not think you love me. Do you not think it would be better if you were not to marry me?"

"I suppose you do not want to marry me yourself, and that is why you bring this charge against me. When girls do anything wrong, I notice that they always put the fault on others. Ah! I see I am right," he added, noticing her guilty look. "You do not love me. I love you just as much as ever. But if you so wish it, for your sake—"

"You know that that is not the case," she broke in. "You know very well that you do not love me and would give anything to be rid of me. Why do you pretend that that is not so."

Let us break our engagement and have done with this farce."

He felt very much relieved, though his vanity was hurt a little by the thought that she no longer loved him. But he felt ashamed also, and to cover his shame hinted that it was all her fault, that he was a man of honour, &c., &c., but she never heeded his words and they broke their engagement. That night he wrote a letter to Mr. Ramadas and left the town, pretending to go on business to another place; and so he passed out of her life, though afterwards he did meet her once casually, when she was bright and happy again, and felt sorry for having given her up. But it was too late then, and he never met her again afterwards.

The wrath and consternation of Mrs. Ramadas cannot be imagined when she knew what had taken place. She called her daughter and asked her why it was so and why Mr. Swamiar had left her. "He does not love me, and I do not love him," she answered, "and we broke our engagement."

"You do not love him! You ungrateful girl, when I had obtained such a husband for you. And it was all your fault that he did not love you. You have been so dull and uninteresting of late that it was no wonder he grew tired of you. This is your love for your parents, when they had taken such trouble with you!" and she broke into angry tears. But her father saw the pained look of the girl and, drawing her to his side, kissed her, and whispered in her ear:

"Never mind, Grace, do not mind her. She is excited and disappointed. You did right, my girl, if you did not love him. Your mother will see the truth presently."

Grace was very much hurt by her mother's words and by the unkind remarks of her neighbours, but she felt strangely relieved and in a measure happy. She felt that life was again before her, for her to retrieve her former foolishness. She felt very sorry for her mother and her disappointment, and she now perceived how hard-worked she was and determined to help her. So one day, while her mother was busy mending a heap of old clothes, she went to her quietly and said, "Mother, let me work a little. You look tired."

She had never done such a thing before, and her mother looked amazed; but, perceiving that the girl was in earnest and seeing how worn her face was, and repenting of the hard words she had been using to her of late, she drew the girl to her and said, "Forgive me, Grace, for what I said. You look very pale and ill, child. You lie down for a while and to-morrow you can help me." From that moment a close bond of sympathy was knit between mother and

daughter, which was never broken afterwards. Grace learned to help her mother in her home-work and grew almost happy in her loving labour. She felt she had found what to do with her life at last. Her duty was to help others, and she sought opportunities for carrying out her object. But very often her heart was heavy at the thought of Mr. Krishnasawmy. She missed him so much and she wanted him to return. But where was he? No one knew where he had gone.

He, meanwhile, was in the town of R....., where he had gone to seek out a livelihood. But fortune blessed him beyond his expectations. Though his heart was hungering for Grace, he felt that it was not right on his part to be grieving over his sorrow. So he strengthened his heart by prayer to God, and gulping down his sorrow, applied himself to the teaching work he had found there. And, remembering his duty to his neighbours, and feeling his heart filled with love for them, he tried in every way to help them and to comfort the lot of the poor. He succeeded beyond his expectations, finding many friends among them. About this time also he began to write a book he had long been thinking of, and after a few months he finished it, and, not knowing whether it was good, he sent it to a friend, who returned it with a very flattering comment. He then sent it to the publishers and was paid very highly for his work, and thus he got some money. But the thought of Grace was always in his heart. He thought that she was married by this time and tried to stifle his own love for her, and at last argued himself into a fictitious belief that he had done so. "But," thought he, "I would like to see her again just once and then I shall forget her. And I would like to see my native country also, before I leave it for ever." With this thought in his mind he left for P..... the same week. Arrived there, he was afraid to ask for a long time about the Ramadas' family, but at last he found courage to inquire about them from a very old friend. There learnt all about Grace and the breaking of her engagement, and his heart bounded with joy and thankfulness. So she was free and he was free also. But then, what was the use of it all, at least to him? Grace would not care for him the least bit; and he fell into the old despondency. But he did not leave the town as yet. He lingered about, waiting to catch a glimpse of her, but afraid to go to see her. Perhaps she was very sorrowful and grieved very much for what had happened. And his heart sank at the thought of it.

One day he was walking in an old grove of trees at the end of the town. It was getting on towards evening, but the sun was still brilliant, and the light fell in golden patches on the

ground through the interlaced branches above his head. The trees were full of birds which had come to seek their nests, and the air was filled with their cries. But the evening was peaceful and calm. Through the intervals of the branches he could just catch glimpses of a bright sky over which the mantle of darkness was slowly spreading. The grove was long and curved, and he was walking from one end towards the middle. A calm peace stole into his mind, and he thought with a throbbing of thankfulness that his life was not over and done with yet. He had lost Grace, but he could do a great deal of work still. He would dedicate himself to God and to His service. While thus meditating, he suddenly espied a figure coming towards him, and he turned to go back with a feeling of anger at his solitude being thus invaded. But it was a woman's figure and looked familiar. He waited a moment with a thrill of hope in his heart. The woman came nearer. Yes, he was right, that was Grace; and he hesitated, not knowing whether to go on or return. Just then Grace caught sight of him, and uttering a sudden cry she almost tottered and then turned to go back. But he had seen the look of astonishment and joy on her face, and coming forward he took her hands between his, and that moment learnt from her face that she loved him, and she knew that he loved her. Their happiness and thankfulness knew no bounds. He told his story to her and she hers to him, how she had broken her engagement with Mr. Swamiar. He told her how brave her conduct was, and then he confessed what he had thought of her in the old days, how, in spite of his love for her, he was aware of her faults. "But now," he said, "the very knowledge of your faults makes you dearer to me. You are so different and yet so much like the old Grace that I am so happy, too happy almost."

By this time the moon had come and its silvery patches on the ground danced and moved with the soft shadows of the trees. The branches glistened in the mild radiant light and their beauty was almost unearthly. They turned to go out of the grove; but at this moment the bells of their church were heard ringing in the distance, and their sound came faintly, yet clearly in sweet and soft peals, through the clear air.

"Do you hear those bells, Grace," he said. "They are joy-bells ringing to bless and commemorate our union. How happy we are, dearest. But we will not keep our happiness to ourselves, will we? We will try to make others happy, too, and our lives will be blessed in the lives of others. We shall dedicate ourselves to God, and try to do only what is pleasing in His eyes. Will we not, Grace?" and she answered with a sob of joy,—

"Yes."

A Ladies' Gathering at Narsapur.



THE number of Indian Ladies that have received the benefits of western culture and western learning you can count on your fingers' ends. Fewer still are those with a heart to feel for the degraded condition of their sisters and a head to plan a scheme for the amelioration of their lot. The influence of the Zenana is too powerful for the Indian lady as yet to cast off the shackles of custom.

As a type of an educated Indian lady possessing such rare virtues, I may mention the name of Mrs. Roy, the wife of our worthy Sub-Collector. In the true sense of the term she stands head and shoulders over every other of her sex. A short time ago Mrs. Roy, inaugurated a scheme for the improvement of the women folk of Narsapur. The movement met with a ready response and there was a gathering of the ladies, which, in point of orderliness, moderation and manifestation of mutual sympathy, was perhaps unique.

The second gathering of the kind came off on the 28th instant in the spacious bungalow occupied by our Sub-Collector. The building was most tastefully decorated with flags, bunting and evergreens. Among those present, were Mrs. Gopal Rao, wife of the District Munsiff, Mrs. P. Venkata Ramiah Naidu, daughter of the Civil Apothecary, Mrs. Neelakantha Iyer, wife of the Executive Engineer, Mrs. Venkata Ratnam, wife of the Government Pleader, Mrs. Yegganna, Mrs. Sectapathy Rao, Mrs. Subba Rao, Mrs. Modaliyar, Mrs. Ramasawmy Iyer, Mrs. Williams and many others.

The scene was most picturesque. The ladies dressed in cloths of different colours and wearing ornaments of the latest Pondicherry pattern were surpassed only by the hostess who in her lace and diamonds appeared like a veritable queen; and one endowed with an historical imagination might not inappropriately have styled it the Twentieth Century Field of the Cloth of Gold.

The object of the meeting having been explained by Mrs. Roy, which was the improvement socially and intellectually of the ladies of Narsapur, the proceedings commenced with the reading of a paper by Mrs. D. K. Ramaswamy. After dwelling on the utility of such associations, the lecturer went on to describe in graphic detail the part which women play in moulding the character of their children. The duties which devolved upon the woman as a manager and steward in the house were next touched upon, as also the necessity for free air and exercise and attention to domestic sanitation and hygiene.

The Narsapur Ladies' Association was then formed and more than twenty-five ladies enlisted themselves as members. It was understood that Mrs. Roy, was to be President, Mrs. Gopal Rao, Vice-President, and Mrs. D. K. Ramaswamy, to be Secretary, though, owing to want of time, the formal election had to be put off for some time longer.

A Sastry then entertained the audience with the recital of the well-known story of Savitri, whose devotion to her husband through innumerable troubles and trials forms a thrilling episode in the great story of the Mahabharata.

After the distribution of *pan supari* and flowers, a most enjoyable function came to a close.

To say that the whole credit of organising the meeting and bringing it to a successful conclusion and of establishing a most useful association belongs to Mrs. Roy, would be but to convey a very inadequate idea of the immense debt of gratitude under which Mrs. Roy has laid the public of Narsapur, both European and Native. In an out-of-the-way station with little traffic and less life, that so much enthusiasm was infused among women who are conservative by nature and so unamenable to modern influences, is due to the exertions of Mrs. Roy. It is easy enough to applaud one's virtues; but it requires a keen sense of humour to appreciate them. That that most amiable of all women be long spared to carry on the noble work she had imposed upon herself was the heart-felt wish of everyone present at the meeting, a feeling which was given suitable expression to in the midst of cheers by one of the ladies, who was present at this remarkable gathering.



Twelve Heroines from Shakespeare.

A MALAYALAM BOOK FOR LADIES.

BY MR. T. RAMALINGAM PILLAI, B.A.



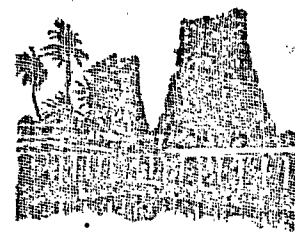
THIS publication is a Malayalam work by Mr. T. Ramalingam Pillai, B.A., fashioned and based, mainly, as the author admits, on Mr. M. S. Purnalingam Pillai's work in Tamil, called "Panniru Penmanikal." Among others, "Shakespeare's Chart of Life," by Dr. Miller, and Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare" have also been consulted in the preparation of this work.

The work is primarily addressed to the Malayalam-speaking girls and is, therefore, dedicated, in the fitness of things, to her gracious Highness Setu Lakshmi Bayi, the present Senior Ranee of Travancore. The usefulness and the necessity of such a work have been amply made out by Mr. Raman Tampi, B.A., M.L., in the introduction he writes to it, while the fact that the work has undergone a careful revision at the hands of that eminent scholar, H. H. Kerala Varma Valia Koil Tampuram, C. S. I., is more than a sufficient guarantee for the purity and excellence of its style and language. Judging by one's own lights, one finds good reason to concur with pleasure in what Mr. Raman Tampi has to say about the book. The heroines selected are Cordelia, Lady Macbeth, Desdemona, Ophelia, Katherine, Imogen, Viola, Hermione, Rosalind, Helena, Isabella and Portia. But it is not a series of mere character-sketches, as we may be led to believe from the title of the book, that we meet with in the work; for, under each of the heroines, the author gives a summary of the respective play, with the heroine looming big, and winds the whole up with either Dr. Miller's Analysis of the particular character or the moral of the play considered. For a right understanding of any of Shakespeare's prominent characters such a method is simply commendable; for, in addition to the complex relations in which such characters appear, it is hard to believe, as the author correctly observes, that Shakespeare had no eye to any moral in his plays. Being intended for young people, one would have desired to see the stories at least some of them, somewhat enlarged to make them more attractive. And so I hope, I may justly complain of the author's process of crowding and condensation, in which a few

stories suffer to some extent, for example, Hamlet.

In the rear of the professed object of the book, which is being intended for the boys and girls of Malabar, seems to lie another aim, on which, as one interested in the improvement and enrichment of the Malayalam literature, I sincerely congratulate Mr. Ramalingam Pillai. Malayalam has soaked in much from Sanskrit language and literature, but towards English, especially English poetry, it does not evince the same absorptive power. The inherent difference between the two languages may go a great way to account for this state of affairs, but a good deal may be set down to other causes as well. For example, let us see what we have in Malayalam which gives an idea of Shakespeare's genius. True, we have a few of Shakespeare's Plays and Lamb's Tales translated into Malayalam, but many of them are still-born from the press, except where they are prescribed as text-books for examinations. I think that extreme closeness of translation prevents such works, laudable as they are in other respects, from being thoroughly understood and enjoyed by the non-English-knowing people of Malabar. Mr. Ramalingam Pillai's is a far different method. What he has done is this: After having mastered almost every piece of necessary information regarding each of the heroines, he gets the matter thus mastered, put in the shape of an elegant sketch; so much so, that the whole looks full of fresh and original composition. The work thus avoids the usual odium attaching to translations and consequently bids fair to succeed where other works with a similar purpose, but cast in a different mould, have admittedly failed. If imitation is the highest form of praise, I feel no manner of doubt that Mr. Pillai will meet with a good deal of it, by a number of similar productions in Malayalam, by other authors.

Yettumanoor Temple.



Harinavanam. This place owes its origin to Chanda-Bhaskara, a Raja of the Pandyan Dynasty. This Raja unknowingly killed a Brahmin who was walking along the road on a dark night

THIS is a very sacred temple, situated in the Yettumanoor taluq in North Travancore. Yettumanoor is otherwise called Harinapuram. In the very olden days this was

and the ghost of the dead man troubled him and haunted him often. To save himself from the trouble, the Raja, with the advice of a Brahmin friend, named Haridethan, went to the great sage Agastya and represented to him all his grievances, and asked him to teach him a way by which he could be saved from the sin he had committed. After a few minutes' pause, the sage said "Oh! my son, hear me. In that well-known land called Kerala, there is a place called Harinavanam (Vanam means Forest). In the interior of this forest there is a tank, and on the bank of it, there lives Sri Narayana offering up his prayers and performing his daily poojas to the great God Sri Parameswara, who is well-known as the great destroyer of the Universe. Go to the place at once and worship them, and if they are pleased, you are sure to be saved. They alone can render you some assistance. So, try to please them." The Raja and his friend were much astonished at this unexpected news and asked the sage to tell them something regarding the place Harinavanam. The sage then said "Oh king! this is a secret that should not be revealed. It was told to the great sage Narada by his revered father Brahma, and Narada gave me some account of it which I shall tell you, if you will keep it secret." The Raja and his friend promised secrecy and the sage began,

"Oh, my sons! hear me. Many centuries ago there was some sort of misunderstanding between the great god Siva and the two other gods of the triad, Vishnu and Brahma. Owing to this misunderstanding Siva, who is all-powerful, extracted (without their knowledge) the power and strength of Vishnu and Brahma and with this made a Harinam, (Harinam—deer) and also a forest for it to live in. Then he took his weapon and dug a tank for the animal to drink water. This forest is the Harinavanam or the forest of the deer. A few years after they were reconciled and the god Brahma one day came to Siva and said "Oh Swamin! We are now-a-days becoming weaker and weaker and we seem to lose our power and strength. Will your grace kindly suggest to us any remedy." The Lord Siva now began to pity them and said that it was on account of his wrath that it happened like that and he and only he could undo it and spoke to them like this: "When you walk a few miles from this place, you will find a great Hill. Climb over it and look towards the East. Then you will see a forest. Go on and look with a little more care. Then you will see in it a deer. It is mine. It was made by me with your strength. There is also a tank in the forest. Go near the tank and call the deer by your side and bring it up to my side, and then you will be all right." So said the Lord Siva.

Brahma at once walked off in search of Harinavanam and soon found it out and in it he saw the deer grazing near the tank dug up by Siva. He neared the animal and slowly caught it and took it up to Lord Siva who at once extracted the strength of the deer and gave it back to Brahma and Vishnu. Such in brief is the origin of the Harinavanam. This *Vanam* is converted into a *Puram* and Harinavanam has now become Harinapuram or Yettumanoor. Since this place is made by the great Sri Parameswara it is considered by the Hindus as a very sacred place. There are also other interesting stories told about this temple, and the following is one of them.

When Harinapuram or Yettumanoor was a great forest infested with all kinds of wild beasts, lions, tigers, leopards, elephants, etc., a great sage came to this forest. When he came near the tank which is made by Siva, he found certain signs to show that it was a very holy place. Then he wanted to find out what was there peculiar to the place and looked round the forest and to his astonishment he found the head of Siva with his *Jata* spread round the place. At once the Sanyasi prostrated himself before Siva and offered his prayers. Then he made a temple in the very place where he found the head of the Lord and consecrated Siva there. A few minutes after, the sage came out of the temple and found there *Vishnu Maya* outside. At once he made another temple and consecrated Vishnu there. These two temples are very sacred ones. The Lord Siva in the Yettumanoor temple is a very powerful god who can do wonders. And there is a belief that if any person pleases the god by offerings of money, jewels, etc., then he is sure to get what he prays for (of course, only if the prayer is a reasonable one). Very recently a book has been published in Malayalam about the origin, etc., of this temple, by Mr. Prabhakaran Pottie of Thazhavam Madom, the Thantri or head priest of this temple. The book contains a lot of useful information and is very interesting. Mr. Pottie deserves much credit for having given to the public a very interesting and instructive account of this celebrated temple.

R. KULATHU AIYAR.



The Unrest in India—The Social Aspect.



THE name that was first given to slight disturbances and ebullitions among the student populations in India is now becoming grimly significant. The signs of discontent and ill-feeling are showing themselves clearly and shaking us out of our lethargy. Is the movement, which was begun half in jest, really leading to serious disturbance? The social aspect of the question has always been of interest to me.

How can we account for this feeling between the Europeans and the Indians? A few years back the question of social intercourse between English women and Indian women was taken up and discussed, but nothing much came of it. Socials are held twice or thrice in the year, and European ladies who are present congratulate themselves that they are becoming better friends with the Indian girls, because the latter is able to converse a little more fluently in English. But, is this social intercourse? At an 'At Home' one meets about 15 ladies in the space of half-an-hour and one passes on with a word about the weather, the current news, or with questions about family matters, so dear to a Hindu woman, and then we part to meet no more. Perhaps, even, if we pass each other in the street, we would not be able to recognise each other. Such gatherings are supposed to increase social intercourse, and the English ladies who give them, and the ladies who attend, are congratulated on their wide philanthropy. How about the real feeling between an English woman and myself? I do not know anything about her. I have heard that the English character is to be admired, but how can I judge of it? To me she seems only a lady of fashion and society. I hear of her as going to balls, dinners, concerts, and theatres. At four in the afternoon or thereabouts, I see her dressed becomingly, luxuriously driving in her well-appointed carriage to the Club or the Tennis Grounds or some pleasure resort. Has she any thought for the women of the land? Does she know anything of me? To her I am an unknown quantity, as she is to me. Outwardly, we admire each other. The fair sister from the West with her grace and her ease of manner, her freedom of movement, her repose and her energy, at once delight and

fascinate me. On her part, she admires my gay-coloured sari, my characteristic oriental manner and deportment. Such being the case, is it any wonder that we hear of the ill-feeling growing between the two peoples.

The Englishman in India is indifferent. He does not care to understand the people. He does not care to make a study of the people, with whom he has come to spend the best part of his life. He has come on his own particular business and into that he centres his energy. But, it is preposterous to think that one who works among an entirely foreign people should not in the least care to understand them. This is because there is nothing common between the two. Our caste customs and traditions are such that we cannot invite them to enter into them. They are too indifferent to ask us to enter their society. The men on both sides meet on entirely business relations and each is prejudiced against the other and eye each other with suspicion. The ruler thinks he has to deal with a teacherous, cunning, deceitful people, people who will cringe to you for favours, and those who have no self-respect and no strength of mind to stand up for their opinions. The ruled thinks that he is under a man, haughty of temper, one who looks down upon him with contempt, indifference and dislike and who, on the least provocation, will remove him from his employment and thus cast him adrift in life. The feeling between the two is even stronger on both sides and nothing is done to bridge the gulf. No sooner is the work of the day over, than each enters his own society and hears or sees nothing of the other till business throws them together again. In some cases, it is a case of misunderstanding, in others, it is a case of indifference, or not seeking to understand. There are no common planes on which we can meet. No popular games or sports draw the two together. No political movement makes them act in union, because once again the question of ruler and ruled comes up. No social functions smooth away the difficulties that beset us on both sides. And each people stands by itself, regarding the other with mistrust and suspicion. Both have sterling qualities, and both would fraternize, if only they knew each other. But the hands of friendship must be extended from the English side. The feeling against the Indian is such, that anything he does, however honest he may be, is regarded with suspicion, and besides he is in the difficult position of the ruled and he cannot move in the matter. It is the rulers that must change their opinions about the people among whom they have come to dwell. The Indians are civilized, educated, thinking, and a serious people; they have their faults as the other peoples have, but they are not faults that would call upon them-

selves the contempt and condemnation of foreigners. How can the gulf be bridged? It can only be done by the Englishmen and Englishwomen themselves, by their showing us that they regard us as persons with whom they can be real friends—not by patronizing us or by condescending to bestow their favour on us. In England we are taken for what we are worth, and every Indian that has been to England comes back with the most favourable impression of the English and has much to tell of their geniality, their hospitality, their kind and useful disposition and their warmth and friendliness of manner. To us here, they are but mere words. We do not know or understand the Englishman in India at all. And the same can be said of us. Even in India, I have read of noble men and women who have tried to make a friend of the people and both sides have been better for it. We can learn so much from them, specially we women; and yet, years, after as an Englishwoman looks back on her life in India I am sure she feels dissatisfied, if she thinks about it, at the little she has done for the women of the land. And does not our condition call for more sympathy? Take the ignorance and superstition among which we live. Take our crude customs and traditions. Take our want of social intercourse with each other. "Exactly," says the English girl,—"take all this into consideration and you will find that you have created such a strong barrier around you, that I cannot penetrate it."

Yes, this is true. Besides this, there is the language difficulty. Yet, if I persevere and my friend from across the water perseveres, we shall succeed. Now-a-days, Hindu girls are sent to school and by the time they leave it, they can speak some broken English. It is vain to attempt to know too many peoples at once. One should limit oneself to becoming thoroughly acquainted with one or two families. If frequent visits were made and encouraged, the feeling of strangeness would soon wear off. Now, as we meet once a year, or, perhaps, only for the first time, we have nothing to converse upon. My interests lie far away from hers. She has the art of making small conversation about the weather and the topics of the day, the former of which has no meaning for me, because it always is hot, and the latter of which I am not aware of, as I do not come in touch with the newspapers. Do you not think that among us there is great scope for kindness and sympathy for English women? You, with your privileges, you, with your liberal and cultivated views, with your accomplishments, with your grace and ease of deportment, could you not spare us an hour or two every day to think about us and do something for us? Our hands are tied and bound. We cannot take the

initiation, but we shall follow, if you lead. Have you ever thought of the privileges that you enjoy and that are denied to us? Have you considered the opportunities that are passing, never to come back again. We are encased in ignorance. Stores of knowledge, books, pictures, great inventions, and discoveries, the current thought and the stirring life around us, are only so many names to us; if you but try, you will find us eager to learn. If the social feeling between the two peoples is improved, the disturbances arising from discontent and misunderstanding and from the knowledge that one is misunderstood and misjudged will quickly disappear, and all will be at peace again. That such a thing may happen soon is the wish of

A DAUGHTER OF THE LAND.

Our Needle Work Column.

HOME DRESSMAKING.

The sketch depicts a comfortable yoke night-dress, cut on very generous lines.

It is not a pattern for which any originality can be claimed, but, as I have always found the ordinary shapes—particularly with a square-cut yoke—are more popular than the more

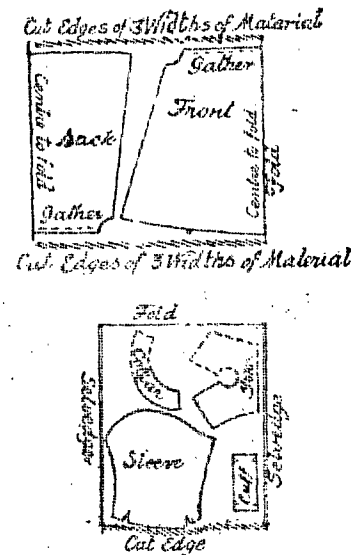


elaborate ones, I have preferred to introduce an old friend rather than a new one.

This model is especially well suited to flannel, nankeen, or nun's veiling, the two last-named being a much-liked medium between flannel and cotton goods, and both to be recommended from a wearing and washing point view. The only trimming in the sketch consists of feather-stitching and narrow embroidery. The two diagrams show the method of obtaining the pattern from 36-inch goods, of which 5½ yards will be required, the pattern, as I have said, being especially cut and intended for stout figures.

Diagram I. represents three widths of the material, the length of back and front seamed up and then folded in half, arranging it so that the centre back and front will each come to a fold, which will then bring a seam down the side of these portions. Place them as shown, and cut out, allowing a good inch for the hem, having first ascertained whether the length—48 inches—is quite right; but, if not, allow on the necessary amount before cutting off the strips. For the side-seams and top about three-eighths of an inch should suffice for turnings.

Diagram II. represents the remainder of the material opened out to its full width and folded in half, with the sleeve, cuff, collar, and yoke placed thereon. The wrap is not shown, as this



is of single material, but can be cut from the strip remaining at the side of the collar.

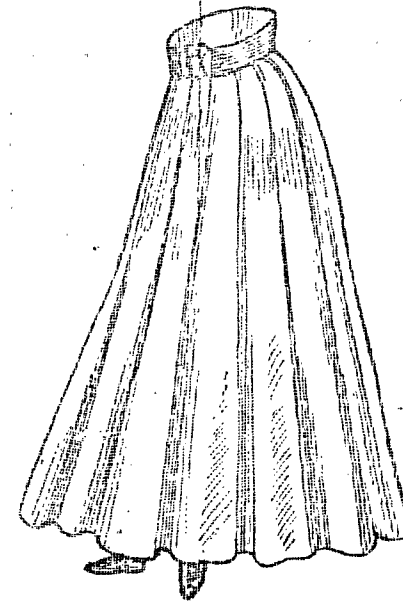
For these portions three-eighths of an inch turnings should suffice.

When the night-dress is cut out, join up the sides by a run and herring-bone seam, make an inch-wide hem at the lower edge, gather back and front, and secure between the edges of the yoke, as the various notches indicate, stitch together, and finish off by feather-stitching.

Next on left side of opening by a false hem, and sew the wrap to the right side, finishing this off neatly and firmly across the opening at the lower edge and all round with feather-stitching. Gather and sew the lace round the edge, make the button-holes as sketched, and sew the buttons on the left side to correspond. Make the collar, edging this with lace feather-stitching, then secure the neck by means of a band and fasten off neatly. Make the sleeves, gather, and secure into cuffs, which are trimmed to correspond with the collar; then gather and secure into the armholes, and finish off all quite neatly and firmly.

For my next sketch I have selected a skirt pattern—a pleated one this time—as quite plain affairs have been illustrated at various times in this column.

The model selected has the pleats somewhat far apart, as is popular just now, and is not too full to be practical at this season of wet and mud. In the front are two boxpleats with the edges



meeting exactly in the centre, and the pleats are stitched down a little more than the third of the length.

The foot-part is either hemmed up—allowing a good two inches for the purpose—or faced up with lining or material. The pleats meet in the centre back, where the placket-opening is arranged.

When making up this skirt, care must be taken to keep the pleats quite even, especially at the waist part, where they will require drawing in a little to give the necessary shape at the hips. This, however, is better done on the

wearer, to get them to set well. Also see that they are well pressed.

About four yards of 44-inch goods are required. Paper patterns can be supplied, price 6½d. When ordering, please quote number, enclose remittance and address to Miss Lisle, 8, La Belle Sauvage, London, E. C., who will also be pleased to receive suggestions and to illustrate designs that are likely to be of general use to the Home Dressmaker.

Our Cookery Column.

CHEESE Fritters.—Whip up an egg to a stiff froth, add to this a little grated Parmesan cheese pepper and salt, and fry a small spoonful of it in a bath of fat; they swell in cooking. Several can be fried at the same time as long as they are not allowed to join. Serve very hot.

The best way to stew fruit is to make the syrup first and then add the fruit and boil all together. For a pint of water take a quarter of a pound of sugar, some lemon juice, and boil this together till they become a thick syrup, stirring all the time to prevent it burning, then add the fruit to this and boil till quite tender. This syrup is sufficient for a pound or pound and a half of fruit.

A French Way of Cooking Eggs.—Boil the required number of eggs for five minutes and put them quickly into some cold water. Then peel them very carefully, so as not to break the whites. Have ready a dish of nicely mashed potatoes and arrange the eggs in this. Pour over the whole a rich white sauce or a good gravy if preferred. This makes an excellent luncheon or supper dish.

A Good Cake.—Home-made cakes are so much nicer and more wholesome than the bought ones, but they require care in the making and the baking. The complaint so often made is that the cake is either heavy or burnt, and both these are done in the baking. The oven should be moderately hot and kept at an even temperature, and the door should not be opened constantly, only once or twice to see that the cake is cooking properly, and then the door must be opened and shut gently, not banged. Cakes of about one pound in weight take about an hour to cook. A knife is plunged quickly in the centre to see if it is cooked; if it comes out clean the cake is done. This should only be done twice, and the cake must not be moved about in the oven. When cooked, it is taken out of the tin and laid on the top to cool, and must not be left in a draught or it will get heavy.

A useful cake for everyday use can be made in the following way. Take six ounces of butter to three-quarters of a pound of flour, six ounces of sugar, four ounces of sultanas, and two eggs. Beat the butter and sugar together to a stiff froth, then add the flour—self-raising flour is the best to use—mix in the sultanas, and add the two eggs last, which must be well beaten first. If

the cake is not quite wet enough, add a little water; milk is apt to make a cake heavy. Put it into a well-greased tin and stand on the top of the oven to rise for a quarter of an hour. It is best to place the cake-tin on the top of another to prevent it burning. Place in the oven and cook for about three-quarters of an hour to an hour.

"NONA."

The "Shakespeare—Names" Prize Competition.

CORRECT LIST.

No name is repeated. All names are to be found in the list of *Dramatic Personae*.

- 1 Ageon, 38, 50, 62, 75, 83
- 2 Abram, 29, 30, 43, 56, 45
- 3 Adam, 14, 18, 23, 27
- 4 Anas, 33, 39, 28, 29, 16
- 5 Adrian, 14, 18, 25, 37, 33, 39
- 6 Adriana, 14, 13, 25, 37, 33, 39, 52
- 7 Ajax, 5, 18, 29, 40
- 8 Alexander, 14, 15, 28, 40, 52, 39, 51, 62, 49
- 9 Alexas, 14, 15, 28, 40, 52, 61
- 10 Alice, 26, 15, 4, 17, 23
- 11 Angelo, 38, 39, 50, 62, 73, 85
- 12 Angus, 38, 39, 50, 53, 61
- 13 Anne, 56, 69, 80, 92
- 14 Antiochus, 52, 53, 65, 76, 75, 86, 74, 63, 61
- 15 Antonio, 52, 53, 65, 77, 88, 76, 75
- 16 Antonius, 52, 53, 65, 77, 88, 76, 63, 61
- 17 Antony, 52, 53, 65, 77, 88, 99
- 18 Aumerle, 101, 100, 111, 98, 110, 109, 121 *
- 19 Ariel, 33, 49, 61, 62, 73
- 20 Bagot, 113, 101, 90, 77, 65
- 21 Banquo, 113, 101, 88, 89, 78, 77
- 22 Bassanio, 30, 29, 42, 41, 52, 53, 66, 77
- 23 Basset, 30, 29, 41, 42, 54, 65
- 24 Burdolph, 113, 101, 112, 123, 122, 133, 134, 135
- 25 Barnardine, 113, 101, 112, 125, 126, 127, 139, 140, 129, 117
- 26 Beatrice, 113, 114, 101, 102, 91, 79, 67, 54
- 27 Le Beau, 109, 98, 113, 114, 101, 100
- 28 Benedick, 113, 114, 125, 124, 123, 136, 137, 138
- 29 Bernardo, 113, 124, 112, 125, 126, 127, 115, 103
- 30 Bottom, 30, 19, 32, 44, 57, 45
- 31 Boy, 30, 19, 31
- 32 Boyet, 30, 19, 31, 20, 32
- 33 Brutus, 30, 43, 55, 44, 33, 46
- 34 Cade, 83, 84, 71, 72
- 35 Caliban, 8, 9, 10, 21, 34, 22, 11
- 36 Caius, 8, 9, 21, 33, 46
- 37 Cardinal, 137, 126, 127, 139, 140, 129, 142, 143
- 38 Cassio, 67, 55, 68, 81, 70, 57
- 39 Cassius, 67, 56, 68, 81, 70, 58, 46
- 40 Cato, 67, 56, 44, 57
- 41 Celia, 8, 20, 7, 6, 5
- 42 Cinna, 67, 79, 80, 69, 56
- 43 Cleon, 86, 73, 62, 75, 88
- 44 Corin, 104, 103, 91, 79, 80
- 45 Cressida, 104, 91, 92, 81, 82, 70, 71, 84
- 46 Cromwell, 104, 91, 103, 116, 105, 117, 106, 107
- 47 Curan, 67, 55, 43, 56, 69
- 48 Dancer, 139, 126, 125, 137, 124, 112
- 49 Decius, 71, 72, 59, 70, 53, 46
- 50 Desdemona, 130, 131, 119, 118, 117, 116, 123, 129, 142
- 51 Diana, 13, 1, 14, 2, 3

- 52 Dick, 123, 136, 137, 138
- 53 Diomedes, 139, 140, 128, 116, 117, 118, 131, 119
- 54 Dion, 71, 70, 57, 69
- 55 Ely, 95, 107, 96
- 56 Essex, 54, 42, 41, 28, 40
- 57 Edgar, 62, 51, 50, 83, 49
- 58 Egeus, 12, 23, 35, 48, 60
- 59 Eros, 131, 132, 120, 119
- 60 Fluellen, 103, 107, 94, 95, 136, 93, 92, 80
- 61 Ford, 108, 120, 132, 144
- 62 Gardener, 90, 101, 112, 123, 124, 125, 114, 127
- 63 Gardiner, 90, 101, 112, 123, 136, 125, 114, 127
- 64 Henry, 133, 124, 125, 112, 99
- 65 Heme, 133, 124, 112, 125, 114
- 66 Hero, 97, 98, 110, 122
- 67 Host, 74, 75, 64, 65
- 68 Hostess, 74, 75, 64, 65, 51, 42, 41
- 69 Iden, 126, 125, 124, 125
- 70 Irena, 15, 28, 39, 52
- 71 Leonardo, 73, 62, 75, 88, 101, 112, 123, 122
- 72 Leonato, 73, 62, 75, 88, 101, 102, 103
- 73 Lucio, 93, 94, 83, 95
- 74 Lucio, 93, 94, 83, 70, 57
- 75 Lucius, 93, 94, 83, 70, 53, 46
- 76 Lucy, 93, 94, 83, 96
- 77 Lord, 109, 122, 110, 123
- 78 Man, 27, 26, 39
- 79 Mardian, 27, 26, 25, 13, 1, 14, 2
- 80 Maria, 27, 26, 25, 37, 39
- 81 Mariana, 27, 26, 25, 37, 33, 39, 52
- 82 Martius, 15, 56, 43, 32, 31, 33, 46
- 83 Menas, 27, 28, 39, 52, 41
- 84 Morgan, 116, 103, 91, 90, 101, 88
- 85 Nym, 88, 99, 111
- 86 Orlando, 120, 132, 143, 142, 129, 150, 141
- 87 Page, 35, 22, 23, 12
- 88 Phebe, 134, 135, 124, 113, 114
- 89 Quince, 89, 78, 79, 50, 67, 54
- 90 Regan, 24, 36, 23, 32, 11
- 91 Romeo, 91, 103, 116, 117, 128
- 92 Sands, 41, 52, 39, 51, 64
- 93 Satyr, 68, 56, 44, 31, 43, 42
- 94 Scarus, 68, 67, 56, 43, 55, 42
- 95 Slender, 119, 106, 117, 129, 130, 131, 132
- 96 Sly, 119, 107, 96
- 97 Snare, 68, 69, 56, 43, 54
- 98 Sung, 68, 69, 58, 47
- 99 Son, 61, 77, 88
- 100 Toby, 92, 19, 30, 31
- 101 Tramo, 44, 43, 56, 69, 70, 57
- 102 Tressel, 32, 43, 54, 42, 41, 23, 15
- 103 Tubal, 32, 33, 31, 22, 10

The names of the successful competitors will be given in our June number.

New Prize Competition.

THE "CORRECT-PASSAGE" QUOTATION.

The following passages are *incorrectly* quoted from well-known poems, written by poets now deceased. Mention the poem, its author, and give the correct quotation of each.

- (1) "What thou art we know not.
What is most like to thee?
From rainy clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a flood of melody."
- (2) "Till then, ye ancient warriors,
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name
When the stormy tempests blow."
- (3) "Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands . . .
Foot it neatly here and there
And sweet sprites the burden bear."
- (4) "Earth has not anything to show more fair;
Dull would he be of soul who would pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty."
- (5) "His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wandering, but relieved their pain.
The long-remembered beggar was a guest . . ."
- (6) "There in thy scanty mantle clad
Thy snowy bosom sunward prest,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share upturns thy nest,
And low thou lies!"
- (7) "If I am right, thy power impart,
Still in the right to say;
If I am wrong, then teach my heart
To find that better way."
- (8) "When can their glory fade?
Oh, the grand charge they made
While everyone wondered."
- (9) "Smack went the whip, round rolled the wheels,
Where never folk so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath
As if Cheapside were mad."

A prize of five rupees will be awarded to the most successful competitor.

Answers to be written on one side of paper only. Name and address to be written on top of each page. If more than one sheet is used, they must be fastened together. When possible lists should be numbered and in alphabetical order.

* No questions concerning the working of the competitions will be answered in the magazine, or by post, even if stamps be sent for that purpose. Should a greater number of competitors present equally correct answers, that shall be deemed most deserving whose MSS. is most clear, clean, plentiful and pleasing.

The last day for receiving the answers is June 20th 1903.

What has been done for and by Indian Ladies.

A NEW HINDU GIRLS' SCHOOL.—The parties being all Hindoos, last Sunday evening was selected for the ceremony of opening a new Hindoo Girls' High School named after the donor, the late Mr. Chanda Ramji, in the presence of a large and influential gathering. Mr. Nanu Narayan Kothare, the surviving executor of the late Mr. Chanda Ramji, said:

"It is with a feeling of unbounded joy that I rise this evening to accord you, ladies and gentlemen, a welcome to witness the pleasant function which has been my dream these several years. I cannot express in suitable terms what I feel to see my dream realised. For several years the want of a school in this *Urbs Prima in Indis*, where Hindu girls could receive education of a higher order meeting with the ordinary requirements of Hindu society has been engaging the attention of the leading members of the Hindu community. It was at one time thought to send round a circular inviting subscriptions to start a suitable institution to attain that object. But the succession of bad times came in the way of

such a collection. In a happy moment, the idea of utilising the surplus of the charity, of which I am unfortunately now the sole surviving executor and trustee, towards forming a nucleus for such an institution, struck me. It would not be out of place to give a succinct history of the charity and its founder, my esteemed friend the late Mr. Chanda Ramji. This gentleman hailed from Kutch Khotaru. When he first came to Bombay he was a very poor man, but by dint of labour and by what we call in Marathi "danot" (liberality) he prospered and left behind him about nine lakhs of rupees. He was a devout worshipper of his family god Thakurji, to whom he bequeathed the whole of his estate. Although an orthodox Hindu, he was an admirer of female education and he had a great desire to educate his wife the late Bai Sakarbai. Had both of them been spared long we would have had an accomplished and well educated Lohana lady amongst us. But God willed it otherwise, and Chanda Ramji was taken away in the prime of his life. Finding that there was a large surplus

left, after carrying out the trusts directed by Chanda's will in their entirety, available for other charitable objects, I moved the High Court of Judicature for the application of the *cy pres* doctrine and the learned Judge sitting in Chambers, after hearing the Hon'ble the Advocate General, decreed that it was an appropriate case for the application of that doctrine and *inter alia* sanctioned the setting apart of a sum not exceeding three and a half lakhs of rupees for the starting of a Hindu Girls' High School to be named after the illustrious testator Chanda Ramji."

Mrs. Ramabai Ranade then opened the lock on the building with a silver key, and declared the school open. She made a few remarks, urging upon the audience the necessity of spreading female education among the community.

BRAVERY OF A LADY.—A Rawalpindi telegram to a local contemporary, dated the 8th instant states:—News has reached Pindi from Peshwar of a most daring encounter with Pathans and a Bengalee lady. Srijut Jadabindu Bhattacharji, clerk, Supply and Transport Office, who resides there in the Cantonment, went to the office on Saturday last leaving alone his young wife and child. Some Pathans or Afridis, whoever they might be, got scent and thought it suitable to commit burglary in broad daylight. It was about mid-day when two or three of them came and knocked at the door. The poor lady, thinking the servant had come, came down and opened the door. The ruffians at once rushed in and dragged her upstairs where they forced her to tell them where the valuables were kept. Hard conflict and struggle ensued bringing on her body a few wounds and scratches of a dagger. She, however, somehow outwitted those rogues and making herself free from their clutches ran to the verandah from where she cried aloud for help at the highest pitch of her voice. Her screams and wailings fortunately attracted the attention of some of her neighbours and shopkeepers, who arrived at a very opportune time thus saving her from being murdered. The ruffians seeing the false plight they were in, bolted and made for the door where they were caught by those that had come there for her help. They are now in police custody and await trial. It is hoped that in this instance they will not be allowed to go scot free on security of their word of honour which had on a previous occasion served them as a charter. The lady, it is told, has survived her wounds and is doing better. It fully establishes the fact that Pax Britannica is indeed prevailing in the Punjab and the frontier.

A large gathering of Hindu ladies and gentlemen, of all sections of the community, assembled

on Sunday evening last in the open space attached to the building which has been purchased for the Chanda Ramji Hindu Girls' High School, at the invitation of Mr. Nannu Narayan Kothare, to witness the opening ceremony of the School, which was performed most appropriately by Mrs. Ramabai Ranade. Mr. Kothare, in a brief address, stated the circumstances under which he, as the surviving executor of the estate of the late Chanda Ramji, was enabled to devote a portion of the surplus funds to the founding of a Hindu Girls' High School, which, he said, was the dream of his life. The late Mr. Chanda Ramji was a great believer in the education of women and had taken special pains to impart education to his own wife who, had she lived, would have been a prominent educated Indian lady in Bombay. Mr. Kothare's address will be printed in the next issue of this journal. He announced that his wife, Mrs. Kothare, had given rupees two thousand to the funds of the school to be used in such manner as the Managing Committee thought fit. We print to-day a translation of the speech which Mrs. Ranade made on the occasion. It was listened to with deep interest by the audience. At the conclusion of the speech, Mr. Kothare mentioned that an anonymous donor had given rupees one thousand and one to found a scholarship in memory of the opening of the School by Mrs. Ranade.

THE ALL BENGAL LADIES' CONGRESS.—We have noted from time to time the signs of advancement made by Indian ladies. It is a happy news to learn that side by side with all kinds of progress in the country the cause of Indian women has begun to show healthy symptoms of active vitality in public life. The ladies' gatherings conducted by ladies, independent of outside help during the last anniversary of the Kaugri Gurukula was one of the remarkable features of the occasion. We are sorry we are unable to give any report of the meetings which were held by ladies. The *Strihoodh* Jubilee which was held a few days back in Bombay was a grand movement signifying the advancement of Indian women. The latest development in the sphere of women's progress in India is a proposal for holding a Congress of ladies to be held in Calcutta.

We learn that lady delegates from all parts of Bengal will take part in the Congress which will sit under a great pandal into which a select number of male speakers will be allowed by cards alone. The Congress will be conducted in Bengali and subjects concerning the Swadeshi movement, female education and *Purdah* system and so forth will be discussed by the ladies. The Congress will be known as "The All Bengal

Ladies' Congress." It is an admitted fact that no cause in any country can flourish so long as women do not patronise it. Whatever success the *Swadeshi* movement has attained in Bengal is due to a great extent to the sympathy of the Bengali ladies. Now that ladies are coming forward to take active part in the welfare of the country, it is expected that India will soon cease to be a land of perpetual sufferings and miseries, as unfortunately she is now.

EDUCATION OF WIDOW PUPILS IN THE MYSORE STATE.—The *Indian Magazine and Review* observes:—The latest report to hand of the education of widow pupils in the Mysore State, under the patronage of the Devaraj Babadur Charity Education Fund, is both interesting and encouraging. The fact that one hundred and fifteen widow pupils are now being educated annually shows that a large number of families appreciate the advantages available. Mysore is leading the way in the education of widows, in training them as school mistresses and nurses. Only those who know the prejudice that exists against the employment of women can realise the revolution that is thus quietly but surely taking place.

ISABELLA THOBURN COLLEGE, ANNUAL CLASS DAY.—A large and representative audience was present at the annual "Class Day" exercises of the Isabella Thoburn College and Normal School yesterday afternoon. Mr. C. F. de la Fosse, M.A., Director of Public Instruction, presided. The large hall was beautifully decorated with vines and flowers, with a bank of brilliant annuals in bloom before the platform. Twenty-nine of the College and Normal School students took part in the exercises. Their Greek gowns of white, crossed with gold bands, were an effective contrast to the academic caps and gowns worn by the Faculty.

The exercises opened with an anthem, "Holy Art Thou," followed by the invocation by the Rev. L. A. Coré. One of the most attractive parts of the programme was the presentation of the Trial scene from "The Merchant of Venice," given by seven students. The parts were well taken, and the interpretation of the scene showed fine literary appreciation. An interesting scientific demonstration, "Analysis of Ammonia," was given by Misses Gladys Blair and Gladys Marchant, one setting up the apparatus for the experiment while the other gave the explanation. An essay, "Horace, the Man and the Poet," by Miss Nellie Ward, was a charming presentation of the subject. The work of the department of physical culture was well represented by a very pretty and effective club drill. The musical numbers of the programme were "The Gondolier's Song," sung in three parts, and a chorus

"Joys of Spring," which were given with fine artistic effect. A playful turn was given to the exercises by the "Lantern ceremony," when the outgoing students presented those of the first and third year with dainty-coloured lanterns to light them on the path of knowledge, accompanied with patronizing advice, to which one of the recipients made a spirited response in behalf of her class-mates. The second and fourth year students afterwards planted a palm in the College quadrangle as a memorial of the day's events.

The following is an extract from the report of the Principal, Miss F. L. Nichols, read on this occasion:—

"If we judge the last year by the results of the Government examinations, I should have to say that it has not been as prosperous a college year as usual. But judged by the daily work of the classes, by the discipline and spirit of the students and by the enthusiasm for earnest work, I think there has never been a better year in the history of the College. The enrolment in the College is 21, in the Normal School 20. There is a slight increase in the College attendance, but the attendance of the Normal School has doubled. In time, we hope to add the "Licentiate of Teaching" course to the Normal School, that graduates may have a suitable training course. The usual supplementary work has been carried on during the year in the form of lectures. We are very grateful to Mr. B. Aitken, to Mrs. B. T. Badley, and to Mr. G. T. Henry, of the Reid Christian College, for the interesting lectures given on Friday evenings. Other supplementary work has been done in the form of recitals, and special essay-writing in competition for the Bilgrami prizes. A special grant of Rs. 450 has just been given by Government for books and apparatus for the Normal School, and Rs. 500 for the Science department of the High School. The number and value of the scholarships given to the Normal School have also been increased, and, as a consequence, a large number of students and teachers are applying for admission. The College is beginning to extend its influence to the Hindu and Mahomedan girls and women; several girls will be admitted into the Christian hostels next year, with special arrangements for food, and a year from July we expect to open Hindu and Mahomedan hostels. It is hoped that another Class Day there will be a gallery in this hall built especially for *purdanashin* ladies. The College authorities are anxious that the graduates should fit themselves for teaching in their Alma Mater, but for certain positions, training abroad is necessary. It is hoped that the Government of these Provinces may follow the lead of Bengal and other provinces in granting foreign scholarships to girls."

The address of the President, Mr. De la Fosse, was as follows:

"It is a distinct pleasure to be present at these 'Class Day' Exercises and to congratulate the College on the delightful and interesting programme of this occasion. I have been present a number of times in previous years, but I am sure that this is the most successful and enjoyable programme which has yet been given here. I am glad of this opportunity to pay my tribute to the excellent work done by this institution. Having been appointed lately to investigate closely the management and organization of this College, I cannot but remember how deeply I was impressed with the amount of arduous labour and painstaking devotion which made possible the results that we see here. I think that the thing with which I am most impressed is the good fellowship that exists between all the members of the College, where we see so many races and classes represented. There can be no greater evidence of the success of the work done here than the fact that it has led Hindu and Mahomedan girls to desire an education, and in this line we wish it all possible success.

"With regard to the Principal's report, I most heartily agree with Miss Nichols in her opinion that the failures that have occurred in the public examinations this year are no cause for repining. It is not nearly so important that students should gain academic honours as that they should receive the training, discipline, and real culture that come with true education. I am not certain how serious a failure in the public examinations may be in the case of girl students. To boys, it means an enormous handicap in the race of life. I think that we do not always sufficiently sympathize with that great class to which most of us belong,—the men of average ability. But I am convinced that much can be done by educational institutions to fit men and women for usefulness along other lines than those of the college or university course. Germany, the country from which most of our educational ideas have come, has been first to show the value of scientific training in domestic economy, and America is not far behind. England, as usual, is making progress in her slow, but commonsense way. I can think of no better field than this for new enterprise in women's education in this part of India. The widespread introduction of this form of education would go far to arrest social decay, the evil which is so seriously threatening some countries of Europe. May we not hope that this College, which has been so long for these Provinces a beacon-light in female education, will act as the pioneer in this field? If the faculty of this institution should see their way to opening a department of domestic science here,

I can promise to use my influence to help the work in every way.

I fear that I have strayed somewhat from my purpose, which was to do honour to the Isabella Thoburn College. As an old friend of the institution, it is a pleasure to have this opportunity to state that I have been amazed to see with what slender resources it maintains its high standard of scholarship unimpaired, and launches forth into new lines of educational work. The loyalty and devotion of the staff are beyond praise, and it is but fitting that on an occasion like this they should receive public recognition."

Mr. De la Fosse then presented the Bilgrami prizes, explaining the terms on which they were given, by saying:—

"An Indian gentleman of distinguished position, himself an accomplished scholar, the Hon. Syed Husain Bilgrami, has shown his interest in the cause of education for Indian women in a peculiarly graceful and appropriate manner by the offer of a prize of Rs. 100 for the best essay written by a student of this College. As the Principal has stated, in her report, two of the essays offered in competition were so nearly equal in merit that, with the consent of Mr. Bilgrami, the prize has been equally divided between the two writers. I have great pleasure in presenting these prizes to Miss Vidyavati Singh (second year) for an essay on 'Moral Ideas in Tennyson's Idylls of the King,' and to Miss Constance Maya Das (fourth year) for an essay on 'The Women of George Eliot's Novels.'"

The annual meeting of the Board of Governors of the Isabella Thoburn College was also held yesterday. The members present were: Rala Sir Harnam Singh, Mr. L. T. Ingram, Mr. Matt, B. Cameron, M. A. Rev. J. W. Robinson, Rev. C. L. Bara, M. A., Miss Lilavati Singh, and Rev. L. A. Core. The annual report of the Principal was accepted, and the Board recommended that, inasmuch as the current expenses of the College were for the first time in arrears this year, and, as this deficit was caused chiefly by the high prices of food, application should be made to the local authorities for help from the famine relief fund. The Board also undertook to represent to the Missionary Society in America the urgent and immediate need of a new school-house, and to present the desirability of acquiring suitable property for a non-Christian hostel.

The College entertained the members of the Board of Governors and other friends at dinner, which was followed by a reception to the second and fourth year students of the College.

WOMEN IN ENGLAND AND INDIA.

We doubt not that many of the more conservative members of our society have shaken

their heads gravely over the doings of those women in England who are described as 'suffragettes,' and have regarded their crazy and unwomanly behaviour as the natural outcome of the movement and progress of female education. And the conclusion to which they are not unlikely to have come is this—the pundah may have its drawbacks, but after all it is better to have our women contracted in their outlook than to put them through a course of education which may eventually lead them to become the kind of women which female emancipation seems to have produced in England. We own that the conclusion, though a very mistaken one, is not without justification. Anything more abhorrent to the Indian mind than the behaviour of these female agitators for political power we can hardly conceive, or indeed any thing more unlike what we should have expected from English women. But there it is—the illustrated papers have depicted them struggling in the grip of stalwart policemen, besieging the private life of cabinet ministers, interrupting public political meetings until they were forcibly and ignominiously ejected. The daily press has also devoted a considerable amount of space to their doings, and these doings are of such a character that it has been hard to realise that those who took part in them were women at all. How has it come to pass? Is the inevitable effect of education on woman such that it unsexes them? Or is it that the kind of education which is given them in England is wrong? If that be so the wrong kind of education does not preclude us from finding the right. But let us consider the state of things in England as compared with that in India. In England there is a very considerable majority of women over men. We have not got the exact figures at hand, but we believe that we are right in saying that the women are in excess by from a million and a half to two millions, and this in a population of almost one-tenth of that of India. It follows, of course, that in a country where monogamy is strictly enforced, a large number of women cannot look forward to marriage. If every man in the country were to marry there would not be husbands enough to go round, but in England a fair number of men do not marry. This means that women must receive an education which will enable them to support themselves should marriage not fall to their lot. But then as it is not known which of them will marry and which will not, the education system has to be framed so as to prepare them all for the task of self-support should it be necessary. It is to be remembered that there is no joint-family system in England, for the individual independence of the English character makes it unworkable. Any woman whose family is not well off may have to support herself, or even if this is

really unnecessary she will probably prefer to do so. The result of all this has been that women have had to equip themselves to compete with men and they seem to have done so with some success. There are, for instance, women doctors, with an extent of practice which many a man doctor may envy. But all this brings about another result: the women have become both rate-payers and tax-payers, and it has become a maxim of the British Constitution that representation goes with taxation, that he who pays the piper shall have a voice in calling for the tune. Now, strangely and illogically enough, the principle is recognised in the case of rates: those women who are rate-payers vote in all matters of local self-government. They vote in the election of County Councils, Borough Councils, Guardians of the Poor, and so on; they have a very considerable hand in educational affairs. But when it came to the parliamentary vote the fact that women pay taxes as well as rates has been overlooked: a woman's income is just as subject to income-tax as a man's; the man doctor has a vote, but the woman doctor has none. Apparently the women who were discontented enough to want a vote have for sometime been asking for the grievance to be remedied: they have been asking quietly and demurely, as women should. But Governments are busy, and they have many applicants for reform knocking at their doors, and so the discontented woman's gentle knock was unheard. And then they said to themselves—"It is only those who make themselves a nuisance who get what they want, so a nuisance will we make of ourselves." And a nuisance indeed they have made themselves, a very vulgar nuisance too,—and this surprises us. After all they need not have forgotten that they were women, and they do seem to have forgotten it very effectually.

We have told this long tale of the development of the 'suffragette' movement in order to point out how entirely our circumstances and conditions differ from those in England. In the first place women are in an actual minority in India, and everyone of them can consequently look forward to marriage; there is never any question nor could there ever be any question, of their having to support themselves. We sometimes wonder why it is that the fathers of daughters do not succeed in getting the marriage custom of paying a dowry inverted: for after all they hold the trump card. The sons must get married and the daughters being less in number, families with daughters are those which can make the terms, and insist on receiving the dowry. But however this may be, women in India will, we believe, never have to be educated with a view to their earning their own living. Their education, then, may be framed with the one supreme object of

making them better women, better wives, and better mothers. The suffragette is the product of the struggle to exist in England: there will be no such struggle in India, for the wife and the daughter share the fortunes of the household, whatever they may be, and practically the only career open to the Indian woman is that of wife. And as for politics, the educated men are so far away from getting the votes for themselves that the idea that women in India could ever imagine any such power being lodged in their hands is but the vainest of dreams. Education need never make a woman less womanly, but it must be education of the right sort. We do want our women to know what sort of a world it is to live in and something of its history: we want them to be able to read for themselves the nobler thoughts of others, and to have wider and bigger aims and hopes in the education of their children. All this a wise education can give them, and so we trust that none of our countrymen will suppose that it is education proper which has produced the piteous spectacle which has been depicted in the English papers of women flinging themselves at policemen and cabinet ministers and disturbing courts: it is not education so much as education directed to the object of enabling women to compete with men. We do not want that kind of education for our girls; and we must do our best so to influence the kind of education which is given them that though they may become enlightened and broad-minded women they may not cease to be womanly women.

THE CHANDA RAMJI HINDU GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL.

OPENING SPEECH BY MRS. RAMABAI RANADE.

(Specially translated from Marathi by Mr. D. G. Dalvi, M.A., LL.B.)

Presiding at the opening ceremony of the above school, Mrs. Ramabai Ranade spoke as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen,

We are extremely delighted to-day at the happy event of opening an independent High School for Hindu Girls in this city of Bombay through the grace of Providence. The want of such an institution for imparting higher education to our daughters and daughters-in-law was intensely felt during the last fifteen or twenty years by our leading ladies and gentlemen. But adequate efforts could not be made for the purpose owing to the pressure of other business and various other difficulties. But the want has now been satisfied by the generosity of a great philanthropist and the efforts of Mr. Nani Narayan Kothare. The munificence of our Guzerati friends is well-known. The late

Thakkar Chanda Ramji made a voluntary donation of a large amount in keeping with this trait of Guzerati character; the gentleman in whom the late Mr. Chanda Ramji put his confidence has proved to-day that his trust was placed in one fully worthy of the same. It is an universal belief that no charity is so deserved as when it is directed for the spread of knowledge. What charity can be more deserved than one which is devoted for placing the benefit of learning within the reach of the future wives and mothers? We cannot adequately thank the gentleman who was instrumental in perpetuating the memory of his friend in this manner.

THE SPECIAL NEED.

Why is it that we belaud the present institution when in this city there exist other schools for girls? The reason is obvious. It is true that the present system of female education is useful for those fortunate girls who can go up to a college for receiving higher education. The number of such girls in our present society is very small indeed! Most of the girls in Hindu society are married at the age of 13 or 14 and the responsibility of maternity, the loving duty of married life, is cast upon them at the age of 16 or 17. Consequently our girls can obtain education up to this age. No practical advantage can be gained by devoting this limited period in the graduated course leading to the Entrance Examination. They need education such as will be of use to them in actual life. Such complaint is heard from all sides and is based on sound reason.

Our friends in Poona were much delighted to hear last year that this school was coming into existence. It was a common topic of discussion in the weekly gatherings on Saturdays which meet in my house, and we had resolved to send a memorial requesting that this want in female education should be soon satisfied. Some of us had prepared a statement of our views containing useful suggestions. But the request was considered superfluous when we learnt that the desired institution was soon to be started, and I believe that a similar opinion prevails in other places in the matter.

I was much satisfied to read the small pamphlet published recently containing the principal features of the working of this institution. It is but meet that a nice garden should be planted when an independent building for the school is ready. It would be a great advantage in a place like Bombay if girls could play and freely exchange their views with their equals in open air in the vicinity of trees and creepers. The curriculum of studies laid down is well thought out. To acquaint our girls with the literature in the English, Marathi or Guzerati languages would

open to them a source of great happiness. How many beautiful pictures can the girl conjure up in her mind who has tasted the sweets of real poetry whether in prose or verse! Even a greater advantage of the study of literature is to acquaint us with the meaning and end of life, and of the ways of life and thought of those who reach the perfection of their lives. Similarly, it is indeed an advantage to be able to write. But it is also the means of giving embodiment to our thoughts and feelings. How important it is to be familiar with arithmetic, account, domestic hygiene, to cut and sew ordinary clothes, to cook ordinary food as well as rich viands, and to sing in order to preserve a joyful mood, by training a little the naturally beautiful voice of girls. It is satisfactory to view the educational system even in this broad aspect. But there is another aspect which has satisfied me more than any other and I shall close my remarks by referring to it briefly.

THE NEW SPIRIT.

It is this. The subjects for instruction must be determined with a view to develop the new spirit which has grown in us in this century. The idea that India is one country, and that every Hindu lady and gentleman have some duty towards the motherland, is new to us and must be duly nurtured. The absence of this spirit is the principal cause of our national decay. Our religion is very sublime. It has taught us to see God in the entire Universe, to feel the presence of Providence in the activity of man and Nature, and to rejoice in the joy born of such belief, to resign our life and conduct to God, such is the teaching of our religion, at any rate, of our Bhagwat Religion. Our religion teaches us to scorn delight, to be undaunted by misery, and to act according to the duty inspired by God, why is it then that our country is so fallen? The explanation is that we were so long strangers to the feeling that India is our motherland and it is our duty to serve her. I have often heard my dear departed husband often saying that he would gladly bear the burden of many lives were it for the service of his country. This spirit is new in the land and is created by Western education. It was natural that duty and love was confined within the narrow limits of our castes, engendered by hereditary professions while we were ignorant of the people, history, religion and customs of other countries. When shall we learn to believe that we are one in spirit though there may be slight differences in the customs of different districts and provinces, that we are made of the same flesh and blood, inheriting the same religion and history, and that the characters of the Ramayan so sacred to us are common to us all?

When we turned to other countries, and saw the differences between them and ourselves, this feeling of unity dawned upon us as the result of Western education.

Though the spirit that we are children of the same land and that the fulfilment of life consists in serving her, is born, how is it that it is not yet reflected in our conduct? The reason is that it remains only in the region of thought and does not yet become an impulse to action. We have not taken the new spirit with our mother's milk. The impressions formed in infancy over the mind are very deep. Education imparted in later life does not become such a direct spring of action as that given during infancy. Therefore if patriotism is to be the guiding impulse deeply imbedded in the heart, then it must be first generated in the heart of the mother. Therefore the knowledge of the history and geography of our country as well as other countries is needed for our women. A general but accurate acquaintance is necessary for them with the rivers, hills, and dales and how they are formed in the earth which we inhabit with the birds, beasts and the denizens of the oceans, and with the sun, the moon, the stars and the planetary system. They can thus appreciate the wisdom of providence and beauty of nature; ignorance is dispelled, the mind is broadened, and faith in God becomes firm. I believe all of you will perceive that the curriculum prescribed by the managing committee is eminently fitted to carry out this purpose, and our thanks are due to them for the same.

It is necessary to refer to one other circumstance here. Some European ladies are willing to form acquaintances with Hindu ladies to promote intercourse and friendship with them. Among those who are working with this object, the name of Mrs. Muir Mackenzie deserves to be mentioned prominently. She has started a club in Poona for ladies of all castes and creeds. Her laudable endeavour is to bring all ladies together so that they may mix freely and form friendships. The best way of utilising this effort of ladies like Mrs. Muir Mackenzie is to request them to deliver lectures in a school like this on such subjects as will create a taste for poetry, science or history or in the philanthropic work and life of celebrated women from England and other countries. I was much pleased to see such provision being made in the scheme of the school. I shall bring my remarks to a close after gratefully referring to the name of Thakkar Chanda Ramji once more, and thanking Mr. Kothare and other gentlemen of the committee, and after offering a humble prayer to the Almighty that the girls trained in this school may become the mothers of heroes and patriots. (Loud cheers.)

News and Notes.

THE RAMABAI ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting of the American Ramabai Association was held in Boston on March 23. Rev. D. D. Addison, D.D., of Brookline presided.

Miss Clementina Butler, chairman of the executive committee, visited Sharada Sadan and Mukti last year, and she related at the meeting what she had seen with her own eyes. She told of the 1,500 girls being cared for in the rows of long, low stone buildings which make, not a hive, but a home of industry. It was first intended to have only high-caste girls there, especially child widows, but the need among other classes is pressing, and the doors are now open to all who apply. Ramabai commands the respect of the world, said Miss Butler, as well as the devoted love of these girls. She referred to the comments she had heard the moment she landed in India as to the numbers of suicides among the pupils. She investigated with care, and found that two of the 1,500 had taken their own lives, but in no way could the action be traced to fault in the school. Not only has the founder accomplished great things, but she has taught the Hindus much in the way of more sanitary living. The school has abundant room for outdoor pastimes. Specimens of woven garments and rugs were shown; also pictures giving an idea of customs which are largely responsible for the condition of women in India.

American, English and Swedish physicians minister to the pupils. Ramabai herself still holds to the faith cure, but she does not insist upon it for others. The plague that swept the country last year did not get through the confines of these schools, which is ample proof that the sanitary conditions are good. Miss Butler showed a rude little cart, almost like a toy, that is dragged through the streets in stricken villages by a priest to appease the wrath of the goddess of the plague, to whom are offered bangles, bottles of oil, etc. This cart is followed by crowds, who run to the next settlement, leave it and run back home.

Mrs. Judith W. Andrews sat beside Dr. Addison all through the meeting, thinking, doubtless, of the early days of the undertaking, and of her own visit to India in 1893. Although unable to hear a word of what was said, she took pleasure in watching the faces of those who followed Miss Butler's story with rapt attention, and when Dr. Addison said a Ramabai meeting would be sadly incomplete without a word from this dear friend, she spoke briefly of the advance in educational methods in that country during the past twenty years. She quoted from a noted educator of Bombay, who calls Ramabai

not only the most remarkable woman in that country, but one of the leaders in the world. Dr. Addison added his word of warm approval. He spoke of Lucy Larcom, who first called his attention to the rescue of child-widows, and of the later commendation by Phillips Brooks, and said that if those two noble souls trusted Ramabai, no one should hesitate to have faith in her.

A letter from Manoramabai, her daughter, was read, also various reports telling what has been done during the year. The treasurer showed the receipts as \$6500; the expenses \$4700, and the balance \$1800.

The following officers were elected:

President—Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall, D.D., New York.

Vice-Presidents—Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D., Rev. D. D. Addison, D.D., Rev. George A. Gordon, D.D., Rev. Alexander Mann, D.D., Augustus H. Strong, D.D., Edward H. Clement, Mrs. Judith W. Andrews.

Treasurer—Curtis Chipman.

Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. S. B. Capron.

Recording Secretary—Miss Alice H. Baldwin.

Managers—Rev. Charles G. Ames, Clarence John Blake, M.D., Miss Clementina Butler, Miss Anna H. Chace, Mrs. Joseph Cook, Rev. Edward Cummings, George H. Davenport, Mrs. Susan S. Fessenden, Miss Antoinette P. Granger, Rev. Robert A. Hume, D.D. (Ahmednagar, India), Mrs. David P. Kimball, Miss Kate G. Lamson, Mrs. James E. Mills, Mrs. Henry W. Montague, Mrs. Henry W. Peabody, Mrs. Arthur Perry, Julia Morton Plummer, M.D., Miss E. Harriet Stanwood, Arthur K. Stone, M.D.

The Princess Hermione of Reuss is a skilled watchmaker. Her work has often been shown at exhibitions all over Germany.

Miss A. Bonuabel has been unanimously chosen as chairman of the committee of probation officers in connection with the Juvenile Court of New Orleans.

Mrs. Mary Adelaide Yerkes, widow of Charles T. Yerkes, the traction magnate of Chicago, says she hopes to build at some future time a great hospital in Chicago as a memorial to her husband.

Mrs. Charlemagne Tower, wife of the American Ambassador to Germany, who is to return to this country in the early spring, is so popular that there is much regret over her leaving. Emperor William says she has done more to oil the massive wheels of diplomatic social life than any other American woman he has met during his reign.

Mrs. Medard Lanctot, who has just died in Clinton, Mass., aged 97, was the mother of 13 children, grandmother of 39 grandchildren, great-grandmother to 120 great-grandchildren, and great-great-grandmother of four. Yet she was doubtless described in the census, with all other women who do not work for wages, as a non-producer.

Superintendent Lucy Seiple of Pierce County, N. D., has 99 schools under her charge. She has established one consolidated district, with a new, centrally-located building. The first difficulty was to get teams to carry the pupils, but when she allowed every parent ten cents a day per mile for the round trip, the parents jumped at the proposition. Miss Seiple has provided a stock of canned goods and crackers, so that the pupils can stay a day or two in case of heavy storms, the girls occupying one of the rooms and the boys the other. The teachers stay with them.

Mrs. L. Kilcrease, living at Pine Mill, near Ft. Worth, Tex., has just celebrated her 132nd birthday. She is believed to be the oldest white person in the world. She was born Feb. 10, 1776, in Halifax County, North Carolina, and lived there 100 years before she came with her family to Texas. Her daughter, aged 98, and grand-daughter, aged 63, live with her. Mrs. Kilcrease shows records in a family Bible corroborating her statement as to her age, and investigations have proved them correct. She still enjoys good health, and is able, by use of a cane, to walk about the house. Her recollection of incidents she witnessed a century and a quarter ago is said to be marvellous, and she likes to tell stories of those stirring times.

Miss Jean Gordon, Louisiana's woman factory-inspector, has been seeking in the courts a definition of the law restricting the working hours of children in factories to ten hours a day, with an hour for dinner. The wording of the statute left it uncertain whether the dinner hour was to be taken out of the ten hours, leaving nine hours for labor. Miss Gordon maintained that this should be the interpretation, and the lower court upheld her, but the higher court has reversed the decision. Judge Chretien expressed his belief that "the State Legislature would not pass a law which would have the effect of destroying any industry, especially manufacturing enterprises." He held that it was not the purpose of the legislators in passing the law "to make it so rigid as to place the State in an unfavorable position compared to other States, and to force the factories to leave Louisiana to establish themselves where the law would be

more favorable to the operation of their mills." Logically, this would compel Louisiana to rank herself for ever with the most backward States in child-labor legislation—those where the law is most "favorable" to the exploiters of children. But there is a day after to-day.

Mrs. J. Ellen Foster has been made chairman of the Committee on Child Labor recently organized by the daughters of the American Revolution.

Miss Minnie A. Tyler has just been elected town clerk of South Londonderry, Vt., for the thirteenth successive year. Her father and grandfather were her predecessors in the office.

Miss Frances E. Baker has given one hundred acres from her farm to the city of Rochester, N. Y., to enlarge the Tennessee Valley Park. This is one of the most important gifts ever made to the city.

Miss Lavinia H. LaBorde, of Columbia, has been re-elected State Librarian of South Carolina. She has held this position most acceptably for several years, and her re-election by the Legislature was unanimous.

Frau Cosmina Wagner, despite her seventy years, continues as the active director of the famous Bayreuth festivals, which annually draw music-lovers from all parts of the world. She is a daughter of Liszt, the famous composer.

Harriet Otis Dellenbaugh, who plays the young mayor's mother, in "The Man of the Hour," is a famous entertainer at club and society affairs in New York. She gives readings from Browning, Dickens and other authors, and a musical monologue of her own devising.

Mrs. Jennie I. Miller of Nebraska is the president of the State bank of Table Rock. Her son, Gordon D. Miller, and Mrs. Nettie V. David are its vice-presidents. Previous to the death of her husband, Mrs. Miller had been its vice-president for many years. Before his death, which occurred last November, he made over all his property to her, and at the first business meeting of the Board, she was elected to fill his place.

Mrs. Theodore Thomas, widow of the world famous orchestra leader, is making an effort to secure more humane treatment for draft horses in Chicago. She recently addressed the teamsters at their headquarters and asked co-operation in doing away with the practice of overloading wagons engaged in heavy teaming. She asked the teamsters to assist in preparing an ordinance to be presented to the city council

regulating the tonnage teamsters may be permitted to haul.

Ann Warner is an indefatigable worker with her pen, literally, since she never uses a typewriter. During the year 1907, in addition to dramatizing "Aunt Mary" she had fifty-eight short stories printed in America, three books brought out in England, one published in this country and the manuscript prepared for two more. The original story of "Aunt Mary" was rewritten five times before it appeared in book form, and the author wrote the play twice before it was staged.

Miss Mary Marcoe, who died a few days ago in Washington after forty-eight years of continuous service in the office of the Secretary of State, was one of the earliest women to hold a government post. She was appointed in 1859; and although a member of a distinguished Virginia family and in sympathy with the Confederate cause, she remained in the capital during the war, and so great was the confidence reposed in her that no attempt was made to conceal the many great secrets of the department. Miss Marcoe was one of the few women ever permitted to prepare documents for the signature of the Secretary of State. In her half century of work official papers of all kinds were drafted by her, and until a week before her death she was at her desk. She was the first expert of the department in the framing of diplomatic correspondence, and during the forty-eight years each successive Secretary of State profited by her unfailing judgment and experience.

Beatrice Harraden is giving readings from her novel, "Ships that Pass in the Night," to raise money for the suffrage cause in England.

Julia Sands Bryant, daughter of William Cullen Bryant, has left \$10,000 to the trustees of public reservations in Massachusetts, the bequest to be used in opening and maintaining for the public benefit beautiful and historical places.

Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay has just been elected a member of the Roslyn (Long Island) Board of Trade. She has chosen a school trustee three years ago, and has done much to improve the schools. Mrs. Mackay is a public-spirited woman, and a believer in equal suffrage.

Mrs. Ruth Bryan Leavitt, daughter of Wm. J. Bryan, has written from Cairo, Egypt, a formal declination to stand as delegate representing the women at the National Democratic Convention, declaring that she feels it would be in bad taste for her to go into the convention as the champion of her father.

Madame Curie is the subject of an article in Harper's Bazar for March. The author says "In Paris they call radium 'le metal conjugal' because it was the joint discovery of husband and wife. It was Madame Curie, however, who first noticed the strange properties of uranium and drew her husband's attention to the researches she had been carrying on alone for many months."

Mrs. Cyrus Pitman Orr is reported in a New York paper as speaking disparagingly of the suffragists, and asking "Who ever heard of a mother with seven children wanting to vote?" Several people have heard of Elizabeth Cady Stanton. She had seven children, five sons and two daughters. Mrs. Lowell, president of the Newton Equal Suffrage League, who is getting up the Easter Sale for the Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association, is the mother of ten.

Miss Josephine Goldmark did much of the research work for the brief on which Justice Brewer's opinion as to the constitutionality of limiting women's hours of labor was based. In an article in "Charities," she points out that men's labor in mines is limited by law to eight hours a day in eight States of the Union, and that the men's value and dignity as citizens is not thought to be lessened thereby; nor is their right to vote impaired. Miss Goldmark is a suffragist.

Miss Valfrid Palmbrin of the Royal Library of Sweden, who was sent last year by the Swedish government to investigate conditions in this country, has published a preliminary report, in which she notes the following among other significant features: (1) the large freedom given to the public in the use of the library, exemplified strikingly in the open-shelf system, which, on the whole, she pronounces a great success; (2) the thoroughness with which the material in the library is indexed, making its entire resources immediately available to the student of any subject; (3) the liberality with which the wants of all classes are provided for in stocking libraries; (4) the rapidity with which borrowers are supplied (on this point the librarian of Columbia University is quoted as saying that "while a man may sometimes wait two days and a half in the National Library at Paris to receive the books applied for, and two and a half hours in Berlin for the same purpose, in New York the desired book will be in the hand of the applicant in two and a half minutes"); (5) the large sums annually given by men of wealth to the building and endowment of libraries; (6) the generous provision for children and the systematic study of their particular problems; (7) the development

of the travelling library; (8) the work of the library training schools.

Mrs. Margaret Chauler Aldrich, head of the Women's Municipal League of New York, conducts a model dairy at her summer place at Tarrytown on the Hudson, and sells the milk in New York.

Mrs. L. R. Eastwood of Watertown and Mrs. Carrie Cleveland of Carthage have been appointed by the Governor of South Dakota on a committee to investigate charitable and penal institutions.

Miss Elizabeth K. Jackson has been claim clerk for the Mobile, Jackson and Kansas City Railroad in Mobile, Ala., for the past two years. Only one other woman in Alabama holds such a position.

Miss Leonora O'Reilly, organizer of the Women's Trade Union League, estimates that there are between five and six million working women in the United States, and she says the League does not mean to cease its efforts until they are all organized.

Mrs. E. S. Montgomery, a widow owning a tobacco plantation in Robertson County, Ky., proved a heroine when 200 masked night riders attacked her home the other night. She aroused all her children and, giving them rifles, succeeded in frightening away the gang.

Fanny Crosby, writer of Gospel hymns which are known to two continents, was eighty-eight years old on March 24. She lives with a niece in Bridgeport, Conn., where her anniversary was fittingly recognized. This remarkable woman, whose full name is Frances Jane Crosby Van Alstyne, has been blind ever since she was six weeks old. Her hymns have been sung everywhere in the work of evangelization. She was married in 1858 to Alexander Van Alstyne, who died in 1902. He was a musician, and set some of his wife's best known verses to music.

Mrs. C. E. Cawthorne of Seattle, 70 years of age, won the gold medal at a recent W. C. T. U. contest in that city. She recited with so much beauty, simplicity and naturalness that the judges decided in her favor without hesitation. The Seattle Times says: "Dr. Osler will have to get out a new theory. The Osler idea was that persons of 60 had lost all their mental and physical powers; yet here is Mrs. C. E. Cawthorne, at 70, winning the gold medal for oratory, and feeling as shy about it as a girl of seventeen. Mrs. Cawthorne defeated several women of half her age and less."

Miss Ida Lewis, keeper of the famous Lime Rock lighthouse in the harbor of Newport, R. I., has held the position for over fifty years, and is now suffering from nervousness and loss of sleep. The authorities are considering sending her away for change of scene and a chance of recovery. If they do so, she will leave her post overnight for the first time during her long and eventful service. She was the first woman to be admitted to membership in the American Cross of Honor Society at Washington. She also receives a pension from the Carnegie hero fund in recognition of her rescue of eighteen persons from death.

Mrs. Maxwell-Scott, a great grand-daughter of Sir Walter Scott, is the present owner of Abbotsford, the famous home of the great novelist. She bears a considerable resemblance to her celebrated great-grandfather. The drooping blue eyes of Sir Walter look out from beneath a wide, full brow so like that of Chantry's head of the novelist that it might have served as a model. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott is a gifted writer, has edited the last and best edition of Sir Walter's Diary, and is the author of "Incidents in Scottish History," "The Making of Abbotsford," and several other popular books. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott's eldest son served with gallantry throughout the Boer war, winning the Distinguished Service Order as captain of the Cameron Highlanders.

WOMEN AND MEN CO-WORKERS.—President Roosevelt, addressing the National Education Society, at a reception in the White House at Washington last week, said in part:—

"I want to see a training that will make every boy, every girl, leaving the public schools, feel impelled so to carry himself or herself that the net result when his or her life shall have been lived shall be an addition to the sum total of decent living and achievement for the nation; and have them understand that they are never going to amount to much in the big things if they don't first amount to something in the little things.

"The effort should be made to teach every one that the first requisite of good citizenship is doing the duties that are near at hand. It is no excuse if a man neglects his political duties to say that he is a good husband and father; still less is it an excuse if he is guilty of corruption in politics, or business, to say that his home life is all right. He ought to add to decency in home life, decency in politics."

PRACTICAL PRINCESSES.—A princess is not necessarily a helpless and useless being.

The Duchess Philip of Wurtemberg, for instance, one of the most popular royal ladies in

Germany, has contrived so scientific a bandage that it has been taken up by manufacturers and patented.

The Archduchess Friedrich of Austria has a curious hobby in the making of scented wax candles, which she molds and prepares with her own fingers. She lately raised a tempest in a teapot in Austrian court circles by characterizing as "preposterous extravagance" a time-honored custom observed in all Austrian palaces, that a candle once extinguished may never be relighted.

The Duchess of Guise (who was Princess Isabelle of Bourbon-Orleans) is a skilful milliner and maker of artificial flowers. She always has her dresses trimmed with her own handiwork.

The Czarina has forbidden the ladies of her court to smoke, and has ordered Princess Galitzin to inform the ladies of the court that her majesty dislikes the smell of tobacco.

Mrs. Russell Sage has just given \$10,000 for an athletic park and play-ground for the Pierson High School at Sag Harbor, L. I., toward the erection of which she gave \$100,000. The school is a memorial to Ezra Pierson, one of Mrs. Sage's ancestors.

Mrs. Grace Leattie has made the largest contribution ever given by one person to the fund for the prevention and relief of consumption in this country. Mrs. Leattie is said to be the richest woman in Missouri. She has just given \$200,000 to the St. Louis society that is waging war on tuberculosis.

Mrs. Nancy Rose is the oldest of the 33 women who keep lighthouses for Uncle Sam. She has had charge of the lighthouse at Stony Point, Hudson river, for nearly 50 years. But though Mrs. Rose is the oldest, Ida Lewis is the most famous of women lighthouse keepers. She has saved 13 lives. The women employed in the lighthouse service are for the most part the widows or daughters of former keepers, and though the responsibilities of their position are great, they generally prove very efficient.

Mrs. Humphry Ward is expected to arrive in America this month. She will be the guest of her niece, Mrs. Whitridge, of New York. Mrs. Ward is the president of the Society of Woman Journalists in England. Her views on the women question are eccentric. She was a warm advocate of the bill passed by Parliament last year making women eligible as mayors, aldermen and town and county councillors, and she thinks it is natural for women to exercise municipal suffrage as to breathe, but she is opposed to the Parliamentary vote for women. She and Marie Corelli are said to be the only

English literary women of prominence who are "Antis."

Miss Ida Benoit of New York City has patented a skirt-protector which she claims will enable a woman to leave her house in a silk or chiffon gown with a long train, and to walk along the streets or go on the street cars without getting her skirt soiled or attracting unpleasant notice. The protection has the appearance of a pair of skeleton bloomers, with ample fulness to carry the skirts, and with straps and belt to hold it in place. Miss Benoit recommends the protection for business women who must go out in all sorts of weather, and for all walking and climbing. Worn under a long coat or cap, it is absolutely invisible and can be put on or off in a minute. It can be made up in rain-proof material for \$2.50.

Miss Claudia LeBlanc, of Fall River, Mass., is both a business woman and a philanthropist. She is only 27, but has already made a fortune in business. She is connected with many large concerns, and is head of the Actna Loan Company of Boston. Miss LeBlanc came to Massachusetts from Quebec with her parents, when very young. At 13, she ran away from school and found employment in a fruit store in Lowell. Later she went to work in a hosiery mill as a loom girl. With her earnings she paid for a course in a commercial school, borrowed money and opened a shoe store in Lowell at the age of 19. She made large profits and brought real estate, gradually working into a regular real estate business. Then she branched into brokerage, and to-day she owns 40 brokerage offices in New England. She employs 478 people, giving the preference to women, has 30 tenements in Lowell, 31 in Fall River, six stores and much real estate in various New England towns. During the great Fall River strike Miss LeBlanc won the love of the working people by throwing open all her 31 tenements, rent free, to the needy strikers.

THE HEROISM OF INDIAN WOMEN IN THE TRANSVAAL.—We are apt to harbour the desponding thought that as we are degenerate descendants of our noble ancestors, we cannot do anything great. But the old fire is not extinct among us, as the following paragraphs taken from *Indian Opinion*, describing the heroism of Indian women in the Transvaal, show:—

No one who is at all acquainted with the intense family affection existing amongst Indians can be unaware of the supreme self-sacrifice of the Transvaal Indian women. Not one knew from one day to another when her husband would be torn from her side and consigned to the goals of the Colony, when the father of her children

would suddenly disappear, when her natural protector and the family bread-winner would be swiftly withdrawn, and she and her children left to starve, or obliged to rely upon the honour of the Indian community, that it would be true to the solemn pledge taken in September, 1906, and would maintain the women and children of those who should be incarcerated.

One of the men arrested at Pietersburg was in Pretoria when the Pretoria men were sentenced so barbarously. Terrified at the thought of heavy penalties, including hard labour, he hastily proceeded to Natal, where his wife lay upon a bed of sickness whence she might never again arise. Upon his arrival in Durban, however, she demanded of him the cause of his departure from the Transvaal, and when she heard the cause, peremptorily ordered him to return by the next train and submit to his punishment. He returned, surrendered to the police in Pietersburg, and was sentenced to three months' imprisonment with hard labour.

Another man, in Pretoria, who had disobeyed the magisterial order to leave the Colony, was to appear before the Court to receive sentence. His courage began to leave him, but his wife

informed him that if he were a coward, she would don his clothes and herself receive punishment on his behalf. He went to gaol.

Do not these modern Indian heroines remind us of the mediæval heroines of Rajputana?

The Madras women of Pretoria informed, their husbands, sons, and brothers, who had undertaken picket duty, that they need not be alarmed for them. If the men were arrested and sent to gaol, they themselves would at once take their places in the pickets' ranks and warn the people of the perils awaiting them.

At Germiston, on Tuesday week, a mass meeting of Indian women was held, to protest against the iniquities of the law. A resolution was passed calling upon the Government to respect Indian marital vows, which forbade the separation of husbands from wives and wives from husbands, and demanding the right to share their husbands' imprisonment. A similar meeting was being arranged for Friday week last in Johannesburg, when the happy culmination of events rendered unnecessary such a proceeding.

Numbers of such heroines exist in India to-day. Men of India! prove worthy of your mothers, sisters, wives and daughters.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Acknowledgments for April, 1908.

	RS. A.		RS. A.
1. Nawab Ghulam Ahmed Khan, Coromandel	4 0	24. E. F. Randolph, Esq., England	4 8
2. Dr. Ayachemammal, Bangalore	4 0	25. Miss P. Sharada, Calicut	2 0
3. Miss D. Bushnell, America	4 8	26. Mrs. Stienthal, Calcutta	4 0
4. Miss M. E. Chubb, Karachi	4 0	27. V. Solomon, Esq., Nicobar	4 0
5. S. Chidambara Iyer, Esq., Trichinopoly	4 0	28. Mrs. Amar Das	4 0
6. Miss Susan Daggett, America	4 8	29. Mrs. Downie, Nellore	4 0
7. P. Daniel, Esq., Nagercoil	4 0	30. B. Lakshmana Rao, Esq., Nicobar	4 0
8. E. J. Granjer, Esq., Belgaum	4 0	31. Miss Nathaniel, Ceylon	4 0
9. Ch. Govindas, Esq., Palghat	4 0	32. S. G. Patwardhan, Esq., Wardha	4 0
10. Mrs. Edward Hume, America	4 8	33. Mrs. Pears, Madras	4 0
11. P. Janakanima, Madras	4 0	34. The Principal, Noble College, Masulipatam	4 0
12. P. Jivaji, Esq., Periyakulam	4 0	35. Mrs. V. Raman Menon, Kottakal	4 0
13. R. Koustibham, Esq., Coconada	4 0	36. Mrs. R. N. Roy, Bhowanipur	4 0
14. Mrs. Macrae, England	9 0	37. Mrs. R. Row, Bombay	4 0
15. The Minor Zamindar of Khasimoota	4 0	38. Mrs. C. R. Menon, Alwaye	4 0
16. S. Kanchachelum, Esq., Parlakimedi	4 0	39. Secretary, Reading Room, Coconada	4 0
17. Head Master, Municipal High School, Mayaveram	4 8	40. Lady Stanley, Allahabad	4 0
18. Mrs. A. B. Miller, America	4 0	41. S. Sreenivasa Iyengar, Esq., Madras	4 0
19. Mr. K. P. Velayudha Menon	4 0	42. S. Sreenivasa Rao Sahab, Esq., Tenali	4 0
20. A. Nathaniel, Esq., Tanjore	4 0	43. T. Sanbamurti Rao, Esq., Tanjore	4 0
21. Miss Alice Newell, America	4 8	44. K. Sreenivasa Iyer, Esq., Kondal	4 0
22. H. H. The Rani Pratap Bahadur, Singh, Esq., Allahabad	4 8	45. N. Subramanya Iyer, Esq., Madras	4 0
23. Mrs. Pease, America	4 8	46. Mrs. Ch. Theodore, Mangalore	4 0
		47. Miss Williams, Lucknow	4 0
		48. M. D. Wahab, Esq., Agra	4 0

WHAT TO WEAR?

EASILY ANSWERED!

Try wearing "Lalimli" Pure Wool Clothing in place of materials made of inferior fibres, but sold as "Woollen."

At once you'll notice the increased comfort!

Soon, you'll observe the difference in health.

That's the Pure Wool—it acts as a non-conductor of heat and by keeping the body at a normal temperature prevents dangerous chills.

"LALIMLI"

FABRICS

are all guaranteed

PURE WOOL

Flannels, Serges, Tweeds, Broad-cloths, Hosiery, Underwear, Rugs, Blankets, etc., etc.

The Cawnpore Woollen Mills Co., Ltd.

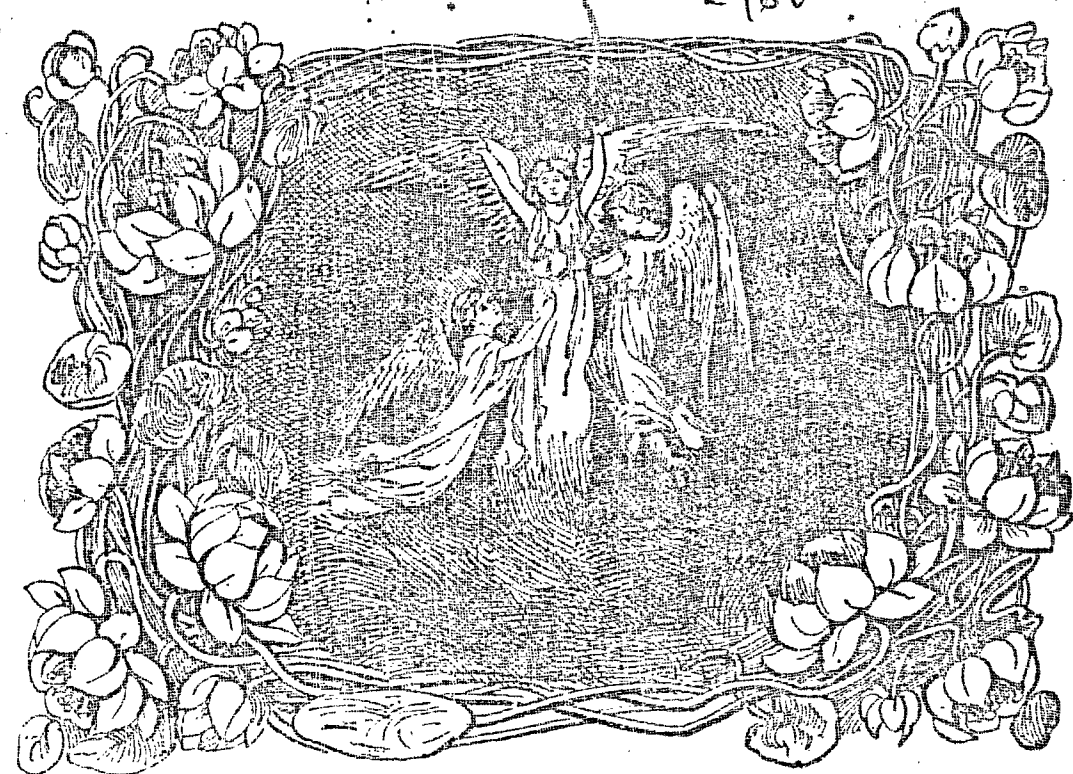
Write for free samples and patterns to

"Lalimli," No. 115, Cawnpore.

185



OWNER'S DAUGHTER
(own picture)



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Vol. VII

JUNE, 1908

No. 12

WHEN WE FEEL A TRIFLE SLACK !

There are moments when we're tired, there are moments when we're cross ;
There are moments when our absence, too, would be scarcely any loss ;
There are moments when we say sharp things because the world looks black ;
Then we need a mental tonic to prevent our getting slack.

If we think of all the moments when we've let our temper go,
And how much we have regretted it (as very well we know),
How we'd give the world to wipe them out, each time that we look back
It will act just like a tonic when we feel a trifle slack.

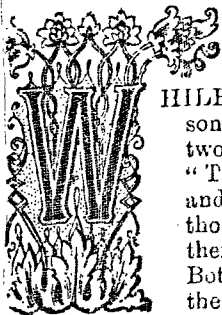
That day when mother wanted us, and we thought it such a bore
That we scarcely had the decency to grumble out, " What for ? "
We were sorry for it afterwards, and now, on looking back,
We shall find it's like a tonic when our temper's getting slack.

For then there came those dreadful hours when we thought that she would die ;
" I was cross when mother wanted me ! " was my remorseful cry.
The cloud dispersed—thank Heaven for that !—but always, looking back,
My dose will prove a tonic when we feel a trifle slack.

We all have peevish moments and regret them when too late,
We should never let our tempers bring us to so low a state.
We'll remember all the angry words we cannot now call back.
It will be a moral tonic when we feel a trifle slack.

Think of the friend we wounded once, who now is dead and gone !
Think of the faithful lover whom we treated with such scorn ;
Think of our lasting sorrow now and how we wish them back !
It will act just like a tonic when we feel a trifle slack.

Two fragments from Tennyson.



WHILE I was reading Tennyson the other day, I came across two old favourites of mine, "The Gardener's Daughter," and "The Sisters"; and I thought what a connection there was between the two. Both treat of Love, that old grand theme, with which the weary world is never wearied, the true basis of all life, the real foundation of true marriage, the love, which is, alas! so little understood in the marriage-system of India. "Love is the greatest thing in the world;" Love has all the beautiful characteristics which we hold up to ourselves as ideals. Still, how often is Love selfish, and yet, what a paradox this sounds! Love selfish! "Love, which beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things," Love which "never faileth"! Yes, indeed, it is,—sometimes. Is not Love, as it is generally understood by us,—the love of a man and a maid towards each other,—is it not often selfish towards the rest of mankind? How often are a man and a woman, who have trampled on the feelings and wishes of those around them, yet perfectly happy in each other? But, what a prosaic, unfeeling way this seems to talk of Love! When a man and a maid love each other, they should disregard all outward hindrances and keep their love perfect. But Love, it seems to me, can be perfect only when it is based on the larger love towards all mankind. This is why the couple in "The Sisters" failed to be happy; while those in "The Gardener's Daughter," because they do not seem to have gone against any one, achieved all bliss in their union. Shakespeare, that great discriminator of human nature, emphasizes this truth. Desdemona, poor victim of Love's jealousy, was disobedient and ungrateful towards her father. Imogen, who met with much unhappiness before her love was realized, had also disobeyed her father, and Romeo and Juliet fell victims to the collision of their parents' wishes and their own.

THE GARDENER'S DAUGHTER,

The hero of our piece and a young man, called Eustace, are great friends:—

"Brothers in Art; a friendship so complete
Portioned in halves between us, that we grew
The fable of the city where we dwelt."

He—the hero, has learned from Eustace the

beauty and perfection of true love. Eustace loves Juliet:

"A certain miracle of symmetry,
A miniature of loveliness, all grace.
Summed up and closed in little,
So light of foot, so light of spirit."

She has shewn our hero the wonder and loveliness of womanhood. But the grace, which she embodies, is to him but an earnest of the wonderful ideal he has in his heart.

"Know you not
Such touches are but embassies of Love,
To tamper with the feelings, ere he found Empire
for life."

His ideal is, indeed, a high one. Love, to him, is the Lord of all Creation; Love, he says:

"Love, unperceived,
A more ideal Artist he than all,
Came, drew your pencil from you, made those eyes,
Darker than darkest pansies, and that hair,
More black than ashbuds in the front of March."

His romantic heart has already been prepared for the advent of Rose, the Gardener's Daughter. He has heard of her beauty;—

"Who had not heard of Rose, the Gardener's
Daughter? Where was he,
So blunt in memory, so old at heart,
At such a distance from his youth in grief,
That, having seen, forgot?"

And, having heard of her, he already feels that he will love her. For him it is love at first sight, or rather at first hearing:

"Yet this is also true, that, long before,
I looked upon her, when I heard her name
My heart was like a prophet to my heart,
And told me I should love."

Tender fancies sow themselves in his heart,

"A crowd of hopes,
That sought to sow themselves like winged seeds,
Born out of everything I heard and saw,
Fluttered about my senses and my soul."

And at last he and Eustace set out to see her. He will ever remember that soft, flowery May day, full of summer loveliness and laughter, when even the birds and beasts of the field seem full of happiness and joy. His ideal of love springs higher; Eustace asks him about the birds:

"Think you they sing
Like poets from the variety of song?
Or have they any sense of why they sing?"

And he makes answer:

"Were there nothing else
For which to praise the heavens but only love,
That only love were cause enough for praise."

And then, in a beautiful garden, he sees her:

"Far up the porch there grew an Eastern rose,
That, flowing high, the last night's gale had caught,
And blown across the walk. The arm aloft—
Gowned in pure white, that fitted to the shape—

"Miss Fowler has been complaining very bitterly, dear, against Sridevi. She says that the girl is growing more and more impertinent, and that she is corrupting the whole school. In fact, Miss Fowler threatens to resign her appointment if Sridevi is not removed immediately. I do not know what course to adopt."

"I do not think that Miss Fowler knows how to deal with Sridevi. She is a most eccentric girl and can only be won by love and kindness and not by any overbearing treatment."

"I am afraid, dear, you are entirely blind to that girl's faults. Miss Fowler is not the only one who is disgusted with her. There is Miss Schwartz, for instance, no one can be more kind than she, and yet, last Sunday, when she ventured to remonstrate mildly with Sridevi for fidgeting about in church, the girl actually flared up and told Miss Schwartz to mind her own business. Don't be offended with me, dear, I myself am inclined to think that there is something radically wrong about the character of that girl. Have you noticed the way in which she tries to draw the attention of others towards herself at public gatherings? It is positively odious."

"I am sorry you take such a view of the girl. If there is any one who knows her intimately, it is I; and I firmly believe that she is not the girl you imagine her to be. It is true she is different from the other girls in the boarding school, but you must remember that she is a Brahmin, while the others are almost all of them drawn from the lowest classes. She is naturally of a lively disposition, and, as you yourself admit, extremely intelligent. Look at the way in which she has picked up English. Three years ago she was not able even to spell English words correctly; but now she is quite easily the first in the fourth form."

"Well, dear, we shall agree to differ about Sridevi; but what am I to say to Miss Fowler? She even threatens to resign her work in the school."

"Nonsense, let her do so. I am certain it is her own fault. Never mind, I shall see Sridevi herself and find out from her what all this hubbub is about."

Sridevi was in the habit of spending a quiet half-hour with Mrs. Grey every Sunday, reading and praying with her, just before the Sunday school classes commenced work. Mrs. Grey, as soon as she found herself alone with the young Brahmin girl, kissed her as usual, and in gentle tones inquired why she gave cause to Miss Fowler to complain against her. Sridevi pouted her pretty lips and knitting her brows, asked,

"And what is it that Miss Fowler has to say against me?"

"She said that you were extremely rude to her, that you keep giggling always in class and

in every way set a bad example to all the other girls."

"Oh! is that the complaint? And did Miss Fowler tell you what cause I had for 'giggling,' as she calls it?"

"No."

"Why, the way in which she pronounced a few Tamil words was enough to make a saint grin. She wanted to say to the girls 'Place the slates down on the ground'; but she would insist on saying 'Break your heads with the slates.' And of course I could not help bursting out, and the other girls followed suit. At this Miss Fowler grew very indignant, and in an outburst of anger asked me what I meant by insulting her. Her face looked so comical that I could not restrain another outburst of laughter. She dashed the slate on the ground and left the class, saying she would report me to Mr. Grey. But, dear Madam, if you had been there when she asked us three times to break our heads with the slates, you yourself would have done as I did."

"But, my dear girl, this won't do. You ought to exercise some self-control, especially where your elders are concerned; and Miss Fowler says that you keep giggling for anything and everything; and moreover Miss Schwartz has been complaining about your fidgety behaviour in church."

"Oh, dear! What a host of accusations to be sure! When Catechist Simon was reading the lessons last Sunday, he kept rolling his eyes about in the most comical manner imaginable, and raising and lowering his tone as if he was giving a lesson in elocution. I could not help smiling at his exhibition, and in order to keep myself serious, I was looking here and there trying to forget Simon's contortions, just in front of me. I suppose this is what Miss Schwartz meant by saying that I fidgeted about in church."

"But Sridevi, you must really behave yourself in church. That is a sacred place and you must make some difference between it and every other place. But to come to Miss Fowler's complaint, I must really ask you not to provoke her any more."

"Now that you have spoken to me about my relationship to Miss Fowler, I should like to say, Madam, that I cannot any more be under her. She tries to find fault with me for every little thing, and it is after all very little I get from her teaching."

A thought struck gentle Mrs. Grey just then as to the desirability of sending Sridevi to an English school. Within the short time she was in the Boarding school, she had made rapid progress in English, and had easily outstripped all the other girls. Mrs. Grey therefore thought it would be best for her to go to another school.

And so, after dismissing the girl, Mrs. Grey went up to her husband and after much persuasion succeeded in getting his consent to send Sridevi to an English school.

The other zenana ladies, including Miss Fowler, thought that Mrs. Grey was acting very foolishly in sending Sridevi to an English school.

"A flighty, headstrong girl like that, she is sure to imbibe false notions in an East Indian school and will try to soar high." This is what Miss Schwartz said; but Mrs. Grey prevailed, and so the young Brahmin girl was made to exchange the short jacket for the long-sleeved one, and was sent in a *push-push* to the English school. Mrs. Grey had some misgivings herself as to the effect that the new environment would have on the Brahmin girl; but she was so fond of her that she was most anxious to give her every opportunity of improving herself.

Two years passed, and Sridevi did remarkably well in the school and easily succeeded in passing the Matriculation examination. It is true she became a little more stylish in her dress; but her attitude towards her former associates did not undergo any change. She made herself one with them as usual; and her hidden tenderness of heart and sympathy manifested itself prominently when cholera broke out in the school. She was unceasing in her attentions to the suffering patients; and fearless of consequences nursed the girls night and day. Her Christian character too ripened. She grasped the true significance of Christ's Mission, which she understood to be a mission of love and kindness in this world. Her becoming a Christian of course had been due to circumstances of a more or less worldly character. She had been married when a child to a lazy and indolent lad of ten, who grew up to be a stupid, obstinate loafer, and who treated her with the greatest cruelty. When Mrs. Charlesworth, at Siralore, made her acquaintance, her kindness and love had made a deep impression on her: and she made up her mind to leave her home and throw in her lot with Christians, among whom she felt she would at least have that freedom that she longed for so much. What a new life it was to be sure that opened out before her after she was admitted into the Christian fold! She was aware that the girls around her were drawn from the very lowest castes; but then in their faces was depicted the joy and happiness that resulted from the freedom and liberty that they enjoyed and which she knew well was due to the new religion she had embraced. At first the changed conditions of life were a little intoxicating; and her prettiness, which she was conscious of, and which was much admired, turned her head a little; but, all the same, the new environment tended, in the long run, to

develop all that was best in her. Even the zenana ladies agreed that Sridevi's character was agreeably disappointing. No one was more rejoiced at this assertion of the best side of Sridevi's character than Mrs. Grey. "Did I not say that Sridevi would turn out a splendid girl. My theory is right after all, dear," she said to her husband. "Give a young girl the very best opportunity of developing her faculties; fearless of the consequences of transitional effects, and she will be all the better, in the long run, for the new conditions under which she is placed; for, does not our religion imply, in its broadest sense, freedom and expansion?"

"Yes, dear, you are right; but you must remember that freedom alone has not done for Sridevi what we now see in her. Added to it is the kindness you have lavished on her in contrast to the mistrust and suspicion, which, not only the zenana ladies, but even I was guilty of with respect to this sweet girl."

"Yes, dear, even the kindness and faith and trust in the best side of one's character, have I not learnt to practice from our lord and master, the friend of Publicans and Sinners."

"You are right, you are right, my love. How blindly we go on doing Christ's work without imbibing his spirit."

Six years elapsed after Sridevi passed her Matriculation Examination and she became a useful agent of the mission. In the Hindu zenanas none were so welcome as this bright-faced, handsome, cheerful girl of twenty-five. It is true the Hindu women could not understand how she could remain unmarried; but they could not but acknowledge her innate goodness and her influence towards all that was noble and pure and elevating. Her Christian character had matured under the softening influences of Mrs. Grey; and the poorer members of the congregation had no more loving and sympathising friend than Sridevi, who moved among them as an angel of kindness. Sridevi did marry after her Hindu husband's death; but her husband was only a catechist belonging to the lowest caste.

Seven years have passed since Sridevi left Parur. She is now in her own place with her husband and two bright little children. A happier and more cheerful cottage could be found nowhere else in all Southern India; and, with a salary of Rs. 25, Sridevi and her husband are living comfortably, and both are leading a most useful life. Miss Fowler, who had been married to the Rev. Mr. Sharp, who succeeded Mr. Charlesworth, at Siralore, exclaimed after visiting Sridevi, in her humble but bright and happy home "I do declare she is the finest Indian girl I have ever met!"

HELP THOU OUR UNBELIEF

"Help thou our unbelief"; we are so weak
And look with trembling on the coming years;
Our anguished eyes are filled with painful tears,
And cannot see Thy vision which we seek.
Speak Thou in mercy to our hearts, oh, speak!
Thy voice alone can charm us from our fears—
That voice which speaking ever, ever hears
The whispering moans of hearts about to break.
Long have we wandered aimless o'er the road,
Not confident enough to walk aright,
But bowed beneath an e'er-increasing load,
And groping in our darkness for Thy light,
With doubts, yet trusting, plead we for relief,
Oh, Love Eternal, help our unbelief!

SARASVATI SINGH.

INDIAN WEAVERS



Weavers, weaving at break of day,
Why do you weave a garment so gay? . . .
Blue as the wing of a halcyon wild,
We weave the robes of a new-born child.

Weavers, weaving at fall of night,
Why do you weave a garment so bright? . . .
Like the plumes of a peacock, purple and green,
We weave the marriage-veils of a queen.

Weavers, weaving solemn and still,
What do you weave in the moonlight chill? . . .
White as a feather and white as a cloud,
We weave a dead man's funeral shroud.

Sarojini Naidu.

THE LOST LAMB.

In their low thatched hut in the forest plains
Lived with their fold of sheep two shepherd swains;
It was a large fold of lambs big and small
The shepherd lad brought them up one and all;
They led forth their flocks in the early dawn
O'er dale and down on to the meadowy lawn,
Where by some murm'ring fount beneath a shade
They ate their flowery food and frisked and played;
While the swains sitting by some grassy mould
Played on their flutes to lull the bleating fold;
And at the close of the departing day
They homewards hied along the weary way.
Now in that flock there was a lambkin fair
A silly little thing and void of care,
He oft of his dependence would complain
He yearned to wander on the woodland plain;
And to frisk freely at his own sweet will
O'er lawny meadow and the grassy hill.
The lamb with bleating murmurs oft envied
The lot of th' insects by the river side,
Of twittering sparrows and of merry lark,
Of e'en the fire flies glittering in the dark.
Then he resolved to leave the shepherd's flock
And wander freely o'er the vale and rock.
One summer eve towards the forest side
The silly lambkin ran unseen to hide
Behind a thicket; and at parting day
The flock without him took the homeward way!
Thus left alone he on the forest gazed
And at his freedom was less glad than 'mazed:
The lamb looked at the heavens with grateful eyes
At the moon and stars twinkling in the skies;
Then on the velvet lawn the lambkin lay
As sweet as jasmine in the month of May.
The wood was still, soft was the summer gale
And sweet was the song of the nightingale.
He slept so soundly in that woodland bower
Till sudd'nly he was roused at midnight hour;
The timid lambkin sank with trembling fear
As he saw a wild wolf approaching near;
Vain was the effort sad of hiding made,
To every sylvan deity vain he prayed;
The famished wolf devoured his easy prey
And in the moonlight loudly snoring lay!

A Practical Scheme for the Education of Hindu Girls.



MUCH has been written and said on the above subject, but as yet little or nothing has been done to further the education of the Hindu girl. The Madras Hindu Association has at last come forward to solve this question, and attempts by means of prizes are being made to induce

thoughtful people to suggest means by which the Hindu girl may be further educated after a certain age, and at the same time continue her daily attendance at school.

As Hindus of any caste do not allow their girls to attend school after they reach a certain age, I have a few suggestions to make which, I trust, will do away with the difficulty now experienced by Hindu parents with regard to continuing the school education of their girls.

In Hindu society one will find both girls and boys most precocious, the former especially so, as regards matrimony; the reason being that a girl must be disposed of in marriage somehow or other, and the sooner the better. No sooner has a Hindu girl passed the Primary Examination, that is to say, has entered on womanhood, then she is taken away from school and kept at home and is never allowed to cross the threshold of her house till she is given away in marriage. Of course, she knows scarcely anything of the fate in store for her. She becomes a child-woman before she has had the opportunity of enjoying childhood's happy innocence and freedom from cares.

There is an amusing conversation related in one of our leading dailies between a Hindu mother and her daughter of four years of age about the latter's marriage and the tying of the *thali*. I give it *verbatim*:-

"Child.—Why is our house decorated so grandly?"

Mother.—It is for your marriage to-morrow, my dear.

Child.—"Marriage", what is that?

Mother.—It means tying on the *thali*.

Child.—What is a *thali*?

Mother.—Look at my neck, there is a *thali* tied on it. We shall make one like this and tie it on your neck.

Child.—You can take off your *thali* and tie it on to me in a moment, so what is all this grand ceremony for in our house?

Mother.—I cannot tie the *thali* on to you. A husband must do that.

Child.—Very well then, let my father tie it on or my brother or our horsekeeper.

Mother.—None of them can tie on the *thali*; some other man must do that for you.

Child.—What fellow will tie it on to me? What fellow will dare to touch me?

Mother.—Do not abuse everybody like that. You must love your husband. How many wives have offered themselves on the funeral pyre with their husbands—(Sati).

Child.—What is Sati?

Mother.—Sati means that when a husband dies, his wife must get into the fire and be burnt with the dead body of her husband.

Child.—If that is Sati, then, I don't like it, and won't do it. I don't want to be married at all.

Mother.—You need not die in that way with your husband. I only told you about it to show you how you ought to love him.

Child.—Must I only love my husband, and he not love me?

Mother.—Oh yes, dear, he will love you, too.

Child.—Then, if I die before he does, will he jump into the fire and be burnt with me?

Mother.—It is not the custom for any one to perform Sati now. Can't you stop asking troublesome questions and be quiet?

Child.—No. I won't be quiet. If my husband agrees to be burnt with me when I die, then only I will agree to marry him. I won't let him tie on the *thali*, unless he agrees to that.

The child obstinately refused any other terms and at last her parents decided to postpone the marriage until she was a little older.

Fancy a 'wife' of four in other than a Hindu home having any ideas at all about marriage! In order to guard against this evil and thus allow parents to have their daughters a little longer time with them and to watch their dawning intelligence, their sympathy with their mothers in their daily toil and also to make them more able to bear the wear and tear of married life, to be more companionable to their husbands and real mothers to their future children, I make the following suggestions:-

I take Madras as an instance, but the following scheme is practicable everywhere else in India. Madras is divided into twenty divisions. Set the influential gentlemen of each division to meet together and form a committee and resolve to carry on the further education of their daughters. The committee must consist of gentlemen who are more or less friendly with one another, of whatever caste they may be, and who are not

likely to raise objections to their daughters entering their friends' houses. The committee may appoint a lady-teacher—educated and trained—European, Eurasian or Native Christian, to teach their daughters daily and at the usual school hours, as then the children will the more readily and easily enter into the spirit of the proposal. The lady being appointed, she must take the children in the most important branches of knowledge, such as would be useful to them in their future homes, viz., the three R's (Reading, writing and arithmetic), geography and history and a general knowledge of the world's progress, in particular, that of India and England, fancy and plain needlework and domestic economy, including Hygiene. The studies may occupy the forenoon and the afternoon may be taken up with the reading of good books, conversation and needlework. I take it for granted that all the children have been taught as far as the fourth standard. In case it is otherwise, the class should consist of only ten children and not more, for only then would the teacher be able to devote more time, thought and attention to each individual child. The teacher should use her discretion in choosing the subjects for the lower class.

Of course, the school must be held in a well-ventilated room, large enough, and the gentleman in whose house it is held (for a time only) should hold himself responsible that it will be as secluded as possible and that no interruptions are likely to occur from the women of the house. The year should be divided into so many terms as it were, so that each member holds the school in his own house for a number of months as the case may be and will thus be able to form an idea of the progress the children are making and can point out to the teacher the subjects he wishes the children to be taught more carefully in. The very fact of the children being brought together will create a friendly rivalry between them and they will try their best to do well in each and every subject, especially if the committee, to encourage perseverance and originality, subscribe for prizes to be given to the pupils who stand highest in the year's work. The subjects of reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and history can be taught as far as the 7th standard or the late Lower Secondary examination.

Writing should include letter-writing, descriptions of places visited, such as temples, places of pilgrimage, etc., Composition on animals, our indebtedness to them, stories illustrating their different traits, etc. Needlework should not only include the cutting out and working of the children's clothes, but also fancy work like baby's socks, caps—useful hereafter—table covers, antimacassars, etc., for their drawing rooms, slippers for their male relatives—embroidery and crochets

could very well come in and the teachers generally know all the above as they work their own clothes themselves. To make the needlework hour more interesting, the teacher could give an account as to how and when needlework came into the world, by whom first invented, etc., or even while away the hour with an interesting story. The subjects the children will find most useful in their future houses, will be Domestic economy and Hygiene. Instructions given in these subjects can never be enough, and, though the lessons on them may have to be repeated often, it will not be labour lost, for, then, it will be, as it were, burnt into the children's brains and they will not easily forget them and will know how to keep their homes, themselves and their belongings clean, neat and tidy and in health. Conversation should include entertaining visitors, both European and Indian, behaviour towards these in offering refreshments. Above all, the teacher should impress on her pupils the value of being self-confident and not allowing themselves to get flurried and excited when addressed by their lady friends.

An arrangement could also be made with the teacher to take the children out on Saturdays or on holidays to some public places like the Museum, the School of Arts, the Horticultural Gardens, the People's Park, the Marina, where the teacher can give them some lessons and hints for their next composition or letter-writing. This will cultivate their powers of observation and will make them bring many points to bear on the above subjects. When they cannot go out, the teacher could teach them to entertain their guests by herself entertaining them (of course, in their own homes) by teaching them parlour and out-door games. This will be work as well as play, though the children will be quite unconscious of the former. It will make them forget they are teacher and taught and they will become more friendly, as their natural shyness wears off in the fun and laughter which necessarily accompany games.

The expenses of the school, such as the teacher's salary, apparatus for the school, should be met by the subscriptions of the members who must make up their minds to allow the scheme to continue at least for one year and, if it works well, they may extend it to three or four years or till their daughters are, say, fifteen years of age. In case a member withdraws, his place must be filled up by another or, if none are willing to come forward, then, his subscription should be shared by the others, so that the scheme may not fall through, through lack of funds.

I have heard, and know for certain, of Hindu gentlemen paying Rs. 100 and more just to get their daughters taught music, painting and drawing and letting alone such important subjects

are taught in the schools as mentioned above. When they put themselves to this expense, surely, it will be a saving when many of them join together and in addition to the fine arts mentioned above, continue the school education of their girls, paying the same salary with better results and worked more satisfactorily. I don't think it of much practical use for Hindu girls to learn drawing and painting. Will there be time and inclination for them to practise these fine arts after the arrival of the first baby? I think not. But elementary drawing, such as outline drawing or sketching of animals, will come in handy when they become mothers. Nothing amuses and gives instruction as well as pleasure to the little ones so much as to see an elephant, a tiger, a horse or any domestic pet grow, as it were, on the slate. This can be included in the day's work—a half hour being spent on it.

As regards music, every girl ought to learn and know music both vocal and instrumental, as so many spare hours could be whiled away in pleasant employment. But I would rather Hindu girls kept to their own national instruments and their own national airs, instead of playing foreign airs on foreign instruments. What great pleasure will it not give when the hostess, in entertaining her European and Indian sisters, as so many do now, asks her friends and daughters to play some Indian air on the *Veena* or other Indian instruments, or sing some Indian song. On the other hand, if they play an air like "Ta, ra, ra, boom de ay" and the 'Cake Walk', their visitors will not be over-delighted to hear all these airs played in a more or less faulty and expressionless style—pieces which they must have heard times without number. Such a scheme as that sketched above may be considered expensive, but if the parents are in earnest and see that the progress made by the children in a single year is more than satisfactory, then they could well ask the Government to step in and give them a grant-in-aid.

There is yet another scheme more feasible and less expensive and that is that the school authorities, whether Government or private, should be asked to provide a carriage, something like the military orphan asylum carts drawn by a pair of bullocks and to provide a reliable and trustworthy conductress as they do in the Government Hobart Training School. The cart should accommodate twenty girls, call on all the parents who are willing to send their grown-up girls, gather them and take them to the school which they are to attend. Of course, the cart should not be kept waiting and the headmistress of the school and teachers should see that the children come in time and that the conductress has not been taking them anywhere else. If necessary for the children to go home in the interval between one and two p.m., the cart should take them

home and bring them again and in the evening, after school is over, take them carefully home again. In this there is the additional advantage of the school education with calisthenics, inspection, etc.

Another scheme would be to ask the National Indian Association to send their teachers to teach the children. Any hesitation or fears on the part of a member should be overcome for the common good and parents should be prepared to delay the marriage of their girls till they are about fifteen or sixteen years of age.

In the present state of Hindu society I cannot think of any more suitable scheme for continuing the school education of Hindu girls after they reach the usual age.

CAROLINE G. SINGARAM.

The Indo-American National Association.

Lately, I have received the following letter from America:—

MY DEAR MADAME,



I WRITE to you on behalf of the Indo-American Association, printed matter relating to which I am sending you, under another cover, by this mail. From the correspondence that I have undertaken with educational institutions in our country since the Indo-American was organized, I have learned that there are about one hundred Indian students in the United States at the present time. Of these, so far as I can learn, there are not more than six young women, and they have come through the Christian Missionaries mostly.

I realize that the effective help for India at the present time must be given by, or through, Indians, themselves. Therefore, the first two of the objects stated in the Constitution of the Indo-American Association, are the ones to which our officers will first address themselves. I am collecting, with great care, information upon this subject, which, when I feel it is complete, I shall tabulate, print in pamphlet form and distribute both in this country and in India.

The pamphlet which I propose, will give reliable information in regard to the success of

Indian students who have thus far studied in our country, the cost at various institutions, the scholarships that are open to Indians in these institutions, etc., etc. Besides these that are already open, I propose that our Association shall found others to be used only by Indian students.

Besides much correspondence upon this subject, it has been my pleasure, either alone or accompanied by your countrywoman, Madame Bhikhai Rustam Cama, of Bombay, to visit a number of institutions, including several colleges, exclusively for the higher education of women, and others that are open to both men and women. The plan to found scholarships for young Indian women has been very graciously approved in every instance, and in some of these institutions, scholarships already existing are promised to Indians so soon as young Indian women qualified to do the work, shall apply.

From the investigation that I have made, and numerous conversations with leaders of education in my own country, I realize that to make our work on behalf of Indians most effective, it must have the co-operation of reliable committees in India; I therefore appeal to you to write to your friends to take such steps as will result in forming an educational committee in your part of India, whose duty it shall be to co-operate with the Indo-American Association in this country, to the end that we may know something about students before they arrive in this country, and, therefore, be able to make proper provision for them, and give them intelligent advice as to where they will find their individual needs best met.

Stated briefly, what I desire the Indian committee to do is:—

To select from young Indians who propose to come to the United States, those who can be most profited by the Indo-American Association, and who will probably receive the largest benefits through this Association. At this time it is evident that many young Indian men are looking to the United States. Our Association is glad that this should be the case, but knowing that we can in the beginning give direct aid to only a limited number, we are anxious that there should be some process of selection of those who would be commended to our particular care. We wish, therefore, that the different co-operative committees in India shall in the first place:—

Serve as advisory committees for their young countrymen and countrywomen who wish to come to the United States.

Second: We wish to be able to depend upon these Committees for information concerning the young people who are coming over; we want full information upon the following points:—

1. We want to know that the candidates are sound in health as well as in moral character, and in their intellectual preparation.

2. We wish to know the direction in which they would be most able to aid in their own support.

Our Association recognizes neither caste, class, political nor religious creed. It proposes to be entirely democratic, and to meet young Indians coming to this country on the basis of their own personal character and qualifications. Hindus, Mohammedans, Parsees, Buddhists, will be equally welcome and no attempt will be made to change their religious opinions.

At the same time, in order that we may, ourselves, be intelligent concerning these young people, and know how to understand them, we wish private information in regard to all of these matters. Full information upon all of the points mentioned will enable us to be most useful to those whom we profoundly wish to serve.

In answering this letter will you kindly indicate any modification of the proposed plan which may occur to you? Will you also express your view as to what should be the size of your committees, and how you can make the movement National in order that it may not be sectional or partisan.

I understand that the institutions in India, even those that are open to young women at the present time, enable a student to prepare thoroughly for college entrance in India. Such preparation is, of course, desirable. In order that the committees may know the minimum requirements for admission to the institutions where they will get the best service in our country a statement of these requirements that are universal, will be made in the pamphlet which we propose to issue, and, at the same time, we shall indicate what institutions will accept certain substitutes, and what substitute studies will be accepted.

In this preliminary letter I have tried to write only enough to indicate the character of the committee that we desire formed in India, the scope of its work, and the needs to be accomplished by it.

In concluding this letter, I call your attention to the enclosed list of your countrymen, to each of whom the same letter has been sent. I give the list of those whom I have addressed thinking that this may facilitate your formation of the national committee. In this list you will doubtless find the names of friends, or at least friends of the cause; please show it also to others and ask them to join us. By communicating with them, you may be enabled at once to take steps that will lead to the organization of a committee that will serve the whole country. It is, of

course, impossible for us in the States to know what method of forming a national committee will suit Indian conditions. It seems as if it might be very valuable to have local committees formed in every centre, and through their co-operation a national committee might be constituted.

Submitting these suggestions to you for modification, soliciting a frank expression of your opinion, and asking if you will, yourself, serve on this committee, I have the honour to remain,

Very cordially yours,

MAY WRIGHT SEWALL,

President of the Indo-American National Association.

The Indo-American National Association.

HISTORICAL STATEMENT.

On September 1, the conditions and needs of India were considered at a Green Acre Conference. A resolution presented by Mr. Myron H. Phelps, of New York City, was moved by Mrs. Ole Bull, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and seconded by Miss Sarah J. Farmer, the founder of Green Acre. The feeling of the audience was manifestly expressed by the resolution.

In pursuance of this resolution the mornings of September 2, 3 and 4, were devoted to the discussion and final adoption of plans, the character and scope of which are indicated by the accompanying Constitution.

The invitation extended to the audience, at the Sunday meeting, to assist in the organization of a new Association, was very generally accepted. The minutes of the Secretary show that, at the first meeting convened, after ample discussion of the best methods of attaining its object, a Special Committee of five were elected to draw up a Constitution. This Committee consisted of:—

Mrs. May Wright Sewall, of Indianapolis, Indiana.

Mrs. Ole Bull, of Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Mr. Myron H. Phelps, of New York City, New York.

Mr. S. G. Pandit, of Bombay, India.

Miss Celia Richmond, of Adams, Massachusetts.

The Association began its life with fifty-seven charter members, representing eight of the United States, India, and Ceylon. Upon the adoption of the Constitution the charter members elected officers to initiate the accomplishment of its purposes and to direct the affairs of the society for a period of three years. The officers-elect are as follows:—

Honorary Presidents:—For India, Mr. D. Naroji, London.

For the United States, Mrs. Ole Bull, 168, Brattle Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

President, Mrs. May Wright Sewall, of Indianapolis, Indiana. (Address for the current winter, Studio House, 168, Brattle Street, of Cambridge, Massachusetts.)

Honorary Secretary (to be elected by the other General Officers).

Secretary, Miss Celia Richmond, 13, Summer Street, Adams, Massachusetts.

Treasurer, Mr. Myron H. Phelps, 42, Broadway, New York City, New York.

It will be seen from the circumstances and the place of its origin that the Indo-American National Association is entirely non-partisan both as to religion and politics. It is exclusively positive in its aim and in its effort to put the United States and India into more reciprocally intelligent and helpful relations with each other it will endeavor to ally itself only with the constructive forces in both countries.

The objects and the methods of the Association are those that may expect the sympathetic support of Englishmen who wish their country to deal as justly with India as with any of her other colonies.

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I.

NAME.

This organization shall be known as the Indo-American National Association.

ARTICLE II.

OBJECTS.

The objects of this Association shall be as follows:—

First. To assist in co-operation with individuals and with associations working to the same end, the educational advancement of Indians, by the careful selection of young men and young women of suitable character and promise, by aiding them, as well as all Indian students now in this country, to find the most favorable locations in which to secure the best technical and industrial training, together with opportunities for self-support while engaged in study; and, further, to aid such students in the difficult task of adapting themselves to the conditions of American life, and by all desirable means to render the sojourn of Indian students in America pleasant and profitable.

Second. To secure space in the American press for the presentation and discussion of questions relating to India; to disseminate correct information about India through the

press and from the platform; to awaken an interest in India; and to create an intelligent public opinion on Indian questions in this and in other countries.

Third. To arrange for entertaining in American homes representative Indians who may desire to visit the United States of America, and to procure for them facilities for obtaining correct information about American institutions and for becoming acquainted with representative Americans and with the best side of American life; and, as far as may be found practicable, to obtain for Americans travelling in India similar facilities for becoming acquainted with the real life of the people and for learning the true character and the actual effects of British rule in that country.

Fourth. To convey through the Indian press, and all other available channels, the sympathy which we feel for the Indian people in their present unhappy condition, and to encourage them to persist by all lawful means in their efforts to re-establish their industrial and economic independence; to secure from the British Government that measure of self-rule which is essential to their well-being; to impress upon them the necessity of cultivating among themselves an all-embracing sentiment of unity, solidarity and brotherliness, and of presenting an absolutely united effort in all Indian affairs.

ARTICLE III.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP.

All persons are eligible to membership in this Association who sympathize with its objects as described in Article II. and who will pledge themselves to aid in the promotion of these objects by contributing, according to their ability, either service or money toward their accomplishment.

ARTICLE IV.

OFFICERS.

The officers of this Association shall be an Honorary President for India, an Honorary President for the United States, a President, an Honorary Secretary, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and a number of both Honorary and Active Vice-Presidents.

ARTICLE V.

DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

The duties of these officers shall be such as usually pertain to the offices they respectively hold.

ARTICLE VI.

METHOD OF WORK.

SECTION 1. In the administration of the affairs of this Association there shall be formed

four Standing Committees, whose titles, indicating the work assigned to them, shall be as follows:—

(a) Committee on Education and Student Aid.

(b) Committee on Press and Platform Work.

(c) Committee on Reciprocal Hospitality.

(d) Committee on the Development of National Ideals.

SECTION 2. The administration of the general affairs shall be in charge of an Executive Board which shall consist of:—

(a) The General Officers specified in Article IV. (the Vice-Presidents excepted) and

(b) The Chairmen of the four Standing Committees named in the preceding Section.

SECTION 3. The Executive Board shall, in the interim between Annual Meetings of the Association, be charged with its general business, and shall also have the power to devise plans for promoting the objects named in Article II., and to execute the same by any and all means which are in accordance with the terms of this Constitution. The Executive Board shall also be authorized to fill all vacancies occurring in its membership in the interim between Annual Meetings, and to do whatever in its judgment may advance the interests for which this Organization is formed, excepting that it may not amend this Constitution.

SECTION 4. One General Meeting of this Association shall be convened annually at Green Ave., between August 1 and September 15. Other Special Meetings may be convened at any point in either India or the United States, when in the judgment of a two-thirds ($\frac{2}{3}$) majority of the Executive Board such meetings may be held profitably.

SECTION 5. The two Honorary Presidents, the acting President, the Honorary Secretary, the Secretary, and the Treasurer shall be elected for a term of three (3) years. The Chairmen of Standing Committees shall be chosen for a term of one (1) year.

SECTION 6. At the Annual Meetings formal reports shall be presented in writing by each of the General Officers and by the Chairman of each of the four Standing Committees.

SECTION 7. This Constitution may be amended only at a General Annual Meeting, and action upon any amendment shall be conditioned upon a notice of the amendment having been given in the Call issued for the meeting at which it is proposed to act upon it, and this Call shall be issued at least three (3) months prior to the date of the meeting.

League of the Empire.



THIS is a League, which has a most important influence in many parts of the world, and which still is desirous to extend its ramifications further. That its influence should extend is most necessary, for one of its chief objects is to "bring about a large co-operation between the different countries of the world for their mutual benefit." "We talk a great deal about Social intercourse and its benefits. It would be better if we could do something towards it. That an excellent opportunity is afforded us for that purpose by the League of the Empire must be conceded by all, who enter into its objects and methods of work. It is true that the League does do a little work in India, and that much of it is done in a desultory and half-hearted fashion. We cannot say to the fault of which side this is due. It is idle to speculate. What is wanted is mutual co-operation and earnest help. It was only lately that I received the following letter from the Hon. Secretary of the Correspondence Comrades' Branch, which is one of its many branches. Mrs. G. T. Plunkett, Belvidere Lodge, Wimbledon, Surrey, England.

DEAR MADAM,

A friend of mine has sent me your address and tells me you are interested and may be able to help in spreading the Correspondence Branch of the 'Empire League' in India. I have lately taken over the post of Honorary Secretary and find that so many young people as well as those older, who have finished their education, are greatly interested in India and would like to correspond with a comrade somewhere in that great country. I am sending to you some notices and circulars, and copies of the League Magazine which show the objects and methods of work. I enclose some application forms and you will understand that some particulars are needed to ensure suitable correspondents being given. One lady writes to me "I did have a Comrade, a Parsee girl, in India, but have not heard for a long time, as she lost a sister through the Plague. I fear she may have fallen a victim herself. I should prefer another C. Comrade something like the last. She was a great joy to me." I have children and young people of all social grades and ages and can find correspondents for any who care to join. I may add that no subscriptions are asked from those in elementary

Hoping that I may interest you in our work of linking our Empire in closer sympathy.

I am truly yours,
E. M. PLUNKETT.

P.S.—I have young people writing from all parts of England and Scotland, also Ireland and many in Canada and other Colonies. It is best to name two or three different places when applying or to leave it to the Hon. Secretary to give the most suitable correspondent available.

E. M. P.

Names can be sent on a list if forms are not to hand. But names and addresses must be *plainly* written and the useful particulars given.

The following are the forms of application:

1. For membership in the League of the Empire.

TO THE HONORARY SECRETARY,
CANTON HALL, WESTMINSTER,
LONDON, ENGLAND.

Please enrol my name as a Member of the League of the Empire, for which I enclose the following subscription:

Name.....	Address.....
Annual Councillors' £. s. d.	
Subscriptions.... 1 1 0	} includes Federal Magazine and League Notices.
Annual Members 0 10 6	
0 5 0	
0 2 6	} includes Yearly Report.
0 1 0	
(Under 16) 0 0 6	Correspondence Comrades' Subscription.

2. For Membership as "Correspondence Comrade."

Personal.

LEAGUE OF THE EMPIRE.

FORM OF APPLICATION
FOR
CORRESPONDENCE COMRADE.

Name.....
Address.....
School.....
Age.....
State whether you are Boy or Girl.....
State clearly parents' occupation or position. If adult, state own occupation.....

State from what part of the Empire you wish to choose your comrade.....
State whether there is any subject, such as natural history, literature or current events in which you are specially interested.....
Name and address of Ruler or
Signature of Parent or Guardian.....

THE POSITION AND WORK OF THE LEAGUE.

The Constitution of the League.

The League of the Empire is constitutionally an Imperial Institution, having a Council representative of all parts of the King's Dominions.

Its Relation to the Education Departments.

The official relation of the League to the Education Departments and Governments throughout the Empire has been regularised (a) through the recommendation of its work to the Governments concerned, by the Colonial Office of the Imperial Government and by the Agents-General; (b) by the active and wide-spread acceptance of its schemes by the different Educational Authorities and Governments.

Imperial Undertakings founded by the League.

The League is the founder of Imperial Conferences on Education, and of schemes of practical reciprocity in education between the different countries. The first Conference on Education, attended by Representatives appointed by the Imperial and other Governments of the Empire, was held by the Council of the League in the summer of 1907, and it was through resolutions passed by that Conference that the Imperial Government was moved to arrange for a future Conference of Government Representatives to be held in London in 1911.

Methods of Work.

Other important methods of work initiated by the League include—

Co-operation in Publications.

(1) Co-operation between the countries in publications. In particular a series of Imperial Text-books, the "Federal Magazine," and "The State and Education," to be published by direction of the Official Conference of 1907. In furtherance of these undertakings the League has the assistance of a great number of the Education Departments of the Empire as well as of committees and Representatives appointed by the Governments for the purpose.

Official Agency.

(2) The furtherance of such departmental co-operation as may be authorised by the different Education Departments and Governments, to many of which the League is the officially appointed Agent in the United Kingdom.

Bureau of Educational Information.

(3) The establishment of a Bureau of information. The following resolution was passed by the official Conference of 1907 in respect to this part of the work of the League:—

"That this Conference places on record its high appreciation of the work done by the League of the Empire in stimulating educational activity and in collecting and circulating information on educational subjects."

The League has the assurance of wide support of its future work, and the intimate relations now established with all parts of the Empire and the amount of information already collected render feasible steady development of this branch.

School Exchange.

(4) Reciprocal work between schools and other educational institutions. These schemes are in active operation in all parts of the King's Dominions, hundreds of thousands of children being thereby influenced.

Correspondence Comrades' Branch.

(5) Young people are put into communication with others in different parts of the Empire, and the two Comrades write to each other about their work and surroundings. Over 14,000 boys and girls have been given a correspondence comrade.

Essay Competitions.

(6) Essay and Art Competitions between schools in different parts of the Empire. These competitions have the approval and co-operation of a great number of the Educational Authorities throughout the Empire.

Exhibitions.

(7) Educational Exhibitions. With the support of the Education Authorities Exhibitions have been held in the United Kingdom and sections of work have been supplied for the use of Teachers in other countries.

Other Branches of Work.

(8) Other work undertaken by the League is the giving of Lectures both in public halls and in all grades of schools, the promotion of petty industries and of liberties were required, and the furtherance of the keeping of Empire Day.

Membership.

The personal membership of the League is estimated at over 23,000.



Our Children's Page.

IN FAIRYLAND.

"A story, please!" The children stand,
Expectant eyes to mine uplifted,
And, in a trice, we all have drifted
Down Fancy's stream to Fairyland.

There flow'rs ne'er fade, nor chill winds blow,
And magic wands wave care away;
In this fair land, we long to stay,
That all its secrets we might know.

Oh! children with the eager eyes,
And parted lips so sweet to kiss,
What can I tell you more than this?
Youth's fairyland about you lies.

As coming years unfold their tale,
And, all intent, you turn the page,
May fairyland attend your age,
Tho', like the morning star, waxed pale



CHANGING PICTURES.

Much amusement can be obtained from strayed pictures of magazines by the following easy method of changing the appearance of any

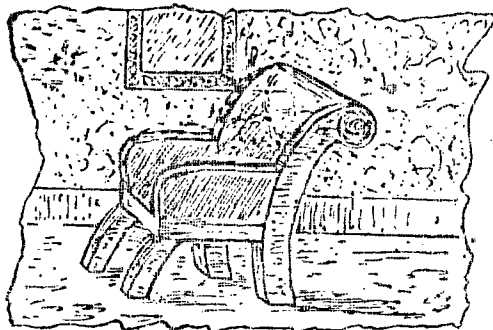


FIG. 1.

picture, no matter what happens to be the subject. First obtain a scrap album of any convenient size, then cut pictures either to fit the pages or to leave a border all round each for the introduction of an edging of coloured scraps,

whilst to give extra strength the picture may be pasted on thick paper or on thin cardboard.

Very brief instructions will be sufficient to convey a complete understanding of the method adopted. For instance, in order to make use of a chair similar to that shown in Fig. 1, separate persons in a sitting posture will be needed. Of course these can be either drawn or taken from another illustration, preference being given to an attitude resembling that shown by Fig. 2. A cut is made around the outer curved arm of the chair as indicated by a thickened line in Fig. 1,



FIG. 2.

and the sitter is slipped into the opening in such a way that he, or she, appears to be reclining in the chair. Whilst it is self-evident that an unlimited number of representations of men, women and children can be used in conjunction with the one chair.

A basin may be cut along the front edge, as shown by the thick line in Fig. 3, for the insertion of various jugs.

Should there be a table similar to Fig. 4, in the picture, the edge can be cut to take the skirt of a lady's dress, or the garments of any other appropriate figure; besides which the edge of a small article upon the table can be cut also, to receive the side of a bird cage, a lamp, a book a photo-frame, or suchlike.



FIG. 3.

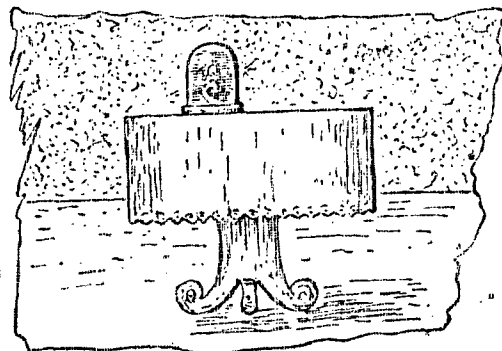


FIG. 4.

A tree can be used in several ways; the lower part of the trunk may be slit, as in Fig. 5, to hold some part of a dog, a cow, etc., or the foot

of a pictured human being. Then, the upper edge of a branch will hold the claws of a perching bird, or clip the extended wing of one in the act of flying.

When water is depicted, as a portion of the sea, etc., boats can be inserted through slits.



FIG. 5.

made along the crests of the waves. Then again, bunches of flowers can be placed in vases, climbing boys can be put halfway up a tree, and numerous other ordinary or extraordinary changes can be made by giving a little attention to the most suitable items in the pictures selected.

However, should the inserted piece of card or paper be too small for the slit to retain it, little pockets must be made by fastening down three sides of paper slips upon the back of the picture just below the opening previously cut, so that the supplementary portions cannot go right through. When in good working order the pictures should be pasted in the scrap album, without closing up the openings, the loose portions being retained in special envelopes, each of which should be marked upon the outside to show the nature of the contents.

A Fight with a Rat.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.



but a light sleeper. The least noise was enough

to wake him up. How then could he sleep with this Gopal roaring right into his ears? He had kicked and pushed that young giant and had yelled to him more than once not to be splitting his ears that way, but no; Gopal snored away right energetically! So at last Ram gave it up in despair—poor fellow!

The clock had just finished its stroke and the sound was still ringing in Ram's ears when down fell something right upon his nose and then ran away.

"That's the confounded old rat, as sure as my name is Ram!" cried he starting up. "Here you roarer, get up!" he yelled kicking Gopal with such force that the hero opened his eyes and growled out what was up.

"Up with you first, you sleepy head and I'll tell you what's up!"

Gopal scratched his head, rubbed his eyes, sat upon his bed and looked stupidly at Ram.

"You just shut those windows and stop those holes there; the old rat is again come."

The room was tolerably large with no very great quantity of furniture in it. There were two stools and two desks upon which were scattered several old books, a cracked old ink-pot, a ruler, a broken slate and several loose sheets of paper. An old earthen-ware water-jug sat gravely on the window sill opposite. A clock in a corner counted out minutes and hours slowly.

Now the fight began. The rat was driven from under the desks, where she had lain quietly for some time. Ram seized the ruler and Gopal the slate, and the next moment both ruler and slate flew straight at the rat.

"There she is hit!" roared they both at once, but no. The next moment the rat was seen darting the opposite direction. "The ruler was again in Ram's hands and whizz! there it flew—but crash! what was that? The ruler had dashed the ink-pot to pieces and its fragments were seen flying to the other end of the room. Gopal had not been idle. He had picked up his slate and soon another crash was heard and the old water-jug was no more! It was dashed to the ground, spattering the whole floor and their beds with water. But Ram and Gopal continued the fight, though the loss on their side was rather shocking; and the rat—goodness! how she avoided every throw! It was quite a sight to watch her trying this hole and that, under a heavy shower of ruler and slate. Once she attempted to climb a window, but was nearly struck down in the attempt, so she had to retreat and seek shelter under the desks.

At last Ram's ruler brought her down amidst a loud huzza from the victorious party.

The room was reduced to its original quietness. The fragments of the ink pot and those of the water-jug were picked up and thrown out. The ruler and the slate were deposited on the desk and reserved for another fight. The dead body of the rat was borne in triumph and hung up for the boys to see.

"And isn't it a glorious victory" cried Ram to Gopal as they retired to bed.

C. V. VAIDYANATH.

Our Prize Competitions.

Result of our Shakespeare-names Puzzles Competition.

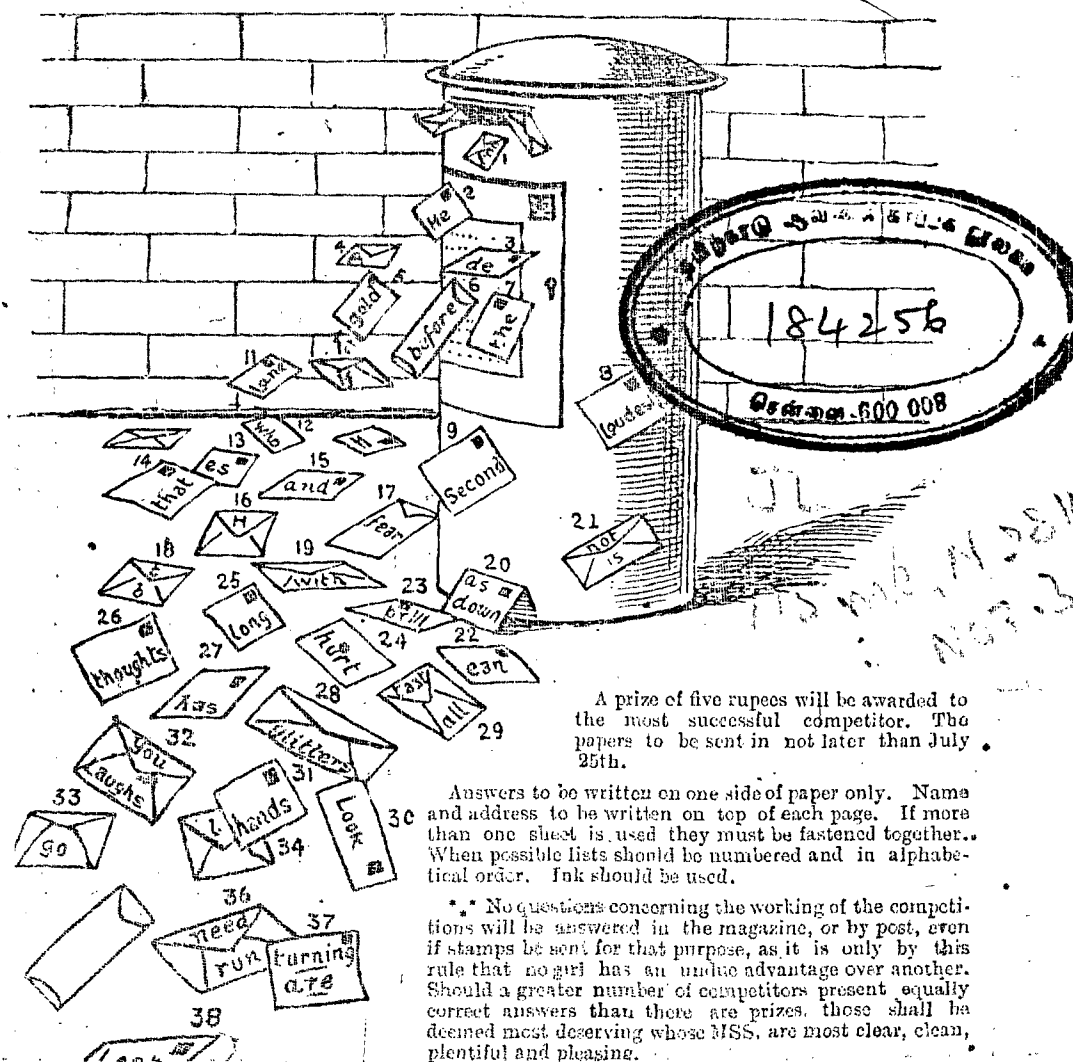
Two competitors, a gentleman, who prefers not to mention his name, and a lady, Mrs. B. Venkata Subbamma, Venkatapiah House, Suryarowpet, Coconada, have divided the Prize among them. We congratulate them on their patience and perseverance.

New Prize Competition.

PILLAR-BOX PUZZLE.

On the letters falling from the box are words and parts of words. These form, when put together, eight proverbs or wise sayings.

Any word or part of a word may be used more than once. In the solutions the numbers of the letters used must be named.



A prize of five rupees will be awarded to the most successful competitor. The papers to be sent in not later than July 25th.

Answers to be written on one side of paper only. Name and address to be written on top of each page. If more than one sheet is used they must be fastened together. When possible lists should be numbered and in alphabetical order. Ink should be used.

* * No questions concerning the working of the competitions will be answered in the magazine, or by post, even if stamps be sent for that purpose, as it is only by this rule that no girl has an undue advantage over another. Should a greater number of competitors present equally correct answers than there are prizes, those shall be deemed most deserving whose MSS. are most clear, clean, plentiful and pleasing.